

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

LUQ [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is LUQ [REDACTED] My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1964.  
My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. [REDACTED] was my dad. I think he was born in about [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] 1928. He was a long distance truck driver. At times he would be away for five or six days a week because of his work. I'd only really see him at the weekends. My mother's name was [REDACTED]. She was younger than my dad. I'd say she was born in about [REDACTED] 1935. She had previously been married to a man whose surname was [REDACTED]. She left him because he was battering her. Although they spent forty odd years together my mum and my dad never got married. My mother was alone with my siblings and me a lot because my dad was away with work.
3. I was born in Edinburgh. The family home at that time was a tenement flat on [REDACTED] in Leith. It was all slums in Leith back then. I have an older half-sister called [REDACTED] nee [REDACTED]. She is about seven years older than me. I have an older brother called [REDACTED]. He is about a year and two months older than me. I have a younger brother called [REDACTED]. We all took my mother's first husband's surname because she never got married to my dad.

4. My childhood before going to school was happy. I remember going out to play and things like that. I would spend a lot of time with my dad during my school holidays. I did that more after I was expelled from school. I'd go away with him in his truck all day long. That's what I wanted to do more than anything when I was younger and when I ultimately was placed in care.
5. The first school I went to was Fort Primary School on North Fort Street in Leith. I ended up getting kicked out of there because of my brother. We kept playing truant. We would run about having a nice day rather than going to school. I remember the truant man trying to catch us. He wore a kilt. We knew when we were playing truant that he'd be out in his car trying to catch us. I remember our mother going mental at us for playing truant. I think at this time there was child welfare involvement with the family. I think that was all to do with us playing truant.
6. We ended up going to Bonnington Primary School on Bonnington Road in Bonnington after being expelled from Fort Primary School. I started there when I was about seven years old. By that time we stayed in a wee house on [REDACTED] [REDACTED] from the school. Not long after I started at the school I was attacked by two Alsatian dogs. That's really when things started to change for me. I was on my way home from school and took a detour. The street was right opposite Bonnington Primary School. I was cutting through a yard which I had crossed hundreds of times before. Unfortunately, I didn't know on this occasion that somebody had put dogs in their yard. The dogs had a go at me for about twenty minutes. I was bitten eighteen times and left fighting for my life. If I had laid down and taken it I wouldn't be alive today. The attack only came to an end because a guy looked over the wall and saw what the dogs were doing to me. The police came and got into the yard. They were also attacked by the dogs but managed to hand me over the yard's gate to some people. I was then taken to hospital. If I hadn't been rescued by the police the dogs would have eaten me alive.
7. My memory is there for all of it. I remember everything from entering the yard right through to my mother coming to see me at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. It was only then that I passed out. I broke my collar bone in two places because of all of

the bites. I had over three hundred stitches put in. They had to stitch half of my ear back on. I stopped breathing on two occasions because I had lost so much blood. I was in hospital in total for about a week. By that time my collarbone had healed itself. I was then taken home. About two weeks later I had all my stitches removed at Leith Hospital. Two weeks after having my stitches removed I was standing back in the playground at Bonnington Primary.

8. I could look across the road and see the place where I was attacked by the dogs. I felt numb seeing that. Looking across the road I felt a feeling of "What the fuck just happened?" I had nightmares and would wet the bed. That all went on for a while after the attack. I couldn't stand people touching me. That's what led to me ultimately being expelled from Bonnington Primary. The other children started bullying me and calling me names like "Frankenstein." I remember telling my mother about it and she said "Don't worry about it son, Frankenstein's got a bolt not a scar." When one of the bullies called me Frankenstein the following day I said that to him and it resulted in a fight. I just went berserk. It was as if I was fighting for my life again. The bully ended up in hospital. After the fight I was expelled and had to start at a new school called Dr Bells on Great Junction Street in Leith. I later got kicked out of there too. I was only there for about two weeks.
9. From the day of the fight onwards there was a change in my behaviour. I attacked anyone who grabbed or touched me. I would fight back. I knew inside myself that folk would have to do worse than what the dogs did to me to get to me. Around this time my mother took me up to the Royal Edinburgh Hospital. I saw an older female doctor called Dr Wolfe on a couple of occasions. She sat in front of me and asked me loads of questions. That was about all that happened. I didn't go back after those two appointments.
10. I remember that I had an Alsatian dog in the family home which I had quite a bond with around this time. After the attack the dog disappeared. He was taken out of the home before I returned from hospital. I eventually found my dog in a scrapyard and tried to bring him back to our home on [REDACTED]. Sadly, my parents wouldn't let me keep him. Looking back, my parents must have linked my dog with

what happened with the other dogs and removed him so I wouldn't be affected. I knew that dog wouldn't touch me so I wanted him back. However, my mother didn't want what happened to me potentially happening again.

11. After the attack by the dogs my brother and I started going mental when we were together. My parents were arguing a lot which could have been because of that. The thing that resulted in me being placed into care was my older brother and I running away. There was no plan, I would just tag along with him to places. We were always doing that. We would sometimes be brought back by the police. There was one time when we boarded a train at Waverly and went to Newcastle. My mother and my auntie had to come down in a car to collect us.
12. I don't remember social workers being involved immediately before I was placed into care but I have a feeling they were in my early years. I don't know who organised for me to be fostered. I wasn't told anything before I went. I was just put in a car on my own at my house and taken to the people who fostered me. The next thing I knew I was there. I don't know who it was in the car. Looking back, my mother was on her own a lot because my father was away working and I wonder whether that was part of her not being able to cope with my brother and me. I wonder whether her issues with drink were half the problem and that played a part in me being taken away.

**Foster care placement with unnamed couple attached to The Salvation Army, Gilmerton, Edinburgh**

13. I roughly spent about two weeks with a family in 1972. I was about eight years old when I went there. I don't know whether it was a foster care placement but it was like that. I don't know who arranged it. I don't remember their names but it was a couple who owned the house. I can't remember how I referred to them or can describe them. I know the couple had something to do with The Salvation Army because I remember them being in their uniforms. They had a son who could have been about twelve or thirteen. I don't remember his name. Their house was in

Gilmerton. It was a two or three bedroom council house that sat above [REDACTED] but wasn't on the road itself. I slept in a wee box room in the house.

14. I didn't go to a school whilst I was there. I didn't have any contact with anyone in my family or anyone else. I don't think there was a religious element to being with the family. I think I wet the bed whilst I was there. I think they were alright in terms of the way that they dealt with that. I was given a bath nearly every night. I was allowed privacy. Things like that were all ok. The food was probably alright. It was probably just me being difficult when I refused to eat it. I was being awkward because it was a lot of stuff that my mother didn't cook. I was never hungry.
15. I wasn't allowed to do anything but sit around watching TV or be in bed during my time there. I remember that I was told not to touch any of the toy cars in the house. I was always being told that I couldn't touch this or that. I was confined to the house and nobody explained to me why I was there or how long I was going to be there. The couple were really strict. I didn't like the two of them. It was mostly the mother who was strict with me. I wouldn't say that she shouted at me but she was strict. I was treated completely differently to their son. I was always getting told to sit down. Every second of the day it was all "do this" and "do that." If I didn't like something to eat I would have to stay seated until I ate it. The son would be allowed to run about doing whatever he wanted. Looking back, I don't know why the mother was like that with me. It could be because I wasn't the happy bouncy child that she expected.

#### **Leaving foster care placement**

16. I hardly spoke to the family because I didn't want to speak to them. The hostility just built up. It became a battle of wills. As soon as I realised that I didn't like the couple who were fostering me I decided that I wasn't going to stay with them. I was homesick, I was still screwed up from the dogs and I wanted out of there. The last thing I remember was thinking that I had had enough of the way I was treated. Everybody was sitting at the table together. The mother put something down in front of me that I didn't want to eat. When everybody else finished they got up and I was

told to stay at the table. I remember the mother saying "You bloody well will eat it" to me from the doorway to the living room. I then grabbed the plate, and anything else I could get my hands on in the kitchen, and threw it at them. The couple and their son then retreated before I ran out the back door. I lost the plot and took the first chance I could to get out of there.

### **Brief period at home / going to Redhall**

17. I knew the way to get home so I tried to get there. I knew where Princess Street was and how to get to Leith from there so that's the direction I headed. Two policemen then caught me at the top of The Bridges. They spotted me walking then took me to a police box on The High Street. I was then picked up in a car and taken home to [REDACTED]
18. I was only home briefly before I was taken to Redhall. It was no more than a few days. Whoever was organising where I was to stay had obviously decided that I wouldn't be fostered again. I presume it was the social work department who did it. I was taken in a car. Nobody told me where I was going or why. I don't know who it was in the car but my mother was there.

### **Redhall House Children's Home, Morningside, Edinburgh**

19. I went to Redhall when I was eight in 1972. I was in Redhall quite a while. I think I was there between a few months and about a year and a half. I left for Craigerne on [REDACTED] 1974. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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

I was living a life of trepidation

not knowing where I was going to be thrown next. All of that had an effect on me and the way I behaved.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later



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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

### **Leaving Redhall**

58. I went straight to Craigerne from Redhall. I didn't go home between the two places. I have no understanding of why I was moved. I was there one day and then the next I'm in a car. My mother was in the car with me alongside someone I took to be a social worker. It was the same sort of thing as when I went to Redhall. I didn't have a clue where I was going. The only thing I remember thinking was that it was far away.

### **Craigerne, Barnardo's School, Edderstone Road, Peebles, Scottish Borders**

59. I was ten years old when I went to Craigerne. I arrived on [REDACTED] 1974. I know that because I remember travelling to Peebles [REDACTED]. I left Craigerne when I was about twelve and a half. That would have been in about 1976. Craigerne was run by Barnardo's. It is the only place I went that I liked. I loved it there. I experienced freedom and realised from day one that it was a place that was different to anywhere I had been before.

### *Layout of Craigerne*

60. Craigerne was in the countryside near Peebles. It was on a hill and within its own grounds. There were massive fields surrounding the buildings. It was a beautiful place with views everywhere. You could see Peebles Hydro from the home. There was a car park and an assault course for the children within the grounds

61. There was a main building which must have been the original house. That was called The Reception. As you went into The Reception there was a big hallway. On the wall were tonnes of picture frames. Every boy who went to Craigerne got their picture on the wall. Nobody lived on the ground floor. On that floor was Peter Norris's office, other offices and a kitchen at the back. There were a couple of big classrooms, an assembly room and a toilet that had been built onto the side of The Reception in the late fifties. It was a single story extension to the main property. All the dorms for the older boys were upstairs in The Reception. There were staff quarters upstairs but no staff members lived there permanently. The quarters were used for those staff members who were on shift at night time. Although they didn't sleep there, the younger boys did have access to The Reception. Boys could move between the buildings as they liked. I remember we were in the assembly hall pretty much every day playing.
62. Near The Reception was a smaller newer building that must have been built in the seventies. It seemed quite modern to me. I stayed in the newer smaller building with all of the younger guys. It had two floors. On the ground floor there was a television room, recreation room, kitchen, dining room and toilet. The dorms and bathroom were all upstairs. No staff lived in the building but there were staff quarters for those who were on shift overnight. Those quarters were next to the dorms. You gained access to them through the office the staff had on that floor.

*Staff structure / Staff*

63. There was a headmaster but I don't know who the deputies were. There were two or three staff in the building I stayed in but I wouldn't say any of them were in charge. They all did the same job which was watching us. There were teachers who came in but I didn't have much to do with them. There were two regular teachers, one in each classroom, and one that would cover from time to time. There were staff members who used to come in and only stay there for only a couple of months. I don't know whether they were being trained or something else was going on.

64. I only remember three staff members by name. Peter Norris was in charge of the place. He has only recently died. He was brilliant and everybody loved him to bits. He acted like a big father figure to everybody. He was always really chilled and never shouted at anybody.
65. HJJ [REDACTED] was a [REDACTED] who worked there. His residence was in the main building above the kitchen. HJH [REDACTED] was a staff member who worked in the building I was in.

### *The children at Craigerne*

66. In total there were about fifty boys across both buildings in Craigerne. There were probably about twelve in the building I was in. They ranged in age from ten up to about fourteen or fifteen. The older boys stayed in The Reception. They would have been the boys who were about fourteen or fifteen.
67. I only knew the background of one boy. He was there because his mother had a similar background to my mother with the drink. Beyond that all the other boys were "just there." I didn't discover why they were there. I never really asked and nobody spoke about it. Of the boys that were there I only remember two. [REDACTED] was from Galashields. [REDACTED] was from either Castlemilk or the Gorbals in Glasgow.

### **Routine at Craigerne**

#### *First day*

68. When we arrived my mum, the social worker and I went inside The Reception. We all sat together with Peter Norris in his office. After everybody left I was shown around and taken to the smaller building where I would be staying. I was shown where my bed was.

### *Daily routine*

You would get up, get dressed, have your breakfast then go to the assembly hall. Peter Norris would then speak to us all and tell us all what was going on. After that we would all break up. Some boys would go to the classrooms and others would go elsewhere. What you did during the day changed every day. Staff would take the children out walking in the hills or into Peebles. I usually would run around with [REDACTED] on my own. A lot of the children would go home at weekends. I initially stayed in Craigerne but over time would visit my parents and some carers called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]

### *Sleeping arrangements*

69. The older boys and younger boys slept in different buildings. There was a staff member who stayed in each of the buildings overnight. We all slept in dorms.

