

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GKY

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is GKY. My date of birth is 1960. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. I was born in a house in Shettleston, Glasgow. My parents were and . I have four brothers and three sisters who are who is 70, is 68, is 66, is 64, I'm 62 in this year, is 60 this year and is 58. My youngest brother, who didn't come along until my mum was forty, is . I'm fourteen years older than him so there is quite a big gap there before he came along. is about 46.
3. Neither of my parents had full-time jobs and were not what you would call the best parents in the world. I love them and I hate them if you can understand that way of thinking. My older brother says that we lived in and then we moved to and then a year later we moved to in Townhead, Glasgow.
4. By the time we moved to I was three and my earliest memory was playing on my wee trike in the room. The house was hectic and it was only a two-bedroom place. I think it was another squat. My parents never paid their bills and many was the time I saw the pot on the fire heating up water because the electricity had been turned off.

5. We were very poor with broken windows covered with army blankets or jackets and there were three or four of us to a bed. There was a recess in the kitchen which was where my mum and dad slept. It was a Belfast sink and there was a tin bath at the fire and they would break up wood or whatever they could find and that's how we would get a bath.
6. I suppose I have good memories from that age because I was too young to realise what was happening but I did start to notice that my brothers and sisters started to disappear and it wasn't until years later that I learned they were in Maybole and Largs and places like that. My oldest brother [REDACTED] had asthma as my parents constantly smoked in the house. I had asthma when I was very young, [REDACTED] had asthma, [REDACTED] had TB. We all went through pretty bad illnesses.
7. I got put to St Mungo's Primary School which is in Townhead and remember going there when I was five. That was when the bullying initially started for me. I was only a wee wimp, dressed like a tramp and probably with snot running down my nose. We had nothing, absolutely nothing and what was put on the table you ate.
8. I think we were there about a year when my mum moved again so I never got settled with friends or anything like that. I think we then moved in with my gran and granddad in Possilpark. They only had a wee house and they had all us cramped into it. We stayed there for about a year and I went to St Theresa's Primary School and again I was bullied.
9. We moved from there because my granny couldn't cope. There were just too many of us. Again, various of my brothers and sisters would disappear into convalescing homes. My sister [REDACTED] was put into a nunnery. My dad went to see her and there were people just standing around screaming. It was like a mental home so he took her back home again. [REDACTED] has suffered pretty bad from that, pulling her hair out and things like that.
10. When we left there we went to [REDACTED] in Calton in Glasgow [REDACTED]. I got put into a school down there which I think was called St David's Primary School. It

was about half a mile walk away and you had to cross London Road which was a very busy road. So that was where me and [REDACTED], who was the closest in age to me, got put to.

11. Again I was getting bullied so me and [REDACTED] began just not going to school and would just walk about the streets and in and out the old tenements. I think my mum and dad got a letter from the school board so my dad would march us down to the school but as soon as he left we would run out of school at playtime because I was just getting battered all the time.
12. So I didn't have any stability or friendships or anything like that. Myself and [REDACTED] were then taken to a panel. I don't remember much about it but my brother [REDACTED] does. Apparently a Sheriff decided what should happen to us and they put us into St Ninian's. My mum and dad were at the panel as well as me and [REDACTED] and the people on the panel.
13. My vague memory is of me and [REDACTED] standing in a cell with dad standing there looking at us before he walked away and that was the last I saw of him. I was seven at the time and [REDACTED] was nine. We thought we were getting sent somewhere for convalescence. I just remember going to Gartmore in a car.

### **St Ninian's, Gartmore**

14. When we arrived I recall seeing these two big pillars and gates and a driveway that was about half a mile long. On the right was what looked like a big mansion and on the left what looked like offices but was actually school classes. Behind that was this big bubble thing, a big massive tent that was an air-locked thing that they used in the winter for us to play football or to run about crazy.
15. It must have been about [REDACTED] that we arrived because I remember we had only been there a couple of weeks and it was then the [REDACTED] holidays. Everybody got to go home that [REDACTED] weekend but, probably because we had just arrived and they wanted us to settle, we didn't. Other children also didn't get home that weekend and that may

have been because they were orphans or had been bad but the majority of the kids got home.

16. When I arrived I was in awe of the place because it was so big. They took us in through the mansion and took us to what they called the boot room. There were women there and they took our clothes and gave us shorts, wellies and a pair of shoes. They told me my number was [REDACTED] and I had a locker with that number on it so, if I wore my shoes inside, my wellies would be in the locker and if I put on my wellies to go out my shoes would be in the locker.
17. St Ninian's was run by the De La Salle Brothers and the [REDACTED] SNR was Brother [REDACTED] zMJJ. He was [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED]. Also in the school were Brother [REDACTED] HJS and Brother [REDACTED] GZQ. Those are the three Brothers I remember. There was another much older Brother who used to take me out to help in the garden but I don't recall his name.
18. Then there was Mr [REDACTED] GZI, Mr Boyle, Mr [REDACTED] and though there were others I don't remember their names. There was also a night watchman, he was bad. I don't remember his name but it might have been [REDACTED] HJT. There were also women who would come in and do the food then leave again and we never really got to know them.
19. It was all boys who attended and I would say there was between sixty and seventy aged from about my age, seven, up to twelve or thirteen. When I arrived I didn't realise how long I was to be there for and certainly didn't know that I would be there for three years.

#### **Routine at St Ninian's, Gartmore**

20. I think they got us up at about 7:30 am and you then got washed, you didn't get a shower at that point, you just got a wash. You would then get dressed, make your bed then go for breakfast. You then went to school though sometimes they would let you out to play for a while. You would then be in school though I don't recall the exact

times. You would be in school for a while then would play in the big tent or, if it was nice, outside where there were swings.

21. You would then go to back school again and then it would be lunch. After lunch you would be back at school again for an hour or two then you would get back out to play again. We would then have dinner followed by more time doing things like playing football before going to bed about 8:00 or 8:30 pm.
22. On a Saturday, if the weather was bad, you would be kept in the big building which had a snooker table and a table-tennis table. I don't remember other activities. It was a dark place and sometimes they would put you in the top wards which were supposed to be haunted and were quite eerie to a wee boy. There was no school on a Saturday. Sunday was the same though sometimes we would go to mass.
23. Sometimes on a Saturday or a Sunday they would take us for walks in the woods and I remember we would have to wear hankies on our heads because the midges were so bad. Sometimes they would take you down to the main gates in the tractor and trailer to pick up the milk that had been left there.
24. There were eight or nine in my dormitory and all I had in there was a locker and a metal bed. I think I was moved to different dormitories as I got older. Sometimes you would be in a dorm with older boys and they would be the ones who battered you.

#### *Mealtimes/Food*

25. Sometimes the food was fine but I hated tapioca. If you didn't eat something then you got nothing else and sometimes I would just be eating bread. If you didn't eat something you would get a slap from whoever was supervising and it could be any of them, a teacher or a Brother. Sometimes the boys would put something they didn't like on to another boy's plate. You might get an apple or an orange at break time.

