

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

MGW

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is MGW My date of birth is 1966. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

**Life before going into care**

2. I was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1966. My mother, was living in Cork. My father, is from Cork. My father was an alcoholic. My mum and dad left each other. I came to London when I was about a year old. I moved to Glasgow with my mum, brother and sisters when I was about two years old. Eight of us lived in a council house in It was a one bedroom tenement flat. I was put into care at the Good Shepherd in Edinburgh when I was four years old.
3. I have an older brother, two older sisters and a younger brother. My oldest sister is she was born in 1961 and is five years older than me. was born in 1963, MOF was born in 1964, then there is me. was born in 1972 to my mum's husband, My mum and had another son, who died when he was 39 years old. was born in 1969.
4. didn't like the name MGW being mentioned around the house because it was my real dad's name. had alcohol and gambling issues and there was violence towards my brother and me. I was running away from the house and getting picked up by the police in Glasgow. The social work felt my mum and

weren't keeping a clean house and were involved with that. My social worker was Jean McDonald. Mrs McDonald was in my life for years. She was the family social worker.

5. I was taken into care by the social work for protection, as a Child on Protection, it was a Rule 53 or 54. I was the only one put into care. My brother and sisters stayed with my mum.
6. Jean McDonald came to visit my mum and took me to a beautiful townhouse in Atholl Terrace in the middle of Glasgow. It was a drop-in resource centre for kids with special needs. The nuns there did an assessment on me. I went there loads of times. Then I got moved to Ladymary School run by the Good Shepherd Convent, in Colinton in Edinburgh.
7. I knew I was being taken into care. My social worker from Glasgow City Council, Jean McDonald, and the nuns in the assessment centre, told me that was happening. I spoke to Jean McDonald about the household, the alcoholism and the violence. I was really close to my brother, MOF Knowing that I was going to be taken away was quite sad but I understood why I was getting taken away. I blamed myself for being taken into care. I thought it was because of my unruly behaviour.
8. I am not certain about the order of my staying in the various institutions because there were so many. My recollection may not accord with the official records.

#### **Ladymary School, Colinton, Edinburgh**

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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**Secondary Ins** When I was about eleven years old, I was taken back to Glasgow. I stayed at home for five or six months. My mum had moved into a new place. [REDACTED] was being drunk, disorderly and violent towards me, my mum and my brothers and sisters.

68. I started absconding again. My mum was liaising with Margaret Mitchell, who was keeping a close eye, and the social work department were involved. I went to the Children's Panel for absconding and minor offences. The Children's Panel said I had to go back into the care of the social work department. I went to Ballikinrain Boy's School. When I left Ladymary School, I thought I was free of abuse.

#### **Ballikinrain School, Balfron**

69. I had two social workers, Jean McDonald and Harry. I can't remember Harry's second name. Harry worked for Glasgow City Council. I was to be in Ballikinrain for six months and then was to go back to the Panel for review. I was on a Care and Protection Order with Offences. I stayed at Ballikinrain for about eight months. I think it was the only institution that was available for me to go to.
70. Ballikinrain was a beautiful, gothic building with huge courtyards, pebbled stones, ash and oak. It was much more beautiful than Ladymary. It was like a huge castle. There were gargoyles, stained glass windows and mahogany panels on the walls.
71. Ballikinrain was a school for kids who had referrals from the social work department. There were a lot of unruly and dangerous kids. The kids were maladjusted, including myself. I don't think it was a List D School. There were three units, bottom, middle and top, on the first, second and third floor. There were about forty boys at Ballikinrain. Each unit had a residential area for the staff, next to the boys. It was all dormitories.



### **Routine at Ballikinrain School, Balfron**

72. The routine at Ballikinrain Secondary Institutions - to be published later. The lads who were in there were much older than me, aged twelve to sixteen. The youngest in Ballikinrain was ten years old. I was eleven. The fifteen year olds were big lads. They were in for tough crimes.
73. I had a good rapport with the staff in Ballikinrain, like Mr Davis. Nothing ever happened to me in Ballikinrain apart from a few fisty-cuffs with some of the boys. The staff were good. Secondary Institutions - to be published later The staff were nice guys. The staff were quite rowdy and powerful because there were kids in there for more serious crimes than theft. The staff gave you a clip round the ear. It was nothing that you didn't feel you deserved.
74. I got a slap across the face from MHQ for stealing a tin of glue out of the workshop. I deserved it. I didn't want to steal the glue. I was bullied into it. The glue was used for solvent abuse. MHQ was the groundsman. He had a workshop where we made garden forks and that sort of thing. The workshop was good. I was quite hardened to being hit by this time. I'd been hit by the other residents.
75. We were allowed a half ounce of tobacco to smoke. The staff would let you have a quarter ounce and cut it with a knife. You would make that last for a couple of days. Everything was about smoking, being allowed to smoke. It was a craze. It was stupid. I can see the reality of it, if it keeps the kids quiet. It kept me quiet, being able to smoke.

### *School*

76. Ballikinrain concentrated more on outdoor pursuits rather than the National Curriculum. There was an education block but, being an unruly child, I was more into the outdoor pursuits like canoeing, hill walking, abseiling and working with maps. You would be away overnight doing those things, then the next day you would be in the classroom. The staff would want you to write about what you'd been doing. We did

technical drawing in the classroom. I enjoyed that. There wasn't maths, English and history.

*Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention*

77. I went back to the Panel for a review and my mum was there. There were four Panel members and my social worker, Harry. Harry asked my mum how she felt about me coming back to the house. My mum just shook her head and said, "We can't have him back in the house." After the Panel had finished, I went outside with Harry. I opened the door and ran away. I knew I had to go back to Ballikinrain because my mum didn't want me.
78. I would hear from Jean McDonald now and again. She was in her fifties, very small and she had a false leg. I took advantage of the fact that she couldn't run after me, there were so many times that I ran away from her.
79. The older I was getting, I think Harry had more to do with me. Harry came to see me twice at Ballikinrain. Once was to take me to the Panel. The second time was to say he was asking for me to go to another children's home.

*Running away*

80. I was caught three weeks after I had run away from the Children's Panel. I was caught shoplifting, I stole some food. I had been sleeping in old houses in rolled up carpets. I knew how to drive so sometimes I'd steal a car and sleep in it. I was well known to the police in Glasgow because of all the times I'd run away.
81. I ran away from Ballikinrain a couple of times because my mum wouldn't take me and I was being bullied by the other boys. I didn't want to be in care. I wanted to be moved. I said I would keep running away until they moved me.

**Leaving Ballikinrain School**

82. It wasn't that I wasn't happy in Ballikinrain that I left. I left because I was bullied a lot by the older boys. I was abusing solvents and my behaviour was maladjusted. Everything was chaotic. I ran away from Ballikinrain and, when I was caught, I was sent to Larchgrove Assessment Centre.

**Larchgrove Assessment Centre, London Road, Glasgow**

83. After I had run away from the Children's Panel and was caught by the police, I was taken to Larchgrove Assessment Centre. This was the first time I was in Larchgrove. I was in Larchgrove about five times in my entire life. There was a three week assessment before I went back to the Children's Panel. I was eleven years old. It was the first time I'd been under lock and key. It was a secure unit. The kids were in there for extreme crimes compared to what I was in there for. There were kids in Larchgrove for murder, attempted murder and rape.
84. You would see the same housekeepers and nurses each time you went in to Larchgrove. During the day, you would see different staff. There was a blue, a yellow and a green unit. I was in the top unit. In one unit there were about twenty kids, so there were about sixty kids altogether. The staff let ten and eleven year olds smoke cigarettes.

**Abuse at Larchgrove Assessment Centre**

85. There was a lot of physical violence going on with the staff at Larchgrove. The staff would slap, kick and punch you. You would swear at the staff and they would lash out at you. My experience with social workers and staff employed by Glasgow City Council back then, was that they had their own issues with alcohol and drugs. You could see

there was domestic violence in there because they were putting it back on to the kids. You didn't know it at the time but you know it now, looking back.

86. You would see staff getting sacked and in the newspapers. The staff in Larchgrove weren't professional. The staff were tough guys who had to deal with tough kids. There was a lot of violence from staff and residents. A lot of staff got injured. The staff should have had a bit more restraint and control.
87. You would hear something going on outside in the corridor and a kid screaming. The kid would run back into the lounge and start threatening the staff who had hit them. I flicked a cigarette at a member of staff. It wasn't lit. The member of staff jumped up and slapped me on the head. That doesn't upset or worry me today.

#### **Leaving Larchgrove Assessment Centre**

88. I'm not sure if I went from Larchgrove to St Ninian's or St Joseph's. I think I was taken to St Ninian's. I went to St Ninian's just before I was twelve years old. Margaret Mitchell was still in the background. She spoke to Jean McDonald and Harry about me. I was moved to St Ninian's because I was being bullied at Ballikinrain. The social work maybe thought it was better to get me away from the Glaswegians. I wanted to go to St Ninian's because my older brother, **MOF** was there. I wanted to be with my brother.

#### **St Ninian's School, Falkland, Fife**

89. I wasn't at St Ninian's for long, just for a couple of months. I was at three institutions within a year and a half. St Ninian's was run by the Christian Brothers. Brother Ryan was in charge. The other Brothers were Brother **MBP** and Brother Farrell. Brother Ryan is dead now. I think there were about six Brothers there. There were more

Brothers in St Ninian's than there were at St Joseph's. I don't remember all of their names. There were civilian staff too, the art teacher and the cooks.

