

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

[REDACTED] BKZ [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is [REDACTED] BKZ [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1953. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born at [REDACTED] Glasgow in a home [REDACTED] run by the Salvation Army. I've read my file from Barnardo's and learned that my mum was fifteen when I was conceived and sixteen when she gave birth.
3. I spoke to my mum's eldest sister several years ago and she confirmed that nobody was in a position to look after me. The family originated in Jersey in the Channel Islands. In 1940, they were interned by the Germans in [REDACTED]. My grandfather had to sign over his house and business. He was English and is reported to have said, "I fought against you buggers in the First World War and I'm not going to help you in this one."
4. After the war, they were repatriated to Liverpool and were provided with accommodation just outside Glasgow. That was where my mum met a man called [REDACTED]. He was a friend of her older brother, my Uncle [REDACTED]. I am the result of her liaison with him. He was subsequently charged with being a deserter and was interned at the barracks in Dumfries. After that, I have no idea what happened to him and I don't know whether he's alive or dead. I tried to trace him through the

Seaforth Highlanders, but they have no record of him so the regiment given for him in my file must be wrong.

5. I was taken into care when I was a baby in [REDACTED] 1954. My grandmother was instrumental in me being taken into care because my mum was in no fit state to look after me. When I was first taken into the care of Barnardo's, I went to Haldane House in Alloa. It was just over the Kincardine Bridge. Apparently, it was a rather huge building and wasn't conducive because I had bronchial problems. I don't have any memories of being at Haldane House. I went from there to the intake section, which was Ravelrig House in Balerno.

Ravelrig House, Lanark Road West, Balerno

6. I think I was a year old, maybe a year and a half when I went to Ravelrig House. It was a Barnardo's home. The children were all babies, from babes wrapped in swaddling clothes to toddlers. Barnardo's have films that were made in the fifties to show people where their money was going. I'm in one of the earlier ones, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] at Ravelrig.
7. I have some memories of Balerno. I remember Miss McDonald, who ran Ravelrig. At the back of the house there was a long pathway, which led to a door onto the main street. It was called the secret door. I can still remember that path. I met [REDACTED] at Ravelrig. He's eleven months older than me. I refer to him as my brother because we grew up together. [REDACTED] is described by a term which I think is wrong, mixed race. We're all the same. People look at me and they look at him and say, "He's your brother?" I tell them he is.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

8. [REDACTED]

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

9.

Balcary Children's Home, Buccleuch Road, Hawick

10. Everybody who goes through the doors of Balcary thinks it's lovely or has a lovely atmosphere. I think the people who built the house had a happy time there. It was a very happy house and it's still like that. When you went through the main door, immediately to the left there was a small cloakroom, which we called the clinic. We went in there if we had a scrape or something like that. There was a very spacious hall and off that to the right was the staff lounge. On the left hand side was the dining room, which was huge and had a lovely bay window at the end. If you carried on along the hall, there was a little door on the right that would take you into the scullery, the pantry and down to the kitchen.
11. Each gender had its own play room. The girls' and boys' playroom were split in half for younger and older children. The older girls could partition it off if they wanted to read or sew and knit. In the early sixties, they removed the roof and put a flat on top of the girls play room. That was Miss O'Brien or Mamajee as she was known's domain. We didn't go in there unless we were invited. Every now and again, we'd be invited in for tea.

12. When you reached the head of the stairs, there were three rooms on the right hand side. Those belonged to the younger girls, the older girls and a member of staff. If you continued down the passage way, the younger boys were on the first left. Jasmine stayed over the hall and then it was the older boys. Along the passage way, the first room on the right was a nursery, which was Mamajee's bedroom. At the end of the passage way was Mamajee's flat.
13. The grounds at Balcary were wonderfully and impeccably maintained. Unlike other Barnardo homes, there was nowhere that was off limits. We could go where we wanted, when we wanted. I used to stand in the sunflowers and hide until the gardener found me.
14. There were between 24 and 26 children at Balcary. It was mixed, boys and girls. The children ranged from pre-school to school years. Once you turned fifteen, you went off into the big wide world. There were children who were from broken homes or who had so many siblings that their parents couldn't manage. There were also children like me, whose mothers were so young they were incapable of looking after them.
15. Most of the children were there long term. There was the odd transient person who came for two or three weeks or months and then disappeared again. I think I might have been the last of a dying breed of complete Barnardo's from start to finish. I think my friend [REDACTED] was as well. Some of the other kids, like [REDACTED] and his brother and sister, came from Stirling County Council.

Staff

16. Miss O'Brien ran Balcary. She was a spinster. She was known as Mamajee. One of the older boys, [REDACTED], came to Balcary when his mother died on the passage back from India. His father had been stationed in India with the British Army. [REDACTED] and his sister spoke Urdu fluently. When he arrived at Balcary, he would point to Miss O'Brien and say the Urdu for mother and it turned into 'Mamajee'.

17. It was very much a matriarchal set up in Balcary. Mamajee was very pragmatic in the way that she dealt with things. You knew when she was cross because she would talk very sternly. She was the first person I ever heard use the word 'presently'. When Mamajee retired in 1965, everybody was upset. It was like our mum leaving. Stuart Barron took over. He had one child, [REDACTED]. He said to me recently that he was the only person he knew who was an only child and had 24 brothers and sisters.
18. I can't remember all the staff. [REDACTED] BDA who we called Aunty BDA. She was very stern, but very fair. There was a wonderful lady called Cookie Pollok, who was the cook. She made the wonderful Christmas dinners. Cookie Pollok fell ill and then we got another lady, Mrs Summers. The gardener was Mr Wilson. There were dailies, who came in and did the cooking and cleaning. There was Miss Hutchison, who was a Paisley girl. We called her Hutchie. She looked after the boys. She could smoke. You never saw her without a cigarette in her hand or her mouth. There was another girl called Bobby, who looked after the girls.
19. When I was about thirteen, a young lady from Lockerbie started working at Balcary. Her name was Jasmine Bell. She was very young, but she had a lot of compassion. I spoke to her many years later and she told me that she was at school on the Friday and started at Balcary on the Monday morning. Going by what Jasmine said, there was absolutely no training whatsoever. She wanted to make a career of it so she went into social work.
20. There was a girl called BHR, who was vile. I don't know if she was in the employ of Barnardo's. I don't think I ever saw her smile. She was quite vile to the younger kids. It got to the point that wherever BHR was, other people weren't.

