

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

### Witness Statement of

AAA

#### Support person present: Yes

1. The name that I use is AAA. I'm not one hundred per cent sure about that however. I found out about three or four years ago that my first name was given to me by a nun. I found this out when a reporter wrote a story about me and a nun who had actually worked at Smyllum contacted the newspaper. Apparently when I arrived at Smyllum I was known as baby AAA so the name AAA was given to me.
2. I have three dates of birth that I have been given down the years. AAA 1959, AAA 1960 and AAA 1958. I received an extract of a birth certificate from a social worker. I have a copy here it says, Extract AAA register of birth for the district of Tradestown in the Borough of Glasgow. dated AAA 1960. It says that I was born on AAA 1959 which is the one that I use. I am currently 57 years of age according to that.
3. I have never been told why I was in care. Never told anything about Nazareth House which seems to be where I was from very young. I started in Nazareth House, moved to Smyllum in Lanark then to Dunavon House in Strathaven and eventually to Calder House in Hamilton.

**Life before care**

4. I have no memories of life before going in to care.

**Life in Care**Smyllum House in Lanark

5. I don't know how old I was when I went into Smyllum. My first memories of being in care are of sleeping under my cot. I must have been old enough to get out of the cot. I don't know where this was though.

6. I think it was the Little Sisters of Mercy who ran the Smyllum. There were 150 to 200 children in there. Boys and girls were kept separate. The part I was in was called Tiree and there were four wings. They were all called after Scottish islands. I was in block 26 and you always kept the same bed, unless you left or you got fostered.

7. I can't tell you how old I was at different times because I knew nothing about birthdays or anything so I never knew how old I was. In fact I didn't know what a birthday was until I was 11. We were away somewhere and the hotel we were in gave me a cake and a card. They sang happy birthday to me. I threw the cake in the sea.

Daily Routine

8. You got up at 6.am every morning. When you got up in the morning you had to do your bed block. Just like in prison or in the army. One nun had a stop watch to time you and if you went over you got punished. You went to mass and then confession then breakfast. Then you had to clean up the dormitories and the toilets. Then you went to school. The school was in the home. You went to mass and confession four times a day.

9. They had this thing where they would give each person a square on the floor. The floors were tiled and you were given a bit that was about two foot square, that was your square and you would stay in it until they came back to get you. You had to wash it dry it and polish it over and over until they came back for you. This would normally be when the nuns had finished their dinner.

10. Then religious catechism, then your tea, then mass after your tea and confessions again. Most of us were in our bed for 7.pm at night. You were locked in your dormitory. There was a bell at the end of the corridor and you could ring it if you needed to go to the toilet but nobody used the bell. They just wet the bed and accepted the punishment.

11. People would often wet the bed and take the punishment rather than ringing the bell to get out of the dormitory. I don't know who was in charge at night. It might have been civvies. A lot of the guys would rather face the punishment in the morning. Later I found out that it wasn't safe for people to go out at night. I don't know for sure if abuse happened when people went out.

12. Once I used the bell to use the toilet and the member of staff just stood behind me and I couldn't go. He gave me a slap for wasting his time.

13. Everybody wore exactly the same combination of clothing. Black plimsolls, grey socks, grey shirt, grey pullover and grey, short trousers. The pockets of the trousers were stitched up so you didn't put your hands in your pockets and slouch. I was in second year at secondary school before I got my first pair of long trousers.

14. The girls exact same, everything they wore was grey. There were no individuals. Everybody's heads were shaved even the girls.

15. Don't know how many nuns were at Smyllum. At mass it was for the full place. You would get clean underwear every day. Trousers and other things every three days. You only had two pairs of trousers. If they were both in the wash then you had to wrap a towel or a blanket round you.

16. There were no games or sports. You weren't allowed to lie on the bed. Most of your time was spent with a bible in your hand. You were expected to be reading your bible. Everywhere you went you had to have your back straight and your shoulders back. They stitched up the pockets of your trousers in because if you put your hands in your pockets you slouch. If you didn't have something to do the nuns would have you doing some kind of cleaning like the 'magic square'.