### *Washing/bathing*

26. There were no baths but there were communal showers that were in a big room with shower heads all round and a floor that sloped into the drain in the middle. About ten or twelve of us would get showered at the same time. There were cubicles where we would put our clothes before we would all walk naked into the showers. Staff, either Brothers or teachers, would then turn on the water and watch us.
27. They would then turn the water ice-cold and if you came out of the shower you got a slap. You had to stand under the water until they told you that you could come out of it. When you came out of the shower you then had to go back round to the cubicles where you had to keep the doors open while you got dried and dressed and they would continue watching you. All the Brothers and teachers were involved at some time or another watching you in the shower or slapping you if you stepped out.
28. Sometimes, while you were still wet, they would slap you on the legs which stung like mad. When you were in the showers there was no privacy and there would be a full range of ages of boys in at the same time. You would get a shower about twice a week maybe on a Saturday or a Sunday or if you had been out playing in the mud. You couldn't just get a shower when you wanted.

### *Clothing/uniform*

29. They gave you shorts, pants, a vest, a blue shirt and a woollen jacket. After they got washed and you got them back you would be given whatever you got which wasn't necessarily the same clothes you had had before. We did have our own donkey jackets with our numbers on them. When you went home at the weekend you wore your own clothes though I recall that the first time I went home they had washed my jeans and shrunk them and I had to wear the uniform going home.
30. I think one of the reasons they made us wear a uniform was that it made us more identifiable if we ran away.

### *Leisure time*

31. We could play snooker or table-tennis or play football outside and on the tree swings. Once or twice a team came from outside from Callander or Stirling to play football. Some of the boys also played cricket but that wasn't for me. We sometimes went on walks through the woods. There were no toys.
32. Some of the boys would bring back comics like the Dandy, the Beano, the Hotspur or Commando books or their parents would bring them when they visited. These usually then got passed around. There was a library but the paper from those books probably got used as toilet paper. We had no access to a radio or record player but there were TVs in the common rooms. The school also had six or seven ponies and I remember going on a big horse called Kola. I was that small I needed a hand up. I was terrified but it was exhilarating.

### *Trips and holidays*

33. I think we went to Bannockburn and the Trossachs to walk the hills. We also went to the baths in Callander a couple of times and would do such things if we didn't go home at the weekend.

### *Schooling*

34. There was no primary year as such and I was in classes with boys much older than me. The education was non-existent and none of them were teachers. I remember Brother GZQ would take me out of the class and make me shine his big shoes. Similarly the old Brother would get me to help out in the garden and tell me how educational that was.
35. Another thing they used to get me to do was get coal from the coal cellar. They gave me this big bucket and I would have to go down into the cellar, fill it up and bring it back up. The full bucket was way too heavy for me to lift the first time and I would have

to bring the coal up by hand. All this at a time when I was supposed to be in school and that was supposed to be my education.

36. I remember once Brother <sup>GZQ</sup> put up on the board a map of Britain and Ireland and asked me what the capital of England was and I said London. He then asked my brother what the capital of Scotland was and also said London. Brother <sup>GZQ</sup> jumped up in the air and came down full force with his knuckles on's head. He virtually knocked him out and I was sitting there terrified and crying. He then grabbed up by the hair and left him sitting on the chair sobbing.

#### *Healthcare*

37. There are no records of me being at St Ninian's but surely I must have gone to a local dentist or to a doctor for something or other even though I don't have any recollection of it? Surely they must be able to trace records of me from local dentists or doctors. I don't recall an actual nurse and I think a member of staff would put Iodine on any grazes or cuts. I'm sure there must have been access to a doctor but I think I was a relatively healthy boy though I did have a touch of asthma.

#### *Religious instruction*

38. I don't think religion was a big thing and if it was I think I heard more cursing than prayers. I think there was a mix of religion among the boys and it wasn't forced down our throats.

#### *Work*

39. We would clean the games room covering up the snooker table, putting the balls away and putting away the table-tennis table or tidy the TV room. We would also clean the boot room or take the wellies outside and clean them. I always did these things well out of fear because if you didn't do them well you got a slap.



### *Birthdays and Christmas*

40. I was there once or twice at Christmas and remember a big tree being put up in the boot room. I think we got a dinner and may have been given a selection box but there's nothing special I recall about it. Birthdays weren't celebrated.

### *Personal possessions*

41. I had a couple of wee toys but they kept my own clothes which we only got back if we were going home at the weekend.

### *Bed Wetting*

42. Bedwetting was never a problem for me personally but there was one weekend when there was only about seven or eight of us left in the place and we were up in the creepy rooms. The night watchman came round with his big stick and he would shout "up for the first tee top" then later he would shout "up for the second tee top". This was his way of getting boys up to go to the toilet.
43. He came up to me and told me to get up to the toilet and I told him I didn't pee the bed. He again told me to get up and I again told him I didn't pee the bed. He started to drag me out of bed when my brother [REDACTED] who was a few beds down from me, shouted "he told you he doesn't pee the bed. He never ever pees the bed. Why are you getting him up?".
44. The night watchman ran down and pulled [REDACTED] out of bed by the hair on his head. [REDACTED]'s leg then got caught on the bedstead and the night watchman ripped his pyjamas off him and battered him with the stick. The night watchman was called [REDACTED] HJT maybe. He was quite baldy, podgy belly and used to come in balancing a brush on his chin. He was the night watchman at the weekend and he would be looking after you at night if you didn't get home.

45. Those that did wet the bed were simply told to put their pyjamas and bed sheets in the wash. Their beds had waterproof sheets on them. I don't recall seeing anybody humiliated or punished because they had wet their bed.

*Visitors*

46. I never once had a visit from anybody although I did go home some weekends.

*Review of care*

47. Social workers never visited me. This is what has always concerned me. Why was I there? Who put me there? Was it my parents? Was it the school board? Was I such a bad boy that I had to be there for three years? I was there all that time and there was no structure to me being there. Nobody ever sat me down and told me what was happening. Are there records that explain why I was there or if I was progressing or if I learned anything? Is there anything to say when I had been good?

*External Inspections*

48. I don't remember any official visitors who came in to inspect St Ninian's but if there were any I certainly didn't see or speak to them.

*Sibling Contact*

49. Myself and [REDACTED] were together virtually all the time and were even in the same class together. [REDACTED] did have his own issues with older boys bullying him but he was my hero and would fight boys much older to protect me from them. Eventually people learned to avoid him but he took an awful lot of hammerings for me and protected me. He was always at my side looking after me. He left after six months and when he did leave my life was a living hell from the bullies and the Brothers and teachers. I think they kept me because I was the quiet one and I don't understand why my parents never questioned that.

### *Discipline*

50. The way they disciplined us was to give us a slap if we did something wrong or just something that annoyed them. Any of the Brothers or teachers would do this. Another form of discipline was not letting us go home at the weekend. They did use the belt but I only got it twice. Once was from Brother **GZQ** who belted me once on the hand, probably for carrying on. He was supposed to hit me on the hand but the belt was so long it went right up my arm. It was agony and I was crying which might be why he only gave me one stroke.
51. The only other time I got the belt was when I ran away and Brother **zMJJ** belted me over the bare backside. Again, it was agony.

