

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

AGG

Support person present: Yes, [REDACTED]

1. My name is [REDACTED] AGG. My date of birth is [REDACTED]/44. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### *Names*

2. I have had three names in my life. When my mother was pregnant with me my father said that I shouldn't be given a Jewish name. He said that because he still felt that there was a chance that the Germans might win the war. I was ultimately given the name [REDACTED] AGG on my birth certificate. I learnt that the name [REDACTED] AGG had been picked because that was the name of the landlady of the place where my mother was staying at the time. I think that I was referred to as [REDACTED] AGG throughout my time at Smyllum.
3. When my mother came to collect me and took me to Manchester, my parents were known by the name of [REDACTED]. My father's original surname had been [REDACTED]. He had changed his name to [REDACTED] because he wanted to anglicise a version of his grandmother's name. My great grandmother's name was [REDACTED]. I then became known as [REDACTED] AGG up until the age of about sixteen or seventeen.
4. After my parents died I decided to go back to my father's original surname. However, I anglicised it slightly. I changed it by Deed Poll to [REDACTED] AGG. [REDACTED] AGG is the name I have held ever since.

### **Life before going into care**

5. My father was German and my mother was Polish. They were Jewish refugees who managed to escape the horrors of the holocaust and the war. Somehow they found a bit of money and managed to wangle their way out of Germany. My mother had an auntie in Glasgow. That was how she came to be there. That auntie died before I was born.
6. By the time I was born, my father was interned on the Isle of Man because he was a German national. He was interned there even though he was Jewish and hated the Nazis. He ultimately was interned there until about a year after the war. Ultimately my parents never actually married.
7. In 1945 my mother went down with tuberculosis. She had to go into a sanatorium down in Dumbarton. At that point Dr Barnardo's took hold of me and sent me to Smyllum. I ended up with Dr Barnardo's when I was about two years old. I was told this by my mother in later life.
8. I believe my mother was in the sanatorium for two to three years. When my father came out of the Isle of Man he got work in Manchester. That's when they moved down there.

### **Smyllum Park, Lanark**

9. I was in Smyllum between the ages of about two and twelve. The date I left was [REDACTED] 56. Smyllum was in Lanark. I don't know what Order of nuns ran Smyllum.
10. When I was in there I wasn't really sure of the geography of the place. I didn't know where Lanark was. I don't think I ever left the grounds in all of the time that I was there. I think the furthest I went from Smyllum Park was the fields attached to the farm.

11. I would have thought there were about one hundred children in Smyllum during my time there. There always seemed to be a lot of kids running around doing things. I think the age range was from about two to sixteen.
12. I never came across the girls. I knew there was a girl's section. We sometimes used to see them on the way into school or at mass but that was about it. I never got to know them.
13. I don't think I have any memories of my time in Smyllum from before my first year at school. That would have been when I was about five.

### *Staff*

14. The main name that comes to mind, in terms of people who ran Smyllum, is Sister EAA I think she was the Mother Superior. I don't remember the names of any of the other nuns.
15. There were members of staff who weren't nuns. There was a janitor or caretaker type of person. There were one or two other people who worked in the kitchen. They brought the meals out and collected plates and things like that.

### **Routine at Smyllum**

#### *Daily routine*

16. We always got up quite early. We were woken up about six o'clock in the morning. We then gathered in the centre of the dorm for morning prayers. We then had a wash and got dressed. After that we went down to the dining room for breakfast. We were then marched up to school. There were two main lessons in the morning. After those we broke for lunch. Lunch was held in the school canteen. There were then a couple of lessons in the afternoon. After those lessons, at about three o'clock, we were marched back down to the area where we lived in the grounds. If

the weather was nice we would then go out for some fresh air in the forecourt.

Generally by seven o'clock we were all showered and in bed. Right up until the day I left, summer or winter, we were in bed by seven o'clock. We had to say our prayers before we went to bed.

