

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HDQ

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is HDQ. My date of birth is 1954. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born and initially brought up in Glasgow. My dad, was in the RAF then became a lorry driver. My mum was . I was the third youngest of ten children with five sisters and four brothers. They are , , , , , and . We were living in a two bedroomed house. All the boys were in one room, the girls in another and my mum and dad slept in the living-room. I had a good relationship with all my family. My dad was Catholic and my mother was a Protestant but she converted to Catholicism.
3. I went to St Philomena's primary school in Robroyston Road from the age of five and I suppose I had a fairly normal childhood. Unfortunately I started getting bullied at school and because of that I started truanting. I was too embarrassed to tell anyone that I was getting bullied.
4. There was someone from the school board came to the house because I wasn't going to school but I was never asked why I wasn't going. I ended up walking the streets rather than going to school. One day, when I was nine I was really hungry so I went into a shop in Argyle Street in Glasgow and stole a bar of chocolate. I was

caught and the police were called and I was taken to the police station. My dad had to come and collect me. I was reported and ended up at a juvenile court.

5. My dad came with me to the juvenile court. I am not sure if there was anyone there from the social services. The magistrate was called Longmuir and he asked me why I wasn't going to school. I told him that I was getting bullied and that I stole the bar of chocolate because I was hungry. He said that wasn't a good enough reason and if I went to school I would have had my lunch there. He decided that I should go to an approved school for a minimum of three years.
6. When I heard this I was upset and started shouting and screaming. It was a horrible experience. A big burly policeman dragged me away and put me in a cell. From there I was taken straight to Larchgrove remand home. I was told I would be there until a place became available at a List D School. I was only nine years old.

Larchgrove remand home, Edinburgh Road, Glasgow – first visit

7. I didn't get a chance to get anything from the house to take with me. All I had was the clothes I was wearing. They gave me shorts and other clothes to wear when I arrived. The boys in there were around my age up to fifteen years old. It was run by the social services.
8. I was only in Larchgrove for two or three weeks. I don't remember that much about Larchgrove and think I have blanked it all from my mind. There could have been between 75 and 100 boys in there and they were all around my age. I was in a dormitory with about six other boys. Every door was locked.
9. After I had been there about a week and a half I managed to squeeze out a window and ran away. I went home. My mum said that I shouldn't have run away and when my dad got home he called the police. My dad didn't want to get into trouble for me being there. The police took me back to Larchgrove.

Abuse at Larchgrove

10. When I was back in Larchgrove the head teacher put me into a confined padded room as a punishment for running away. I can't remember his name. There was nothing in this room apart from a thin mattress on the floor. It was worse than a police cell. The door was always locked and there wasn't even a window. I only got out to go to the toilet or to get washed or get my meals. I didn't get to mix with the other children. I was locked in that cell for three days. My mum and dad didn't visit me when I was there and that was part of my punishment for running away. I never saw a social worker or welfare officer when I was at Larchgrove.

11. All I remember about there was that if I said anything the staff slapped me about the head. I can't remember anything about the staff.

Leaving Larchgrove

12. A place became available at St John Bosco School which was in Aberdour, Fife. I was told I was going there so that I would go to school and be educated. Staff from Larchgrove drove me but I didn't get to see my family before I left.

St John Bosco School, Aberdour, Fife

13. St John Bosco was a junior school run by a religious Roman Catholic order but I don't know the name of the order.

14. I remember driving into the grounds. There was a big arch then a long twisting driveway. On the right hand side was a wire mesh fence and wooden huts. On the left hand side was the statue of a lady with a path below it that led up to the front of the main house. The boys were all around my age or maybe a little older. They came from all over and I wasn't aware of anyone else coming from Glasgow. I can't remember any of their names.

15. The classroom, the dining hall and the chapel were all separate buildings and were wooden huts. Parts of the building were supposed to be haunted. I was in a dormitory with about six other boys. I can't remember the names of any of the staff there. The school was run by Brothers and priests. The Brothers wore robes with white plastic bits hanging down from their neck. The priests wore black suits and had a white dog collar at their neck. All the staff were religious and I am not aware of any of the staff being civilian.

Routine at St John Bosco

First day

16. I remember handing over my clothes getting a uniform when I arrived. It was brown. I was also given a pair of pyjamas then I was shown around the building. At first everything seemed to be okay and I thought it was going to be alright staying there although I just had a feeling that I was lost.

Mornings and bedtime

17. We were woken up early in the morning and got washed and dressed.

Mealtimes/Food

18. I don't remember there being any issues with food. I just remember I had to eat it otherwise I would be hungry. I never saw anyone getting force fed and it didn't happen to me.

Washing/bathing

19. I had a shower every day because I wet the bed. The other boys had a shower usually once a week.

Clothing/uniform

20. I think our clothes were sent out to get laundered by someone outside St John Bosco.

Leisure time

21. Sometimes we were taken out rambling to pick wild berries. This was often on a Saturday afternoon. Boys who weren't picked to pick fruit would play in the yard. Apart from that we weren't allowed out of the grounds. There was a yard surrounded by a chain link fence. It was more like a cage. We were allowed to play in the yard sometimes. Some boys were allowed to play football in the field outside this fence but I wasn't allowed. There were no comics, books or games to play.

Schooling

22. The teaching was done by the priests and the Brothers. I think there were three different teachers. There were between fifteen and twenty boys in my class. We stayed in the same class and the different teachers came in. We got the usual subjects like maths, English, geography, art and other things. I wasn't interested in getting an education. I was upset at being away from my family and at the way I was being treated. In my previous school if there was something you didn't understand you were given guidance. If you didn't understand at St John Bosco they kept you in at break time and you didn't get out to play in the yard. They didn't try and help you and I knew it wasn't right but no one would listen or believe me.

Healthcare

23. I never saw a doctor or dentist at any time when I was at St John Bosco.

Religious instruction

24. We went to the chapel every day before school. Religion was rammed down our throats. We had to say prayers through the day and before we went to bed at night. Even on a Saturday before breakfast we had to go to chapel.

25. One time in the religious education class the priest asked if we all believed in Jesus. I said that I didn't because if he did exist he wouldn't let us be beaten by sticks and be ill-treated. I was told to go back and see him at the end of the school day. He took me to the chapel and pointed out to me the statue of Jesus hanging on the cross. I was told that Jesus protects everyone but I replied by saying that he wasn't protecting us. I was told that I should be ashamed for saying that as a Roman Catholic.

Work

26. On Saturday after breakfast we had to clean the dormitory and our own area. Generally we had to keep our own area neat and tidy at all times. That would take us up to lunchtime.

Birthdays and Christmas

27. I remember I was home on weekend leave for my tenth birthday. I remember it because my mum gave me a birthday card with a ten bob note in it. This was a lot of money at the time. My brothers and sisters queried what I was getting so much and my mum said it was because I got nothing else and was never there. I realised that this left her short of money so I gave her it back. I know that my mum and dad did the best they could for me.

28. I was taken to the chapel on Christmas Eve for the midnight Mass. There wasn't any other celebration of Christmas. I didn't get a present and there was no Christmas party or special Christmas meal.

