

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HMQ [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is ^{HMQ} [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1960. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I stayed in Barrhead in Glasgow with my mother and father, three sisters and six brothers. My ma's name was [REDACTED] and my da's name was [REDACTED]. The eldest was [REDACTED] then there is [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and then me. After me were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. There were twelve years between [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and about a year to fifteen months between each of us. The house had four bedrooms, a kitchen, living-room and bathroom.
3. I was at St John's Primary School. I loved school. I had a bit of trouble with reading because letters would disappear on the page and didn't make sense. I was good with my Janet and John books but had trouble with small writing. I didn't want to tell anyone and I'd rub my eyes when I was asked to read.
4. My da worked as a general labourer. He was a brilliant joiner and me and brothers helped him built pigeon huts. Our home life was brilliant. My ma and da would dance to Frank Sinatra in the living-room. The only time I heard any arguing was about [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] [REDACTED] got into trouble. I don't know why.

5. Mr Smith was the social worker. He came to the house and apparently lectured my da. My da threw Mr Smith out, called him a 'fucking poof', grabbed his bag and told Mr Smith to take his handbag with him. Ten days later, I was in Cardross Park Home. I was seven years old.
6. I was with a seventeen year old boy who was my brother's mate. The boy said he'd give me tuppence if I went with him to get his wallet. It was nothing to do with getting his wallet. We got to a works place with an office and the boy told me to run round and check if the front door was open. When I came back, he was taking a calculator and a magnifying glass out of the window. At that, the police came up and grabbed us. The boy had the calculator and magnifying glass in his hand.
7. I got put in a cage at Will Street Police Station and remanded overnight. I went to Paisley Sheriff Court the next day because the boy was seventeen. The court wasn't interested in me and gave the boy a £3 fine. Three weeks later, I went to the children's panel and I was put into Cardross Park for 28 days. I've hated Mr Smith ever since. My life fell to pieces after that.

The Children's Panel

8. Nobody came to the house before the children's panel but I had to go to Glen Street Clinic in Barrhead. I think that was because of the way my da had treated Mr Smith. I think the social work offices were in the clinic. I can't remember a thing the guy said.
9. My da came to the panel with me. There was a woman writing things and a panel member. There was someone in the background with papers. Mr Smith was beside me and my da was at the side. The head man on the panel spoke to Mr Smith. The man looked up and said, "28 days?" and Mr Smith said, "Aye". That was it. When I went out the policeman said it was the first time he'd seen anybody get 28 days for breaking a window. Mr Smith definitely had something to do with me getting the 28 days because of what had happened with my da. I'd never been in trouble and I was good in school.

10. I was breaking my heart. Right away Mr Smith left. Forty minutes later Mr Smith came back. My da told me to keep my chin up. We walked out and my da was right behind me. Mr Smith's motor was there and in it were his wife and two weans. Mr Smith's two boys weren't much older than me. I didn't know why they were there. Years later I knew why that was. It was to show my da he wasn't a 'fucking poof' and he didn't carry handbags. Mr Smith took me to Cardross in the motor with his wife and weans.
11. I was in Cardross Park twice. The first time was when I was seven years old, from [REDACTED] 1968 to [REDACTED] 1968. The second time was when I was eight in 1969.

Cardross Park Assessment Centre, Cardross – first stay

12. Cardross was a List D Remand Home for punishment. It was a big house with bay windows at the front. The house was in grounds and the gate was away down at the bottom. You couldn't see the gate from the grass in front of the house. There were tall hedges.
13. You went in the front door. There was a big table and stairs going up. To the right of the front door was the room we sat in. In that room, there were tables all along by the windows. On the left of the front door was the dining-room and upstairs were all the dorms.
14. The boys were all big and I was the smallest boy in there. I was seven years old and the oldest boy, [REDACTED] was twelve years old. Cardross was all boys and there were about 25 boys in there. There were eight boys in our dorm and four in a smaller dorm. There were another two dorms.
15. There was a cook and two guys that I saw working at Cardross. One guy would be on shift and one was off. I don't know the names of any of the staff.

Routine at Cardross Park Assessment Centre – first stay

First day

16. The Erskine Bridge wasn't long opened and we went over that in Mr Smith's car. Mr Smith asked what height the Erskine Bridge was. One of his boys said 113 feet and the other said 169 feet. I said 260 feet. Mr Smith's wife turned and looked at him and raised her eyebrows. I assumed I was closer than them. The journey took an hour.
17. Mr Smith went into Cardross with me. A man met us and Mr Smith gave the man a bit of paper. It was the first time I'd been away from home. The man said I was there for 28 days and asked what I'd done. All I could say was that I broke a window even though it wasn't me. The man asked what else I'd done and I said nothing. The other boys in Cardross said to me they were in for stealing a car or breaking into a shop.

General Routine

18. A member of staff came in and got you up in the morning. He woke everybody up and left. Then he came back and made sure your bed was made. At about 8:00 am, you went to the dining-room where you had your breakfast. After breakfast you went across the hall to the other room until lunch. You went back to the room after lunch until teatime. After tea, you went back to the room until about 7:00 pm. Then you went back up to the dorm. The meals weren't spectacular but they were eatable. The boys all ate together.
19. Every boy in Cardross was locked in that room all day. We were never out. There was nothing to do. There were comics but I couldn't read anyway. I tried but I wasn't very good. We played table tennis. There was one bat and a hardback book to play with. The guy with the bat won every time. Boys ran about and we made our own fun. There was no staff in the room and boys did what they wanted. Bullying happened and boredom was a big part of that. There was no schooling in Cardross. We didn't do any chores.

20. The windows had nails in them and blocks of wood, so that you could only open the window a wee bit. We peed out of that window sometimes because the staff wouldn't come to let you out to go to the toilet. You could bang on the door for ten or fifteen minutes and the staff wouldn't come. When I peed out the window, I had to stand on the radiator pipe so I could reach.
21. There were three or four showers in a row. You got one shower a week. You changed your sheets and towel and got clean underwear. That was all done at the same time.
22. When you went into Cardross, you were given a stripy, short sleeved t-shirt, a pair of shorts and sandals. Everybody was the same. There was no jacket or jumper. Your own clothes were locked up in a room.
23. I never saw a dentist and there was no nurse or doctor at Cardross. I didn't get sick. I just had a sore face from when I was hit by other boys. You were told you'd be fine by the staff.
24. I am a Catholic. On a Sunday we went down to church which was 100 yards away, just outside the grounds. I'm not sure if it was a Catholic church. It was just somewhere where everybody went. We walked there and went in the side door. That was the only time we saw the two members of staff together. One was at the front of us and one at the back. We sat in certain pews. There were a couple of people in the congregation who came from Cardross. After Mass, we went back up the same way and straight back into the same room.

Bed Wetting

25. At Cardross, I wet the bed every night. I hid it from the staff for a week and every night I went into a wet bed. The staff found out the first time we changed the sheets. They said I should have told them and I'd ruined the mattress. There were two of us boys who were wetting the bed. I was so relieved when I found out somebody else was wetting the bed.

26. The two of us were told to take the sheets to the laundry then to go back upstairs and put clean pyjamas on. We sat in the dorm all day and our dinner got brought up to us. We were best mates after that. The staff got sick of that every day and took me downstairs.
27. I wet the bed before I went into Cardross and for a long time after, in every place I went to. When someone did find out then it meant anger and retaliation from me. You couldn't let someone call you names.

Visits

28. My ma and da came up every Sunday with my brothers, except [REDACTED]. My sisters never came. The visit was for an hour. If it was a nice day then you could walk out the front and sit on the grass outside. You couldn't move. If it wasn't a nice day then you went into the dining hall and got your visit in there. A member of staff walked up and down and let the visitors in and out.
29. Visitors were allowed to bring you sweets. That's what the trouble was with [REDACTED]. He tried to take my sweets from me. That was not on and I wasn't taking that from him.
30. Mr Smith did not come to visit at Cardross or any other institution I was in. When I got home then I had to go and see him.

Sibling in Cardross Park Assessment Centre

31. After two weeks of being in that place, my brother [REDACTED] came in. I was delighted but floored. Eight boys had broken into the school. I don't know what [REDACTED]'s part was in it but he was the only one who got put away. [REDACTED] got two weeks in Cardross. [REDACTED] stayed in my dorm. [REDACTED] was nine years old and he was a [REDACTED] baby. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED].

Abuse at Cardross Park Assessment Centre – first stay

Peer abuse

32. I was bullied and put under pressure by [REDACTED] and his two pals. They bullied me every day for a short amount of time. It wasn't just me and [REDACTED] who [REDACTED] bullied, there were other boys getting bullied by him. I had big brothers so I kept going for the bullies and pushing them away. I learnt that those boys didn't stop when you said you gave in, like your brothers did. Those boys kept punching you.
33. [REDACTED] started pushing [REDACTED] about. He called [REDACTED] 'the [REDACTED] bastard'. I flew for [REDACTED] and pushed him. I pushed him that hard that he hit his back on the table. A member of staff came in and took us both outside round the back of the house to the back of a garage.
34. The member of staff said to get it sorted. [REDACTED] punched me three times in face. I couldn't hit him because I couldn't get near him. I got pasted by [REDACTED]. When I looked at [REDACTED], I was looking into his chest. All I could do was try and protect myself.

Reporting of abuse at Cardross Park Assessment Centre – first stay

35. Me and [REDACTED] told my ma and da about being taken by the staff member behind the garage with [REDACTED]. That's the way things were sorted out then. My ma said she'd tell the social worker.

Leaving Cardross Park Assessment Centre – first time

36. Me and [REDACTED] knew we were getting out of Cardross on [REDACTED] 1968. It was six or seven days before my eighth birthday. I changed into my own clothes. My da came up and picked up me and [REDACTED] at the same time.