### *Running away*

52. I ran away once with **[REDACTED]**. We had been coming back on the bus one Sunday night. It was a long journey and some of the older boys were hitting us and threatening us saying what they were going to do to us when we got back so we decided to run away as soon as we got off the bus. We only got about half a mile when the police caught us and took us back. Brother **zMJJ** belted me over the bare backside for that and I didn't get home again for about four weeks. Neither he nor the police asked us why we had run away. We wouldn't have told them anyway as that would have been considered grassing and would only have made things worse for us.

### **Abuse at St Ninian's, Gartmore**

53. Every single day in life I had to take evasive action to avoid bullies. At night there was no supervision and the older boys were going wild. If you didn't join in you got further bullied. This happened to all the younger boys and I think that's why I have spent my life saying "Sorry" to everybody.
54. Sometimes if the older boys got caught bullying they wouldn't be allowed home that weekend. That just made it worse as they would then blame you for them not getting

home and you would get further bullied. The bullying was systematic and you never got a day when you were just happy. You were always on edge.

55. I remember we used to play conkers taking the laces out of our boots to use. They would harden them by putting them in vinegar and you couldn't pull away when they swung their conker at yours. If you did they took your conker off you or would batter you over the knuckles with theirs. It was horrific.
56. Sometimes in the class if the staff thought you were being bad they would pull you out, pull the legs of your shorts up and slap you on the bare thigh. It was so painful.
57. I think that some of the boys had psychological problems some of them would fight between themselves or with the carers and they wouldn't be allowed home at the weekend. I would know the sort of places where the bullies would hang out and learned to take circuitous routes to avoid going near them.
58. In the TV room one night there was some big football game on the TV that Brother HJS wanted to see. He told everyone to clear up the snooker table and put the balls away and then for everyone to get out as he wanted to watch the game in peace. I was the last one there and he told me to come up and sit on his knee.
59. I was only seven so I sat on his knee and didn't think anything of it and we watched the football. Then I could feel him getting an erection and I started to feel it against my bum. I was trying to pull away from him and he kept pulling me back. I started greeting and he let me go and I ran away to the snooker room. I found that quite horrific.
60. There was a guy called Mr GZI. He taught me to play the guitar along with another couple of boys. He always seemed to manage to get me by myself. He was quite a big man and I remember the first time when he said to me "Do you think I'm strong?" I said aye and he asked "Do you think I could be like Superman?" and I again said aye. He then said "I'm going to pick you up to see if I'm strong".

61. He then lifted me holding my crotch and my neck and held me above his head. I felt vulnerable and could feel him touching my crotch. After that, any time he got me by myself he always did that up until I was nine or ten when he suddenly stopped doing it.
62. The strange thing is that when I went to St Joseph's about a year later he was there as well having obviously got a transfer. There he would say "Hi GKY, how you doing GKY. We'll need to take up the guitar lessons again. Come on and I'll do Superman". I just said "Fuck off". He put his head down and never asked me again. He knew that I knew what he had been up to.
63. His Superman thing happened whenever he could do it. There was no set time or place. It was random. I didn't realise it at the time but he was clearly engineering the opportunities to do it. For instance, there would be a crowd of us and he would send me to do something like empty a bin and when I'd get back everyone else would be gone and I would be alone with him.
64. Neither Brother HJS nor Mr GZI ever took the abuse further than how I have described it.

#### **Reporting of abuse at St Ninian's, Gartmore**

65. I would speak to my sister [REDACTED] about what was happening to me in St Ninian's but she was only fifteen or sixteen herself and there wasn't much she could do about it. I never told my mum or dad what was happening and they never asked. There would have been no point telling them anyway as something that happened with my brother [REDACTED] showed.
66. [REDACTED] is now seventy and [REDACTED] several years ago in a fork-lift accident. When he was about twelve and [REDACTED] was six they were in a convalescence home. [REDACTED] was up at the top somewhere and they were sitting eating their dinner when one of the fat women tried to get by [REDACTED]. As she did she nipped herself in the stomach.

67. █████ says he heard this almighty slap, like something he'd never heard the likes of. He ran down to where █████ was and saw him lying on the floor crying with a massive red mark on his face. █████ went mental and started throwing all the cutlery and plates everywhere. He then got a doing from the staff.
68. █████ then stole a ten-bob note and he ran away from there with █████. They got the train from, I think, Maybole and made their way home. When they got home the police were waiting on them. My mum and dad said to the police "We'll keep █████ but you can take him back" meaning █████.
69. █████ doesn't remember what the consequences were when he went back and if he got battered or not or maybe just sent to his bed. But that was my mum and dad's reaction to █████. "Just take him back". Knowing what had happened to █████ they still let the police take █████ away. So what I'm saying is that my mum and dad didn't ask what was happening to me in St Ninian's and I saw no point in telling them.

#### **Leaving St Ninian's, Gartmore**

70. I don't really have a great recollection of how it was that I came to leave St Ninian's. I had been there for three years and I just know that when I got to Buchanan Street Bus Station my big sister was waiting on me and took me home. I can't remember why it was I left. I just know I went home one weekend and didn't go back. There was absolutely no preparation for me leaving that I recall.
71. I'm not sure if I was excited or not about leaving St Ninian's as I didn't know what I was going home to. I was also frightened that I was going to be sent away again which I actually was about a year later.
72. Things at home were still the same. One of my brothers would disappear or one of my sisters. There were never two parents in the house at the same time. My mother would

be at the bingo during the day or at night and my dad would be in the pub or the bookies. Quite often it would be [REDACTED], [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] looking after us.

73. We were staying in [REDACTED] in Townhead. It was a one bedroom tenement but there was an empty house next door with two beds in it but no toilet other than the one outside. We shared the two beds in that house. They put me into, I think, St Aloysious School but I was too far behind the other kids in education so I got laughed at and ended up not going to school again.
74. That led to another panel appearance and I got put into St Joseph's. I don't recall my parents being with me at the panel. All I remember is they took me away and put me in Larchgrove for a couple of weeks while waiting for a space being available. I don't remember any social workers being at the panel.

#### **Larchgrove Remand Home, Glasgow**

75. In Larchgrove you just sat in this big gym all day. There was this big guy who used to walk around and if you were carrying on he would ping a big elastic band at you off the side of your leg. It was sore.
76. Larchgrove had guys up to sixteen and there was a lot of bullying. I was only turning eleven. It was like being at school again where I got battered and bruised. Staff tried to stop the bullying but you would be going up the stairs and one of the older boys would get a dig in at you.
77. I can't remember any of the boy's names but the staff weren't great at supervising and would often turn a blind eye to things. I don't even remember the names of any of the staff. My mind is a blank about Larchgrove except for the things I've mentioned. I was only there for about two weeks.