Personal possessions

29. I didn't have any personal possessions.

Bed Wetting

30. I didn't wet the bed before I went in to St John Bosco. It started when I was there. The first time it happened I told one of the Brothers and he was annoyed. I apologised to him. He grabbed me by the ear and pulled me back into the dormitory. He pulled back the covers and saw that I had wet the bed. He then slapped me about the head with his hand a few times and told me that one of the Fathers would deal with me. Not long after that I was moved to a dorm for bed-wetters. The pyjamas I had been given were replaced by a long night shirt that was like Wee Willy Winky's nightshirt. After that I became a regular bed wetter, nearly every night.
31. They told me that wetting the bed was not acceptable and they didn't seem to understand that I couldn't help it. I was only nine years old. Through the night, if I wet the bed I would get up and rake around and try and find dry sheets for my bed. I had to be careful that the priests didn't catch me out my bed or I would have been in trouble.
32. If I was found to have wet the bed in the morning I was taken down to the front door then outside wearing my slippers then down to the basement where the shower room was. I had to shower and I was given a dry nightshirt. I was often beaten when I was in the shower.

Visitors

33. My mum and dad came up one time for 'sports day' with my younger brother. My dad at some point told me that I should try and smile. I told him that I had nothing to smile about and that the people who were looking after us were horrible people.

34. They came back another time with my older brother and they took me out to a café about a mile away, and another time we went for a walk on the beach. Any visits had to be pre-arranged.

Review of care / detention

35. I never saw anyone from the welfare department when I was at St John Bosco.

Running away

36. I got fed up with getting beaten every day and I ran away. It would have been the February in the year after I arrived there. I ran away on my own and I got about four miles away but either the police caught me or it might have been a member of the public and took me back. This was the first time I had run away. I never ran away at any other time from this institution. I am not aware of any other boys running away but they probably did.

Abuse at St John Bosco

37. When I wet the bed I was taken down to the shower room in the basement. The first time I was taken there I went into the shower and the lights flickered then went out. I was frightened. I was then caned to the back and buttocks several times. I was naked. There was no set number of strikes and it depended who was hitting you. It was always at least three times. This was the routine every time after that when I wet the bed, which was just about every day. Different priests did this, not one in particular. They hit me with belts or with a cane. This happened every time I wet the bed. I remember at one point I said that I would tell my mum and dad what they were doing to me. They just said that they wouldn't believe me.
38. When I ran away the police took me back. After the police left, the priest, I can't remember who, beat me for running away. It was just me and him in the main hall entrance. He hit me with a walking stick over my clothes. When he was hitting me he

was telling me that no one ran away from there. He hit me on my body where no one would see any bruises. Neither he nor anyone else ever asked me why I had run away.

39. One time when I was taken berry picking I was lagging behind. Sometimes I was told I was the cow's bum because I was always at the back. I was climbing over a fence when one of the priests hit my leg with a cane. This cane had a nail sticking through it. It hit my leg and it burst open. I asked him why he had done that and he said it was so that I wouldn't run away again. I was never taken to hospital but should have because it needed stitches. One of the other Brothers cleaned it and bandaged it up. I never got any home leave until the cut had healed. I still have a scar on my leg. The scar is on my thigh and is about 4 inches long and 1½ inches wide.
40. Sometimes if you were in the school class talking to another boy, the priest or Brother would walk around behind and sneak up on you and slap the both of you to the back of the head and give you a row for talking. If you didn't understand something they were teaching you they would often rap the top of your head with their knuckles and tell you to get it into your thick head.
41. There was one Brother who would come into the yard with his dog, which he carried, and if you were playing football he would trip you up when you ran past him. I don't know why he did it apart from he must have enjoyed doing it. He did it to me twice and I saw him doing it to other boys.
42. The Brothers and priests were not just horrible to me. They were like this to all the boys. I was never sexually abused when I was there and I never heard of any other boy being sexually abused.

Reporting of abuse at St John Bosco

43. I told my mum and dad about the beatings I was getting. My mum probably believed me but my dad didn't. He would never see wrong or say anything against men of the cloth.
44. After the priest hit me on the leg with a cane with a nail sticking out another Brother back at St John Bosco cleaned my wound and bandaged it. I told him what had happened but he just said that I was lying. I heard him speaking to another Brother and he said that I needed to go to hospital because my cut needed stitches. The other Brother told him just to bandage me up.

Leaving St John Bosco

45. Before I got moved from St John Bosco I was getting more and more agitated and angry. I was verbally hitting back at some of the priests and Brothers. They didn't like it.
46. Around [REDACTED] 1965 I was taken out of the school class and told that I was moving from St John Bosco to another school. I was made to strip my bed and put my laundry away and I was given my own clothes back to put on again. When I asked where I was being taken to I was told that I was being taken to another school where they would be able to bring me under control. They had said that I was out of their control because I wasn't doing any of the school work. I was taken in a car to St Ninian's in Gartmore by two Brothers or priests from St John Bosco.
47. I asked why I was getting moved and I was told it was because St John Bosco was a junior school and St Ninian's was an intermediate school. Because I was between ten and eleven it was time for me to move to a school for older boys. I was told that I would like it better at St Ninian's.

St Ninian's, Gartmore

48. St Ninian's was in the countryside and the nearest village was called Gartmore. The main building was a massive house. You can approach St Ninian's from different ways. I am not sure which way we came in on the first day. You go through a big arch then there is a long driveway. On both sides of the driveway are wooded areas. As you get near the main building the driveway splits. You pass the school on the right hand side which was a new building. There was a big circular lawn with a sundial.
49. There were roughly a hundred boys who were aged between ten to thirteen although there were a few who were fourteen. My dormitory had six single beds. There were three beds either side of a partition wall in the room. I can remember some of the boys' names in that dorm with me. There was [REDACTED], a boy [REDACTED] from Stirling and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They were brothers and were from Glasgow. I never discussed with any of the other boys why they were in there.
50. Brother MCA [REDACTED] was SNR [REDACTED]. We were never really allowed to go near SNR [REDACTED] and I never really saw him. The only other Brothers name that I remember are Brother MBU [REDACTED], Brother MBZ [REDACTED], Brother HED [REDACTED] and Brother Benedict. The Brothers wore robes although Brother HED [REDACTED] sometimes wore a suit. I don't know the name of their religious order. There was a civilian teacher in the school class called Mr MCK [REDACTED] and he also looked after the ponies. Another civilian teacher was Mr GZM [REDACTED]. He lived in a house at one of the entrances to the grounds. There was a night watchman whose name I think was Jim. He was a civilian and his room was next to my dorm. His own house was in Aberfoyle. He died in 1966. There may have been a woman who did the laundry. I am not sure who did the cooking.

Routine at St Ninian's

First day

51. When I arrived at St Ninian's Brother HED and Brother Benedict met us at the front door. They said something about me being the boy that St John Bosco couldn't control. They gestured for me to go in the front door and when I walked between them, one of them, not sure which, slapped me on the back of the head.

52. I was taken to the headmaster's room and asked a few questions about why I had been moved there. A couple of times I answered with 'aye' and 'naw'. They corrected me by telling me it was either 'yes' and 'no'. They asked and I told them I was a bed wetter. They told me that if I was a good boy then no harm would come to me but they did say that they would keep me under control.

53. I was taken to one of the two dorms on the top floor where I was told I would be. This was one of the dorms for bed wetters. The dorm was right next to the night watchman's room, Jim. I was told that he would wake me up through the night to go to the toilet to stop me from wetting the bed. I was told that if I wet the bed I would be in trouble. Jim died in 1966 and all the boys who were bed wetters were made to go to his funeral and then to the wake at his home in Bishopbriggs. Looking back I don't think that was right.

