

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Gary Patrick MCQUEEN

Support person present: No.

1. My name is Gary Patrick McQueen. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1969. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Edinburgh. My mum was [REDACTED] and my dad was [REDACTED]. Mum passed last [REDACTED] and dad died a few years ago. [REDACTED]. I have a step-brother [REDACTED], who is about five years younger. [REDACTED] took my mum's name and so his surname is [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] passed in 2017.
3. I grew up in Niddrie in Edinburgh with my mum, [REDACTED] and step-brother. We never had a lot, but it was different back then and nobody did. I have happy memories, but Mum had it hard looking after us on her own and she had a stutter, which didn't help. She used to get nervous in certain situations and she made a few bad choices with men.
4. Dad wasn't about, although I did know him because he visited sometimes. He had a major drink issue and used to come down and cause havoc. He cut himself in front of my mother once and he tortured her. He had a bit of a reputation and I was scared of him.
5. I went to Newcraighall Primary school at first and I got on alright there. After that I went to Niddrie Primary where my teacher was Mr Aird and that was okay too. Although it was a deprived area, we were taken skiing and we did other things too.

6. Mum was close to [REDACTED], but I think I was just a nightmare for her. I started to go off the rails a bit because she was on her own and she was struggling. There was never enough food and she used to get me up early in the morning to take some of the bread and milk that had been delivered outside the shops before they opened, just so that we could eat. She also made me cash giros that weren't hers and I got charged for that.
7. I started sniffing glue when I was nine or ten years old and I started not going to school. Sniffing glue was massive at the time and it became a major issue for me. I used to travel on buses to what was known as 'Dodge City' at Gorgie to get it, because none of the shops in Niddrie would serve me.
8. People have asked me why I went into care, but I really didn't know. I just thought it was because my mum had made a few bad choices with men. That was how I kind of squared it away until not that long ago when I got my records and read that they say it was because of delinquency and truancy from school.
9. The first social worker I can remember was a woman called Ann Jensen who was from Greendykes office. I can remember Ann coming to the house regularly and checking the cupboards for food.
10. While I was still primary school age, mum took me up to the social work offices at Greendykes, sat me down and walked out the door. Eventually Ann Jensen and a man put me in a car and took me back to my mother's address, but there was no answer. I could see my mum [REDACTED] peeking through the curtains of a neighbour's house while the social workers were tapping at the door, but mum wouldn't come out. I knew my mother didn't want me, so I never told them I'd seen her and, after not getting a reply, they took me right to a Calder Grove Children's Home in Edinburgh.
11. I think that must have been some sort of emergency placement because the Children's Panel certainly weren't involved. I was up in front of plenty of Children's Panels after that and was sent to a lot of other homes. My memories of where I was sent and when

are different to what my records say and I don't understand why that would be. The only one that's definitely the same is last place I was sent, which was St Joseph's 'List D' School, in Tranent.

Calder Grove Children's Home, Edinburgh

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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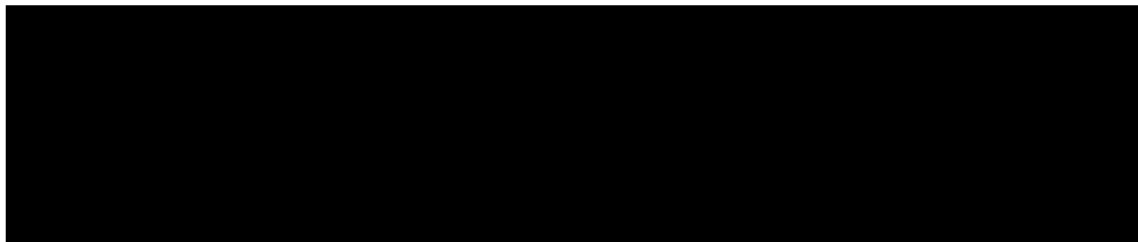
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Life at home after Calder Grove Children's Home

21. Mum welcomed me back from Calder Grove, but that was because she was getting a car boot full of messages. I was happy too because I was back in Niddrie with my pals and where I wanted to be.

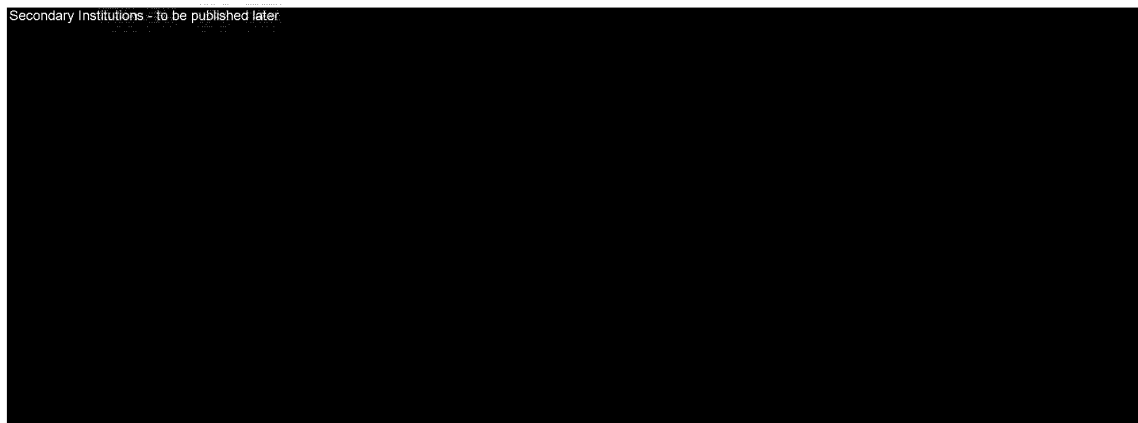
22. I was supposed to go back to Niddrie Primary School, but I never went. Instead I got back to sniffing glue all the time. I don't remember why I was put back in care or how long I'd been back home, but eventually I ended up at several Children's Panels in Howden Street and got taken away from my mum's and sent into different homes and foster care. I remember some of the places I was sent more than others, but I'm unsure what dates I was sent to the various places.

23.



Dean House Children's Home, Edinburgh

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26. I'm not sure when [REDACTED] in Dean House, [REDACTED], but I do know I wasn't there for long. I'm also not sure where I went after I left there and my records aren't clear either.