90. St Ninian's is in Falkland in Fife. It's a sixteenth century estate house. The house had long windows and huge panelled rooms. There was parquet flooring in the corridors. It was a beautiful example of architecture. There were beautiful gardens and lots of land.
91. As you walked in the front door, you had a huge corridor. The corridor went into a hallway with beautiful panelled walls and a beautiful staircase. There was a ceramic tiled vestibule and panelled glass partition. You came out of the vestibule into the hallway. There were huge doors, at least twelve foot long, into drawing rooms. It looked a bit like Downton Abbey. Off the hallway there was a table tennis room, library and a games room.
92. As you came into the vestibule on the ground floor, there was a corridor to the right where the Brothers lived. Brother Ryan's office was there. On the left hand side, there was a door that took you down into the classrooms, dining-room, changing rooms for rugby and football, and showers. To get to my room, I would walk along the priest's corridor and past the chapel, up the back stairs. It was quicker. There were about five dormitories, all upstairs. I was only in one of the dormitories. In my room there was my brother, MOF and [REDACTED] about five of us in total. I think there was a double room with two beds in it, I don't know if it was occupied or not. There were about thirty boys, there weren't any girls.

### **Routine at St Ninian's School**

#### *First day*

93. Mrs McDonald took me to St Ninian's. I was excited because MOF was there. MOF was twelve or thirteen. When I arrived, Brother Ryan met Mrs McDonald and I. MOF



came down with Brother Ryan to meet me. I felt happy but embarrassed at the same time. My brother was wearing clothes that looked a bit gay. The trousers were far too short for him and really tight. My brother had a stripy top on. It just wasn't him. He didn't dress like that. I felt embarrassed because of what he was wearing. Brother Ryan and MOF showed me round. I met the other boys and members of staff. I was put in a dormitory with my brother.

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

94. In the dormitory, there were beds and a chair for each boy. There was a three drawer cabinet to put your stuff in. It was chaotic. I didn't have any personal possessions at St Ninian's. I was always one for keeping things close, like birthday cards from members of staff or cards you'd get for leaving a place. I didn't go to St Ninian's with any of those. Personal things for me were things like pens I'd stolen out of the art class.
95. We were woken up by the Brothers. Sometimes you'd get up because you were woken up by the other kids getting up. You would get washed and cleaned up. You would go downstairs into the dining-hall.
96. At bedtime, the Brothers would tell you it was time to go upstairs. You went upstairs, got stripped, put pyjamas on and brushed your teeth. The Brothers came in and made sure everybody was in their pyjamas. The lights went out. You'd wait for the Brothers to disappear, then the lights would go back on. The carry on would start, the smoking and things like that. The Brothers would come back and check on us.

#### *Mealtimes/Food*

97. Breakfast was jam sandwiches. You made them yourself. The Brothers supervised it. It wasn't, you can't have this. It was, take as much bread as you want. The civilian cooks made your lunch and dinner.

98. Everyone sat in the dining-room for their meals at the same time. A few of the boys had their own seats. If you sat in their seat, the boy would tell you that was their seat. You'd end up boxing. The tables were in rows. You sat at the same table for every meal. If there was extra food left over, the top table would get it first. Then the next day, a different table would get the extras first, so that everyone would get extras sometime.
99. There were two assemblies, one after breakfast and one later in the afternoon, in the main hallway. At morning assembly, Brother Ryan would read out jobs. You'd be cleaning the boot room out, mopping the floors, hoovering, dusting, taking the dishes in to be washed and doing the washing up. You did your chores until they were done. There was a lot of skiving, moaning and trying to get out of the job.
100. At lunchtime we'd go downstairs and get a sandwich and soup. You went up to collect it, it was the same with evening meal. There was nothing else to eat after the evening meal. St Ninian's wasn't like other places where you got Horlicks or a biscuit before bed.
101. The food was much better at **Secondary Institute** Ballikinrain than it was at St Ninian's. The food at St Ninian's was mince and tatties, shepherd's pie and stew. In these religious institutions, I always knew that fish was a Friday thing. I always looked forward to fish on Friday's but we never got fish at St Ninian's. On a Sunday, after Mass, we'd get a nice meal, like chicken, gravy, sprouts and potatoes and a pudding with custard.
102. If you didn't like something, you'd help yourself to bread and butter. St Ninian's wasn't like other schools, where you'd get loads of food. Two Brothers would be in the dining-room. Brother Ryan would be out with his note-pad, taking notes so he could belt you afterwards. If you didn't eat your food, you'd get the strap the next day at assembly.

*General Routine*

103. When you came in from rugby or sports, you were chaperoned into the shower-room by the Brothers. Chaperoning was verbal. The Brothers would tell you to hurry up, take your clothes off and get into the showers. You would get a shower three or four times a week. The showers were open, not cubicles, with eight or nine showers in the room.
104. We wore our own clothes. There were always clothes available. The clothes weren't new clothes. MOF and I would go to the laundry room and see the clothes in piles. If you needed anything, a new t-shirt or a change of clothes, you would just go down and choose something. MOF would advise me what to wear. No-one told you what to take.
105. There wasn't that much education that I can remember. The art class was only twice a week. There was a carpentry teacher who taught us how to do t-joints and basic carpentry.
106. Sometimes we had to play rugby and there was football. There were a couple of badminton rackets. Sometimes I'd take a walk about the grounds or be in the table tennis room. You could walk around the grounds but not leave the gate. I'd go in the old library. There were no books but all the shelves were there. You could play the piano. There were no board games or toys. There was no TV or radio. It was quite an empty existence.
107. We did a lot of cross-country running. We did that for hours. One of the Brothers would go with us.
108. At the weekends, we didn't do anything. We wandered about. You could go into Falkland with the Brothers but you weren't allowed to leave the grounds on your own. Sometimes I would leave the grounds on my own and sneak around Falkland.



109. We had to go to chapel on Sundays and to all the religious events, like Easter. Prayers would be said before meals. The kids said the prayers. One person, chosen by a Brother, would read the prayer and everyone would say Amen at the end.
110. I never got any visits from my mum, apart from at Ladymary on my seventh birthday and at St Joseph's on my thirteenth birthday. I didn't see my other siblings except for MOF who I didn't see that much. At the start, with MOF it was that typical brother thing. He met me and greeted me, then he didn't want to know me for the rest of my stay. He was older than me and in another group of friends.
111. I saw my social workers, Mrs McDonald twice and Harry about twice.
112. When you were admitted to St Ninian's, the Brothers gave you a quick look over. The Brothers would put head lice treatment on your hair. They would tell you to lift your tongue, look at your teeth and have a look at you, up and down. If I'd needed to see the doctor, I had no idea what the procedure was. I never saw a dentist.
113. My brother MOF was a chronic bed wetter, up to age of about fourteen. You would see beds being changed and new sheets being put on. Some boys would be called names by the other boys, like 'pishy head'.

*Running away*

114. I would run away for a few hours and come back before the staff knew I was missing.
115. I absconded from St Ninian's when there was an incident with Brother Ryan in his office. I absconded another time, when Brother Ryan and Brother Farrell sexually abused me. Very soon after that, I went on the run again and ended up in Glasgow. It was all about getting out of St Ninian's. I had lost it by then.

**Abuse at St Ninian's School**

116. During the day, Brother Ryan would be going around, looking for kids making mistakes. You would see him making notes. He was really sneaky. At the end of the day, at about 4 pm in the afternoon assembly, Brother Ryan would line all the kids up. Brother Ryan would say he had seen you do this, this and that. You had to step forward. It was always me. I'd get it every night. I was getting bullied again at St Ninian's, from the older kids. I would take the strap to show the older kids that I could take the strap.
117. Brother Ryan would get out his strap and hit you on the hands with it. If you didn't take the strap and moved your hands out of the way, Brother Ryan would belt you with it anyway, across the legs. He did that a lot. The strap was like a leather belt, split at the bottom into tassels an inch and a half long. I got the belt every day from Brother Ryan. Sometimes, I'd get the belt, swear at Brother Ryan and run away.
118. Brother Ryan would back-hand you, hit you on the back of the head and punch you in the back of the shoulder blade. Brother Farrell grabbed me and shook me a couple of times. Brother Ryan and Brother MBV would hit you on the head with their knuckles. Sometimes Brother Ryan would get little pebbles and flick them off the side of your head and your face. It gave you a fright. If you got one on the back of the head, you'd know all about it.
119. The Brothers were always loitering about in the shower room where boys were naked. Brother Ryan, Farrell and MBP were all in the shower room. I didn't like them being there. The showers were in an open room with four or five shower heads. There was no privacy. The Brothers were crafty. The Brothers would always be in the shower room, putting shampoo on your head and body and rubbing it in. They would stand next to you whilst you showered. Sometimes, boys would be fooling around in the showers and Brother Ryan would get physical, knocking you on the side of your head with his knuckles. It wasn't like Ballikinrain, where the staff would be outside the shower-room, just supervising and not invading your privacy. I always felt embarrassed with the Brothers, I was always on edge.

