

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KIE
[REDACTED]

Support person present: No

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

Life before going into care

2. I was born and brought up in Duntocher in Glasgow until I was fourteen years old. I lived with my parents, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and my big sister, [REDACTED], who was three years older than me, my brother, [REDACTED], who was a year younger than me. My youngest brother, [REDACTED], who is nine years younger came along later.
3. My dad worked on the shipyards his whole life. My mum managed pubs and was then a cleaner. I went to St Mary's Primary School in Duntocher and then St Columba's High School in Clydebank. I was doing ok at school. I was good at sports and art, and enjoyed school.
4. My mum and dad were always fighting when I was young and then they split up when I was about fourteen years old. My mum moved to a housing scheme in Faifley, Clydebank with my brothers, and my sister moved in with my gran. My mum met another man called [REDACTED] who also had his own kids and they all lived together. My dad stayed in the family house and hit the bottle. That was when things started going wrong for me.

5. I didn't want to be in my mum's house with her new man and his kids because it was crowded and I wasn't accepting the change. Then, when I was with my dad, he was always drunk and winding me up about my mum and blaming me for their breakup. I would go back to mum's house all wound up and cause problems there. My mum wanted me to go to my dad's house and my dad wanted me to go to my mum's so I was a mixed-up kid. I stopped going to school because kids at school would ask about my parents and I didn't want to answer their questions. Divorce was less common then.
6. I started hanging about with the wrong crowd who were a bit older, and they would go about on motorbikes and stay in tents on the hills, so I would stay with them and not go home. This was when I was fifteen years old.
7. The older boys were also breaking into places and robbing them, which I didn't do. One night they broke into a camper van and I met up with them afterwards. The police turned up and everybody ran, but I never because I didn't know what to do. I got caught and showed the police where the stolen stuff was. I ended up taking the blame because I didn't want to tell on the older guys.
8. I was arrested and kept in Clydebank Police Station for two nights. I never saw my mum or anyone during that time. Then I was taken in a police car to a children's home at night. I don't know where the place was but it was nice. I was sat down and given some food to eat, and the boys there said I could play football with them. I liked it. I felt safe and was happy to be away from all the trouble. I only stayed there one night. The next morning, social workers came to get me and took me to a panel. That was my first involvement with social workers. I don't remember their names.
9. There were three or four people at the panel, including social workers and my mum. Someone must have told my mum. The panel decided I was getting sent away for an assessment for three weeks, then they would make a decision about where to send me after that. I was taken by a male social worker straight from the panel to Bellfield Assessment Centre in just the clothes I was wearing.

Bellfield Assessment Centre, Dumbarton – First time

10. I was fifteen years old when I went to Bellfield in 1979. I was in for three weeks for an assessment, I was terrified the first day I went in. Someone took me into the main sitting room and just told me to grab a chair and sit down, which I did. I was quite reserved so I just sat down quietly. Other boys came up and asked me where I was from and tried to talk to me but I was quite a quiet kid. I sat there for a few hours then I was shown where I would sleep.
11. The next day, the staff brought clean, second-hand clothes and put them down in a pile for all the boys to pick something to wear. I picked a pair of jeans and a jumper.
12. My mum came to see me the second night I was there. There was a visiting room where all the visits took place.
13. The only staff name I remember from that time is a guy called John. He seemed ok and told me that I shouldn't be in there.
14. I saw a bit of violence in the first three weeks that I was there. Staff would be slapping boys. I didn't see John do that. I got slapped once from a member of staff who was a younger guy, because he wouldn't give me a cigarette and I was cheeky to him. He gave me a hard slap, which knocked me over, then dragged me by the neck to a room at the back of the building on the ground level, which was called the "cooler." It was an empty room with bars on the window. I was left in there for a few hours as punishment. There was no toilet in the room but there was a bell you could ring if you needed to use the toilet.

Life back at home

15. Bellfield did a report on me and they must have said I was ok because I was taken back to the panel and they decided I could go home to my mum's. I still didn't want to be there because I didn't like my stepfather and his kids so it was awkward. I was back

to my dad's house but he was in such a bad state with the drink that he nearly killed himself. I didn't want to go to school because I didn't want to answer questions about my home life, so I wouldn't go. Then when I did go to school for a day here and there, I would get the belt for missing school, so I then didn't want to go again. I would run away and stay in a tent on the hill. I was thinking if I could just get to sixteen years old then I would be free to do my own thing.