Mornings and bedtime

54. Staff woke us up first thing in the morning, and we would get up, dressed then go for breakfast. After breakfast we went to our classes until lunchtime. After lunch we played football at the back of the house then back for more classes. Bedtime was between 8:30 am and 9:00 am

Mealtimes/Food

55. There was no choice of food. You either ate it or you didn't and if you didn't you went hungry. Our evening meal was about 5:00 pm.

Washing/bathing

56. We only ever had showers. I had a shower nearly every day because I wet the bed. Normally it would have been once or twice a week. Each dormitory had a different shower night. They were open plan showers and there were no curtains. Basically it was six or ten boys in a row. The showers were supervised by whoever was on duty.

Clothing/uniform

57. They gave us clothes to wear and we just had to wear whatever they gave us. We had shorts, long socks, casual T-shirt, polo shirt and shoes. We didn't have special warm clothes for the winter apart from heavy waterproof coats. There were only twenty of them so there weren't enough to go round everyone. My shoes were about half a size too small for me. I was quite tall so all my clothes were too small for me but for some of the other smaller boys their clothes were hanging off them.

Leisure time

58. There were a lot of things to do. We got taken out swimming and there were ponies at St Ninian's. In 1966 when the world cup football finals were on we got to watch the England games on the television. We were allowed to watch but we were not allowed to make a noise. If anyone made a noise or spoke they were hit over the head. This was by any of the Brothers. All the Brothers did this. I don't remember watching anything else on the television. I can't remember if there were any books, comics, or board games to play with.
59. After our evening meal we were told what activities were going to be on and who we were to go with. A lot of this depended on the time of year and the weather.

Sometimes we might go out rambling and picking wild berries. Just before I left Mr GZM took us bike riding and taught us to cycle. I did it with him for a couple of weeks. Anything was better than going swimming or with Brother Benedict to his supposed arts and crafts class. When we went to that he just gave us electric shocks. In summer Brother MBU arranged football competitions with some local teams.

Trips and holidays

60. We never went on any trips or excursions away from St Ninian's. The only place I remember going to was to Aberfoyle for a trip.

Schooling

61. There were about thirty boys in my class. Some were a year younger and some a year older than me. In the school we always just stayed in the same class through the day. Brother MBZ was my teacher and he taught all the subjects, although most of the time it seemed to be religion. There were no practical subjects like woodwork or metalwork.

Healthcare

62. There was no matron or nurse at St Ninian's. I never needed medical attention at any time and never got any jags or anything like that. I never saw a dentist.

Religious instruction

63. Religion was rammed into our heads and if we questioned it we were punished. Every night we had to say our prayers before we went to bed. Every morning we had to go to the church.

Work

64. We had to keep the dormitory clean. Any rubbish had to be taken to the bins in the main hall. The corridors had to be kept clear.

Birthdays and Christmas

65. I don't remember there ever being any celebrations for anyone's birthday or at Christmas

Personal possessions

66. I didn't have any personal possessions. I went in with nothing and left with nothing. I didn't get any pocket money but didn't really need any because we were never allowed out of the grounds.

Bed Wetting

67. Despite getting woken up by Jim to go to the toilet through the night my bed was still wet four or five nights every week. Sometimes Jim got angry and called us 'Pishy so and so's'. If he found my bed wet through the night he would take me down to the basement to the showers where I got washed and he gave me a dry nightshirt. Sometimes he was quite pleasant but at other times he was a nasty piece of work.
68. After Jim died Brother HED took over the night watchman duties. He more or less did the same that Jim did. He didn't check on the boys through the night as often as Jim did and he never woke the boys up to go to the toilet. I am not aware of him ever checking my sheets.

Visitors

69. Family visitors were allowed in and were always treated civilly by the staff. This made the family think it was a nice place and that the staff cared about their children.

I can say that not all the staff were bad. I never saw a social worker or welfare officer in all my time at St Ninian's. My family including my siblings came and visited me.

Home Leave

70. We were allowed home leave one weekend a month. Home leave had to be earned by conforming to their rules. If I did something wrong, at the drop of a hat they would withdraw the privilege and refuse to allow me to go home. When I fell off the horse and when I had a gash in my leg after they hit me, my home leave was withdrawn because they didn't want my parents to see the injuries.

External Inspections

71. I am not aware of anyone ever coming in and inspecting the place.

Running away

72. I tried to run away from St Ninian's. Brother **HED** caught me at the back of the house and he knew what I was planning to do. I said that I wasn't going to run away and he asked me if, in that case, he was a liar. I told him he was.

Abuse at St Ninian's

73. Brother **MBZ** was my teacher at school. If he had taught us something and you didn't understand or got something wrong he would make you go down to the front of the class and stand in front of his desk. He then struck you with an open hand to the side of the head across your face. This happened to me and just about everyone else in the class at some point. It seemed like every day he hit me. He said I was the only person in class who wasn't paying attention. I tried to tell him that I was just being honest saying that I didn't understand but it didn't make any difference. I don't recall him ever belting or caning anyone.

74. There were classes in the evening which we had to go to. These classes took place between 6:00 pm and 8:00 pm. Brother Benedict had an arts and crafts class in a work room in the basement near to the showers. He decided who went to this class and you had to go. When you were there he would make six to ten boys stand in a circle holding hands. The first and last boy would have to hold a wire attached to a machine. Brother Benedict would wind up this machine and we would all get an electric shock going through us. If you let go he slapped you to the back of the head or punched you.
75. I had to go to his class just about every second day. I was there roughly four nights every week. We would be holding this wire in the circle for half an hour to an hour. All the staff and all the other boys knew about Brother Benedict doing this. He obviously enjoyed doing it to us and used to laugh when we were getting the electric shock. He always made sure that we wore rubber soled plimsoll shoes otherwise it might not have worked.
76. Some other times we were picked to go swimming. Usually this was in the summer time and about ten boys were taken to the River Forth by Brother **HDR**. I told him I couldn't swim and he threw me into the water like a rat. I was struggling and one of the other boys had to pull me out. I was about eleven when this happened. I always tried to avoid swimming if I could and I dreaded it if I was picked. I was never given any kind of swimming lessons.
77. One time in the morning when I was in the dining room Mr **MCK** was there and he was obviously playing with his private parts with his hands in his pockets. I said to him that Brother **MBZ** had warned me about people like him because he was playing with himself. Brother **MCK** lifted up my shorts above my thighs and slapped my thighs. I broke away from him and he chased me. I got to the front of the hall and got into the headmasters room and he told me to get out. Brother Benedict and Brother **HED** came in and escorted me out of his room. Both of them beat me up.
78. Later that evening I was in the basement and Brother Benedict was deciding who went to what class. Mr **MCK** said that he only needed two boys to do the ponies

that night and pointed out another boy then me. I told him that I had never been on a pony before. Mr MCK said that after tonight I would never want to be on one again. I didn't know what he meant but I knew it wasn't going to be good. I said I didn't want to go. Brother Benedict kicked me really hard on my backside. It was sore.