Returning home for the first time

37. I couldn't wait to get back to school. Me and [REDACTED] had to go and see Mr Smith at the Glen Street Clinic on the Friday we got out. My ma took us. Mr Smith asked had we learned our lesson and said we were to go back to school on Monday.
38. I can't remember why I was put back into Cardross. I must've tried to break into somewhere. I was enjoying school and playing football for the school team. I had three games with them and then I was away again. I went to a children's panel and my ma and da came. Smith was there. I got six weeks.

Cardross Park Assessment Centre– second stay

General Routine

39. I went back to Cardross a second time for six weeks. I was eight years old. It was only a matter of months after the first time, [REDACTED] 1969. The routine was the same. I don't want to make it sound as if it was easy but it was easier the second time. I knew what to expect and I knew what I had to do.
40. The staff asked for volunteers to clear the hedgerow outside. Everybody volunteered and I was one of the lucky ones who got out to cut the hedgerow for a couple of days. We thought that was great.
41. I still wet the bed. You got up in the morning and took your sheets to be washed. You got clean sheets and made your bed. Then you could go and get your breakfast. The bed had a rubber mat. Once or twice I had to stay in the dorm all day. You had to do that in front of all the boys and it was embarrassing.

42. My ma and da visited me every week with my brothers. I got to know that when you shared your sweeties, you got pals. Some boys never got visits and I would give them some sweeties. I had no visits from Mr Smith.

Abuse at Cardross Park Assessment Centre– second stay

Peer abuse

43. People called you 'pishy'. You couldn't sit there and take it otherwise the boys would be on your case all the time. I had to stop that. I never stopped the boys calling me that but I tried. I'd jump down their throat or push them. Things calmed down a bit and then only a couple of boys called me that.

Reporting of abuse at Cardross Park Assessment Centre – second stay

44. My ma phoned Mr Smith to tell him about me getting bullied at Cardross. She was ignored.

Leaving Cardross Park Assessment Centre - second time

45. My da picked me up and took me home.

Returning home for the second time

46. I had to go and see Mr Smith at Glen Street. He said that I wasn't to get into any more trouble and I was to go home and keep my nose clean. I was out of trouble for a year. I had to go for progress reports at Glen Street but there weren't many. I thought I was doing well at school. I wasn't doing well at reading or spelling but my sums were

brilliant. I was the first one in the class to get to long multiplication. My division was good.

47. I put what I learned in Cardross into practice when I got out and I got caught. I was put into Bellfield for breaking into a garage with my mate. I was stupid. Every time I was caught, I was held overnight and went to an emergency social work meeting and panel. I knew where I was going even though I was praying I wasn't. My da went ape-shit. My brothers weren't getting into trouble.

Bellfield Remand Home, Dumbarton – first stay

48. I was in Bellfield three times between the ages of ten and thirteen. The first time was in 1971 for three or four weeks. It was a remand for reports to be done. In 1973 I was in there the whole summer. The routine was the same every time. The home was all boys and there were about thirty boys in it. Most were older than me. The boys were in for breaking into cars, house-breaking and assaults. There was a wall all the way around the grounds.
49. All the dorms were upstairs. You walked in the front door and the dining-hall was to the left. The main stairs were straight ahead. To the right was the TV room, offices and kitchen. In the back garden was an old tennis court with a tennis court fence. We went out there to play football. There were wee ledges to sit on if you got subbed. When you weren't outside then you were locked in.
50. There were about six staff and only two sat in the TV room at one time. There was a hierarchy and one person was in charge. I can't remember his name. The same members of staff were there every time I went.

Routine at Bellfield Remand Home – first stay

First day

51. The first time I went to Bellfield, the police took me straight to Bellfield at about 9:00 pm. They handed me over and handed a bit of paper over. Everybody was in their bed. The night watchman took me up the stair. He showed me my bed and gave me my pyjamas. I gave him my clothes. I jumped into bed and wet the bed. When I got up the next morning, the boys were asking who I was and where I'd come from. We went and got breakfast. Then we went into the TV room and sat in there all day.

General routine

52. The dorm wasn't very big and there could have been eight or ten boys in it. The staff got you up in the morning at about 7:00 am. Bedtime was at 8:30 pm for everybody.
53. You got breakfast, lunch and dinner. You got a plate and walked round where the food trays were. Then you sat down and ate your meals. The food wasn't great but you ate it. If you didn't like the food then you didn't eat. There was a lot of stuff I didn't like, like onions. There was lot of things I left because there were onions in it. That's no reason to complain and all the other boys ate it. Sometimes I was hungry but not a lot.
54. Breakfast was cereal or porridge, toast and tea. You got liver and sausage for your tea and there was onions in those. I tried to scrape the onions off but they were still there at the side of the plate. Before you went to bed you got a cup of tea and a wee bit cake. I never drank my tea because I wet the bed. I gave my tea away but it didn't help and I still wet the bed.
55. If you wet the bed then you got your sheets and dumped them outside the kitchen. You did that in front of the other boys. It was more the wee boys who said things to me about wetting the bed. The older boys weren't bothered. I told the wee boys to shut it. There were separate showers but no curtains. We got a shower every week and you could ask for a shower.

56. You were given clothes. There were short trousers. T- shirts and a jumper. It wasn't a uniform and they were all different colours. Your t-shirt, vest, pants and socks were changed every week.
57. I got a quick medical when I went into Bellfield from a nurse. The nurse checked our hair for nits. I never saw a doctor or dentist.
58. We watched TV sitting in rows. There were six rows of boys and about six boys in each row. When you went in at first, you sat at the front. The longer you were in then you could move back. The door was open. You put your hand up and asked if you wanted to go to the toilet.
59. We got out for an hour and half to play football. There was a bit of grass outside that we could sit on if the weather was good. Staff brought in newspapers and the boys would get them. Comics came in on a Saturday at visits. There were no toys. It was sheer boredom. We didn't do any jobs. We didn't go to church.
60. In 1973 when I was twelve years old, I had been in Bellfield for about eight weeks. The heat was sweltering. The head man said to me one day that they were going for a walk and the only reason I was going was because I had the boots. The man said I wasn't to have him phoning the social worker and telling the social worker he was right. At the time I had no idea what he was talking about. Now, I think Mr Smith told the staff not to let me out of their sight because I'd run away. Me and six boys got for a walk up the hills with three members of staff. That was the only time I ever went out of Bellfield.
61. There was a garage out the front that backed onto the River Leven. It was like a classroom. The guy in the class told me to fill something in, it was like an exam, and to read something. It didn't take me long so it wasn't much. I started rubbing my eyes. That became my excuse for not being able to read. The guy asked if my eyes were alright and I said they were fine. He told me to sit down and he'd get me after but he never did. That was the only time I went to education. Nobody tried to find out what

was causing the problem with reading, either at Bellfield or any other places I stayed in.

Visits / Inspections

62. My ma and da visited every Sunday, although sometimes only my da came up. My two younger brothers came to see me. You were allowed three visitors in at a time. The visits were in the dining room.
63. The first time I was in Bellfield on remand for a report to be done, nobody came up to see me from social work. The report must have been done in the offices because they had all the information they required.
64. I got one visit from a social worker when I was in over the summer. It was a woman. She asked how I was doing and if my ma and da came up.

Running away

65. I was told one of the boys tried to run away and smashed through the window in the TV room. The window was replaced and one of the boys tried to run again. This time the boy smacked right off it and hit the floor.
66. Some boys did run away. They'd run along the fence, jump up on the wall and run along the back way. Everybody knew where they were going. There was no way out. I didn't run away.

Discipline

67. There was a single cell called the cooler. It measured four feet by four feet and had a heavy door. You were put there to keep you calm. There was a wee window that pulled right down and you could have got out of that very easily. I was only put in the cooler once. Boys were put in the cooler for running away. There was no point running away, where was I going to go?

Abuse at Bellfield Remand Home – first stay

68. The staff were rough with you because you'd been in trouble and you were in a place like Bellfield. The staff didn't take any lip. A couple of boys got dragged out and put in the cooler.

Peer abuse

69. One time we were playing football. I was sitting beside a member of staff. He was an old guy and he was alright. You could talk to him. A boy called ██████ had a high pitched voice. ██████ grabbed me by the chest, told me to move and pulled me off the seat. I don't know why he picked on me.
70. I grabbed ██████ by the hair and kicked him. Every time I kicked ██████, the old guy said, "Again, again." There was a member of staff at the other side of the fence and he shouted. The old guy got up and grabbed me then but he could have grabbed me at any time. I thought I was getting a leathering but the old guy took me to the cooler and put me in there for an hour. The old guy told me he hated 'that squeaky voiced bastard'.
71. I had a lot of arguments with other boys. The arguments didn't go too far because you didn't want to get dragged out and put in the cooler. It wasn't good to see and you didn't want it to happen to you.

Leaving Bellfield Remand Home - first time

72. The first time I left Bellfield, I went to the panel and straight from there to St Ninian's. I saw my ma and da at the panel. My mate got sent to St Joseph's in Tranent. My mate had a bad case of asthma and had been out before the panel. The panel said I'd be held in St Ninian's List D School for the duration. They didn't give the length of time. My ma and da were upset and my ma was greeting. I had the feeling I was going away.

The boys in Bellfield had said I would be sent away. I'd never heard of St Ninian's but I'd heard of St Joseph's. I was apprehensive.