### *School*

70. The only part of Craigerne I didn't like was going to the classrooms. They tried to make me attend classes but that didn't last long. I maybe only attended classes half a dozen times. I didn't learn anything. All I remember is being given lines to do as a punishment. From the word go I didn't get on well with the regular teacher. He was different from the rest of the staff there. He was one of the few staff members who spoke to me like the people at Redhall. He would say things like "You will sit on your bloody arse" and so on. There was another teacher who would take the regular teacher's place when he was off. She was ok and nice. Looking back, my education was pretty sporadic at Craigerne. The other children got a more regular education than me. They were always in the classes learning things whilst I did other things.

*Leisure time*

71. I liked how you were always encouraged to do something. We all had hobbies. I used to go out on bike runs in the countryside. There were always staff around when we did activities or went out.

*Religious instruction*

72. Religion wasn't part of Craigerne. I didn't have to participate with anything like that.

*Leave home / time spent with the [REDACTED]*

73. I had the chance to go home to see my parents. That didn't happen all that often. It was always my auntie who brought me back to Craigerne when I came back. I don't think the staff at Craigerne and social workers viewed that as a good place for me to go because of my mother's drinking. Those trips home ultimately came to an end.
74. When I was ten and a half a couple called [REDACTED] came to Craigerne to present a slide show. They had just climbed Everest and were talking about the expedition. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I'd never seen anything like the images they were showing. I had a million questions for them. I remember [REDACTED] mentioned that they had a donkey and a horse at their home and I asked Peter Norris whether I could go and see them. That's how I got the opportunity to go and stay with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] at their home in [REDACTED] just along from Penicuik.
75. I ended up spending my weekends at their home. That went on right the way through my time in Craigerne and a little bit during my time at Howdenhall. I loved spending my weekends with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I ended up having my own pony. It was a totally different life to what I had been used to. They were good people. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] are probably the first people who left me thinking that not everybody in life was bad. They left an impression on me. Through all the rotten

bastards that followed I knew that there were good people out there because of the way [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were.

#### *Birthdays / Christmas*

76. Peter Norris knew everybody's birthday. Everybody got a cake on their birthday. Christmas was good. Peter Norris pushed the boat out for that. He did that with every celebration whether it be fireworks night or anything else. I remember that at Christmas he would dress up as Santa Claus. He already had a big beard so he would cover it in talcum powder.

#### *Visits / Inspections*

77. My mother, auntie and cousins would come to visit on parents' days, sports days and summer days. They would all come up together in a big car. I would spend the day with them and go down to Peebles. I didn't see any social workers whilst I was there. The last I saw of a social worker was when they dropped me off at Craigerne on my first day. I don't remember any inspectors coming in or inspections taking place.

#### *Healthcare*

78. I still had night terrors and bad dreams. My disrupted sleeping was still going on. The staff must have been aware of that but no one talked to me about it. I don't remember there being any mental health support or psychological assistance whilst I was there. The incident with the dogs was never really spoken about at all. I didn't realise that I was dealing with anything at that time but looking back I probably was. I couldn't see the debris that I was having to deal with. I was just dealing with each day as it came.

### *Running away*

79. I first ran away around the time they tried to make me go to classes. I didn't like the teacher and the first chance I got I was right out of one of the big windows. I'd already planned what I was going to do before going into the class. That's why I had sat at the back of the class right next to the window. I disappeared and returned about tea time. I just wanted to get away from this teacher. When I came back the staff asked me why I had run away. They never shouted at me. I told them that I didn't like the teacher and that was it. They then asked me whether I wanted to go back and I said I didn't.
80. I ran away three other times with my mate [REDACTED]. The times I ran away I wanted to get home. It wasn't just absconding from the place. I wanted to get back home to see my father. The fourth time I ran away was when I ultimately left Craigerne. On that occasion I ran away with a boy called [REDACTED].

### *Bed-wetting*

81. I wasn't wetting the bed as much as I was at Redhall but it did happen off and on.

### **Abuse at Craigerne**

82. I didn't experience any abuse during my time at Craigerne. What made Craigerne especially good for me was the way the staff were with the children. Up until that time my way of coping had been to completely shut down with those who were supposed to be looking after me. I'd withdraw and ignore staff members. It was a totally different environment in Craigerne. Half the staff seemed to be hippie throwbacks to the sixties. They had long hair and wore tie dyed t-shirts, skirts and things like that. None of them dragged me about or anything. They would sit and talk to me. They were a lot more patient than the staff I had experienced before. None of them would growl at you and tell you to sit in a chair all day like they would at Redhall. Instead they'd encourage you to go on a run, a bike ride or a hike.

They'd do that or send you to your room to calm down whilst they tried to get to the bottom of things

### **Leaving Craigerne**

83. Towards the end of my time at Craigerne I was standing outside in the carpark waiting with my friend [REDACTED] for his mum and dad to arrive. When they arrived his dad got out and opened his car's back door. Suddenly an Alsatian dog jumped out and ran towards me. The dog ended up chasing me and ultimately grabbed my leg. [REDACTED]'s dad had to pull the dog off of me. I was left with a puncture mark in my ankle. I was terrified. After I was bitten I remember being inside and speaking to [REDACTED]. I remember that she said when she saw me that I looked "as white as a sheet." Sometime later my mum and dad came to Craigerne and met with Peter Norris. I wasn't at the meeting but I know that happened. I don't know what that was about. Looking back, I do wonder whether what happened with the dog had an impact on me and that is why I ended up doing what I did next.
84. I didn't hate the place until after the incident with the dog. It was only after then that I decided that I needed to be away. There was something within me that left me thinking that I just had to go. The final time I ran away I ran away with a boy called [REDACTED]. That was when I was about twelve and a half in 1976. We stole a car. I drove it to Glasgow to drop off [REDACTED] then drove back towards my family home in Leith. I was stopped by the police in Penicuik. The police took me to a police station in Peebles. Peter Norris came down to see me in the cells. When I saw him he told me that he was sorry but he couldn't take me back to Craigerne. I was apologising and begging him to take me back but he said couldn't. He said that he couldn't take me back because it was too much.
85. The next thing I knew I was being locked up in a remand home in Gilmerton. A social worker took me on my own to Howdenhall. I don't know who that was. It wasn't someone I was familiar with. It was just another car moving me from one place to another. I was initially in Howdenhall for a short period before they took me



to a children's panel hearing with a social worker. That was when the children's hearings began.

### **Howdenhall Centre, Liberton, Edinburgh**

86. I went to Howdenhall when I was about twelve and half. That would have been in about 1976. I was ultimately there for about two years until about 1978. During my time there I was the boy who stayed the longest out of everybody else. Edinburgh Council ran Howdenhall. It was a secure place. There were locks on all of the doors. When I first went there it was known as Howdenhall Remand Home. It changed its name when it was changed from a remand home to an assessment centre. That change happened anywhere between three and six months after I arrived.

#### *Layout of Howdenhall*

87. There was a big piece of grass at the front of the building and a drive that led up to the front door. It was a long building which was divided in four around a big yard in the middle. The yard was easily eighty yards square. It was quite a big place inside. As you went into the building by the main door there were the classrooms. The recreation room, dining hall, kitchens and gym were all also on the ground floor.
88. The bedrooms were to the front of the building upstairs. There were more dorms upstairs either side of the building. They came off two big corridors. There was a bathroom with a row of sinks and five or six showers upstairs. There was a kit room with benches where we got changed in and out of our clothes. Also upstairs was an office and a segregation cell where you could be sent as a punishment. The cell contained a wooden bench, a toilet and a window. The toilet was screened off with a small piece of wood and a piece of metal so there was a bit of privacy. I remember that staff could look out their office window straight into the cell's window across the corner of the building. I remember that the staff member on night duty would sit in that office at night time.

*Staff structure / Staff*

89. There was a headmaster and a deputy headmaster. Below them were the people who worked in the place. There were both male and female staff members. I only remember them as “staff members” and couldn’t say their roles beyond that. The staff didn’t live in the place. However, they did work overnight in the office upstairs when they were on shift. There were a lot of staff but there’s only a few that I actually remember.
90. There was a bit of a change in the staff when the place turned into an assessment centre. Some went and new ones came. The staff lightened up their attitude a bit when the change happened. There was none of the “you face the wall,” “no talking” and lining us up nonsense. We weren’t there any longer to be seen and not heard. There was a bit more freedom in the routine and surrounding speaking to the other children who were there. It was a bit of a culture shift.
91. Mr <sup>MTQ</sup> [REDACTED] was the person who was <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] when I first went to Howdenhall. [REDACTED] change was made to turn Howdenhall into an assessment centre.
92. Mr McKiernan was <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] when I arrived [REDACTED] <sup>MTQ</sup> [REDACTED] left. That happened when the place was turned into an assessment centre. He was a wee Irish man. He was ok.
93. <sup>EWA</sup> [REDACTED] was a staff member who was there. He was bald and about five foot six or seven inches. He was a wee bit overweight. He looked a bit like Telly Savales. I remember he thought Kojak was great and started wearing a wee gold watch like him. <sup>EWA</sup> [REDACTED].
94. I only spoke to a few other members of staff. All the staff members I chose to speak to were alright and were ok with me. Those staff members include Mr <sup>LAM</sup> [REDACTED] and Mr Lane. Mr Lane has passed away now. Frank was another staff member I remember. I don’t remember what his surname was. He worked there with his wife.

*The children at Howdenhall*

95. There were boys and girls there but they were kept separate. The only areas we mixed with the girls were in the classrooms. We saw them in the dining hall but they sat on a different side to us. There were children as young as ten and a half there when I was there. The older children were between fourteen and sixteen.
96. The boys were divided up between the Juniors and Seniors. I was in the Juniors throughout most of my time in Howdenhall. Towards the end I was moved into a dorm in the Senior section. The Juniors would have been up to fourteen and Seniors would have been over that age. There was no difference between the Junior side and the Senior side beyond the age of the boys who were on each side. The routines were the same. The only difference I would say is that the older boys had been involved in a lot more crime. I discovered that after moving to that side. They'd been burgling houses, stealing cars and all sorts of other things. That was the group that I was put in with. It opened my eyes a bit to what was going on out there.
97. I remember that when I arrived I was taller than any of the Seniors there. At times I felt like the 'Jolly Green Giant' with all these nippers around me. The Juniors and Seniors were kept separate but on occasion I was allowed to go down and see the Seniors to have a cigarette. I think the staff let me do that to keep the peace.
98. I didn't really make any friends during my time in there. There wasn't much of a chance during the period it was a remand home because we weren't allowed to talk. Anyone who came in after the change to an assessment centre would have to be out after two weeks. Sometimes it could be for only a couple of days. They would get assessed, go home or be sent to another home. They weren't there for months and months like I was. There must have been hundreds of children who went through the place during my time there. It was pointless me trying to make friends with those who came in because the next minute they would be gone. That's just what

happened for two years. I was basically on my own. The only people I constantly saw were the staff.

## **Routine at Howdenhall**

### *First day*

99. I arrived at Howdenhall between 7:00 pm and 7:30 pm. When I went in I discovered that everywhere had locked doors. The atmosphere was different. I could tell from the way people were talking that I was going into a stricter environment. I was taken up the stairs where I changed into their clothes and mine were put away. I was then taken for some dinner in the dining hall before going into the recreation room. I remember discovering nobody was allowed to talk in there.

### *Daily routine*

100. We got up about 7:30 am. The staff would come around switching all the lights on and opening all of the doors. We would then get washed, changed and go to where the corridors met on the first floor. Whole corridors of Juniors and Seniors would line up and go down two by two. We were all counted into the dining hall for breakfast. After breakfast we had classes or we would be scrubbing the floors. After that we had lunch followed by more classes or chores. Then it was tea time. In the evenings we had recreation time. At night we got changed in a kit room area before going up to our dorms. We'd take our clothes up, fold them on a bench, put on our pyjamas, brush our teeth and then that was us. The kit room's door was locked when we were finished with it. After going into our dorms the doors were locked. I'd say we were up the stairs and in our beds by 8:30 pm. Sometimes it would be broad daylight.

### *Sleeping arrangements*

101. It was all dorms. When I first arrived the Juniors were down one corridor and the girls were down another on the first floor. The Seniors were elsewhere. That changed after they built a new area for the girls. After that the Juniors were down both corridors on the first floor. There were about three or four children per dorm. All that was in the dorms were four beds. There wasn't anything else. There weren't lockers because we got changed in a kit room area separate from the dorm. We all had tartan blankets.
102. There were windows along the wall in the corridors that allowed staff to observe children when they were in their dorms. The night man would come across every half hour and have a wee look. There was a wee red light bulb above the door inside the dorms so that he could see in. If you wanted the toilet during the night you would have to push a buzzer that was in each dorm. The wee red light would come on outside the door. You could hear the buzzers going off from the dorms right throughout the night.

### *Washing / bathing*

103. There was always a staff member floating around when we were getting washed or changed. There were no doors on the showers so if you were showering you could be seen by the staff member supervising.

### *Mealtimes / food*

104. We filed in separately but the Juniors, Seniors and girls all ate together in the dining hall. We were kept kind of separate though. There were four to a table. You could basically sit where you wanted. The food was generally not too bad. Breakfast varied. It was cereal, porridge or toast with tea or coffee in the mornings. There was no choice at mealtimes. We all basically got the same thing. It was whatever was on the menu. If you didn't like something you just didn't eat it.

### *Chores*

105. We all did chores. Everybody did cleaning of some sort. That might have been sweeping, wiping or whatever. It was part of living there but I would do more as a punishment. We all made our own beds. They had to be made each morning and neatly tucked in. It was hospital corners and all that type of thing. A staff member would come round and make sure that all the beds were done right. They'd shout at you if you didn't do it properly and make you do it again.
106. I remember being on my hands and knees and scrubbing the marble floors whilst I was there. There were yards and yards of corridors and that's what they had you doing. The staff made me do it because I was being a "wee bastard." I did that until I got fed up with it. I think that was one of the turning points that lead to me starting to attack the staff.