### Education

17. Ninety per cent of what you were taught in the school was religious catechisms. I can't remember anything about education in Smyllum. You weren't taught what you got taught at normal schools. Religion was pummelled into you. You finished school and you would be back to mass then confession and then your dinner. Then there would be about an hour of a break then you would be back to school.

### Mealtimes

18. You would be in the dormitory and you would wait to get called down to breakfast. Sixteen people would be sat at each table. You could always tell who had wet their bed because they would be the ones wearing the wet sheet. They had to wear it all day. At night they would make you take the sheet and put the same sheet back on your bed.

19. They gave you porridge but you could have built houses with the stuff and it was freezing. Someone would say grace. If you didn't eat it for breakfast you got it for lunch. If you didn't eat it for lunch you got it for tea. If the food made you sick then they just scraped the sick off and fed you it for the next meal.

20. It reminded me of 'Oliver' asking for more. I used to think that he wouldn't have been asking for more if he lived here.

21. Generally the food in Smyllum I wouldn't have given it to a dog. Everything was boiled and the life was boiled out of it. You never got salt or pepper or sauce. Everything was tasteless.

22. When the nuns got their meals they used to select kids to serve them. Sometimes kids who did this would steal some food. They food that they ate was nothing like ours.

### Bathing

23. On a Sunday you went through a process of having a bath. After a bath you would get your head cleaned with a big metal comb. But I had no hair so when they finished with the comb my head was pure red. Every Sunday at 1.pm everybody would line up for baths. Girls one side and boys the other. The quicker you got there the more chance you had of having warm or clean water. They would wash about thirty people before they changed the water.

24. The people that bathed you were the nuns. Even the older boys were washed in front of the nuns. Weekdays, you would wash at the sink. The toilets had no doors on them and there were always a couple of nuns about. The only times you saw a priest was when they wanted you to do a particular job or when you were at mass. Toilet cubicles had no doors on them there was no privacy. Certain nuns had certain routines. You could tell depending what nun was on what was going to happen. The children could stand there waiting for a bath for up to three hours. The children could be standing naked. The nuns washed you themselves regardless if you were three years old or seventeen years old. They used a deck scrubber and carbolic soap, most of us would come out of the bath bright pink and sore from all the scrubbing.

### Punishment and Abuse

25. Only in the last couple of years I've learned to look at people in the eye. I was brought up to believe it was disrespectful to look at a nun in the eye. If you did you would get a slap across the head from the nun.

26. For the first six or seven years of my life I thought that my name was 'bastard' because that was all I was ever called. They would say, "Where is that wee bastard". Some people think that nuns don't swear. Nuns are some of the most evil people I have ever met. You look at a nun and you might see 'God's servant' but I don't see God's servant'.

27. There was a laundry basket where they used to put you for punishment. One nun would put you in a laundry basket. It was big enough to take three of you. They would strap you in with big leather straps. I spent quite a bit of time in the basket. Sometimes because I didn't understand the instructions that I'd been given. One time I didn't eat my food and I was kept in the basket for 4 days. You had to sleep in there and you had to urinate in there. They did let you out for other toilet stuff but you had to go straight back into the basket afterwards.

28. You always had to have a bible in your hand. If you weren't doing a job then you had to be reading your bible. If you didn't have a bible in your hand or open reading it you would be punished. Depending what nun it was this might either be a couple of punches or there was one nun who had a wean's cricket bat and if you were ten seconds over your time then you would get ten strikes with the cricket bat.

29. You could either bend over and take it or if you decided that you didn't want to then a couple of nuns would use some schools ties to tie your hands to a radiator. The nun would strike you on the back of the legs or the butt.

30. One time that comes to mind is that in the morning at breakfast you had to put your hands out in front of you face down. The nuns would walk around behind you. If your nails were clean you got some breakfast. One time, nothing was said to me but a heard a sound a stick makes if it is moved through the air quickly. It was brought down on my hand and it snapped my fingers. It was a brush shaft. It broke my fingers.