Nazareth House, Lasswade, Edinburgh

27. I think I was in Nazareth House at Lasswade twice, but I'm not sure exactly when. I think one time was just for a few days and the other time was for about six months. I think it had been decided that I wasn't going back to my mother's by then and I think I was put there after Calder Grove and Dean House and possibly before I was put into foster care, although I'm not sure. I can remember running away from Nazareth House and getting caught and taken somewhere, possibly Howdenhall Assessment Centre, before then going back to Nazareth House.

28. Sister ^{ZLQP}[REDACTED] was ^{SNR}[REDACTED] of Nazareth House. She was a tall, skinny woman in her fifties with black glasses and she was horrible. She shouldn't have been looking

after children. There were a few other nuns who were strict and you did what you were told by them, because if you didn't there were consequences. You might not be allowed to eat, although I do remember the food wasn't great anyway, or you might have to sit in a room on your own.

29. I remember arriving at Nazareth House with the social worker [REDACTED] although I don't know where [REDACTED] had been taken from. [REDACTED] were put in a big room that had a lot of chairs, like in a nursing home, and big windows that looked out on the grounds. There were a few nuns in that room [REDACTED] and I remember [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

30. I remember reading school books in that big room with other children and sitting in the big chairs, but I don't think [REDACTED] went to school while I was there.

31. [REDACTED]

32. Obviously, with the home being run by nuns, religion was a big thing and we were in chapel praying twice a day. I'm not sure if that was me wanting to go to the chapel myself because I was quite religious, or if we were all made to go twice. Priests used to come in a couple of times a week for Mass, but I don't think they were involved in the day-to-day running of the place.

33. I don't remember getting any visitors and I don't think I had any contact with my mum while we were there. I certainly don't remember getting to go home at any time. I don't recall my social worker, Ann Jensen, coming either, or getting any information about how long I was going to be there.

34. I only ran away once from Nazareth House and I got to Waverley train station. I was trying to get to Blackpool with a few other kids, although I don't know why. Two police officers caught us at the station and we were taken back to Nazareth House. When we got taken back Sister ^{zLQP}[REDACTED] made us put two left shoes on our feet, so we

couldn't run away again. That happened to everyone who ran away and you had to wear those shoes for two or three days.

35. After I'd run away I remember Sister ^{ZLQP} [REDACTED] whispering to me that the reason I was there was because nobody loved me and the reason nobody loved me was because I wasn't praying hard enough. She told me that God knew all my thoughts and I believed her. I remember being quite frightened about that. It was mind games and I carried that fear with me for a long time. She shouldn't have been saying that to a young child.

36. I don't remember leaving Nazareth House, or how long I was there, or where I went afterwards.

Foster Care with Mr [REDACTED] and Mrs [REDACTED], Gilmerton, Edinburgh

37. I think I was with in foster care for about a year and it was good. The foster carers were [REDACTED] and her husband and they were a lovely couple. They stayed in Gilmerton in Edinburgh with their own kids. I think they had two or three kids of their own and they were much the same age as me. Mr [REDACTED] was one of the bosses at a fish factory in Leith and we used to get plenty of fish in our diet.

38. [REDACTED], so Mr [REDACTED] and Mrs [REDACTED] used to take me there [REDACTED]. I don't think they had to do that, it was just something they chose to do and I thought that was nice of them. It was a regular thing, every week either I would go to Livingston or [REDACTED].

39. Ann Jensen, my social worker, kept in touch with me while I was in foster care and I remember her trying to encourage contact with my mum. I don't think I ever went home, but I do remember mum coming to visit me while she was working at the [REDACTED] at Powderhall and bringing me chocolate.

40. I was still a rogue though and I ran away from Mr [REDACTED] and Mrs [REDACTED] several times. I was always doing it, any chance I got, and I always made my way back to Niddrie. I was also supposed to be going to Gilmerton Primary School while I was there, but I didn't go much.
41. I think I was a handful and Mr [REDACTED] and Mrs [REDACTED] obviously weren't going to put up with my behaviour. Mrs [REDACTED] used to make homemade tablet and I remember getting up in the middle of the night and getting caught with my hands in the tin. I think there must have been more to it than that, but that seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back. It was possibly because I was setting a bad example for her children, sneaking about in the middle of the night and stealing, however I was moved from there not long afterwards.

Community care at various addresses in Edinburgh

42. After staying with Mr [REDACTED] and Mrs [REDACTED] I was moved to a couple of places with people who were known as short-term community carers. They were just like foster carers. One couple stayed at a house in Trinity and the other was with a couple who, I think, were at Craiglockhart. I can't remember the names of either couple and I was only at both addresses for a couple of weeks until it was decided what they were going to do with me.
43. I knew I had been on a good thing with Mr [REDACTED] and Mrs [REDACTED] and I knew it was my fault that I'd been moved so I tried to behave myself in the community care placements. It must be a thankless job taking in rogues for a couple of weeks, but both couples were fine.

Howdenhall Assessment Centre, Edinburgh

44. I was in Howdenhall Assessment Centre a lot of times and my memories of being there are all merged into one. I think the first time I was there was while I was at Nazareth House after I had run away, but I can't be sure. The other times I went were after I had been up in front of a Children's Panel and I was given twenty-one days each time.

45. Howdenhall Assessment Centre was just a jail for children. The staff didn't take any nonsense off anyone and all the kids did what they were told. It was my first experience of that sort of environment, being locked up and not being allowed anything of my own and of being treated like a dog. Everybody up to that point had been looking out for me a bit more and trying to get me back to my mother.
46. I can't remember who was in charge or the names of any of the staff, but I remember their faces and I remember their positions. There was a nightwatchman and there was a P.E. teacher, who was possibly called Mr ^{IGB} [REDACTED]. He was stout, with long straggly hair and glasses and he was about forty to fifty at the time. He normally dealt with the juniors and other staff dealt with the seniors.
47. I don't know how many youngsters were in the assessment centre, but the building itself was split between boys and girls, juniors and seniors. In the boys' section, juniors and seniors were kept separate and each had their own sitting room.
48. There were also classrooms for the juniors and seniors and there was a gym and a big dining hall in the centre of the building where everyone, including the juniors, the seniors and the girls, ate together at lunchtime and at dinner time.
49. Upstairs there were locked doors that opened up into an area where there were toilets and more doors leading to three sections. All the sections were divided up into single cells, or what were called 'Peters'. There was also what was called the 'suicide cell', which had a couple of double-locks on the door and an unbreakable window. The suicide cell was in my section and right next to my cell.
50. I knew a few of the boys that were in the assessment centre, but there were a few from other parts of the city, such as Gilmerton and Broomhouse.