79. Brother Benedict always used to wear big steel toe capped boots and for that got the nickname 'Bootsy'. If he ever heard anyone calling him that they got a slap across the ear or hit with his walking stick. This didn't happen to me.
80. There were four ponies and the biggest one was called Dawn. Mr MCK told me to get on it. I climbed on and he told me to hold on. After a few minutes Mr MCK took a whip out and made it crack. The horse reared up and I fell off. I landed on the back of my head and hurt my hand. I can't really remember what happened after that and how I ended up back at the house. I must have blacked out. I had a cut on the back of my head and it was cleaned up. I have no doubt that Mr MCK did this deliberately so that I would get thrown off and hurt myself.
81. When I was planning on running away and Brother HED caught me and I called him a liar, Brother HED beat me up. So did Brother Benedict. They both beat me about the body with their hands and their feet. Brother MCA came out and I was lying on the ground. I got up and he asked what was going on. I told him I was going for a walk round the building and Brother HED thought I was running away. I again said that Brother HED was lying. He turned away after he told Brother HED and Brother Benedict to deal with it.
82. That afternoon, back in the class, I told Brother MBZ that Brother HED had beaten me. Brother MBZ said that since I spoke to him about Mr MCK touching himself, he had noticed that I had itchy feet and thought I was going to run away. I cheekily said back to him that if I had itchy feet I would have scratched them. Brother MBZ didn't like that and he slapped me across the face with an open hand. With the force I nearly ended up on the other side of the classroom. I had trusted him up until that point.

83. Another boy who was in St Ninian's told me in 1966 he had been sexually abused by Mr MCK. This boy was called [REDACTED] although later change his name to [REDACTED]. He was about two years younger than me and was small for his age. I never saw him being abused but I had no reason to doubt what [REDACTED] had said. [REDACTED] was murdered about three years ago. Brother MBZ spoke to him in front of me but [REDACTED] was too embarrassed and denied it. Mr MCK never did anything to me.
84. Brother MBU used to look after the football team and used to take us out to play other local teams. For some reason when we were in the showers after the match Brother HED and Mr MCK used to appear and be there watching us. There was no reason for them to be there and looking back they were there for their own gratification. They shouldn't have been there. Because of what [REDACTED] had told me I was always on my guard from Mr MCK.
85. One night after Jim the night watchman died and Brother HED took over doing nightshift there was an incident through the night. Brother HED occasionally came in and checked, especially on the slightly younger boys. On this night he had his hands under the covers of one of the younger boys and he shouted at Brother HED for touching his bum instead of checking the sheets. This only ever happened the once. We never discussed that incident again amongst the boys.
86. As far as I am concerned they broke me at St Ninian's. All the staff knew what was going on in there. They knew about the physical, emotional and sexual abuse but no one ever tried to stop it. They are just as guilty in my eyes because they should have done something about it, instead they let it continue. I wouldn't wish what happened to me to happen to anyone else.

Reporting of abuse at St Ninian's

87. Brother MBZ at first seemed to be a decent guy. He told the whole class early on that if any member of staff makes any suggestion or if there was any improper behaviour to let him know and he would deal with it. I asked him what he meant and

he explained that if anyone tried to touch my private parts or tried to make me touch theirs, or if they were doing anything inappropriate to themselves I was to tell him.

88. After the time I saw Mr MCK playing with himself and I got beaten up by Brother HED and Brother Benedict I went to see Brother MBZ. He said he was fed up hearing about Mr MCK's name and that he would deal with it. That night Mr MCK made a horse I was on rear up and I fell off. The next morning in class Brother MBZ asked how I had got on with the ponies. I became upset and started crying. I told him what had happened. Brother MBZ said that this was Mr MCK getting his own back at me for reporting him. I told him my head was sore. He had a look and saw the cuts on the back of my head.
89. When I was home some weekends I told my dad what was going on at St Ninian's but just like when I was at St John Bosco he didn't believe the men of the cloth would do such things. I told him about banging my head when I fell off the horse. Dad never did anything about what I told him. I wasn't getting believed and there was no one I could turn to.

Leaving St Ninian's

90. I left St Ninian's in 1967 when I was twelve, nearly thirteen. I am not sure why I was allowed to leave. They never told me. When I was leaving Brother Benedict told me that I should stick in at school or would end up back in a place like that. I told them I didn't want to go back because it wasn't a nice place and I had no respect for anyone there because of the way I had been treated. I told him that I wasn't there to be punched and kicked.

Life back at home after St Ninian's

91. I went back home and was there for around a year. I was with my mum and dad and all my siblings. It was brilliant. I fitted back quickly into family life and I was very close

with all my family. I went to St Roch's secondary school in Glasgow. School was okay but I found it hard to adjust from St Ninian's. I went to school most of the time but occasionally didn't.

92. I tended to wander on my own quite a lot and one Sunday I was about half a mile away from my house when I came across a burnt out car. I was looking at it when the police came along. They thought I was going to steal it or something. One of the policeman, Ian Crighton, recognised me and charged me with stealing tools from the car. The police said that I had taken tools out the car and had them in my possession. They were telling lies.
93. In [REDACTED] 1968 I ended up in Glasgow district court for stealing tools from the burnt out car. I was back in front of Judge Longmuir again and he remembered me. My dad came with me but I don't think I had any legal representation. When Judge Longmuir heard that I had been out a year he made a snide comment about me not being caught committing crime in that year. He sent me to an approved school. I still didn't have a welfare officer or social worker. I was two months short of fourteen by that time.

Larchgrove remand home, Edinburgh Road, Glasgow – second visit

94. I was in the secure centre at Larchgrove until they found a space for me at St Joseph's in Tranent. The staff at Larchgrove had all changed from the previous time I was there. The staff wore civilian clothes. I didn't get any sort of medical examination when I was there. I never got any of my stuff from home because I wasn't allowed anything.
95. My mum and dad visited a couple of times. I told them that I hadn't done anything at the burnt out car and that the police had told lies. My dad didn't believe that the police would tell lies.

Abuse at Larchgrove

96. On a Monday we used to have to sit in the gymnasium. They then came round and put something on our heads. They used a wooden stick, like the doctors use to look down the back of your throat, and they took stuff out of a big tub with it and put it on my head. I was to rub it into my scalp because it was supposed to kill head lice. I told the member of staff I didn't have head lice but he said they would decide and then he slapped me. I can't remember who this was.
97. I saw them hitting some of the boys who were younger than me. I got slapped a couple of times. This was by members of staff. Not all of the staff did it, but probably ninety per cent did. It was horrendous. I was treated like dirt on the sole of their shoe.

Leaving Larchgrove

98. I was only in Larchgrove for two or three weeks then I was transported from there to St Joseph's in Tranent. I don't recall if it was Larchgrove staff that took me or St Joseph's staff who came and picked me up. I don't know why St Joseph's was chosen for me. I was still thirteen.

St Joseph's, Tranent

99. St Joseph's was about three miles outside Tranent in the middle of nowhere. It was isolated and surrounded by fields. It was a massive building and had what was like four big pyramids outside it. The building was shaped like the letter 'U'. The dorms were upstairs facing out the front of the building. Outside the dorms was a corridor which led to a closed door which took you to the school classes which were upstairs. Downstairs were the shower rooms, shoe room, dining room and the woodwork and metal work rooms. There was a playground outside in the middle of the 'U' and there was a massive playing field.

100. It was all boys in there and the age range was all around my age although some were a bit younger. Most were teenagers. There were about seventy boys in total at St Joseph's. The [REDACTED] brothers who had been at St Ninian's the same time as me were there.
101. It was run by Brothers but I don't know what the religious order was. Brother [MDC] was [SNR]. Other staff were Brother Benedict, Brother [MBU] and Brother [HED] who had all been at St Ninian's when I was there. They wore long robes with something at their neck.
102. There was a lady who would have been in her forties worked on the education side in the classrooms. I can't remember her name. There other were civilian teachers who came in to teach us. Mr [MJK] was a metalwork teacher and Mr [GVX] was a woodwork teacher. They came in from outside the school. [MJM] was the gardener, and he was a really decent man. He was involved in a lot of sport and tried to get all the boys involved.
103. There were a couple of houses on the grounds and in one of them a man and a woman lived and in the other it was just a woman. Some of the older boys who were nearly fifteen lived in these houses. In there the boys got their own room and had their meals in the house rather than going into the main dining hall. I went into one of these houses about two months before I left. I am not sure what the purpose of these houses was apart from to take the pressure of the main building.