120. The first time I was sexually abused at St Ninian's, I was playing the piano when Brother Ryan came to get me. Brother Ryan took me into his office on the ground floor and sat me down in his chair. Brother Ryan started sexually abusing me. Brother Ryan was rubbing himself up against me and masturbating. Brother Ryan made me touch him. Brother Ryan touched me. When I left the office, I ran away.
121. The second time was a couple of weeks later. I was in the chapel and I drank some of the altar wine. Brother Ryan and Brother Farrell caught me. I was dodging them, it was a chase, then they let it go. That night, Brother Ryan came into my dormitory. MOF and all the other boys were sleeping. Brother Ryan took me by the wrist, pulled me out of bed and took me along the corridor up three stairs into his bedroom.
122. I didn't see Brother MBP as I came into the room. Brother Ryan lay me down in his double bed. Brother Ryan was talking to me about absconding, the alcohol, being cheeky, just craziness. Brother Ryan proceeded to start abusing me. Brother Ryan was on top of me, masturbating, touching me. He was strangling me, holding my neck. I was made to have sex with Brother Ryan. Brother MBP was sitting in the corner of the bedroom, masturbating himself..
123. At that time, Brother Farrell came into the room. I got shunted to the middle of the bed and Brother Farrell got on the bed. Brother Ryan and Brother Farrell were both sexually abusing me simultaneously. Brother Farrell went further than Brother Ryan. Brother MBP just sat there, watching them. As soon as that finished, I went back to the dormitory. I thought, I'm out of here. I ran away and got to Falkland.
124. Thinking about it, I knew there was abuse of children going on in St Ninian's. You knew it from the kids. You'd be speaking to a kid one day and he'd be good to go, then another day he'd be crying his eyes out. You'd ask what had happened, who'd bullied him and the kid would say nothing had happened, he didn't want to talk about it. I remember one of the kids, telling me, "Brother Ryan's room is up there." So I knew that had been in Brother Ryan's room.

### Reporting of abuse at St Ninian's School

125. The first time I ran away from St Ninian's, I got caught by the police in Cupar. I was about eleven years old. I was taken back to the police station. I told two police officers about the sexual abuse. I said that Brother Ryan had abused me in his office and that he was a 'nonce'. I told the police that I wasn't going back to St Ninian's. The police got the local social work department to come to the station. The social workers took me back to St Ninian's. I never told the social workers, I didn't want to go through it again with the social workers. I thought the police had already told the social workers. I thought they worked together. The social worker who came was female. I never saw her again.
126. The second time I ran away, I got to the Falkland Palace Hotel at about 7 am. There was no-one at the bar and I stole some money from behind the bar. I was on my way to Glasgow. The police caught me on the bus, with the money I'd stolen. The bus driver had taken me to a police substation near Falkland. I told a sergeant about the sexual abuse by Farrell and Ryan in the bedroom and that MBP was in the room too. The sergeant was writing down notes.
127. I told the sergeant I'd been arrested in Cupar and that every time I had to go back, I was going to keep absconding. The sergeant said to leave it with them. I never heard anything back from the police. Either the police took me back to St Ninian's or one of the Brothers came for me. I saw Brother Ryan and Brother Farrell at St Ninian's. Nothing was said.
128. The third time I absconded and was caught by the police in Glasgow, I didn't speak to police about the abuse. I was waiting to speak to the social work department. Mrs McDonald, my social worker, came to visit me in Larchgrove. I told Mrs McDonald about the abuse. There was nothing said by Mrs McDonald.



129. At the Children's Panel held three weeks later, I told the Panel members what had gone on in St Ninian's. I told them I'd been touched up, sexually and that I'd been made to have sex with the Brothers in the bedroom. I told the Panel that the Brothers were all nonces. The word nonce was a word I'd use quite frequently. A nonce was a paedophile. I didn't say 'sexual abuser'. I didn't know those types of words. I was sent back to Larchgrove. The Panel didn't do anything. There was no feedback from the Panel. Mrs McDonald and Harry were at the Panel as well.

#### **Leaving St Ninian's School**

130. I was back at St Ninian's for a day, after I'd absconded for the second time. I absconded from St Ninian's for a third time and made it to Glasgow. I went to Pollock. I was caught up in solvent abuse. I was caught shoplifting glue and later on the police found out I'd stolen a motor vehicle and broken into lock fast premises.
131. That's when I ended up back in Larchgrove. The police saw a crowd of us lads in Glasgow and stopped us. The police did a name check and found out that I was an absconder. They took me to the police station and I was taken to Larchgrove.

#### **Larchgrove Assessment Centre, Glasgow**

132. Mrs McDonald took me back to Larchgrove. I was in Larchgrove for a three week assessment, then I went to the Children's Panel. I was at the Children's Panel because of absconding, the theft of money from the Falkland Palace Hotel and the charges from Glasgow. I had admitted to the police that I'd taken the money. After the Panel, I went back to Larchgrove. Then I went to St Joseph's.

### **St Joseph's School, Tranent**

133. St Joseph's School was a List D school, run by the De La Salle Order. St Joseph's had been a seventeenth century workhouse. There were outhouses and a beautiful walled garden. There were 1970's prefabricated units stuck in the grounds. The units were for the boys. St Joseph's was all boys. I was in St Joseph's for about a year and a half. I stayed there until just before I was fourteen years old.
134. There were about five Brothers in St Joseph's. Brother **MGX** was **SNR**. There was Brother **MBU** and Brother Murphy, who liked to call himself Brother Ben. The Brothers were mainly in the main house, not in the units. The Brothers wore a black suit and a black shirt. Sometimes they wore grey or blue or a cassock.
135. It was mostly civilian staff at St Joseph's. Civilian staff lived in St Joseph's. It was full of social workers, they had their own office within the main school. Staff's families lived there too. **MHB** a housemaster at St Joseph's, had his wife and his kids living there. Their house was connected to the unit but you couldn't go into it.
136. Each unit was a self-contained house with its own kitchen, dining-hall and laundry room. There were dormitories and single rooms. There were fifteen children in each unit and four or five staff looking after them.

### **Routine at St Joseph's School**

#### *First day*

137. Mrs McDonald and Harry took me to St Joseph's in an old Saab motor car. St Joseph's was near to Edinburgh and I mentioned that Margaret Mitchell lived in Edinburgh. Before I got to St Joseph's, Mrs McDonald said she had to tell me some sad news, that Margaret Mitchell had died. I was very upset. Margaret Mitchell was like a mum. I think that Mrs McDonald was lying when she said that Margaret Mitchell had died. When I arrived at St Joseph's, **MHB** was the first person I met. Mr **MHB** told me

that he was just off the phone to Margaret Mitchell and that she was very happy I was at St Joseph's.

138. MHB always said that he would take MGW and make him into a better man. He was an ex-police sergeant, a big, powerful man. MHB was a housemaster. I was in his house, Belmuldes House. It was one of four units in St Joseph's. There was Belmuldes, Ogilvie, St Andrews and another. When I first arrived, I was malnourished. In the first week, you had to go through a programme. You had to listen to MHB and be told what was going to be happening and how things should be done.

*General Routine*

139. Getting up in the morning was quite a hassle because of the type of boys that were in St Joseph's. The staff would come in and tell us to get up. Then we'd go for breakfast and there would be arguments and shouting. Eventually people would come down at sporadic times and eat breakfast.
140. Mrs looked after the kitchen and cooked everything. If she was off, another member of staff would do the cooking. The boys had to get involved in the cooking on chore day. We had three meals a day.
141. We were clean, we used the showers.
142. There was an educational block. I didn't enjoy that. It was more relaxed until a civilian teacher came in and said to go up to their classroom. I didn't want to go up to a classroom, I wanted to do what I wanted to do.
143. There was so much to do in St Joseph's, and loads of time to do it in. We played five-a-side football. There were work parties. I worked in the gardens and the workshops making canoes. There was a gymnasium and a sports hall. We watched TV and horror movies on VHS videos. We could smoke. It was very relaxed. We could wander in and

out of the units as we pleased. We got pocket money, in the form of a school cheque, not cash.

144. In the summer, the Brothers would take us away for six weeks, berry picking at Montrose. We would be in billet camps. We would pick berries for pocket money. The farmers would give us cash. The Brothers took the money off us and gave us some as a subsidy. The Brothers saved up the money for us. After the berry picking, you'd get maybe £100 and go on home leave. The kids at St Joseph's abused solvents and drank. The Brothers had to keep up a close relationship with the farmer. There were a lot of activities at the berry camps. I went to two berry camps.
145. On my thirteenth birthday, a party was organised by Jean McDonald because I was a teenager and it was a big thing. Jean McDonald and MHB made a big thing about it and surprised me by bringing my mum through. My mum brought me a birthday card and I gave her chunks of the birthday cake to take home to my brother MOF and my sisters. It was emotional. I hadn't seen my mum since the Children's Panel.

*Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention*

146. MHB was my house-master and social worker. St Joseph's had social workers on the staff as well as social workers who came in from outside. Mrs McDonald would come and see me. I had about three visits from Mrs McDonald in the time I was there. It was never about, you're looking good or you're looking skinny. It was always because something had happened, I'd absconded. I had to tell Mrs McDonald what had happened.
147. I got an Unruly Child Order at St Joseph's, as well as the Care and Protection Order. The Unruly Order is a section 43. The social workers had complete power over me, not my mum.