Routine at Balcary

First impressions

21. I remember going up the drive to Balcary. It was a lovely bright sunny day. There were all these people there, a bit like clucky hens. When I turned around to see the foster mother, she'd gone. She delivered me to Balcary and left.
22. When I arrived at Balcary, I was told that [REDACTED] was coming. I wouldn't have remembered his name at that age. I remember an ambulance arriving. My friend [REDACTED] had been getting treatment for his ears. I was wearing dungarees and I had a wheelbarrow, which was green and red. The foster father had made it for me and I took it everywhere with me. This lad came out the back of the ambulance and I realised I knew him. We went to bed that night, looking at each other. [REDACTED] and I have never been in each other's pockets, but we've always been there for each other.

Mornings and bedtime

23. The staff slept on site, within earshot of the children. I was in the nursery when I first arrived. When I got older, I went into the little boys' bedroom. I think there were five of us. We had single beds. Originally, it was the old National Health Board style steel beds. Balcary then got a consignment of more modern beds with little wooden head boards and a foot board.
24. A member of staff woke us up if we weren't awake already, but nobody ever woke us up on Christmas morning. We normally got up at seven. We got ourselves organised. We went up to the bathroom for our ablutions, got ourselves dressed and went downstairs for breakfast. When we got older, we were expected to tidy and generally look after things. We swept under our beds and that kind of thing.
25. Whatever it was that triggered my night terrors at the foster home also came into Balcary. There was a period of time when I'd be on the headboard of the bed, screaming the whole place down. I can't remember it because I was asleep. Aunty

█ BDA said it couldn't go on, so I went and slept in her room to give the other kids a rest. She was on hand. Maybe the fact that there was another adult there helped, because after a while I settled. I didn't wet the bed at Balcary. If children did wet the bed, I don't remember there being any issue.

26. When I became a senior boy, I was demoted down the back stairs. We had a bit more privacy at that age. The senior girls were promoted to the top floor. The attic space ran from one end of the house to the other. Barnardo's converted it into rooms. Most of the staff slept there, with the exception of the two who slept with the small boys and girls. The senior girls were right at the top of the house, where they were away from all the noise. There were two rooms for older boys on the back stairs. █ and I were in the first room down the stairs and then we moved to the next one, which was almost at the back door. I remember joking to █ that the next room we got wouldn't be at Balcary because they were moving us towards the door.

Mealtimes/Food

27. We all ate our meals together, including the cook. There was a big large table and several satellite tables, each with a staff member and three kids. If you think about what a middle class family would eat, that was the sort of thing we would eat. We were very well looked after. On a Sunday, we had what we called a Sunday breakfast which was cereal boiled egg and all sorts. I was never a big lover of pork steak. There were certain things I couldn't and wouldn't eat.
28. Balcary was lucky because it had an orchard. It was up at the back garden, so it was quite sheltered. We had raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries and redcurrants. It was all fenced off, but I lifted the fence and snuck in. I loved raspberries and redcurrants. One day, we were having redcurrant pie. As much as I like fruit, I don't like jam. It makes me sick. I wouldn't eat the redcurrant pie. Eventually, I was told to clear off and that I was getting nothing else. I went into the orchard and ate redcurrants until I was sick.

29. If we didn't like something, we weren't forced to eat it but there was nothing else. There were thirty odd meals to make. I think it stopped us being faddy. I can't think of any children who were faddy about eating.

Washing/bathing

30. I didn't have a shower until I went to Craigerne. I didn't even know what one was. It was all baths at Balcary. [REDACTED] would probably have a bath first. Then they'd draw another one and I'd get in. While I was having a bath, [REDACTED] would sit on the top water tanks. The two of us would be there with a member of staff. I think we took a bath about three times a week. When we got older, we were allowed to have a bath ourselves.

Clothing/uniform

31. There was a wonderful woman called Mrs Maher. She was tiny. We saw her at nine o'clock in the morning and we never saw her again until she went home. She would sit in a room right at the top of the house and she would sew. She repaired clothes. When you were little and started to explore the house, you went into this fair sized room and came across this little old lady, in the window with a sewing machine. She'd ask who you were and say you could sit quietly and let her get on with what she was doing.
32. There was a drawer, two foot long and a foot deep, and it was absolutely full of buttons. I used to sit for hours, running my fingers through the buttons. Everything was recycled. If you had a cardigan and it could be repaired, Mrs Maher would repair it. If it couldn't be repaired, she would remove all the zips, the buttons and the fasteners.
33. I remember we got a consignment of Ladybird clothes for play clothes. They were really bright, stripy t-shirts for summer. They were really lovely because they were cotton. Mostly, we wore Marks and Spencers clothes. I had no idea who this St. Michael fellow was. Our underwear and socks were Marks and Spencers. You could

spot a Barnardo kid in the street because of how smartly turned out we were. We didn't really have any choice over our clothing, but it was all new.

Laundry

34. The sheets and things were sent out to Victoria Laundry, as were the white shirts we wore on a Sunday. They came back starched and you could actually stand your shirt up. If there were accidents during the night, the sheets were washed at Balcary. I remember the first time I saw an automatic washing machine. It was a top loader. I spent about three hours watching it. I thought it was amazing.

School

35. We went to school en masse, so there was no need for a member of staff to walk with us. Mamajee went with me on my first day, but after that I went with everybody else. At that time, the primary school was attached to the high school because they were rebuilding the primary school up the loan. It was called the Hawick High School Primary School. When the other school was rebuilt, it was called Drumlanrig St. Cuthbert's. It had a great rugby team. I adore rugby, but I didn't like the idea of taking my clothes off on a frosty morning on a playing field.
36. I thought I did reasonably well at school, but when I was six or seven, I had an issue with one of the teachers. She was called Miss or Mrs [REDACTED]. She absolutely detested me and I have no idea why. It ended up becoming mutual. I really couldn't stand the sight of her. I don't know what I'd been doing, but I remember this duster bouncing off my head. I was so incensed. I asked her why she had done that and she said that I hadn't been paying attention. I threw it back and as it was in the air, I left the classroom. I went home and told Mamajee. I don't know whether she phoned the school or not, but that was me out of the class. I went to another class and I got on really well.
37. When I was eight, I went to Craigerne Residential School during term time. Craigerne was a primary school, so I left at the age of twelve. I returned to Balcary permanently

and attended Hawick High School. I absolutely loved it. I did have some educational issues. I still can't count, but I aced physics when I was at the high school. Even at 65, I have never memorised the times tables. We were encouraged to do our own homework as soon as we came home from school, but there was nobody there to assist us.

38. On one occasion, I had been quite cheeky to one of the teachers in the high school. I was given two hundred lines. Two of the girls at Balcary, **BHG** and **BEQ**, did them for me. The teacher said it had been done in two different hands. I said, "You didn't say I had to do them." I never got lines again.
39. At the high school, there was a two tier system. There was upper, lower and middle non-certificate classes and above that upper, lower and middle certificated classes. The latter were the people who would do their O'levels and Highers.