16. I had only been out of Bellfield for a month when I was picked up by the police again. I never knew why, but my brother told me about 35 years later, before he died, that he had told the police where I was when I ran away because he was worried about me hanging out with the wrong people. I was hanging out with a boy who had ran away from a List D school and my brother had seen me going into his house and phoned the police. The police turned up the next morning with a big dog and raided the house. We jumped out the window and ran away but I got caught. I wasn't doing anything wrong, I just wasn't going home or to school.
17. I was taken in front of a panel again. Nobody asked me why I wasn't going to school. The panel decided to put me back in Bellfield again for another three-week assessment, but I ended up being there for about seven months. Then there was a fire in Bellfield so everyone from Bellfield moved to Cardross, and I was there for about two months. I got out when I turned sixteen years old.

Bellfield Assessment Centre, Dumbarton – second time

18. I was still fifteen years old when I went back into Bellfield. I thought I was going to be there for three weeks but after a while, I realised I would be in there longer. I was told after a while that I would not get home until I was sixteen years old, but I just didn't know where I would be staying until then. I ended up being in Bellfield for about seven months this time.

19. It was all boys in Bellfield. There were about 25 boys aged about fourteen or fifteen, but occasionally you'd get a slightly younger boy. Boys came in for assessment and were generally there for a few weeks, so they would be coming and going all the time. It was like a halfway house where people would stay before being sent on elsewhere. I heard the staff use the term "assessment centre" but it may have been a remand home. I remember another boy called KJA who was about my age, who was also there for a few months. He was then sent to a place called Kibble. I don't remember the names of any other boys.

Layout

20. Bellfield was a big stone building at the top of a wee hill with a driveway going up to it. There were three levels and a cellar. On the ground floor, there was a dining room with a kitchen at the back, a big room that we sat in, a telly room and a wee snooker room that was all covered in graffiti. There was also a shower block on the ground floor.
21. There was a cellar where there was a room that we called the "cooler," which was basically a cell. On the first floor, there were two dormitories, which was where the boys slept. It was just a room with beds and nothing else. We didn't have drawers or lockers or anything.
22. The third floor was an attic, but the boys never went up there. There was a man who lived in the attic who was apparently the head of social work, or so we were told. He never dealt with any of the boys but we saw him leave in the morning and coming back drunk in the evenings. He gave us the creeps and we called him "the bogeyman." He wore a long black coat and dark glasses, and looked like the singer, Roy Orbison.
23. There was a path from the back of the building leading up to a red ash park with a fence around it where we could play football. There was a private girls' school next door to us.

Staff

24. There were about four or five staff members working during the day and two during the night. The night staff would sit on chairs outside the dormitories. I don't think any staff slept over. You got aware of which staff members to look out for over time.
25. I don't remember the names of a lot of the staff or who was in charge. John, who I met the first time, was still there and he was still alright. I remember a guy called "AIB" who was the oldest staff member and he would call us "you uncouth youths." He was ok and didn't give me any trouble. There was this other guy, whose name I don't remember, who was physically quite abusive towards me. He was in his forties, had dark hair, sallow skin and big teeth. There was also another member of staff in his forties or fifties, who was physically abusive towards me. There was "HWM" who was a nice guy when I first met him. He was in his thirties, wore glasses, was a bit chubby with blondey reddish hair. He was my main abuser. He wasn't in charge of the place but I can't remember what his role was.
26. There were other staff members as well. Staff all worked shifts and were away on holidays so it wasn't the same staff that would be on all the time. All the staff members who looked after the boys, were men.
27. There was a teacher who came in every day to take class and she was a woman, and there were women cooks.

Routine at Bellfield

28. We got up in the morning, got dressed, and waxed and polished the floors with buffers, then went downstairs for breakfast.

29. There was two hours of school in the morning and then we went for lunch. There was also an hour of school in the afternoon. Boys went to class either in the morning or in the afternoon, so if you weren't in class, you were cleaning or playing snooker, football or watching TV.
30. There were set times when we could go for a cigarette. We got four a day and we would be made to line up in the TV room when it was time for a cigarette break, and three members of staff would be there to give us our cigarette. It was the highlight of our day because there wasn't much else to do.
31. We had an evening meal and then there was more leisure time. Sometimes we would get supper before bed.

Mealtimes/Food

32. We got three meals a day so we were fed. There was a cook who made the meals and I remember the food being alright. If we got hungry at night, we could go into the kitchen and make macaroni cheese, or a piece and jam for supper.
33. I would sometimes help out the cook and she would slip me a cigarette or an extra couple of rolls, so that was good. She was nice.