17. On Saturdays it was very basic. We would just play in the grounds. In the summer we were allowed to play in the fields. I remember the smell of honeysuckle from playing in the fields during the summer. I have loved that smell ever since. On Sundays we went to church and Sunday school in the morning.

#### *Sleeping arrangements*

18. The dormitories were a bit like barracks. There were probably about twenty to thirty beds in the room. They were all about six feet apart. You had to go to the same bed every night. You never swapped about. We were all the same age. I don't remember older boys being in our dorm.
19. There was always a nun that stayed in the room at the end of the corridor where you accessed the dormitory. She would look after that particular dormitory. She would hardly ever come out of her room during the night.

#### *Washing facilities*

20. I remember there was a long room with lots of basins. We all piled in there and took our turns to go to the basins to wash. I don't ever remember there being any hot water. It always seemed to be cold. There was soap. We had to wash our hands and faces and that type of thing.
21. Once a week we had a shower. That was always cold. I don't remember having a hot shower in all the time I was there.

*Food*

22. The food was adequate. My impression, even in those days, was that it was done on the cheap.
23. When I was about seven or eight years old we were having some sort of meat and potatoes with onions as the vegetable. I didn't like onions. There was something about them that made me not like them even then. I left my onions on the side of the plate. A nun then came along. I can't remember her name. All I remember is that she was the nun who was almost always the person who was serving the meals. She said to me "You've got to eat them." I told her that I didn't like them. She then said "You've got to eat them. Eat them now." I then nibbled at a couple of the onions. The nun then got one of the helpers, who wasn't a nun, to hold me. The nun then shoved these onions down my throat. I then vomited up the onions. I was made to eat the vomit. They did that by forcing it down my throat. I was told that if I didn't eat that I would be served it up for breakfast.
24. There were other occasions when I was force fed. I saw other children being force fed if they didn't eat. The nuns would say "We can't afford for people to be wasting food" and that sort of thing. It was a very cruel way to treat children.

*School*

25. The school was within Smyllum's grounds. It was up a hill. There was quite a large school area. The boys and the girls were segregated. We were always kept apart. We had our lessons in different classrooms.
26. Generally the teachers were nuns. Occasionally there was another person who wasn't a nun. It was a basic education. It was English and Maths. It was reading, writing and arithmetic. There was no science or anything like that. If we did have history lessons it was about Scottish history. A lot of it was religious history. It was never about the war that had just finished. The war was never spoken about.

27. The teachers were quite strict. I remember that I used to write left handed. They used to whack me across my hand with a ruler when I wrote with my left hand. They did that because they thought that writing left handed wasn't right. They would force me to write with my right hand. In the end I became right handed.

*Religious instruction*

28. At Sunday school we had to read parrot fashion from a book called the catechism. We had to learn that off by heart. If I was called upon to read from the book and I made a mistake I would get a beating or a slap.
29. Maybe I imagined it but when they talked about the Jews killing Jesus I thought the nuns were looking at me. I felt that they were in some way blaming me. I was made to feel almost as if it was my fault. I felt guilty.
30. There was a priest who taught us. He taught us religious studies. He wasn't how you would imagine a priest would be. He was very strict. He wasn't a bully. He didn't hit you but he put the fear of god into you. He taught us parrot fashion. He made us frightened and said that we would "Go to hell and damnation" if we didn't lead a good life. He came up with all of these strange words. I probably didn't understand what he was saying when I was that age. I've always thought it was strange to say that sort of thing to a child.

*Chores*

31. We had chores. We had to sweep the dormitories in the evenings. On Saturdays some of the boys were sent to the kitchen to help with washing up or sent to the laundry. Smyllum had a farm at the top somewhere. Sometimes some of the boys went up to the farm to help. There weren't a lot of major chores. It was minor tasks which were given to us to keep us occupied and busy.