Chores

40. We had to tidy our own living space. I felt sorry for the girls because they were lumbered with most of the domestic chores. They did all the washing up, except on a Sunday when boys were expected to do it.

Leisure time

41. Girls and boys didn't go into each other's playrooms, but we mixed outside. There were a lot of toys. We shared them. I liked aeroplanes. We got a model of a Brabant plane, which I liked to play with. I also played with a Fairey Rotodyne plane. We had books and comics. A lot of kids used their pocket money to buy comics. We would be accompanied to the shop. If you came out of Balcary onto the main street, there was a shop on the left hand side of Buccleuch Street called Jenny Sweetie Shop, where I spent all my pocket money.
42. There was a large tree on the grounds. It was in excess of fifty feet tall. It was a giant red sequoia tree. Apparently, the seedlings were brought from Canada when the

house was built. It was right in the middle of the drive way and it was almost like a rite of passage to climb it. The view up there was incredible. You could see most of Hawick. [REDACTED] was always the more adventurous one. He found a Spanish flag in the garage and stuck it on top of the tree. Mamajee got a call from somebody across the valley, telling her to get the German flag off the tree. She told the person it was something one of the children had done and it was Spanish, not German. It stayed up there until eventually it blew away.

43. There was a dog at Balcary called Bruce. He was a golden Labrador. He was absolutely daft as a brush. I was about nine or ten when he died. He was getting on and they realised they needed to get a vet. He was put to sleep. Mamajee never put in an appearance that day. She was always at the head of the table and for there not to be there meant it was something important. She broke the news to us when we came home from school for lunch. We could see that she was upset. He was a lovely dog and I've had a black Labrador of my own as an adult.

44. We went to the Saturday matinee. We always went en masse. We went upstairs to a designated area where we sat and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Otherwise, we were more or less left to our own devices. From the age of eight or nine, Mamajee told us that if we wanted to go somewhere, we could, as long as we let somebody know where we were going.

Religious instruction

45. We went to church every Sunday. Unfortunately, it was in the rule book. We had to regularly attend church. We could go to any church we liked, as long as we didn't go to the Catholic church. I went to the Congregational Church at the far side of town. Some went to Trinity, which was half way down the High Street. Others went to the old parish church, which was literally at the end of the drive and on the right. I don't know why I didn't go there. Eventually, we went to St. George's West. We used to leave half way through and disappear.

46. When we were younger, we were encouraged to say our prayers at night. The older we got, it fizzled out.

Trips/Holidays

47. We used to go to North Berwick for our holidays. I enjoyed the holidays because there was no pressure. Barnardo's had a cottage there called Glasclune. There were 24 kids in three rooms. We were all in bunk beds. There were eight bunk beds in a tiny room. All we did is sleep there. We were out on the beach all day. North Berwick is a lovely place, but it's cold. We would be down on the beach by ten or eleven o'clock. We were there all day. If we wanted to go off and see a puppet show, off we went.
48. There was lots to do in North Berwick. There was a big paddling pool there. Somebody used to walk up and down the beach selling strawberry milk and frozen orange juice. Everybody used to pick strawberry milk and then wonder why they were feeling thirsty again. We used to go round the Bass Rock on a boat. It was an open boat and it was quite a scary experience if you weren't particularly sea worthy. The only thing that put me off the thing was that they got too close to the rocks. We used to go to Fidra Island, to the west side of North Berwick. We were allowed to get off there and explore the island and go into the lighthouse. We could look at the tiny bulb and the huge lens.
49. Mamajee wasn't anybody's fool. On one holiday, we were standing at the High School in North Berwick. Mamajee was arguing with the bus driver. The driver was telling her he only had 24 seats. She asked him why she would book 24 seats when there were 26 of us. Then the guy found two seats right at the front of the bus. One seat was for Mamajee and one was for a girl who was dreadful for motion sickness. Everybody got on the bus and we all went to Tantallon Castle.
50. We had one holiday in St. Annes, which I really liked because the sea was warmer. It went out for miles, as it does on the west coast. That was a long hot summer and most of the holiday was spent sleeping on the beach. We had another holiday at Blackford Brae in Edinburgh. We managed to upset the gardener there. He didn't like children

walking through his garden. It was only later that we found out that the garden wasn't for the children to enjoy. Why he was employed there, I have no idea.

51. At Christmas time, we came to Edinburgh to go to the pantomime. We always went from the station to the Brunstfield Hotel and then walked down to the theatre. We used to get the bus back to Waverley station and then home again. One year, I was messing around on the platform. I slipped between the platform and the steam engine. I was lucky enough to turn myself round so I had my back to the steam engine. A railway worker came out and gave me the biggest dressing down I've ever had. I was looking at Mamajee, expecting her to come over but she didn't. She came over and told me my knees were dirty.

Birthdays and Christmas

52. Dode Ormiston was a butcher in Hawick. He supplied Balcary with meat. He was also Father Christmas every year and did the tombola at the garden fete. He was an amazing character.
53. I think Miss O'Brien decided fairly early on that Christmas was for the children and New Year was for the adults. About a fortnight before Christmas, a tree would arrive. It was too tall, so the gardener came along and cut six inches off the top. He was very embarrassed when it was drawn to his attention that he could have cut it off the bottom. It was a pine tree and you could smell it up the stairs. It was incredible. We'd go to bed at night and, unbeknownst to us, the staff and the older kids would decorate the house. When we woke up in the morning, it was like Hollywood.
54. On the main staircase, there was mezzanine level with a window ledge. It was about two feet deep. Aunty **BDA** would make a snow scene, covered in cotton wool and little figurines. There were little mirrors underneath that looked like ice. We didn't touch them but we would sit and look at it. She was wasted. She could have been a window dresser in Harrods.

55. There were heavy, old paper decorations in the dining room and hall. Christmas dinner was held in the dining room. Cookie Pollok made her own Christmas pudding in November. We all went in and got a wee stir and made a wish. There was always money thrown into it. Only once did I ever get a sixpence. I nearly swallowed it, but I was so pleased.
56. We had a Sunday breakfast on Christmas morning, regardless of what day of the week it was. It was ever so slow. Then they'd tell us to go and wash the dishes and count the spoons. We checked the table to check that Santa had been and the milk was drunk, a big bite taken out of the mince pie and the carrot was missing. Our pillowcases had been laid out the night before and the door to that room was locked. When they eventually opened the door, it was like a damn burst with twenty kids, screaming like dafties. We'd eventually find our pillowcase.
57. We were allowed to take one toy with us and we went off to the Christmas service, which was singing carols for an hour or so. While we were doing that, they were all slaving over the Christmas dinner. By six o'clock at night, we were in our beds. Most people were stuffed full and we'd been awake since 6:00 am
58. The thing I liked about birthdays was that if it was your birthday, everybody celebrated your birthday. We all had birthday cake. Some kids got a cake sent thought the post. Sometimes they made it and sometimes they didn't. Aunty **BDA** was great. She could get 42 slices out of the cake. You were made a fuss of on your birthday. You always got a present from Barnardo's. Your 'aunty' and 'uncle' were also encouraged to send you something. They might send a birthday card with a two shilling postal order.