Washing/bathing

34. The shower room was just a room with shower heads, with no partitions or cubicles so there was no privacy. There was a shower time and you would line up to go in. The staff seemed to think it was ok for them to hang about as you were showering. John didn't do that.
35. When you came out the showers, you came out in a line and got this smelly stuff put in your hair for nits.

Clothing

36. Boys never got their own clothes in there. Every week, the staff would bring a big pile of washed, second-hand clothes and dump them down. Boys would then pick a pair of jeans and jumper to wear for the week. You would change into them and that would be what you would wear for the rest of the week. You were lucky if you got something that fitted you properly. It would be a race against the boys to get the best thing, and if you were last you just had to wear what was left. Some of the clothes were ridiculous, with jeans too short for you, and you would be stuck with it for a whole week. I don't remember about the underwear. We must have had underwear but I don't remember.
37. The clothes we'd taken off would then get taken away to be washed and brought back in a pile the next week for the same routine.
38. I think because it was an assessment centre and boys would come and go so often, they didn't give them their own set of clothes. We didn't have any drawers or wardrobes to keep anything in, anyway.

Schooling

39. There were classes that lasted for two hours in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. We got split and half the boys went in the morning and other half in the afternoon. We didn't go to both.
40. An outside teacher came to take the class and she was nice. She clicked on that I was better educated than the other boys in the class because I could read and write whereas some of them couldn't. I would then help out some of the other boys to write, including wee ^{KJA} [REDACTED], who couldn't even write his own name.
41. After a while, the teacher gave me separate work and put me in the corner to do it while she taught the other boys the basic things.

Leisure time

42. When you weren't in class or cleaning, we could kind of do what we wanted. We could watch TV in the telly room or play snooker or chess in the wee snooker room. I liked playing chess but nobody else knew how to play it so I would play with the staff.
43. We played football in the park out the back as well. The staff would open the gate and let us out to play and then when we came back in, they'd lock the gate behind us.

Trips and holidays

44. The staff member John used to take us on days out to go fishing on a boat. It was brilliant. Days out with him were good.
45. We went on a trip to Saltcoats to volunteer with disabled kids. We helped push wheelchairs and take them out. HWM [REDACTED], the other staff member with big teeth, and KJA [REDACTED] were the only ones from Bellfield who went. There were other adult volunteers there as well as the handicapped kids. We stayed in a boarding house type place for a couple of days. I shared a room with KJA [REDACTED] HWM [REDACTED] and the other guy.
46. I went on other trips organised by HWM [REDACTED], which he would take me to, just me and him. One of these was to Preston where we stayed with a man and woman in their house. I am sure I was being drugged and abused on these trips. In the eight or nine months that I was in Bellfield and Cardross, I think I was away on about ten or more trips with him. He would just say that he was going somewhere and that I was going with him, and then we would go away for a night or two. Sometimes HWM [REDACTED] HWM [REDACTED] would take the boy KJA [REDACTED] with him on trips, just the two of them.
47. HWM [REDACTED] also took me on a trip to Rome, just the two of us, after I had left Bellfield and Cardross. He stated that I was still under his care at the time.

Healthcare/ medication

48. A psychologist or psychiatrist woman came to talk to me. I met her in a little building in front of Bellfield, halfway up the drive. I clearly remember seeing her once, but it may have been twice. She was asking me questions about my family which made me emotional so I just sat and cried and didn't say anything. I was a shy kid as well. Eventually she just went away without me answering any questions. I think she wrote a report on me. That could have been the assessment part of the place.
49. I never had any medical examination before or after being in any institution.

Religious instruction

50. There was no religion there and we weren't made to go to church or say prayers. HWM [REDACTED] would come out and talk about religion to the boys but nobody was interested. He told me had been a priest years ago.

Birthdays and Christmas

51. I spent one Christmas in care when I was fifteen years old. I don't think I got home for it. I can't remember anything about it but I think I would have been in Bellfield for it because I only spent a couple of months in Cardross before I got out [REDACTED].
52. I never spent a birthday in care.

Visits

53. You could get one or two visits a week. They were on particular nights, which was a Wednesday and Friday I think. There was a visiting room where your family could come and see you. My mum would visit me and sometimes bring my brother. She would bring me sweets and cigarettes. The staff were really nice during the visits. The staff would get the cigarettes and then they would give you four a day.

54. I never got a visit from a social worker the whole time I was there. The last time I saw a social worker was when I was taken to Bellfield. I never went to another children's panel other than the one that put me in there.