First day

51. I remember being taken from the Panel in the back of a car by the social work and arriving at Howdenhall that first day. Depending on your age, you either went into the senior or the junior section. I don't know what age each were, but I was a junior.
52. The assessment centre was a bit like the jail in that you went to reception when you first arrived. In reception you were put on the scales to measure your weight and your height was taken. Then you were given a pile of clothes and a pile of bedding and taken upstairs and shown your bed. Just like walking into a jail for the first time, it was a bit intimidating.

Daily routine

53. We were locked in all the time and at the start of a typical day the nightwatchman would come round to wake us in the morning as the staff were coming in. There was no wandering about though, everywhere you went, you went with staff. You had to go through a locked door to go downstairs and then you walked along a corridor to another locked door to get to the dining hall.
54. After breakfast we did some work, like setting tables, washing dishes and mopping floors and we also had school. We never went out for school, staff came in to teach us in the assessment centre.
55. If you didn't eat your food at any meal you were taken to your room and locked up. If you were locked up you weren't at school, so they would also punish you by taking your mattress and your bedding off you. It wasn't so bad that you got the same food served back to you at the next meal time though.
56. We spent the majority of our time in the sitting room, which we called the smoking room, where we could watch the TV and videos. Everyone was allowed to smoke and we were given our cigarettes by staff. If you were in the juniors you got five cigarettes a day and the seniors got ten. We were young, but we all had nicotine and glue habits and they cut us a wee bit of slack in that way.

57. There were what were called 'toilet calls' in the assessment centre. You might be watching the TV in the sitting room with the other juniors and need to go to the toilet, but you couldn't just get up and go. You had to put your hand up and whoever was supervising whatever you were doing decided whether you could go. Normally you needed another two or three people sticking their hands up to persuade the supervisor it was worthwhile getting another staff member to come and escort you.

Visitors

58. My social worker, Ann Jensen, would come and visit me and tell me what was going to be happening. I knew I wasn't getting back home and there was talk of me going to a closed block, like Kerelaw.
59. While I was still in the assessment centre my mother moved to Piershill from Niddrie and what came along with that was a change of social worker for me. My new social worker was a guy called ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] who worked out of Craigentenny office and was a man in his forties. I was introduced to him by Ann Jensen while I was in the assessment centre, but I can't remember anything about my first chat with him.
60. My mum came with [REDACTED] to see me a couple of times, but by this time she didn't want me back in the house. We weren't allowed phone calls and there was no letter writing either.
61. I don't remember any external inspections, or speaking to anyone from outside about how I was getting on.

Review of care while at Howdenhall Assessment Unit

62. Everyone was given twenty-one days at the assessment centre and that's what I got at the Children's Panel too, however after each twenty-one days I would go back to the panel and be given another twenty-one days and that seemed to go on for a while. Ann Jensen took me to some of the panels, but I think ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] took me to the

last couple. I knew even at that age that this was going to be my life and I was going to end up in the jail eventually.

63. I had a bit of an incident at one of the panels when I lost my temper and the police were called. I ended up with a couple of charges and was taken right back to the assessment centre afterwards.

Running away

64. I tried to escape a few times from the assessment centre and I got onto the roof a couple of times, but I never managed to get off it and get away. If you did try and escape you were put in the suicide cell and they took your blankets and your mattress off you and you were locked in there for a few days.

Abuse at Howdenhall Assessment Centre

65. I never had a licking from any of the staff at the assessment centre, but I was grabbed by the throat and by the back of the head a few times. I was also manhandled up to my bed a lot because I was kicking off. Thinking back on that, I don't know if that treatment was excessive, but I would say it was abuse. I wouldn't want to hear of other children being treated the way I was at the assessment centre.
66. There was a lot of violence going on between the boys in the junior section and a lot of that was encouraged by the staff, in my opinion. I suppose if the kids were having problems with each other, they weren't giving the staff problems.
67. The P.E. teacher, who was possibly called Mr ^{IGB} [REDACTED], used to make boys box each other if they had an issue. All the juniors would be marched down to the gym and the boys that had an issue with each other would have to put boxing gloves on and have a proper boxing match in front of the other lads. Everyone would put mats out and the rest of the class would sit around the outside watching.

68. Mr ^{IGB} stood with a stopwatch and would call an end to it if one lad managed to put the other down, or if he thought you'd had enough, but nobody was really badly injured. Sometimes one of the lads might get a burst nose or a burst mouth, but there were no liberties taken.
69. I was boxing almost every day, because I was from Niddrie and there were guys from Gilmerton and Broomhouse and other areas there. I couldn't have been the worst, but I knew I was a handful.
70. I don't have kids, so I couldn't say whether it was right or wrong that we were treated that way. It possibly gave me a hardness and let me know what a beating was like at an early age. It also probably stood me in good stead for my later years and it certainly sorted out the disputes that I was involved in at the assessment centre.

Leaving Howdenhall Assessment Centre

71. I must have been in the assessment centre for a few months before I was eventually moved. I think I probably spent the longest time there, because most of the other lads would be moved after twenty-one days. It seemed never-ending to me and I still don't know the reasons for that.
72. I'm not sure whether it was my mother or my social worker who told me while I was at the assessment centre that I wasn't going back to Niddrie. They said it had come to the stage that I had put myself in a position where I wasn't allowed to go home. I knew that meant I was going to some sort of secure care, like an approved school, or a 'List D' school.
73. I knew approved schools and List D schools were for bad boys and I knew what sort of environment I would be going to. I thought I would be going to Dr Guthrie's, because that's where everybody else around about me was sent, but I was taken to a Panel and told I was going to St Joseph's List D School at Tranent.