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

78. I think I went by car from Larchgrove to St Joseph's. When I got there I thought a lot of the boys looked like men. Some of them were fifteen or sixteen and had beards. Some of them looked like rugby players. The place was like a school yard and was like a big grey plaster covered tenement. There were outside toilets and a big field.
79. There were houses and I was put in MacDonald House. The dorm I was in was upstairs and there were about twelve of us in that house. Most of us got on alright. There were some of us the same age and some who were a bit older. MacDonald house was run by Mrs MacDonald. She was like a wee granny and was a lovely woman. She was strict but fair and a good cook and stayed in different quarters within the grounds.
80. We went to school in the main building and also saw the dentist in there. There was also a gymnasium and it was a lot different from St Ninian's. I don't know who ran St Joseph's but I think there were two Brothers there as well as lay teachers. Mr GZI was there though I never really considered him to be a teacher.
81. Mr HPS was a teacher who I think taught history. There was a lot of supervisory staff but I've blanked out a lot of my time there. I'm not saying the bullying was pandemic but it was painful when it did happen. I was in St Joseph's from 1971 to 1974. There were forty to fifty boys there aged from about ten or twelve to sixteen.

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

82. We got up at 7:30/8:00 am then would get washed, dressed, have breakfast then go to school after tidying up the house. At lunchtime we had lunch in the main building. Breakfast and the evening meal took place in the house. After lunch we would go out to play for a while then it was back to school.
83. After school we would have dinner then there would be activities like table-tennis, Ludo or snakes and ladders. There were books to read and the TV to watch. If the weather was alright you could go out in the big field to play on the swings.



84. On a Saturday there would be fewer staff as a lot of the boys went home for the weekend if they had been good. If you didn't get home you just sat about or staff would take you to places like Seton Sands and runs to Berwick and things like that. They also took us ice-skating at Meadowbank but that was a rare occasion.

*Washing*

85. I think there were showers and that we had privacy while showering. I don't think you could get a shower just any time you wanted one as the place was quite disciplined.

*Food*

86. The food was OK. Sometimes you would get something you didn't like, like processed peas, but in general the food was alright. If you didn't like something Mrs MacDonald was quite accommodating and she got to know what we did and didn't like.

*Bed wetting*

87. Again, bed wetting wasn't a problem for me but the boy I mentioned earlier from St Ninian's, [REDACTED], was also in St Joseph's along with his younger brother. [REDACTED] was a prolific bed wetter and you could actually hear him peeing the bed in the middle of the night.
88. In the morning he would be made to strip his bed himself and made to wash his sheets and pyjamas in the laundry. I don't think there was any physical punishment for him peeing the bed but I think there was a loss of privileges like not being allowed into the TV room at night. He also got slagged by the other boys and would be called "[REDACTED]" by them. That was horrible for him and was another form of bullying.
89. I think Mrs MacDonald checked that we were up in the morning and would check the beds to see if they were dry or it would be Mr GZI who did that. The only thing I recall that was done to help anyone who was a bed wetter was that they wouldn't get

anything to drink after 6:00 pm. I don't remember anybody getting woken up in the middle of the night to be taken to the toilet.

### *Leisure*

90. We used to just kick the ball about the field or play on the swings and there was a big slide, tyres to swing on and a wee assault course.

### *Trips*

91. The trips we went on were mainly at the weekend when we didn't get to go home. You would also get taken places on days during the Easter holidays. I certainly was never going to be home for those two weeks as my mum wouldn't have allowed it as she didn't have the space for me. During those two weeks those that didn't get home might be taken out on a run in the school bus or just sat around the place as there wouldn't be a lot of staff to look after us.
92. In the summer they would take us berry picking where we stayed in sheds with a big shit-pit in the middle of a field with buckets in the middle of it for doing the toilet in. We would be out berry picking from 8:30 am till 4:00 pm and we did that for two weeks after which we would get £1 each. There would be thirty or forty of us doing that in two or three billets being supervised by staff from the school.
93. Staff also took us to Stirling Castle and Bannockburn.

### *Schooling*

94. One or two of the teachers would come in and give out papers then disappear for about an hour to have a fag, a coffee or talk to their mates. The pieces of paper would have things like the time's table on them. You didn't get any qualifications from that school that you could take away with you.

95. I never heard of anybody from St Joseph's saying they were going to college when they left or anything like that. Because I had missed so much schooling in my life my reading and writing at the time was poor but they did nothing to try and improve it.
96. There was no education in St Joseph's. It was just a place for the government to put you, lock the door and pretend you didn't exist because they had enough troubles in the world. Nowadays you might have a liaison officer in the school but we had nothing like that.
97. Sometimes if you didn't go into the school they didn't even report that you hadn't gone in because they just didn't care. If you were seen to be a swot one of the other boys would slap the back of your head or hit you with a book and you had to go with the flow. You never got any homework and if you had tried to do some in the house at night the bullies would have given you pelters.
98. It was just books they gave you to read and there was no construct to the education. If you had to go to the dentist you could be away for two hours and when you came back they would have finished what they were doing. There was no re-cap for what you had missed.
99. I loved wildlife and that was my focus, one of the things that helped me when I was at St Joseph's and I still love it to this day. There was no encouragement for that sort of thing. Even when they took us to places like Bannockburn they wouldn't explain the history of why we were there. Same with the Trossachs when we went there, there was no explanation as to how it was formed or what animals we could see. Such trips were just an excuse to get us out in the van for a while. I felt teaching staff weren't interested and were simply turning up for their wages.

### *Clothing*

100. If you got home at the weekend you had to come back looking suave. Sometimes I would do that only after going down to What Every Woman Wants and stealing a pair of trousers because my parents would never spend the money on me. If you didn't come back looking smart you were considered a tramp.
101. I remember one boy, [REDACTED], coming back and he was wearing his sister's blouse and he got pelters for it. It was all peer pressure. The school did give you a uniform but at nights and at the weekend you put on your own clothes so you had to have something nice to wear. I looked like a tramp half the time.
102. The uniform we did get from the school was just trousers, a jumper and a shirt and everybody during the week would be wearing virtually the same thing.

### *Running away*

103. I ran away once and I'm not so sure you would actually call it running away as nobody noticed. I got as far as the coal bing which was near Tranent and just went back. I was away for three or four hours but had no money and was knackered so I just went back. There was no punishment as nobody knew I was missing. I just knew that if I got caught, which I knew I would have, that I wouldn't have got to go home for two or three weeks. I had run away because I was getting bullied.

### *Health care*

104. There was a dentist who was brutal. He would give you an injection to freeze your mouth but never waited for it to kick in. It was horrendous. I don't remember his name but he had the room that was fitted out with a dentist's chair but he came in from outside for appointments.
105. If anybody broke a leg or something they were taken to a nearby hospital. There were lots of cuts and bruises and Mrs MacDonald dealt with them for those in our house.

### *Religion*

106. There was a bit of religion in St Joseph's and I remember I was an altar boy twice though I only did it so I could taste the altar wine. All the other boys were doing it but I didn't like it. I think we went to mass on a Sunday if we hadn't gone home. I don't know if non-Catholics were forced to go to mass because you didn't have to go to mass if you didn't want to.

### *Chores*

107. Sometimes you had to clean the outside toilets, sweep the yard or the stairs and you would also take the laundry baskets to the other end with the dish cloths and the napkins, things like that. We also tidied and swept up within the house itself and do the dishes. As far as I remember Mrs MacDonald did all the cooking.