31. I had to be taken to Stonehouse Hospital. The man that saw me at the hospital knew that it wasn't right. The nuns had said that I had fallen over trying to jump on a roundabout. The man asked me and I just said what had happened and he said

something to me that so many people have said to me down the years. He said "Leave this with me, I'll get it sorted". Nothing happened though.

32. I did get a battering for telling the truth though. There was a room next to the laundry. All mattresses and stuff. I was taken in there and beaten with a bit of hose pipe. I was told that I'd better keep my mouth shut in future.

33. A lot of this stuff I don't really understand. There was group of us that were told that we were the ones that nobody wanted. So we should be thankful to the nuns for giving us a life. A lot of this stuff I think of as petty. But it's not petty; these people should not have been allowed to do this. I used to end up blaming myself, I still do really.

34. I once swore at a nun. My punishment was to kneel at the side of a nun that had died. She was laid out in the chapel. I had to kneel at her side and pray all night from 6.pm until 6.am. I was with the dead nun and I was terrified, I'd never seen a dead body. I was only 6 or 7 when this happened. They said it was my penance for swearing. There was a nun sitting in the corner with a bible, then another nun came in to take over from her. It was a concrete floor. It was freezing. I had to stay on my knees the whole time.

35. I've been in prison and I'm not proud of that. I've been in prison with some of the most horrible men in this country but I'd rather sit in their company than sit in the company of a nun. The nuns that I knew were animals.

### Sexual Abuse at Smyllum

36. It wasn't about sexual abuse with the nuns but Father **BAK** was always touchy feely. He would give you cuddles and stuff. One time he asked me to wait behind and help him through the back putting the books away. I was to put the books up on a rack. He was meant to be holding me up in case I fell. But he wasn't, he was running his hands up and down my legs going towards my groin. He touched me and I brushed his hand away. He told me to get down from the steps. He grabbed me by the throat, pushed me against the wall. He touched my penis over my clothing. He

was actually going for my zip when I pushed his hand away. He basically told me that if I told anybody then he would 'fuckin' kill me'.

37. I went to confession two days after it. I confessed to a priest what had happened. The priest told me to hang back because he wanted to talk to me. He took me in to the back where all the prayer books and everything were and did the exact same thing to me. I think this was Father BAL

38. I had a feeling that something was going to happen because when I went into the room because I heard him lock the door. He tried to kiss me on the lips. I pushed him away and asked him to open the door. I told him that if he didn't open the door I would shout and scream and make as much noise as I could. So he opened the door and I walked out. He never said another thing. I would have been around six or seven at the time. The reason I remember, was I was going to be making my first communion and that happens when you are seven.

#### Foster Parents whilst at Smyllum

39. I have a scar on my cheek that I got from foster parents. Children's homes are like cattle markets. There is a lounge, but above the lounge there is a balcony right round the wall. You'd sit in the lounge and people would walk round the balcony and they would point at kids and say, 'What about him? What age is he? That's what it is like. If they pick you they take you away for the day. After that they take you for a weekend. If that goes ok then a few weeks after that you're fostered.

40. One time some people took me to their home and showed me a bedroom. Bed, carpet and everything. They said this is yours. I wasn't used to this, my bedroom was always dormitories. So I was excited about that because I thought I was escaping from the home. So when all the papers were signed I moved in but that bedroom was not mine. That was for overnight guests, I lived in a cupboard under the stairs.

41. At that time the pubs would open at 11.am shut at 3.pm and open again at 7.pm and shut at 10.pm. When they went to the pub I'd be locked in the cupboard.



When they came back from the pub with all their mates I was brought out like a plaything to serve up drinks for people.

42. The foster father told me to take his boots off one night and I said 'no'. He was drunk and he began to swear. He grabbed my hair and put my face in front of his boot. Next to the fireplace was one of those wee sets you used to get for the fire. A brush, shovel and a poker. He hit me on the face with the poker because I wouldn't get his boots off. I ran into the toilet and climbed out of the toilet window. It was the top floor of a tenement. I ran away to Glasgow Green and stayed away for two nights.