St Ninian's School, Gartmore, Stirlingshire

73. I went to St Ninian's in 1971 when I was ten years old. I stayed for nineteen months and came out in 1973 when I was thirteen years old. That was my punishment. There were nearly a hundred boys in St Ninian's. I was number [REDACTED]. My nickname was [REDACTED]. All the boys called me that and some staff shouted it. It wasn't through malice and I didn't mind it. I was in St George's house and there were nearly twenty boys in it. The other houses were De La Salle, St Patrick's and St Andrew's. The houses all had the same amount of boys in them. There were boys from nine years old to fifteen years old.
74. When you went into St Ninian's there was a massive hall and a huge fireplace, what you'd see in a castle. The stairs were straight ahead and took you up to the dorms and the houses. Brother [REDACTED] office was in the main hall. There were four dorms in St George's. There were eight boys in the first dorm, five in our dorm and the rest of the boys were split between the other two dorms. The other two dorms were smaller. There was a toilet with one shower. When you looked out the window, all you saw was land.

Brothers and staff at St Ninian's School

75. Brother [REDACTED] was [REDACTED]. He was a tall, heavy-set guy in his sixties. He spoke very nice. Brother [REDACTED] was in charge of St George's. He was heavy-set and in his fifties. Brother [REDACTED] was a music teacher. They wore gowns with white, priest collars. The Brothers had rooms up the stair, in the big house. They went to their rooms at night.
76. Jimmy White was the night watchman. He was always on at night. To me, Jimmy White was ancient but he was in his thirties. He was small and baldy with a little hair at the

sides. Jimmy White was stinky and you could smell the drink off him. Jimmy White had a wee cubby hole that he sat in at night. His drink was in the kettle. We found it there.

77. There were civilian teachers at St Ninian's. Mr MacDonald, the music teacher, and Mr [REDACTED], the art teacher, were good guys. There was [REDACTED] Mr GXC [REDACTED] who played the drums. He was okay. I stayed away from him because he was a feeler. Mr MacKinnay, the woodwork teacher was not so much of a good guy.
78. Mr Mowlesdale was the groundskeeper. Brother zMBZ [REDACTED] was deaf and dumb and worked in the garden, he was a good old fella. Brother zMBZ [REDACTED] was old and died in St Ninian's.

Routine at St Ninian's School

First day

79. The police took me from Bellfield to the panel. Mr Smith took me from the panel to St Ninian's. The size of the place was a shock. It was massive. I wondered how many boys were in there and how many 'pee the beds' I was going to get. I was terrified. Brother MJJ [REDACTED] met us. Mr Smith went into the office and spoke to Brother MJJ [REDACTED]. I sat outside. Mr Smith came out and said he was away, I was to behave and be good.
80. Brother MJJ [REDACTED] took me downstairs to the boot room to see the matron. Matron gave me a quick medical. She checked your general health, your eyesight and teeth. Matron asked how you were doing and how were you feeling. To every question I said I was fine. I was taken to the dorm and shown my bed. Then I met the boys. There was [REDACTED], [REDACTED], the [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].
81. Brother MJJ [REDACTED] explained the rules and said not to follow what the boys did. That was impossible. You were either with the boys or with the staff. You did try to be with

both but I was definitely a boy's guy. If we could wind the staff up then we did. Most of the time you were left to find out the rules for yourself.

82. I was given sandals, shorts, a jumper and all the usual stuff by a Brother. I was asked if I played football and I was given football boots. That was the first pair of football boots I'd ever had. The jumpers were different colours. St George's was red, De La Salle was black, St Patrick's was green and St Andrew's was blue.

General Routine

83. Brother **MJO** got us up in the morning and put us down at night. Then he went away. We went to bed about 9:00 pm. Jimmy White came around to check everybody and to turn that key thing. I think it was a timer, to prove that he'd checked on us. Brother **MJO** usually shut the curtains at night. I wet the bed at night and so I took my wet sheets to the laundry in the morning. I got washed. I walked back up to the dorm and then went with the rest of the boys to get breakfast. We had a shower once a week.
84. I said nothing about wetting the bed. That's when the trouble and the beatings from Jimmy White started. After I reported the beatings to Brother **MJJ** and was told to see matron, matron gave me a wee white pill. It was some kind of placebo and never helped. I hid the bruises I had from the beatings. I didn't speak about it with the other boys.
85. The whole school had meals together. You sat with your house. There were four or five tables for St George's. The Brothers sat at the side. The food was the same as anywhere. You didn't pay much attention to it and you ate it if you could. The boys were willing to swap food, if you didn't like something.
86. In St George's there was a snooker table, table tennis, chess, draughts and cards. Me, **██████████**, **██████████**, **██████████** and **██████████** played football. If the weather was bad then we played football in the hall. That was all we did. We played in the school team, against schools all around Gartmore and Stirling. That was our main trip out of St Ninian's. We beat Callander 7-1 to win the Cup and we won a trophy and medals. I

won medals for running at a sports day at Gartmore. Running was what I liked to do, with or without a ball.

87. Five of us went to the football to see Partick Thistle at Firhill Stadium. That was because we won the football trophy. It was the first football match I'd been to. The Brothers took us on a trip. Brother^{MJJ} pointed out a wee castle and said it was the dead centre of Scotland. It was near Stirling somewhere.
88. If you had any ailments then you went to see the matron. She gave you what was needed. I had a lot of bruises from the beatings but there was nothing she could have done for them, so I hid them. I never saw a dentist or a doctor.
89. I worked with Mr Mowlesdale and Brother^{ZMBZ} in the garden a lot. Mr Mowlesdale and his wife were great. Mr Mowlesdale picked me to help him because of ^{HMQ}. He told me the had come over from France with some King, back in the day. I fixed fences with him and dug the stone out for sewage works. That was instead of going to school. Every week at the weekend, you cleaned your dorm and corridor and the house you were in. You swept the floor and buffed it.
90. The two houses lined up before school and said a prayer. There were prayers before meals and bedtime. I hated that. There was church on a Thursday night and a Sunday, if you were not on leave. We played music on the recorder to the hymn and the boys sang the hymn. I even became an altar boy.

School

91. For the first couple of weeks, after breakfast I went to classes. It was a wee school on its own with five classrooms, away from the main building. I got put into Class 5 with , and some other boys. We were in class all day, every day. We went in at 9:00 am and stopped for lunch. We went back after lunch and stopped at 3:00 pm.

92. Brother ^{GZQ} [REDACTED] was the teacher. There were ten to fifteen boys in the class, from my age up to fifteen years old. We got reading, writing and sums. There was no individual attention and the whole class was taught at the same time. I just couldn't do the work.
93. One time I was working in the gardens with Mr Mowlesdale when Mr [REDACTED] came down with the boys from the art class. Mr [REDACTED] said they'd submitted a painting of mine to The Telegraph and I'd come [REDACTED] in a competition. I wasn't bothered and then he said that was out of 38,000. I got my painting framed. It was a painting of hills and a shoreline that I painted from my imagination.
94. The art teacher encouraged my work. I painted three blocks of wood. One was black, one brown and one blue. The art teacher said it was amazing. I'd no idea what he was talking about until I put them on a collage board with the rest of the boy's work around it. My piece drew your eye and I could see what the art teacher saw then. There was something there but I lost that. I don't know where that part of me went.
95. We did drama. I played William Wallace or Robert the Bruce. I was to grab the King of Scotland as he got onto a table and push him over to the side. I got carried away and pushed him right off the table. The teachers were laughing and said to be a wee bit less dramatic.

Visits

96. You had no visits the first week because you were settling in. The second weekend I was expecting a visit but it was cut short. My ma and da were both working so they couldn't have visited during the week.
97. I didn't see Mr Smith or anybody from the social work department in the time I was at St Ninian's.

Birthdays and Christmas / Home Leave

98. There was no cake for birthdays. Birthdays just quietly went by. Everybody got home for Christmas, Easter and school holidays. You didn't get as long as everybody else at other schools. At Christmas you got ten days leave.
99. I had been in St Ninian's for three weeks and then I got weekend leave. After that, you got leave every weekend, as long as you got enough points. You got points through your class work and housework and with each point, you got a penny. Mr Mowlesdale always made sure I had my points. He gave me 15p extra one week to make sure I got home. I went home one weekend with 25p. That was when I bought my first single record in Buchanan Street. I bought Tiger Feet by Mud.
100. You got out on Friday at 2:00 pm and you were in Glasgow for 3:00 pm. Sometimes you got a long weekend and got home on a Thursday or from Friday to Monday. You got a run in to Buchanan Street Bus Station. I walked to Central Street Station and got the train to Barrhead. One time I had kept 7p for my fare but the ticket office said the fares had gone up. I didn't know what to do, so I climbed up the back of a billboard on to the main line thinking it would take me to Barrhead. As I walked along, a train stopped and the guard pulled me into the train. The guard gave me a penny to get my ticket home and told me I was going the wrong the way anyway. I was going to Paisley.
101. My ma was religious. When I got on home leave from St Ninian's at first, my ma was taking me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] to chapel on a Sunday before I went back. Eventually I started hiding from her and said I wasn't going. At first, my da would take me back to Buchanan Street at the end of my leave. Later, he gave me the money for the bus into Glasgow.
102. There were two weeks I never got home. At the time, it seemed that it was for no reason because I had enough points. All I can put it down to is that I had bruises from Jimmy White beating me. They were mostly on my back. My ma had asked me one time where I'd got the bruises. I said they were from the football and my ma said I

better stop playing. I think my ma phoned the school about the bruises and that was why I didn't get on the two home leaves.

Discipline and Running away

103. Discipline at St Ninian's was being battered by the Brothers or not getting points. St Ninian's wasn't locked and you could have gone anywhere. I thought about running away a lot. The reason I didn't run away was because it was so far away. Nobody ran away. Later, I knew running away would bring grief to my ma and da.