### *Christmas/Birthdays*

108. There was a Christmas dinner and crackers would be put out. It was alright but nothing special. It wasn't religious or anything like that. I probably remember it more with sadness because I wasn't with my family. I think I was home once for Christmas which I spent at my sister's house. For the others I probably didn't get home because I was getting punished for something or other. The time at my sister's was nice but she was poor though she kept her house spotless. Birthdays were never celebrated.

### *Visitors*

109. Nobody ever came to visit me. My sister [REDACTED] sent me a few letters and I did write back. The letters were opened when I received them so staff, I don't know who, probably read them first. There would normally be a wee postal order with the letters. If I sent a letter I wasn't allowed to seal the envelope so obviously they were checking what I had written. I would never write anything by way of a complaint about the place. I would have loved to but knew that if I did then that would have been another weekend I didn't get home.

### *Review of detention*

110. At no time did a social worker or anybody else ever sit down with me to discuss my progress in St Joseph's or what my future would be. There were never any reports, never any praise for any good work I had done.

### *Discipline*

111. One form of discipline was that you weren't allowed home on weekend leave. You would also get the belt from different teachers. It wasn't any specific teacher who gave you the belt, just whoever was dealing with you at the time. You would also get the "Hair-Dryer" treatment when they would be screaming in your face. I didn't get the belt a lot myself but it was dished out on a daily basis. I tried to stay away from trouble. The belt would be given for things like fighting, smoking, stealing or vandalism.

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

112. I remember once one of the boys was having a smoke and handed it to me telling me to take a wee puff. I did but there was a screw nearby who saw me and said "You're not going home this weekend. You're not allowed to smoke and you know that". I told him that my sister was getting married that Saturday and he just said "Tough". I didn't get to go to my sister's wedding just because I had had one puff of a cigarette.
113. Much of the abuse was the intimidation I received because of my size and age. I was still a wee puny boy. There were quite a lot of fights and I tried to stand up for myself but, although I was a wee bit older, I still got a lot of doings.
114. There were these twins called, I think, [REDACTED] who were about twelve years old. One was a bully and the other was quiet. One day I was playing a game called kickies with another boy when one of the twins grabbed the ball. I thought it was the quiet twin but it wasn't and I told him to give me the ball back or I would hit him. He said "No" and hit me first. I got him down and was punching into him when his twin came into it and kicked me in the mouth knocking out my two front teeth.

115. After that they never bullied me again and any of those that they themselves had bullied also left me alone. They clearly felt that because I had battered the [REDACTED] bully it had made me stronger just because I had stood up for myself. That helped me a wee bit.
116. The Brothers and teachers were abusive in as much as they spoke to you as if you were a piece of shit, keeping you down where they wanted you to be kept. There was no sexual abuse at all but they would hand out the odd slap to the back of your head here and there though never punches. I did see some of the older boys getting in to scraps with the teachers and that was frightening to watch.
117. There were cliques amongst the boys as they split into groups of whereabouts they came from, especially those from areas in Glasgow. You had boys from The Calton who were the San-Toy; boys from Springburn who were the Peg; boys from Garngad who were The Shamrock; and those from Maryhill.
118. But you also had a lot of boys from Edinburgh, Livingston and other areas so there was quite a mixture. There were lots of fights but I learned to avoid certain areas and stayed away from them as I was never a fighter.
119. Like St Ninian's there was no structure for me in St Joseph's. I received no guidance. It was just get in and get on with it. I'm not necessarily blaming that on the school because my mum and dad must share some of the blame. Every one of my family were put into some sort of convalescence home at one point or another.
120. I don't know why I was put into an approved school at seven years of age and that hurts me. Then almost immediately I was put in to another place until I was fourteen and that's what hurts me the most. I'm a placid guy and never fought with anybody in my life. If a fight came I would do my best to deal with it and would probably come out second best most of the time but I was never one for going out in gangs or hanging about in a gang. I would rather have sat in with my girlfriend.

121. I cannot think of a memory I have of St Joseph's that I would consider a good one. Any time I went back there on the bus I would be dreading it and I would dread getting up every day but you just got on with it and that was how you survived. You were on edge every single day. There wasn't a single day went by when you didn't receive a remark or a punch.
122. You were a punch-bag every day of your life because you were wee. It was probably done by some wee snotty bullies who grew up still being wee snotty bullies. Every day you were watching your back and were scared to go round a corner or into the toilets. You would stop outside first to see who was about, then run in, do a pee and run out again. You never wanted to be caught in there by two or three of them because they would pish on you, slap you, punch you or steal your snake-belt off you. That was every day of my life in St Joseph's.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

123. I did report things to the Brothers, especially about my schooling at St Joseph's but nothing ever changed. You would never have mentioned the bullying as that would just have led to more bullying. You just tried to fight back as best you could but, in general, I didn't. I think I also spoke to Mr <sup>HPS</sup> [REDACTED].

### **Leaving St Joseph's Tranent**

124. When I did leave it was a weekend when I thought I was meant to be going home just for a weekend leave. They told me to pack a bag and told me I was going home for good. I was all excited and got to Buchanan Street Bus Station and then walked from there to the family home in [REDACTED] Townhead, about ten minutes away.
125. When I got home I saw that all windows were smashed and the house was derelict. I started greeting and didn't know where to go or what to do. You didn't have mobile phones in those days and I didn't know where my mum and dad were.



126. I decided to walk up to my sister's in Possil and when I got there I found my mum and dad and moved in with her. It was just "Oh, you're home". I asked them why they hadn't told me where they had moved to but they just said that they hadn't been able to phone me and didn't know that I was getting out.
127. Nobody from St Joseph's had told anybody I was getting to go home and nobody had checked that everything would be OK at home. Mind you, if they had, they probably wouldn't have let me go home. I just had bad parents but the funny thing is that they never abused any of us except maybe with a slap for carrying on.
128. After I left St Joseph's I stayed with my sister for a couple of months. It was chaotic with so many people living there including my mum and dad. My brother [REDACTED] was married by then to [REDACTED] and stayed about a mile away. [REDACTED] was like a mum to me, I just adored her, looked up to her and admired her so much.
129. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had a beautiful one bedroom house in Springburn, not far from Possil. I used to visit them all the time. One day I came home to my sister's and my three sisters were slagging [REDACTED]. She made a lot of clothes for herself and gave many to my sisters. I asked them why they were slagging [REDACTED] why they were so jealous of her so I got chucked out of the house and told not to come back.
130. I went to [REDACTED]'s and burst out crying. He was asking me what was wrong and at first I wouldn't tell him but eventually told him what our sisters had been saying about [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] then took me back down to my sister's house and he started shouting at my dad asking him why he was allowing our sisters to talk in such a way about [REDACTED]. Dad said his hands were tied as he was only staying there. All Hell then broke loose with everybody shouting and screaming and my dad punched me.
131. Me and [REDACTED] left and went back to his house. A few minutes later my brother-in-law [REDACTED] came in from his work then seven or eight showed up at [REDACTED]'s screaming and shouting and bricking the windows. The crowd included my sister [REDACTED], her husband [REDACTED] and my dad and a few of [REDACTED]'s cousins. They brought all the clothes that [REDACTED] had given them that they then tore up and threw on the ground.

