

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GKH

Support person present: Yes

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

Life before going into care

2. There was me, my younger sister, ABY and my two older brothers, and my mum, and my dad, I don't remember much about my dad. I don't remember my dad being at home. He might have worked. My mum's mum, my grandmother, came to the house to help out. We lived in a maisonette in Parkhead, Glasgow. I went to hospital one time, in an ambulance, when I got smashed in the head from someone.
3. In 1966, my mum died of a brain haemorrhage and my dad couldn't cope. The next thing I knew, I was in Smyllum Orphanage, with my brothers and sister. My sister has told me that when my mum died, my dad had already moved away to Coatbridge.

Institutions

4. The first institution I was in was Smyllum Orphanage, from 1966 to 1968. Then, Calder House Remand Centre in 1969 and St Ninian's School, Gartmore from 1970 to 1973. In 1974, I was in St Phillip's School, St Joseph's School, Longriggend Remand Centre

and Rossie School, all in the space of less than a year. I left Rossie School in [REDACTED] 1975.

Smyllum Orphanage, Lanark

5. My brothers, sister and I went to Smyllum Orphanage in a car. We were all in the back seat, crying. [REDACTED] was saying that mum wasn't coming back. There were two social workers in the car. I didn't know where we were going. My first memories of Smyllum are that it was very strict and getting smacked all the time. My sister, brothers and me were crying all the time at Smyllum.

6. Smyllum was a big building, like a castle. Nuns looked after kids, in a group. I don't know how many people were in the home. Upstairs was our family dormitory and the nun's bedroom. There was a little cupboard that took you into a big playroom. In the playroom were a couple of chairs and a little table. There were other rooms which the nuns and staff lived in. There were other places in the home for other groups of families. There was a separate building with an Angel Gabriel on the wall. There were four or five families in that building.

Routine at Smyllum Orphanage

First day

7. Me, my brothers and my sister got out of the car and went into the building. That's when I first got smacked by the one of the nuns. I can't remember her name. The nun told me to shut up because I was crying. That was the first time I'd ever seen a nun. The nuns looked scary. They wore black habits. The nuns didn't explain why we were at Smyllum.

8. My brothers, sister and I went into a dark room. It was like a cupboard, with a long bench at the side. We all sat on the bench. Another nun turned up with a bloke. I don't

know the nun's names or who the bloke was. [REDACTED] got dragged about by the bloke. We were all screaming and crying.

9. We were taken to the dining-room and made to eat. I didn't want to eat and I got smacked for not eating.

General Routine

10. My brothers, sister and I slept together in a big dormitory, upstairs. There were three family groups in the same dormitory. There was us, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and another family called the [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was the same age as me. [REDACTED] had a brother and two sisters.
11. There were twelve or thirteen children in the dormitory altogether. We were all similar ages. My youngest sister, ^{ABY}[REDACTED] was the same age as [REDACTED] little sister. [REDACTED] oldest brother was about sixteen. I made pals with [REDACTED] and his family. My older brother played football with the [REDACTED] brothers. My older brothers had to do chores. They had to sweep the floors in the dorms.
12. I didn't wet the bed. One of the [REDACTED] brothers wet the bed nearly every night. He was always getting battered for it in the morning. Sister ^{AEG}[REDACTED] or the lay staff would check his bed for it. Sister ^{AEG}[REDACTED] or the lay staff told us to get out of the room. You could hear him screaming. I saw him on the floor being battered. He was smacked with a hand or with a wooden coat-hanger. It depended what they had in their hands.
13. We went to the dining-hall downstairs, for breakfast. Then we walked up to the top of the hill to the school. The school was in the grounds. There were two teachers who came from outside. I was at the nursery. In the next classroom, the one you were in before you went to high school, there were people who were a bit older. The teachers were strict. I was locked in a cupboard by one of them. I can't remember the teacher's name. We went back down the hill to Smyllum for lunch. After lunch, we went back to school.

14. There was one teacher who was really good with me, she had lots of patience. I can't remember her name. She only came into Smyllum to teach.
15. On Wednesday, there was Benediction in the little chapel in the grounds. You had to go to chapel. On Sunday we went to Mass. We had religious instruction in school too.

Staff at Smyllum Orphanage

16. Sister ^{AEG} was in charge of the families in our dormitory. She was there all the time. Sister ^{AEG} was in her late twenties. She was strict. Sister ^{AEG} had a room in a little corridor right next to the dormitory. Sister ^{EAA} was a teacher. Everybody was scared of her, even all the girls. Sister ^{EAA} was old.
17. The lay staff were Miss ^{GZA} and Miss ^{ACI}. They were both in their early twenties. Miss ^{GZA} was a little woman. Miss ^{GZA} and Miss ^{ACI} were just as strict as Sister ^{AEG}. They each wore a blue overall. Miss ^{GZA} and Miss ^{ACI} supervised the dining-room and did bath night.
18. There was a bloke called ^{BAC}. I think he lived in the grounds somewhere. He was a dodgy character. ^{BAC} had a big workshop. He was the for Smyllum.
19. There was a decent bloke called Bobby Chapels. He was the gardener. He was nice and compassionate to the kids. He spoke to you like you were a kid, not an adult.
20. There was one teacher who was really nice to me at primary school in Smyllum. All the rest of the staff, the Sisters, were grumpy and nasty, as if they had a big chip on their shoulder. They chose to become a nun, why did they take that out on children? I was never shown any love or affection at Smyllum.

Washing / bathing

21. There was a certain night once a week for a bath. Miss **ACI** and Miss **GZA** would strip us until we were naked. They would inspect our pants. If you had soil marks on your pants, you'd be smacked with the coat hanger.
22. It was two at a time in the bath. The staff would soap you up. They didn't change the bath water. Three or four families went through the same water, I can't remember how many exactly. The staff put all the smaller kids in first. Then it was the older ones. It was me and my sister who shared a bath.

Leisure time

23. We didn't get any toys. Even when your family brought toys up on a visit, the toys were taken off you straight away, as soon as your family had gone. My grandmother used to bring us toys. You never saw the toys again. There was a playroom inside the building. There was nothing in it. We weren't allowed to stay in the playroom. You went outside to play, in the trees and the fields.
24. After school, we ran around and made our own games up. That wasn't supervised. Then, Miss **ACI** or Miss **GZA** would come out and shout for you to go in. We got a biscuit and a glass of milk before we went upstairs to bed.

Trips / Holidays

25. We went on a trip to St Andrews for a few days. We were on the beach. All the families and all the lay staff went, Miss **ACI** Miss **GZA** and some other ones. None of the nuns went. I don't know if the lay staff had their boyfriends there but I remember a couple of blokes, one of them had a guitar and we were all singing. It was alright in St Andrews. We were treated differently because we were out in public, the staff couldn't treat you badly.

Healthcare

26. I didn't get ill. ██████ got mumps and he couldn't breathe. Sister ^{AEG} ██████ came out of her room without her habit on, to see to him. I thought, she's a real woman.
27. A little boy got a wasp in his ear. I can't remember his name. He was in my class at school. The boy was screaming. The wasp was right inside his ear. A wasp can sting you as many times as it wants. There were loads of wasps at the kitchen bins, which we had to pass when we came down the hill from school. One of the nuns came out and poured wax in the boy's ear. I never saw him again. That haunted me for a long time.

Birthdays and Christmas

28. I don't remember having any birthdays at Smyllum. There was no party or tree at Christmas. It was just another day. We went Christmas shopping in Lanark once. Miss ^{ACI} ██████ or Miss ^{GZA} ██████ took us out and gave me money and I bought something. I can't remember what. When I got back to Smyllum, Sister ^{AEG} ██████ took what I'd bought off me and said I couldn't have it. I never saw the thing again.

Visits

29. I can't remember any good things about Smyllum, only when we got visits, when my dad or my uncles came up. I don't know what happened but my mum's side of the family and my dad's side of the family had a big feud. Dad came to Smyllum so that we could meet our new step-mum. They brought us a load of toys. The nun called my dad out and there was a heated argument. My mum's mum, my grandmother had turned up at the same time. The nuns kept my grandmother in a separate room. My dad and step-mum left. I went in to see my grandmother. That visit took place in a room me and my siblings were once locked in, after we had run away.
30. Visits were never prearranged or regular. Visitors just turned up. Sometimes my grandmother would come to visit me and my dad would be there with my step-mum.