### *Clothing / uniform*

107. They provided the clothes. It was jeans, t-shirts, all different coloured tops and sweatshirts. We didn't all wear the same things.

### *Possessions / pocket money / smoking*

108. I didn't really have any possessions beyond a radio that my mother brought in for me. We were given pocket money. I can't remember how much we got. On Saturday mornings there was a tuck shop where we could buy things.
109. The Juniors weren't allowed to smoke but I did manage to buy tobacco from the tuck shop when I was there. I started smoking when I was ten years old in Craigerne. I kept that secret from the staff there. When I was in the Juniors the staff in Howdenhall would let me visit the Seniors and I would get cigarettes from them. The Seniors were old enough to buy cigarettes in the canteen at that time. I think the staff let me visit the Seniors and smoke just to keep the peace and to appease me.

### *School*

110. They had classes Monday to Friday. You would be in a certain classroom each day in the mornings and afternoons being taught different things. Lessons would last a couple of hours or something like that. I remember being taught English and Art. We were taught a few things. I would sit, draw cars and doodle. At the end we would have to hand in our work to the teacher and I would hand my doodles in.
111. I'd just spent two years running wild in the countryside and now I was stuck locked in wee rooms. I was sitting there in my own world wanting out of there. I just wasn't "in the zone" in my head at that time. All I did was look out the window and think that I wanted to be outside. I had to get out and I was sitting there planning. I wasn't staying. Looking back, schooling for me at that time was totally irrelevant to me. It didn't matter what the teacher was going on about or what they wanted me to do.

### *Leisure time*

112. During recreation time you could watch television and play pool in the television room or read magazines, papers and do jigsaws in the recreation room. You would either do that or go to the gym. Initially, when you were in the television room you were in there to watch television. You weren't allowed to talk. That all loosened up after the place became an assessment centre. We exercised in the big yard in the middle of the building. That was the only time other than leave when you got outside.

### *Religious instruction*

113. There was nothing religious went on there. That wasn't part of my life there.

### *Trips / holidays*

114. The staff would occasionally take half a dozen children out for a walk around the Braids if there was nice weather during the weekends. Sometimes we went to South

Queensferry and other places. They had a bus that they used so they could do that. We'd just wander about then come back again. The staff might buy you an ice cream if you were good.

115. We were sometimes taken to an outdoor pursuits centre in Loch Doune in Ayrshire. They didn't mind sending me there for weekends. They knew that if they didn't I would kick a window out and run away. We went there quite often. When I started going there it was at least once a month. The man and wife who ran the place would pick me up in a transit minibus. We would pick up supplies on the way. There were no staff involved. There was a cottage where we stayed. We did abseiling, canoeing and that sort of thing. I could take a rod, go fishing and bring what I caught back. The guy who ran the place would cook the fish I brought back. I remember there was no electricity so we had to watch a battery television. I enjoyed visiting the outdoor pursuits centre. It was far better than being locked up so I took every chance I could to get up there for a few days. They were good times because I was away from Howdenhall.

*Leave home*

116. I got home but each time I ran away. Half the time my dad was away with work. My mum was there doing her thing. I think that was stopped because I would always run away from home after being returned there.
117. I was allowed to visit [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] for a period during home leaves when I was at Howdenhall. That went on for about a year. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] called an end to the visits because they thought it was for the best considering I was going to get moved. I do remember [REDACTED] telling that to me. That was quite difficult for me.



*Birthdays / Christmas*

118. They didn't do anything for birthdays. We had chicken and roast tatties with crackers on Christmas day and had a wee party. There was a disco in the dining hall at night. I don't remember receiving any presents. It didn't really feel special.

*Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention*

119. If you had a visitor the staff would come and shout on you. Visiting time was at 7:00 pm or 8:00 pm on Saturdays and Sundays. It was held in the dining hall and lasted a couple of hours. My father never visited me during my time in care. I had no contact with my brothers or sister. I did miss my older brother when I was there. My mum came to visit me. She came fairly regularly and would stay for about half an hour or so.
120. Looking back, I do wonder whether half the time when she didn't visit was because staff at Howdenhall had called her and said it wasn't a good idea for her to visit for whatever reason. I think that was why she didn't come as often as she could have. It wouldn't surprise me because I threatened on multiple occasions to report staff for doing what they were doing to me. They knew that I was "fire" and what they were up to was never going to be kept quiet for too long if I had contact with people outside.
121. I was visited by a social worker called [REDACTED]. He was SNR [REDACTED] at Springwell House in Edinburgh. He stayed in a big white house directly opposite [REDACTED]. He and his wife looked after about ten children in their house. I don't know whether the children were fostered but there were a lot of them there. I had zero relationship with [REDACTED]. My relationship with him just wasn't a good one. He only visited if he was taking me to a panel hearing or I was getting taken to see another place.
122. I never saw inspections or anything like that. Nobody spoke to me in that way. The only thing that came close to that were social workers who were in Howdenhall on a

placement for two or three weeks. Looking back, even if there had been an inspector there I wouldn't have known them as being different to whatever other person who came in to work there. They were all the same to me.

123. I attended at least half a dozen children's hearings over the time I was at Howdenhall. They were held in a place on The Bridges in Edinburgh along from where The Odeon used to be. There was a wee building in a lane at the back there. [REDACTED] took me to all those hearings. My mother attended those meetings too. We'd all go in and have a chit chat with the panel. I would tell them that I wanted to go to an outside school, sit in a classroom and learn something. I said that several times to the panel over the years I was at Howdenhall. I would then be sent outside of the room before going back in. The panel always decided it was better I stayed where I was rather than going back to school. They would say that we would discuss it again in another six or eight weeks. That's just the way it went. I kept asking them and they refused because they thought they knew better. All I wanted to do was go to a school and they instead thought it was better to punt me around Howdenhall, John Bosco's, Howdenhall again then Geilsland.

#### *Healthcare*

124. There was a matron you could go and see if you had scrapes, bruises, aches or pains. I saw her a couple of times. One time was when I had an ear infection and the other time was when I had a big lump on my knee. The lump on my knee was from all the kneeling I had to do when scrubbing the floors. I had to have the lump lanced.
125. I didn't really sustain any injuries from when the staff were physical with me that resulted in me needing to go to the matron. I had bruises but that was it. I knew that there was a line they couldn't cross and that was drawing blood. I was smart enough to know that they would get sacked if they did that. An outside dentist would come in if you needed dental care.

### *Running away*

126. I ran away from Howdenhall between five and seven times. I was always trying to get back to my family. By that time my parents had moved to ██████████ in Gorgie. I was always brought back. The first time I ran away I kicked out the window in the recreation room. It was a large Georgian window with frosted glass. I picked my moment, booted it and the whole thing fell to pieces. It just folded when I kicked it in. I then ran away via the cemetery across the road. I went to stay with a mate before seeing my mother the following day. She phoned the police as per usual so I ran away. I stayed with my mate for a couple of further days before I was caught.
127. I remember that after the first time I ran away I was returned later on that night after bedtime. I remember standing outside of Mr ██████████'s office full of trepidation after returning. My brain was all over the place. I then went into his office. Inside the room was Mr ██████████ and another member of staff. Mr ██████████ reached into his desk and brought out a three tonged brown belt. It was about a couple of inches wide and a foot long. When he brought that out I just thought "nah." It was the first place I'd been to, outside of school, where there was a belt used. I wasn't going to let him use that. I knew I could fend for myself because I was that big.
128. Mr ██████████ and the staff member tried to get me over the desk to give me the belt but I wasn't having any of it. I went ballistic and started throwing things around the office. I ripped one of the legs off of a table and smashed everything up. There was no getting near me. Mr ██████████ and the staff member then retreated. I warned them both that if they put a hand on me I would kill them. The long and short of it was that it took them about three weeks to get Mr ██████████'s office back into shape after I took to it. No staff member ever tried to give me the belt again. I don't know whether all discipline was recorded. However, I do know that when Mr ██████████ tried to issue the belt that time he recorded it in a punishment book in his office. That was the same in all those places so I am sure he had one too.

129. After the incident in the office I was put into the segregation cell upstairs. I was placed there for two or three days whilst they decided what they were going to do with me. Secondary Institutions - to be published later My impression was that the way I responded to the staff was a new one on them. Nobody spoke back to staff and fought back. When I was taken out of the cell and returned back with everyone else they placed me in shorts to let every staff member know I was a runner. That didn't bother me because I ran away a week later with the shorts on. I did the bedroom window in and wore bedsheets like a poncho. On another occasion I kicked out the window in the segregation cell and ran away.
130. Eventually Mr McKiernan gave me a key to Howdenhall. They'd had enough with me kicking out windows. He said that if I wanted to go for a walk I just needed to ask a staff member and they would let me out. He said that I could come back when I was ready. That's what basically happened from then on. I remember that I left the place so regularly that I used to walk Mr MTQ's cat on a lead and go for his pink newspaper from the shop at weekends. I would even use the key to let in visitors at the weekends. Allowing me to do that stopped me running away and causing havoc.

### *Bed-wetting*

131. I was still bed-wetting. In the mornings I would have to take my wet bed sheets through to the shower, chuck them in one and I had a shower in another. I'd then have to wring out the sheets and take them to the laundry down the stairs. I was then handed clean sheets to make my bed. The staff ended up getting me up a couple of times throughout the night to take me to the toilet because of the bed-wetting. That stopped me wetting the bed but it didn't solve the problem. It still happened from time to time. It also interrupted my sleep.
132. All the other boys knew that I wet the bed and I used to get the micky taken out of me. A few of them tried to do that but I soon put a stop to that. Looking back, the staff were ok about it all. They were quite civil to me about it. They knew that it wasn't my fault.

## **Abuse at Howdenhall**

133. I don't remember the names of nearly all the staff who worked in Howdenhall during my time there. It didn't take me long to realise that they mostly weren't very nice people. To begin with it all surrounded talking. You weren't allowed to talk in there. If you were found to be talking when you were moving around or lined up you were made to face the wall. You heard the words "discipline" and "insolence" an awful lot. I saw staff members dragging other children about and shouting at them. They would smack children over the back of their heads or give them a kick up their arses. That was the day to day behaviour of the staff there. Looking back, they weren't very good at their jobs. That wasn't the way to deal with wee guys who were screwed up in their heads.
134. I was the tallest out of any of the boys there. I was well over six foot when I arrived. By the time I left I was the height I was to be for the rest of my life. I think that was part of how I felt I could be defiant to the staff. If staff got too physical or verbal with me I would attack them. I think I gave it a bit of time before I responded that way but I always did eventually. I think I was just waiting to see what the place was like and about before I did. I wanted to see how far the staff members would go. It wasn't always an immediate response. Sometimes I would pick my moment much later on. Sometimes I would retaliate out of the blue and out of nowhere. That's just the way I was.
135. On other occasions I was responding when colleagues of the staff member who was originally physical towards me were trying to back their colleague up. They just got exactly the same treatment. I couldn't stop. I couldn't cave into them after I started. That was my world back then. I had made my mind up not to let a single one of them away with it.
136. Me fighting back basically went on for about a year and a half before I ultimately left for good. It got to the point of being a stalemate with a lot of the staff when they tried to make me do things. That was just the way I responded when anyone tried to be

physical with me. It had been the same way ever since I had been attacked by the dogs. I couldn't stand anybody touching me or dragging me about. I just wanted people off me instantly. I'd made my mind up that anybody who put their hand on me would get it. That was all I could do to keep them away from me. Looking back at the way I was, I was brutal. However, I was on my own against all of them and was being constantly attacked by staff. I just wasn't going to put up with it. I shouldn't have had to have done what I did. I had no choice and it was all I could do.

*Unnamed staff member*

137. It all started on the first full day I was there. I was still trying to work out the place. I remember that I refused to call a staff member sir. I don't remember the staff member's name. The staff member told me that I had to call him sir and slammed me up against the wall. He told me "This is insolence" and again told me that I would call him sir. That was me again battenning down the hatches. I shut down. I didn't want to speak to them or have anything at all to do with them. I totally withdrew and stopped speaking to nearly all of the staff from that day onwards.

*Unnamed staff member*

138. I always responded to the way I was being treated, whatever it was, rather than me attacking them for no reason. It was things like being made to scrub the floors. Towards the end of my time at Howdenhall I decided that I had had enough of it. A staff member had been shouting at me to scrub the floors. I don't remember his name. The staff member was sitting on the chair with his paper and mug of coffee. I went to the tap, filled the bucket, threw down the brush and cloth on the floor then threw the bucket of hot water over the staff member. I then whacked him with the bucket. He jumped back after I did that as his colleague tried to calm me down. I then said to both of them that they would get the same treatment if they came near me.
139. On that occasion that was the end of it in terms of that confrontation. However, I was placed in the cell again. I remember that the staff member who took me up the

stairs punched and slapped me on the way as he took me up. I don't remember the staff member's name. In the end I stayed in the cell until about midday and until they decided what they wanted to do with me. When I was let out I assaulted the staff member who had punched me taking me up to the cell. I got him with a chair and told him I would get his two mates too. That was me in the cell again. I'd only been out of the cell for about an hour and a half.

140. I remember that the two mates who I threatened before going into the cell that second time disappeared. They left Howdenhall and didn't come back to work there again. It was a war but I preferred to get up and fight rather than sit down and put up with it. I couldn't have not reacted if I wanted to because of the rage that was within me. I was screwed up in the head. The whole thing with the dogs had never been taken care of.