43. When the police found me I was still in my pyjamas. My pyjamas were covered in blood. They asked me what happened and I told them. They took me back and my foster parents said that it was me who'd attacked him and he had acted in self-defence. They didn't take me back to the home though they took me back to the place that I had just escaped from. They locked me back in the cupboard, went to the pub and basically told me that when they came back from the pub I was getting beaten.

44. I escaped again by kicking out a panel on the door. This time the police found me on Glasgow Green. I think I was eight or nine at the time. I don't remember the names of the people who fostered me. I only got fostered twice. The longest was about three weeks and the shortest was about 5 hours. Because these people change, they are all nice until they get you home. The first set of foster parents were alcoholics and they only fostered to get more money for drink. I didn't realise that at the time.

45. The ones that I stayed with for 5-6 hours was because they got me in the car to take me where I was staying. The social worker came and did his bit then he left. Once he was gone I was informed that I would have to do what I was told or suffer the consequences. I knew that if I had stayed that I was going to get more of what I had already got so I ran away again and ended up back at Dunavon. After that I just refused to be fostered. I said that I wasn't interested. I felt that getting fostered was like 'out of the frying pan into the fire'. I grew up believing that it was all my fault.

### Doctors and Dentists at Smyllum

46. Only time that I saw a doctor was to check on injuries I'd received. Any other illnesses the nuns did it. I don't know if they had any medical training. If you didn't feel well you would keep it to yourself because no one was interested. I never saw a dentist. There was nothing like that.

### Independent visits or Inspections.

47. I am not aware of any inspections or anything. I didn't even know what a social worker was until I was 10 or 11 and it was a social worker called Tony Blandell but I was in Dunavon by that time. Smyllum was no fun at all. I'd more fun in prison. You always had to whisper. You didn't want to be caught talking or having a laugh. You would be given a slap. I don't recall them ever having any record of punishments handed out.

### Christmas and Celebrations

48. No fun times that I remember at Smyllum.

### Final Thoughts on Smyllum

49. I found out that nuns don't like you to swear but they are happy to swear themselves. That's basically where I learned to swear, from the nuns. They would call you names and say that they had wiped better things off their shoes. They would say that I should show them more gratitude because they're doing me a favour. There was a group of about eight or nine of us who were the ones that nobody wanted. Because of that we knew that nobody was interested in what we had to say. So we kept things to ourselves.

50. I tried to hang myself three times when I was at Smyllum then I gave up because I wasn't very good at it. One time I stepped off the radiator and the rope

snapped. I ended up with five stitches on my head. I was taken to the doctor. I never told him that I'd tried to kill myself.

to hang myself. I just said I was carrying on. I had a red mark on my neck but no one said anything. There was no enquiry into what had happened that I know of.

51. I can remember the name of a nun called Sister **AGB** I also remember the names Father **BAK** and **AFL**. In Smyllum you stayed behind the wall. Only time you got out was when you escaped.

**Another Institution**

[Redacted]

First Day

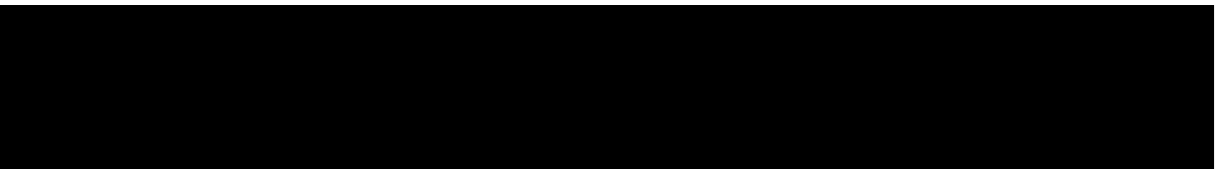
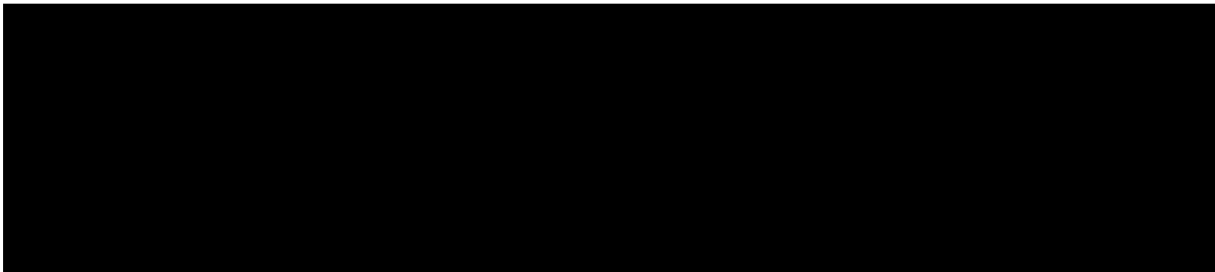
[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