*Running away*

148. I absconded a lot from St Joseph's. The older boys knew that I knew how to drive. I bragged about it. The older boys would tell me to steal a car, to take them to Glasgow. I was being used. Every time I absconded, a crime would be committed. We would be caught by the police in Tranent, Prestonpans or Edinburgh. We would be taken back to the school and punished severely by one of Brother MBU, MGX, MGZ or Ben with the belt. Three or four of the Brothers would act together in pulling your pants down and giving you the belt. The more times you ran away, the more times you were belted. Two Brothers would be in the office witnessing the punishment. I was punished by each of the Brothers.
149. You had to drop your pants, right down to the bare buttocks. You would be hit at least ten times, with a proper leather strap. The strap had a thick tassel on the end. Brother MBU hit us loads of times. Brother MGX was really kind to me. He spoke to me and gave me tobacco. I didn't feel Brother MGX was grooming me. Years later, I thought maybe he felt sorry for me. I was quite a vulnerable looking kid, with all my absconding, I was missing out on meals.

*Punishments*

150. If you did anything bad at St Joseph's, the Brothers wouldn't lock you in a room, they would do you in. If you went in the office and took the punishment, Brother MGX would sometimes say, "Well done, there's some tobacco for you." If I'd had the strap a few days before and the bruises were not healed up, I would refuse the strap. I was held down by the Brothers. I was slapped, punched and pulled. The Brothers wanted to get my trousers down. The main thing for the Brothers was for them to slap your naked bottom.
151. While you were in the office with the Brothers, MHB and Mr LVI would be standing outside. When you came out, MHB and Mr LVI would say that if you did anything wrong again, you'd be going back in there. I was punished in the office

lots of times. Sometimes just the Brothers would take me up, sometimes members of staff would.

### **Abuse at St Joseph's School**

152. Everything was good with the civilian staff at St Joseph's. There was a bit of violence from MHB I called his wife "a fucking cow". I said it in a screaming, horrible way. I didn't know MHB was behind me. MHB was a big guy. I was a skinny, wee boy. MHB dragged me into the linen room and gave me a doing. MHB gave me this beating that I'd never had in my life, up until then. I'd been beaten in Ballikinrain and kicked and slapped about.
153. MHB punched me, kicked me, strangled me, slapped me about and pulled my hair. He really gave me five minutes worth. I knew why he did that. It wasn't just because I called his wife a cow, it was a build-up of how I was treating the whole situation and my whole disrespect for the order. I had burst lips and bruised eyes. I was fucked up. I got inside medical treatment from Mrs [REDACTED]
154. In St Joseph's, most of the kids got beaten by the Brothers because of their behaviour. There was a lot of bad behaviour with the staff, staff getting attacked. There was lot of physical violence from the staff. I was only assaulted by MHB and Mr MHC I would see other kids being hit by the staff across the yard. The kids would threaten to stab the staff if they hit the kid again.
155. MJK, the metalwork teacher, would throw a ball hammer in the metal work department. MHD a woodwork teacher, tried it on with me, that touchy feely thing. We were in the woodwork shop. MHD rubbed up against me. He put his hand on my buttock. I was wise to it by then and was having none of it. I told him to get to fuck. I didn't have much time for woodwork, I was doing other things, so that kept me away from that side of things. There was a lot of sexual innuendo going on with MHD and the boys. Mr MHD did a lot of grabbing the boys balls and

rubbing the boys genitals. He felt boys bums. Mr MHD would grab his own groin and shake it. He was later done for sexual abuse, not for me though.

156. Brother Murphy was known as Brother Ben. His name is Michael Murphy. He was in his mid-thirties and stocky. At first, I didn't think Brother Ben was into the sex side of things. I thought he was more physical. Brother Ben used to hit me on the side of the head with his knuckles. It was really sore. Brother Ben would do that three or four times a day. Sometimes Brother Ben would boot you with his steel toe-capped shoes. He would kick you in the shins and on the ankle bone. Brother Ben was known as 'Bootsy' because of that. I saw Brother Ben hit other boys. He grabbed them and punched them. He was an aggressive man. I would say passive aggressive. Brother Ben was into physical violence and sexual violence. He was a nut-job.
157. I was sexually abused by Brother Ben. At the weekend, kids would get home leave. I was in Belmuldes House. Brother Ben usually worked in Ogilvie. It was at the other side of St Joseph's main school. One weekend, I didn't get home leave and I was in the Ogilvie unit. In the bedroom, Brother Ben raped me, digitally, he used his finger and 'Nivea' cream. He urinated on me. I had been complaining I was ill. Brother Ben said to come upstairs and he would see if he could help me out. I knew what had happened, I had been abused before. There was no-one in Ogilvie, except a civilian woman downstairs, who had a son [REDACTED] called [REDACTED] and a boy from Hawick.
158. Brother Ben had a workshop out the back, he was good at electronics and gadgetry. Back then, it was amazing. Brother Ben had sound booths and railway tracks. The second time he abused me was in the workshop. It was physical and sexual torture. Then, in the workshop, he electrocuted me. He had a machine with copper piping for handles. It was like an old telephone, transformer type of thing.
159. Brother Ben asked the big boys, [REDACTED] and a few others from Fife, to tell me to hold the handles. I would hold the handles and he would wind this machine up. I would get these electrical currents. Sometimes, you couldn't remember what had happened



to you, you were just on the floor. It was bad and I lost consciousness. I don't know what happened during that loss of consciousness.

160. I got electrocuted nearly every time I stepped out of line. Brother Ben would get the big boys in. Brother Ben would tell the big boys to tell me that I'd better hold the handles or they would knock me out and beat me. The big boys would be scared as well.
161. I knew back then there was only so far you could push someone before they gave you a kick or a punch. The staff weren't properly trained. With Brother Ben, it was weird. It was torture. Secondary Institutions - to be published later especially the urinating and the torturing. I wondered, is this how a religious order works? I told Brother Ben that, one day when the school was quiet, when I saw him crossing the yard, I was going to stab him. I was at that age, about thirteen years old.
162. One day, I got my own back on Brother Ben. He asked me to wash the coach, as a punishment. It was a big coach, with big wheels and I was small kid. I had a bucket of dirty water from the wheels and under the sill. I deliberately got the water really black. I watched Brother Ben coming round and, as he came round, I threw all this black water over him. He went silent. Two days later, Brother Ben gave me a right good beating for that. Brother Ben punched me on the face, the back of the head and pulled my hair.
163. I'm sure other kids were sexually abused. There were a lot of young guys, aged fourteen or fifteen, hanging around Brother Ben at the workshop. They were his little helpers. Other boys talked about Brother Ben. From what I overheard, there was sexual activity going on in the workshop. It sounded like it was consensual, between the boys, to one another. There was a lot of homosexuality going on in St Joseph's.
164. There was a band called the UK Subs, they were a punk band. The band wore black armbands. I pretended to be a fan and bought an armband. I put a swastika badge on it and wore it to Mr MHC class, he taught a bit of everything. Mr MHC was Polish. I didn't realise at the time what the swastika meant to him. It was only when I was older that I thought, how could I have done that? Mr MHC asked me politely

to take the armband off. I escalated things by doing a Nazi salute. Mr <sup>MHC</sup> went raj, he went crazy. Mr <sup>MHC</sup> ripped the armband off and dragged me out of the classroom and down the corridors to the social work corridor. I would say I deserved that.

*Peer Abuse*

165. I was hit by other residents at Joseph's. There was a lot of bullying. There were Glaswegians' in St Joseph's who practically ran the school. I thought the point of me going to St Joseph's was to get away from the bullies in Ballinrain. The staff witnessed the bullying and sometimes promoted it.
166. The Brothers made a boxing ring outside and there was one in the school as well. <sup>MHB</sup> <sup>MHB</sup> didn't set it up. We would wrap dish towels around our hands and just go for it. We had to keep the towels on. There were no breaks. The winner would get half ounce pouches of tobacco and sweeties. The staff just let the boys run it themselves. The boys themselves knew when there was a winner. The boys would say, "Look, you're down, you've had enough."
167. I liked fighting. It gave me a buzz to stick up for myself. I knew it was being supervised, rather than being bullied when there were no staff around. I was always up for a fight. I got power back in front of the staff. I showed the lads who'd been bullying me how it really goes. I'd ask to fight boys who'd bullied me. I would seriously hurt these guys. That was a problem later on, when I did get severely bullied. I knew I shouldn't have played the big guy in front of the staff. When the staff weren't looking, I would suffer.
168. Some big lads came in from the same area of Glasgow that I came from. I had a couple of months of peace when these lads were in with me. The lads said that Glaswegians stuck together and I thought, yes, I'll play into this. I got a break from a lot of stuff.