Routine at St Joseph's

First day

104. Brother [MBU] was the first Brother I met. He showed me to my dorm which was called Killiecrankie. This was the 'pee the bed' dorm because I wet my bed.

Mornings and bedtime

105. We were woken up about 07:30 in the morning by someone putting the lights on and clapping their hands and shouting 'Rise and shine'. There were about ten single beds in my dorm. There was nothing else. We would get up then get washed, dressed and go down for breakfast.

Mealtimes/Food

106. We had breakfast, lunch and our evening meal in the dining room. There was no choice at mealtimes. It was either take it or leave it so either you ate it or you went hungry. There were no issues with the food and you weren't forced to eat anything you didn't want. A lot of the time there wasn't sufficient food so a lot of the boys were still hungry after their meal. One of the Brothers supervised meal times.

Washing/bathing

107. We showered at least once a week. Different dorms showered on different days. We also showered after football, running or doing sport. Anyone that wet their bed got showered after they had done it. There were about twelve showers heads in a row with no cubicles so there was no privacy.

Clothing/uniform

108. I had to wear the clothes that they issued me with. I didn't have any clothes from my home. They gave the boys long trousers and the younger boys had shorts. I was one of the older ones so I got trousers. I also got a V necked jumper. It was like a uniform. Our clothes were washed once a week. There was no cupboard so we kept our clothes folded at the bottom of the bed.

Leisure time

109. After our tea, what we did depended on the weather. In the winter time we would be kept in and would go to the gym hall. In the summer we would go out into the grounds and kick a ball about. Mr **MJM**, the gardener did a lot of sport with the boys. He always encouraged all of the boys to take part and do the best they could. He got me a game with the football team. I started doing cross country running too and he trained me and built me up to race.

Trips and holidays

110. On a Saturday, unless you were on home leave, we would get taken to the cinema in Tranent. People in Tranent knew where we came from because we stuck out. We were taken to the beach at Prestonpans a couple of times too. A select few were picked to go to Blairgowrie for two weeks berry picking. About fifteen boys would go and Brother **MBU** and Mr **MJM** came with us. We stayed in a big hut. I quite enjoyed doing this. Any money we got they took from us and apparently it went into a bank account held at Airdrie savings bank. Years later I went in to the bank in Airdrie and they didn't know what I was talking about and I was made to look stupid.

Home leave

111. I got home leave usually once a month. Not everyone got to go home over the Christmas period. One time I wasn't selected to get home leave. Brother **MDC** decided who got to go home for Christmas. About twenty boys didn't get to go home but I don't know how he decided who went home and who didn't. It wasn't as a punishment.

Schooling

112. After breakfast we went to our classes. In all the time I was there I can only remember one educational class, which was English. We spent a lot of times

learning the skills in metalwork and woodwork. We did other educational classes too. We were in class all day. There were about twenty boys in each class.

Healthcare

113. I don't remember ever being unwell or needing any sort of medical attention. I was always fit and well. I am not sure what they would have done if I needed medical attention.

Religious instruction

114. We had to go to the Church in St Joseph's every Sunday. Every morning at assembly we had morning prayers as part of the school routine. We also had religious education. I wasn't interested in religion by this point. All the previous religious places I had been had knocked it out of me. Brother MBU tried to reason with me. I told him I didn't believe in the Catholic Church and if Jesus was real then why we were allowed to suffer like we were.

Work

115. The cleaning was generally done by the boys in the house. The kitchen and dining room was looked after by the kitchen staff who in came from outside.

Birthdays and Christmas

116. I didn't get home leave over Christmas so I stayed at St Joseph's. I don't know why I didn't get to go home. The only celebration of Christmas at St Joseph's was midnight Mass at the church. I would rather have been in my bed.

Personal possessions

117. I didn't have any personal possessions and I didn't get any pocket money.

Bed Wetting

118. Although I was in a dorm for bed-wetters I think I had stopped wetting the bed by that time and I never wet my bed at St Joseph's. In this dorm we didn't wear pyjamas like the other boys, we wore nightshirts. This made us different and stood out from the rest. It was degrading. When any of the other boys wet their beds they were given a change of clothing and bedding and allowed to shower. I always tried to reassure these boys and tell them not to worry about it and it was just one of those things.
119. Brother **HED** was always on duty through the night. He often came in and put his hands under the covers to check if any bedsheets were wet. He wasn't happy if he found wet sheets and he put the lights on in the dorm so that woke most of us up. He did this so everyone knew who had wet the bed. If I heard him coming into the dorm I would sit up with my back against the wall and tell him he didn't need to check because my bed was dry. One night Brother **HED** was going round the dorm checking the beds and I heard one of the boys shouting at him that he peed out the front and not the back. I assumed from that Brother **HED** had touched his bum.

Visitors

120. My mum and dad never visited me when I was at St Josephs. I saw them when I was home on my weekend leave. I am not aware of anyone else or anyone high up in the church visiting.

Discipline

121. One time I told Mr **GVX** that he wasn't much of a joiner. He sent me to see Brother **MDC** **SNR**. He told me that I shouldn't speak to members of staff like that. I told him about Mr **GVX** throwing his mallet about and he said that he would speak to him about it. After that I was sent out to pick up litter but I just went away and sat in a corner.

Running away

122. After I had been there about three months I ran away because of the way Brother Benedict treated me. I got fed up with him constantly having a dig at me and because I never got to go home at Christmas time. Another boy from Glasgow ran away with me. This would have been in January 1969. We managed to thumb a lift to Edinburgh then a bus inspector let us on a bus going to Glasgow for nothing. We had taken some people's washing off lines to change our clothes so we wouldn't be recognised. When I got to Glasgow I waited until my dad was away to work before I went in the house. My mum wasn't happy that I had run away. I was away about four or five days and decided to give myself up and handed myself in to the police station. Brother **MBU** picked me up and took me back to St Joseph's.
123. There was a cross country race in Callander one weekend a few months later. I was supposed to be on weekend leave that weekend. Mr **MJM** arranged it so that after the race on the Friday he dropped me off at Stirling bus station for me to go home. Instead of returning on the Sunday I was to go back on the Monday. Before we left in the minibus Brother Benedict said to me that I had better win the race otherwise I should keep running. I told him he was off his head. He tried to grab me but Mr **MJM** intervened and told him to leave it. I didn't win the race but I took Brother Benedict to his word and I didn't go back when I was supposed to.
124. I went to Glasgow and I stayed with friends all over the place. I knew the police were looking for me. I did this for around two months, all the time avoiding the police. I went home at some point and my dad phoned the police. My dad had been told that if I went back there he was to phone the police station and tell Ian Crighton who would come and wait with me until someone from St Joseph's came to collect me. He assured my dad I wouldn't get taken to the police station. It was Ian Crighton who came and spoke to me in front of my dad. Ian Crighton came and told my dad that I often got the blame for doing a lot of things that I didn't do. I told him that he should know because he had charged me with stealing tools from a car and because of his lies I had been put in an approved school. Brother **MBU** came to my house and picked me up and took me back to St Joseph's.