56. There was a group of us who had been dumped. I stayed in that group because that way we were safer. I didn't realise I was doing that at the time. It took me a while to get used to [REDACTED] because I'd got used to Smyllum. I thought that it was going to be better. But it wasn't, it went from bad to worse.

57. For the first 2 or 3 months I kept myself to myself, I found it really difficult to make friends. There was a group of about nine or ten of us that nobody wanted. Everybody else was in for things like 'care and protection', or their parents were in hospital or their parents were having problems and they were in the home for two or three months.



### Education

61. Education wasn't really a thing I knew about till I went to [REDACTED] and they put me in a school outside the home. I hoped it would be an escape but it wasn't. It was

like jumping out of the frying pan in to the fire. If I'd known what it was going to be like, I'd have taken my option and got out long before.

62. I did go for about a year to [REDACTED]. I never really went though. I used to run away and hide in bins and that. People wouldn't talk to you because you were from a home. I did get caned for missing primary a couple of times.

63. There was no Catholic Secondary school in [REDACTED]. I thought school would be an escape for eight hours from the home. But when people found I was in care it seemed like they didn't want me to mix with anybody. They used to put me on the roof at playtimes. Everybody else had desks. I didn't have a desk. I had a seat in the corner. I was told to turn my chair round to face the wall. Either that or I was on my knees in front of a statue of the Virgin Mary.

64. On the first day I met headmaster Mr [REDACTED]. He spoke to me about being in a children's home and told me that I would be treated the same as everyone else. He must have forgotten to tell the teachers. I wanted to learn at school. The only thing I learned was, 'Don't go'. School never taught me anything but violence.

65. To get to the school in [REDACTED] they used to give you a bus pass. You had to go collect a pass after breakfast. If you missed going for a pass by being two minutes late in the morning you didn't get one and you had to walk each way. It was 7.5 miles each way. I had to do this many times. I could have walked the route with my eyes closed.

66. These people were supposed to be looking after me but they never knew where I was. I would 'dog' the school, go into [REDACTED] and change my clothes. I would wander about all day then when it was time to go back, get changed back into my school clothes and go get the bus. They would think I'd been at school all day so the school obviously didn't tell [REDACTED] that I wasn't attending.

Abuse at [REDACTED] whilst a resident at [REDACTED] Another Institution

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Punishment and Abuse at [REDACTED] Another Institution