### Reporting of abuse at St Joseph's School

169. I told MHB about Brother Ben sexually and physically abusing me, each time he attacked me. I told MHB about the sexual abuse in Ogilvie House and in the workshop. I told him about the physical abuse and the electrocution. I was feeling scared. Mrs [redacted] knew about Brother Ben. I don't know if MHB looked into it. MHB said to me he would look into it and speak to my social worker. MHB told Harry. MHB told me later he had spoken to Brother MGX and Brother MBU about what I had told him about the sexual and physical abuse. MHB said a lot of things to me that were untrue. He would say he'd done things for me or make promises but they fell through.
170. I had absconded and was brought back. I was caught in Pilton, in Edinburgh. When I came back, MHB said to me that he had had a meeting with Mrs McDonald about what I had said about sexual and physical abuse by Brother Ben. MHB said they were still looking into it. I had no sense of what was happening about the abuse or Brother Ben. Secondary Institutions - to be published later  
Secondary Institutions - to be published later Nothing ever came out of my reporting of the sexual and physical abuse, that I was told.
171. Harry came to see me after I came back from being on the run. Harry took me to Prestonpans in his old Saab motor car. We sat down and had an ice-cream. I told Harry about what happened with Brother Ben. I told him about the electrocution and the sexual abuse in Ogilvie House. I told Harry about the sexual assault by MHD in the workshop, as well as the physical assaults.
172. Harry took note of it. I don't know if Harry did anything. I was all over the place. I was full of glue. Harry said to leave it with him. Harry said that we were all unruly, that I should concentrate on staying at St Joseph's and not running away. It always seemed like the social work department were advocating for their own staff.



173. I told Mrs McDonald about Brother Ben sexually and physically abusing me. Mrs McDonald said she'd tell [MHB] I was bouncing between the three of them, [MHB] [MHB] Harry and Mrs McDonald. Those three were definitely told about the incidents of sexual and physical abuse. I felt no-one believed me. I asked other boys if anyone had been abused by the staff and it always came back to Brother Ben being a, 'stoat the ba', a paedophile.

### **Leaving St Joseph's School**

174. I was moved from St Joseph's because of my absconding. I wanted to be nearer to my mum's in Milton. St Mary's Kenmure was a stone's throw from my mum's house.

### **St Mary's Kenmure, Bishopbriggs**

175. Mrs McDonald and Harry took me to St Mary's in Kenmure. I was about fourteen years old. St Mary's was a List D School. I was in the open unit for about four months and in the secure unit for six months. My mum lived in Milton at the time, which was next to Bishopbriggs. It was half a mile away, if that. There was a [REDACTED] [REDACTED] My mum could have been up to see me within ten minutes. The Panel said it would be good for me to go there, my mum could come up and visit me but she never did.
176. At St Mary's, there was an open unit and a closed block. It would be called a secure unit now. The closed block was in the grounds but had a high wall. It had bars on the windows. In the open unit, there was no security. Some of the windows had been screwed closed because the window went out to a roof. You were free to walk in the grounds.
177. The boys' school was an old red brick building built in the early 1900' s. It consisted of two floors. As you came into the gates and onto the driveway, you came to the school. Outside the school was a statue of Our Lady, in a crevice in the wall. You went upstairs

into the school. The building was dilapidated. It was disgusting inside. The paint, the plaster, the ceilings, were in disrepair.

178. As you walked in the front entrance, it was a t-shape. On the right side of the corridor was a set of stairs going up to the dormitories. On the left side of the corridor were offices, an assembly room, a dining-room and a second set of stairs going up to the dormitories. There was a nurse's room. At one end of the unit were the showers, baths and the chapel. On the other side was a TV room.
179. Kids weren't segregated, it was just at night you had your own dormitory. There were three dormitories, De La Salle, St Andrew's, St Patrick's, the blue, brown and green dormitories. I was in the De La Salle dormitory. The De La Salle dormitory was the biggest. There were thirty beds in the dormitory. There were cupboards with shelves to put your private things away. St Patrick's had a table tennis table and about seven beds in the dormitory. St Andrew's had three bunk-beds. The bunk-beds would be used if kids became out of order.
180. There were a lot of civilian staff at St Mary's. There were no priests, brothers or nuns. The secure unit was run by the Mungo Foundation. The staff were quite hard Glaswegians. They wouldn't take any shit. There were about twenty staff.
181. St Mary's housed kids who were bad, dangerous criminals. The kids were in for more dangerous things than the things I'd been up to. There were guys older than me. They were all Glaswegians. I found that difficult. There were about 35 to 40 children in St Mary's, all boys. In the open unit, the boys were aged 12 to 16 years old. In the closed block, the boys were aged 10 to 18 years old.



### Routine at St Mary's Kenmure - Open Unit

#### *First day*

182. When I got to St Mary's, KDN [REDACTED], SNR [REDACTED], and MHF [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] spoke to me. They'd obviously had a bit of background information about me. They were hard guys, KDN [REDACTED] and MHF [REDACTED] said to me that I wouldn't be doing any running away at St Mary's. If I did run away, I'd be going straight into the closed block.

#### *General Routine*

183. In the morning, the staff woke you up. Everyone went to the showers and had a cigarette. We weren't allowed to smoke in St Mary's. The staff were really strict but some would turn a blind eye. The staff could smell the smoke but they couldn't challenge nine angry kids. The staff knew their limits sometimes. There was also a lot of bribery with cigarettes, by the staff. If you told them something, they'd give you twenty cigarettes.
184. We were supposed to get washed but the place was a mess. There were polystyrene ceiling tiles and the paint was falling off. There were shower cubicles and an open bath. I never saw anyone using those cubicles for showers. They were dirty. There were always cigarette ends. There was a gymnasium with showers so we used them.
185. You'd get dressed and go down for breakfast. Breakfast was in the main dining-hall. Everyone would be there. You sat in a certain area, in your dorms. There were eight boys at a table. You got fresh baked rolls and square sausage or egg. Sometimes there'd be cornflakes. We helped ourselves at breakfast. After breakfast, you'd take your plate back to the cook and go to assembly.
186. The staff office was beside the assembly hall. The staff would come out of the office and tell you they were your social worker for the day. The staff would tell you what you

were doing that day. KDN and MHF gave the orders, they didn't have one to one contact with you. John Fletcher was another member of staff, as was IFT. We would have an open, group meeting.

187. You would be told you'd be painting and decorating that day and the staff were taking no nonsense. St Mary's was disciplined. Sometimes, I'd say I didn't want to paint but wanted to go into the bakers or to the gym to play football. The staff would say, if you could get enough people to play football, then you could do that.
188. Bill Franks was the cook. HPP was his assistant. HPP was a guy, I think HPP was a nickname we had for him. HPP was a baker. He made fresh pies. The kitchen had a proper set up for baking , with ovens and proving rooms.
189. For lunch, we'd get steak pie, puff pastries, sausage rolls, pasties, chips and beans or chicken and vegetables. There were chips or roast potatoes every day, in big bowls on the tables. There was always loads of bread and butter. There was hardly ever mash or boiled potatoes. Everything was deep fried. The meals would come to us. Bill Franks would give you your plate with something on it.
190. At teatime, the food wasn't as heavy. You could have what you wanted. There'd be soup, sandwiches and biscuits. You could have cereal. If you didn't like what you were given, Bill would give you pies or something. There was always something else to eat.
191. There were cleaners to clean the unit. The kids would help Bill Franks in the kitchen. You would help with the washing up of the dishes, cleaning and putting away the baking trays. We were taught how to make pies and rolls. Bill Franks would ask if you wanted to give him a hand and he'd make it worth your while.
192. We wore what we wanted to wear, football strips. If you needed new clothes, the staff would give you t-shirts and shirts. It wasn't new stuff. There was a store of clothes which were recycled.

193. There was a nurse in St Mary's. The nurse would always check me out when I'd been on the run because I was abusing solvents. The nurse would check if you had lice, if you had anything on you from the outside, check your body for scabies. The nurse was a civilian, not a member of staff. She was nice. I don't remember seeing a dentist.
194. The staff didn't force you to go to church. It was a pain because the priest came in every Sunday. You'd be told the priest wanted to see you, you had to confess your sins. You couldn't disrespect the priest because you'd be in a lot of trouble from KDN. You'd have to sit through a 45 minute service with the priest.

### *School*

195. There was an education block for kids who wanted to follow the National Curriculum. I didn't go to maths and english. Trying to teach those subjects wouldn't work. There was too much verbal aggression and violence.
196. Most of the kids were maladjusted so the staff put on workshops. You'd have gardening, painting and decorating, woodwork, baking and cooking. We made our own rolls and pies. There were music lessons. The nurse taught us piano. Football was a big part of our lives. We played football every day. We played different schools.
197. There was a lot activity going on in St Mary's during the school day. You wouldn't be hanging about idle for long, until you were told to do something or go and help with something. If you said you didn't want to do something, the staff would take you to a workshop, say painting and decorating. When you got there, you'd say to IFT that you didn't want to do painting. St Mary's was dilapidated and needed a good paint, so nobody wanted to go up there and start scraping, sanding, filling and painting. People like IFT came into St Mary's, they weren't proper members of staff like MHL and MHF.

*Leisure time/Trips*

198. There were no books, magazines or games. The TV room was upstairs and there were videos to watch. You could wander about the school. We played five-a-side football in the evenings if there were enough kids who wanted to. We played bingo.
199. We did a concert. There were people from the local church at the concert. [REDACTED] and I were to play 'Chopsticks' on the piano. [REDACTED] messed up because he was nervous. All the kids started laughing. The whole night went crashing around us. There were fights and violence.
200. A lot of the kids got home leave, so, at weekends, the staff would take you out. Two members of staff were ex-professional football players. The staff would take four or five of us to Partick Thistle and Celtic games. We got VIP treatment because of who they were.
201. Other staff would take us into Bishopbriggs. The staff were good in that way. Certain staff would take us into town, to museums and stuff.

*Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention*

202. When I arrived at St Mary's, Mrs McDonald told me I'd be at St Mary's for six months and after that I'd have nothing to do with the social work department.
203. I only got one home leave in the time I was at St Mary's. I fell out with my mum's partner because I didn't come in when he wanted me to come in. I wasn't allowed home leave after that because I was absconding. My mum and brothers and sisters wouldn't come to see me.
204. I went to one Children's Panel when I was at St Mary's. I was close to my social work order being finished. My mum and Mrs McDonald were there. My mum said she didn't



want me back, I was no son of hers. I got into a bit of trouble after that and ran away for the last time.

*Running away*

205. I absconded a lot from St Mary's. I escaped through the windows in the open unit. I'd go over to Milton to friends. There was a lot of solvent abuse going on as well. I'd sneak out to Bishopbriggs and Milton to buy glue. One particular time, I was running away every night of the week. The police would take me back to St Mary's. Not many people absconded. People were settled in there. Other people had their families that they were allowed home to, at weekends.

**Abuse at St Mary's Kenmure - Open Unit**

206. Bill Franks, the cook, was five foot three inches and was a wee barrel. He had long, greasy black hair, a huge beard and a prominent nose. He was proud of being Jewish and would go on about Catholics. That was the banter between him and the other kids. Bill Franks spoke to people in a horrible, nasty, threatening way. Bill Franks also took a shine to some of the boys. It was grooming. Bill Franks knew there were boys who loved their food. I think Bill was grooming me. Bill commented on the state of my body because I was skinny. Bill knew what food I liked and that I was a big eater, especially when it came to bread and chips.
207. I'd seen Bill being sexually inappropriate towards other kids, a quick feel of the testicles, hugging kids and trying to get kisses. By that time I already knew the score, with what I'd been through. I thought I would keep my eyes on him. I was in the kitchen one day, helping Bill Franks out. Bill Franks rubbed his genitals up against me. He pulled me in and tried to kiss me. I was cornered. I had a baking tray in my hands. Bill Franks reached down to grab my testicles while I was putting the tray in. I jumped back.

208. Bill was saying to me to come on, we all liked it. I told Bill Franks to get to fuck. I was being really derogatory towards him, about his religion. I feel bad about that now. I ran away and said I was going to grass him up, that I was going to tell everybody about him. I was older then and more wised up. I said I was getting the police and he'd get jailed. I didn't get the police. I was fourteen years old then.
209. **MHM** a PE teacher at St Mary's, used to take us back to his house in Holytown to smoke dope with his mates. **MHM** was about 25 or 26 years old. At the weekends, he would ask who wasn't going on home leave and say to go back to his to get stoned. We'd go to his house, get stoned and then get back in the car and drive back to St Mary's.
210. When I came back from the one home leave I had, I had been sniffing glue. I came back with loads of glue hidden on me, in my snorkel. I was smelling of glue. **MHF** asked me had I been sniffing glue? I said, "No." **MHF** took me into his office and said he was asking me one more time, had I been sniffing glue. I said, "No." **MHF** asked me if I had any glue on me. I said, "No."
211. **MHF** started smashing me about the office. **MHF** punched me and slapped me to the face and the neck. He held me against the wall, punching me. **MHF** hit me on the forehead with the heel of his hand. I got a worse doing off **MHF** than I did off **MHB** at St Joseph's. I was full of glue. It was like photographs, flashes going off. I wasn't feeling it that much because I was under the influence. It went on for a good ten to twenty minutes.
212. Most of the staff would hit you. **MHL**, **MHM**, **MHF**, **MHO** and **MHP** all hit me. **MHL** was a social worker. He was big heavy guy. He played in a Republican band at the **██████████** in Glasgow. There were a lot of threats. If you stank of glue, the staff would slap you and say not to sniff glue. Sometimes I said something and I shouldn't have said it. Sometimes I deserved a slap.

*Alcohol Abuse Amongst Staff*

213. There was a lot of drinking at St Mary's by the staff. The staff had serious drink problems. You could smell the drink when you spoke to them. I saw staff fighting with other staff. That was a wake- up call to us kids. We thought the staff were responsible social workers.
214. The staff drank upstairs at night. As soon as all the kids were in bed, they'd go around with a torch and make sure everyone was sleeping. Then they'd sit in the office and drink lager. I got up one night and saw the staff drinking 'Breaker', a strong lager. I went to the toilet. When I came back, [REDACTED], one of the staff, was on top of another member of staff, punching him on the head. There was shouting and screaming. The staff woke up the whole unit.

**Reporting of abuse at St Mary's Kenmure - Open Unit**

215. I told [REDACTED] about Bill Franks. [REDACTED] said that Bill Franks was a wee poof and he did that with all the boys.

**Leaving St Mary's Kenmure - Open Unit**

216. The day after [REDACTED] assaulted me, [REDACTED] said he wanted me to come to his office. I didn't have breakfast. [REDACTED] said that St Mary's had a closed block but he wanted to give me a chance first. There was a psychiatric hospital up the road called Lennoxtown Hospital and he wanted me to go there and get assessed. I said I'd do it. I left [REDACTED]'s office and passed the main entrance. I bolted down the stairs and absconded.

217. I got caught by the police a week later in the east end of Glasgow. I was sleeping in derelict houses and closes. Different social workers took me back to St Mary's and I went straight into the closed block.

#### **St Mary's Kenmure - Closed Block**

218. Bill Duffy was in charge of the closed block. Mr and Mrs Hart were members of staff. At St Mary's Closed Block, there was the blue, yellow and green units. I was in the yellow unit. The unit was mixed, there were boys and girls there. There were about 12 kids in each unit, 35 or 40 kids in the whole block. In the secure block, you were segregated in your units. Your unit would be doing something together or playing against another unit at football. Everyone had a single room. Each unit had a little dining-space, kitchen, shower- room and toilet.
219. Not many kids went from the open unit to the closed block at St Mary's. I only know of me and two others. In the closed block, we were locked up with kids who'd murdered their family or their neighbours and brothers who'd raped their sisters. I was in for absconding. It was quite a place.
220. It was good in the closed block. I didn't have the freedom to abscond. I knew at one point, I had to get down to doing things. The people I was locked up with were much more dangerous and cunning than I'd ever been. St Mary's was a wake-up call.

#### **Routine at St Mary's Kenmure - Closed Block**

##### *General Routine*

221. There was more structure to the routine in the closed block than the open unit. The routine was more regimented. You knew you were in an institution that you couldn't escape from. There were bars on the windows. Every door was locked behind you. We had to keep the unit and our bedroom, spotless.



222. If you behaved yourself in the closed block, the staff would gradually start to introduce you to the outside. You would always be supervised. That was things like outside football, still within the grounds of St Marys, or going to Bishopbriggs to buy a cassette or an album. You got pocket money in the closed unit. You could buy posters, pictures, anything you liked. I had personal possessions in the closed block. Mrs Bell, the cook, gave me pens, books and comics, a radio and posters for my room.
223. There were books in the closed block.
224. It was just before Christmas that I went into the closed block. There were decorations. We got home-made mince pies. We didn't get any presents. On Christmas Day, we had turkey.

#### *School*

225. There were classrooms in the closed block and you had to go to them. You didn't have a choice. The closed block was much more regimented and strict. Bill Duffy said to me that I was starting education. I started swearing at him, saying I'd been through it all before and he couldn't threaten me. I thought I was a big man.
226. Bill Duffy put me upstairs and put me on lock-down for two days until I decided I would go into school. I went to the education block for a week or so. The teacher was a Sikh guy. He was nice. The kids started abusing him and throwing stuff. I took the teacher's side and ended up fighting another kid.
227. I said I didn't want to go back into education. Bill Duffy asked me what I wanted to do. I said I wanted to cook. Bill Duffy put me in with Mrs Bell, the cook. It was just me and Mrs Bell. Mrs Bell would cook up. I would go around with the trolley to each unit. The cooking was good. The cooking was so good that, when the gates were open to the back kitchen when a delivery was coming in one afternoon, something held me back. I didn't run away.

*Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention*

228. When I got to the closed block, Mrs McDonald came to see me. Mrs McDonald said I would have to spend at least six months in the closed block. I was on an Unruly Order.
229. I saw Mrs McDonald occasionally at the closed block, until I was fifteen and she said that was it, social work were not involved with me anymore.

**Leaving St Mary's Kenmure - Closed Block**

230. There was a unit called The Cottages that you went to after the closed block. Kids went into the cottages and got a local job. St Mary's would help you get the job. It was to help you get into society.
231. One time, when Mrs Bell was outside having a cigarette, I stole a couple of cigarettes from her office. I smoked the cigarettes one night. In the morning, the staff opened my room and smelled the smoke. I think I was in my fourth month at the closed block. Bill Duffy said I wasn't getting up to the cottages. I kicked off. Eventually I settled down. Mr KDN came over and said if I could get on with things, I could go to the cottages.