My dad and my grandmother would be split up and put in separate rooms. I would go in see one of them in a room, then come out and go into another room to see the other. I didn't mention to them about the abuse. I was just happy to see them. I thought that was how life was supposed to be.

31. My brothers and sister were at the visits as well. The nuns weren't there. We weren't allowed to walk out in the grounds. We weren't taken out for the day.
32. I don't remember seeing a social worker at Smyllum.

Discipline

33. If you did something wrong, you got battered. You were smashed on the back of the head and locked in a room, by Miss ^{ACI} and Miss ^{GZA}. It could be because you didn't come in straight away when you were shouted in. Miss ^{ACI} and Miss ^{GZA} would drag you along and upstairs by your arm, so that your legs couldn't keep up. We were hit with an open hand or with a wooden coat hanger on the back of our legs and our backside. Being battered was regular. It was part of the norm and happened at least a couple of times a week. You were always worried that you were going to be battered. There was no-one to speak to in Smyllum about being battered.

Running away

34. I ran away a couple of times. You'd be battered when you got back. My older brother, [REDACTED] had a big argument with ^{BAC} [REDACTED]. I don't know what it was about. Just after that, me, my two brothers and my sister ran away. We were only little. I was about six years old and my sister was five years old. [REDACTED] was eight years old and [REDACTED] was nine or ten years old. I don't know where we were going, just away from Smyllum. I had been in Smyllum for a while. We got caught just outside Lanark. A woman and a man in a car saw little kids in the middle of the country, trying to thumb a lift, and stopped. They were ever so nice. They took us back to Smyllum.

35. When we got back, we got battered by Sister ^{AEG} and Miss ^{GZA}. They locked us in a room downstairs for a few hours. It was cold, there were no windows, just a bench. The light was on.

Abuse at Smyllum Orphanage

36. I never really thought about the abuse. I just thought that was the way things were meant to be. At home, I wasn't smacked with coat hangers or belted. At Smyllum, I was terrified.
37. If you didn't eat the food, you got smacked and forced to eat it by Miss ^{ACI} and Miss ^{GZA}. My brother, vomited at the table. The staff were forcing him to eat and he didn't want to. They were shoving it down his throat and saying he'd eat it. He threw a stainless steel knife at Miss ^{ACI}. The knife just missed her and stuck in the wall. was about nine years old. The staff didn't force feed me. I used to hide the food in my hand and in my pocket when no-one was looking.
38. Sister ^{AEG} was evil. She beat up on the bed. was about nine or ten years old. I don't know what it was for, probably something silly. Sister ^{AEG} was punching. He even got scratched. I tried to pull her off. Eventually, put his legs up and kicked her in the chest. Sister ^{AEG} went flying back and smashed her head. We were all scared. We thought she was going to beat everybody up. Sister ^{AEG} got up and locked herself in her room. She never hit again after that.
39. Miss ^{GZA} and Miss ^{ACI} used to get your underpants. If your underpants were soiled, you'd to put your hands out. Miss ^{GZA} and Miss ^{ACI} got a wooden coat hanger and smashed you on the hands with it. They smashed you on the back of the legs, your bum and your back with the coat hanger too. This happened when your clothes were stripped off. You would be struggling and screaming. I was a four year old kid, you can't really clean your bum properly at that age. I went in the toilet before bath time, got my pants in the toilet and scrubbed them.

40. My sister and my brothers used to say to look at the marks on me after I'd been battered. I didn't look to see if my brothers or sister had any marks. We would all be crying and screaming. It was mayhem. It wasn't just our family being battered, it would be the whole dormitory. If you got dirt on your clothes, you got battered too.
41. All the kids would be in [BAC] workshop. [BAC] always had young girls in his workshop. He caught some baby rabbits and I went over to have a look at them. I wanted to go in to the workshop with everybody else. [BAC] punched me, he smacked me on the side of the head and told me I wasn't getting in and that I was to get out. I never went near him again.

Leaving Smyllum Orphanage

42. Me, my brothers and my sister were told we would be leaving Smyllum a week before we left. My dad had remarried while we were in Smyllum. We were told we were going to Coatbridge to stay with my dad and my step-mum. I was happy to get out of the home. My uncle picked us up in a car.

Staying with my dad and step-mum, then with my grandmother, Coatbridge

43. I was nine years old when I went to stay with my dad and step-mum. I went with my brothers and sister. My dad wanted me to call my step-mum, 'mum'. I wasn't calling her mum, she wasn't my mum. My step-mum reminded me too much of Miss [ACI] and Miss [GZA] she had that sort of attitude. I didn't get on with her. I was registered at St Monica's School. I couldn't cope with school. I got on with one teacher, Miss Reilly. She had a soft spot for me. I hated teachers and people in authority. I rebelled and ran away.
44. I had a female social worker. Her name was Miss Chapman. I saw her on a voluntary basis. I kept in contact with her. I went to see my social worker at her office in

Coatbridge. I told her I wasn't getting on with my step-mum. She told me to go to live with my grandmother, my dad's mum, until she sorted something out. My social worker gave me the bus fare. I was nine years old.

45. I stayed at my grandmother's. I became unruly and got mixed with up gangs. The gangs were kids who were in a similar situation to me, who had family stuff going on with their mums and dads. I broke into shops and stole cars. My dad sent my brother [REDACTED] to try to get me to go back to my dad's. I said I wasn't going back. I wasn't calling my step-mum, 'mum'. The rest of my siblings were coping okay at my dad's.
46. I started staying out and sleeping rough. I survived by stealing rolls and milk from people's doorsteps, stealing from shops and breaking into shops. I got caught by the police. I went to a Children's Panel. I think the Children's Panel had just started. My grandmother went to the Panel. She couldn't cope with me, even though she loved me. I didn't know what was happening. The adults were all talking. I never really listened to what they were saying. The Panel put me in Calder House Remand Centre in Blantyre. I was nine years old.

Calder House Remand Centre, Blantyre, Lanark

47. I was at Calder House for about three months. I was taken there by Mr McTaggart, who was a social worker, in his Volkswagen Beetle car. He was a bloke with a beard. I had dealings with him for a few years. I never asked where I was going.
48. At Calder House, you were locked in. It was a secure home. There were big windows but they had locks on them, so you couldn't open them. The building was a new, modern building. Calder House was for girls and boys. The girls and boys only met in the dining-hall at dinnertime. There were no women in the boy's part of Calder House. It was run by blokes. The head bloke had live-in quarters at the end of the building, where he lived with his wife. Another staff member lived at the other end of the building. I can't remember the names of the staff.

49. There were three or four dormitories on the upper level, two rooms on each side with four beds in each. On our side, there were at least sixteen boys. The boys were aged from nine to fifteen years.
50. Calder House was clean. It was strict. You knew if you stepped out of line, there'd be consequences. At the time, I didn't compare Calder House to Smyllum. Looking back, Calder House was different to Smyllum. In Smyllum, physical abuse was an everyday occurrence, it was mayhem, with little kids screaming.

Routine at Calder House Remand Centre

First Day

51. The head bloke and the deputy met me when I arrived. The head bloke spoke to me. He told me he was the head and that I wouldn't be doing this and that. He told me what the routine was. I was shown the common room. Then, they stripped me off and chucked me in the shower. The staff put stuff in your hair to kill lice. It had to stay in your hair for 24 hours. We called it 'jungle juice'. Other kids wouldn't sit with you because you had jungle juice on. The staff gave you clothing. Everyone's clothing was matching.

General Routine

52. There were four lads in my dorm. They were the same age as me. I don't remember their names. We went to bed about 8.30 pm or 9 pm. The dorm door was open at night. The night-watchman came round every half hour. He shone his torch straight in your face and woke you up. If someone wanted the toilet during the night, they would shout on him. The night-watchman would take them to the toilet. I never left the dorm at night.
53. In the morning, the staff would come into the dorm and tell you to get up. They'd get you dressed, washed and down to the dining-hall. You had breakfast. Then you went

to school. School was in a classroom in the building. The teacher came into the centre from Airdrie. He was a big bloke from Airdrie. At the time, I had a lot of interest in cars and the teacher had a Ford Cortina Mark II.