Personal possessions

59. Everybody had their own little locker in the bedroom. I never had anything in mine because it was all in the playroom. Some of the other kids did have things in their lockers and you didn't dream of going in somebody else's locker. A lot of children had bikes of their own. I couldn't ride a bike, so I quickly gave that idea up. There were a lot of toys, but we shared them. The toys must've gone round in circles.

60. Everybody got pocket money. We also had two shilling saving stamps. I had no idea where the money came from or what it did. I spent my pocket money on sweeties.

Visits/Inspections

61. Everybody had an 'aunty' or 'uncle', who would come and take you out at the weekend. I had an 'aunty' who lived up the back of Balcary. Her name was Betty Wilkinson. I used to go and see her every Saturday and Sunday. That's where I picked up my dreadful Hawick accent. I'm not aware of people spending the night at their 'aunty' or 'uncle's'.
62. There was a group of friends of Balcary. There was a lady from the Red Cross and there were people from Hawick, such as Don Ormiston, who would do anything for Balcary. On Christmas Eve, we came down the stairs and stood on the main staircase. It was like the great and the good were there, although I had no idea who those people were. They would want us to sing 'Away in a Manger'. It wasn't my favourite Christmas carol, so I didn't sing and would be asked to stand at the back.
63. Betty Trembarth was the chief executive officer for Barnardo's in Scotland. Sylvia Massey was the deputy chief executive regional officer for Barnardo's in Scotland. I used to call her 'Aunty Sylvia'. I'm quite honoured to say that I think I was the only person in Barnardo's who was allowed to call Betty Trembarth 'Aunty Betty'.
64. Betty Trembarth's predecessor was called Miss Garland. I've met some grey people in my time, but Miss Garland took the biscuit. She drove a grey car and wore a grey coat, black shoes and a black beret. Everything about her was grey. She was an appalling woman. I went to speak to Mamajee one day and Miss Garland told me that children should be seen and not heard. The difference when Betty Trembarth arrived was like going from 1950s movies to 1960s technicolour. Betty Trembarth was colourful.

65. When they visited, I think they were just seeing how things were going. They used to speak to the children. Miss Garland was very difficult to approach, but Betty Trembarth was wonderful. We could go and speak to her about whatever it was she did.
66. If I had a social worker at Balcary, I was unaware of it. I don't remember any social work visits.

Garden fete

67. The garden fete was usually held in June. Balcary threw open its doors to the public. People wandered through the house and saw how the kids lived. It was to raise funds for our holidays. If there was any money left over, it went to London. The big fete was in 1966, which was Barnardo's centenary. It was usually opened by a celebrity, like the Duchess of Dalkeith, Michael O'Halloran and Bill Tennant. Michael O'Halloran and Bill Tennant did the continuity announcing on Scottish Television. I think Michael O'Halloran stayed for tea and didn't go back to Glasgow until about eight o'clock.
68. Hawick was very much a mill town. Places like Peter Scott would donate seconds. There would be a stall for that, which was always busy. You were only allowed to buy two or three items so everybody could get a chance. Half the town would turn up. It was incredibly busy. Don Ormiston set up his tombola stall, shouted, "Roll up, roll up," and you couldn't see him for all these women. Everybody won a prize.

Family

69. I had no concept of my family when I was young. I didn't make any enquiries about my family until I was about thirteen. I was sitting on the front steps during one of Betty Trembarth's visits. It was about 9:00 pm. Betty commented that I seemed very deep in thought. I told her that I was just wondering who my mum and dad were. She asked me if I'd like to find out. Stuart Barron, who was in charge by then, suggested we leave it for another time but she said, "No, Stuart. We'll do it now." That was the kind of woman she was.

70. It was gone 11.30 pm at night when I actually found out that I had a mother whose name was [REDACTED]. I had no idea what it meant. I remember going upstairs and discussing it at great length with [REDACTED]. I found out all this stuff about me that I didn't know, like I was born in Glasgow.
71. Betty asked if I wanted to get in touch with my mother and I said I did, I think out of curiosity more than anything else. What I had thought and what the reality actually was were two entirely separate things. What came to light recently is that my mother's husband and my step-father, [REDACTED], was quite resentful of the fact that I had appeared. He had made a life for himself and his wife down in Altrincham. I hadn't been in the picture and he didn't expect me to be in the picture. It didn't end well. It very rarely does. I still maintain that every child has the right to find out where he or she comes from, regardless of the circumstances. If the child asks, he or she should be told. If the child doesn't ask, he or she isn't interested.
72. I wasn't aware of any children at Balcary having contact with their family. I thought I was the only one. I've since found out there were several people who did. There was one lad who turned up with his brother. He kept asking where his sister was. It turned out he did have a sister and all three of them were reunited at Balcary. All siblings were kept together at Balcary, as much as they possibly could be. There was one family of five within Balcary. There were [REDACTED] there.

Healthcare

73. Aunty [REDACTED] BDA was a first aider and very good at looking after us if we had cuts and scrapes. When I was about nine, I climbed over a fence and was left dangling by my hand. I still have a scar. I managed to detach myself from the fence and ran into the house. I just sat there and looked at it. I said, "Aunty [REDACTED] BDA I think I've cut myself." She made sure it was clean and put it in a sling. The ambulance came and I went to Doctor McAllister. He stitched it up.

74. Doctor McAllister was the local doctor. He lived across the valley. He was brilliant. I had pneumonia when I was twelve. He very quickly said what we had to do. I was ill for weeks. He was the sort of person who never got old.
75. The dentist was on Bridge Street in Hawick. Everybody went to the dentist. We were always accompanied. I had too many teeth, so the dentist had to extract five teeth. I told the staff I didn't need anybody to come with me. When I came out from under the anaesthetic, I didn't want to walk home by myself. I was never brave again after that about going to the dentist by myself. We were just treated like any other child at the dentist.