*Unnamed social workers*

141. There were a lot of trainee social workers who came to work in the place on placement throughout the time I was there. They would come in for about four weeks at a time. I don't remember any of their names. Most of them were lucky if they spent a week with me because they would have to be moved on pretty soon after that. The trainee social workers were the worst amongst the lot of them for grabbing children, throwing them about and telling children to get into line. I remember them saying "Don't you dare speak to me like that" and being right in my face. Not all of them were like that but there were ones who were. I'd say half of them were like that. I remember one particular social worker who arrived saying that he knew all about me already and that I wouldn't do what I had been doing to him. I told him that I would and I did. It sometimes took a while for people to get the message to just stay away from me.

*Unnamed staff member*

142. There was an occasion when a staff member grabbed me in the corridor after coming out a classroom and dragged me into the toilets. He did that because I had

been lippy to him. I can't remember what the staff member's name was but he was a wee short vicious guy with a moustache. All I remember about him is that he would bang on about his son being in a [REDACTED] advert. He would make everybody shut up so that we could watch the advert on the telly when it came on. The staff member slammed me up against the wall by my throat, slapped me round my face and punched me in the guts. He told me not to ever speak to him the way I had again then threw me out the door into the corridor. Ten minutes after the staff member assaulted me I was outside smashing up his car in the car park. I totalled it with a metal bar. By the time I did what I did I still had the staff member's finger marks on my face.

EWA [REDACTED]

143. EWA [REDACTED] was a staff member I didn't get on with. He was a bully. I'd had dealings with him where he tried to be physical with me and I had fought back. I had got lippy in the television room and he shouted at me to get out and up to bed. He hit me in the back as I went up the stairs. That was the first time he put his hands on me. I turned on him and pushed him down the stairs. I kicked him in the stomach and threatened him. I then jumped on him. The staff had to drag me off him. He didn't like me and I didn't like him.
144. I never saw him being physical with any of the other boys. However, I think that was because he would have been wary to do anything in front of me. I remember that I felt I could talk to him how I wanted. He knew I wasn't intimidated by him.
145. One day I was about to get in the shower when I saw EWA [REDACTED] watching the boys showering. I had a gut feeling from the way he was looking at the boys that something wasn't right. I said to him something like "Hey you, what are you staring at that guy for? Are you a willy watcher?" He said something like "I am not bloody well doing that" and I said that I had seen him staring at the boys. He knew from then on that I knew what he was doing because I had caught him out. He was on his guard. I didn't see him doing anything like that again.



146. A few years down the line I was watching the evening news and it transpired that EWA was sexually abusing boys. They showed a picture of him and I knew straight away it was the same guy. The piece reported that he had been at court and been prosecuted. It was just the basics of what had happened. I can't remember the details. When I saw that I realised that my gut feeling about the man was right.

### **Reporting of abuse whilst at Howdenhall**

147. After totalling the staff member's car I was taken to speak to Mr McKiernan. I told him what the staff member had done and showed him the finger marks on my face and his nail marks on my throat. That night my mother was coming up to visit me. I said to Mr McKiernan that if he told my mother what I had done to the car then I would tell her what the staff member had done to me. When my mother came in nothing was said to her by any of the staff.
148. Visiting time only lasted a couple of hours and was held in the dining hall. When my mother sat down she pretty much immediately asked me what had happened to the car in the carpark. I then told her that I had done it. I'd never said to Mr McKiernan that I wouldn't tell my mother what happened. All I had said was that I didn't want him telling her. I couldn't believe it because just at the moment I told her the staff member who assaulted me walked into the dining hall and stood by the table where the visitor's book was kept. I told my mother that I had done it because the staff member by the table had slapped me in the face and punched me in the guts in the toilet. I pointed out the staff member to her. I then raised my voice and said something like "Just ask who else in here who has been whacked by him." That caused a bit of a commotion in the dining hall because some of the other boys said they had been whacked by the staff member too.
149. After telling my mother, she was on the war path and took it up with Mr McKiernan in his office. I don't know what exactly went on there or what was said. I was in the recreation room when she was speaking with him in his office. I think that the staff member's place was then untenable. He was away shortly after that. I don't know

exactly what went on but he left. The police were never involved after what happened to the staff member's car or what he did to me. I think they couldn't involve the police because that would have exposed what the staff member was doing. I remember that from that day on the staff were all different with me. Whenever they tried to do anything to me I would warn them that if they didn't leave me alone I would do something to them.

150. Looking back, there were three or four staff members who were nice or who I could talk to. I can absolutely guarantee that they were aware of what was going on because I would tell them. They knew what was going on. They would ask me why I wouldn't toe the line and do what the staff asked. I'd tell them exactly why I acted the way I did. I would tell them that I would stop if certain staff members would keep their hands to themselves, stay away from me and stop doing what they were doing. As soon as I talked of members of staff raising their hands to me they didn't want to talk to me. They won't have reported what I said to them. If they had then someone higher up would have spoken to me. That never happened when I was there.
151. Not once did Howdenhall involve the police after the assaults on me by staff or after the way I responded to staff members after they were physically and verbally abusive towards me. They knew that if they had done that then it would have opened up a whole can of worms. I did use the police as a threat to staff who were abusive though. I would tell them that if they did anything to me then I would go to a phone box and call the police.
152. I knew it wasn't right and that I was being assaulted. I knew that staff members could get charged and locked up. However, I soon realised that threatening to phone the police was the biggest threat you could use against staff members. It definitely helped keep staff members away from me. In the end I never did phone the police. I sussed that keeping the threat there was more powerful than actually following through on it. I knew that if I had reported them that after the dust settled something would inevitably come my way. It was better to use the threat to keep them at bay.

### Leaving Howdenhall the first time

153. Over the time I was at Howdenhall there were multiple attempts to try and move me on to other places. I was taken to two or three other places to see by [REDACTED]. All those places he planned to send me to. Howdenhall wanted me moved and he was trying to find somewhere to put me. I was taken to a place in Aberdeen and another place near Dundee. He later took me up to see Wellington Farm. I didn't end up staying in any of those places.
154. It was the same script every time. I was taken in, greeted and everyone was "nicey nicey." I'd then have a wee tour with a social worker before coming back and [REDACTED] asking me what I thought of the place in front of the staff there. I'd then say that I would burn the place down if they tried to make me stay there. I'd then be asked to step outside. I'd refuse to leave the office and say that if there was anything to say they needed to say it to my face. The staff member there would then say to [REDACTED] that they would phone him later. [REDACTED] would then take me back to Howdenhall and that would be the end of it.
155. I think I was sent to John Bosco's purely because Howdenhall wanted rid of me and by that time they were desperate. I was causing them too much trouble. [REDACTED] took me there in his car alongside my mother. There was no children's hearing before I was moved. It was all done with a cloak and dagger. The first I knew about the move was when I was in [REDACTED]'s Volvo estate. I think he knew that there were risks if he pre-warned me of things.
156. I don't know what communication [REDACTED] had with my mother about the move or where I was going. She must have known something though because she arrived with [REDACTED] at the assessment centre. I assume she must have known at the very least that I was getting shifted. Looking back at the occasions when I was moved and my mother was there, I think they thought if my mother was in the car then it would keep the peace. I think they thought that I wouldn't do anything if she was there.

## St John Bosco School, Aberdour, Fife

157. I was in John Bosco's for about three or four months in 1978. It could have been even less than that. I would have been about fourteen and a half years old. I went there right at the end of my time at Howdenhall. John Bosco's was a Catholic institution located near Aberdour in Fife. I was a Protestant albeit my family didn't really follow religion. It didn't play a part in the home. I think John Bosco's took me in as an experiment to see whether I could fit in.

### *Staff*

158. I don't remember the names of any of the civilian staff. There is only one I can describe. He was the only staff member who assaulted me. I have no idea what the staff member's name was but he was male, had dark greying hair and a seventies style moustache. He was shorter than me. I think he drove a dark blue Datsun of some kind. It was kind of a new car. I think he was a staff member rather than a teacher or a Brother or priest. He didn't have a dog collar on. He was averagely dressed in civvies with a key chain rather than wearing the black suit with collar. I think he wore a V-neck jumper with a shirt and a tie.
159. I can only remember two staff members by name from the religious side. Father LUF [REDACTED] was SNR [REDACTED] of the place. He was either a Brother or a priest. He was ok. You wouldn't think so given the size of him. Father [REDACTED] was an old priest. He went about in a wheelchair. Father LUF [REDACTED] and Father [REDACTED] were about the only ones there that I spoke to. I knew that they weren't any threat to me and I think that was why I communicated with them. I just ignored the rest of the staff from day one. I would blank them if they tried to speak to me.

## **Routine at St John Bosco**

160. When we arrived we all went into the main house. [REDACTED] my mother and me then had dinner with the priests there. Over that dinner I told the priests that I wasn't a Catholic, that my papers were wrong and that I was a Protestant. I knew then the difference between being a Protestant and a Catholic and that I would be about the only Protestant there if I went. I remember seeing that the priests weren't happy when I said that. The priests and [REDACTED] went away and had a meeting in an office. I sat with my mother in the dining hall. [REDACTED] must have been sweating because he just wanted rid of me.
161. When they came back the priests said that they agreed to take me on a trial. They didn't say it was an experiment but looking back it must have been. [REDACTED] and my mother then left. I was taken to get clothes and got their outfit on. I was then shown my dorm and where my bed was. After that it was time for tea time downstairs. After that it was recreation followed by bedtime.
162. Although the whole place had a routine surrounding religion I made sure that side of things had nothing to do with me. I was made to go to chapel on two or three occasions. I refused to go after that and told the staff that it was because I wasn't Catholic. I told them that they had their thing, I had mine and I wanted nothing to do with it. I told them to leave me alone and they did. I ended up sitting outside chapel with a member of staff when everybody else was in there. I remember that the member of staff would get on my case for not going in but I still refused.
163. By the time I was at John Bosco's I could read and write. My spelling and Maths wasn't too great but I could get by. I'd say it was pretty basic. They did try to put me into classes they held during the day up the stairs in the main building. That lasted about five minutes with me. I didn't want to learn Algebra or French. I had no interest in doing those things. I ended up mainly just going out for a wander during the day. I would only pitch up at the home during mealtimes.

164. I remember that I would sometimes walk round to the golf course, collect golf balls on the beach and sell them all back to the golfers. Every couple of days I would go and buy cigarettes with the money I got from collecting golf balls. You weren't allowed to smoke at John Bosco's but I just sat down wherever and did that. I'd stop, spark up and that was it. The staff would try and make me put my cigarette out but I would just respond with "make me." None of them wanted to come near me.
165. I didn't have any visitors during my time at the place. Neither [REDACTED] nor any other social worker visited me during my time at John Bosco's. I didn't attend any children's hearings. I ran away a couple of times. I got back to Edinburgh on each occasion. On the first occasion I knew that they would be watching the road bridge so I waited until it was the middle of the night and walked over the Forth Rail Bridge. It was really scary when a train went by. I slept in fields along the way. It took me three days to get to Edinburgh. The second time my brother picked me up in a stolen car and drove me back. The police caught me on both occasions and took me back. I was "a bad little shit" in their eyes so they didn't ask me anything about why I had run away. They just wanted to dump me off back at John Bosco's and that was it. That was the only involvement they had with me there.
166. The staff were more than happy to give me weekend leave at John Bosco's. I think they just wanted rid of me. I'd jump on a train and go back. My mother was a pure cow with the drink by that time. I remember occasions where she broke broom handles over my back and things like that. There was a lot of "failing to return" after those visits home. I wouldn't return when I should. I'd go away and stay with my mates instead. I remember that half the time Father LUF [REDACTED] would have to drive about Edinburgh looking for me at the end of my leave.

### **Abuse at St John Bosco**

167. I always thought it was better to be awake early before the staff came in all the places I was at. The first morning I was there I was up early before the cars arrived. When I heard them arrive I looked out the window. I knew then that it had to be

getting up time. Ten minutes later I heard staff coming around, turning on lights and shouting at everyone to get up.

168. When the staff member came into my dorm he turned on the lights and walked up to the end of the dorm. He then came back to me and said something. I said something back. The staff member then grabbed me and shoved me against where the windows were. I remember that there was a boy next to me who was making his bed when that happened. The next thing I knew the staff member slapped me right around my face. He left finger marks. He then told me to get my arse down the stairs to the dining hall after I had finished making my bed before leaving the dorm. Looking back, I do wonder whether he slapped me round the face because I was a Protestant. It did all seem out of the blue.
169. I turned to the boy next to me and asked whether the staff member did what he did to me to everybody. The boy said yes and told me that the staff member was "a pure bastard." I then looked out the window and saw that the car that the staff member arrived in was still parked outside. I went straight down the stairs, found a metal pole at the back of the building then totalled the staff member's car in the carpark. I remember that as I did that the staff member was standing in the doorway with all of his mates watching. Not one of them came near me. After totalling the car I said to the staff member and his mates that if any one of them put their hands on me again then I would do the lot of them. I was absolutely raging. Father LUF then came out and spoke to me before I walked back into the main house.
170. All the other boys had been at the window watching what I had been doing. When I walked into the dining hall there was not a peep out of anybody. I walked up, got my breakfast then sat down at a table. Even though you weren't supposed to speak I turned to one of the other boys and asked them what happened after breakfast. A staff member told me to shut up and I turned to him and asked him whether he was going to make me shut up. I told him that if I wanted to talk I would talk. I then asked the boy again what happened after breakfast. After the boy spoke I just rebelled. I got up, walked out then didn't come back until dinner time. I spent the day down at the beach in Aberdour.