Abuse at St Ninian's School

104. Jimmy White came around to check everybody at night. That's when he got me up and that's when I got leathered, every night. The first night I was in, Jimmy White felt my bed. When he saw it was wet, he grabbed me by my ankles and pulled me out of the bed. He pulled me out of bed four times that night. The second night, Jimmy White pulled me out the bed and threw me over [REDACTED]'s bed. That happened four or five times. Then Jimmy White started punching me and elbowing me.
105. The first night, he told me to take my pyjama trousers off and I'd to walk into the toilet half-naked from the waist down. I wasn't thinking about Jimmy White but about the boys knowing I was wetting the bed and what I was going to get from them. After the first night, he pulled my pyjama trousers off.
106. By the third or fourth night Jimmy White was dragging me out of bed and banging me on the floor. He was lifting me by my feet and I came off the bed dead easy. He pushed me into the toilet. Jimmy White held me by the neck of my pyjama jacket, right under my chin. He was choking me. He hit me with the back of his elbow on my back, saying, "Fucking move". The second time he got me up that night, he was kneeling me and kicking me in the small of the back with the bottom of his foot.

107. As the nights went on, the abuse got worse. The other boys were standing at the door, lined up to go to the toilet and watching me getting the shite kicked out of me. Jimmy White would drag me out of bed by the ankles and right through the dorm, banging me on the floor. He'd pick me up and throw me towards [REDACTED]'s bed. I'd hit [REDACTED]'s bed and go over the other side of it. Then Jimmy White would pick me up and push me out the door. He called me a pissy wee bastard and said he bet my mother was glad I was in St Ninian's because it was saving her a shitload of washing.
108. Sometimes Jimmy White would lift up the mattress and throw me right out of the bed. There was a small gap between the wall and my bed and I was stuck in there with the mattress on top of me. He came round the other side of the bed and grabbed me out of the gap. I'd take the blankets with me to try and get some protection.
109. One night I kept my socks on and that was the biggest mistake of my life. Jimmy White pulled me out of the bed that fast that I landed at the bottom of the other bed. He threw me towards [REDACTED]'s bed but, before I got there, he grabbed the back of my pyjama bottoms so my legs flipped up in the air. Jimmy White pulled my pyjama trousers off and dragged me up. He ran me right into the wall. I could see [REDACTED] staring at me. There was nothing [REDACTED] could do or say.
110. Jimmy White pushed me with his elbow all the way into the toilet and the other boys were in front of me. Jimmy White was saying that I should be fucking like them. I had to get back into the wet bed. Jimmy White beat me every night I was in St Ninian's, four or five times a night.
111. There were showers I didn't want to take. I couldn't count them because there were so many. Sometimes, Jimmy White would drag me up in the morning and say it was fucking shower time. He'd drag me into the shower. It was cold water. Jimmy White kept me under the cold shower with a brush. He pushed me under or hooked me with the brush, pulling me back under the water. I could see his face, grinning.
112. One of the biggest doings I got was on my twelfth birthday. It was [REDACTED] and I kept my socks on in bed because it was cold. The first time Jimmy White came and

- got me, he pulled me out of the bed feet first. He got me on the floor, then he got my pyjama trousers and tried to pull them off. He couldn't get the trousers off because they were stuck in my socks.
113. Jimmy White was bouncing me and trying to get the trousers and socks off. I was naked from the waist down and I was trying to cover my private parts. Jimmy White stood on me and lifted me up at the same time. Eventually my feet came out of the trousers and socks. He grabbed me up and threw me over [REDACTED]'s bed. The other boys were just standing there.
114. I thought to myself that I'd never keep my socks on in bed again but, a few weeks later it was cold again. I kept my socks on thinking I'd take them off again but I fell asleep. I got another doing from Jimmy White. After that I kept my socks off at night. They were two of the hardest beatings I got. I saw [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] getting battered by Jimmy White but nobody got it as much as I did. [REDACTED] was in our dorm. He was nine or ten years old and he was tiny.
115. Usually Brother ^{MJO} [REDACTED] shut the curtains at night. One night, they weren't shut. Jimmy White came into the dorm and asked who hadn't shut the fucking curtains. You could feel the atmosphere. [REDACTED] and I looked at each other and at wee [REDACTED] Jimmy White was swearing at us. He had a drink in him.
116. It says in my reports about the two home leaves I missed, that I didn't want to go home because I had trouble with my brothers. I was racking my brain about that. Even if I did have trouble with my brothers, I wasn't going to stay in that school and have the crap beaten out of me every day when I could be at home. At the same time, Jimmy White was off. Brother ^{MJJ} [REDACTED] said he was off sick and we were to pray for him. I was praying he'd die.
117. I didn't put the two things together at the time. Now I think Jimmy White was off because of the amount of bruises I had and I never got home because of what he did. Jimmy White made up for it when he came back. The beatings never stopped. They intensified and Jimmy White was more aggressive.

118. When I got my next home leave, I met my ma and my brothers [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] asked why I hadn't come home. My ma said I didn't want to come home. I looked at her and I was going to ask what she was talking about. I remembered my brother telling me not to tell ma and da anything. I just took my ma's bags and walked up the road.
119. I reported Jimmy White battering me to Brother [REDACTED] MJJ. I'd only been in St Ninian's for a short time. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] told me not to do it. I got into Brother [REDACTED] MJJ office. Brother [REDACTED] MJJ asked what was wrong. I started crying and telling him about Jimmy White battering me every night. Brother [REDACTED] MJJ told me to come to him and was giving me a bit of comfort. Then he started feeling my arse. I couldn't believe it. I tried to pull away from him. The first time he held firm. I tried again and he let me go.
120. Brother [REDACTED] MJO was just as bad as Jimmy White. When we misbehaved and it got too much for him then he used a snooker ball, tennis bat or chess piece to hurt you. It was always your head or your arse. Brother [REDACTED] MJO hit somebody once every day. I've no idea how many times he hit me. He hit you even for shouting. He always held your head in a headlock. Then he put the snooker ball on your head and rubbed it on your head hard.
121. Brother [REDACTED] MJO held your head in a headlock and had the chess piece between his two fingers. He rubbed the sharp end on the top of your head. Brother [REDACTED] MJO rubbed his knuckle hard on your head. He had you in a headlock and hit you on the top of your head with the handle of the table tennis bat for a long time. The pain was unbelievable and lasted for a long time. Brother [REDACTED] MJO put you over his knee, pulled your shorts down and hit you hard on the buttocks, more than once.
122. Boys hid from Brother [REDACTED] MJO under the snooker table and Brother [REDACTED] MJO got the snooker cue and pushed you out with it. [REDACTED] could fly under the snooker table to hide from Brother [REDACTED] MJO.

123. The second weekend I was getting a visit but Brother **MJO** wanted to go a walk. Most of the boys had gone home on weekend leave and it was only the ones who'd not got enough points or who misbehaved who stayed. There were about fifteen or twenty of us left in the home.
124. I told Brother **MJO** my ma and da were coming up and he said we'd be back in plenty of time. We went out a walk after lunch and got back about 2:45 pm. I saw my ma and da sitting waiting in their car with my three elder brothers. I sat in the car with them and a bag of sweeties. Five minutes later, Brother **MJO** came out and told me to come in because it was tea-time.
125. My ma and da said to Brother **MJO** they'd been sitting for an hour waiting on us. I said to Brother **MJO** I'd told him they were coming and he said we'd be back in plenty of time. My ma was telling me to calm down. My da stepped out the car and told Brother **MJO** the next time they were coming up, not to let me go out a walk. Brother **MJO** never said a thing and brought me in. It wasn't for another 45 minutes that we got our tea. Brother **MJO** stopped the visit for no reason.
126. Brother **GZQ** wasn't a really bad man but I could wind him up. We all did. He'd let you think you'd got away with it and all of a sudden you'd feel a bang on the back of your shoulders as you were walking out. Brother **GZQ** got you back every time.
127. We were playing football in the hall and I had to go in goal. I said I didn't want to. was taking a penalty and I wasn't saving it. I was being stubborn. booted the ball. I knew it was going for my groin. was laughing and I was upset. I booted the ball. It was an accident but the ball just missed Brother **GZQ**. Brother **GZQ** chased me but he couldn't catch me. When he did get me, he punched me three or four times on my body and my back.
128. Brother Ben came to St Ninian's for a visit. He worked at St Joseph's. I was going to football practice with Brother **GZQ**. Brother **MJJ** pointed me out to Brother Ben and said I was brother. Brother Ben said he knew and

thought he was a fucking fighter too. Brother Ben whacked me right over the back. That was me for the rest of the night.

129. Mr ^{GXC} the feeler, rubbed his hand up your leg and felt your bum. He did that to me, more than once. Brother ^{MJO} and Brother ^{HMW} did that too. Mr McKinnay felt your bum at his desk while he checked your work. If you asked a question, he came to your desk where you stood to do your work and sat in his chair. Mr McKinnay felt your bum and your leg when he did that. You soon learned not to ask any questions

Reporting of abuse at St Ninian's School

130. When I reported the abuse by Jimmy White to Brother ^{MJJ} and Brother ^{MJJ} felt my arse, Brother ^{MJJ} said he'd have a word with Jimmy White. Brother ^{MJJ} told me to see matron to see if she could help me with the bedwetting. I never went back to Brother ^{MJJ}. The boys knew what he was like and they were trying to tell me.
131. At the visit with my ma and da on the second weekend, I tried to tell my ma and da about Jimmy White. My brother made a motion as if to say no and I knew not to say anything. When I got home, said to me you don't tell ma and da things that happen at the school. He said they would worry and my da would end up in the jail. I never told my ma and da.
132. I phoned the social work three times. The first time was on my first home leave. I had been in St Ninian's for three weeks. I went to the phone box on Stewart Street and phoned the operator because I didn't know the number. The second and third times I phoned were spread over a few weeks. Every time I did get through but not to Mr Smith, who I was asking for.
133. I asked the lassie I spoke to, to get Mr Smith to come up to the school because I was getting battered off the night watchman because I wet the bed. The lassie I spoke to

always said she'd get the message to Mr Smith. Mr Smith never appeared at St Ninian's and the beatings never stopped. That's when I really started to dislike social workers. I gave up trying to contact Mr Smith. The other boys said that social workers didn't give a fuck. They said we were in St Ninian's because social workers didn't care.