*Leisure time*

32. We were never allowed or encouraged to play sports or anything like that. We had PE in the gym in the school. That was about as close as we ever came to doing any sporting activities. Strangely though, on a Saturday afternoon when we went in for our tea, the nuns would always tell us how Celtic had got on. Why they picked Celtic I have no idea. I remember we had to cheer if Celtic had won. At the time I had no idea what Celtic was or what they did.
33. In the evenings, if the weather was fine, we would go out into this large area and sort of just mull and play around. There was no access to books or toys or anything like that.
34. The only TV I recall seeing at Smyllum was the funeral of King George and the coronation of the Queen. It was a little tiny thing that was black and white. I don't remember listening to the radio. There was sometimes some music on in the background. I don't know what that was for. I never knew the purpose of that.

*Trips and Holidays*

35. I never went outside of the grounds or on bus trips anywhere. I know there were some trips because quite a few of the boys would go away on a coach, come back and say that they had been to a place called Kelvin Hall. I don't know whether it might have been a circus or something. I think that was an annual event. I was never one of the boys who got to go to that.
36. In the summer months some of the kids got to go to the Trossachs. I think they went to some sort of camp. I remember that some of the boys used to talk about it when they came back. Why I never went I don't know. I always wanted to go.

*Birthdays and Christmas*

37. After I left, my mother told me that she sent me a present for every birthday from the day I went to Smyllum to the day I left. I never got one of those parcels. I don't think I ever knew when my birthday was until after I left. I remember learning about the date of my birthday at a school in Manchester. I've got this recollection of going up to one of the teachers and saying "I remember the date of my birthday now." She just said "Oh very good."
38. We had to go to mass in the morning on Christmas Day. It seemed to be an extended service. We then went to have a meal. I can't say whether it was turkey or not. I seem to remember that we had a few crackers. There were no toys in them. I didn't know anything else back then. It wasn't really until I left Smyllum that I became aware that there were things like birthdays and Christmas.

*Pocket money and possessions*

39. I was never given any pocket money. I never had anything to spend. Occasionally we would arrive back from school and the nuns would hand out small toffee bars as a treat. That was a major treat. That was a great novelty to us. It was very rare when that happened. It was maybe once a month if we were lucky. If you were naughty the nun handing out the toffees would say "No not you."
40. I didn't really have any personal possessions. There were no toys or anything I had to my own.

*Clothes*

41. Clothes were very uniform. You got a clean shirt once a week. You got clean underpants every second week. In the winter you had a jacket to go over your shirt. I wore short trousers throughout my time there. The first time I wore long trousers was the day I left Smyllum.

*Visits / Inspections*

42. I never had any visitors. Apparently my mother wrote to Smyllum to arrange to visit me on a couple of occasions. On both occasions she was told that she couldn't do that. She never really understood why she couldn't come and visit.
43. I don't recall there being any inspections or inspectors.

*Communication from home*

44. My mother told me that she wrote me letters. I never got one of those letters. Apparently she also sent me money. I never ever saw any of that.

*Healthcare*

45. There were occasions when I saw, what I assumed at the time to be, a doctor. I remember going down with mumps. I ended up in a dormitory with lots of other boys who had the mumps. I think a doctor came round once a day to look at us. I also remember seeing a doctor after an incident which resulted in me catching what they thought was pneumonia. I don't remember going to hospital or anything like that.
46. I don't ever recall seeing a dentist. I recall the nuns insisting that we cleaned our teeth in the mornings and the evenings though.

*Other children*

47. There were some older boys. I don't remember seeing them that often. Some of them were a bit "bullyish". They didn't so much as hit you but they called you names. I wouldn't say bullying was rife. It was spasmodic. The kids were generally ok with each other.

*Bed-wetting*

48. There were children who wet the bed. The nuns were very cruel when people wet the bed. People were very frightened of wetting the bed. I wet the bed on a couple of occasions. You tried your very best not to wet the bed because you suffered the consequences. If you wet the bed you were beaten. Most times, if you were beaten, the nuns would beat you with a strap. They would whack it across your backside. They would call you "filthy". You then had to take your sheets and wash them yourself. You had to hang the sheets out to dry. You had to put them back on your bed later that day. You weren't given breakfast.
49. We didn't know why it was wrong to wet the bed. The nuns just told us that it was "a sin" to wet the bed. I guess in those days we didn't know anything different.