Running away

55. One of the boys asked me to kick the ball over the fence so I did, and he went to get it and then just legged it and ran away. We were all standing clapping. That was quite funny. He got brought back by the police that night.
56. One day, a staff member left his keys in the front door so a boy went and locked the door and stole the keys. It was a visiting night and nobody could get in and out because the staff never had the keys. They had to put a ladder against a window and let visitors in and out that way. There was a massive jail break and about six or seven boys ran for it, out the window, and up the street. That was funny to see. They were all brought back within a matter of days.
57. I never ran away. I didn't see the point. I saw other boys run away and they were brought back by the police pretty quickly. I didn't fancy having the police out searching for me so I just stayed in the home.

Discipline

58. There was a room that was like a cell, with bars on the window, which we called the "cooler." The staff told the boys about the cooler when they first went in. We were told that we would be put in there for a few hours if we carried on. It was an empty room with no toilet, but you could ring a bell if you needed to go to the toilet. Some staff threatened you with it every day by screaming in your face about it. Other staff just used it in extreme circumstances.
59. There was a member of staff who would line up our cigarettes, light them and make us watch them burn down, instead of giving us them, if he thought someone had been cheeky. I just thought that was cruel. I can't remember his name.

Abuse in Bellfield

60. There were some 'crabbit' old members of staff who would always be angry and just smack you over the head as they passed you for no reason. These men were no fun and had no business working in care or with children. They had nothing nice to say, just always negative things.
61. I was thrown in the cooler a few times, usually by this other guy with the big teeth. He would slap me on the face and kick and punch me everywhere else, and shout at me saying that I was going to be sent to a borstal. He was just a violent guy. Then he would chuck me in the cooler for a few hours. It could be anything from two hours to five or six hours. I kept ringing the bell one time so the staff jammed it so I couldn't ring it. One time I saw him bullying this wee guy from Campbeltown, who looked a bit disabled. It was a shame so I got angry and flew for this staff member, just to push him off the wee guy. He punched and kicked me and put me in the cooler. I was in there from the morning until about teatime, so about ten hours or something. That was the longest I was in there.
62. There was another male member of staff who would line the boys up at the park and then kick a football really hard so it hit us.
63. One member of staff would also take boys' cigarettes, that their families had bought them, line them up and burn them down. He would do that if he thought a boy had been cheeky. We really looked forward to our cigarette breaks but we would be made to stand and watch our cigarettes being burned down. He thought it was funny but it was just cruel.

Sexual abuse

64. The first day that I arrived in Bellfield, ^{HWM} [REDACTED] looked at me and then announced to all the boys that it was time for showers. I remember the other boys wondering what was happening because it wasn't the usual time for showers. Looking back, I think ^{HWM} [REDACTED] just wanted to see me naked.

65. All the boys were made to line up naked and get into the showers. HWM and two other members of staff were there. There was the guy with the big teeth and another staff member in his forties or fifties. I remember HWM looking at my penis. When we came out of the shower, we queued up to get this stuff put in our hair for nits. When it came to me, the two members of staff grabbed my arms and HWM stood in front of me with a pair of scissors. I was naked and trying to bend over to hide myself. The two guys holding my arms made me stand straight while HWM stretched my penis with one hand and pretended like he was going to cut it with the scissors he was holding in his other hand. He was saying he needed to take an inch off it because it was too long. They were all laughing like it was funny but I was petrified. The boys behind me would have seen it happen. After a while, they let me go and I just went and got dressed.
66. That same night, at bed time when all the boys were going to bed. HWM and the guy with the big teeth came to me and took me into another room. They gave me a biscuit and cup of tea and said that was for me. I remember thinking it was weird why only I was getting it. I drank the tea and remember feeling really relaxed and falling asleep.
67. The next thing I remember is waking up and I felt groggy. I was on a seat and looking down at a few pairs of feet. I think there were the same three staff members there. I heard HWM's voice saying something like, "that's him wakening, get him to his bed." I didn't look up and pretended still to be asleep because I just thought if I got to my bed I would be safe. Then a member of staff picked me up and put me over his shoulder and took me outside and carried me back into the main building and put to my bed. That is how I know I must have been in a different building. Later on during my time there, I had a meeting with the psychologist woman in a the little building at the entrance of the gate and that was when I recognised the place as where I had woken up that first night.
68. The other guy, the staff member with big teeth, would punch, kick, batter and threaten me with violence quite regularly. HWM would then have a conversation with me within an hour or so of the beating and tell me that everyone wanted to send

me to borstal but that he was on my side. He would tell me that the psychologist's report said I should be in borstal and the social workers and panel agreed, but not to worry because he was talking to all the higher staff to make sure I stayed in Bellfield. HWM made out that he was looking out for me and he was the only one keeping me in Bellfield and out of Borstal.