54. There wasn't a play time. After lunch, you came upstairs and all the lads sat in a room with a TV. We watched TV or played cards. The bloke in charge sat at a desk. The lads who were fifteen or sixteen years old sat at one end of the room and had a cigarette. The younger lads, like me, couldn't smoke.
55. You went back to school in the afternoon. After school, you came back, got your tea and changed into gym clothes. We did gym every night in a big room downstairs. Then we went back to sit in the room with the TV. You were never allowed outside to play. There was no bit of grass or yard to play on. Once a week, at the weekend, four or five members of staff would take us out for a walk around Blantyre. You were given a pair of boots and a coat for the walk.
56. One side of the dining-hall was for unruly girls. The other side was for the lads. You ate the food you were given. Mostly the food was okay. A cook came into the centre to make the food. Friday was the best day, you got fish and chips. That was nice.
57. At the weekend, you had to scrub the floors in the corridors and the dormitories. The centre was cleaned by the lads who lived in it. We had to stand on chairs and wash the glass light shades. The staff inspected what you cleaned. If something wasn't done right, the lads who smoked wouldn't get a cigarette at lunchtime.
58. I had Christmas in Calder House. It wasn't a bad time. The staff let us take down the glass lampshades and paint them with water-colour paint. The staff gave us a present. I got a selection box, a pair of socks wrapped up in Christmas paper and something else. We watched films. We had party hats and there was a table cloth on the table.

Visits

59. My brother, [REDACTED], and three of my pals came up to visit me. The staff wouldn't let them in. My brother and my pals were at the front of the centre, standing at the big glass doors. They were shouting through the doors at me, telling me to smash the window and run out. By then, I had been punished by the head bloke, the head of the remand centre, and made to go on a run. I thought, I'm not going through that run again. The run had put me off misbehaving.
60. My grandmother couldn't visit. She had a disabled daughter who she looked after. My dad had too much on his plate with my brothers and sisters to be worrying about me. My step-mum had a baby, my step-sister. My dad was struggling for work and they were poor. I didn't have any weekend visits back home. If I'd had an adult visitor, not my brother, I would have been allowed out in the town for a few hours, to go to a café or something. There was no appropriate person for me to be allowed to do that. Other boys did go into town with their visitors.

Running away

61. I never ran away from Calder House. There was a big guy called [REDACTED] who ran away, he was at least six feet tall. [REDACTED] smashed a chair through a window upstairs and jumped out. He landed on the grass and ran off. He was caught but he didn't come back to Calder House. I met him later on Rossie Farm and in England in borstal.

Abuse at Calder House Remand Centre

62. I remember this time when I had done something wrong. I think I'd been fighting or having an argument, it was something trivial. One Saturday morning, [REDACTED] SNR came and got me. He told me to put my P.E. kit on. [REDACTED] SNR took me out to Blantyre, running. I had to keep up with him. He was a fit bloke. I was only nine or ten years old.

We ran up big, steep hills. It was muddy and raining. The route was the same route that the staff took us on when they took us for a walk at the weekend.

63. When we got to a little dirt track, SNR [REDACTED] smacked me in the back of the head, when I was running. The smack came out of the blue, without warning. I fell on my face. I burst all my face open and cut my hand. He didn't even pick me up. I had to pick myself up. I was all covered in blood.
64. When we got back to the centre, he chucked me in the shower. I didn't get any medical attention. A couple of days later, I was scrubbing the floors with a bucket and mop. My hand was bleeding that much, that when I put my hand down, it burst open again. There was blood everywhere, on the floor.
65. I thought about it years later. SNR [REDACTED] had done that to me in the middle of the valley, with nobody about, no witnesses. He wasn't stupid, he was a clever bloke. I learned my lesson from that. I didn't do anything to put a foot out of place after that.
66. I remember the time a boy got battered in a dorm by one of the staff. The member of staff lived in the building, at the opposite end from where the head lived. I can't remember his name. He was ex-army. I heard it happening. I heard banging about in the dorm and shouting. I don't know why the boy was battered. He had a cut lip and was all dishevelled.

Leaving Calder House Remand Centre

67. I don't remember how the decision was made that I was to go to St Ninian's School. SNR [REDACTED] came to see me and said I was being sent to an approved school. He said, if I behaved, eventually I'd get home at weekends. SNR [REDACTED] said, "All the best, on you go." I moved the same week SNR [REDACTED] spoke to me.
68. A man came to Calder House in a big sports car. I'd never met him before. I don't know if he was a social worker or just a driver. I put my own clothes on. The man gave

me a 'Crunchie' chocolate bar and I put it in my top pocket. The man took me to St Ninian's out by Aberfoyle, Gartmore. We didn't talk about where I was going, who it was run by or how many people were in it. The man just asked if I liked sports cars and Crunchies.

St Ninian's School, Gartmore, Stirlingshire

69. St Ninian's was run by the De la Salle Brothers. The Brothers wore black robes with a collar that came down in two pieces at the front. St Ninian's was another big mansion, like Smyllum. It was in its' own grounds and there appeared to be loads of land about it. It was all boys at St Ninian's. There was one big building. The boys were split into four houses. I was in St George's. Our colour was red. We had our own playroom and TV room. The house next to ours was yellow. St Patrick's was down the corridor. There was St Peter's and I can't remember the last one. The houses were all run by civilian staff.
70. There were about fifteen boys in St George's. We all slept in the same dormitory. They were a good bunch of lads. The oldest lad was about thirteen years old. I was ten years old. ^{GKY} [REDACTED] was the same age as me. His brother, [REDACTED] was a bit older. I got on alright with them. We used to pal about together. I think there was a lad who was nine years old. You were called by your first name.
71. As you walked in the door of the main building, there were some steps that went down. That was the lower level. When you went to the back of the building, there was a veranda at that lower level. The dining-hall was down there to the left.
72. I didn't trust the Brothers. It was a religious place again. I had every right not to trust the Brothers, they weren't to be trusted. Most of the Brothers were Irish. I'd never heard of the De le Salle Brothers before. I thought they were priests.

Staff at St Ninian's School, Gartmore

73. There were loads of Brothers, about 20 or 25 altogether. Most of the Brothers were Irish. Some of the Brothers were alright. SNR █████ changed while I was at St Ninian's. I can't remember SNR █████ name. █████ Brother MJJ █████ was SNR █████. Brother HFT █████ was SNR █████. He was a decent bloke and I liked him. You could trust him. Nine times out of ten, anything to do with school would go through Brother HFT █████.
74. Our dorm was run by Brother MJO █████. He was a good bloke. He was an old guy and a secret alcoholic. He kept a bottle under his bed. Brother MJO █████ was as good as gold. He wouldn't harm a fly.
75. Other Brothers were Brother MBZ █████ and Brother Damian.
76. Brother GYV █████ was the youngest Brother at St Ninian's. He was Irish. Brother GYV █████ was dodgy. He got me on my own in the dormitory and put his hand up my shorts. He came to St Ninian's from another home. He didn't last long. They soon got rid of Brother GYV █████.
77. Brother HJS █████ was alright. He was a nice man. Brother MJO █████ couldn't look after us at night-time because he was an alcoholic, so Brother HJS █████ used to come round. Brother HJS █████ taught me to play the guitar. Brother MBZ █████ had farm animals, goats and chickens, in a walled garden.
78. There were two women who worked as chefs in the kitchen, two women who were seamstresses and a Matron who looked after medical stuff and took us to medical appointments.
79. There were lay staff, they were all men. Mr GXC █████ ran the dorm the next door to ours. He was okay. Some of the lads liked him. There was also a Mr MCK █████.

80. GZI [REDACTED] ran St Patrick's. He was in his twenties. He was a dirty bastard. He was a civilian member of staff who molested boys. He was a sicko. GZI [REDACTED] tried it on with me and I told him where to go. He got chucked out of St Ninian's.
81. Mr GZM [REDACTED] was a bully. You didn't cross him because he would strike you down. He was a civilian who came in to teach. I don't know if he was a qualified teacher. He taught English and Physical Education, we called it PT.