132. We all got taken to Maryhill Police Office, including me, and we were kept in overnight. Everything was sorted out in the court but my mum and dad had contacted the children's panel because I was now staying with [REDACTED] and had nowhere else to go.
133. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] took me to the panel. My mum and dad were also there and told the panel that I should be put back into an approved school. That was when I realised that it was my mum and dad who had always been putting me into approved schools.
134. The panel members spoke to [REDACTED] and he said that I was his wee brother and had done nothing wrong and that they wanted me to stay with them and they would make sure I went to school. The panel agreed to that and I went to stay with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].
135. They had a recess in the kitchen where I slept and I was going to St Roch's Secondary School. I went to school for three or four months but [REDACTED] was now pregnant and I thought they're not that long married and I'm invading their space. I wasn't earning any money and they were looking after me. They weren't getting any child benefit for me as my mum and dad were still claiming it. So I left.
136. I told [REDACTED] I was going to stay with a mate and get a job. However, I stayed in an old empty house then was sleeping in railway carriages though I did get a job in a carpet shop at [REDACTED] cutting carpets. I worked there for a bit and slept rough for about seven months in railway carriages. I was fifteen years old.
137. The shop couldn't keep me on so I started going in to old houses and stealing the copper and sometimes I would shoplift to get a pair of trainers.

### **First Marriage**

138. I met [REDACTED] who became my girlfriend and she was two years older than me. I thought she was the best thing since sliced bread, somebody who cared for me and loved me. She fell pregnant and my daughter [REDACTED] was born in [REDACTED] 1976

when I was sixteen. [REDACTED] is now 45 with a beautiful wee daughter, [REDACTED] and is her daddy's girl.

139. [REDACTED] and I were staying with her sister in Easterhouse then got a house ourselves nearby. I then got charged with stealing scrap out of an old house so had to go to court for it. Because I had a couple of convictions, stealing to get food and money to buy clothes, they remanded me to Longriggend for two weeks.

### **Longriggend, Airdrie**

140. I had been in Longriggend for about a week when [REDACTED] sent me a "Dear John" letter. The screws came in with the letter to the cell I was sharing with another boy. The screw was holding the letter and said "Did you know your girlfriend was splitting up with you?" I said I did but I didn't. The Dear John letter said she had met somebody else and didn't want me to have any further contact with her.
141. As far as I was concerned that was me, I had lost my world, my wee daughter. I [REDACTED] and the other guy in the cell panicked and pressed the alarm. The screws came in and dragged me out. They took me into some other room and punched the absolute shit out of me.
142. The screws then [REDACTED] put me in a cell where they kneeled on top of me and gave me an injection and I didn't wake up for two days. My only other complaint about Longriggend was that they kept you completely locked up at the weekend. That's really all I have to say about it. I then went to court at the end of my remand and got a fine. I had no further problems with [REDACTED] thereafter.
143. In 1978 I had been stealing lead or shop-lifting and got arrested. I probably appeared at Glasgow District Court and was remanded to Barlinnie for two weeks before getting thirty days in Glenochil.

### **HMP Barlinnie, Glasgow**

144. The only thing about Barlinnie was that you were locked down for the weekend and there's really not much else to say about my time there.

### **HMP Glenochil, Alloa**

145. It was the usual in Glenochil, guys with their wee cliques all getting their wee digs in here and there. Most of it was quite good because it was the year of the 1978 World Cup in Argentina and Scotland were there. That was a focus for most people in there including the screws. I was there for thirty days. It wasn't the nicest of places but it was what it was.

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

146. That was me homeless again but eventually me and [REDACTED] worked things out, got married and we had another two daughters, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] is now 42 and has twins who are 19 and a daughter, [REDACTED], who is 21 and I also have two grandchildren to them. [REDACTED] is 40 and she has a set of twins who are 10.
147. When the girls were wee me and [REDACTED] split up again. She was very tumultuous, very moody, wouldn't get out of bed, didn't want to cook or do anything. Eventually she told me to leave again.
148. I was working at the fruit market at the time and was staying with my sister. [REDACTED] came up to the door and told me she wanted me to take the weans. She said she couldn't cope and didn't want them. She told me that if I didn't take them then she would put them into care. I told her that if I took the girls she wouldn't get them back as I wouldn't let her do that to them. She said she didn't want them.
149. I was left with three children. I went to the homeless unit and the social work and I got put into homeless accommodation in [REDACTED] and put the girls into a school in

Sighthill and to a nursery. I got them all wee matching cardigans and all the other stuff they needed. [REDACTED] was in the nursery and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were at St Stephen's. I then got a house in Springburn and put my heart and soul into it. It was lovely. I was 21 or 22 at this point.

150. However, there was one Sunday night, which was the night I did the ironing of the girl's clothes including the pleated skirts which I remember having to use a damp cloth on in case I burnt them. I would also iron their blouses, their cardigans and their wee kimonos. I always had a load to do. There was a knock on the door one Sunday night and when I answered it there was a policeman and two social workers. They said they had a complaint that I wasn't looking after the girls properly and could they come in. I started to panic but told them that of course they could come in and have a look.
151. They went into the kitchen and it was spotless. They went into the wean's bedroom and they were all sleeping in their pink "my little pony" covers with all their toys lined up. They checked the cupboards for food then looked in the living room then my room. They then said "We're very sorry [REDACTED] <sup>GKY</sup> [REDACTED]. We will never come to your house again".
152. Somebody, and I think it was [REDACTED], was trying to get the girls taken away from me. To this day I make sure the house is always tidy before I leave it. It's something I've always done and maybe it's a throwback to my time in approved school.
153. While we were in that house things settled down and the girls went to school. Then [REDACTED] phoned my neighbour because I didn't have a phone. [REDACTED] asked if she could come and get the girls that Friday. I said yes and suggested we meet on Springburn Road. So I got the girls all ready that Friday and we all stood waiting on their mum for about two hours. She failed to appear. I had to take the girls home crying trying to console them.
154. That was when I decided I was going to go to court and get a divorce and get legal custody of the girls. [REDACTED] found out about that so a couple of times she would take [REDACTED] out and promise her the world.

155. In court in Edinburgh [REDACTED] and I got a divorce but the Judge took [REDACTED] into chambers and spoke to her before coming back into court and giving his decision. [REDACTED] was there with her sister who was drunk. The Judge decided to give me full custody of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] but gave [REDACTED] custody of [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] turned to her sister and said "Come on. Let's celebrate".
156. I told the Judge I wanted the girls to be together and, though it broke my heart, would even prefer [REDACTED] to take all three of them rather than split them up. So [REDACTED] took [REDACTED] and in the time she had her [REDACTED] went to fifteen different schools. She turned into a beautiful but demure wee lassie. She trained as a florist but came back to stay with me when she was eighteen.
157. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] said they wanted to go back to their mum. By this time I had met [REDACTED]. I think [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were eight and ten and [REDACTED] said I couldn't stop them going back to their mum and they would just end up hating me. It broke my heart but I told them they could come back any time they wanted. [REDACTED] stayed with her mum for a couple of years and then came back to stay with me and [REDACTED] followed her shortly thereafter. That was then me with the three girls back with me.
158. Every day in life I speak to one of my kids and always tell them that I love them. One time they asked me why I do that and I told them it's a mind-set I have because it was never said to me as a child. I want them to know they are loved. I was always determined that no child of mine was going into care. By telling them I love them it means that if something ever happens to me the last thing any of them would have heard from me was that I loved them and that means something to me.