St Joseph's List D School, Tranent

74. I was in St Joe's, which was what everyone called it, for three or four years from when I was twelve or thirteen, until I turned sixteen. That would have been from about 1982 until 1985.
75. The De La Salle Brothers ran St Joseph's and they also ran St John Bosco in Fife and a place called St John's in Liverpool. At St Joe's there were four units, or cottages as they were called, which were all named after saints. There were probably twenty or twenty-five guys in each unit. I was in Benildus cottage and slept in a dormitory upstairs. There were also Ogilvie, St Claire and Savio cottages. Different Brothers ran the different cottages and they were all quite strict, although not overly so.
76. Brother Ben was in charge of Benildus and I also remember Brother ^{MBU} [REDACTED], Brother ^{MJG} [REDACTED] and Brother Cuthbert, there were stacks of them. Every cottage also had a woman who was like a housemother and in my case it was Mrs Mulgrew, who did the cooking and brought the woman's touch.
77. There were also a few staff. Some came in to teach and one was Mr ^{MHC} [REDACTED], who was Polish and in his thirties or forties. He taught English and maths. There were also staff in the cottages, including Mr McKinnon and Mr ^{LVH} [REDACTED], who were assigned to Benildus, and there was a similar number of staff in each of the other units. One was Mr ^{JAX} [REDACTED] who was thirty to forty and had an American or Canadian accent. He always wore cowboy boots and I know that he stayed in Tranent. He was a horrible human being. I never had day-to-day dealings with him, just occasionally at the weekend when I was in his unit, or when he came to Benildus.
78. There were also social workers and the guy who was assigned to Benildus was called ^{LUZ} [REDACTED]. He was my residential social worker. The teachers and social workers all worked Monday to Friday, 9:00 am to 5:00 pm. Outside those hours it was just the Brothers looking after us, other than the nightwatchman, Jock Manratty. He was an old miner from Tranent who used to come in and sit with a torch at night to make sure nobody absconded.

79. A lot of the staff stayed in cottages up the side of the building and the Brothers all stayed within St Joe's too, but some staff lived in Tranent.
80. The Brothers and the staff were alright, but they were strict and they were disciplined. Everything was done by whistles. If you were out in the playground and there was a whistle, you had to go and join your class, or join a line queuing for something. It gave me a good grounding for the life I went on to live.

Routine at St Joseph's

First day

81. My mum told ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] and the Panel that she didn't want me in the house so I think it left them with no other option but to send me somewhere. They were never going to ask me how I felt about it and so I was put in the back of a car and ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] took me to St Joe's.
82. I knew about St Joe's already and I knew it wasn't a nice place. I knew they weren't going to put up with my carry-on, but for me it was just the next step on my road and it wasn't the end of the world. Looking back now though, I know St Joe's was where things really went wrong for me. Up until St Joe's I think I could have probably picked up the pieces and carried on a normal life.

Daily routine

83. We were up at 6:30 in the morning and had a shower before we went downstairs for breakfast, which Mrs Mulgrew the housekeeper got for us. We sat at tables of four and after breakfast we went over to school in the main building, before going back over to our units for lunch.

84. In the afternoon there was Mass and then we tended to work in the garden or the greenhouses potting up plants, because the Brothers used to sell a lot of stuff. We did sometimes go to school in the afternoon, but maybe only one day a week.
85. At night we'd go back over to the unit for something to eat and then we watched a bit of telly. I remember watching 'Auf Wiedersehen, Pet' while I was at St Joe's. The nightwatchman used to come in about 9:00 pm and the staff went away, although Mrs Mulgrew stayed in a house attached to the building.

Trips and holidays

86. LUZ [REDACTED] and IAZ [REDACTED], my two social workers, took me to Khushi's Indian Restaurant in Edinburgh numerous times while I was at St Joe's. There's mention of it in my records, which say that I seemed to be enjoying my days out with them.
87. There used to be holidays to the Brothers' home in Liverpool, St John's. The boys from there used to come up and stay in St Joseph's and we used to go down to St John's. The Brothers and some of the staff would come with us and they'd organise a couple of days of football and whatever.
88. I know from my records that Brother MBU [REDACTED] organised a cycle trip around Scotland at one time, but I don't remember it. He says that a week before we were due to go I knocked on his door and told him I wanted to pull out. It's also in my records that I wouldn't give a reason, but that he noticed that I was depressed, however I have no recollection of that either.

Healthcare

89. I had to go to see a psychologist, Mrs Fotheringham, at the Sick Kids in Edinburgh, because after a time the Brothers realised I was getting depressed and that my health was deteriorating. I've since seen that there are notes from her in my records confirming that she too thought I was depressed. I was also taken to the dermatology ward because I had developed psoriasis, which was because of nerves.

Religious instruction

90. There was Mass every day and I actually went through the process of becoming a Catholic. I was quite religious and Sister ^{ZLOP} [REDACTED]'s words in Nazareth House stuck with me for a long time. I had been brought up a Protestant, but ^{LUZ} [REDACTED], the residential social worker at St Joe's, coached me through the process of getting baptised and becoming a Catholic.

Work

91. We had some work to do, such as making our own beds and mopping the floors all the time and most afternoons we were also working in the garden.
92. Later on in my time at St Joe's I was told that if I got a job and kept my nose clean I was out the door when I turned sixteen. I got the head down and when I was fifteen, I think I was the first person to go out and work. I was just wanting out and so I approached people in the area, looking for work. I spoke to the owner of the 'Keeper's Arms' in Tranent, Roy Bain, and he gave me work experience. They must have known I had nothing because Roy Bain had a whip round for me and all the staff bought me clothes, however that job came to an end in the summer season.
93. After that I went to the Co-Op dairy in Tranent, and had to get up at 5:00 am to start work there. I was working fifteen or sixteen hours a day, but that was just to get me out of St Joe's.

Support

94. There was a social work office within St Joe's, where my residential social worker, ^{LUZ} [REDACTED], worked from Monday to Friday, between 9:00 am and 5:00 pm. ^{LUZ} [REDACTED] was alright and I think he went over and above the call of duty with me. I met his family and he gave me man-to-man advice that I would have thought was beyond his remit as a social worker. I suppose he was a male figure for me.

Running away

95. Just like everywhere else I'd been, I ran away from St Joe's as well and got back to Niddrie a few times. By that time most of the police in Niddrie, and at Piershill where my mum was, knew me and if I was hanging about the streets they would just lift me and I'd go straight back. They never asked me why I was running away, but just took me to the police station and one of the staff from St Joe's would come and drive me back.