69. Looking back, I definitely think HWM and this other guy with the big teeth were working together, playing good cop - bad cop, to manipulate me so that I would trust HWM and feel like I needed to keep him on my side. In hindsight, I think HWM was the one keeping me in Bellfield to abuse me, when I was not supposed to be there more than three weeks. At the time, I just believed him and fell for it.
70. HWM made out he was a friend to me. He would be nice and friendly to me to the point that I would be quite happy when he was on shift. He told me he had been a priest for a few years and had been out of society during that time, so if you took away those years then really he was about the same age as me. He was in his thirties but that was him trying to make out that we were friends and of a similar age. I can see now that he was grooming me.
71. I was taken on a trip to Saltcoats with handicapped kids. We volunteered to go along and help push wheelchairs and show them about. It was me, the boy KJA, HWM HWM and the other guy with big teeth who all went. We all stayed in a big guesthouse for two nights and slept in a room with bunk beds in it. I was in a room with KJA and we went to bed before the adults. They would be drinking and then come into the room drunk later on at night. I woke up to HWM in my bed touching me. The next day he was apologising saying that he was drunk and didn't know what he was doing. Then later on he told me he was going to a meeting with higher up people in social work who wanted to send me to borstal but he was going along to convince them to let me stay in Bellfield. I felt like I had no choice but to keep him on side.

72. The abuse started happening on a regular basis but it never happened in the Bellfield building. ^{HWM} would find an excuse to take me away on a trip overnight, just me and him, somewhere and we would usually share a room. When we were away, he would always push me to have a drink. I would pass out and not wake up until well into the next day. He would tease me and say "You cannae handle yer drink, son." It was weird because it would sometimes happen after just one drink.
73. At first I thought maybe it was because I couldn't handle my drink, so when away on these trips, I decided not to drink and have a Coca-Cola or a tea instead, but the same thing happened. I woke up well into the afternoon of the next day and would feel fuzzy headed and have a sore stomach. A couple of times I even woke up with no clothes on and I never normally went to bed like that. I would be dazed at the time, but later on, when I asked him anything, he would make out that I had only been asleep for a few hours, which was confusing for me because sometimes I was sure that a whole day or two days had passed, and I would feel fuzzy headed.
74. I clocked on after a few times that I was being drugged and abused because this never happened to me in any other situation, ever. Only with him. I am sure he was drugging me to abuse me. I don't have clear memories of the abuse because he never did it when I wasn't drugged. I remember waking up and feeling someone in my bed touching me but then freezing when I moved, and then if I made a movement, he would dart away. It was only me and him in the room when we were away so it must have been him.
75. I was mixed up and didn't ask him too many questions about why I woke up two days later. He would just spin me stories anyway. He would go back to just being a nice guy, give me a fiver and be friendly, and so I would feel safe again for a few days until it happened again.
76. One time ^{HWM} said we were going on a charity trip to Blackpool to help disabled kids. On the way, we stopped at Preston and he made some excuse that there were issues with the train and that we would stay in Preston because he knew someone there. He took me to a pub and we met this man he knew who was a lot

older, maybe in his sixties. I remember them getting me a pint and halfway through it I started to feel like I was passing out. I remember looking at them as my eyes were starting to close, and they were looking at me and then looking at each other, as if they knew the drug was working. I remember thinking that they seemed like they knew each other really well. I woke up in a house the next day, that I think was the man's house. He lived there with a woman who might have been his wife.

77. The only time the staff member with the big teeth was there, was on the trip to Saltcoats and on a trip to Dumbarton. I was in Dumbarton with HWM and he turned up to speak to him. I remember it because I was wary of him so wondered what he was doing there, but he just spoke to HWM and went away again. Then I drank my tea and passed out again.
78. I think KJA was going through the same thing as me. HWM sometimes took him away on trips, just the two of them. KJA was also in Bellfield for a few months so I wonder if he was being kept in there the same way I was. I think HWM knew to pick the quiet kids who wouldn't speak up about the abuse. KJA was quiet, like me. He came from Paisley and I think he had a lot of problems at home with his family. He couldn't read or write and seemed really immature for his age.