**St Mary's Kenmure - The Cottages**

232. I went to the cottages. Eric helped me move. Eric was a member of staff at the closed block. I got a job with Community Industry in the bakers in Bishopbriggs. I was fifteen years old. That was freedom. I got wages at the end of the week and it felt good. You had to pay £27 rent for the cottages to St Mary's.
233. The cottage had two bedrooms, with three beds in each room. There was a living-room, kitchen and staff office. I shared with four other boys. There were staff who

came to the cottage, making sure you went to work, paid your rent and were fed. The four of us boys would go to Milton and get carry-outs of beer. We would stash the beer in the woods. At night-time, when the staff went to sleep, we'd be out in the woods, drinking and smoking. The staff slept in a cottage of their own.

234. I couldn't deal with the responsibility. One day, I decided to break into the office and steal my rent back. I took everyone else's rent too and made a dash to Folkestone.

### **Life after being in care**

235. I arrived in Folkestone when I was fifteen years old. I wanted to go to France. I didn't have any money. I broke into a shop, stole some money and got caught by the police. I was sent to Oakhurst Remand Home, in Sevenoaks in Kent. Then the Magistrates Court sentenced me to three months in Blantyre House Detention Centre. I did eight weeks.
236. When I got out of the detention centre, I went back to Folkestone. I was under the supervision of a probation officer, Steve Robertson. My probation officer got me into bed and breakfast accommodation and into some work, in a bakers.
237. Folkestone was a small fishing town. I met up with a boy I'd met in the detention centre, on the outside and I met a huge family called the [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] were known as criminals, they did drugs, they did everything. By the time I was seventeen years old, I'd been through the detention centre and into mainstream prison, in Dover. I was given two years imprisonment for drugs, breaking into a language school and breaking into shops.
238. I came out of prison and went back to Folkestone. I got back in with the [REDACTED]. The [REDACTED] arranged for me to go to Gibraltar to pick up some drugs. I got busted in Gibraltar and did 22 months in prison. Prison in Gibraltar changed my life. I could see Spain and Morocco. We were allowed alcohol, special visits and as much food as you

wanted, as long as you had money. I worked in the kitchens and the laundry. I met a guy in prison who was a photographer. I got interested in photography and started getting books about it. I really got into photography.

239. I knew that was it, I wasn't going near Folkestone again. I was twenty years old. I moved in with my brother, MOF in Kirkintilloch. My brother was living with an older, gay man. They were having a relationship. I got a full-time job.

240. I went to Cork in Ireland when I was 24 years old, to visit my real dad. I was good at photography by then. I took a holiday to Spain, [REDACTED]

241. I started working as an industrial photographer in France. I got contracts with Peugeot and other large companies. I worked for many years as a photographer. I was earning okay money. It was good to earn legal money. I felt good. I wanted to go to Hong Kong and I saved up enough money to go. I went to Hong Kong when I was 28 years old. I worked taking aerial shots of [REDACTED]

242. I met a commercial diver from Kilmarnock whilst I was in Hong Kong. He asked if I'd ever thought of doing underwater photography and I thought that would be interesting, although I didn't have the gear for underwater photography at that time. I came back from Hong Kong in 1997 and got a flat in Glasgow. I decided I wanted to become a commercial diver. I put a business plan into the bank and got a loan. I trained to be a commercial diver in 1998 in Fort William. I worked as a diver from 1999 to 2004.

### Impact

243. Secondary Institutions - to be published later [REDACTED]

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

244.

245. I couldn't tell my brother, [MOF] what Brother Ryan had done when I was a child at St Ninian's. I was embarrassed. My brother is gay. I think that gayness came out when he was at St Ninian's. My brother came out at St Ninian's. I said to [MOF] all the Brothers were 'stoat the balls'. I didn't speak to [MOF] about what had happened to me. It was a pride thing. I didn't want to tell my brother I'd been sexually abused by guys. I couldn't open up about that to family members who would always know you. Brother Ryan is dead now and that's a shame, he can't pay for his crimes. Brother Farrell is alive. I went to court for what Brother Farrell had done. [MOF] went to court for Brother Farrell and Brother Ryan as well.

246. In St Joseph's, I was introduced to sniffing solvents. Other kids were doing it, it was peer pressure. I abused solvents about four times at St Joseph's and I abused petrol a few times at Ballikinrain.

247. When I was in St Joseph's, I was told that Margaret Mitchell had died. That really screwed my head up. It was like losing my mum. I hadn't seen her since I'd gone into St Ninian's. One day, when I had absconded from St Joseph's, I went to Margaret Mitchell's house in Edinburgh. I wanted to know if she really was dead. Margaret Mitchell answered the door and took me into the house. Jean McDonald had lied to me when she said Margaret Mitchell had died. Years later, when I was in my twenties, I went back to Margaret Mitchell's house. Her husband told me she had died some years before.



248. My brother <sup>MOF</sup> showed me a photo of the two of us, taken in a photo booth, when we had absconded from St Joseph's one time. I said that it couldn't be me. I looked terrible. My eyes looked huge and my face was shrunken. I looked like I was anorexic.
249. The physical abuse didn't really have an effect on me as a child. The amount of times I wound up nuns and staff, I deserved a hiding. It was all about testing, how far can you go? I had come through all that physical violence. I saw it with my mum's partner, towards my mum. I grew up with violence. Violence was a normal thing to me. That was the way I saw it at the time. I don't see it like that now.
250. I left Scotland because I hated Scotland. I didn't have my family, I didn't have anybody. When I'd worked in Bishopbriggs at the bakers, I would pass the travel agents and pick up a couple magazines. I wanted to get into that world, with blue skies, lovely buildings and cultures.
251. In Folkestone, I did the crime but I was scared of the They were kind of pimping me out, saying, "This needs done, you can do that job. If you don't do that job, you're going to face the consequences." Going to Gibraltar and getting caught was the best thing that ever happened to me.
252. I always had it in my head that I'd find my real dad. He lived in Cork in Ireland. In Gibraltar Prison, there was an Irish priest from Cork who said to me that I should go back and see my dad. When I went to visit my dad, it didn't go too well. I hadn't seen him for all those years and he was still an alcoholic. We didn't have any history together. He was just my namesake.
253. I've lost my family. I'm okay with that. I still think about them. I still love them. People ask me, how can I? I don't know what it is. My birthday was . I never got a card off any one of my brothers and sisters. My mum has never sent me a birthday card. My mum doesn't acknowledge me. I sent my mum a postcard from Brussels the other week, like a mug.

254. Sometimes, I've met boys who I was with in institutions. I met a couple of people in Castle Craig. It's strange. I've heard from them that some of the staff I've talked about were abusers, like HPP and MHL but neither of them came near me. I don't tell these people my story. I don't want to regurgitate it so that they can tell any Tom, Dick or Harry what's gone on.
255. I had a really good job as a commercial diver, working offshore. I was earning a lot of money. In 2002, Brother Ben from St Joseph's was in the news about being involved in sexual abuse. It all just snapped. I just went back there again and relived it. The memories were kicking in. I started taking drugs. I came back to Aberdeen from being offshore. There were eight of us. It was a six week break. The lads said cocaine only stayed in your body for three or four days, so I took it. I went through a serious drug problem. I was taking Class A drugs, cocaine and heroin.
256. I went from working offshore to doing civil diving because working offshore had become too much for me. I worked in civil diving for a number of years. I worked for HM Customs at Greenock, BAE Systems and the Ministry of Defence at Faslane. Drugs played a big part in my life at this point. Drugs were my downfall. There was too much going through my head. I used to dream about the abuse. I lost everything.
257. Every year we were required to have a medical. We'd be x-rayed, do the army physical fitness test, give urine samples. In early 2003, my work G.P. said that I'd failed my medical, I'd failed a random drugs test. The test had detected cocaine and heroin. I'd been on diving operations with heroin in my body. The G.P. said I was going to be away from work for some time. I was stripped of my medical. The G.P. said I should get myself into some sort of counselling or treatment centre. I didn't go to counselling then. My best friend gave me some diving jobs, off the record. I abused that as well and my friend had to get rid of me in 2004.
258. I have a daughter and a son. My drug taking ended my relationships with their mothers. My daughter is nineteen years old and lives in Ayrshire. My son is born to a different woman. He is thirteen years old. I was working when I met my daughter's mum. My daughter's mum had a friend who she'd known before she met me. They were friends



with benefits. My daughter's mum couldn't keep away from the guy. That was understandable. I wasn't being intimate with her. The conception of my daughter came after I was drunk. Any other time in that relationship, there was no intimacy.

259. My daughter and I had a relationship until August. In August, I lost a good friend to Motor Neurone Disease. I forgot to wish my daughter a happy birthday and didn't send her the normal amount of money I'd send for her birthday. I got in touch with her a day later but she's taken it really personally and blocked my phone calls. My daughter was telling me lies about needing money. She had her own agenda. My daughter was using drugs. I asked her to come to Edinburgh and live with me. I offered to help her get sorted out and get a job but she wasn't interested.
260. I met my son's mother when I was commercial diver and I was earning good money. I was taking heroin when I was supposed to be looking after my son. His mother came in and I was withdrawing from drugs on the couch. My son was still a toddler. There was a whole load of neglect there. My son's mother reported me to the police and social work services. As far as I know, my son lives in Glasgow now. My son's mother contacted me last Christmas and we arranged for me to meet my son. My son's mother cancelled the meeting at the last minute.
261. Within male and female relationships, there are needs. One of those needs I couldn't supply, in any relationship I've been in. That was a physical, sexual, closeness. I couldn't supply those needs because of the abuse. Partners would wonder why I wasn't intimately cuddling them and stuff. It put a lot of doubt in the relationship. Partners would ask me if I was gay or if I was getting it elsewhere. Partners were really bringing me down. It was really difficult for me to tell people when I first met them, about my life.
262. In 2006 or 2007, when I forty years old, I had to go into Red Towers detox at Helensburgh. The detox is sixteen weeks, I was in for twenty weeks. From there, I went to Castle Craig rehab centre in Peebleshire for six weeks. I came out hoping I'd get back in my son's life. I tried to get access to my son. His mother took him back to America, where she's from.