Family contact

96. Brother Ben had a big bus that he would take all the boys home in on a Friday for the weekend. You would go to school in the morning and then go back to the cottage and put your 'civvy' clothes on. Then you would go over to the main house and get your money, which was £3, or thereabouts, before getting on the bus. Brother Ben would then drive the bus away and drop boys off at different parts of Edinburgh.
97. My mother was always a right one for money and when I look at my records from my time at St Joe's there's mention of her saying that she would take me home at the weekends, but that the Brothers would have to pay for food. My mother didn't want me to go to the house, so I think they got in touch with my gran at Newcraighall and I remember going to hers a couple of times.
98. Although my mother didn't want me, I know now from my records that my gran was quite willing to have me. At Christmas, Easter and on my birthday, my field social worker ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] and some of the Brothers would also go to my gran's. All her neighbours would be watching and my gran would be delighted that all these Brothers were coming to her house. It was a good look for the neighbours and the chocolate biscuits and the good cups came out.

99. As a result I could never have said anything to my gran about how I was feeling or how I was being treated. If I said anything at all, she would give me a row and tell me not to talk about the Brothers like that.
100. A lot of times, for various reasons, I never got home to my mother's or my gran's at the weekends. Sometimes it would be for something stupid, like talking too loudly, or sitting in the wrong seat. Some days I got as far as the waiting room for the bus, other days I didn't even get that far. When I didn't get home ^{IAZ} sometimes took me away for the weekend. I'm not sure how often he did, maybe once a month or so, and the other times I stayed at St Joe's. There would be some other boys left at St Joe's too and, rather than keep all four cottages open, they would put all those boys in one.

Abuse at St Joseph's

Peers

101. There were a lot of Glaswegians and other boys from other parts of the country at St Joe's, so there was a bit of rivalry and a bit of bullying going on. It was a bit like the jail, although I can't recall having any fights with any of the lads while I was there. I didn't bother anybody and the bullies never bothered me.

Brother Ben

102. I think all the lads who were at St Joseph's had lived a life of being shouted and bawled at all the time, so I think the Brothers had to come up with another way of keeping us in line. Brother Ben did so by giving us electric shocks.
103. He would strap you to a seat and make you hold onto two copper pipes that were connected by a wire to a dynamo. He would then wind the dynamo and you would get an electric shock. The faster he went the more of a shock you would get. It wasn't sore, but it was uncomfortable.

104. He would be standing over you and sweating while he did it and, although you were always fully clothed and he was too, I know now as an adult that there was a sexual connotation to this. I wasn't aware of that at the time.

Mr. ^{MHC} [REDACTED]

105. Mr. ^{MHC} [REDACTED] was famous for throwing dusters at anyone who was mucking about, which would hit you on the head. He also had what was called ^{MHC} [REDACTED]'s Toffee', which you would get if you were maybe late for a class, or if you hadn't joined a line quick enough. Everyone, including all the Brothers, knew about it.

106. ^{MHC} [REDACTED]'s Toffee was a liquid, which I believe was ammonia, in a big glass bottle that had two handles and a cork. He would get the bottle out in front of the class and you had to come forward, shut one of your nostrils with a finger and take a deep breath of the fumes with the other. Then you had to do the other nostril.

107. As soon as you'd breathed those fumes in everything started burning and your head would feel like it had burst. You would get a big chemical rush and your whole head would feel like it was full of pins and needles. I don't know if there were any aftereffects, but you had to go and lie down for five or ten minutes and you couldn't have gone back to class. Obviously you could kid on that you were inhaling the fumes, but Mr. ^{MHC} [REDACTED] would know by your reaction if you'd done it properly or not. If you weren't flat out on the floor with your eyes streaming you obviously hadn't done it properly and you'd have to do it again.

Mr. ^{IAX} [REDACTED]

108. I got a couple of lickings off the staff in my time at St Joe's, including from Mr. ^{IAX} [REDACTED] who would give you a licking like he would give a man a licking. He didn't hold back and I think, because of my home circumstances and the fact that my mother didn't want me, I was probably the ideal candidate because nobody was going to see my bruises.

109. When I was about twelve or thirteen I took the biggest bowl of 'Rice Krispies', however I was spotted by Mr ^{IAx} [REDACTED]. He took me into a storeroom, where there were massive metal buckets of Rice Krispies and also 'Cornflakes' and he gave me a heavy licking in there. He was punching me and kicking me about the head and body, before he picked me up and shoved me in one of the buckets and just about drowned me in the Rice Krispies.
110. I was fighting back, but he really beat me, so much so that I had to go to Roodlands Hospital in Haddington for broken ribs and to get some stitches, even inside my mouth. I think the Brothers told the hospital staff that I had been standing behind a boy who had been swinging a golf club and I'd been hit accidentally.
111. One time we were on holiday at St John's in Liverpool and I can't remember what I'd done, but I got another heavy licking from Mr ^{IAx} [REDACTED] for not behaving myself. I also remember having another issue with him in one of the greenhouses at St Joe's. He sent all the rest of the boys away, took his jacket off, rolled his sleeves up and offered me a square go. That's how he was.

^{IAZ} [REDACTED]

112. I started bed wetting and sleep walking at St Joseph's. It had never happened to me before and the reason it did at St Joe's was ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] and what he was doing to me. St Joe's wasn't nice, but I could put up with getting a doing from the Brothers and the staff. It was at the weekends that my real abuse happened. The weekends I was forced to spend with ^{IAZ} [REDACTED], my field social worker.
113. ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] had a reputation in Piershill, Craigentiny and Lochend. Everyone knew that if you had him as your social worker you were in trouble. He was openly gay and was known to be touchy-feely with the boys he was the social worker for. He would play-fight with them, say that they were losing weight, or putting it on, touching them all the time and that sort of thing.