134. I told my brothers about Jimmy White but they said nobody gave a fuck. I just lay down to the beatings and became numb to going up that stair at night, even though I was frightened of the beatings. There was nothing else I could do.

Leaving St Ninian's School

135. I went to the panel with a pink shirt and pink tie on. I went back to St Ninian's and then got out on the Friday. The Brother's ran me to Glasgow. I had the pink shirt and tie, a blazer, a long pair of trousers and a pair of shoes. They were called Georgie Best shoes and they had a wee arrow and compass in the heel. I was thirteen years old.

Returning home for the third time

136. I started school on the Monday. I was in second year at St Luke's High School but I wasn't there long until the summer holidays. I missed first year because I was in St Ninian's. I went with the pink shirt and tie on and I got belfers. The next day I had a t-shirt on. I got expelled a couple of times. I went into third year before I was sent back to Bellfield for housebreaking or something. That was the last time I was at school.

Bellfield Remand Home – second and third stays

137. I went back to Bellfield twice after I'd been in St Ninian's. The longest time I was in was in 1973. The routine was the same as it was the first time. I got visits from my ma and da. I didn't see Mr Smith or any other social workers at Bellfield. When I got out then I reported to Mr Smith at his office. I was getting bigger so I went up myself and

my ma didn't come. There was a time when I reported to Mr Smith three times in one week but twice he was out of his office. On the third occasion, I only got ten minutes with a social worker who wasn't Mr Smith.

138. Sometimes our phone was cut off for lack of paying the bill so we couldn't phone and say if we were going to be late. I didn't read any letters and sometimes my ma would say I had the social worker and I wouldn't listen. That was my fault but the social workers never wrote down the times I went up and they weren't in. I missed appointments and that looked bad for me when I went to court. I think that's why I was dealt with so harshly. It looked like I wasn't bothered.

Kirkland Park, Darvel, East Ayrshire

139. When I was fourteen years old, the police arrested me off the street. I was in the police station and then they drove me to Kirkland Park. It was a remand unit. I was at Kirkland Park for a week. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

140.

Returning home for the fourth time

141. I got out of Kirkland for a week or so and then I was put to court. The social work asked the court to put me into Longriggend because I was unruly.

Longriggend Remand Unit, Airdrie – three stays

142. I was in Longriggend three times as a schoolboy. Sometimes it was because I'd missed appointments with the social worker to get reports prepared and I was remanded for the reports to be done. My offences weren't planned. The police knew me so well that when they saw me, they stopped and searched me. More times the police were right and I was running away from something or to something.
143. I went for the first time in 1974. I was fourteen years old. I didn't survive in there the first time. It was hard. Maybe the Procurator Fiscal thought that was enough punishment and I got out again. I was remanded in custody for three weeks on an unruly certificate until my trial. I only did ten days because my da went to the Procurator Fiscal with my lawyer and managed to secure me bail. I was taken back to Barlinnie prison, to court and then got home until my trial. The trial was dismissed.
144. I wasn't out long before I went in again for a second time. I was in for about seven weeks on remand and classed as unruly. I can't remember what happened to the court case but the social work started looking for a List D school for me. The third time was for a few weeks. I was arrested and taken to court and then to Barlinnie and Longriggend.
145. Longriggend was a remand unit for school boys and under 21's. The school boys were up to sixteen years old and in a wee section. There was A Hall, C Hall and D Hall for the under 21's. The screws kept us separate. There were 20 to 25 school boys. There were ten peters, or cells, on each side with two or three boys in each. The routine was the same each time I went in. The screws let us smoke.

Routine at Longriggend Remand Unit

First day

146. The first time I went to Longriggend, the police took me to Barlinnie prison first. I was put in a wee box called a dog box. It has LRU marked on it. It stands for Longriggend Remand Unit. Prison officers came down and took me from Barlinnie to Longriggend. The reception area at Longriggend was really busy. There were only two schoolboys and eight or nine older folks who were sixteen years old and over.
147. All along one wall were the dog boxes. There was a reception desk where the screws took all your gear off you. Your gear is passed to the cons at the end and put in a bag. I was given a jacket, jumper, trousers and shoes. The trousers never fitted. Once you got past the reception, that was you. You never got out the gate. All you got was a visit.
148. I was in St Ninian's with some of the boys in the schoolboys, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. We all got on well and there was no beef from the boys. Even though they knew I wet the bed, they never said anything.

Mornings and bedtime

149. The cell was called a peter. There were two beds in it, a locker and two chairs. You could hear the staff coming in at 6:00 am. The screws flicked up the spyhole and banged the lock to get us up. The staff did a numbers check and phoned it over to the gate. You'd get up after that at 6.30 am or 7:00 am. You made your bed and folded the sheets and towels. You'd to keep the peter nice and tidy.
150. There was a pee pot, not a toilet. First thing in the morning you slopped out and washed your pee pot out. You washed at the sink and went back to your peter. Then you went downstairs for your breakfast and went back to your peter. At 10:00 am you got exercise and walked in the yard outside for an hour. You went back to your peter

for dinner. If you were lucky, then you got to the gym for 45 minutes and went back to your pater.

151. You got your tea at night. At about 6:00 pm the screws came in with the TV. You got to watch TV for an hour and got a cup of tea and a cake. Most times I gave my tea to other people. I knew it didn't matter if I drank the tea or not, I was going to wet the bed. Then you went to your pater for the night. The lights went out at 10:00 pm. It was the same routine every day, except for weekends when you were locked up from 4:00 pm until 8:00 am the next day. There were less staff at the weekend because they had to get home.
152. I was still wetting the bed. I never told the staff. The mattress had a rubber cover. Sometimes I never slept with a sheet. You put in your laundry on a Friday afternoon. You could have a shower then if you wanted. When Friday laundry came, I'd give my sheets to the guy next me and tell him to take them. You'd do anything to hide it.

General Routine

153. When you went in the dining hall, there was a row of tables for schoolboys and another row for under 21's. We ate in the same hall. You got your meal on a steel tray. The only possession you had was a beaker for your tea. The food was something different every day. The soup was in a plastic bowl and you had plastic knife, fork and spoon. There was a big cake which we called duff. It was good and everybody looked forward to it. You got a tiny bit of custard which was never enough.
154. Everybody had go to the gym twice a week, to keep up their fitness. There was no excuses. We played a game called murder ball and ran about the gym. The gym screws supervised but, when you play murder ball, there are no rules. When you went to the gym then you got a shower. The showers were communal.
155. You could smoke in your cell. You told the screw what you wanted and he wrote it on your card. The screw went and got it and the money was deducted from your cash

balance. You got a quarter ounce of Old Holborn tobacco and a packet of cigarette papers for 25p. You had to make the tobacco last a week, so you smoked the tobacco, then you smoked the dowps (cigarette ends) and then you smoked the dowps of the dowps.

156. Four or five of us were taken to a classroom next to the gatehouse. The screw gave us something to do and sat at his desk doing his own work. He never spoke to us about anything. That only happened once.
157. The opportunity was there if you wanted to go to chapel inside Longriggend. You didn't have to go. I didn't go.
158. The screws were constantly coming in and searching your peter. They checked your windows to make sure they only opened so far, even though they had bars outside. The screws were always checking the bars to make sure you weren't trying to dig your way out. I was that wee, I could have squeezed out of them.

Healthcare

159. You got a full medical from a doctor after you came through reception. He checked your eyes, ears, mouth and teeth and checked your hair for nits. The doctor asked if you had anything physical you needed taken care of. It was a quick medical but better than some of the places I've been in. I didn't see the doctor any other time.
160. The first time I was in Longriggend, I shared with a boy from Oban. I don't remember his name. The boy had broken into a butchers and stole a load of money. He was fourteen or fifteen years old and had never been in trouble in his life. He cried every night and talked about committing suicide. I told the screw. The boy did attempt to commit suicide in the hall. The screws brought him back to the peter that night. I thought they'd have kept him in the hospital wing. The screw said if anything went wrong then I was to ring the bell. If you rang the bell, the screws never came anyway or they took their time.

Work

161. When I was in Longriggend for the second time, I got a job as a schoolboy pass man because I was in for a while. I did the job after breakfast and before exercise. I brushed, waxed and polished the floor. I made sure the toilets were clean and made the officers a cup of tea. I got 25p a week. That was enough to buy some tobacco and you got out of your peter. You want to be out of your peter as much as you can be. Everything was spotless anyway, so the cleaning didn't take long.
162. When I was the pass man then I could yatter to the officers. Some would tell you to shut up. When you were finished your work, some officers would let you sit with them and have a fag and a cup of tea. Most would send you back to your peter.

Birthdays and Christmas

163. I've been in for my birthdays and Christmas at a few places, probably Longriggend, Polmont, Castle Huntly and Glenochil. You'd get a Christmas gift of five cigarettes, if you smoked, and an orange or apple. The boys who didn't smoke took the fags and swapped them. Nothing happened for birthdays.

Visits / Inspections

164. I didn't get so many visits because Longriggend was that bit further away from Barrhead. My da came up from time to time on a Saturday or Sunday. My ma couldn't bear any more. I didn't see my brothers or sisters.
165. I never saw anyone from social work or saw any inspections from official bodies. If official bodies are going to talk to any cons then the cons are handpicked.

Discipline

166. If you did something really bad then you were put in the digger. For example, if you were banging your door all the time. The digger was a separate cell with a screw

outside it all the time, to make sure you didn't cause any grief. You could always shout to your pals out of your peter window and the screw was there to stop that. The screw was trying to make sure you had no contact with other boys.