Moving to house within the grounds

125. For my last two months I was moved in to one of the houses on the grounds. This would have been in [REDACTED] 1969. It was far better in there. I had my own room and my own space and there was always plenty food. It had its own dining room too. It almost felt like being in a bed and breakfast. You could shower or bath every day if you wanted and you had privacy. There were civilian staff in there that looked after us. It was a man and his wife whose names I can't remember. They always made the boys feel very welcome. The Brothers didn't have anything to do with us in there but still went to school classes. We didn't get taught to cook or anything like that in the house.

Abuse at St Joseph's

126. Brother Benedict when I saw him on my first or second day at St Joseph's asked me if I hadn't learned my lesson because I was back in care. After that he kept having digs at me about it. Brother Benedict was still doing the electric shock treatment that he did at St Ninian's. I avoided his classes so it never happened to me but I know he was doing it to the younger boys.
127. If Mr [REDACTED] MJK, the metalwork teacher, caught you talking in his class he threw small bits of metal at you. I am not sure if they ever hit anyone. Mr [REDACTED] GVX was the woodwork teacher and if he was annoyed at you he would throw his wooden mallet. Because of this he got the nickname [REDACTED] GVX. He threw the mallet at me once but missed. I told him that it nearly hit me and he said that if he wanted to he would have hit me.
128. When I ran away from St Joseph's Brother [REDACTED] MBU picked me up and took me back. On the way I told him I didn't like the way Brother Benedict kept having digs at me. After I got back I had a shower and got dressed. When I was still in the shower room Brother Benedict came in and obviously Brother [REDACTED] MBU had told him what I said. He said something about having a dig at me then punched me on my back. He said that

the next time he would dig me on the chin. I told him he wouldn't and called him pathetic and not right in the head. I told him that was the last time he would put his hands on me because I would sort him out and end up in the secure unit.

Reporting of abuse at St Joseph's

129. One time I was speaking to Mr **MJM** the gardener. He said that he had noticed that Brother Benedict didn't like me. I told him that we had a history because he used to give me electric shocks when I was at St Ninian's. I said to Mr **MJM** that Brother Benedict was a horrible man. Mr **MJM** said he had two sons of his own and would hate to see them in anywhere like this. I told him once that a lot of the boys were damaged goods and beyond repair but he said it was never too late. He tried his best to puts boys on the straight and narrow.
130. After Brother Bendict punched me in the back in the showers I saw Mr **MJM**. I told him about Brother Benedict digging me in the back. He made comment about Brother Benedict being a bully and Mr **MJM** knew I had been at St Ninian's at the same time as Brother Benedict, Brother **MBU** and Brother **HED**. Mr **MJM** just told me to keep my head down. I told him about Brother **MBZ** and that he knew what was going on at St Ninian's and Mr **MJM** agreed that Brother **MBZ** should have done something about it. I don't know what Mr **MJM** did with the information I passed to him. I never told anyone else about what was going on at St Joseph's.

Leaving St Joseph's

131. I left St Joseph's on the **██████████** 1969. I remember that date because it was the day I turned fifteen. I was taken back to Glasgow with some other boys who were going home for weekend leave **██████████**. I went home to my mum and dad's. I knew for quite a while before that day that I would be leaving on the day that I was fifteen.

Life after St Joseph's

132. It was great to be back home with my family. I got a job [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] 1970 working for Solripe as a van boy delivering bottles of juice. One morning I was on my way to work when I was stopped by a couple of policemen. They recognised me and immediately thought I was out committing crime. I told them I was heading to work and told them where. After I did my day's work my foreman called me over and told me that I was finished working there as the police had told him that I had previous convictions. The van driver argued with him because he knew I was a good worker but it didn't make any difference. I lost that job after only four weeks. I started drinking alcohol after that.
133. When I was sixteen I was charged by the police with fraud. I appeared at court in Glasgow and from my records I can see that on [REDACTED] 1971 I was sentenced to 3 months detention at Glenochil detention centre. I was represented in court on this occasion by a solicitor. I was taken there straight from the court by the police.

Glenochil Detention Centre

134. Glenochil was supposed to be short sharp treatment. It was for young offenders up to the age of 21. The prison guards didn't wear a uniform, they just wore civilian clothes. I can't remember any of their names. I don't think there were enough prison officers to look after the number of prisoners there. There would have been somewhere between 150 and 200 young offenders in Glenochil.

Routine at Glenochil

First day

135. When I arrived I could hear screaming and shouting presumably the prison officers at the inmates as they were marching. I was frog marched in to the reception area

where I was given my uniform. I was given a medical examination by a Mr HEF. I am not sure how to spell his name. I was then taken for a shower and to my cell. The prison officer opened the cell door. The covers on the beds were made into a perfect bed block and the lino was so shiny you could see your face in it. I was told that my room had to look like that every morning when my cell door was opened before I was allowed out to get washed. It was a single cell which contained one bed, locker, table and chair, potty and a bible. The cell door locked automatically when the door closed.

136. The next morning, first thing, we were frog marched army style to the washing area. They wanted to give me a razor and I wasn't going to bother because I didn't need one but I was told just to take it and shave otherwise I was likely to get beaten.

Mornings and bedtime

137. We were woken up at 6:30 am, then marched to the washrooms where we got washed then went for breakfast.

Work

138. Through the day we had work parties where we went to different parts of the complex and we either made uniforms or textiles, or there was one where we made doormats. We would usually do that in the morning or the afternoon. The rest of the time we were made to do army style assault courses. This was hard work. Prison officers supervised this. We showered afterwards. We did our workshops until 4:00 pm. After that we were marched back to our cells.

Mealtimes/Food

139. I can't remember much about the dining halls. The food wasn't good. I wouldn't give it to a dog. It was worse than any previous place I had been. It wasn't properly cooked, had been preheated or had been steamed. If you didn't eat it you went hungry. Our evening meal was served at quarter to five.

Washing/bathing

140. We had showers once a week or after we had done sport. The showers were immaculate because the inmates had the job of cleaning them.

Clothing/uniform

141. The uniform I was given was grey and a blue and white striped shirt. All young offenders wore blue and white shirts. Our clothing, and our bed sheets were changed once a week.

Recreation

142. All inmates had to have served thirty days before they were allowed to take part in recreation. Recreation consisted of a pool table, table tennis or watching the television. If you weren't qualified to do recreation you had to sit in your locked cell at the table and read. The only thing to read was the bible. You weren't allowed on your bed.

Healthcare

143. I never saw the hospital wing in Glenochil when I was there. The only medical room was the surgery where I got my first examination when I arrived then the jag in my backside from Mr HEF. If you were ill you reported sick in the morning and you were taken to the surgery within the detention centre. I think their answer to every illness was two paracetamol.
144. If you reported that you had a sore stomach you were locked in your cell all day and weren't given any food. All you were given was three pints of milk, no food. The medical staff were all prison staff.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

145. I didn't have any visitors. My family could have visited but it was too far for them to travel. I never saw a probation officer or any kind of welfare officer in the two months I was there. I wasn't allowed any phone calls but I could write one letter a week to send home.

Abuse at Glenochil

146. When I first arrived Mr HEF who was some sort of medical prison officer gave me an examination. This involved me dropping my trousers and him looking at my private parts with a light then my head was checked for lice. He then looked in my mouth and told me I had a throat infection. I told him I didn't as I didn't have any symptoms like a sore throat or swollen glands. Because I spoke back to him he slapped me on the face with an open hand. He told me I was a 'Jack the lad' and I told him he was a gangster behind the four walls in the prison. He said I would be back in the surgery the next morning for an injection. When I said I wouldn't be going because there was nothing wrong with me he told me that they would decide what goes on within the detention centre.