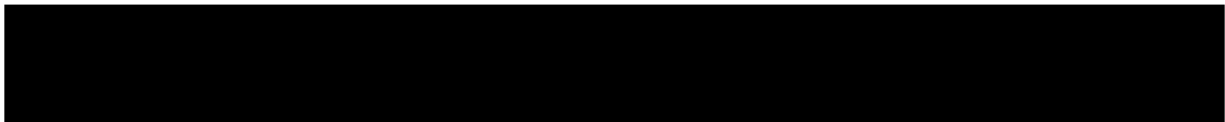
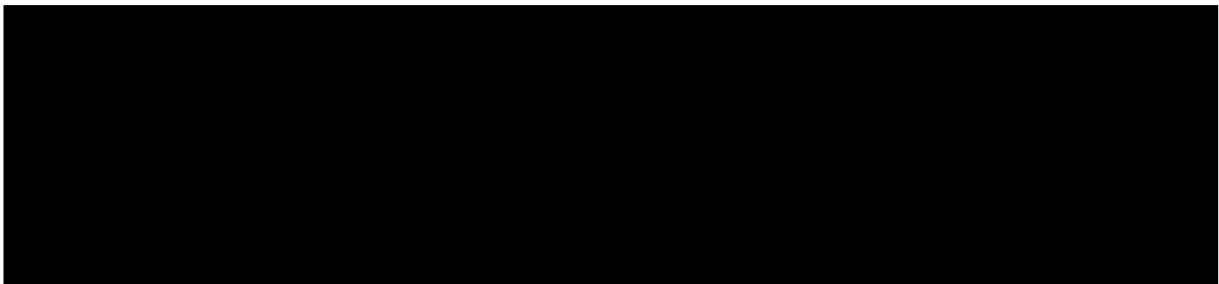
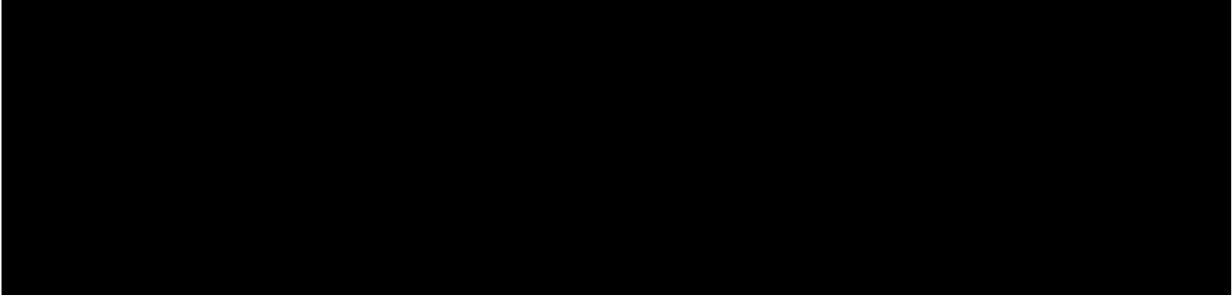
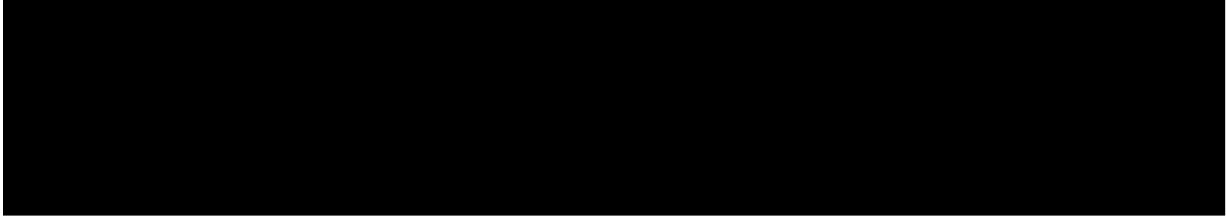
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