Abuse at Longriggend Remand Unit

167. I got gubbed as soon as I went in, the first time I was at Longriggend. The reception officer shouted my name and I said, "Aye." I walked over to the desk and the screw punched me in the face. He told me to call him Sir. The screw did that to let everyone else know they'd to call him Sir. I don't remember his name or what he looked like. I gave my name, address, age and what I was in for. Later, another con said to me to call the screws Boss, not Sir. There was a lot of verbal abuse from the screws but that's to be expected.

Leaving Longriggend Remand Unit

168. The third time I was in Longriggend, I got dismissed from the court for the panel to take care of what happened to me. The panel sent me to St Andrew's School for a period for time. A social worker was at the panel and took me to St Andrew's. My da was at the panel. My ma knew I was going away again and she didn't come.

Her Majesty's Prison, Barlinnie, Glasgow

169. When I was fourteen or fifteen years old and the second time I was sent to Longriggend, I was kept at Barlinnie in D Hall for two weeks. I had to wait for a space to come up before I got transferred to Longriggend. D Hall in Barlinnie was all cons who were men over 21 years old. There was a wee section on Gallery 1 for schoolboys. It was the first floor and the first six or seven peters were for schoolboys.

170. The schoolboys mixed with the cons. We slopped out with the cons and we went down for our dinner with them. The only thing that was different was that there was a gap between us during exercise in the exercise yard. The gap was about fifteen metres. If you got too close then the screws told you to wait.
171. My ma and da visited me. It was a closed visit behind glass and you talked through wire mesh.

Abuse at Her Majesty's Prison Barlinnie

172. The screws gave you any clothes that were there. The clothes were grey and the shoes never fitted. I told a screw the shoes didn't fit. I was walking and scrapping my foot off the ground to make sure the shoes wouldn't fall off. I asked him for a lace and said I'd tie the shoe on. The screw got me in the hall and punched me in the face. He told me never to talk to him like that. A con said to me that they were waiting for me to whack the screw and they would have been in for me. I'm glad I didn't do that.
173. You got a lot of verbal abuse from the screws. They swore at you saying things like, "Fucking move your arses." The screws wrecked your peter to search it. That happened a lot. If you had anything you shouldn't have, the screws pulled out the cupboards and pulled all the sheets apart on your bed.

St Andrew's School, Shandon, Dumbartonshire

174. I was in St Andrews for fifteen months, from 1975 until just after my da died in 1977. I was sixteen when I came out. St Andrew's was a List D school and going there was a punishment for me. St Andrew's was also to show you how to work. I was to be held in St Andrew's until somebody said they'd let me out.
175. There were three houses called Frewin House, Shandon House and Andrew's House. There were about twenty boys in each house and they were aged thirteen to sixteen

years old. The houses were separate buildings. I was in Frewin House. The grounds were massive. St Andrew's wasn't locked and you could walk out if you wanted.

176. Mr FQH was SNR. He was a good guy. KEB, Miss Carsewell and Big Dodgy were the three housemasters. The staff had living quarters at the bottom of the driveway. St Andrew's treated you more like an adult. When you asked to do things, the staff would let you as you didn't break the rules.

Routine at St Andrew's School

First day

177. Mr FQH met me. Then I met KEB, Miss Carsewell and Big Dodgy. Mr FQH said they didn't know how long I was in St Andrew's for. He told me I'd pick my own work party and I'd get money to go home through that work party. Mr FQH said all they wanted me to do was keep my nose clean, do my work, go home and come back on time. He said the staff at St Andrew's would take care of the rest of it. That was the way Mr FQH worked. He was straightforward.

Mornings and bedtime

178. In the first room I was in, there were four boys. There was a bed in each corner and we each had a wardrobe. One of the three housemasters got you up in the morning at about 7:00 am. They banged on the doors and said to get up. Most of the boys were already up.
179. We had a wash before breakfast. There were five individual showers with a curtain. You could shower any time you wanted. Each house had its own dining hall and the house ate together. The meals were alright. We went to work and had a break at lunchtime. After work we got our tea. The rest of the night was our own. We went to bed at 9:00 pm and put our own light out at 10:00 pm.

Bed Wetting

180. My biggest fear was wetting the bed. I was fifteen years old now and if anyone found out, I was going to get a headache. I had been in three or four weeks and had managed to hide it for that long. Then Miss Carsewell found out. She was great about it. She took me aside and asked why I hadn't told her. I put my head down and was all embarrassed.
181. Miss Carsewell said she'd get it sorted for me. She told me if I wet the bed to stay back in the morning and not go to work, then to take the sheets to the laundry. Miss Carsewell put me into a single room. That was a relief right away. I didn't wet the bed so much in the single room.

General Routine

182. After tea you could go a walk as long as you were back by 9:00 pm. A tunnel took you onto the beach. You could see boys from the other houses and play football with them in the park. We played football against Faslane Nuclear Base. We were taken fishing. In the unit the main things were playing table tennis and watching TV.
183. I set a couple of snares to catch rabbits but I never went back to check on them. An elderly woman walking her dogs found them. The dogs ripped the rabbits apart and the woman couldn't stop them. Mr FQH said in the assembly hall that he commended our imagination but, if we were going to do these things, we needed to check on them. Mr FQH said he didn't want to know who it was that had set the snares. I never admitted to Mr FQH it was me.
184. We went to Loch Lomond for a weekend to repair an old house. The Navy was going to use the house for their boys to stay in before they went on exercise up the hills. We put new windows in, fixed the doors and pointed the brickwork. We stayed overnight in the house and spent more time in the water than we did on the building. Mr FQH and two guys from the Navy were there with six or seven boys.

185. One time Mr ^{KEB} took me somewhere and asked if I wanted to go and see my family for an hour, as a surprise. We went in the house and my da was doubled up on the floor in pain. My da was ill then. I said I didn't want to stay. I got home for birthdays and Christmas.
186. We all wore jeans and a top. There was a boot room where we kept our jacket. You had waterproofs because we were working in the rain. You hung your clothes up in the wardrobe.
187. We went to the classroom once and sat a test. I can't remember what it was for. The staff member found out about my reading. He said he didn't know what was wrong with me but my reading was good enough to get by. Every now and then people were called out to the classroom but that didn't happen to me.
188. There was a matron and medical unit in an administration building. You got a medical when you went in. If you got a cut or anything happened in the work party then you went to matron and she checked the wound was clean. There was easy access to matron.

Work

189. Work was all you got. We worked all day with a break for lunch. There were sixteen or seventeen boys in a group. The boys were all ages. You chose your work party. There were brickies, mechanics, painters and joiners. I wanted to be a brickie or a joiner and got put into the brickies. You got £1.75 or £2.00 a week. There was one member of staff supervising who we called The Boy because he had a wee, baby face. The Boy asked if I could work like my brother and I said I could work harder. He told me my brother put 120 bricks in a barrow and pushed it up the hill. I put 130 in the barrow and got three quarters of the way up. I was gutted.
190. If the staff needed something done in their garden like a wall or patio then we would do it. We made slabs by bolting together templates in steel. That was inside work if it was raining. It was at St Andrew's that I got my first whisky in a coffee. We were doing

the patio for old Mr Burns and Mr Burns gave me a coffee with whisky. I said it tasted funny. His missus was giggling away.

191. You'd be asked if you wanted to be houseboy and, if you did, you were taken out of your work for a week. Most boys said aye because you got more money, £3.50 a week. When you got up in the morning, you got the tea ready and got the cups and everything out for breakfast. After breakfast you washed everything. Then you got everything out for dinner. You kept the whole place clean and brushed the floors. You didn't touch the bedrooms.

Visits/Inspections

192. I never got any visits the first three weeks I was in St Andrew's. I was fifteen years old and my ma and da were tired of it. I knew my da couldn't visit anymore because he was ill and in pain all the time. Some of my brothers and sisters were older and married. Others had left the house and moved to England. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were at home.
193. I never saw anybody from social work. I don't remember an inspection but I saw people I didn't know walking about. I don't know why they were there.

Home leave

194. After three weeks, I was allowed a home visit. After that I went home every weekend and sometimes you got a long weekend. The bus took us to Buchanan Street Bus Station and I got the train from Central Station to Barrhead.
195. You got your wages for the weekend going home. You got tobacco, coffee and teabags when you went home and took it back to St Andrew's. Everybody brought something back. There were no shops near or in the school. You could take back what you wanted as long as the staff inspected it and made sure there was nothing funny about it.

196. On a home leave, I got caught digging through a wall with a friend. I ran away back to St Andrew's and the police came to get me later. I was taken to court. The case against me was dismissed and my friend got a £5 fine. The police took me back to St Andrew's.

Bereavement

197. When I was sixteen years old, my da was in Victoria Hospital in Glasgow. St Andrew's let me out early to get to the hospital in time to see him. The staff ran me to Helensburgh train station and I got off at Queen Street Station in Glasgow. I didn't know what bus to get to the hospital. I only knew getting dropped off at Buchanan Street Bus Station and getting the train home to Barrhead.
198. I got on the wrong bus and, when I asked, the guy told me to get off and get a number 39. I missed the time of the visit and I went home. The next morning, we got a phone call and my da had died. It was [REDACTED] 1977. He was 47 years old. St Andrew's told me not to go back that week and we had the funeral.

Running away

199. As places go, St Andrew's was easier than others I'd been in and I'd have preferred to have been in there earlier. Then my da died and I never went back the weekend after his funeral. My brother, [REDACTED] caught up with me on the Tuesday in the street. [REDACTED] took me to the police station and I felt like punching him. He told the police I was meant to go back and had done a runner. The police took me back. I never spoke to my brother for a long time after that. I suppose he did the right thing because I would have ended up locked up in Longriggend.