Routine at St Ninian's School, Gartmore

First day

82. Mr McTaggart drove me to St Ninian's. It was my tenth birthday. Noddy Holder was in the music charts. I remember arriving there and it was a sunny day. Everybody was out running about and playing football on the grass. There were blokes with black robes on. I got introduced to the Brothers and the civilian staff. I thought there'd be no running away from there because I didn't know where I was, it was in the middle of nowhere. The man who had driven me there, and me, spoke to someone, I don't know if it was the head Brother.
83. I went down to the seamstress. She got me all kitted up with clothes. I was given a Sunday best outfit, play boots and shorts, boots and shorts for school and sandals. I had a shower and got changed into my kit. In the boot room, where we all lined up and got counted, I was shown which box was mine. You kept your play boots in the box.
84. I was ten years old and I got a number. It was number [REDACTED] That was the first time I had a number. The number was on your clothes, on everything you had. I went into the playground and shared my Crunchie with another lad. He became my pal because I had the Crunchie. I felt I'd been chucked in at the deep end.

General Routine

85. We slept in dormitories. The night-watchman came around St Ninian's as well. He was a little bloke from Gartmore village. I didn't know his name. The night-watchman came around every night. He came into the dormitory and checked who was in bed. If lads wet the bed, the night-watchman would get them up and take them to the toilet. One or two lads got up during the night to go to the toilet.
86. Brother MJO got you up in the morning. You got washed, changed for school and went down for breakfast. After breakfast, we went to school. Most of the teachers were okay, except for Mr GZM. School was in a different complex in the grounds but away from the main building.
87. We went back to the main building for lunch. After lunch, we had playtime in the field at the side of the building. We got plenty of fresh air at St Ninian's. After playtime, we went back to school. At school I did Art, Music, English, Maths and PT. When I was twelve years old, I won the yearly prize for Art and for Music.
88. After school, you came back, got your tea and got changed into your play clothes and boots. Sometimes the Brothers would say they had an activity and we would go out of St Ninian's for a couple of hours to different places.
89. Bedtime was about 8.30 pm or 9 pm. You went upstairs and got changed into your pyjamas. You brushed your teeth and did the toilet. You had half an hour or twenty minutes to talk, read or mess about, until lights off.
90. You ate in a massive dining-area and sat at the same table for every meal. The food was alright. There were no issues with the food. No-one forced you to eat. If you didn't want the food, you just left it.
91. There was a little church in St Ninian's. We went to church on Wednesdays and Sundays.

92. When other lads went home at the weekends, the lads left at St Ninian's would help out with chores in the dormitories. Other people would do the chores during the week.

Washing / bathing

93. There was a row of communal showers. The showers were open, there were no cubicles. The water was adjusted from outside. The Brothers or the staff would turn the water on. We had showers twice a week. Various people supervised the showers, Brothers and other staff. There was always someone watching to see that you weren't messing about. Then you got dried, changed and back up the stairs. There was a big row of about fifteen or twenty sinks.

Leisure time

94. As far as activities and recreation went, St Ninian's was spot on. There were ponies and I learned how to ride. Brother **MJO** looked after the horses. I groomed and fed the horses. Sometimes the Brothers would say a group of lads could go in the van to Loch Katrine or Loch Lomond and the Trossachs for a couple of hours. You would put your hand up to go. We went canoeing and mountain climbing. We'd go to Callander swimming baths. The Brothers had a bus to take us places. **GZI** and Mr **GXC** were the bus drivers. There was a football field and swings.
95. At weekends, we'd go for walks by the river, just outside the grounds. We went to Aberfoyle and for day trips to Loch Lomond.

Trips / Holidays

96. If you were one of the lads like me that didn't go home for visits at weekends, you were taken on good holidays. Every time they let me out for the weekend, I wouldn't come back. I would steal a car, get caught and be taken back to St Ninian's by the police. Because of that, they wouldn't let me go home at weekends and holidays.

97. We went on holidays for a week in the summer. We went to Irvine, Girvan, Dunoon and Dunbar. Mr IAV came to Dunoon, with GZI. GZI must have been a spoilt bloke. He never married and he lived with his mum in Bearsden in Glasgow. He had a flash car. On the way to Dunoon, GZI stopped at his mum's to pick up his speedboat. At Dunoon, we slept in a tent. We had a bus as well. It was alright. It wasn't a bad trip.
98. Mr GXC took us to Dunbar with two other staff members. We camped on the beach. The Brothers took us to Irvine and Girvan. That was the first time I saw them without their robes as they were in civilian clothes. Fifteen of us lads went. The Brothers rented a big hall. There were mattresses on the floor. The holiday was alright.

Healthcare / Mental Health

99. I had been at St Ninian's for about three months when I tried to take my own life. I had it in my head that when you died, your spirit was free. I wanted to see my mum and thought, that way, I could see her. I was ten years old.
100. I went to Matron a few times when I didn't feel well. Matron was okay. She was a stern woman. You wouldn't mess with her. Matron had a sick bay, where she had all her medicines. The sick bay was on the left hand side in the main hall as you walked through the door. Matron would tell you to come in and sit down. She would ask what was wrong with you and might take you to see the doctor. If you'd hurt your knee, she'd put a plaster on it. Matron took you to Stirling to the dentist. I got a tooth out.
101. One lad kept asking for drinks of water. It turned out he had diabetes.

Birthdays and Christmas

102. I always went home to my grandmothers at Christmas. Everyone went home. The whole place shut down. The Brothers went back to their families in Ireland. The Brothers gave you a selection box before you left.

103. I don't remember celebrating a birthday at St Ninian's.

Visits / Contact with home

104. My dad came up to visit me with my Uncle [REDACTED]. The visit shocked me, it was out of the blue. I was at school and got taken out of the classroom. The staff said there was somebody to see me. My dad and Uncle [REDACTED] took me into Gartmore village for a few hours. My dad must have felt a bit guilty about me and thought he'd go and see me. I never saw my brothers and sister at St Ninian's.

105. We wrote one letter a week. I wrote my letter to my Uncle [REDACTED] we called him [REDACTED].

106. I didn't have any social work visits.

Home Visits / Running away

107. The staff would drop everybody off at Buchanan Street in Glasgow, at tea-time on Friday. The school bus was full. I would go to Queen Street Station and get the train to Coatbridge. I'd go and see my grandmother, then go down and see my dad, my brothers and sister. Then I'd find my pals. I wouldn't go to see my family again.

108. You were supposed to be at Buchanan Street on Sunday at tea-time to get the bus back to St Ninian's. If you weren't there, the Brothers or the staff would phone the police and say that you hadn't returned. I'd get caught eventually, stealing something. I was stealing cars when I was ten or eleven. My uncle taught me to drive. The police would take me to the police station, phone up social services and drive me back to St Ninian's.

109. When I got back, whoever was on duty would go mad. They'd take me downstairs, strip me off and put me in the shower. That wasn't a punishment, it was to make sure I was clean. Whoever was on would put you in the shower. Normally it was Brother

MJO because he was in charge of St George's. Every now and again it would be GZI

Discipline

110. If you had done anything wrong, it was written in a book next to your number. This was done by the Brother or staff member. They carried a little book around with them and wrote down everything that happened. For example, Number [REDACTED] kicked so-and-so. There was a meeting of the Brothers and the staff every week. Sometimes you would be at the meeting, other times you wouldn't be. Punishments would be being stopped from going to activities or trips.

Abuse at St Ninian's Approved School

111. The Brothers were bastards. They were strict about everything. Some of the Brothers were predators. The Brothers would give you a backhander, they would hit you, for anything. They hit you on the back of legs with their hands. I saw a lad's legs getting swept from under him and he fell on his back. You have a bloke who becomes a monk, and, for some reason, they seem to take it out on the kids. Brothers would pick on certain individuals, not necessarily me. Other lads got bullied by the Brothers.
112. You knew which Brothers and civilian staff you could trust and who you couldn't trust in St Ninian's. You couldn't trust GZI Brother GYV and Brother GZQ. You stayed well clear of them. I knew I couldn't trust them through my own experience with GZI and Brother GYV and through other lads. Other lads told me those men were touching them up and things like that. I just heard things about Brother GZQ. I didn't have any dealings with him.
113. Once, after I'd been returned to St Ninian's by the police, Mr GZI washed me in the sink. I was eleven years old. I said to him that I wanted to get in the shower but he said I had to stand in the sink and he would wash me. I was stripped off. As I stood in

the sink Mr **GZI** touched me all over. I was pushing him off, telling him to get off me. He shouldn't have been touching me and I knew it. I'd been warned about Mr **GZI** by the other lads. He picked me out of the sink, I got dressed and he took me back up to the dormitory.