### **Abuse at Smyllum**

50. Everything was regimented and uniform. If you came out of line you were in trouble and beaten. You were beaten a lot. You could be beaten for saying something out of place or doing something that the nuns felt you shouldn't have done. The belt seemed to be their form of discipline. Every nun seemed to have a strap with them. Occasionally they would use their hands but that was not very often. It was a very disciplined strong atmosphere.
51. An example of when you may be whacked at school was if you were caught talking to your friend in lessons at school, not reciting the catechism correctly or writing with your left hand. Things like that. They would come across and whack you. Sometimes the lashes were very painful. They always made you take your trousers down before they whacked you. They would do that in front of everybody else. It was embarrassing.
52. I have this abiding memory of being beaten and falling to the floor. I remember seeing under the nun's habit and seeing these long white frilly undergarments. They went right down to her knees. I don't know why that sticks in my memory.

53. Sometimes, if you were naughty or you had done something that you shouldn't have done, the nuns would put you in a cold shower.
54. Quite often I heard the expression from the nuns "We'll beat the Jewishness out of you." I didn't quite understand that at the time. They must have had some sort of affinity with the fact that I was born Jewish. I found out later on that my mother had told them in a letter when I went into Smyllum that I was Jewish. However, as far as I was concerned, I was catholic from the day I walked in there. In late life I started to think that they maybe picked on me especially because I was Jewish. I don't think I was hit just because I was Jewish. It was more because of other things that I had done "out of line." However, I did feel as if I was picked on though. In hindsight, considering this was only ten years after what Hitler did, it was all very cruel.
55. The nuns used to say to you "Go to Hell" when you did things and things happened. They'd say that to you if you wet the bed or something like that. They said that so often that it just started to go over your head. I don't know whether they believed these things. Perhaps they did.
56. One Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock, we were out in the forecourt. We were all probably about eight or nine. It was cold and chilly. It had started to rain. A group of us saw a small football lying in the corner. I think it was my friend [REDACTED] who found it and picked it up. I don't remember his surname. We started kicking the ball around and passing it to each other. We didn't feel that there was anything wrong with that. Suddenly two nuns approached us. They were screaming at us. They said "How dare you play with that object on God's day." Five of us were then told to stand in a line. All the other boys, who had not been playing with the ball, then went indoors. We were then told to take all of our clothes off. We stood there for about two to three hours. Finally somebody came out. I don't think it was a nun. They told us to get dressed. Our clothes were soaking wet because they had been lying in front of us on the floor. By the time we were sent indoors the evening meal had been and gone. We had missed it. I was sent to bed almost directly. I remember shivering most of the night. In the end I got what they thought was pneumonia as a

result. The whole incident was probably one of the cruellest things that happened to me whilst in Smyllum.

57. The night after the incident with the ball, [REDACTED] was two beds away from me. I heard [REDACTED] shouting and screaming during the night. I heard a nun coming out and telling him to "Shut up" and "Go to sleep." I must have then fallen asleep. In the morning I woke up. We said our prayers and went for a wash. [REDACTED] wasn't there. I said to one of the nuns "Where's [REDACTED]?" She told me to "Shut up". I was told to never mention [REDACTED] again. I remember a nun saying "Don't mention his name again. He's gone."
58. I never saw [REDACTED] again. There were a lot of rumours that went around amongst the boys that he had contracted pneumonia. Nobody told us that he had died or went somewhere else or anything like that. At the time I was upset. I didn't have a lot of friends and [REDACTED] was one of them. We used to play a lot together.
59. There used to be a [REDACTED] I can't remember his name. I would say he was in his forties or early fifties. [REDACTED] This [REDACTED] used to roam around the school. He seemed to think that he had carte blanche to hit anyone if he felt like.
60. I do recall a number of occasions where he came into the dormitory at night time. He came in under the guise that he was checking whether we had wet the bed. There were never any nuns around watching him. There was always a night light on in the ceiling and you could see him coming.
61. This [REDACTED] even if you were asleep, would pull your blankets down, tell you to stand up and pull your pants down. He'd then touch your private parts to see whether you had wet the bed. He would then tell you to go back to your bed. Whether he was doing that to check whether you had wet the bed or whether there was an ulterior motive I don't know. I wouldn't have known anything about "sexual gratification" in those days. I didn't know anything different.