171. My encounter with the staff member on the first day set the tone at the place. None of the staff members wanted to come near me after what I did on that first day. I'd made myself clear and not a single member of staff laid their hands on me. What I did was enough for them. I'd warned them all what I would do. I did see staff members being physical with other boys though. The staff that did that were the ones wearing civilian clothing. I couldn't name or describe any of them. It was all the usual sorts of stuff. It was slapping boys around the back of their heads, dragging them about and shouting and swearing at them. I never saw any of them going further and fully punching or slapping anybody.

### **Reporting of abuse whilst at St John Bosco**

172. After totalling the staff member's car Father <sup>LUF</sup> came out of the house and asked me what was going on. I pointed out to Father <sup>LUF</sup> the staff member who had assaulted me and told him that he had slapped me around my face. I said that I thought we should phone my mother. Father <sup>LUF</sup> said something like "come come <sup>LUQ</sup> we don't want to upset your mother." I then threw down the pole that was in my hand and said pointing at the staff member who assaulted me "I don't need this for that bastard" then walked straight through to the dining hall.

### **Leaving St John Bosco and going back to Howdenhall**

173. In 1978, when I was about fourteen and a half years old, Father <sup>LUF</sup> said that we were going for a run in his car. I remember that he had a red, mark two, four door Ford Escort. I jumped into the back and he jumped in the front. When I looked at the passenger seat I saw my bag with my property and papers in it. I instantly knew something was wrong and asked Father <sup>LUF</sup> where we were going. He told me to calm down. I then asked him whether he was taking me back to Howdenhall. He didn't say that he was and continued to say "Calm down." That was it for me. I went mental. All the doors were locked so I turned sideways as soon as we left the gates



at John Bosco's and trashed the car. I did that all the way to Howdenhall. The car was pretty much wrecked by the time we got there. I didn't touch Father LUF during the trip but I remember that he was freaking out. The journey hadn't gone the way that he thought it would go.

174. When we arrived at Howdenhall all these staff came out, grabbed hold of me, dragged me inside and put me into the cell. Father LUF must have let them know we were coming before he left. I spent the following two or three days in the cell. They weren't going to let me loose. I got no exercise, access outside or anything. They weren't going to take the chance. They did take me out to have showers and so on but other than that it was pretty much solitary confinement. I heard boys moving around but that was about it. I didn't see anyone else other than the staff who brought me my meals and took me for showers.
175. was nowhere to be seen when I arrived. I didn't see him until a few days later. That was the first time anyone had made any effort to speak to me about what was happening. He took me to a room downstairs to speak to me. He told me that I was going to Geilsland by the end of the week. I'd already heard of Geilsland from other people during my time in care. I told that if I got sent there I would come back to his house and burn it down. I wasn't going to do it but I made the threat. A few days later I was being taken away to Geilsland. I was taken to Geilsland in his Volvo estate with and my mother.

### **Geilsland Residential School, Beith, Ayrshire**

176. I went to Geilsland when I was about fourteen and a half in 1978. I was there until I was just sixteen on 1980. The Church of Scotland was the organisation that ran Geilsland. Everything was run as if it was the navy. The whole regime was like that whether it be what we wore, the way we marched, the way we were treated or the name of the buildings. I think that all came from the man who  
SNR EZD

*Layout of Geilsland*

177. Geilsland was set within its own grounds. It had four separate main buildings that were used for boys staying there. The main building was the original house. That was located in the middle of the place. The building was nicknamed "The Rook." The only extension to that building was a sixties or seventies white prefab recreation room to the right if you were facing the front of the building. Other than that it was all original inside. On the ground floor was a dining hall and a television room. EZD  
EZD That's where his office was located. Inside his office was a large wooden desk with two wing backed maroon leather chairs in front. He had a big fancy chair on his side of the desk. There were two doors in the office. One looked out onto the corridor and the other led to another office and the kitchen beyond. I stayed in The Rook, on and off, for the first few weeks I was at Geilsland.
178. There was a separate great big building that contained a gym. It was at least four badminton courts large. They put various shows and events on there at times for the local community. Those shows only lasted a while during my time at Geilsland. They ended after I first ran away.
179. Further along from The Rook was a single story prefab building called "Reception." Along from that was another single story prefab building called "The New Vic." That was where the classrooms were located. Opposite The New Vic was an up and down store which was covered in white harling. That was why it was called "The White House." When I moved to stay in The White House I stayed there for the rest of my time in Geilsland. The White House had a dorm with sixteen beds in it that were partitioned floor to ceiling from one another in groups of four. There were no fronts to the partitions so it did feel like one big dorm. Also inside The White House was Geilsland's only segregation cell. There were two or three civilian staff attached to that building.
180. There was a small chapel in the grounds which EZD had built. It wasn't a great big thing. It wouldn't fit the whole school. You could only fit one group inside it

at a time. There were some sheds where the workshops were located. Along from that was a tarmacked lane. That area was used for when we did our marching.

*Staff structure / staff*

181. There was one person in charge of the whole place. Below him there were two deputies. Both of them were ok. Below them were all the other staff members including the matron and the teachers and instructors who taught in each of the departments. There are very few staff members that I remember by name or can describe because I tried, when I could, not to speak or deal with them.
182. [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED]. He thought he was a navy man. He thought that even though he only did two years at a naval teaching college. He never put a foot on a boat in his whole time in the navy. Popeye was probably a better sailor than him.
183. [REDACTED] EZD [REDACTED]'s wife worked as [REDACTED] in Geilsland. She wasn't a [REDACTED] figure you could speak to. She was a cow and as bad as her husband. She wasn't shy about sending boys to her husband for the belt. She used him as a threat.

*The children at Geilsland*

184. There were probably about sixty or seventy boys all in in the place. They were sort of distributed between the houses. I think the White Horse might have had a few more boys staying in it. The age range was from about fourteen up until seventeen or eighteen. I remember [REDACTED] known as [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] being at Geilsland at the same time as me.

## Routine at Geilsland

### *First day / earliest memories*

185. I went into Geilsland with [REDACTED] and my mother. We met together with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in his big posh office and had a cup of tea. He was sitting behind his big leather bound desk. I remember that [REDACTED] was all "nicey nicey" in front of my mother and [REDACTED] I'd already heard from other people who had been to Geilsland what [REDACTED] was like so I found that unusual. I thought to myself "I've seen your type before." He then arranged for one of the boys to give me a tour. The tour was all the usual sort of thing. When I got back to the office from the tour my mother and [REDACTED] were gone. I thought I was going to have the opportunity to say goodbye to my mother but I didn't. I then met with [REDACTED] on my own in his office.
186. After meeting with [REDACTED] I went away and was issued with all of my kit. I remember that I had to sew all these daft wee labels with my initials on them into my clothes. It was in all the shirts and t-shirts and everything. When you first went to Geilsland you spent the first two weeks in the reception house which doubled up as [REDACTED]'s [REDACTED]. After those two weeks you were either allocated to that house, the New Vic or The White House. If you were unlucky you would be stuck in the same house with him.

### *Chores / work*

187. It was the same as Howdenhall when it came to chores. We had to make our beds into a bed block each morning and they were inspected afterwards. If it was not done properly you had to do it again. I was given a lot of crappy jobs to do as punishment. I would do things like raking the school driveway.
188. The town of Beith and [REDACTED] used the boys basically as scab labour. That happened all of the time throughout all of the departments. Whole squads of boys were sent out to paint houses, mend things and do other things in the village and

further afield. Most of it was around Beith. I remember doing that myself. I would be painting away in this big posh three or four bedroom bungalow with a brand new nice car in their drive thinking that it wasn't as if the owners were short of a bob or two.

189. We didn't receive a penny for doing those jobs. Looking back, I don't think EZD had us doing those things for nothing. He must have been on the take. Money must have changed hands somewhere. I can't imagine he organised all of that for nothing. I also think that it was all part of EZD trying to keep good relations with the people in Beith at that time.

190. Before you left Geilsland they took you out in groups of two or three to go around workplaces. You would see what the place was like and you would ask whether they had any jobs. If you didn't organise a job through that then Geilsland sorted you out for a job for when you left.

#### *Clothing / uniform*

191. What we wore was like a uniform. It was all navy gear. We wore shirts with razor creases in them, navy blue trousers, boots and white gaters the same as what you got in the navy. At night we wore a night shirt with a three buttoned grandad collar. You were issued with a suit, shirt and tie. They couldn't have found a worse quality suit if they tried. You would spend a lot of you spare time washing and ironing your kit. Every week you had to lay out all of your kit for an inspection. You were marked on how well it was kept.

#### *Possessions / pocket money*

192. I had nothing beyond a watch in terms of possessions. I briefly received pocket money during my time at Geilsland. You got that for working in your department. It wasn't a great deal of money. It was either £3 or £4 a week. That came to an end because I quickly got fined for all of the damage I was causing.

### *School*

193. There were various departments in the school where you could learn trades. Nobody asked me what I wanted to do. I was just allocated to various departments. I remember you could learn to be a plumber, painter and decorator, electrician, bricklayer, gardener, engineer, mechanic and so on. My name would be put on the calendar to attend all of these classes by the staff there. I lasted less than five minutes in nearly all of the classes I was made to attend in each of the departments. Sometimes I lasted an hour and other times I lasted three or four days. I went through all of the departments until I was moved to the engineering department. I was there for six months until I left Geilsland. I quite liked that because I got to do grinding and welding and so on. The instructor was a nice wee guy.
194. I basically caused mayhem and destruction in every department I went to. I remember I wrecked a photocopier and a cement mixer in two of the departments after staff tried to make me do things. Looking back, I rattled all of the people that were in charge of each of the departments and classes. I was too disruptive and they just didn't want me to return. The teachers would try to make me do things, tell me to shut up and I would rebel. All my experiences of attending classes ended up with me receiving six of the best with the belt from [REDACTED] EZD [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED]. After that I would end up sitting around somewhere until they decided what to do with me next.

### *Leisure time / activities*

195. You got leisure time after you had your tea. Inside the dining hall was a pool table, jigsaws, draughts and things like that. Over the other side of a foyer kind of thing was a television room. There was also a coffee table next to the staff office where you could pick up magazines. [REDACTED] EZD [REDACTED] s [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] ran a boating club where boys fixed up an old boat as a project. The only reason I joined the club was because I wanted a map to find out where I was. I managed to get a map with a coastline and a compass. That was enough for me.

196. We did marching at Geilsland. We had to march up to be counted three times a day every day up where the tarmacked area was near the sheds. That happened after breakfast, before and after dinner and after tea. Everybody would go up there and stand in our three groups. We would line up in our groups tallest down to shortest. They would then do a navy style "check off." It was basically a register to see if everybody was there. At weekends they held marching competitions between the three groups.
197. <sup>EZD</sup> used to set up a boxing ring within Geilsland. He used that as an excuse to pit boys against each other. On one occasion he put me up against a boy who was a lot bigger than me. I knew at the time that the boy had been picked on purpose by <sup>EZD</sup>. He was setting me up. As it turned out I managed to overcome the boy during the fight. I then turned to <sup>EZD</sup> and challenged him to get into the ring too. I did that to publicly humiliate him in front of the other boys who were there. <sup>EZD</sup> didn't respond and, instead, chose to run away.
198. There was an assault course at Geilsland which everyone was forced to go through at times. I remember that when I did it there was a tunnel that involved you going underground and underwater. You had to crawl down low and hold your breath to get to the other side.

*Religious instruction*

199. Although the place was owned by The Church of Scotland there wasn't really a religious element there. Initially we all walked in our suits carrying a wee book down to the church in Beith on Sundays. We looked like a load of demobs. I remember that <sup>EZD</sup> would give us all 50p each to put in the tin when it came around. After the service we would all have to march back up to the school.
200. The trips to Beith to attend church on Sundays stopped at the start of my time there. They didn't resume during my time there. We attended a chapel that <sup>EZD</sup> had built within the grounds instead. They had to hold three separate services because the chapel didn't fit all the boys in the school at once. Either <sup>EZD</sup>

or the minister from Beith would take the services. We'd sing a few songs and that was it really.

*Trips / holidays*

201. There were occasions where we were taken out to go places. I remember being taken out to go charity collecting in Paisley on two occasions. We sometimes would take the boat we did up out to Largs and sail it to Millport. I got my first coxswain certificate so I could skipper it.

*Leave home*

202. If, following the weekly kit inspection you got above 97% three weeks on the trot you got weekend leave. If you didn't get that you weren't allowed any leave. I didn't get weekend leave very often. I think I only received two or three weekend leaves over the whole time I was there. When I did get leave I went home to my mother and father's house. By that time I didn't really want to be going back to my family home. I remember my older brother would drive me back with my mother.

*Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention*

203. I didn't have any visitors whilst I was there. I don't know whether there was or wasn't a visitors day. Periodically at weekends <sup>EZD</sup> would turn the dining room into a conference room. We'd be broken up into groups of six or seven and made to sit with various people who came in from the outside. The people in attendance were various business men from Beith or the minister. I would be stuck with the minister. I think they were there to talk about the outside and to discuss their knowledge.
204. I did see people walking around Geilsland inspecting the place. We saw these guys in the suits walking around all of the time. However they could have been anybody. They could have just been being shown around the things that <sup>EZD</sup> wanted to show them. He would have kept everything under control. None of them ever



came up to me and said anything like "how do they treat you here?" or "do they assault, batter or hit you?" Not one person spoke to me.