114. Brother **GYV** had only just come to St Ninian's when he said to me that he'd heard I played the guitar. He asked me if I wanted to come up to the dormitory and have a little practise. Straight away, alarm bells were ringing but I wanted to see what his guitar was like. Brother **GYV** said to go to the dormitory because his guitar was in his room. Brother **GYV** room was off the dormitory, up a spiral staircase in the staff quarters. All the other lads were in the common room. He went up and got his guitar and came back to the dormitory.
115. I was wearing short trousers and Brother **GYV** put his hand up my shorts. I pushed him off, picked up my guitar and walked away. I never saw Brother **GYV** for a couple of days after that. A few weeks later, Brother **GYV** was gone from St Ninian's.
116. Brother **MJJ** battered you all the time. He was a sicko. When I was ten or eleven years old, Brother **MJJ** came into the class one day and called me down to his office. He sat me on his knee. I jumped off and asked him what he was doing. Brother **MJJ** said he just wanted to talk to me. I knew straight away, I had a sixth sense. I ran out of the room and he didn't come after me.
117. Other boys had been called into his office and told me Brother **MJJ** was dodgy, he touched boys up. His office was in the education block. Brother **MJJ** would call boys over to his office when no-one was in the education block. The boys would be out, having playtime or outdoor activities.
118. We were in PT and Mr **GZM** told us not to jump on the trampoline. I jumped on it. Everyone was going back to their classes after their PT session. He called me back. Mr **GZM** said that when he told me to do something, I did it. Then he punched me on the head with a closed fist.

119. Mr MCK beat lads with a cane on the back of their legs. He never hit me with a cane but I saw him battering lads with it in the play yard. I don't know what the battering was for.

Reporting of abuse at St Ninian's Approved School

120. I wrote to my Uncle [REDACTED] and told him about Mr GZM punching me. My uncle was only eighteen years old at the time. I looked up to my uncle. When I went home for the weekend, he said, "What was that all about?" I told my uncle I had been punched and smacked. He told me to fight back but when you're a small kid, you can't overpower an adult.

Leaving St Ninian's Approved School

121. I went to the Children's Panel just after my thirteenth birthday. No-one warned me about going to the Panel. The staff just said to put these clothes on. I was dressed all nice, with a tie and long trousers, which was a rarity. I was put in a car and I asked where I was going. They said I was going to Coatbridge. I asked if I was going to see my grandmother but they said I was going to the Panel. The staff said I was going home to my grandmother, I was a teenager now.
122. At the Panel, a few people spoke and looked through forms. My grandmother was at the Panel. The social worker was Mr McTaggart. The Panel said I could go with my grandmother. I went straight from the Panel to my grandmother's, my dad's mum.

Staying with my grandmother for the second time, Coatbridge

123. By this time, my dad had lost his house and the family had split up. My older brother, [REDACTED] had moved in with one of my aunts. My sister, ABY [REDACTED] had gone to another

aunty and uncle. [REDACTED] had gone down to London, when he was sixteen or seventeen years old.

124. It was okay back at my grandmother's but I started mixing with the wrong people again. I was stealing, running away and staying out overnight. I had no contact with social services when I was at my grandmother's. There was never any interaction with social services, unless I contacted them. I went to see Miss Chapman in Coatbridge and I was told she'd left. I didn't bother with social services after that. When I was thirteen and a half years old, I was sent to the Children's Panel. I was put into St Phillip's School, just outside Coatbridge. I wasn't there for long.

St Phillip's School, Plains, Airdrie

125. St Phillip's was a modern complex off the main road, just outside Airdrie. It wasn't secure. You were allowed out in the grounds but not on the main road. It was the same sort of thing as St Ninian's but smaller. Schooling was on the premises. There were outdoor activities. All the staff were civilians. There were about thirty boys. The boys were aged thirteen upwards. A couple of the lads went out to work at the Cairn Hotel in Airdrie, they must have been sixteen or seventeen.
126. The staff were laid back at St Phillip's. It was more relaxed, compared to Calder House and St Ninian's. I was at St Phillip's for six to eight weeks, at the beginning of the summer.

Routine at St Phillip's School

First day

127. I was thirteen and a half years old. I was taken by car to St Phillips by Mr McTaggart. The staff told me what you had to do. They said that you got changed in the dormitory and they showed me the dining-room.

General Routine

128. There were six boys in my dormitory. You had to clean the dormitory every morning. You cleaned around your bed then passed the brush to the next guy. You tidied up generally.
129. We went for cross-country runs and we swam in lochs.
130. School was in St Phillip's. I'd never been to a secondary school. A couple of teachers came in to teach. We were taught English and Maths, the basic stuff. I was a slow learner. There were guitars to play. There were no art classes.
131. There wasn't any discipline for doing anything wrong.

Visits / Review of Detention

132. You had to be at St Phillip's for a couple of months before you were allowed to go home at the weekend. Because of my track record at St Ninian's, I wasn't at St Philip's long enough to have a home visit.
133. Nobody sat and talked to me about anything. The Panel didn't ask me anything. Nobody asked me the reason why I run away or why I was doing the things I was doing. I was classed as unruly. I heard them saying that at the Panel. I was never taken to a psychiatrist or a psychologist to get assessed, to find out what the problem was. I was reported in the newspaper for stealing cars. The newspaper couldn't print my name because I was too young. I don't know why I was stealing cars. I had no good role model to look up to.

Running away

134. The temptation was to run off. If I was a bit upset at the staff, I'd be over the fields and away to Coatbridge. You could just walk away. The staff wouldn't realise you were gone for about an hour.

Leaving St Philip's School

135. Me and another lad from Glasgow, [REDACTED], ran away together. I met [REDACTED] again at Rossie Farm. I was sleeping rough and stealing to survive. I stayed out all night with my pals. They thought it was great, me running away from the approved school again. There was no way to get back to my family. My family was all dispersed. My dad's second marriage had broken down. I got caught by the police doing something stupid. The police contacted social services. St Phillips said they didn't want me and I didn't go back to St Philip's.
136. I went to the Panel again. There was no discussion about why I was running away. There was no-one from the family to represent me. I didn't understand the words the Panel were coming out with, they were whispering. I didn't take any notice of what they were saying. The Panel must have thought St Philip's was too close to home and that they would have to send me somewhere further away. The same day, they sent me as far away as possible to St Joseph's in Tranent, just outside Edinburgh.

St Joseph's School, Tranent, East Lothian

137. It wasn't that far from Coatbridge to Edinburgh but to a kid, it seemed like miles. I went to St Joseph's when I was just fourteen years old. I stayed there for a few months in 1974.
138. St Joseph's was another big, old conversion of a mansion. There were three storeys. There were a lot of grounds. It was all boys in St Joseph's, there were about sixty to

eighty so it was a big place. There were a lot of younger lads and some older. There were a lot of civilian staff. I never really got to know the place. [REDACTED] was at St Joseph's and, because of that, I ran away.

Routine at St Joseph's School

First day

139. I was taken to St Joseph's in a car, by Mr McTaggart. Mr McTaggart said to me I'd have a hard time getting home from this place. We were met at St Joseph's by one of the Brothers. He might have been the head. I felt alright going to St Joseph's, until I realised it was run by De la Salle Brothers again. I realised straight away, when I saw the robes and the collar.
140. I didn't get any explanation about the routine or discipline at St Joseph's. I had to find out about it for myself. I couldn't believe it when I got to St Joseph's and [REDACTED] was there. He had been transferred out of St Ninian's. I don't know why. [REDACTED] told me where I'd be sleeping. My clothes were taken off me and I was given school clothes.

General Routine

141. We slept in dormitories. There were five or six boys in my dormitory. We were the same age, thirteen or fourteen years old. There were rooms all the way along a big corridor. I don't know who was in charge of what. One day, a Brother would come up in the morning. He would tell us to get up, get washed and dressed. The next day, it would be civilian staff. There were individual showers.
142. We got up and went down for breakfast, on the bottom floor. It was the holidays, so there was no school. You could play in the grounds. The food was okay. You weren't forced to eat it.