62. I don't know whether this [REDACTED] also did this sort of thing to the girls. He did do it to a number of the boys. He did it reasonably regularly. It wasn't every night. If you were awake you would think "Oh God, he is coming."

### Leaving Smyllum

63. One morning we had breakfast. It was [REDACTED] 56. After breakfast one of the nuns pulled me aside. She told me to go and see somebody in a room. I didn't know why I was being told to go to see this person in the room. It was a school day. I said "I've got to go to school" but was told to go into the room again. I then went into the room. I was handed a jacket, tie, shirt and long trousers. They didn't tell me why I had to put the clothes on but I did. After that I was taken to a very large reception area at the front of Smyllum. I got there at about ten o'clock in the morning. I sat down. Every now and again a nun would come in. I would ask "What am I here for?" and they would say "You'll find out."

64. At about one o'clock in the afternoon one of the nuns came in. It might have been Sister [REDACTED] EAA [REDACTED]. With her was this tall dark woman. The nun said to me "You can go off now." I said "Go off where?" The nun then said "Go off with this lady. Your mother." I said "I didn't know I had a mother." She said "Well this is your mother. Go on then."

65. I didn't know whether this woman was my mother at the time. Up until that time the nuns never actually told me that my parents were dead. They had just said, when I asked, "You haven't got any parents." I obviously discovered later on that she was my mother but, at the time, I didn't know. As far as I was concerned then, it could have been anybody just helping themselves to an adopted boy or something. Even now I find it obscure why I was never told about my parents.

66. I then walked along a long drive with my mother up to a bus stop and waited for a bus to take us to Glasgow. I was very confused. This was the first time I had ever been outside of the gates at Smyllum Park. I remember saying to my mother after

we got on the bus “Nobody told me you were coming.” She said “Oh didn’t you get my letter?” I then said “Oh no, I didn’t get any letter telling me that somebody was coming.” That’s when I found out that my mother had been sending me birthday presents and letters and that I hadn’t been receiving them.

67. When we got into Glasgow my mother took me for some tea. That was a real treat because I had never done something like that. My mother then took me to the pictures. We went there because the coach to Manchester wasn’t leaving until ten o’clock in the evening. It was the first time I had ever seen a film. The film was called “Partners” and it starred Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Although I didn’t understand what was going on, I quite enjoyed it. We then got the coach down to Manchester. I remember seeing fireworks going up in the air as we went down. It was close to bonfire night. When we arrived in Manchester my father was there to greet me. I’ve got to admit I was very confused.

*Parents attempts to get me released from Smyllum*

68. I later learnt from my parents that it had taken some negotiation to get me out of Smyllum. It was something to do with Scottish government rules governing orphanages or something. I don’t know what my parents did but apparently it took them some time. I think my parents told me that it took them some months to get me back.
69. I think my parents wanted to make sure that they had enough work before they tried to get me out of Smyllum. I think they thought I was better where I was. I’ve no idea when they started negotiating with Smyllum to get me released. I don’t think they ever thought that I would be staying there permanently. They always knew that one day they would come for me.
70. I suppose that, for my parents, the fight didn’t finish when my parents got me out of Smyllum. The fight didn’t stop because they then had to fight my psychological problems.