114. That's how it started off with me, but it progressed and, from the age of eleven or twelve, for about the next two years, he took me to different houses in and around Edinburgh and he sexually abused me and he raped me.
115. It started off in the back of a car when I was eleven or twelve. He took me and my mother to a women's refuge-type place somewhere in Stirling for a holiday. Supposedly it was so that she and I could bond. When we got there, my mum didn't know that she had to bring food with her, so she was left at the refuge and IAZ took me to the shops in the car.
116. The touchy-feely stuff had already been going on and on the way back from the shops, he raped me in the back of that car. I was wanting something out of one of the bags, chocolate, or something like that, so IAZ pulled the car over. He grabbed me when I went into the back seat and that first time was violent.
117. Something changed for me that day in the back of that car. Whether he stole my innocence, or gave me the rage that I still feel to this day, something changed for me.
118. I was afraid of IAZ. I had seen the evil in him and I knew what he was capable of. He was a big lump of a man and he could overpower me easily. When he was on top of me there was nothing I could have done. He also threatened me that if I said anything I was going to the closed block at Kerelaw.
119. I think now that real reason I often didn't get on Brother Ben's bus on a Friday was so that IAZ would have an excuse to take me away for the weekend. There was always some pretence that we were going to his house to watch some movie, or something like that, but instead he took me to different houses in and around Edinburgh. Once he flung me in a car and took me to a bed and breakfast in the Lake District. He never took any other boy, it was always just me..
120. He started off spiking me with drugs and I remember coming to in different beds and on different couches. I didn't know what had happened at first, but eventually I ended up knowingly, willingly and regularly smoking weed or taking an acid tablet with him.

121. One weekend I was with him he bought me glue because I had been screaming and shouting that I wanted some. He put me in his car and took me to Lawson's Timber at the side of Edinburgh Castle. I waited in the car while he ran in and came back with 'Evostick' and a plastic bag.
122. I remember once coming to on a couch somewhere in Edinburgh and IAZ's partner was there. I don't know second name. I had seen in other houses, but he hadn't been in that particular house before. I think IAZ had either given me, or I had taken, too many drugs and I had lost consciousness. was rubbing my back, trying to force me to be sick. That was the only time that touched me and I remember being half-naked and was quite concerned about me.
123. I was probably the ideal person for IAZ to abuse because there was nobody looking out for me. My mum didn't want me and nobody cared, so he did what he wanted.
124. He was always taking photographs of me. He had a Nikon camera with a big lens and developed the photographs himself in his house. I saw a lot of the photos and I'm terrified that they are now somewhere on the internet.
125. I was also taken to a cottage in the countryside outside Peebles, that I believe IAZ and had just bought. It was probably the fifth house I was taken to by IAZ. We'd been out all day and got back to the cottage and were there for maybe three or four hours before it was time to go to bed. I went up the stairs with him and he pushed me flat on the stairs, carrying-on. He put his hand down the back of my trousers and stuck his finger up my backside. I knew exactly what was going to happen, but when I looked up, another man appeared at the top of the stairs. I didn't know this man, but he was naked and had his penis in his hand.
126. I freaked and ran past this man and charged through a window, onto a flat roof and into the garden. They both chased me, however I managed to get away into the fields.

I could see the headlights of their car as they went up and down the road looking for me, but it was easy for me to hide from them behind hedges at the side of the road.

127. I don't know how far the cottage was from Peebles, possibly a few miles, but I managed to get into the town and found a 'phone box. I reversed the charges to my residential social worker, ^{LUZ} [REDACTED], and he came down and picked me up at 3:00 am and took me back to his house at [REDACTED] in Edinburgh.
128. I thought that would have been the end of it after ^{LUZ} [REDACTED] picked me up, but it wasn't, it got worse. I thought I'd been rescued, but instead the cat was out of the bag and nothing had happened, so ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] felt he could do whatever he wanted and he did.
129. When I first saw ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] after that meal in Khushi's he gave me the usual threats and also told me that it would all be worth it in the end. He said I would benefit eventually, that he would sort things out and I would get back home. I had realised by that time that would not be happening though. The abuse continued. It was like a black hole I was being drawn into and there was no way I could escape from it.

Reporting of abuse at St Joseph's

130. I told ^{LUZ} [REDACTED] some of what had been going on the night he picked me up from Peebles. I accept that he was a young man in his twenties, but instead of taking me right to a police station, he just took me right back to the situation and right back to ^{IAZ} [REDACTED].
131. That night he took me to Khushi's Restaurant in Edinburgh and I had to sit at a table in a booth with ^{LUZ} [REDACTED] on one side and ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] on the other. As ^{LUZ} [REDACTED] was trying to skirt around my phone call in the early hours of the morning and what I'd told him, ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] had his hand under the table, aggressively squeezing the life out of my leg. He was trying to intimidate me and make sure I didn't say anything out of turn.

132. I ended up back at St Joe's eventually and nothing was said by any of the Brothers, the staff, or by ^{LUZ} [REDACTED], and ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] remained my field social worker. It was like getting thrown a lifebelt when you are drowning and thinking you are getting saved, only for that lifebelt to be pulled away.
133. I'd been in the system long enough by then to know that there was no point in me trying to report what was happening to anybody else. If something didn't happen the first time, it wasn't going to.

Leaving St Joseph's

134. By the time I was approaching sixteen I just wanted out of St Joe's. ^{LUZ} [REDACTED] took me to Esk Valley College to enrol on a bricklayer course, but there were no spaces when I got there, so I signed up for a catering course and went to live with my gran. I just signed up for anything so that I could get out of St Joe's because they told me if I didn't get on a course or have a job they would try and keep me for another year.

Life after being in care

135. I did alright up until I was in my twenties, but I didn't adapt very well to being outside and I started getting involved in crime.
136. I was convicted a lot of times for various offences including robbery with violence and other violent crimes. I think I got five years in the jail for the robbery and spent my twenty-first birthday locked up. I was a long-term prisoner and was sent to Glenochil, but got an additional sentence while I was there for further violent offences and got myself into bother for more violence inside.
137. When I got out of the jail the first time I went travelling and worked in London and in Switzerland and ended up running a bar in Spain. During that time I went for a two-week holiday in Malta and got in bother there as well and got the jail. I went back to Spain after I was released, but I got myself in trouble there too though and got the jail while I was there as well.

138. I started a relationship with a woman about fourteen years ago and we got married about ten years later. We are still married, but we went our separate ways about seven years ago. After we split up I went into a homeless hostel for a couple of months, before I got a council house in a stair. It's fine in the block, there are some decent neighbours and I kind of look after the stair and cut the grass in the garden.

139. I don't drink and I don't take drugs and I'm doing fine. I am employed as a roofer for an Edinburgh company and have been doing that for a good few years now. I have a good boss and he treats me well. I work hard, but I don't do so for the money, I work hard so that I can sleep at night.