Leaving Bellfield

79. We all woke up one night to the fire alarm going off. There was a fire in the attic and the fire brigade came. We were all evacuated and were standing out on the street. We saw "the bogeyman," who lived in the attic, being carried out. I never saw him again.
80. We overheard the firemen talking and apparently "the bogeyman" had come back drunk and set the place on fire. They were commenting on how disgusting it was up there and wondering how anybody could live like that. Apparently he'd been living up there in squalor. There wasn't a toilet and he'd been doing the toilet on the floor and there were bottles of pee everywhere.

81. All the boys were taken to Cardross that same night. I had been in Bellfield about seven months at this point.

Cardross Park Assessment Centre

82. Cardross was a new, modern building that had just been built. We had our own rooms in there, which we thought was brilliant at first.
83. All 25 or so boys from Bellfield were in Cardross, and the place had about as many girls there so there were about fifty kids. It was better because it was mixed so it felt more relaxed. There were kids from all over Scotland in there. I don't remember kids coming and going from there as much.
84. Most of the staff from Bellfield had moved over to Cardross with the boys, including HWM [REDACTED]. The guy with the big teeth didn't come to Cardross. I don't know where he went. There were also female members of staff in there, which made it better. They were friendlier and nicer than the male staff in Bellfield.
85. I was only in Cardross for a couple of months. The only thing really different was that we had to go to class in the morning and afternoon with an outside teacher.
86. It was ok in Cardross. The slapping and stuff from the male Bellfield staff stopped because they wouldn't do that in front of the women. The only bad thing was that HWM [REDACTED] was still there.

Abuse in Cardross

87. HWM [REDACTED] was just always there. He was always at my back. I couldn't turn anywhere without him being there. One night, I woke up to somebody in my bed touching me. I turned around and HWM [REDACTED] was running out the door. I felt fuzzy headed that time and didn't know what had happened. It was quite late in the

day and I wondered how I had been able to sleep that long. I don't remember him giving me a drink that time so I don't know how it would have happened.

88. There were a couple of times in Cardross where I felt like I had been drugged after I woke up because I felt all fuzzy headed, but I can't connect it to any other incidents.
89. There was a priest seminary or retreat thing round the back of Cardross. It was a building that was walking distance from Cardross when you went out the back. HWM took me and KJA there for a walk a couple of times, just the three of us. I never went inside the building and nothing happened to me there but I think it did to KJA. Both times we went, a priest came out and took KJA away inside for a while, and HWM took me for a walk, showing me around the building. Then a couple of hours later, KJA came back out and we all walked back to Cardross together. I remember KJA never said a word the whole way back.
90. I saw the building years later on TV on a programme and someone was talking about the architecture of it so it must have been a recognised or registered building.

Leaving Cardross

91. I was told I was going to get out on my sixteenth birthday so I knew it was coming. I got weekend leave to go home in the few weeks leading up to it. I would go home on the Friday and come back on the Sunday.
92. I was let out on the day before my sixteenth birthday. HWM told me that I was still under supervision until the end of the school year, which was June, and so I had to check in with him, in person, every week until then. At the time, I thought that wasn't so bad because it was just once a week. Looking back, I don't know if that was true or not because I wasn't going to be going to school and nobody expected me to, so why would I need to see him until the end of the school year. I never saw a social worker or went to a panel again.

Reporting of abuse at Bellfield and Cardross

93. I didn't feel like I could tell anybody about what was happening because I was being told that I was going to be sent to Borstal so I felt like I just needed to keep my head down and keep quiet.

Abuse after leaving care

94. I was still seeing HWM [REDACTED] about once a week after I left Cardross because he told me I was still under supervision. He would tell me where to meet him, which was usually in a café in Dumbarton or something. It wasn't in a social work office. When I would get there, he would give me a spiel about how I needed to spend some time with him so he could write up my social work notes to say that I was doing ok. Then he would push me go to the pub and encourage me to have a drink. The same thing as before would happen. I would pass out and wake up the next day even if I just had a soft drink.
95. A couple of times I was made to go and see him, there were other people there as well. One time I was in the pub with him and there were two guys there who I recognised as male staff from Bellfield and Cardross, and a woman staff member who I recognised from Cardross. I've always wondered how they didn't question why HWM [REDACTED] was still seeing me, and why I was in a pub with them. They were the adults and should have seen something wasn't right. It makes me wonder if they knew what was going on.
96. HWM [REDACTED] would come and find me in my area, where I lived, to check up on me, or so he would say. Other boys who I was mucking about with would ask who he was and I would say he was my social worker. They thought it was weird that he was hanging about. One time he got a motorbike and was offering me a shot of his motorbike. He was just doing anything to keep me on side because he knew I liked motorbikes. He would let me ride it and get on the back. One time we went to Kibble

to see **KJA**. I waited outside while he went in. He made out it was a supervision thing but I don't know.