147. The next morning I was marched back to the surgery. Mr HEF was there again and he told me to drop my trousers. He told me it was so I could get a penicillin injection. I pulled my trousers down at one side and then he slapped me hard on the bare backside and gave me the injection. Afterward I told him that I thought he was kinky. He grabbed me by the shoulder and told me that if I said it again he would put his fist through my face. Looking back I consider what he did to me was a sexual assault.

148. We were marched everywhere within the detention centre. If you went out of step or did something wrong the prison officers tripped you up. Some boys were mentally stronger than other boys in there and the weaker ones found it tough. I know that in the two months that I was there some boys hanged themselves. I knew there was

nothing I could do to change anything so I just kept my mouth shut and got on with things.

149. The boy in the cell next to me rang his bell one time. All I know was that his name was [REDACTED]. When you rang your bell the prison officers were supposed to come and see what we wanted. A prison officer came and [REDACTED] told him that he wasn't feeling well and wasn't coping with being locked up. He was told that medical staff would come and see him. I don't know who, or if, anyone came back to see him. The next thing I heard was screaming and the following day he wasn't there. Another inmate told me they had 'jagged him up' and taken him to the hospital wing. I never saw him again. I got the impression that [REDACTED] was suicidal.
150. The brutality in Glenochil was ferocious and a couple of times I saw some other boys getting seriously beaten up by the prison officers. You weren't even allowed to talk to each other when we were in our cells. The only time you could talk to any of the inmates was during recreation. If you were caught talking you might get put on report and go in front of the governor. It was a very strict regime.

Reporting of abuse at Glenochil

151. On my first full day there myself, and about four other boys who had arrived the day before, were taken in front of the governor. I can't remember his name. He asked if we were being treated well. I told him I wasn't. The other boys were told to leave the room and the governor asked me what my problem was. I told him about Mr [HEF [REDACTED]] wrongly giving me an injection because there was nothing wrong with me and that he slapped my bare backside. I told him that I thought Mr [HEF [REDACTED]] was kinky. The governor just told me that I shouldn't speak about prison staff like that. Nothing ever happened with what I told him.
152. I didn't have a welfare office or a probation office. Even if I did I wouldn't have told them anything because it would just have got back to the staff and they would have made it worse for me.

153. I had heard and it was published in newspaper reports and on the radio in the 1970's that Mr HEF [REDACTED] was sentenced to eighteen months for sexually assaulting young offenders in Glenochil.

Leaving Glenochil

154. Although I was sentenced to three months I only served two months because a third was automatically taken off. There was no one at Glenochil who tried to help me or give me any advice on how to get a job or anything like that to help me when I was released. I was released on my due date.

Life back at home after Glenochil

155. When I left Glenochil I went back to live with my family. I got a job at [REDACTED] warehouse in Candleriggs, Glasgow. I had only been there a couple of months when I was stopped by a couple of plain clothed police officers. They recognised me and they asked me where I had been and what I was doing. I told them about me working at [REDACTED] and thought nothing more about it. The next morning when I went in to work they told me I was finished as I had a criminal conviction. The police had obviously told them. This was just before I was seventeen.
156. In [REDACTED] 1972, when I was seventeen, I was put on remand to Longriggend after being charged with assault. I am not sure what happened in the assault as I was very drunk. In [REDACTED] 1972 I was convicted at court for this assault and was sentenced to eighteen months detention at a young offenders institution. This was backdated to [REDACTED] when I was put on remand.

Longriggend young offenders institution

157. Longriggend was for young offenders up to the age of 21. It was horrendous. I was kept in my cell 23 hours in a day.
158. Mr **HEG** was a prison officer. If you pressed your bell and he was on duty, if it wasn't for a good reason he would kick you in. It never happened to me but I saw him punching some young boys and kicking them in the groin. I told him once that I thought he was an animal and that he wouldn't do it to me on his own because he was a coward. He asked me where I was from and when I told him Blackhill he must have decided to leave me alone. Not long after that I heard that he had been transferred to Barlinnie because of his brutality.
159. After I was sentenced in **1972** I was then sent to serve the remainder of my sentence at Barlinnie Prison. I was transferred from Longriggend to Barlinnie. There was one hall for young offenders and that is where I went.

HMP Barlinnie

160. At Barlinnie if anyone spoke back to any of the prison officers you got dragged in to a cell and they would leather you. There were four prison officers in particular that did this. They were Mr **HEH** who was the senior prison officer, **GLH** the principal officer, **HEI** and Mr **HEK**. At some point **HEI** went to work somewhere else and **HEL** took his place. He was just as bad. They got called the 'mufty squad'. They all got involved and they used their hands and their feet, kicking and stamping boys. Whenever a prisoner got beaten up the four of them were there. Because it happened in a cell and they pulled the door over I didn't see it happening but it was well known that was what happened. They never touched me and that was because one of them used to go the bingo and got to know my dad.
161. Anyone that was ever injured or ill didn't get taken to the surgery because it was run by prison officers. There were two doctors and they came from surgeries outside the

prison. There was a Dr Carey and he was really nice. The other was Dr Wilson who was from a surgery in Carntyne. Both of them must have been aware of what was going on if they were treating injuries but they mustn't have done anything because nothing ever changed.

Reporting of abuse at Barlinnie

162. I never told anyone nor did I try to report any of these prison officers. There would have been no point because they wouldn't have listened to me and no one would have believed me anyway.
163. I was only at Barlinnie for two months then I was transferred to Saughton prison. Barlinnie is only for sentences up to a year so that is why I was transferred. I was still seventeen.

HMP Edinburgh, Saughton

164. The routine was much the same there as the other prisons and it wasn't as bad in Saughton prison. The prison officers were more approachable and you could speak to them. I served the rest of my sentence in Saughton. I only served a year of the eighteen month sentence. When I got out in [REDACTED] 1973 I went back to Glasgow. I was eighteen.

Abuse at HMP Edinburgh

165. There was one prison officer at Saughton, [REDACTED] HEO who I know abused prisoners. He had previously been at Peterhead prison. He used to get young boys to fight with each other in the gym. It was his way of getting boys to settle an argument. That is how he ended up with the nickname [REDACTED] HEO. He

was well respected by the prison executive and later [REDACTED] Peterhead prison.

Life after being in care

166. I can't remember what year it was but I got a job at House of Fraser in Glasgow. I went out for my lunch one day and the police saw me coming out the back door. They quizzed me about what I had been doing so I told them I was working there. When I went back after lunch I was told I was no longer working for them because I had previous convictions. I turned to drink again.
167. In [REDACTED] 1975 I was put on remand in Barlinnie. I was put in beside prisoners who were 21 and over. I tried to explain to the police that I was a young offender and that I was only 20 years of age. They didn't believe me and said I was born in 1953 and not 1954. I even went in front of the governor at Barlinnie and he asked about the dispute of my age. I explained it to him but he just said I was 21 and there was nothing I could do about it.
168. I was sent to the High Court in Edinburgh in 1975 for sentence. I got six years in prison for assault, police assault and malicious mischief. I went back to Barlinnie where I went in to 'B' hall. This is for prisoners 21 years of age and older. I told them in there that I was only 20 and the prison officers told me that I was now in with the big boys. I was told at this time that I was destined for Peterhead prison.
169. I was sent to Peterhead prison and went in front of the governor there. I again told him that I was only 20 and my mum and dad even got my birth lines to show him but he still wouldn't believe it. They did this all to make me a bitter man. I served three and a half years of that sentence and was released.
170. In 1979 I appeared at Glasgow High Court on firearms offences and was again sent to Peterhead prison. In 1980, when I was 25, my father died when I was still in prison. I was in a very bad place at that time and I considered taking my own life.