Impact

140. I know that I am hypervigilant and if I was to use one word to sum up my childhood it would be violence. If it wasn't my dad shouting and kicking doors in Niddrie, it was fighting with other lads, or with the staff in the institutions, or with ^{IAZ} [REDACTED]. It was constant.

141. Even still, I don't trust anybody. I've not been in a relationship since my wife and I split up. I'm just not interested, I'm quite happy on my own. I've never been a fan of the police or anybody in authority and I've probably got a bit of an attitude when I'm dealing with them.

142. Recently, possibly because I've been thinking about my abuse more, I've had more flashbacks than I usually have and I have had a couple of bad days. I've lost my head at work a couple of times and had to explain myself to my boss, although he has been very understanding.

143. For a lot of years I didn't feel like a man and so I always wanted to hit harder than the next guy. I felt that ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] had taken something from me and to prove I was a man I needed to hit harder than anyone and I needed to hit them before they hit me.

144. I accept that what was done to me is done, but I have caused chaos in people's lives. I am embarrassed about that and I am angry with myself about that because I have passed that grief, that madness and that anger onto other people. I have spread that anger and I hate myself for it.
145. I've done a lot of things I'm not proud of. My life has been a struggle and I don't know how much of that is down to the abuse or to my childhood. I have committed some horrible, violent offenses. The level of my violence went way beyond getting drunk on a Friday and shoving a beer glass in someone's face. Now I have to do all that I can to avoid confrontational situations. I'm barred from the shops around where I live because of my attitude and how I deal with things.
146. I have been convicted of causing permanent disfigurement to people and I have paid the price and done time for it, but I have caused havoc to those people's lives. I don't blame St Joe's for that, my issues and my rage come from [REDACTED].
147. That rage I feel is like a cancer. I have good days and I have bad days. Some days I'm alright with myself, some days I'm angry with myself, but always I tend to avoid people. If I see a couple of guys walking towards me when I'm out, I cross the street to avoid them, just in case there's any interaction between us.
148. I am broken and I have broken people who have cared about me and that, in my book, is unforgiveable. I'm not a sociable person, I don't like people because I see the bad in everybody. I assume that's to do with my upbringing.
149. Partners I have had have broken up with me, telling me that I'm emotionally vacant and they are bang on. I do not know how to express my emotions. The Brothers gave me a bit of an education, but they never taught me how to behave with people or how to express my emotions properly.
150. I have wondered over the years how far [REDACTED] might have gone. If he and the other guy had caught me that night in Peebles after I had managed to run away, what would they have done? What might have happened to me? I have wondered about

the time when he gave me the overdose and what if I hadn't woken up. It was so bad, that I've often thought he could have gone too far. He could have killed me.

151. As I have told the police, I hunted ^{IAZ} [REDACTED] a few years ago down because I wanted to cut his throat. I found out he had been transferred from Craigentenny social work office to an office in Gorgie and was working with disabled people. My rage at him was so great that I stalked that office for about a week, but I never got him.
152. I never got on with my dad and for many years I put a lot of the blame for what happened to me at his door. As far as I was concerned he hadn't stepped up and taken responsibility for his kids. I ended up getting a jail sentence after I took my feelings out on him as an adult, but I managed to get things squared up with him afterwards, before he passed away a few years ago.
153. My mum actually banned me from going to her funeral after she died just a week before [REDACTED] last year. We had been speaking up until [REDACTED] passed in 2017, but it was hard to swallow not being allowed to go.
154. I don't have much of a relationship with my step-brother [REDACTED]. He hadn't been in care and I think that was part of the reason why I'm not close to him. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
155. I don't have kids because up until fairly recently I thought there was something wrong with my DNA. I knew my dad wasn't right and I thought I was the same. I thought I wasn't put together right and I didn't want to give that to my kids.
156. I did a few tests when I was younger and I think I was three or four years behind where I should have been with my education. I'm still not very good at handwriting, but I have taught myself and I have done a lot of reading and when I do, I'm reading something to educate myself.

157. I have never felt suicidal, even when I was locked up in the jail I never felt that way, but you get tired. This is now my last fight. Living with the rage I feel and doing so on my own wears me down. There is nobody to take my mind off it. There is nobody to tell me to think about something else and I am tired. It is not just a case of thinking of it as being in the past and leaving it there. I live with it every day.

Treatment/support

158. In 2017 I was convicted of a 'road rage' offence and, as part of my sentence, I had to go for anger management. I was supposed to go for six weeks, but it actually went on for about nineteen. The course was run in Grindley Street in Edinburgh by a criminal justice social worker called Gordon Smith and I never missed a session. It cleared a lot of things up in my head and what he said made a lot of sense.

159. I have a copy of the report that Gordon wrote, which says 'My view is that he doesn't have a problem with anger, rather that he has a problem with rage'. He didn't ask me about St Joe's, but he said that my rage comes from my bad experiences and that it is like an elastic band. The older I get, the more worn that elastic band gets and the more likely it is to snap.

160. Since those sessions I think I'm much more able to handle my rage. It has changed my life to some extent and I use the techniques I was taught, but they don't come easy to me. It takes a conscious effort to get in that way of thinking and use those coping mechanisms.

161. I've not spoken to anyone else about what happened, other than my boss at work and my ex-wife knew some stuff, but I've not had any other counselling or support.

Reporting of Abuse

162. About twenty years ago the police came to see me out of the blue about Brother Ben at St Joe's. I don't know how they found out I had been at St Joe's, but they took me up to Howdenhall Police Station and sat me down with people from the council,

lawyers and some police. I could cope with the electric shocks and the doings from Brother Ben, I had other, bigger, issues going on while I was at St Joe's, so I just chased them.