#### *Employment History*

159. I was a driving instructor for eight years. I then moved to Inverness and worked as a [REDACTED] in B&Q. I had a removal company and had the contract for [REDACTED] and did that for seven years. I had three vans on the road and an industrial unit with staff working for me.

160. I bought the lease for a shop up near [REDACTED] in Inverness. When I took it over it had a turnover of £6,000 per week and when I sold it it was doing £19,000 per week which is almost £1,000,000 a year. I got the Post Office put in, the Lottery and had a bank-teller inside.
161. I also had two ice-cream vans with my wife [REDACTED] and I having one each. I also drove taxis in between doing the other things and have been doing that for twenty years. I have worked hard all my life.
162. When I came up to Inverness we came up from Sighthill in Glasgow after an incident there. At first we were renting but then I got a council house which I then bought. I then bought another house which was a bit of a dump but I did it up, stayed in it for eighteen months then sold it on. I then did the same ten times with different houses and I then had a home with no mortgage.
163. That was done over a period of thirty years. I wasn't a trained builder but I read a lot of books and by trial and error including a few electric shocks here and there and a few leaks coming through the ceiling, I taught myself how to do all the building work.

### **Second Marriage**

164. I had divorced [REDACTED] at 22 and worked in [REDACTED] school for the disabled but it had a centre for children of single parents of which I was one. Through putting my daughter [REDACTED] into the nursery I got to know the teachers and they got me to put in for the job of running the centre for single parents which I did for 2 ½ years.
165. It was funded by the Government and I had seven or eight staff. When kids came out of school my staff would go and get them and bring them back to the centre where we would give them activities to do until their parents came to collect them at about 6:00 pm. We even did a pantomime at Christmas and the staff were wonderful. However we lost the funding and that's when I became a driving Instructor.

166. I worked my butt off 24/7. I had met [REDACTED] through the children's centre and we ended up getting married. She had two daughters of her own and we then had a daughter between us.
167. So we moved to Inverness and [REDACTED] was a worker all her life too. When I had split up with [REDACTED] and thought we were finished I was going out with another girl and she had a baby. This was before I had met [REDACTED]. About twelve years ago my daughter from that short relationship, [REDACTED], phoned one of my daughters and asked her to ask me if she could contact me. I said "Of course she can".
168. I had never really seen [REDACTED] as she grew up because it didn't work out with me and her mum who met somebody else and said that the other man she had met would be [REDACTED]'s dad. When I spoke to [REDACTED] I burst out crying saying how sorry I was. She said it hadn't been my fault and it was just the way things worked out. She said that that was life and she had no issues about it.
169. [REDACTED] asked if she could come to Inverness. She then did and brought my wee granddaughter with her, [REDACTED] who was seven and we built up a relationship. My granddaughter is twenty and fluent in French and Spanish. She is at university and training to be a head-teacher. She has been offered work as a doctor, a lawyer and by the Home Office but wants to be a head-teacher. She is such a clever, sweet, lovely lassie and has been a big part of my own life. Her and her mum get on great with my other daughters and grandchildren.

### **Impact**

170. One of the impacts alone is that I turned my phone off before giving my statement today, I never turn my phone off and keep it on 24/7 in case my weans need me. If my phone goes off any time after 10 or 11 pm I'm panicking thinking that something has happened to one of the kids. Right away I'm on edge. I'm constantly on edge about my kids.



171. I have this forbearing that something is going to happen to one of the kids and I don't know what I would do or how I would live without them. I am just anxious about the kids all the time. They are in their 40's now, well the youngest is [REDACTED], but even she is 32. I have fourteen grandkids and two great grandkids and I just adore the ground that every single one of them walks on. They are just amazing but I worry about them and am anxious about them all the time.
172. I would like to have been a different person. I wouldn't have had kids out of marriage. I would have liked to have been a normal person and got an apprenticeship, have a bit of a life, meet somebody, have 2.4 children or whatever. But my life has been a haze. There was no wee haven I could go to and say "this is mine". I had to work bloody hard to get what I had and sometimes I don't know how I did it.
173. I think my drive was my kids and I had to make sure I could get them to look up to me. Every one of my kids has a bought home, they all drive and their homes are lovely. They have all worked hard and are good lassies. The funny thing is that in all those years I never once saw any of them pull one another's hair. They would be screaming at each other occasionally "She's got my knickers. She's got my ribbons. She's got my trousers" or whatever but there was never violence between them.
174. I have a good relationship with my brothers. I don't have mates. I did have mates but when I got to know them I realised they were not the sort of people I wanted to be friends with. I would never have taken any mates back to my house when my children were there. I could never have done that. My brothers are my mates.
175. I also get on fantastic with my sisters. Despite our chaotic childhood my brothers and sisters and I get on great together, even my eldest sister [REDACTED] who had trouble with [REDACTED] all those years ago though she has never been quite right since a couple of accidents she had as a child and being put in that nunnery.
176. Any time there is a problem between my brothers and sisters it's me they come to. No matter what it is they always come to me. Maybe it's because I don't scream and shout

and tend to have a calming effect and can usually talk to each person. It's nice that they can talk to me in that way.

177. I think I have impacted on my kids and they don't know about my childhood other than it was hard. I have had emotional moments and sometimes just lock myself up in the house. Sometimes I just want to get away but I can't. If I do go away I get anxious because I'm worrying about the children. I'm not as over-protective of the girls now as they all have good solid men in their lives.
178. I never had a stable home life and that was something I wanted for my own kids. I didn't want them staying in the type of hovels that I grew up in. All I wanted was stability for my kids which was why, when [REDACTED] took [REDACTED] away and she ended up in so many different schools, I was so anxious. I have actually been very fortunate in how all my daughters turned out and how well they have all done.
179. I had dreams and aspirations when I was a wee boy and wanted to be a fireman or whatever but because of what I went through I didn't get the education or the chance to do something important with my life. It would have been nice to have been able to have a choice but I just had to toddle through life and take whatever hit me.
180. The biggest thing that has upset me has been why I was in these places. Why did they not do anything constructive with me? The routine, the education, it was all useless. You were just surviving every day dodging and ducking and diving so as you didn't get a doing or bullied or abused. There was no construct to my life, nothing I could focus on.
181. There was no preparation for leaving but I don't know what my parents were thinking and they never asked me how I was getting on. There was no guidance and nothing solid to look forward to. There wasn't even the 6 x table or the 10 x table, you just got hit with random things and some of the things I didn't even understand. I would just be sitting at the table not understanding what was going on.

182. I don't know how I got to where I am as I've been quite successful in what I've done in my life but it would have been nice to have had a nice career, nice not to have had to do as much as I did. Everything I did was a risk but I made it work. I was very fortunate in that I made it work.
183. I don't think I aspired to much with the education I had but I think I could have aspired to more with a better education and done a lot better than I have done. I've got to where I am through hard work but also having to take it step by step.
184. I didn't have an identity and feel I didn't get a choice to be what I wanted to be. I had no identity and no chance to build a personal identity. That was never there and was taken away from me being in approved schools. I felt worthless for a lot of years.