263. After detox, I moved to Ayrshire with [REDACTED] a pal of mine. I was in St Mary's Boy's Home and Secure Unit with [REDACTED]. I was fumbling around, doing labouring jobs and gardening. I wasn't doing photography, it had gone digital and I didn't like computers and programmes. I got work with a printers in Kilmarnock, on and off for a couple of years.
264. I went into Crosshouse Hospital in Kilmarnock in 2013. I was diagnosed with mental health issues and depression. I was prescribed an anti-psychotic drug to knock me out at night, to take the abuse out of my head. It was at night-time that I was having problems. I was having bad dreams, sweats and crying.
265. I could have been someone different. I could have been anyone at the end of the day. I speak a couple of languages, not fluently but I know enough to get me by. I am talented in a lot of things. That's through being self-taught. I play the guitar and the harp. I could have done a lot better in life. I could have made a lot more realistic decisions. I could have done so much with the money from diving. I was earning about £180,000 a year. If I have money, I give it away. Money weighs me down.
266. I think about my time in care all the time. It sits with me all the time. [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]. I went on a bender from Wednesday until Friday night. On Saturday, I was so ill, I had pains in my chest. I thought, what are you doing? There are triggers. Every time I'm out, when I see people who look like people who abused me, I need to give them a double look. I shouldn't be walking about Edinburgh looking over my shoulder. [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later  
[REDACTED] Static electricity makes me go nuts, if I get a shock off somebody, I crumble because of the electric shocks at St Joseph's.
267. I get a lot of nightmares. The next day, I'm subdued and quiet. I can't talk. I end up leaving the house and going out for a walk. I try to clear the air but I just can't get it together. Being in care has impacted on my mental health and on me as a person. It's impacted on family, friends and relationships. It took me into a full-blown drug addiction.

268. Priests didn't interfere with me. All the priests I've known in life have been good to me. It was the Brothers, De La Salle and Christian, that abused me. I respect everyone's religion. I don't go to chapel anymore. I like to say a quiet prayer when I'm on my own. My view of any religion is that there's a lot of good and bad.
269. I have issues with people who think they are in an authoritarian role. People who think they can run over you but you find out that they're not any better than you are. I hate ordinary citizens who are social policers, people who tell you, you shouldn't do this and that. I don't have issues with the police or judges.
270. Secondary Institutions - to be published later  
 Secondary I went back to St Ninian's in Falkland and to St Joseph's. It was weird. When I was outside the workshops where I was electrocuted, I was dying to kick the door in and go crazy. I was disappointed going back. I'm glad I did it but I wouldn't go back again.

#### *Compensation*

271. I don't want blood money. I wouldn't feel comfortable if I was to get compensation from the state. I should have some redress but I don't know how I feel about compensation right now.
272. Compensation has been mentioned to me in the court cases in the past Other complainers offered me the name of their lawyer. I said to get it away from me, I was concentrating on going my way. If I was to get compensation, what would I do with it? I'd probably give it to charity or to my children.

*Counselling*

273. The first time I went for counselling was in 2003, when I'd seen the news about Brother Ben. I paid for counselling. The counsellor was just breaking my brain. I couldn't connect with her. I went for one session. I had two doctors, my normal GP and my work GP.
274. In 2013, I was going through a really bad time in the aftermath of reporting the abuse to the police. I spoke to my doctor. My doctor decided I should do some counselling. I spoke to a guy at Breaking the Silence. I spilled everything to him. I went for five or six weeks. I had that relationship with the counsellor, then he left me for a better job. I felt disappointed and let down.
275. After that, I went back to the doctor. The doctor said he thought it was better if I was admitted to a psychiatric facility for a couple of weeks to get diagnosed. I went into Crosshouse Hospital in Kilmarnock and was diagnosed with depression as a result of childhood trauma.
276. I went to see a counsellor who was an ex -prison officer. It put me off because I'd been in prison when I was younger. It wasn't good for me, I didn't feel connected with him.
277. I have to go to counselling on Wednesday through Future Pathways. I don't even know whether to go there or not. I find it really hard. I don't want to go in that deep with counsellors.

**Reporting of Abuse**

278. I reported to the police in Kilmarnock in January 2013. Abuse was in the news at that time. I spent a week with the police. I spoke to an officer called Rebecca. I told the police about everybody who had abused me. The police officer moved jobs to a station in Glasgow and I was assigned to another officer again.

279. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

### Prosecutions

280. I went through three court cases in the High Court. The cases were done back to front. The first case was Brother Ben from St Joseph's. The second was Brother Farrell from St Ninian's. Those were in 2016. Secondary Institutions - to be published later  
Secondary Institutions -

#### *Brother Ben's Trial*

281. There were ten other complainers at Brother Ben's trial. Brother Ben was found unanimously guilty of my charges. I think there were four or five charges relating to me. Brother Ben was sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

#### *Brother Farrell's Trial*

282. I gave evidence against Brother Farrell. The charges in relation to me, against Brother Farrell were found not proven at court. The Christian Brotherhood said Brother Farrell wasn't at St Ninian's at that time, he was on a course in England. I lived through the criminal cases for eighteen months. The depression was terrible. I could easily have gone back to heroin, I was close to relapsing. I was drinking a lot.

283. At Brother Farrell's trial, the defence lawyer showed me something that looked like a bookies line, saying that Farrell wasn't at St Ninian's at the time. I said it wasn't an official document. The defence lawyer said that any document that was in the court was official because it's been passed by the court. I held the document up. It was like a piece of scrap paper. It was totally unprofessional, the grammar, the punctuation. It was like a quick note to somebody and not like an official, historical letter.



284. The defence lawyer showed the document to the jury. The lawyer said it was an official document to say Mr Farrell was not at St Ninian's, when I was claiming all this abuse had happened. It was crazy. I had to be calmed down three or four times by the judge. I was asked to leave and to come back when I'd settled down. I was very angry after that particular court case.
285. Brother Farrell was found guilty of charges relating to other people. There were more than twenty complainers in that case, including my brother. Brother Farrell was sentenced to something silly. He got about five or seven years or something. I was left heartbroken and cheated.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

286.

287. At the trials, I was disappointed. There were two trials within three weeks of each other. I went from Brother Ben's trial into Brother Farrell's trial. After going through Brother Ben's trial, the Advocate Depute said that Brother Farrell's trial was starting in two weeks. I said to hold on a minute, I needed at least three months to recuperate. I felt let down, even though Brother Ben Secondary Institutions - to be given prison sentences. I felt let down by the judge's sentencing guidelines because they were being sentenced for the crimes back then, on the punishments based on the law back then. That wasn't good enough for me.

### **Records**

288. I used to have all of my records from the institutions that I was in, from Edinburgh and Glasgow Council and social work departments, and from the psychiatric part of the Sick Kids Hospital in Edinburgh. Unfortunately I don't have the records now because



they were destroyed. I only had the records for a matter of weeks. My records from the Good Shepherd came from the Sick Kids Hospital. St Mary's, St Ninian's and St Joseph's records came from Edinburgh and Glasgow City Councils and social work departments.

289. I got my records through the counselling service in Kilmarnock called Breaking the Silence. The counsellor there obtained my records for me. I was very nervous when I got my records. I quickly went through the records but I never really absorbed them. I had memories of things that were pointed out in the records. It was quite uplifting.
290. My records say, when I first went into St Joseph's, that Brother **MBU** assessed me. Brother **MBU** said, "This is a young boy who looks like a 'Biafran'. I couldn't face going on to read the records after that, so I put them away. At some point, I will want to get a hold a my records again so that I can have a look at them. I'll be able to do that myself, I know how to do it now.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

291. Anyone who works in the care setting should be properly trained and vetted. Children must be protected from sexual and physical abusers, whether at school, at football clubs or in residential schools.
292. Children must be nourished, loved and cared for. Children should be given the chance to grow up and make something nice of themselves. Children shouldn't grow up without a voice.
293. People should face responsibility for what they've done and what they've contributed to people's lives, whether that is a positive or negative contribution. People should face how they have messed other people up.

**Other information**

294. I can't understand why, when Glasgow Social Work Department and charities employed people to work in List D Schools, the people weren't trained. A lot of violence was inflicted by the staff on unruly kids because the kids would wind them up and the staff would snap.
295. I always put my hands up to the things I'd done, when I spoke to the police or was at court. I was honest. I want the abusers to be honest. I thought they would be, when the police went to speak to them. I thought I wouldn't have to go to the High Court. I would like to take Brother Farrell back to court again, have him re-tried and this time found unanimously guilty of all my charges.
296. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I do not wish my name to be published in any document. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

MGW

Signed. ....

Dated. ....

18<sup>th</sup> January 2018.