Discipline

76. I would say discipline was dealt with fairly. The worst that happened was that we were sent to bed early without any supper, which was a wee snack before bed. I can't remember the circumstances, but I do know that one of the kids was given the strap when I was about thirteen. We thought it was out of order and we told Stuart so. He told us it was in the Barnardo's rulebook. We asked what the rulebook was and he told us to read it for ourselves. I'd never heard of the rulebook before then. I sat and read it. The main thing that struck me was the insistence that we went to a place of religious instruction, preferably Methodist but definitely not Catholic. The rest was exactly as you'd expect, even by today's standards.

Abuse at Balcary

77. [REDACTED] BHR who worked at Balcary, used to bully some of the younger kids. I remember [REDACTED] and I came out into the back yard. There was a path that ran down the side of the house to the main drive. We were up a tree, trying hard to keep quiet. We listened to what was being said but we didn't want to be seen. We heard [REDACTED] BHR and she absolutely terrorised one of the other lads.

78. Jasmine Bell told me that she remembered [BHR] telling her that you had to keep them in line and give them a damn good slap. Jasmine said she wouldn't be doing that. It's hearsay, but it's indicative of what the woman was capable of. Myself and some others complained to Mamajee about [BHR]. Once her husband had finished what he was doing in the RAF, she left. There was nobody there to say goodbye to her because everybody was just glad to see the back of her. I think she left round about 1964 or 1965.

Craigerne Residential School, Peebles

79. I went to Craigerne Residential School between the ages of eight and twelve. I went home to Balcary and I never referred to it as anything else. I had been finding it very difficult to settle down at primary school. I had the difficulty with the teacher and I was still quite unsettled at night time. They thought that a residential school would help. Craigerne was the only boarding school Barnardo's had in Scotland. I got on well at Craigerne. I absolutely loved it. It wasn't like Balcary. There were very strict rules about where you could and couldn't go.
80. Craigerne was a school for boys. I was the only child from Balcary at Craigerne. Lewis Currie told me there was another boy from Hawick called [BEU], but I didn't know him. He took me round to the back of the school where there was a huge adventure course with rope swings. He asked if I could spot [BEU]. I was looking at all these kids and as soon as I heard [BEU] talk I said, "That's him."

Staff

81. When I went there initially, it was ran by Mr and Mrs Nicolson. That man was as old as Methuselah. He was very gruff, although not unpleasant. His wife was a lovely lady. I remember the transition between what I call the old school and the new school in terms of the way it was run. The old school was ran along the lines of the older generation telling people how they thought things should be done. I was appalled when I was a child and we all went to the local church. We had to put on these tweed suits,

which had short trousers. You could spot the Barnardo's kids a mile off with these ridiculous suits.

82. Peter Norris became headmaster after the Nicolsons. He was way ahead of his time. It was as if somebody had opened a window and let some fresh air in. The first week he was at Craigerne, he looked through the window and saw the boys in their tweed suits. The following week he told us that we wouldn't go to church. Instead, we had an ecumenical service in the school and then we could all do our own thing. What I found out many years later is that same week, he phoned the rag and bone man. He took all the tweed suits. He went through all the kids' play clothes, which were darned at the elbows or had patches, and everything went out with the rag and bone man.
83. Craigerne was two entities. There was the school, which Peter Norris ran. He also ran the residential side of it as well. There were two teachers. One was BDS and the other was Pat Campbell. Pat Campbell was ex RAF. He could make planes out of balsa wood and he could play the clarinet. His great love was Acker Bilk.
84. There were two other staff members, John Wright and Lewis Currie. Lewis wife, Sheila, is still alive. Lewis Currie was one of these people that I warmed to because he could listen. He was brought up on the Isle of Lewis. He had children of his own. He understood the way children behaved and the way they reacted. He could see things from our point of view.
85. We called the house masters uncle and aunty. Lewis was 'Uncle Lewis' and his wife was 'Aunty Sheila'. I could never understand why Lewis used to get quite annoyed by that and would say that he wasn't my uncle. It wasn't until I had kids of my own that I suddenly clicked that he would be somebody else's uncle and that was important to him. He brought a realism to a child in a way that a child could understand. He taught us how the real world works and that it wasn't a Hollywood movie where the credits rolled out at the end.
86. Lewis was deeply religious. He felt that everything had a purpose and it was all for the greater good. The thing I liked about Lewis was that he didn't thrash religion into you

whether you liked it or not. I owe Lewis Currie a great debt of gratitude. The man pointed me in directions that I didn't even know existed. My path crossed with Lewis and Sheila again just before I left Barnardo's care and I stayed at Blackford Brae.

Religious instruction

87. Although the Barnardo's rule book said that we had to attend church regularly, I think Peter Norris found a loophole. Peter was a Quaker and he dealt with religion in the broadest strokes possible so as not to offend anyone. He put a stop to us traipsing down to the local church in Peebles every Sunday. He covered himself by having an ecumenical service. Barnardo's didn't take Catholic children, but there were two or three Catholic lads at Craigerne. On a Sunday, the priest would come up and take them away to do whatever it was they were doing whilst we had our service for forty minutes or so.

Leisure time

88. After the ecumenical service, we would go out in the back of the van. That's where I got my love of the outdoors from. The problem I had then, as I do now, was that I couldn't get up hills. Even then, I remember wandering up the hill and stopping because I couldn't go any further.
89. Our imaginations were encouraged at Craigerne. I went there a few years back and took my eldest son. I pointed various things out. A chap tapped on the window and asked if everything was alright. I told him I used to live there and his wife and two kids turned up. He asked questions about Craigerne. I showed them a tree with wooden platforms. We had built it in 1961. We'd watched a programme about the Tokyo tower being built in Japan. We went out and built our own. It took months to do. It's still there.

Holidays

90. We used to go to go to a summer camp in Midlothian for a week or two and then we'd all go back to Craigerne. All the children went to Craigerne in term time and went home for the Christmas, summer, autumn and Easter holidays.

Discipline

91. I was only aware of corporal punishment on one occasion. As an adult, I think it was well deserved. Craigerne had a huge walled garden, which was out of bounds. Next to that, there was a shed which overlooked it. Several boys and I decided to throw snowballs at the gardener. He lost it. He said he wasn't putting up with it and went to speak to Mr Norris. We were summoned to the office and we got a slipper over the backside. I never did that again. To add insult to injury, we were told to go and apologise. You could tell that Mr Norris really hated doing it and wasn't into it at all. It was a short, sharp punishment that happened now and again but that was the only time.

Abuse at Craigerne

92. There was a teacher called [REDACTED] BDS. I was always uneasy around him. He's the only teacher I've ever known who wanted you to sit on his knee. He would massage your back. I don't know whether there have been complaints levelled at him. I wasn't aware of other boys having concerns about [REDACTED] BDS at the time, but I learned things subsequently. I don't know if [REDACTED] BEU has made a statement to the Inquiry, but I feel I should leave that for him.