97. I know for a fact now that there was no social work order saying I needed to report to anyone. No order saying I had to go to a café or to a pub with **HWM**. He was just telling me that there was and I was naïve enough to believe him. I didn't want to see him but I thought if I didn't go, I would get arrested and go to jail.
98. **HWM** told me he wanted to take me to Rome for a trip to help the handicapped kids. This must have been around the summertime after I turned sixteen. My grandad died and it was his funeral, so I had a good excuse not to go with him. He told me it was better that I went to Rome with him so I wouldn't get into trouble while he was away, but I said I couldn't miss my grandad's funeral. He said that he would get the Pope to say a mass for him. He went and spoke to my mum and somehow managed to convince her that this trip to Rome would be good for me, and she agreed for me to miss my grandad's funeral and go with him to Rome. She probably thought it was a good thing for me because I had never been out the country before. I don't know how he got away with that. Looking back, this was nothing to do with the authorities but him making stuff up.
99. I was taken to Rome in June or July in the summer of 1980. I remember it being really, really hot. We didn't meet any handicapped kids, no Pope, nothing. It was all lies. I tried to stay away from him but it was just the two of us in a hotel room together. We were there for about ten days.
100. He knew other people there who he met up with but I don't know who they were because he never introduced me to them. They might have been people he knew from when he was in the church. I think he had been to Rome before in his church days.
101. The same thing would happen while we were there, I'd pass out and wake up the next day, not sure what was happening and a bit sore. I would then not play along and refuse to have a drink and then he would get angry and agitated because I wasn't playing along. I had to get away from him so I ran away. I had no money and nowhere

to go. The police caught me because I was walking around alone at night. They couldn't speak English and couldn't understand me so took me to the police station. I was telling them I wanted to go home but they took me back to the hotel to HWM

HWM

102. When I came back from Rome, I had decided I'd had enough. He got in touch and asked me to report to see him. I never went and thought I was going to get in trouble, and just waited to see what would happen. Nothing happened. I never heard from him again and that's how it all ended.

Life after being in care

103. I was living back at home with my mum when I left Cardross. I did a Youth Opportunities Programme and got an electrician job for a while. I wanted to get away though, and I saw something on the telly one day about the army out in Hong Kong. I went along the next day to the army recruitment place in Glasgow. There was a Scots Guard there and he said I would make a fine Guardsman because of my height. I didn't even know what a Guardsman was before but I signed up for the test. I didn't even realise what I had signed up for at the time.
104. I joined the Scots Guards and did my training there. It was hard but I was fit. It gave me good discipline. There were about 110 of us who joined and only fifty or sixty of us who passed out. It was tough. I spent four years with Scots Guards. I did eighteen months in Hong Kong. I had to pull a kid and his mother out of the water who were dead, which was traumatic.
105. I thrived in the army and was offered promotion several times but never took it. I didn't want to be in charge. I came back to the UK and did public duties at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle and places like that. I also got married during this time, when I was twenty years old.

106. I then transferred into the Territorial Army, into transport. I actually wanted to get my HGV drivers license so I would have something to do when I left the army, but when I got there, I was made a drill and weapons instructor because of my experience with the Scots Guards. I never got my HGV license like I wanted. I got fed up with that after two years and left.
107. I did security at first after leaving the army, as many people do, then I went to a construction company for a while. I left that and got a job as a park ranger for the council and I did that for fifteen years. I thought it was going to be a comfortable job but I found fourteen dead bodies in the park in fifteen years, from suicides by overdoses and hanging.
108. I then started my own landscaping and building business, which I did for about fifteen years. I am now in business with my son doing eco roofing and solar panels.
109. I am almost forty years married and have a 36-year-old son. I have a happy family.

Impact

110. I feel stupid and gullible when I think back to how I believed everything **HWM** **HWM** was telling me, and fell for it hook, line and sinker, even after I left care. He still had a hold on me. I feel like a fool for being so naïve.
111. I feel guilty because I think the longer I kept my mouth shut, the longer he got away with it. I feel guilty thinking that he probably went on working for years and what if he did that to other boys because a leopard doesn't change its spots. I hope he was hit by a bus or something.
112. I have seen things on news about abuse over the years and have heard people question how the abused boys didn't speak up. I have joined in and agreed, saying "You'd think they would say something," when I know exactly how boys can be abused

and not speak up, but I can't say that to people without letting them know it happened to me.