205. Nobody checked in with me to tell me what was going in terms of me being there. The only time anyone let you know anything like that was when you were leaving. I didn't attend any children's hearings during my time in Geilsland.

*Letter writing*

206. Everybody had to write a letter once a week in the dining room for half an hour. I used to write a letter to my mother. Once you finished writing you handed your envelope to the staff to post the letter for you. I was perfectly frank in all of my letters about what was going on at Geilsland. When I got out I asked my mother whether she had received any letters. She told me she hadn't received a single one. I suspect they were being read and binned by the staff before they could get posted.

*Healthcare*

207. If you were poorly you went to see the matron who was [REDACTED] I had either chicken pox, mumps or measles after about three weeks of being there. A whole load of us came down with it. We were all isolated off into The Rook. There were four or five of us in the dorm. I remember the light giving me splitting headaches. They had to keep the curtains shut.

*Running away*

208. I ran away from Geilsland on at least three occasions. On two of the occasions I ran away with a boy called [REDACTED] and on another I ran away with a boy called [REDACTED]. Each time I came back I was placed in the segregation cell in The White House. I was each time interviewed and given the belt by [REDACTED] EZD

*Bed-wetting*

209. I very occasionally wet my bed. It had calmed down a lot by the age I was at Geilsland. I would just grab the sheets and throw them into the shower. I would then get new sheets. There were no issues and nobody ever said anything about it. I didn't get any grief. It wouldn't have been worth their while to do so. I wouldn't have let it drop if any of the other boys or the staff had said anything.

### **Abuse at Geilsland**

210. I knew right away when I walked into Geilsland that the children that were there were running around terrified. There was an atmosphere. I think all the staff knew what was going on. Some of the staff at Geilsland were actually ok. However, I remember thinking that even they were intimidated by <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED]. They were all "yes sir, no sir" and jumping whenever he asked them to do anything. You could sense that there was something going on between them and him.

*Unnamed <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] of Geilsland*

211. I got the belt a couple of times from <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] but that was all. I don't remember <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] names. Looking back, I thought that [REDACTED] were ok. When they gave the belt it was the recognised way of three strokes on each hand. I know I received the belt from <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] and <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] more times than any other boy because <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] told me one time that he felt there was no point giving me it because of that. He told me he could see that from all the entries in the book that they had to mark up each time it was given. It was a big book and it was always filled in. I remember <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] and <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] always sitting down immediately after they gave the belt, getting the book and writing in it.

<sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED]

212. I was aware of <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] before I met him. I had heard about him from other people who were in care. He had a reputation. He was [REDACTED]. I remember that everybody was terrified of going there.

██████████ had a real reputation when he was there. Then as soon as EZD ██████████ gets ██████████ place everybody starts being terrified of going to Geilsland. It gained the reputation of being the strictest List D School in Scotland. It was the same person involved in both places. People were terrified of him not the places. Looking back, I think he liked the reputation he had. I could see from the way he behaved that he liked people to fear him and be terrified of him.

213. I don't think that Howdenhall gave EZD ██████████ the full script on what I was like before they sent me to Geilsland. They can't have done. EZD ██████████ mustn't have seen the folder on what I had done the previous two years because the way he acted towards me seemed as if he wasn't aware of the way I responded to things. I don't think there is any way he would have taken me on if he had seen my folder when they were talking about moving me to Geilsland.
214. On the first day I arrived I was given a tour before being returned to EZD ██████████'s office. When I got there my mother and ██████████ had gone. EZD ██████████ was standing in his office alone. The first thing he said to me was "what do you think of Geilsland LUQ ██████████?" I told him that I didn't like it. As soon as I said that he came towards me, grabbed me and bounced me off an interconnecting office door. He then said "you will fucking like it" looking up at me. I looked away and he proceeded to bang me back and forth off the door before asking me to look at him. When I looked at him I looked at him with a look of pure hatred. I think that in that moment he didn't see what he usually saw which was fear. I'd had two years of people like him so he didn't intimidate me. He just didn't have a clue what he had in his hands. He didn't know that I would wait my moment to get him back.
215. On the fourth night I was cleaning my boots in the boot room in EZD ██████████'s house whilst all the other boys were in recreation. A boy called ██████████ who was from Edinburgh and I called ██████████ walked into the room to clean his boots too. The next thing was I was lacing up my boots. ██████████ asked me what I was doing. I told him that I was leaving and not staying there. I asked him whether he wanted to come with me and he said yes. We both then got dressed, charged out the back door and ran over the fields towards Beith. We were gone.

216. We were in Beith by the time they realised we had run away. I saw them all out in their cars driving about looking for us. That was at about 8:30 pm or 8:45 pm. It was dark. We hid in sheds and other places. I knew that we would have to sit tight until they got fed up looking for us. That went on until about 4:30 am. We ran riot all night. At one point we broke into the church and Sunday school. We just wanted to get in off the street. I was looking for food and some money for a bus fare. We didn't wreck or trash the place. All we ended up taking were a couple of biscuits and a cup of tea. I even washed the cup after I finished. Later on we stole the undertaker's van. There was a load of other stuff that we did in one night. We then decided it was time to leave Beith. I stole an eighteen tonne truck and drove it to Edinburgh. I knew how to drive a truck because I had been shown how to by my dad.
217. When we got back to Edinburgh we dumped the truck in Dalkeith and went to ██████'s mother's house. That's when the police turned up out of the blue. She didn't phone them or anything like that. When they arrived they said that they were looking for ██████'s brother not us. Unfortunately, they'd already heard the wire to be looking out for us too. There was no way we could escape.
218. We were arrested then charged at Niddrie police station. We were charged with absconding. The police weren't initially aware of all the damage and destruction we had caused in Beith. When they discovered that they charged us for those things too. After a while we were told "Mr <sup>EZD</sup> ██████ is on his way through for you" by one of the policemen. <sup>EZD</sup> ██████ was the last person I wanted to see at that point. After hearing that I said to ██████ that I was going to assault <sup>EZD</sup> ██████ and escape whilst we were on the motorway. ██████ was freaking when I said that because he thought we would crash. I didn't care. That's how much I didn't want to go back. During the car journey back with <sup>EZD</sup> ██████ I was so tempted to boot him in the side of his head but I didn't. I think that if it wasn't for ██████ I would have done it in a heartbeat.

219. When we got into Geilsland <sup>EZD</sup> took us both into his office and grilled us about where we had been and what we had done. That lasted for about an hour and a half. I told him everything and admitted to everything. I said we'd broken into the church, broken into the Sunday school, we'd stolen the undertaker's van, and we'd stolen the truck and a load of other stuff. <sup>EZD</sup> just sat there. I could see he was raging. It made me feel good that I was annoying him. I didn't know that night quite how big the repercussions were going to be for what we did that night but I was pleased that I had at least got to him.
220. <sup>EZD</sup> then put the two of us into the cell in the White House. By that time it would have been at about 8:00 pm. Someone eventually came to take us for a shower. After the shower we got changed into a t-shirt, PT shorts and a pair of slippers before we were both thrown back into the cell. At about 1:30 am I heard feet coming along the landing. I said "Here we go <sup>██████████</sup>" to <sup>██████████</sup> <sup>██████████</sup> was scared but I just wondered who was going to get taken first. A staff member took us out of the cell and made us stand either side of the door to <sup>EZD</sup>'s office. <sup>EZD</sup> <sup>EZD</sup> shouted me in first and I thought "Here we go."
221. I stood in front of his desk and he stood behind his desk with his hands on it. Sitting to the side in a chair was a member of staff. I don't remember his name. <sup>EZD</sup> <sup>EZD</sup> spoke for ages. He had a totally different attitude to what he had earlier on. He was far more vicious. When he was finished he asked the staff member to get him a cup of tea. The staff member then trotted out of the connecting office door and through to the kitchen in the back. The next thing was that <sup>EZD</sup> was saying "You little bastard", coming round his desk and slamming me off the wall. I had nail marks on my throat. He punched me in my guts, booted me, slapped me and slammed me off the wall again. All that went on for a few minutes. He was raging. I remember I could smell the drink off of him. I think he was half pissed.
222. After <sup>EZD</sup> assaulted me he walked back round to his desk and pulled a belt out from a drawer. It was a big thick brown belt with three tongues. It was similar to the one Mr <sup>MTQ</sup> tried to use on me in Howdenhall. What made it different was that it was attached at one end through a hole to a six inch nail with the point

chopped off. [EZD] then proceeded to give me six of the best with the belt from the small of my back down to the middle of my legs. I didn't see it as that though. He held the nail in his hand as he hit me. It wasn't the way that he should have been holding the belt. To me it was more of a thrashing than corporal punishment. I was still in my shorts and it did make a mess of me. It hurt. I was then thrown out of the office by [EZD]. [ ] then went into the office. I could hear [EZD] talking and [ ] being slapped and hit by him from the other side of the door. After [EZD] was finished with [ ] we were both put back into the cell together.

223. The next day [ ] was taken out of the cell and I was left in there on my own. I was left there for between a week and a week and a half. Over that time [EZD] [EZD] kept sending up [ ] to see me. She wanted to put cream on all of his handiwork. I told her each time to shove the cream up her arse and that [EZD] [EZD] was a bully. She would say that he wasn't and I would show her the marks he left following the assault. I told her to tell [EZD] what I said to her too.

224. They only thought about letting me out after the bruising had subsided a bit. I remember that [EZD] opened the cell door, put down a bowl of porridge and said "what am I going to do with you [LUQ]?" I was sitting with my feet up on the mattress in there. I told him to send me to Longriggend because I wanted to be away from him. He then said something like "Come, come, we have got off on the wrong foot" and all that kind of nonsense. I wasn't going to accept that. This was a man who had left nail marks on my neck, punched me, slapped me, thrashed me and thrown me against walls. That was it as far as I was concerned.

225. A couple of days later I was moved into the Reception with everybody else. I was only there for a few days before they transferred me to the White House. After that there were repercussions from the night we had run away. We ended up having to appear in Edinburgh Sheriff Court. That was about three or four weeks after I first arrived at Geilsland. It would have been in 1978. We had to answer all the charges. It was things like driving the truck and car with no licence or insurance, all the damage we did in Beith, theft from the church and Sunday school and so on. It was

all heard together. We didn't have a solicitor and I don't remember being offered one. <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] appeared to plead our case. He got up and spoke to the judge himself. I didn't ask him to do that for me. I didn't want a single thing from him. [REDACTED] also made an appearance at court. I don't think anyone else appeared. I plead guilty to everything so there wasn't really a trial. I admitted to doing everything.

226. The Sheriff couldn't lock me up because I was already locked up. I didn't really care what anybody said or did at that point. As far as I was concerned things couldn't get any worse. The outcome of the hearing was that I was disqualified from driving and taken back to Geilsland. Looking back, that was probably the worst thing the Sheriff could have done because I was sent back to stay with <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] rather than being moved on to another place.
227. <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] detested me after the incident when I ran away into Beith and what I did. The aftershock of that was the minister from the church in Beith came up to the school to say that feelings were running high in the village and he thought it was best if nobody from Geilsland attended the church for a while. The locals were all baying for blood, up in arms and wanted the place shut down because of what I did. The community essentially excommunicated themselves from the school because of what happened.
228. I received the belt on multiple occasions over my time at Geilsland from <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED]. <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] The reasons I received the belt ranged from being abusive to staff to breaking the photocopier machine. I received it for a whole bunch of things. He gave me it for any excuse. When he first gave me the belt he had me bent over a maroon burgundy coloured leather wingback chair in his office and hit me between my lower back and the back of my knees. He used the nail each time so he could hit harder. That was different to the other staff who would give it to your hands and not using a nail for leverage. Looking back, where he hit me was deliberate. No one misses the mark as much as <sup>EZD</sup> [REDACTED] did. It was a thrashing more than corporal punishment.

229. There was an occasion when I refused to call [REDACTED] "sir" in the dorm I was in. He slammed me against the wall when I refused again and slapped me across my face. I used the line I used on all of them "My father's a better man than you and I don't call him that." I continued to call him Mr [REDACTED] instead. I always left a gap between the "Mr" and the [REDACTED]
230. About three or five months into my time at Geilsland we were out in Paisley collecting for a muscular dystrophy charity. Before we started [REDACTED] said that anyone who collected £60 would get weekend leave. He asked me whether he could trust me and I told him that I wouldn't run away. After the day's collecting I was between 7p and 11p short of the £60 target. I discovered that when [REDACTED] [REDACTED] read out what everybody had achieved in the foyer of The Rook. I said I would make up the money from my own pocket but [REDACTED] refused to let me do that. In that moment I thought "Fuck you, I'm away next weekend." It was pure badness from [REDACTED] to have done that. He was just being rotten. It was because of that that I felt it was 'game on.'
231. The second week we were out in Paisley we were collecting for youth clubs in Strathclyde. It was a Sunday. I ran away with the charity can with a boy called [REDACTED] [REDACTED] who was from Castlemilk in Glasgow. We ran away from the bus station after busting the can open in the toilets there. We jumped on a bus to Edinburgh and changed there to get on a bus to Peebles. When we got to Peebles we found a brand new Austin Allegra sitting outside a church. We took that and drove it around for three or four days. We slept in the car and used the money from the charity can to buy food. I then visited my mother's. She in turn phoned the police and they took us back to Geilsland. I was charged and prosecuted for the theft of the car, however, I wasn't for the charity box.
232. When we arrived back to Geilsland I was thrown into the cell. Being the creature of habit he was I knew [REDACTED] would try and do the same thing he did after the first time I ran away. At about 1:00 am or 1:30 am I heard him coming to the cell. He made me stand outside of his office before shouting me in. I walked in and stopped at the line in front of his desk. There was another staff member in the room.