Bangour Hospital, West Lothian

93. I left Balcary in 1967. I wasn't happy about leaving Balcary, but it made more sense when I read my file. Things hadn't gone well after getting in contact with my mother. I

was placed in an adolescent unit at Bangour mental hospital. At the time, I couldn't figure out why because I definitely wasn't mentally ill. Nobody actually told me why I was going there.

94. It was only when I read my file that I realised why. Because of what happened when I was in touch with my biological mother and the aftermath of that, I turned into a very angry young man. Something had to be done. They did what they thought was best and put me in this new, special adolescent unit which in my case was an absolute unmitigated disaster. I don't know who was running the hospital at that time, but the whole thing was wrong from start to finish.
95. I think there were twelve adolescents on the ward. Girls were on one side and boys were on the other side. The female staff looked after the girls and the males looked after the boys. I do remember being interviewed about being in the hospital. I realised it was getting near the end of whatever it was I'd done wrong. It was as if I was being punished for something. I wasn't there for nurture or to get better. If I was, they had a funny way of showing it. There was no therapeutic intervention as far as I'm aware. Their idea of an outing was for us to walk to Linlithgow and get the bus back.
96. If I'd been sent to prison for stealing, I would imagine it would have been like Bangour. Then it would have been deserved. I didn't understand what I'd done wrong. Looking back, I can understand why I was removed from Balcary but to be put in such a harsh environment was unforgiveable.
97. I was absolutely bored rigid at Bangour. We weren't allowed to leave the ward because it was double locked. I was very naughty one particular day. I went to the toilet and the nurse accompanying me told me to go back to bed. He wandered off to drink tea with the female staff. I decided to sit and read the day book. I sat for about twenty minutes and read what was written about me. Some of the stuff that was written in the day book was nonsense. I can't remember what it was, but it didn't hold my interest enough to go and have another look.

Education

98. There was a kind of education facility at Bangour. When I left Balcary in 1967, I had absolutely aced physics. There was nothing like that. There was a qualified teacher, but it was so general. I opened the mathematics book one day, shut it and pushed it away. I didn't understand it. My education stopped when I got to Bangour.

Visits

99. Stuart Barron only visited me once. He had 24 other children to look after. The only other person who visited me was Betty Trembarth. She visited about once a month. It was very obvious to other people that I was the only person who didn't have regular visitors. There was a lad from Shetland. His parents came down and commented that I didn't have any visitors. I went back to Balcary for Christmas.

Running away

100. Several patients ran away from Bangour. There was no point in me running away. I didn't know anybody and I didn't know how to get to Hawick from there. There was one young lad who disappeared. He was put in a more secure ward. On other occasions, people who ran away were sent to bed.

Another Institution

101.

102.

Another Institution

103.

104.

105.

Leaving Bangour

106. Shortly before I left, I was sitting in the day room, gazing out the window. This couple walked past and waved at me. I recognised them. I realised it was Lewis and Sheila Currie. She said they'd come to see me because I was getting out a week on Monday. There had been no discussion about me leaving before that.
107. I was at Bangour for a year and a half. It was almost like an age of realisation from what I'd been used to at Balcary to the way things were. I was talking to somebody who I met in Bangour recently. He said that shortly after I left, there was an absolute uproar and they closed the unit.

Blackford Brae, South Oswald Road, Edinburgh

108. I arrived at Blackford Brae in [REDACTED] 1968. I'd been to Blackford Brae on holiday previously, but it was a completely different beast when I went back. All the flowers were gone and they didn't have a gardener. There was a piece of grass, laid lower than the main house. We had found it when we were on holiday there. The gardener chased us and told us we weren't allowed to play on it. When I went to live there, Lewis told me the kids used it for football. The kids used to play football from six o'clock at night till midnight if they could get away with it.
109. I had known Lewis and Sheila Currie prior to going to Blackford Brae, so I understood where they were coming from. There is a film made by the BBC called, "Hard to Love". It was about children being brought up in care and had a whole section on Blackford Brae. [REDACTED] but Sheila and Lewis were interviewed more than anybody else. The film crew were there for about three days. I got to know the film crew because that's where my interests lay.
110. The children at Blackford Brae ranged from nine or ten right up until school leaver age. Most of the children were damaged goods and had a lot of stuff going on. Unlike Balcary, it was more transient. It was a different ball game by then. Children weren't

there for their whole childhoods. A lot of them had been victims of abuse. I didn't talk to the children there about that kind of thing.

111. I loved when I was on a day off at Blackford Brae. The other kids would go off to school and I had the whole place to myself. I would hang out with the staff. They were great. They were all trained. They had gone to Moray House. They knew what to look for and signs of stress. There was much more discussion about how children were feeling. That didn't happen so much at Balcary, but it was of its time.

Routine at Blackford Brae

Meal times

112. Lewis realised what kids would be doing if they were living at home. Rather than getting the kids to sit down and have a meal when they got in from school, he let them make themselves some sandwiches. The meal was later on. It was a great idea.

Religious instruction

113. We were expected to go to church on a Sunday. I was working six days a week. One day, I said I wasn't going. They all went to church and I went back to sleep. When I came down the stairs later, Lewis wanted to speak to me. He asked me why I wasn't at church. I told him I worked Monday to Saturday and Sunday was the only day off I got. I didn't want to get up at nine o'clock in the morning on my one day off. He said I was making a good point. That was the sort of man he was.
114. The older kids were then excused. Fairly rapidly, it became a question of who wanted to go to church. Children were given the choice. It was a breath of fresh air.

Bed wetting

115. Bed wetting was more prevalent at Blackford Brae than at Balcary, even though it was for older kids. There was a lot more going on there than at Balcary. They do say that if a child is still enuretic at that age then there is an underlying cause. I think Sheila Currie was well aware of what the cause was. These young adults weren't as secure as they could have been.

Work

116. When I initially arrived at Blackford Brae, I was told by Sheila to enjoy myself because I was on holiday. I just wandered around. The first thing I did was climb Blackford Hill. After a while, Lewis found me the job. I'd always wanted to be a television camera man. I went for an interview to be a cinema projectionist at [REDACTED] and started the following Monday. I went there by bus. I remember the first time I got on a bus in Edinburgh. I got on the bus, put out my hand and the driver picked out the change. I had no idea about bus fares or anything like that.

Contact with Balcary

117. In 1972, I went back to Hawick with [REDACTED]. We wandered up the road to Balcary. Stuart insisted that we stayed for tea, which we did, and then we got the bus home. It was just like going home and visiting the rellies.