### **Treatment/support**

185. Rhianna, a clinical psychologist I have been seeing, says I have complex PTSD. I started laughing when she said that but she said it was true. She has done an assessment on me and that is her prognosis. She wants me to do 20 to 40 sessions with her. All I'm looking for is to be able to go to sleep at night, to train myself so that when these flash-backs come I can put them back in the cupboard again. I don't know how to do that yet.
186. I don't sleep at night because of everything, thinking about my childhood and worrying about my children and I end up drinking too much. That's been a problem for a good few years though never if I have to drive the next day.
187. I was never sure where to lay the blame for what I was going through and it was only Rhianna who made me realise it. Because I didn't have an upbringing where kids were loved all I have done is focused on my kids, that's all that matters to me. I'm not interested in anything outside of that.
188. I'm scared to go on holiday in case anything happens and my kids know they can phone me about anything, their private moments, if they're upset with their husbands,

they just know I'm there for them. I always try to be fair and don't take sides. I try to be a medium between them and I never blame the other person. I've actually sat with them and mediated till they sorted things out. I just hate it when there is any animosity between them and I get anxious.

189. It was Rhianna who taught me that I had to take a step back from worrying about the children. When she told me that I said "I've known you for six hours and you have seen something in my life I haven't noticed in fifty years". I was always hyper-vigilant with the girls which was why I would never bring any mates back to the house when the girls were there.
190. I was dealing with Future Pathways who said they were going to send me to ANCHOR which I thought sounded great. However, I spoke to Helen Holland of INCAS who said I shouldn't go to ANCHOR because the problems I had were too deep for a psychiatrist to deal with and, if I went there, it would go to my doctor and if anything happened to me my kids could ask to see my records. I wouldn't trust my doctor to keep my life private. Future Pathways got me in touch with Rhianna.

### *Flashbacks*

191. I tend to get nightmares about my time in approved schools but sometimes I can just be sitting watching TV when something comes up and I'm like "whoa, where did that come from?" It is so vivid, so real, and I can get quite anxious about it. I could be up all night thinking about it, not knowing where it came from but I know it's not a dream, it did happen. It's like somebody walked across your grave. It's not specific things that starts it off, it's random.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

192. I spoke to somebody, I don't know who, in the late 90's. Somebody sent me a letter telling me to go to Aberdeen. I got the train from Inverness to what looked like a Mayor's building and got the lift to the first floor. Somebody then introduced me by name to two men and two women on what reminded me of a children's panel.

193. They asked me my name then got me to confirm that I had been in St Ninian's and how long I had been there. They then asked the same about St Joseph's. Then they asked how I was now and if I was married and working. I confirmed both. They then asked if I was OK and when I said yes they said "OK. Cheerio".
194. When I walked out I was quite upset and angry at myself for not telling them more but I had assumed they were going to ask me a lot more questions. I was under a complete misconception as to what it was going to be about. I think they were just ticking boxes. I don't know who those people were representing but, if I was to guess, I would say social work. There was never any follow up to that.
195. I have never reported anything that happened to me in the approved schools to the police and that was mainly because somebody, I don't remember who, said it would be a waste of time as they were all dead. I have never received nor sought compensation. I have only ever wanted answers.

### **Records**

196. I have phoned Birth link, the Child Abuse Inquiry and the redress people who a lawyer that I use said would try and get my records for me. I also phoned the Mitchell Library and they said they had records for people from birth but said they were closed at the time because of Covid.
197. The library staff said that if I gave them sufficient details they would get the stuff ready for me and I could make an appointment to go in and check them. I told them I wanted to see my records from 1965 – 1975 which I thought would have covered all the years I wanted to know about.
198. I was asked what it was regarding and told them I just wanted to get a wee bit of history and that I had been in a couple of places that I didn't like. I said I wanted to see when I went in and when I came out and any reports that were available. I had to get my

sister-in-law to send the information they required in an e-mail. After that it was silence and I heard nothing from them until my brother phoned to find out what was happening and he was told they had no records on me.

199. Getting my records is something I have always wanted. I want to get the records to see why I was in these places, what happened to me? Did I have a proper education? Why was I kept in the first place for three years. I was only seven. Had I murdered somebody?
200. I didn't and still don't understand why my parents didn't take me back out. Did they not want me back out? All of my family have been put into care but me and [REDACTED] were the only ones who were sent to approved schools. Were we that bad?
201. My lawyer says he still has people working on finding my records 24/7 but he has about 70 similar clients to work on.

#### **Lessons to be Learned**

202. If people are going to be put into institutions, which does happen because some people are bad, others have mental problems, some poor souls are orphans, then they have to be given a structure. Give them a goal to aim for. Give them guidance to the day when they can say "I'm ready to take on the World. I can do this". Don't just throw them out in to the World and say "Cheerio".
203. I didn't know where I was going when I left St Joseph's. The house I thought I was going to was more or less demolished. I had no future, didn't know how well I had done at school. I had nothing. I just ambled through life on a wing and a prayer. People have to be ready to leave such places and be prepared to face the World. I think in my case they had had their fill of me and, after three years, just wanted rid of me.
204. There is no back-up when you get out, no social work input. After all of my family having been in these places I don't understand how my parents got away with it. They were never charged and we were never monitored. The only time I saw somebody

official was when we got marched to school to get painted because we had scabies or to get the lice out of our hair or got weighed.

205. People that are put in those places need the support when they get out and shouldn't be put back to the environment they had originally been taken from.

### **Hopes for The Inquiry**

206. One of the biggest things I hope the Inquiry can achieve is to help me get my records. I really want to see them because I want to know. I think I have the answer and that it was my mum and dad who put me in those places but I don't understand why I was there for so long. Murderers can get out after about fifteen years but I've been living a life sentence.
207. It is good for people to get an apology but they need help to getting in to a proper mind-set. Another thing I would like to see is praise and compassion for people in such places. Throughout my life my esteem was so low because not once did I ever receive praise for anything I did. You never got a cuddle, you never got a "well done". You were never shown care or love. These places were described as us being "in care". Care never came into it and was a word that was completely redundant when I was in these places.


### **Other information**

208. In all that I've said to the Inquiry it will be noted that there is little mention of social workers. I have no recollection of them being involved in our family life and it's possible we simply fell through the net and were under the radar because my parents moved addresses so often.
209. My theory is that in the last 30-40 years, the government in their wisdom decided to put children with behavioural problems and delinquency into care homes and List D schools. It seems like no follow up reports were carried out in the progress of these children. If there were reports gathered and stored for future analysis, it seems like

they've all been deleted. Why would the government do this unless they didn't want them to be made public?

210. We know that the De la Salle brothers deleted all their records, but can someone please explain to the world why and how every other facilities that I've mentioned in this statement have also got no records of children's history? My theory is that if this information had been readily available, people like me would not be suffering to the degree that I have suffered. But then again what do I know? I'm just a wee guy from Glasgow who doesn't exist.

211. 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.....  .....

Dated..... *24-3-22* .....