143. GZI picked a few lads to go in his car to the beach. One time, he picked me. There were six of us lads in the car. I was in the back. We had a couple of hours out of St Joseph's to where the Rangers footballers trained, at Gullane. There were no days out or big coach trips. One of the monks, an old boy, had a dog. He let me take the dog out in the grounds and to Prestonpans.
144. It seemed to me that there was less discipline than there was in St Ninian's. You got pocket money at the weekend. You could buy sweets with it in the tuck shop in St Joseph's or spend it if you were out. If you did something wrong, you didn't get your pocket money. I didn't get any pocket money. I didn't see any smacking of boys by the staff or Brothers.
145. The Brothers didn't force religion on you. I didn't do any chores at St Joseph's.
146. I didn't have any visits from family or Mr McTaggart at St Joseph's. We didn't write letters to family. Social work got you out of the way and washed their hands of you. Mr McTaggart saw me once in over a year.
147. The Brothers let me out for the weekend. One of the Brothers drove me down to my aunty and uncle's in Coatbridge. I can't remember his name. The Brothers made me promise to come back. That time, I did go back. The Brother who drove me was decent. He was the only one who gave me any advice. The Brother said to come back, keep my nose clean and a few months down the line I could get released from St Joseph's. He said I could be my own man again.

Running away

148. I ran away twice from St Joseph's. The reason I ran away was because GZI was at St Joseph's. I didn't want to be near GZI or amongst Brothers again. The first time, four or five of us absconded from St Joseph's. The staff chased us over fields. The Brothers got farmers to get tractors to catch us. We got into Edinburgh and split up.

149. I stole a car and I got caught by the police and taken back to St Joseph's. The police didn't bother asking why I'd run away. The police didn't have a word with the people at St Joseph's. They should have done. The police should have been finding out what was going on and why so many lads were running away. The police took you back and that was you, out of their hands.
150. When I got back, the Brothers were scowling at me and not talking. No-one sat me down and asked why had I run away. I stayed for a few weeks, then I got home leave for the weekend. I went back to St Joseph's after home leave, that time.
151. The second time I ran away, I stole a car and drove back to Coatbridge. The police got me. A message came to the police station and I ended up in Longriggend Remand Centre. If I had been asked then, why I was running away, I would have told someone. I would have told them I was being ill-treated at St Joseph's.

Abuse at St Joseph's School

152. Nothing abusive happened to me at St Joseph's. [GZI] stayed away from me at St Joseph's. I was older and wiser, not a ten year old little boy. I knew what was what. [GZI] avoided me. He tried to make friends with me. I think [GZI] was a bit wary in case I said anything about St Ninian's. He tried to give me his twelve string guitar. I said I didn't want it. He was always sniffing about the boys. [GZI] was a sexual predator. I knew that from St Ninian's.
153. I think abuse did go on at St Joseph's. There was a little guy from Fife who ran away with me, I can't remember his name. He wanted to run away because of something to do with [GZI]. He didn't say anything specific but I knew what he meant. [GZI] was always around him, shouting at him, telling him to come over. There was obviously something sexual going on. The little guy was proper traumatised. I felt very sorry for him. I said I'd get him back to his folks in Fife and we ran away.

Leaving St Joseph's School

154. Me and the wee guy from Fife ran away. I had just turned fourteen years old. We stole a car in Prestonpans. I ended up back in Coatbridge, stealing cars, hanging about with mates, staying at their houses and drinking. I got caught by the police.

Longriggend Remand Centre, Airdrie

155. I was in Longriggend for a couple of weeks. If you were under 21 years old and you were remanded in custody, Longriggend was where you went. It catered for a small minority of juveniles. The younger kids were kept separate, in their own section in the jail. It was a horrible place. It was a real prison, pretty rough and run by prison officers. That was my first real prison cell. I was in a cell on my own. At Longriggend, you would be handcuffed.

Routine at Longriggend Remand Centre*General Routine*

156. You got up in the morning and went to get washed. You marched to the dining-room. The juveniles went to the first table in the dining-room. The other prisoners sat at tables, in long rows in the dining-room. One time, an older guy I knew passed me down a cigarette for me. After breakfast, you were marched back to your cell. I think the staff had something to eat then.
157. Then, you got marched to a classroom inside the prison. The class was taken by a prison officer in uniform. He was okay and treated us more civilly than the other officers. The officer who took the class gave us toffees at break time. The other officers didn't know how to treat us. We were treated like scum. The class went on until lunchtime when you'd go back to the dining-room. After lunch, you were marched back to the classroom.

158. After school, there was no television. You had dinner and then later you got a cake and a cup of tea. That was your day. I was never out in the fresh air. There was no exercise yard for the juveniles. At Longriggend, you wore a uniform.

Abuse at Longriggend Remand Centre

159. If you stepped out of line, you got smacked by the staff. There was a lot of physical violence between the officers and the young prisoners. I was whistling in my cell and an officer told me to stop fucking whistling. I told him to fuck off and called him a twat. The next morning, the staff came into the cell. The staff battered me and dragged me down to the digger. The digger was the solitary confinement block. A senior officer came in. He asked me, would I swear at one of his officers and punched me in the head. It was a proper punch. I was just a little kid. The officer I had told to fuck off was nicknamed 'Rosy' because he had rosy cheeks. I can't remember the names of the other officers.

Leaving Longriggend Remand Centre

160. I went to the Panel again and Mr McTaggart and a woman were there. Everyone at the Panel was talking, I didn't know what they were talking about. I was told to get in the car. Mr McTaggart took me to Rossie Farm.

Rossie School, Montrose, Angus

161. I was in Rossie Farm for just over a year. I was fifteen in [REDACTED] and I came out that summer. We called Rossie School, 'Rossie Farm'. At the time, Rossie Farm was the most secure school in Scotland. It was worse than a prison. The school had steel doors and bars on the windows. The doors had combination locks. Rossie Farm housed

boys from age thirteen years to seventeen years. The boy who was seventeen was an armed robber.

162. Rossie Farm was like a stately home with a driveway. It had its own grounds, with flower beds, fields, a football field and a pine forest at the back. There was an open block and a building joined on to that which was the closed block. There was a bad atmosphere all the time. There wasn't friction between the lads. I had two fights in the whole time I was at Rossie Farm. I had a fight with a seventeen year old lad and, after that, the other lads left me alone and were nice to me.
163. The closed block held 25 people. The building was very small. There was a corridor joining the open and closed buildings. Upstairs in the closed block there was an office, four dormitories and five cells. Downstairs, there was a dining-room, kitchen, a big playroom and a corridor with five cells, in a row. There was a big, steel cell for punishment. It was called the 'strong cell'. At the end of the corridor were the toilets, showers and sinks. Outside there was a tiny exercise yard and a woodwork shop.

Staff at Rossie School

164. There were quite a lot of staff, about twelve or fourteen. Some staff were at Rossie every day. Others worked shifts. The whole of Rossie Farm [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] LLY [REDACTED] Mr McCann was the deputy headmaster. Mr LOH [REDACTED] was SNR [REDACTED] for the closed block. You rarely saw him. He was always well-dressed.
165. GZR [REDACTED] and GZS [REDACTED] were SNR [REDACTED] of the closed block. If GZR [REDACTED] wasn't at Rossie, Mr GZS [REDACTED] was SNR [REDACTED]. Miss Kidd took the cookery class. There was an American guy called Todd Sinclair. He was alright. He was doing some kind of psychology experiment and wanted to see how things were run in Scotland. Mr LOZ [REDACTED] and Mr McNeil were staff members. There were staff who tried their best. The higher up staff were strictly no nonsense.

Routine at Rossie School – Closed Block*First day*

166. I had just turned fourteen years old. I didn't know where I was going when Mr McTaggart drove me to Rossie Farm. The journey took a few hours, from Coatbridge to past Dundee, on the road to Aberdeen. I asked where I was going and Mr McTaggart said he was taking me to another approved school. He didn't say I was going to the most secure unit for juveniles ever built in Scotland.
167. Rossie Farm was a shock to me. No-one told me how long I'd be there for but I knew I wasn't getting out of there for a long time. No-one said if I kept my nose clean I could be out in so much time. There were no targets, no goals to aim for.
168. We drove up the driveway. I thought this could be a civilised, decent place, without monks. I didn't see one person from a religious order. We arrived and got out of the car. The deputy headmaster of the open block was at the top of the stairs, waiting for us. Mr McTaggart had the paperwork for my detention in his hand, to hand to the deputy. We went in through the open block and up the corridor, down the stairs and along a corridor. The locked steel door was opened and I was practically thrown into the closed block. There were 25 boys looking at me. As soon as you went through that steel door, it was like going in a different world.
169. SNR [REDACTED] for the closed block met me. I wondered who he was. SNR [REDACTED] and Mr McTaggart went into an office. They obviously discussed the reason I was at Rossie Farm. They took me in and explained the rules. I was to be doing one lesson a day in a class. I met the other lads and played football. I knew one of the lads, [REDACTED] from Longriggend.