Abuse at St Andrew's School

Peer abuse

200. [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were a wee gang from Blackhill. At first I felt afraid and worried because [REDACTED] was in St Andrew's with them, before me. They asked if I was [REDACTED]'s brother and I said I was. Then they repeated it. I asked if they were deaf. I had trouble with those four and so did the rest of the boys. They gave me general grief but they didn't try to assault me, except the time [REDACTED] tried to assault me but he got put in his place. He knew I wasn't going to back down.
201. I had sorted [REDACTED] out in the toilet when he was on his own. On a Friday before you went home, you cleaned the toilet. He had all the cleaning materials and I took the squeegee (mop) off him. I told him I wanted to get home that day and I was taking the squeegee to get the job done. [REDACTED] tried to take it off me and didn't manage. Then, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] got me in the boot room. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were at the back of them.
202. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] pushed me into a locker and were trying to lock the door. There was no way they were shutting that door on me. I think [REDACTED] hurt himself more than he hurt me. [REDACTED] called me a bully. I didn't answer because they knew who the bullies were. [REDACTED] got charged with murder on one of his home leaves. That shows you the type of person he was.
203. When [REDACTED] got charged with murder, [REDACTED] left St Andrew's and [REDACTED] turned into a mouse. [REDACTED] thought he could be a bully by himself but he got leathered in the dining room by some of the boys. It wasn't me but I saw it. He was hit with chairs and everything and that put him in his place.

Leaving St Andrew's School

204. I didn't go to a panel but I got a date to get out of St Andrew's. Mr FQH got the date in a letter and told me. It was about three months after I ran away that I got out, in [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] 1977. I was sixteen years old. I was sad to go and, at the same time, I couldn't wait to go. I was emotional saying cheerio to everybody, especially the members of the staff. The staff were first class. They were good people. I got hugs and handshakes. I got taken on the bus to Glasgow with the rest of the boys. The boys were going on weekend leave and I was going home for good. It was good.

Returning home for the fifth time

205. I was getting into trouble and I saw social workers until I was 21 years old. The Barrhead social workers never came to my house and later, they never came to prison. I had to make the effort to see them when I was out. I never felt the social workers listened to me. They just wrote what they wanted in their reports for the court.

Her Majesty's Young Offenders Institution Polmont, Brightons

206. I was sentenced to eighteen months borstal when I was seventeen years old in 1977. I was at Polmont for six weeks and Castle Huntly for seventeen or eighteen months. I was at Polmont to do my allocation. The jails they could pick for you were Polmont, Castle Huntly or Noranside. I was sent to Castle Huntly.

Routine at Her Majesty's Young Offenders Institution Polmont

207. Polmont was harder than Castle Huntly. It was regimental. You had to make your bed and make sure the edges were square. You had to clean your peter. You had to stand

to attention and stand at your window whenever a screw came in. You marched everywhere. It was, "Yes sir, no sir, three bags full sir".

Abuse of others at Her Majesty's Young Offenders Institution Polmont

208. I heard a few boys getting a couple of doings off the screws for not saying, "Yes sir, no sir".

Castle Huntly, Longforgan, Perthshire

209. Castle Huntly was easier than Polmont. There was no regimental stuff. It was relaxed. There was no marching and you could just walk about.

Routine at Castle Huntly

General routine

210. The routine at borstal and young offender's institutions was the same. You got up in the morning, had your breakfast and went to work. You went back to the hall for lunch, then back to work and back to the hall for tea. You were in your peter for an hour and then there was recreation at night. Your personal possessions were shampoo and soap. You got things sent in.
211. I wet the bed at Castle Huntly. The boys knew but they never bothered. They never said anything.
212. I played for the football team at Castle Huntly. We played against Dundee and beat them 2-1. We were delighted. For our win, the screws took us to watch Dundee United v St Mirren. St Mirren was my team and I was cheering them on. Dundee United won.

213. If you had any ailments then they were dealt with. I got a couple of x-rays at hospital in Dundee and I had a bit of bone missing from one of my ribs. I was taken back to hospital for the doctors to try to find out where it was. The doctors asked me if I had been in any accidents or anything like that and where would I have got such thing. I had no idea. I never heard any more after the second x-ray. I've had other x-rays and they haven't mentioned it.
214. I didn't get any visits from family at Castle Huntly. I didn't see a social worker. I didn't see any inspections but I was all over Castle Huntly and wouldn't have noticed.
215. My borstal work at Castle Huntly was at farms. I counted the chickens and picked up their eggs. Then I took the eggs up to the farmer. I counted the sheep. Sometimes the snow was deep and I was out by myself every weekend. We cleaned the Dundee and Dundee United stadiums on a Monday after they played. That was a regular thing. We'd give the stadium a brush to get it ready for the next game.
216. At Christmas you got a wee parcel with five fags and some fruit. Your Christmas dinner was special. You didn't get a great deal but it was different. You don't get anything for your birthday. I was writing to a girl from Norway who I'd met a couple of years before I went into Castle Huntly. First, I had to write to her mother for permission to write. Her mother said I could. She sent me a birthday present of a wee Snoopy dog for my eighteenth birthday. The screw held up the wee dog in a room full of cons and said, "Happy Birthday." You can tell the abuse I got but it was all kidology. I was embarrassed but delighted to get the present.
217. I never thought about running away and nobody ran away while I was at Castle Huntly. The screws were alright at Castle Huntly. You had done something wrong and you were there to do a sentence and get home. The way I thought was that you don't cause yourself grief and get a bigger sentence or get sent back to Polmont. If you screwed up then you went back to Polmont.

Leaving Castle Huntly

218. I got out of Castle Huntly when my sentence finished.

Her Majesty's Young Offenders Institution Glenochil, Tullibody – three stays

219. I was in Glenochil three times as a young offender. I was sentenced to three months, six months and, when I was twenty years old, eighteen months at Glenochil. The sentences were all for housebreaking. My first sentence in a Young Offenders Institution was the three month sentence. I was seventeen years old. Glenochil had just opened and I was one of the first in it. There was only one hall, D Hall, being used at the time. There were four halls altogether. In each hall, there were 36 boys on each level and there were three levels.

Routine at Her Majesty's Young Offenders Institution Glenochil

General routine

220. The routine was the same as borstal. We all ate together in the dining room. We had metal trays and plastic cutlery. The food was alright. You could have a shower anytime you wanted. There were showers in the hall and in the gym.

221. There was no pee pot. You pressed a button and got out to use the toilet. You had seven minutes to do the toilet and get back in to your peter. The boys used it to go out and swap their papers and comics. They'd leave the book on the toilet and the boy who was getting it next would press his button and go out to get the book.

222. I had my own peter. I was still bedwetting now and again. The good thing was that there was a sink in the peter. I could wash the sheet, hang it up on the bars and open the window. The bars were on the inside. You got clean sheets every Friday. It was at Glenochil that I realised the bedwetting was slowing down and sometimes I'd get up

dry in the morning. What a celebration I felt those days. I realised I had gone a whole month without wetting the bed and I had no problem after that. I was delighted.

223. When I was twenty years old, I started reading and writing in the classroom. That was voluntary. I took guitar lessons and the teacher asked if anybody was interested in coming for a bit more education. About six of us did. It was the first education I'd had in an institution since I was seven years old. We went twice a week after work from 7:00 pm to 8:00 pm. That's when I got into reading. You got to take work back to the peter and you completed it at your own pace. You took the work back and the teacher had a look at it. In my peter, I sat and wrote songs out.
224. At first I worked in the upholstery section as a machinist. My last job, before I left Glenochil, was in the main store working with the prison officers. That was giving out uniforms, serving food and accepting goods from the outside. The boys got pro forms to get things they needed. We checked the pro forms, put the things together in a package and sent them to the hall. We kept a tally of what was used so that the officer could order new supplies. I enjoyed that job and did it for about twelve months. We were paid £3.75 a week.
225. You earned grades, A, B and C. The higher the grade you got then the more trustworthy you were. I had a C grade which was the highest grade you could get. That's why I got the job in the main store and why I was allowed to walk the prison by myself. I pressed a button, the screw came on and I told him who I was and what I was doing. The screw opened the door and I shut it behind me. On a Sunday, six of us who were C grades would go out a walk up the Ochil Hills to Sheriffmuir and back.
226. There was a shop in Glenochil selling tobacco, stamps and sweets. One of my jobs in the main store was to put all the things for sale in a big basket. One of the boys from the hall would come up and take the basket down.

Visits / Inspections

227. I hadn't had any visits during the first two sentences at Glenochil. My ma and [REDACTED] finally came up when I was doing my eighteen months. That was the only visit I got. I didn't see a social worker.
228. There were inspections at Glenochil. People walked about with official things. Boys were spoken to but I wasn't one of them.

Solvent abuse

229. My eighteen month sentence was one of the saddest sentences I ever did. My wee mate, [REDACTED], died in Glenochil. [REDACTED] was mixed race. Our peters were next door to one another. [REDACTED] worked in the engineering department with the joiners and I worked in the main store. [REDACTED] would bring rags down filled with thinners and we'd sniff them in a bag. We did it a lot just to break the monotony. I had started sniffing glue when I was on home leave, when I was fourteen years old. I had a bad experience and I stopped when I was fifteen years old but I started again in Glenochil.
230. [REDACTED] came down one night and banged on my wall to get into my peter after tea. He gave me the wee bag. I was cleaning my peter and putting my laundry out because it was Friday night and there was a Governor's inspection the next morning. I stuck the bag in my drawer for later on that night.
231. A screw came round for the laundry and opened [REDACTED]'s door. He shouted for the laundry and nothing happened. Then he shut the door and shouted to the other screws to lock us up. They found [REDACTED] sitting on his bed with his guitar and the rag. He had died with sniffing the thinners. I threw mine out. I never touched thinners again.