This time I was ready and had formed a plan. After shouting at me for five minutes

EZD ██████ asked the staff member to leave to get him a cup of tea.

233. After the staff member left the room EZD ██████ got up, opened the drawer in his desk and took out the belt. In the time it took for him to do that I took one step to my right and grabbed two trophies off of the marble fireplace that was in his office. I said to him to come to me and I would kill him if he did. He stood there frozen to the desk with the belt in his hand. The staff member, who must have heard me, then came running back into the room. I went mental at both of them for about two minutes. Everybody in the building must have heard me. I then threw down the trophies and said to EZD ██████ that I didn't need them for him. He told the staff member to take me away. I was then placed back in the cell. As far as I was concerned I had drawn a line in the sand and that was it. I'd made it crystal clear that if anyone was to put a hand on me I would retaliate in response.
234. Whenever EZD ██████ gave me the belt after that it was always over the hands. I held out my hands each time to make him aware that that was all he was getting. He would hit me three times on each hand. I could see that he was trying to hit me as hard as he could. I wouldn't give him a peep and say "is that us done?" when he finished. I would then say "thank you" and walk out. I wouldn't give him one second of satisfaction.
235. The third and final time I ran away I was seen escaping with ██████ EZD ██████ got on the tannoy and told the whole school that whoever got me would get a week's leave. It was dusk time and I remember running across fields, looking back and seeing all the people like wee ants climbing over a fence to get me. Half the school was behind us in this field. They didn't catch us though and we got away. I was away for three or four days. I was limited in what I could do because I had no money. I was also limited as to the people I could go to. There was no one I could trust. My mother would just call the police. I went to my friend's house in Gorgie and stayed with him. The police eventually caught me. I went back to my mother's and they got me there. When I returned to Geilsland it was exactly the same. EZD ██████

EZD put me in the cell and gave me the belt later on. I was watched like a hawk after that by all the staff.

236. I remember that EZD would sometimes sit with us in the dining hall whilst we were having a cigarette or something. He'd bang on about how his drunken mother used to batter him when he did things. I couldn't understand why he was admitting that and so negative about it because that was the way he was with us. Looking back, he could have been drunk when he was telling us those things in the dining hall. He did like a drink. You could smell it on him when he was in your face. EZD telling us those stories left me thinking that he wanted me to conform to his ways which would result in me thinking it was ok to go around battering people when they did something wrong. That was the only lesson he was teaching and it wasn't the way that I had been brought up.

### **Reporting of abuse whilst at Geilsland**

#### *Boys threatening to report staff and subsequent segregation*

237. After about a week of being at Geilsland it was clear to the staff that I wasn't going to speak to them. EZD called me into his office and tried to be all "nicey nicey" with me. He asked me why I wasn't speaking to anybody and whether I was depressed. I said no and told him the reason that I wasn't speaking to anybody was because I hated them and I didn't have to talk to anybody. I told him that the sooner I was out of Geilsland the better. I was then paired off with a female member of staff. For some reason they thought that I would take to baking cakes on a one to one basis. I told the female staff member that she could bake cakes but I didn't want anything to do with it. I then shut down. That went on for three or four days.
238. After that I was segregated from everybody else. It was called being sent on a "special squad" and was supervised by a member of staff. The only other boys who were there were those who had been sent there on report and told to run around for an hour and a half. I wasn't allowed to eat, wash or do anything with the other boys

in the evenings. I ate and washed after they were all finished. Outside of that I was sent to the gym on my own every night Monday through to Friday. I would sit about, do exercise or lift weights. There was a PT instructor there who taught me how to do circuit training. I was getting stronger and fitter because of that. In a way EZD [REDACTED] was making his own monster by sending me to the gym.

239. I knew that the reason I was segregated wasn't really connected to me not speaking to the staff. We all knew EZD [REDACTED] and other staff were dragging boys around and slapping them. We all talked amongst ourselves about what the staff were doing. We all heard from one another that these things were happening. It was just we weren't seeing them happening to one another. The reason EZD [REDACTED] segregated me was because I was pointing out to boys that the staff members were assaulting them and telling them to phone the police whenever I heard of things that were happening. EZD [REDACTED] took exception to me telling boys to do that. I remember him describing what I was saying to the other boys as "mutinous talk." Looking back, this must have been the first time that the staff had been threatened with being reported to the police and EZD [REDACTED] wanted to control that.

240. I knew that speaking to the boys about the possibility of reporting staff members to the police was working because about two weeks after being segregated another boy joined me in the gym. He'd been unruly, a staff member had responded and a threat was made by the boy to report the staff member to the police. After about three or four weeks there were about twelve or fourteen boys sitting segregated in the gym. I heard that those boys were doing the same sort of thing when staff members approached them or came close to assaulting them. Staff were saying "I didn't bloody well assault you" then another boy would stand up and say "Aye but you did me last week." That's the thing that was starting to happen all over the place. The boys were getting a backbone for themselves.

241. The segregation lasted for about three months. It was after the segregation period that I started going regularly to the engineering department. The segregation didn't work because boys still threatened to report staff. I saw that particularly in The

White House. The staff just couldn't handle that. I think that was what led to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ultimately deciding to get me out of the place.

### *Outside visitors*

242. I discussed the abuse I was suffering one of the weekends when outside people came to meet us in groups in the dining hall. I remember that I was with the minister in one of the groups. He said that he noticed that my name featured quite a lot in the punishment book. I told him that I didn't know why that was and that he would need to ask "the bully that [REDACTED]", referring to [REDACTED] because he was the one who put things into the book. I asked the minister why he was asking me about that when I didn't even like him. I then told him that I didn't want to be in Geilsland and that I didn't want to speak to him. I didn't want to speak to him because his wages were paid by the Church of Scotland who were the same people who looked after Geilsland. He was in the same position as [REDACTED]. The minister must have told a member of staff because I was then pulled out of those weekend meetings with outside people. I was made to sit elsewhere on my own instead. Looking back, I think those meetings were just a way of the school putting out feelers. Everything we said to those that we met was sent straight back to the school.

### **Leaving Geilsland**

243. I left Geilsland on [REDACTED] 1980. I know that because it was the day before my sixteenth birthday. It was the first legal day [REDACTED] could get me out of the place. There was no chance that he was going to keep me at Geilsland until I was seventeen or eighteen like everybody else.
244. The only way you found out whether you were leaving was through the intercom. An announcement would be made by [REDACTED] saying "the following people should get ready for terminal leave..." When my name came out I didn't believe it. I just stayed sitting watching the television. A staff member then came over to me and

asked me whether I was getting my kit together. I told him that I wasn't falling for it. I thought it was just a way to get me to take all my kit to The Rook for <sup>EZD</sup> to inspect it. I'd seen that done before. If you didn't manage to do that within fifteen minutes then you didn't get your leave. It was all used to hoax boys. I told the staff member because of this, I wasn't going to do it. The staff member then went to the telephone, phoned the office and came back to say to me that I really was leaving. He told me that it wasn't a wind up.

245. I then went to get my kit and threw it all on the floor outside of <sup>EZD</sup>'s office. You were supposed to neatly lay it all out on a blanket but I didn't bother doing that. <sup>EZD</sup> came out and inspected my kit then we went into his office for a chat. He told me that he had never had to work as hard for his money as he had done with me. I was quite pleased when he said that. He then offered me a Church of Scotland tie. I told him that if I took it I'd probably end up strangling him with it and told him that I just wanted to leave. I was then given a wee grant to get a bus then a train back home to my parent's place in Edinburgh.

### **Life after leaving Geilsland prior to going to HMP Edinburgh**

246. I started a job the day after leaving Geilsland. Geilsland had organised a job for me at <sup>EZD</sup> in Newhaven. My job was hanging up the fish to be smoked after they had been dyed and gutted by the machine. It was stinking and you ended up with dyed yellow orangey hands. There I was only one day after being in Geilsland standing around 7:30 am surrounded by smelly kippers and idiots. I only lasted a week in the job. Some of the people I was working with thought it would be funny to put big handfuls of fish guts in my wellies. I stuck my foot in and thought "We're doing this are we?" I grabbed the hose and banged it into my wellies. I then got two carrier bags, stuck them on my feet then stuck them in my wellies. There was a wee boy laughing at me whilst that was happening.
247. When it came lunchtime we all went into the canteen area. I decided to sit down at the foreman's table. It was the table where all the people who had worked there a

while were sitting. The foreman then sat down at the table. I said to one of the guys sitting there who I thought had filled my wellies something like "It was a good one with the wellies mate. Aye that was funny, I didn't expect that." They were all laughing at me. I then grabbed hold of the guy's hair and slammed him off the table a couple of times and bust his nose. I then threw him clean off his arse off his chair and onto the floor.

248. I turned to the foreman and the boy who had been laughing at me and asked them whether they wanted to start. I told them that if they did I would take them on round the back after I finished my sandwiches. The foreman then threw a cup of water on the floor, turned to the guy I had thrown on the floor and said that he had told him to watch where he was going what with all the water on the floor. That surprised me because the foreman had been the one who had been previously going around shouting at everybody. I nodded thanks to the foreman. He had basically made sure that there would be no witnesses in the room if things went further.

249. The guy who filled my wellies didn't realise what he done or who he had done that to. He didn't realise that I saw that as him and his mates bullying me. He didn't know the environment I had come from or the person I was only twenty four hours before. He had no idea of the way I had been since the age of ten. I'd had a whole life of dealing with idiots and that sort of crap. That was just where my temperament was. That was only way I knew how to deal with situations.

250. In the end I wasn't sacked but I chose to leave [REDACTED] I got a job a week later as an apprentice diesel coach fitter in Leith. I stayed with them for about three months. After that my brother asked me to help him out. One thing led to another and we were arrested and locked up in Saughton.

### **HMP Edinburgh, Saughton, Edinburgh**

251. I went to Saughton when I was about sixteen and a half in 1980. I stayed there for three or four months. I left Saughton for good at the end of my time there. I didn't go

anywhere else. I was placed into D Hall. At that time D Hall was where they placed those who hadn't been tried yet. I don't know why they put me in D Hall untried at the age I was. All the prisoners in D Hall were well over twenty one. I knew at that time people my age were getting sent out to Polmont or kept in A Hall at Saughton itself. That would have been more appropriate. Then again I didn't complain because I was in the same Hall as my brother. I doubt they would have had a record of what had happened with me at the places I'd been in the care system so I don't think that was part of the decision. I don't know whether they thought, because of the size of me, that I was an untried adult when I entered reception.

252. Saughton was an eye opener for me. I'd never been in an environment like Saughton before. It had all sorts of people inside it. There were short term inmates, long term inmates, muggers, stabbers and drug addicts. At that time in the eighties it was mostly full of junkies. I'd say about two thirds of them were there because of that. It was like I'd landed on another planet. Looking back, I'd say most of the people there had been through the care system at a younger age.
253. There wasn't really a problem with the staff bullying inmates in Saughton. It was more that the inmates were bullying each other. The staff stayed out of all of it. They didn't want to get involved with anything with the inmates at that time. They'd stand and watch us from a distance. I couldn't figure that out to start with. I then realised that the level of violence I was seeing was something new. From day one there were full blown punch ups, people getting boiling water thrown over them and people getting slashed. It was a crazy place. Every man was for himself.
254. The way Saughton was did worry me. When I first went there I had fallen out with my brother and knew nobody else there. I was stuck in a cell with an absolute nutcase. I'd heard a few things in there about him but as it turned out he was ok. We got on and he looked out for me. I'd asked him how he was and what he was about. Nobody had ever done anything like that with him before. I think it was because nobody would mess with this guy that I avoided any trouble. Looking back, that was a bit of a saving grace for me.

255. Unfortunately, my cellmate was away three or four weeks later. By then I had got my bearings and had worked out how the place operated. I made it up with my brother who was in another cell. We decided to watch each other's backs. We were put into a cell together until our court appearance. After the court hearing everything was sorted out. My brother got sent down for sixty days and I was kicked out of Saughton. That was that episode over and done with for me.

### **Life after leaving care**

256. After I left Saughton I started up as a DJ. I had a mobile disco and went around all the pubs in Leith doing that. When I was seventeen I joined the Hells Angels. I sold all my DJ equipment and bought a motorbike. I was part of that for four and a half years. In amongst that time I ended up getting into trouble after listening to my brother and wound up in prison again. I was sent to Polmont for two weeks when I was eighteen. When I left Polmont I went straight to Castle Huntly. I was there for forty six days when I was between eighteen and twenty one. I was also at a prison in England. After serving my sentences I had to decide what I was going to do. I told the Hells Angels that I was done with them and, when I was about twenty five or twenty six, joined the Territorial Army for a couple of years. I was part of the Royal Scots.

257. I then went to Stevenson College. I got five City & Guilds which allowed me to become a qualified motor vehicle technician. I wanted to be more than a curb side mechanic. It was a two year course but by the end of the first year the instructor said that it was pointless me doing the second year because of the quality of the work I was handing in. I ended up achieving five A stars with credits. I then got a job with [REDACTED] where I qualified as [REDACTED]. Unfortunately, I was sacked from that job. I ended up having to take them to a tribunal. I won but my position wasn't really tenable after that. I then got a job with [REDACTED] and moved to live down in The Borders. I was about twenty seven or twenty or eight. After [REDACTED] I moved back to Edinburgh and started working abroad. I worked in France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. I did a humanitarian run with my father to Albania, Romania and all those



places. That was an eye opener for me. The things I saw in those places had an impact on me.