Leaving Blackford Brae

118. At Balcary, I wasn't given any preparation for leaving care and moving onto independent living. At Blackford Brae, there was more preparation. Lewis would point out that we couldn't do certain things and provide reasons. Things had moved on by that point. There was some discussion about whether I had given any thought to what I wanted to do. I still had no idea because I had no practical experience. I did have an after-care worker who I could touch base with about my concerns.

119. I left Blackford Brae when I was seventeen. I moved into a house at [REDACTED] I think the landlady was called Mrs Mannie. She was used to having people out from six in the morning till five o'clock at night. I worked split shifts so I'd be back during the day. That used to throw her so it wasn't great. Sylvia found me another lady who I was with for many years. I got on really well with her. Her name was [REDACTED] She then became [REDACTED] when she got married. I still keep in touch with her and treat her as my surrogate mum.

Life after being in care

120. [REDACTED] was into property so we moved from [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] in Edinburgh, which was across the road. She then bought a house in [REDACTED] and I moved there as well. She bought a pub so I decided to go there and worked in the pub for a year. She has a daughter called [REDACTED] who calls me her big, beautiful brother. I love [REDACTED] to bits. There's fifteen years between us.

121. I wasn't officially discharged from Barnardo's until I was 21. Sylvia Massey called me into the office and told me she needed to talk to me. She told me they were officially discharging me from their care. I said I was 21 and she told me she knew that, but she need to close the file. I looked at her and said that I thought I'd always be a Barnardo's kid.

122. Barnardo's were running a business. They were bringing in physically and mentally vulnerable children. By the end of the twelve or thirteen year cycle, they were making them reasonably capable of operating in the outside world. Some managed quite well because they went from one institution to another. Others failed miserably because the world wasn't what they expected.

123. Of all the people that I knew at Balcary, only two stayed locally. One was [REDACTED], who got an apprenticeship as a painter. He's still there now. Some of the kids moved away and came back. [REDACTED] still lives there and so does [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] married and stayed in Hawick. There are older kids that I didn't know who married locally and stayed there.

There's quite a bit of Barnardo connection throughout the town. It wasn't Balcary, it wasn't Mamajee and it wasn't Hawick. It was the whole thing put together which made it work. Everybody knew who you were.

124. I moved back to Edinburgh from [REDACTED] in the late eighties. I went to work in a garage. I was handling cash, even though I couldn't count. Eventually, I met [REDACTED] the woman I can now call my wife. [REDACTED] had a son, [REDACTED] before she met me. In 1990/1991 we were in the process of forming a company connected to radio. We noticed that our son, [REDACTED], wasn't doing what he should've been doing. He was missing milestones. [REDACTED] was pregnant with [REDACTED] at the time.
125. [REDACTED] started doing the same things that [REDACTED] had done. [REDACTED] was diagnosed with autism and three weeks after [REDACTED] was diagnosed as well. We had a long conversation about what we were going to do. It wasn't fair to leave [REDACTED] in charge of two autistic children. The company was on the verge of being ready, but we had to put it to bed. It finally got wound up in 2000.
126. It's in my notes from quite early on that the quickest way to get me to sleep was to sing. My mother apparently used to sing to me to get me off to sleep. I used to sleep with the radio on. I still really don't like my own company. If I'm a room peeling the potatoes or whatever, I have the radio on. I've always loved all types of music. Maybe that's why I do the radio station. I am a DJ on a community radio station.
127. I was in touch with my mum twice. Once when I was thirteen and once later on. I decided to cut contact. I felt as if I was there on sufferance. When our son, [REDACTED] was born, [REDACTED] needed to know a bit more about my family background. It was through her that I got back in touch with my mother. We got on very well for about fifteen years. It was then made very obvious that because of [REDACTED] difficulties, they'd rather he didn't visit. My mum's husband made that decision. We came as a unit. It was the five of us or not at all. We cut ties. I didn't think it was fair on [REDACTED] to tell him he had a grandparents, but they didn't like him because he had autism.

128. My step-dad died about five or six years ago. Last year, shortly before I went on holiday to Detroit, my cousin, [REDACTED] had told me he was visiting my mum. I asked him to tell her that my phone number hadn't changed. When we were in Detroit, [REDACTED] told me that he wasn't to give me my mum's phone number at all. I told him I was forty years living without her and I could live another forty years without her. It doesn't bother me anymore. If anybody wants to get in touch with me, I'm an easy person to find. I'm the only [REDACTED] I have two half-brothers and two half-sisters. They know where I am, but they've not made any moves and that's fine.

Impact

129. I would have loved to have continued with my education. My education stopped when I went to Bangour. I didn't get any qualifications at school. One thing I didn't understand about Barnardo's was that you weren't encouraged to stay on at school. You left at fifteen. A lot of the older kids went into the forces, from one institution into another.
130. I didn't have anything to go by when I left care. The thing that got me about Balcary was that some of the older kids didn't leave, they just weren't there anymore. You'd go to school, come back and they had gone. They never came back. Some had horrendous experiences when they left because they had nothing to base it on.
131. [REDACTED] said to me that we were very lucky to have a middle class upbringing without the money. I'd never thought of it that way, but he was right. It was also a downside of living in Balcary. The expectation of the way things were on the outside didn't match up to the way we'd been brought up. Balcary was a very happy place when I was there. I still refer to Hawick as my home town.
132. I can't remember what it was we were discussing, but I was trying to understand something. My wife, [REDACTED], said, "Well, what on earth did you do when you were a kid?" She tends to forget, but it's a totally different ball game when you've grown up in care. I still struggle with things to do with the family tree. I remember when I was at primary school, there were two girls that I knew. I asked if they were sisters and one

of them said that they were cousins. I asked, "What's a cousin?" They told me that their mothers were sisters. They thought I was quite odd because I couldn't understand.