Leaving Her Majesty's Young Offenders Institution Glenochil

232. I got out of Glenochil on my 21st birthday.

Life after being in care

233. I still got into some trouble. I was told by my lawyer that when you were 21 years old then you didn't have to go for social work reports for court any more. My lawyer said he could still ask for social enquiry reports. You either got bail or you didn't. If you didn't get bail then the social worker had to come up to Barlinnie where you were doing a remand. If you got bail then you had to go to the social work. I did get a few social enquiry reports but they were never in favourable terms.
234. Work was really hard to get in the Barrhead area because I'd been in so much trouble all my life. A record like mine doesn't help you at all. I met [REDACTED], my daughter's mum, and things went downhill. When I was 21 years old, my daughter was born and I calmed right down. I stopped breaking into so many places and started taking drugs and drinking. To do that you need money, so I was selling drugs too. I got caught and got eighteen months imprisonment. I did that sentence in Greenock. Me and [REDACTED] had our son when I got out. It wasn't easy. Since I was 28 years old I've calmed right down and I've been in trouble just for things like breach of the peace.
235. I found out [REDACTED] was taking heroin and so I left and went to work in London for nine months. I came back and worked for three years in Barrhead. Since then I've worked doing driveways and patios. The relationship was on and off with [REDACTED] for twenty years and we had another two children. I finished the relationship when [REDACTED] emptied our joint bank account and I found out she was taking heroin again.
236. I went back to work on the railways in London and met a lassie, [REDACTED], one weekend I had come home for a visit in 2003. I came home and had no work. We were together until 2009 and we had two sons. It all fell apart when [REDACTED]'s daughter and boyfriend moved in with us.

237. For six months before that my oldest son was telling my daughters to fuck off and saying he didn't need to do this and that. I let him off with it but he got so brazen that one day, four years ago, I threw my son out the kitchen. A week later the police charged me with assaulting him. The wording of the charge was changed and I pled guilty. I got eighty hours community service. When I was finished the community service, I asked the organiser what about the things I wanted to say about the incident and he told me nobody cares.
238. █████ used everybody she could against me to split me and my youngest boys up. At the time I was fighting to see them. That was in 2017. My sons are now thirteen and fifteen years old. A social worker, Rebecca King, phoned to come and see me about the assault on my oldest son. Rebecca King was nice on the phone but, when she came to my house, her attitude had changed. I asked her why and she said it was my attitude. I did take the blame for my attitude but Rebecca King had an attitude as well. She was telling me I had to comply with social work and she wasn't listening to what I was saying. I don't know what she wrote in her report.
239. My lawyer never said a thing at court when I was trying to get contact with my boys. I had had a lot of contact with the boys and looked after them in the holidays when I had separated from their mum. My sons wanted to see me. The judge said I could have no more contact and could write a letter a year. I write them a text message every day and send them birthday and Christmas cards. I've been on my own since 2009.
240. I went to see Michael Flaherty, a senior social worker with my daughter. I asked if he could help me get to see the weans. He said he couldn't help me because I wasn't under social work rules. I've never gone back.
241. The last time I had work was in 2017. I went all the way down, mentally and now I'm starting to come back up again. I'm starting to breathe again.

Impact

242. Being in these institutions as a child didn't do me any good. The confidence that I had was the wrong confidence. I didn't want to go out and buckle down and do the right thing. The confidence I had was negative. I wanted to get the social workers back and it was the wrong people I was hurting. That was why I was shouting and using abusive language.
243. Ever since I first went into Cardross when I was seven years old, it's been burning in my head why I was in there. It's hard to understand how [REDACTED] got two weeks for breaking into a school and I got 28 days for breaking a window. My da had friction with Mr Smith and he passed that on to me. Whatever abuse Mr Smith got, he deserved. Mr Smith didn't get much abuse because he stayed away from our house. We always had to go to him. I didn't see that back then, only now.
244. Sometimes at St Ninian's there were highs during the day, like when I did well in the painting competition. Then there were the night times. When the Brothers shouted for you to line up for bed, I was thinking oh no. I've tried to understand why Jimmy White battered me and tried to make excuses for him but there aren't any excuses.
245. I experienced anger in St Ninian's where my head was pure white heat. You can see it as well as feel it. That's how angry I was and I had to get myself to calm down. I blame Mr Smith for not listening to me. All I wanted him to do was listen to me. Mr Smith was not a good man.
246. I don't blame the social workers for putting me away from the ages of 16 to 21 because I was foul mouthed. The reason I was foul mouthed was because I had kept trying to tell social work what was happening in St Ninian's and they shut me down and ignored it. I thought, why bother? That's when I got aggressive with social workers and I'd tell them to shove it. I felt a lot of anger towards social workers and I'm still angry now.
247. Instead of writing a proper report, social work would write that I was abusive and vindictive, a liar and manipulator. The social work accused me of pulling the wool over

their eyes. The reports were wrong. They weren't writing what I was saying. I was trying to tell the social workers the truth and they ignored me. The social workers never looked at who I was or who I wanted to be. I was being the guy they wrote about and not being me. I was mixed up. I learned not to bother with social workers and that stuck with me. I still have that attitude but I try not to. I was never offered probation when I was a young offender or a con.

248. I lost my faith in God in St Ninian's. I even became an altar boy there but nothing helped. No matter how many times I prayed to that guy, I still got leathered that night. I lost my faith in the social work at the same time.
249. One time when I was home in between remands at Longriggend, my da said he didn't know what to do with me. He said I was no good at what I did, I wasn't a good liar and yet I kept doing these things. There was nothing he could do. I was one of those boys and I was angry at everything. After my da died, my family all drifted and we've never got back together since. It's a shame for my mother. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] are both dead.
250. My time in institutions was perfect for my criminal education. Everything I learned about breaking into places or stealing motors, I learned in Cardross and Bellfield. The things that really matter, like reading and writing and history, I didn't have at all. I still have trouble reading and letters still disappear. In jail, I got the new books that came in last because I was the slowest reader.
251. I am anxious. Sometimes I waken up and I'm soaking with sweat. The first thing I do is go and have a bath. Then I sit all day thinking about what I have to do to get social workers to understand and let me see my sons. When I was with [REDACTED], I used to have nightmares and fire out of the bed. That caused a lot of arguments with [REDACTED].
252. I had no respect for the Barrhead social workers because they'd never done anything for me when I was younger. They would go on what they saw of me in the past or what they read in my records, not what they saw in the here and now. When I got into trouble for assaulting my boy, I met a social worker called Judith Hamilton from Paisley. Judith was writing the social enquiry report for the court. I told her I didn't care what social

work office she was from because she would ask me questions and go and write what she wanted. Judith said she wouldn't do that. She said I would talk to her, she'd write the report and show it to me. My experiences as a child in care didn't come up.

253. Judith did come back and show the report to me. I was really surprised. I couldn't read it because I was too emotional and Judith had done what she'd said. Reading is difficult for me. My daughter was there, I gave it to her to read and she said it was good. I had respect for Judith and I thanked her for the report. I appreciated what she tried to do.
254. I've started writing about my experiences. My daughter said to me to keep writing because, if I don't get to see the boys again, they have that to read.

Reporting of Abuse

255. In 2020, I phoned the police to report my abusers at St Ninian's and police from Govan came to see me. I couldn't talk to them because I'd no faith in the police. One of them said to write it down and it took me three weeks to do that. I handed it in to the police. A few weeks after, Sergeant Higgins phoned and told me the abusers were all dead. The only one they weren't sure about was Brother HMW.

Other action taken and treatment / support

256. I deliberately went by the Glen Street Clinic. It's knocked down and is a housing estate now.
257. I have a lawyer called Rachel Brown at Digby Brown Solicitors. I sent her a copy of what I sent to the police. She is working to claim compensation for me.
258. I've never had any help or support. I never thought I'd get help or that anybody would sit down and listen to what I said. When I asked for help, all that came out of my mouth

was abuse because social work weren't listening to what I was saying. I got angry and agitated.

Records

259. In February or March 2020, I asked Eastwood Council for my school reports and Mr Smith's report as to why he wanted me put into Cardross in 1968. I can't get my school reports from age five to six years. A girl called Angela from social work told me on 17th March 2020 they had the report I was looking for. She ask when I wanted to come down and see it. Angela said they wanted to explain the report to me because it was so upsetting. She wanted to take me through the report and take it in easy. I'd arranged for my daughter to take me to Eastwood Council buildings. Then Covid hit and we couldn't go.
260. I phoned back in August to arrange to see the report and spoke to Grace Thompson. She was cheeky. She said I was to listen to her and they had to read the report first. I told her Angela had read it but Grace Thompson insisted she had to read it. Grace Thompson asked why I wanted the report and I told her to prove they had done me wrong. I went to get the report in November 2020 and I got 163 pages of old reports from 1971 to 1976 but nothing before or after that. The council say that is all they have for me. I'm still trying to get the report through my lawyer. When I read those reports, I didn't realise all the trouble I'd got myself in. Some are handwritten and I can't read them.


Lessons to be Learned

261. If a kid's angry with an official adult, the adult should take the time to listen to what that wean is shouting about. Don't just shut the kid up, fob them off or make excuses for somebody. Social workers should ask kids they are dealing with, why they hate social workers so much. If social workers get the kids young then they can nip it in the bud and weans like me won't be so angry.

262. I thought social workers were supposed to be good people doing a good job. I wondered why they were messing me about and letting me down all the time. I don't have an answer for that but I would like to know why social workers ignored me all that time and why they're still ignoring me now. I blame myself for a lot of it because of my mouth but I think social workers should show a lot more understanding.

263. Social work reports shouldn't be kept in a social work office. They should be kept somewhere where the people who need the reports, to prove or disprove their cases, can get them.

264. 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... 25-8-21