General Routine

170. I was in a single cell for the first week or two. There was a bed and a little cupboard. The window opened about an inch. There were thick bars on the other side of the

window. All I could see out of the window was a tiny exercise yard. If you settled down, you were put in a dormitory with three or four other lads. After the first week or two, I was put into a dormitory and I got to know the lads. You could have a laugh with them. In the dormitory, you each had a wardrobe and coat hangers to keep your clothes in. You wore your own clothes. My grandmother sent me clothes.

171. In the morning, the staff would unlock the door. You went down to the toilet, washed and brushed your teeth. Then you got dressed. You swept your room out, dusted and polished the brass doorbell and light switch. You tried not to get the cleaner on the walls as it made black marks. There was a room inspection, to make sure you had tidied up and folded your clothes. Then you went for breakfast.
172. After breakfast, the younger lads went to the playroom and played football with a tennis ball. The older lads, who were old enough to smoke, sat and had a cigarette. They were allowed four cigarettes a day. I was fourteen and so was not allowed to smoke.
173. You had a shower at 8:30 pm every alternate day. If you didn't shower, you had a wash. The showers were individual showers. Then you went back to your cell or dormitory. You were locked up at 9 pm every night. There were no handles on the inside of the cell doors.
174. I started writing diaries until I discovered that, during the day, the staff were reading them. I packed that in straight away. I had mentioned something in the diary about one of the staff. I can't remember exactly what, it was something about a member of staff smacking a lad in the head. I can't remember the staff member's name. The staff member said to me I'd better not put anything like that in my diary. They said they had seen my diary. The staff member told me to take it out of the diary. I felt betrayed, they had read my private stuff. Nothing in Rossie Farm was private. We lived on top of each other.
175. Breakfast was cornflakes and toast. The food came into the secure block on a trolley from the open block, through the steel doors. It was good quality food. At dinnertime, there were four people sat at a table in the dining-room. One person from the table

would collect the meals and put them on the table. Every mealtime, I sat with the same three lads.

176. There wasn't a nurse at Rossie Farm. I never saw any lad see a nurse or doctor in the time I was there.
177. There was one classroom. The teacher didn't give a shit. He came in from outside a couple of mornings a week, to give us a couple of lessons. I never learned anything at Rossie Farm. In school, you were allowed to do what you wanted. One guy used to cut up bits of paper, get glue, stick it together and make a big mess. It was stupid. The only thing I did was write a letter to my grandmother, every week. My grandmother sent letters back every two or three weeks.
178. The younger lads didn't have chores to do. The older lads were allocated a corridor and they had to clean the toilets.
179. We didn't get pocket money. There was no tuck shop. The older lads got to smoke cigarettes. They would buy in a particular brand and write their name on the packet. The lads were allowed four cigarettes a day and extra at Christmas.

Leisure time

180. We would get a tennis ball and play football with it in the playroom. That was the only real activity in the place. We made goals out of the milk churns. One of my uncles gave me a guitar that needed repaired. I repaired it in the woodwork shop. I would play music on my guitar in the room where the boys played football. In all the time I was in Rossie Farm, we played one football match. It was against the open block of Rossie Farm.
181. The school started to do arts and crafts in the afternoon in a room upstairs. You were encouraged to do painting, making little trinkets with plastic and to do hobbies with balsa wood. There were staff who tried to find things to occupy us. There was a television room. But there wasn't a library with books.

182. The exercise yard was tiny and it had a barbed wire fence around it. There wasn't enough room to swing a cat in it.
183. Once four of us went to Forfar to the pictures, with SNR [REDACTED], Mr LOH [REDACTED]. It was alright. I can't remember what film we saw.

Birthdays and Christmas

184. I spent a Christmas at Rossie Farm. Christmas Day was basically the same as other days. There wasn't any effort made to make it feel like Christmas. There wasn't any decorations or a Christmas tree. We got the turkey and trimmings. My grandmother sent me a present.
185. I had a birthday in Rossie Farm, that's when my grandmother came to visit me. The staff didn't do anything for my birthday.

Visits / Review of Detention

186. I didn't see Mr McTaggart for a long time. Then, he took me to Arbroath for the day with a woman. He asked how I was getting on. I couldn't speak to him about the abuse at Rossie Farm. I had known him for quite a while by then. He had taken me to Calder House, St Phillip's, St Joseph's and Rossie Farm. When I had run away, he had taken me back to St Ninian's and to St Joseph's.
187. I never got on with Mr McTaggart. He never tried to speak to me. It was more like Mr McTaggart was miserable because I had run off and he had to take me back. It was like I was a burden to him. The time that Mr McTaggart took me to Arbroath was the only time he tried to be sociable with me.
188. Nothing was ever discussed with Mr McTaggart about why I was at Rossie Farm, why I had to go to a secure unit in amongst murderers and armed robbers or how long I was going to be there.

189. I didn't have a keyworker in Rossie Farm. The person I got closest to was Mr **LOZ**. We became good friends. I had been at Rossie Farm for about nine months when Mr **LOZ** took me out for the day, to give me a break out of Rossie Farm. I met his family and it was brilliant. I had been in that little complex which was the closed block all of the time, until Mr **LOZ** took me out. Mr **LOZ** was one of the best blokes at Rossie Farm.

190. My grandmother came up to visit once. It was my birthday. It was quite far to travel for an old woman. The staff brought her in through the steel doors. The visit was in the classroom where we normally had school. Me and my gran sat in there. The staff didn't even offer her a cup of tea.

Running away

191. I didn't run away from Rossie Farm. When we played football against the open block, any of the lads could have run away across the open fields. Running away never even crossed my mind. I think because of the fear of what would happen if I got caught. I knew I'd be put in the strong cell and battered.

192. escaped from Rossie Farm. We all used to sit at the fence. It was a chain-link fence that was too high to climb over. cut away at the fence for ages until he made a hole in it. He went through the hole and ran away. He got caught a few days later.

Discipline

193. If you did something wrong, you'd be physically thrown into the strong cell. You would be put in the cell for fighting or being abusive to a member of staff. The strong cell had a thick steel door. There wasn't a window, just the four walls. All that was in the cell was a built-in wooden bench. You would be in the cell for a day. The staff would let you out at night. The staff would bring you food. You had to ring a buzzer to be allowed out to go to the toilet.

194. There was nothing to do in the cell. The staff just left you. You just sat there all day. When you're young, time seems to drag. That wouldn't be done in a normal school. Why should it be done anywhere else?
195. I was put into the strong cell about five or six times in the year I was at Rossie Farm. I don't think the staff kept a record of that. I don't know if that was in the reports when I went to the Children's Panel when I was due to leave Rossie Farm. If Rossie Farm had mentioned all the times I'd been in the cell, supposedly for misbehaving, I don't think the Children's Panel would've let me out.
196. I was given the belt on four or five occasions.

Death in Rossie Farm – Open Block

197. While I was at Rossie Farm, a young lad killed himself in the open block. The lad worked in the kitchens that made the food that came over to the closed block. That side of the school was strict. Mr LLY had a reputation for having a strict regime and giving out punishments. He was ex-military. After the lad died, I thought I must be lucky being in the closed block. I thought it must be terrible in the open block.

Abuse at Rossie School

198. There were no issues of sexual abuse in Rossie Farm. The abuse was violence and physical abuse. The staff were big people. I cracked up a couple of times. I was lashing out and one time, it was all over a fried egg. I asked for the egg with a burst yolk. Mr LOZ laughed at me. I smacked him with a glass plate, over the head. I didn't do that again. SNR, GZR, who weighed about 25 stones, sat on me. I couldn't breathe. He picked me up by the skin on my stomach and threw me in the punishment cell. Mr GZR got someone to hold me down. I don't know who. Mr GZR had a leather belt with two tongues on it. He gave me six of the best on my bare bum.