133. I still toil when it comes to family structures. I have a second cousin in Edinburgh. She's my cousin [REDACTED] niece. She tells me that she's told me things before and she writes it down for me. I tell her that my head is hurting. It's just something that I find very difficult. I can understand that she and I are related. Her mum was my cousin. I still struggle with that, but I'm a bit better now that I have [REDACTED] family and my own.
134. I'm really lucky because I have two families. I have the family that I'm biologically related to and I have my Barnardo's family and I don't make any difference between the two. A lot of the kids I was at Balcary with are like family to me. My daughter [REDACTED] calls [REDACTED] 'Uncle'. She does the same with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and Auntie [REDACTED] in Hawick. I feel I'm better off than most people because I have two families.
135. When I lived in [REDACTED] it was around the time of the Jamie Bulger murder. Our neighbour's boyfriend said he blamed those people who were brought up in children's homes. My wife's pal went ballistic. She threw him out of the house and told him that I was brought up in a children's home. Sometimes, I have experienced a reaction when I tell people where I was brought up. Sometimes, people can be patronising and call you a poor little thing.
136. I don't know anything different than the way I was brought up. A friend of mine speaks about Christmas when he was eight years old. He woke up in the morning and was looking for his Christmas presents. His mother said that little bastards like him didn't get Christmas presents. I was mortified. He's a great judge of character, through necessity. I don't know what would happen if that had happened to a child in care, but everybody has their own experiences of childhood.
137. Years ago I was in my mother's front room and my sister in law, [REDACTED], started to ask me about Barnardo's. She asked if I minded talking about it and I said I didn't mind in the slightest. I asked what she wanted to know and said that it wasn't my fault I was

brought up in a children's home. She went silent. I turned round and my mother was standing there with a face that would turn fresh milk sour. I thought to myself that I had nothing to be ashamed of.

138. ██████ asked me what I would choose, if I had my time again. I don't know what it's like to be brought up in a normal household. I have no conception of it. I can only take what I think I know, through ██████ guidance and watching my own children grow up. But everybody's childhood is different. There's no blueprint. When people ask how my upbringing was, I tell them I had a ball. I loved my time at Balcary.

Reporting of Abuse

139. I never reported what happened at Bangour to anybody as an adult. Up until recently, there wasn't anywhere you could report it to. I felt it had to be mentioned to the Inquiry. It wasn't right, what was done.

Records

140. It all started in Australia with the Freedom of Information Act. The Barnardo's kids in Australia wanted to see their records, which were held in London. Barnardo's then had to do the same for kids in the UK. A couple of other Barnardo's kids had their records. I realised I could do it to. I spoke to the after-care section at Barnardo's earlier this year. It wasn't difficult to get my records. They were posted up to me. They came with a letter, reminding me that they were written in the style of the time and as if you were never going to see them. After reading my Barnardo's file, I thanked Sheila Currie for being so kind.
141. Seeing my records didn't bother me at all. I think you develop safety mechanisms when you grow up in care. One is to detach yourself from what is going on. You can detach physically and emotionally. I think it's inherent in children who are brought up

in the care system. It prevents anybody from hurting you. I took me nine hours to read through the whole thing.

142. When I read my records, I was surprised by the amount of lies I had been told from early on. I had been told that I was wrenched from my mother's arms. I wasn't. My mum had told me that she had to sign the papers. She didn't. My grandmother was with me and she signed the papers. It was either an untruth or a misinterpretation of the facts. I would have thought that giving up your first born is the sort of thing you don't forget.
143. I was 47 years old when I found out I was asthmatic. I had this argument with the doctor because he sat there and told me to carry on doing what I was doing. I didn't know what he meant and he said I had asthma. I told him I didn't. I thought he had the wrong patient records. He went out and got my file and opened it up. I had been diagnosed with asthma when I was a child, but I had no idea. I was gobsmacked.

Lessons to be Learned

144. It's difficult to talk about something that no longer exists. It's fairly unique to each person. My view of Balcary is that I had a great childhood. It wasn't just Balcary, it wasn't just Mamajee, it wasn't just Stuart Barron, it wasn't just Hawick, it was all of it together. If I'd been anywhere else, I don't think it would have been as positive. I took part in a documentary for BBC Scotland on the 150th anniversary of Barnardo's birth. I said before the interview that it was very important that they state that although I had a very positive experience, not everybody did.
145. On one occasion, I was coming up the staircase in Balcary. The after-care worker, Gladys Fraser, was having a forthright conversation with an older girl. She was saying that she only had one coat. Gladys Fraser turned around and told her that she was the same as everybody else. She reeled off what everybody left with. It was the security the girl was scared of losing, she wasn't worried about whatever else was in the suitcase. If she'd been moving to a house across the road, it wouldn't have been

as much of an issue. I remember a girl telling me that she got the train from Hawick to Edinburgh to start work. She got off at Waverley station and just stood there. She said that if it hadn't been for a lady who offered to help her, she reckoned she'd still be there. There was no preparation. It was a minefield.

146. Every child is different. You can't homogenise everybody, send them in one door and expect them to come out the other door several years later and they'll just cope. They don't because a lot of people don't have the correct tools or social skills. If you've never been aware of social cues before, you will have no idea how to read them. You learn those in a normal home environment. If you've been brought up in a controlled environment, it doesn't always work although there are people who manage perfectly well.
147. You couldn't go to a book and find out how to bring up a child, because the book would refer to whichever child it was written about. I'm not an expert on autism and would never profess to be. However, I am an expert on my own son and my own daughter. I could give you pointers in the right general direction, but the rest you have to do for yourself.
148. I think Barnardo's would have had a far worse time when the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry started had it not been for the likes of Lewis and Sheila Currie, Peter Norris and Stuart and Joan Barron. They brought childcare into the twentieth century, albeit a bit late in the day. The change in childcare went from a business to a vocation. Before, Barnardo's employed people because they didn't know any better.
149. Barnardo's grew up in the sixties. It could not continue the way it had been going, being ran by middle aged spinsters. A lot of people didn't like the way things changed at Balcary when Mamajee retired. The best people to deal with children are people who have had children themselves. They know what to look for and so on and so forth. Then, it was a job where the door was open to just about anybody, because they didn't have the checks and balances that they do now.

150. I remember coming across a newspaper from 1953 when I was laying a bit of lino. There was a report about a man in Lerwick who had been prosecuted at the sheriff court for molesting a young boy in the toilets. Of course it went on back then. It's just that it's better reported now.
151. I was watching a series on television about serial killers. There was a programme about Myra Hindley. I couldn't understand why an adult would want to kill a ten year old child. As I grew up, I realised that people go around killing children because they don't fight back. Some of these were probably, at one point, prime examples of people who would have been employed to look after children. The background checks weren't there. I've been police checked because there is a nursery across the hall from the radio station.
152. Nowadays, anybody going into childcare is vetted and police checked. They should also be asked why they want to go into childcare. I think it should be instilled in children from a fairly early age that if something is wrong and they tell somebody it's wrong, they'll be believed. You only get one crack at it. If you tell the child it's nothing and he should run along, it's gone. It needs to be looked at. Unfortunately, it's all down to money and resources nowadays. The likelihood of the care system reverting back to the way it was is probably less than nil. I think everybody has learned that, given a certain set of circumstances, there will be people who will manipulate things for their own purposes.
153. 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.

BKZ

Signed.....

Dated.....

31/October/18.