### Life after being in care

71. We initially lived in an apartment in Longsight in Manchester. It was a shared apartment. My parents weren't wealthy. My father worked in a factory ran by [REDACTED] It was a rubber factory I think my mother did some cleaning.
72. I didn't actually start school until after Christmas. My parents kept me out of school until I'd got myself a little bit acclimatised. My mother sent me to a catholic school even though I was Jewish. That was a big mistake because there were nuns there and I was frightened of the nuns. I'd imagine that the school knew about my background because I'm sure that my mother would have told them. They must have had some sort of records.
73. When I went to school I was very insular. I couldn't mix with other boys. During playtime I always stood in the corner on my own. I couldn't get to the point of associating myself with the other boys. I was called "Jock" or "Angus" by the other boys because of my very broad Scottish accent. I felt as if I was an outsider looking in.
74. After a year in that school my parents decided to put me in a different school. They did that because I dreaded the nuns so much. I actually ended up getting a grammar school place in north Manchester. The school was called Stand Grammar School. I think I turned my life around after going to grammar school. There were a couple of teachers there who were particularly kind. The school was in a Jewish area of Manchester. I got involved in doing more Jewish things. I went to Jewish plays. I even played for a local Jewish football team.
75. My mother and I ended up moving in with an elderly woman that my mother cared for. My mother used to go to synagogue with this elderly woman every Saturday morning and sometimes on a Friday evening. By some quirk of fate, I was taught about Judaism in one of my religious education classes at Stand Grammar School. I learnt a lot about it. I got very good marks because I used to go home and ask my mother the questions in my homework. When I was about fourteen I said to my

mother "Can I come to the synagogue with you?" She said "Well yes if you would like to." I ended up going. I quite liked it. The people were friendly. After a while I then asked my mother "Can I become Jewish?" She then said "Well basically you already are."

76. I ended up having my Bar Mitzvah when I was about fourteen and a half. The rabbi was delighted to take me in and teach me. That's when I felt I had returned to my Jewish roots. It made me feel like I was in the right place. I had become less insular and was making more friends.
77. When I was seventeen I joined the army. I was in the army for twelve years. I joined the medical corps as a staff nurse. When I came out of the army my last station was Southampton. I decided to stay down there because there was nothing left for me in Manchester. I then met my wife [REDACTED] We got married.
78. A couple of years after leaving the army I joined [REDACTED] Cricket Club as a cricket scorer and statistician. I was with [REDACTED] Cricket Club for [REDACTED] years. I retired in 2006. I still do a bit of cricket scoring and statistics as a hobby. I help out [REDACTED] cricket team. Cricket has always been my forte in adult life. My son has followed in my footsteps and is now also a cricket statistician. He works for [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and all sorts of other people.

## Impact

### *During childhood*

79. I think being handed over to my mother "out of the blue" had a big impact on me. If I had been given some sort of pre-warning then I might have known what to expect. It took me a long time to get used to the outside world. I had become institutionalised. It was very very difficult. I just couldn't get my head around the sudden change in my life. Good or bad I had been used to Smyllum and knew nothing else. For a long

time after I left Smyllum my parents wouldn't let me out. They didn't let me out because I didn't know what to do or where to go.

80. There were a couple of incidents not long after I moved to Manchester that resulted in me having to see a child psychologist. The first one was when I got lost coming back from school. I think, for some reason, curiosity got the better of me and I decided to stray off the route between my school and my home. I ended up "god knows where" in Manchester. I was found by someone in the evening wandering around the streets. I didn't know where I was and what the way home was. I was taken to a police station. My parents must have reported me missing because they were then called to pick me up.
81. The second incident concerned some balls of rubber which my father brought back from the factory he worked in. He used to bring them back to the apartment to light the fire. One day I came home from school and my parents weren't back. I decided that I wanted to light a fire. I took one of the rubber balls and decided to light it on the couch. Of course the couch burnt down. I virtually set fire to the whole room. The fire brigade came. In the end we were kicked out of the apartment. Why I did that I have no idea.
82. My parents were very kind. They never ever admonished me. They never hit me. I never told them about the treatment I had suffered until much later. I think that was because, during the time I was in Smyllum, that was what I thought my life was.
83. I think seeing the child psychologist did help me to get my life in order. The clinical psychologist was very kind to me. He was pleasant to me. He got me to talk about Smyllum and what had happened.
84. I only got to know my father for a couple of years because he was sadly killed in accident in the factory that he worked. I found that very traumatic. I never really got to know him fully. My mother got compensation because of the accident. I always remember my mother having to take me to a solicitor's office every few months for