258. I've never been married but I have a son. I was engaged to his mother around about 1990. Unfortunately we split up, she took my son and I never saw them again. The last I saw of my son was when he was six months old. That screwed me up, tore me to bits and my whole world imploded. It really got to me. About two or three years after that happened I had a mental breakdown. I'd put it all into the back of my mind and everything just exploded. My breakdown resulted in me having to go to hospital, starting taking anti-depressants and receiving counselling. I then got up one day and threw all the tablets into my coal fire. I decided to forget all of that and started on a new plan. I then did something else for three or four years.

259. I moved into my flat in Leith in 2008. I've been in that stair off and on since 1979. I haven't worked for some time. The DWP decided to stop my benefits and sanctioned me. I totally fell out with the people at the job centre. I had absolutely nothing and nobody to go to. I couldn't phone the people they suggested who could help because I didn't have a phone. I was totally cut off from everything. Between about 2016 and 2019 I sat in a flat with no gas or electric. I had to go to food banks to survive. In the end there were various incidents with the staff at the job centre and they ultimately suggested I go and see my doctor to be signed off. My brain, after surviving those three years, had basically "fallen off of a cliff." I was in freefall and on the verge of doing something that wasn't me. My doctor signed me off with chronic anxiety and severe depression. I was prescribed sleeping pills and other pills. Being signed off allowed me to receive benefits again. I have been on the medication ever since. The tablets give me a decent night's sleep every now and again. I suppose they keep a lid on things.

260. I have recently been in contact with my son's mother through social media and she said that I could make contact with my son. He's staying in a house in Peebles. Unfortunately, the contact I made was just before the pandemic started so I haven't had the chance to meet with him. That's something that I am planning to do in the future.

## Impact

261. I think I just got on with it all. I treated it all as if it was done. What happened just happened. I think it could have impacted me a lot more if I had let it. Looking back at my time in care, I think that the majority of my time I gave better than what I received. I achieved what I wanted and they didn't achieve what they wanted to achieve. In a way I won. I think that is the thing that has made me turn my bad experiences into something else. I got the better of them and was well ahead of them.
262. I have always been a bit of a loner. I like my own company. It's only when I went into care that people started invading my space and bullying me. That was when I realised I had to start fighting back. The violence and fighting around me in care became the norm. I hate bullies and never want to be one. I have in the past confronted bullies in organisations in adult life when I could do things. I have never been the sort of person who randomly goes around assaulting people. That would make me just as bad as them. I stood up to the bullies who were in the Hells Angels. I could have ended up acting towards people the way that those who were supposed to be looking after me acted towards me. Battering people and shouting and screaming at them could have become the norm for me if I had let it. I could have responded to every single situation like that but I didn't let it. I didn't want to be like them. I daresay that some people who have been through the care system do act like that though.
263. I will always be a bit sceptical when it comes to authority. They've always got hidden agendas. I prefer it when it is clear to me what those in authority are really up to. I keep them at arm's length until I know what they are really up to. I was always a bit anxious in the places I was in. That was always there until I got the feel of things and who was who. My mental health is stable now. I think I have managed things but it has never been dealt with.
264. I was taken out of school a month after I was attacked by the dogs. I'd had enough of it and chose to take the bully out. I ended up sending him to hospital. I think I

wasn't scared of anyone after that. Fighting a human wasn't any bother to me after the dogs attacked me. I lost my fear. In my head I felt I could attack people. Loads of people think that way but the difference for me was that I wasn't just saying it. I actually followed through on what I said I would do when I was threatened. I remember thinking that people couldn't do any worse than those two dogs did to me. That's how I measured every threat against me in my mind.

265. I don't think my time in care took me down a road towards criminality. For me that was probably from the time I joined the Hells Angels. I had a sense of belonging when I became part of the chapter. The chapter provided me with everything I needed and left me needing nobody outside of it. Everything was self-contained whether that be money, food or friends. They became my new family.
266. My dad was away with the trucks. When I wasn't in care I took every opportunity I could get to go on the road with him. I cared for my mother but I wouldn't say that I loved her to bits. She didn't do me any favours and started the nightmare with her actions. My brothers and I were close before being placed into care. Being locked up all the time affected contact with my parents, brothers and sister and that has continued into adulthood. If I am honest I didn't really think about the lack of contact I had with them all during my time in care. It didn't cross my mind. I was too preoccupied with my environment, surviving and what was happening next. My half-sister has just got on with her life. I don't think there are any tears lost there for me because I have never really got on with her. I haven't spoken to my younger brother for a couple of years. I was close to my older brother when we were both in the Hells Angels but I haven't spoken with him for nearly thirty years. Events have happened that have resulted in us not speaking to one another.
267. I don't have flashbacks or nightmares about my time in care. When I think back about the way I acted, it is the staff who knew me in those places who are more likely to be the ones who are having the nightmares. It does occasionally flash into my mind when there is something on the television or whatever. Various things bring back memories but I don't think about it all the time.

268. I think me reacting the way I did stopped my experiences impacting me the way it could have. If I'd put up with the way the staff behaved and been a victim then maybe there would have been more of an impact. I couldn't understand those children who were like that back then. I remember them looking terrified. Looking back, I think that if I hadn't done what I did in care then I would be sitting here now thinking it was all bad.

### **Treatment and support**

269. I haven't had any counselling or anything like that about my time in care. It's not something that I have spoken to my GP about.

### **Reporting of abuse after leaving care**

270. In March or April 2014 I heard that Geilsland had re-opened as a place for screwed up teenagers. I wondered whether the place would still have contact with [EZD] [EZD] I then looked at Geilsland's website. By sheer chance I saw that [EZD] [EZD] was still alive. I'd previously heard through the grapevine that he had died of a heart attack. After discovering that, I decided to post something on Geilsland's website about my time there. I sent it to the new head man at the school. I said in the post that I was going to come after them through the legal system. I didn't rant or rave. It was three or four points regarding incidents. I said that I'd tracked down other people who had been there on social media. That wasn't true but I said that anyway. My hope was that [EZD] [EZD] would read what I said. I wanted to put the wind up him and let him know that I hadn't forgot.

271. What I said must have worked because the next night The Church of Scotland sent round the police to take a statement from me. They arrived at my door at evening time. I told the police to get knotted. I wanted to say what I wanted to say when I was ready to. Unfortunately, in the end I didn't manage to do anything because [EZD] [EZD] popped his clogs on me before I could do anything. That was about

six months after I posted something on the website. I felt robbed that I wouldn't get the chance to see <sup>EZD</sup> sitting in a dock.

272. About three years ago a policewoman sent me a letter saying that they were aware I'd been to John Bosco's, that they were making enquiries and requesting I made contact with them. The policewoman's name was Susan and she was a PC. I phoned her back and left a message. Following that call she never got back in touch with me again. I never did learn exactly what they wanted to speak to me about. That was the end of that. Looking back, it couldn't have been that serious if she didn't get back in touch with me.

### **Visiting care establishments in adult life**

273. I was tempted to re-visit Geilsland but after hearing <sup>EZD</sup> had died of a heart attack I chose not to. I visited Craigerne again in the early nineties. I had a wee walk around the grounds. Most of the land had been sold off and turned into housing. The main house was still there. I could remember where everything was. My feelings were a bit mixed when I was there. Lots of things had gone but I remembered happy times too when I was there.
274. I visited Peter Norris's house in Peebles in about 1990. When I chapped the door his wife answered. I asked whether Peter was about and she told me that he had passed away a couple of years previously. It wasn't until relatively recently that I discovered, following some research, that Peter Norris had died a year before I did my research. I don't know what ever possessed his wife to say that when I visited. All I wanted to do was thank Peter Norris for what he had done for me when I was at Craigerne. I wanted to tell him that he had been a decent guy with me when I was there. It annoyed me that I didn't get that opportunity because of what his wife had said when I visited.

## Records

275. I have never tried to get hold of my care records. It's not something I've thought about. I know I was at the places and what happened at them. I don't have many pictures of my childhood. The only one I have is from a time just after I had been attacked by the dogs and I was off school. I was seven and I was out playing with my toy cars near my auntie's house. I remember how the photograph came about. I was approached by a man called Nick Hedges. I didn't know it at the time but Nick Hedges was a famous photographer who took pictures of people who lived in slums in Scotland. He had a big beard and wore glasses. He asked me whether he could take my picture. I said "No bother" and he took the picture.
276. Sometime later my mum discovered that the picture of me was being used in a big campaign by the charity [REDACTED]. My picture started appearing on billboards in London and my auntie saw them during a visit down there. She rang a neighbour in Leith to tell my mother. When my mum found that out she dragged me up to [REDACTED]'s office on [REDACTED] with my auntie. I remember them kicking up holy hell and asking whether I looked starving and homeless. They caused a right stink. The people there offered me a bike but my mother refused.
277. A few years ago a picture of my mum and dad taken by Nick Hedges appeared in [REDACTED] newspaper when there was an exhibition of his work in Edinburgh. I realised that it was the same guy who had taken my picture. I got in contact with Nick Hedges to describe the picture he took of me. I mentioned that I had a [REDACTED] and I was near a [REDACTED]. He then found the image and sent it to me. Unfortunately all he had was a photograph of the [REDACTED] campaign poster rather than the image itself. I asked him to put the image with the image he had of my mum and dad. I gave him full permission to use the photograph in any way he wanted.

## Lessons to be learned

278. I know that the people who worked in these places didn't treat their own children the same way as they treated children in care. I would see them bring their children into the places I was at in their cars. It was chalk and cheese the way in which they spoke to their own kids compared to us. You could see the difference in terms of the way they treated them and the way they were affectionate towards them. Looking back, it was ok for them to batter other people's children just not their own.
279. These places needed people who had the right training. It should have been people with practical experience who were more equipped to deal with children who had problems. That also goes for the people who were on the panels at children's hearings. At times it seemed to me it was the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker who were deciding my future. I remember one of them being a train driver. I would ask to be in an open school but someone who was a baker was thinking it was better that I remain locked up. I wasn't even given a chance. That is part of why I responded in the way I was in the places and led to me running away from them.
280. What does a baker know about a remand home or a child who has been screwed up after being attacked by dogs? It was ok for him because he could toddle off to his bakery the following Monday but it meant a lot to me. The people who sat on these panels weren't qualified to make these decisions. I could have done a better job sitting there than some of these people. I would know exactly where the child's brain was and how they were feeling in that environment. There should have been someone with clinical training or someone who had been through the care system sitting there to assess me not a train driver or a baker.
281. Every establishment is run differently. However, they are all the same when it comes to operating and covering each other's backs. Whenever I reported anything nothing happened. There was way too much hiding things and covering of backs in the care system I experienced. Nobody wanted to put their neck out to say what was happening and who was involved. That never happened. Nobody ever spoke to me

about what was happening when I was in care. Not once did someone come to me and ask me whether I was being assaulted or how I was getting on.

282. You need someone who is willing to stick their neck out to come into these places. There should have been people coming in who actually listened and did something when they heard things. You need to put people in who have the resolve to stop things happening. People who will be happy to have people charged with assault if they do things to the children in their care. There needs to be the right people with crystal clear policies. There should be no grey areas. There is no point having people doing that who would just go to their bosses. In my experience the bosses would cover it up because it might cause a stink or a scandal. All sorts of personal reasons creep into it. The stink or scandal doesn't matter. If something needs to be done then they should do something about it. If there are people employed who are abusing children then they need to be got rid of.
283. There was zero recognition that I had gone through a horrific trauma after I was attacked by the dogs. There can't have been many people who have been taken to the brink of death after being attacked by two Alsatian dogs and ended up in care. The people who were supposed to be looking after me just can't have had to deal with children who had experienced something like that. The only way I could deal with things was to instantly withdraw and batten down the hatches.
284. I visited the Royal Edinburgh early on after the dog attack but there was no psychological help after that. Nobody ever tried to look into whether there was something medical going on in my head. It was as if as soon as the physical scars got healed that was it. If the right psychological help or therapy had been put in place after the dog attack then it might have made a difference as to what happened next. It might have been of some help. I wasn't given that space and thrown right into the washing machine instead. If the help had been put in place it couldn't have been any worse than the way things turned out. All of that said, looking back I don't know what help would have been available at that time for someone like me who had gone through what I had.



## Hopes for the Inquiry

285. Pretty early on during my time in care I realised that I was on my own and there was no one there to back me up. That's what resulted in me guarding my own corner and not allowing anyone else into it. I wouldn't let the staff into my head or into my space. That's just the way it went. I don't want to hide from letting people know about the things that happened during my time in care. In a way I am not bothered what they did to me because I gave them a life of hell back. I am happy to admit that. If they weren't doing what they were doing to me then I wouldn't have been doing what I did to them.
286. I thought that if I spoke to the Inquiry then at least I can, in a way, prevent the people who were supposed to be looking after me, in particular <sup>EZD</sup> getting away with what they did. I don't want <sup>EZD</sup>'s memoirs to be the last thing said. it was clear that people were leaving a few things out. I want an honest picture painted of <sup>EZD</sup>. Not his memoirs or any other nonsense about him. He was a bastard and I want that shown. He was a brutal animal who ruled by fear. He assaulted people whenever he wanted and thought he was beyond the law. I don't want it all gone and forgotten because he has died.
287. I haven't got in contact with the Inquiry because of money. I hope that through people hearing what I have to say through providing my statement it might encourage other people to come forward from places like Geilsland. Looking back at what happened to me, and what I hear is going right now, they are getting away with murder. The whole system needs a shake-up. I hope that everything is brought into the open and new rules are put in place in these care places.
288. 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. <sup>LUQ</sup> .....

Dated. 9/11/21 .....