163. After going to the anger management sessions and realising where my rage came from, I thought [redacted] needed to be brought to account for what he did so I contacted Richard Pitts from Digby Brown. After listening to me over a couple of sessions, he reckoned there was enough evidence to pursue a case against [redacted] and he is doing so.
164. I told Richard my story and said that I didn't really want to go to the police, however over time and after he got hold of my records, Richard advised me to do so and to give a statement. I think he thought the police needed to investigate in case there was even more to it and more people had been abused.
165. I did so about six months ago and within two or three hours of me 'phoning, two uniform police officers came and took some details. They were great, however I then had to go and see the historical abuse people and it was a nightmare. Luckily for me though there is a paper trail in my records and there are witnesses.
166. I don't know what I was expecting, but speaking to the police was more akin to getting charged than giving a witness statement. I was in a room next to the reception of Gayfield Square Police Station and I could hear people reporting things through the door. If I could hear them, they must have been able to hear me.
167. It seemed as if the female officer I spoke to wasn't really interested, however I gave a statement and I told the police about all the houses in Edinburgh I was taken to by [redacted]. I wasn't always sure where exactly the houses were, so I had to take the police round each of them and point them out and I had to describe windows and doors and things like that. I think the police then did a land registry search to find out who owned each of the houses at the time.

168. I'm not sure what stage the police enquiry is at because they've not been in touch, but I think they are just about to charge [IAZ].

[LUZ]

169. My residential social worker at St Joe's, [LUZ], is quite [redacted] now. He is a [redacted]. I bumped into him twenty years ago just by chance and we ended up exchanging numbers.

170. I also went for lunch with him and we had a pint together and he started to talk about Brother Ben getting the jail for giving us the electric shocks and I told him the police had approached me about him. I then talked to him about [IAZ] and him picking me up from Peebles and about nothing having been done to stop [IAZ] and [LUZ] apologised to me. He said he was young at the time and that it was different days then and I accepted that. He told me that [IAZ] was quite intimidating to him as a young social worker and that he had felt pressured and I understood.

171. He also asked me whether I got hard during the abuse and told me that if I did, it was nothing to be ashamed of. I couldn't believe he'd asked me such a thing and left him there. I was raging. He shouldn't have asked me that and I still don't understand why he did. I've never seen him since.

172. To be fair to [LUZ], after we spoke I know that he went right up to the council and told someone there that I had said I had been abused. The council tried to get in touch with me and I have letters from them, but my life was hectic at that time. I was in and out of the jail and I was all over the place and I didn't want to speak with them.

173. About six months ago, [LUZ] wrote an [redacted] in the [redacted], saying that he had been involved in abuse trials for both the defence and the prosecution and that he did not believe the guilt of any of them. That is the reason I decided to contact the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry.

174. I've had a lot of opportunities in life that a lot of people wouldn't get. I've run bars in Spain and I've had other jobs abroad, but I've wasted them. I just want IAZ [REDACTED] and LUZ [REDACTED] to stand up and take a bit of responsibility. I was at risk and LUZ [REDACTED] let me down. I think he signed up for the right reasons and wanted to make a difference in people's lives, but I think he was intimidated by IAZ [REDACTED] and the upshot was that he let me down and he left me exposed to that risk again.
175. IAZ [REDACTED] and LUZ [REDACTED] can lead an ordinary life. They can sit down at Christmas and enjoy a meal with their families. I hide myself away. I know I'm not a nice person to be around at Christmas.

Records

176. My lawyer, Richard Pitts from Digby Brown, applied for my records and gave a copy of them to me a few months ago.
177. I don't know what I expected from my records, but I didn't think they would be quite as clearcut as they are. There are many comments from the Brothers saying they had noticed I was getting depressed and that my health was deteriorating and yet they did nothing about it. I would defy anybody to read those comments and not wonder why the abuse wasn't picked up on.
178. The Brothers took me to the hospital a couple of times for injuries I'd got from being beaten by Mr IAX [REDACTED] over the Rice Krispies and there are the hospital reports from that in my records too. There are also a couple of mentions of me being a loner and having a sore face and stitches, but the Brothers have just put it down to me rolling about with other boys. I don't remember having any confrontations with any pupils at St Joe's at any time, it was always the Brothers and the staff.
179. The psychologist at the Sick Kids in Edinburgh, Mrs Fotheringham, recommended in one of her reports to the Brothers that I should go to what was called the Y.P.U., which was the Young Person's Unit at the Andrew Duncan Clinic in the Royal Edinburgh Hospital. She recognised in her report that I was depressed and said that they needed

to get to the bottom of what was going on. She mentions that one of the Brothers had told her I had pulled out of the cycle tour that Brother^{MBU} had organised because I was depressed. There are also notes written by^{IAZ}, including that I told him I had fallen out with and that was why I was depressed, but that was just a cover up.

Lessons to be Learned/Hopes for the Inquiry

180. The police were only interested in the details of the abuse and not who was privy to me being allowed to go away all over the place with my social worker. I understand why, but I think there's a bigger picture that has to be looked at and I find it astonishing that, even now, social workers can take children away for the weekend.
181. ^{IAZ} needs to go to the jail, but the Brothers should be held responsible too. I appreciate we weren't normal children, but they were supposed to be looking after us. They knew ^{IAZ} was taking me away at the weekend and they knew I was depressed. They knew what was happening and they did nothing. They are just as complicit.
182. ^{LUZ}, my residential social worker at St Joe's, had to sign off on everything I did. He was privy to everything I did, every class I went to and wherever I went. He had to sign off on ^{IAZ} taking me away at the weekend and therefore he too was complicit. He needs to explain himself. If he is genuinely sorry and he was genuinely intimidated by ^{IAZ}, then that is fine. I understand that.
183. Speaking about my abuse has made me ask a lot of questions of myself and what my life has been. I am guilty of everything I have done, but I wonder if I might have chosen a different path if I had not been abused. Social work need to take some responsibility. They had, in a way, brought me up from an age where they should have been instilling values into me so that I could go out into the big, bad world. They never gave me the tools and for twenty-odd years I just made a mess of things, both to myself and to the people around me.

184. Abusers like [redacted] are never going to be stopped, regardless of what recommendations are made by the Inquiry or what safeguards are put in place. If someone is determined to abuse children, they will find a way of doing it, but the Inquiry needs to make sure that if they do, they are not getting away with it for long.

185. It was acknowledged that I was depressed, that I was unwell and that I had developed psoriasis, which was down to nerves, but nobody joined the dots. Without hoisting a flag, I don't know what other alarm bells there could have been.

Other information

186. Secondary Institutions - to be published later
[redacted]

187. I'm thankful that I have my health and I have my job and I'm not hungry, but it is no surprise that, in my fifties, I find myself living the way I do. You need something to look forward to, a reason to get out of your bed in the morning and I am tired of this life now.

188. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed [redacted]

Dated 4/3/2023