113. I think my mum clicked on that something happened to me but she has never brought it up and neither have I, which means we have a different relationship than she has with my brother. I never spoke to my dad about my time in care either. It was just never mentioned again but I think they know something happened. My dad died ten years ago and he never mentioned it at all. I think he carried a bit of guilt about me going into care.
114. I was doing a job in the same area as Bellfield recently with my son and I saw the old fence and the playing field. It really hit me hard. I asked my son to drive round to see the building but it was knocked down. I told my son for the first time ever that I had been in a home. I had to walk away from him because I got a bit emotional. I still get a bit emotional when I think about being in there and what happened to me.
115. I never talk to anybody about myself or what I have done in life with jobs. I just don't like answering questions about myself because I don't want things to come out. I am very private.
116. Growing up, I have realised that the violence didn't bother me because I could handle myself, it was my feelings and the psychological things that were done to me, that have bothered me most.
117. I have always had a problem with authority, when I am in situations where I feel powerless where someone has something over you. Most of my problems in life have come from not being able to deal with authority.
118. I can't go on holidays. I hate going abroad in Europe. The whole thing, the hot atmospheres, the smells, takes me back to being in Rome. It depresses me. My wife has to go without me because I can't go and I can't tell her why. The only holidays I have been on is to America because we have relatives there and I feel safe staying in their house. A hot summers day here even triggers me sometimes.

119. I never spoke to anybody about the abuse or even that I had been in care. I never even told my wife. Years ago, she heard from someone that I had been in care and I just said it was only for three weeks because I was dogging school, and it was nothing. I played it down because I didn't want to answer any questions about it. I told her recently that it was a longer spell and that there had been some violence. I still haven't told her everything. I am also scared about the abuse getting back to my mum. She has been through a lot with family deaths and I don't want to put her through any more.
120. I have learned to deal with a lot in life, with the dead bodies I saw in Hong Kong and as a park ranger, and I have just got on with it. You learn to just shut up and put up. I thought I had dealt with the abuse but it just kept coming back and keeps coming back. I kept getting flashbacks, and I was depressed and suicidal.
121. I can sometimes just sit still in silence on a seat all day. Sometimes, holding my breath for a long time. I get the odd day like that and have to really try to snap out of it. I find I am better when I am busy so I throw myself into work. When I have a quiet day, that is when my mind goes to the abuse. My wife thinks I am depressed because of all the bodies I saw during my career and I use that as an excuse and let her think that.
122. I was struggling with depression so I saw my doctor at the beginning of 2023 and said I needed help. I saw a counsellor for about ten sessions and told him the same things about why I was there. I was lying to myself and lying to him. I then felt guilty because I couldn't tell the truth. I thought he could just help me by hypnotising me or something, or teach me how to deal with things, without me having to tell him why I was really there. When I had finished talking about what I had seen in my jobs, he asked me when I was going to talk about the real stuff, about what happened when I was a boy in care. I realised he had clicked on so I never went back. I just couldn't talk about it.
123. I feel like a lid is opening now and I need to talk about it. I am sixty soon and I want to deal with it. I can and have been dealing with but I just felt guilty about never speaking out. I came across the Inquiry by accident after doing a google map search for Bellfield. I put it in the search engine and it came up with something about the Inquiry. I saved

the number in my phone under "Bellfield" and didn't make the call for ages. I didn't even know if the Inquiry still existed or if it was an old article I'd read. Then one day I was out for a walk and just made the call.

Treatment/support

124. I have been diagnosed with depression and prescribed Amitriptyline for it, which I take. I have tried counselling and might try it again. I find art and painting can help me sometimes.

Reporting of abuse

125. I have never reported my abuse to the police or any other authorities.

Records


126. I have never seen any records or tried to get them. I would love to see them and see what has been written in my records compared to what I was being told by the staff members.

Lessons to be Learned

127. I never understood the panel's decision to send me to Bellfield for a first offence. I was just supposed to be there for three weeks and was kept there for so many months without any visits from a social worker or another panel hearing. If a panel decides to put a child in care then there should be regular reviews by the panel to see how the child is getting on.

128. If someone had listened to me and what I had to say, and then gave me a safe space to stay, that was all I needed. I wonder who was vetting those people working in the homes.

129. 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..... 9/2/24 