171. In 1982 after I was released from Peterhead prison I moved in to live with my sister in Nairn. I got a job with a furniture removal company. One day I was in one of the lorries in Elgin when my boss contacted us because he wanted to see me. He met us in Forres. He handed me my wages and my P45 and told me I was finished because I had not long been released from prison. I had only been with the firm for four weeks.
172. The last prison sentence I got was in 1985 for nine months. When I got out my mum asked me to promise I wouldn't go back in prison again. I put my hand on my heart and made a promise to her that I wouldn't. I have stuck by that promise. My mum died in 1996 and to this day I haven't been back in prison.
173. In 1989 I got married and now have five children. They are all adults now.

Impact

174. I turned to alcohol and a lot of my convictions resulted from my behaviour as a result of alcohol. I drank alcohol to block my time in care out of my head. I just wish I could turn the clock back. Because of what happened to me in care and the way I was treated as a child made me turn to alcohol and this resulted in me getting involved with the police, the courts and then the prison system. This has affected my whole life. My brothers and sisters have all ended being successful with good jobs. My life in care has taken that away from me. The police took any chance of me getting on in life away from me by telling employers that I had previous convictions. This has all turned me into the person I am.
175. I have a family member who has been in and out of prison. I know that there is still no rehabilitation going on. The prison staff don't want offenders to be rehabilitated because that means there will be less prisoners so there will be less need for prison officers and they will lose their jobs.

176. I was never given any training in any of the places I was put on how to survive in life. Nobody sat down with me and showed me how get a job or taught me how to get a house, pay bills or anything like that. There was no form of rehabilitation and I don't even think the staff would know how to spell it. Because of my previous convictions I found it impossible to get a job. When I did manage to get a job the police told my employers on several occasions and my employment was finished. No one ever tried to rehabilitate me or offered me any training to help me get a job. Because of my previous convictions, my epilepsy and an injured shoulder I have not been able to get or hold on to a job probably since 1982
177. In 1982, not long after I was sacked from my job with the furniture removal company when I was living in Nairn I was taken to Aberdeen Royal Infirmary because I had an epileptic seizure. I had never had any seizures before then. I saw a neurologist, Dr Blakelock. He did tests on me including injecting dye into my groin and putting me through a scanner. He asked me if at any point in my life I had been injured to the back of my head. He told me there was an abnormality to the blood supply to the top of my head which may have caused the seizure. He said they could operate but there was a possibility that it could cause permanent paralysis. They didn't operate but I have been on anti-epilepsy medication ever since and will be for the rest of my life. He said that this injury could have been from my childhood and the only head injury I had was when I fell off the horse at St Ninian's.
178. I was the only one from my family that was put in care. All my brothers and sisters got on well in life and got good jobs. I have always maintained a good relationship with my siblings. We have always stood by one another. I was put in care because I was getting bullied at school and because I didn't get school lunch I was hungry and stole a bar of chocolate. It doesn't seem fair that I was punished and it affected the rest of my life.
179. I buried a lot of what happened to me as a child in care out of my mind and never really thought about it very often. I have never told my family about my childhood as it wasn't something I really wanted to share. Since I heard about the Scottish Child Abuse inquiry in 2019 I have been thinking about it quite a lot.

180. I apologise to society for the road I went down but if I hadn't been treated the way I was when in care I wouldn't have ended up in prison. Nobody would believe me so I basically put my fingers up to society.

Treatment/support

181. I have never felt the need to visit my GP to get any help for any issues as a result of my time in care. I have never wanted or thought counselling would have been beneficial for me.

Reporting of Abuse

182. I have never told anyone in authority about what happened to me in any of the places I was in care. I never thought anyone was interested or would even believe me.
183. The police came to see me in 2019 because my name must have come up when they were speaking to other boys who had been at St John Bosco and St Ninian's. The police showed me photographs and I recognised some of the staff who were at St John Bosco. I can't remember the names of these members of staff. The police also took a photograph of the scar on my thigh which was from the time one of the Brothers hit me with a cane which had a nail sticking out of it when I was St John Bosco.

Records

184. I have never applied for any of my records, either from the social work department or from the prison service. The police told me that my records from St Ninian's had all been destroyed. When I was in prison and the social workers were doing social enquiry reports, they said they couldn't find any records from my childhood.

185. In 2014 I got a copy of my previous criminal convictions from my solicitor. I wanted them out of curiosity.

Lessons to be Learned

186. I wouldn't like any child in care today to go through what I have. There must be a way to stop the police from going into a court room and telling lies like they did with me. The brutality especially that in young offenders institutions must stop. I think children should be kept out of the care system as much as possible. There were no children's panels in my day so hopefully they will do their best to stop it. The social workers and the police need to work together and share information to try and prevent children from reoffending and to rehabilitate them.
187. The prison inspectorate mustn't give any warning to the prison that they are going to visit and carry out an inspection. It was obvious that inspections were coming because they are told at least two weeks in advance. The good boys are put to the front and they put the bad boys into the segregation unit. By good boys I mean boys that won't say anything bad about the prison.
188. I think that the overall prison system needs to be addressed and overhauled. Rather than prisoners being locked in their cells all day, they should be offered education instead of watching the same TV programmes over and over. They should also be given some guidance in how to live outside prison and help or training in finding work. I also think that everything should be done to stop drugs from getting into the prison.

Other information

189. I have been told that when I was at St Joseph's my mum spoke to Father Tansey from St Philomena's church in Blackhill. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] My mum took him into our house and she told him everything about me getting

abused at St Josephs and how my dad didn't believe it could be true. Father Tansey asked my dad to join them and be part of the conversation. Father Tansey basically told my mum and dad that they should believe everything that I had told them.

190. Father Tansey visited another time when I was at home and I told him about my time at St John Bosco through to St Josephs and I showed him the injuries to my head and my leg. Father Tansey said that he believed me and that it was scandalous. He told my dad to sort it out now whilst I was at St Joseph's. My dad told him he would be made to look stupid accusing men of the cloth of something if I was telling lies. Father Tansey told my dad that he knew I wasn't telling lies and that if they didn't believe me then not only was I a liar then so was Father Tansey. My dad never did anything about that.

191. I have recently written to my Labour MSP suggesting that prison officers and police officers wear body cams when they are on duty. I got a letter back basically saying that due to a lack of funding this could not happen. I find his strange when parking attendants and council litter officers are wearing them.

192. I have heard that ^{HEO} [redacted] Peterhead prison got four prison officers to hold down a prisoner [redacted] then he slashed [redacted] across the face with some sort of weapon. This happened in Peterhead. I think [redacted] had slashed him first. [redacted] wanted the police to be called but they agreed to put him into the special unit in Barlinnie if he didn't report it to the police. That's what happened. [redacted] would have been in his thirties.

193. I have never sought any form of compensation as a result of my treatment and what I suffered when I was in care. I am not a member of any survivor or support group.

194. 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.....^{HDQ} [redacted]
Dated.....25 May 2021.....