money out of the compensation to buy me new shoes or something like that. She almost had to go with a begging bowl. She found it very hard to make ends meet.

*In later life*

85. The consequences of my experience of being force fed onions is that I have a great detestation of onions or anything that contains onions. I don't like spring onions, pickled onions or anything in the onion family. When my wife and I go shopping we always look at the packets. If the packet says there are onions in it then we can't have it. I can't even have onions if they are hidden in the recipe. I can't stand the taste, the smell or the look of them. I feel sick even if I am sitting in a restaurant and there is someone sitting near me eating onions.
86. I remember ending up in hospital in Germany after a boxing bout when I was in the army. The first thing I woke up to was a nun looking over me. I remember letting out an almighty scream. I think she didn't know what had hit her. I am absolutely terrified of nuns. If a nun were to walk into a room that I was in I would still probably scream. I'm especially frightened of those nuns with the big robes. I walk the other side of the street if a nun appears. My daughter liked the film Sister Act. I couldn't even watch that. It really is a dreadful fear of nuns.
87. Even now I still get the odd nightmare from my experiences at Smyllum. I do get flashbacks. I've never gone to any sort of counselling. In those days, there wasn't anything like that. I have never been a member of any sort of survivor group.

**Reporting of abuse at Smyllum**

*Whilst in Smyllum*

88. I don't think I ever reported what was happening with [REDACTED] to anyone. If I had told one of the nuns they would have probably just told me to "shut up." For some reason I seem to think that they knew what was going on.

*After leaving Smyllum*

89. I never spoke to anyone else about what had happened to me other than the child psychologist I saw when I was twelve or thirteen. I saw him for about three years.

**Records**

90. I've never tried to look for my records. I've never felt the need to.

**Other information**

91. The impact of going to Smyllum started to fade as I got older. It has never totally faded. I still get pangs but not as much as I used to. When I think about what happened now I think that it was dreadful. Back then I didn't know anything different.
92. I realise that the picture I have painted of Smyllum is that it was a horrific place. In some respects it was. There was, however, some kindness. It wasn't 100% bad. There were times when people were kind. I always found that it was the trainee nuns who were kind. I don't remember being beaten, hit or told off by these younger girls. There were a couple who always used to smile nicely and this sort of thing. The cruel ones were the ones who were older and had the big flapping things on their heads.
93. I didn't know anything different when I was in Smyllum. I was a baby when I went there. Smyllum was the only life I had known. I thought that was what "life is". I neither felt happy or sad. I obviously didn't like the beatings but I just thought that was what life was. I never had any contact with the outside world so I knew nothing different.

94. When a recent newspaper article came out about the 400 or so who might be buried in Smyllum's grounds I wondered whether [REDACTED] could perhaps be one of those children. I will never be able to prove that but the fact that he never came back does make me wonder. Why would he suddenly just disappear off the face of the earth? [REDACTED] disappearance has haunted me for many years.
95. The vast majority of the perpetrators from during my time at Smyllum have probably now gone. I would just like people to know what happened. I want the Inquiry to know so that these things won't happen again. If, in any way, I can make it better for people in the future through talking about my time in Smyllum then that is what I want to do.
96. 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.

AGG

Signed..... [REDACTED] .....

Dated..... 7 NOV 2017 .....