199. GZS [REDACTED] and me were arguing about something. I was in the dormitory and I tipped my bed up. Mr GZS [REDACTED] was a full grown man and I was a fourteen year old kid. Mr GZS [REDACTED] came running up and punched me. He knocked me between two beds. He beat me up. He punched me like I was another man. Mr GZS [REDACTED] put his thumb in mouth and grabbed my cheek with his hand. He pushed on the inside of my cheek with his thumb. Mr GZS [REDACTED] had me by the throat.
200. The other lads in my dorm were there and saw it all happen. One of the lads was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] from Glasgow, he was the same age as me. I can't remember the names of the others. They were frightened, cowering back. Two members of staff had to drag Mr GZS [REDACTED] off me. I can't remember their names. One of them had curly hair and glasses. He was tall. He was a decent bloke. We nicknamed him 'Speedy'. The other staff member was a weird looking bloke. He was English and spoke posh. He wore a pin striped suit and glasses. He was unkempt. I would know that staff member if I saw a picture of him. I was left in the dormitory. I wasn't seen by a medical officer.
201. In the exercise yard, the next day, one of the lads, [REDACTED] from Cambuslang, said he had heard the ruckus last night and asked me what had happened. He said I was a mess. I showed him what GZS [REDACTED] had done to my mouth. All inside my mouth was black and ripped open, where his thumb was pressing inside my cheek. My face was swollen. I had black eyes and a broken nose. I had marks around my throat and my mouth was burst open.
202. GZS [REDACTED] called me over. He asked me what I was saying to the lad and why I was showing the lad the inside of my mouth. I said that I was showing the lad what he, Mr GZS [REDACTED] had done. GZS [REDACTED] gave me a cigarette and said not to tell the lad anything. After Mr GZS [REDACTED] beat me up, he let me smoke secretly.
203. I never thought about reporting Mr GZS [REDACTED] assaulting me. None of the other staff even mentioned it. They'd obviously been told not to mention it. The other staff didn't like what had happened, they weren't bullies and they knew it was wrong, but Mr GZS [REDACTED]

would have lost his job if it all came out, and so would they. The staff who came on the next day were probably told some story, like I was fighting in the dormitory.

Leaving Rossie School

204. Not too long after I'd been beaten up by GZS and the staff started to be nice to me, I was taken out of class to do painting with the older ones. I was given cigarettes and cups of tea. Life was brilliant. The next thing I know, I'm at the Panel in Airdrie. Mr GZR SNR took me to Airdrie.
205. At the Panel, my grandmother was there and Mr McTaggart. They spoke and the Panel said they thought I should go home that day. There was no mention of how I'd been at Rossie Farm or of anything that had happened. The Panel let me go and that was it.

Life after being in care

206. I went back to my grandmother's house from the Panel. The next day, my dad arrived from England and said I was going back to England with him. He was trying to get the family back together again. My dad was back with my step-mum. I went back with him to Ilkeston in Derbyshire. My brother, [REDACTED], was in prison. [REDACTED] was living at my dad's. He had a job. I had a step-sister, a half-sister and two half-brothers staying at my dad's too. My other sister was in Yorkshire.
207. Things were okay for a few days. I still couldn't get on with my step-mum. I started going out drinking in pubs. I only stayed at my dad's for a couple of weeks and then I was off. I couldn't work out how to stay with my family. Most of my life I'd been in care. I got friendly with an eighteen year old boy and we started stealing cars.
208. I ended up on remand in Brockhill Remand Centre, near Reddich, when I was fifteen years old. The prosecution waited until I was sixteen years old, took me to the Crown Court and gave me borstal. I came out of borstal when I was seventeen years old.

When I got out, I stole a car and got bail from the court. I went back to Scotland and got six months custody for stealing a car. I went to Longriggend first, then I went to Barlinnie Prison and then Glenochil Detention Centre. Glenochil was a brilliant jail. I loved it there. It was a brand new jail, all electronic, with fancy bars on the windows. You could see out to the Ochil Hills. You could open your window and put your head out of it to speak to the guy in the cell next to you. The regime was good and people learned skills to help them on the outside. The food was good, with things like home-made bread to eat.

209. I was near the end of my six months when I was sent back to England for the car theft. I got another six month jail sentence. I have been in and out of prison all my life. I've had some jobs. I've worked in a sand quarry and as a manual labourer.

Impact

210. My time in care has shaped and defined my life. The abuse has obviously really affected my life. I'd never really thought about it until recently. Now I'm thinking about it all the time. My life's been hell. Being in and out of borstal and prison was my life. Being locked up was all I'd ever known until I met my wife and had three kids. I still got into trouble with the police for silly things, like shoplifting. When my kids were five and eight years old, I ended up doing a 26 months prison sentence. The kids came to see me in prison. My son realised I was in prison and he broke down crying.
211. I was with my wife for eighteen years. We had a nice council house, everything we wanted and everything the kids wanted. Then we split up when my daughter was two and a half. It was my own fault as I cheated on my wife. My life has never been the same since. In the sixteen years that we've been split up I've been in and out of prison about twenty times.
212. Subconsciously, you are institutionalised by being in care. You've always been told what to do and when to do it. You get used to that. When I first met my wife, I had to go to the doctor because I couldn't cope in society. He put me on anti-psychotic pills.

The doctor couldn't figure out what was wrong with me. He knew I had been in prison. I found it hard to live in society, to get up in the morning and go to work. I didn't understand what was happening to me. My wife and I went through a rough patch. My wife helped me learn how to live in society. My wife was a rock. She helped me tremendously. She understood a lot.

213. Nobody sat me down once to ask me why I was running away. If someone had sat me down and gained my trust, I probably would have told them about the abuse and they could have acted on it. They could have stopped the abuse and resolved the issues. When I was a lad, if anyone showed an interest in me, I would wonder why they were doing that. Deep down, I needed a role model, someone to model my life on. I was taken out of normal society and put into a different world. I had to adjust to that world as best I could.
214. The way I was treated in care, beginning at Smyllum, made me anti-authority. I hated anyone in positions of authority. Even though I knew I was going to end up in prison or a police station, I've always hated prison officers and police.
215. I have a close relationship with my sister, **ABY** My brothers, **██████████** and **██████████** have both passed away now. I'd like to know more about my mum and my dad. Once, when I was on the run, I met a woman at a party who knew my mum. The woman said my mum was beautiful.
216. All the education I've had has been in places of care. My education has just been basic stuff. It's not been fantastic. The jobs I've had have all been manual labouring jobs. I've no skills.

Support/Counselling

217. I've never had any counselling. I tried talking to a counsellor in prison recently and it made me worse. I was in tears and the counsellor said she had someone else to see in five minutes. I had to put on a stiff upper lip and walk out. I'm not seeing the counsellor again.

Other action taken

218. I've started a civil action for compensation. My solicitors are Drummond Miller in Glasgow. They are getting my social work records.

Reporting of Abuse

219. The police contacted me whilst I was in prison about a year ago and asked if I would speak to them about Smyllum. I was curious. The police came to the prison to talk to me. The police only want hard, cold facts that they can act on. There was no sympathy or anything like that. I told the police about Smyllum. I mentioned St Ninian's and they said they had closed that inquiry.
220. At the time I didn't understand how speaking to police was going to affect me. The police probably didn't understand either. The police left me in a mess. The police said to the prison staff that I might need a bit of counselling. The prison staff said they would sort that out. I was sent back to my cell and there was no help. I didn't come out of my cell for four or five days. I didn't collect any meals. Not one person came to ask if I was alright. Speaking to the police opened up a can of worms.
221. The Smyllum investigation has been going on for over a year. I recently got a letter saying the investigation was closed because certain parties had passed away. That's fair enough to me. It's over and done with. I can forget about it.

Lessons to be Learned

222. No adult should hit a small child, especially when you are a small and vulnerable child in care. Social services should look at the reasons a child has ended up in care. The family should have help too.

- 223. The system should be more structured in the way children are placed, especially small children. Staff should all be properly vetted. Things should be put in place to assess the child, their mental state and intelligence.

- 224. When a child does something wrong, the staff should explain to them what they've done wrong and the consequences of that. Staff should be looking for ways to help the child, not punish them. I was just a number. Children should be involved in reviews about their care. I wasn't involved in any reviews.

- 225. Whenever problems start for children who are in care, systems should be in place to address the problems. There should be unannounced spot checks by officials to make sure nothing untoward is going on.

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

Signed..... 

Dated.....  27/11/2019