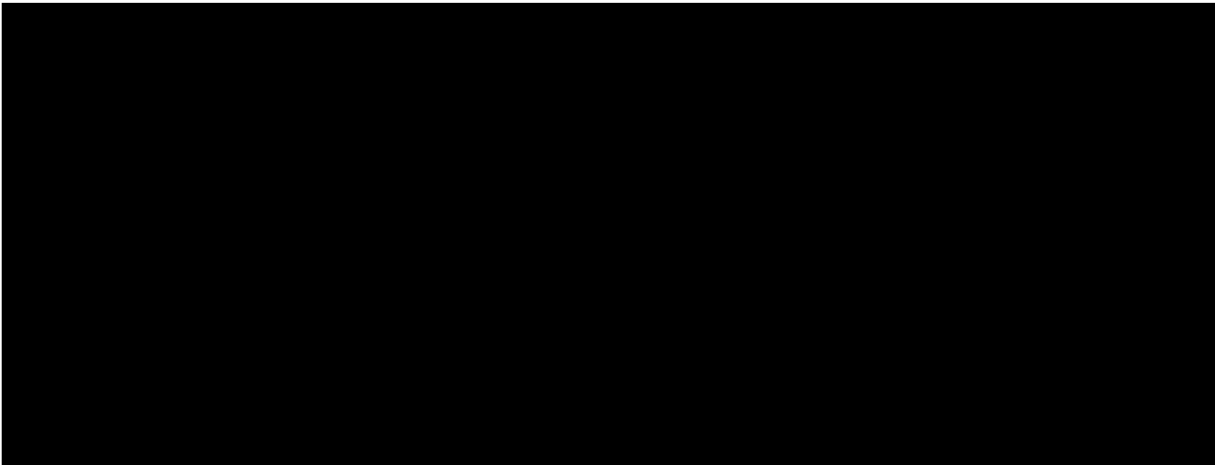
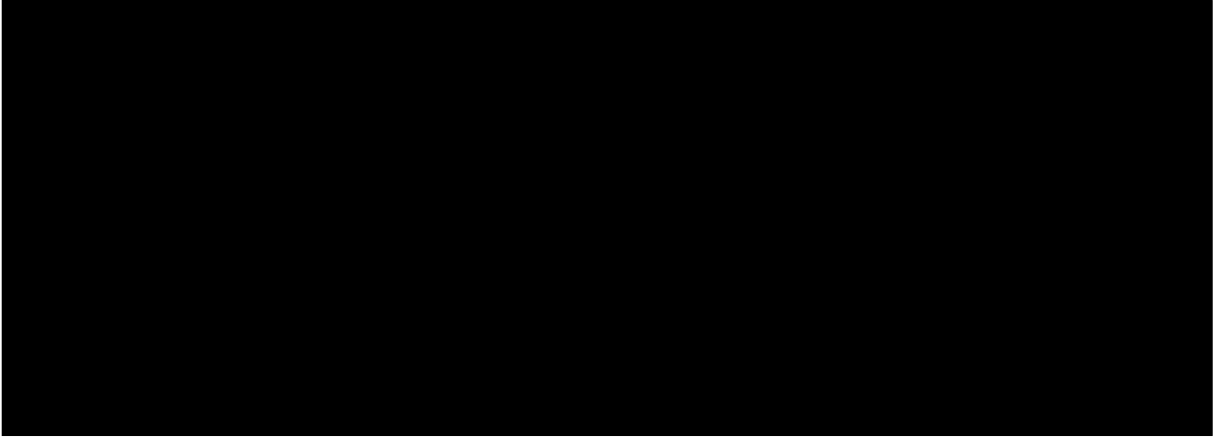
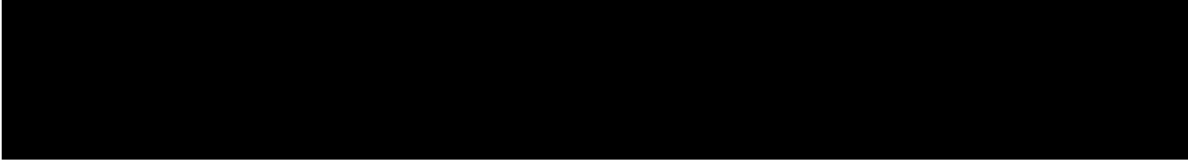
[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

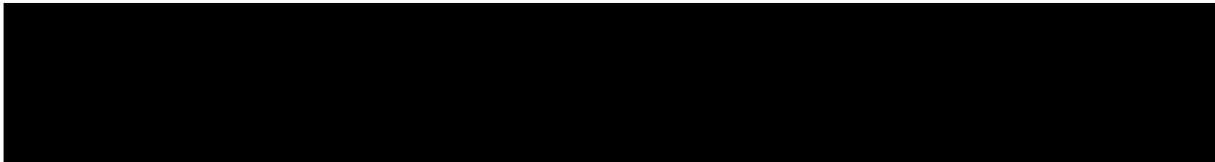
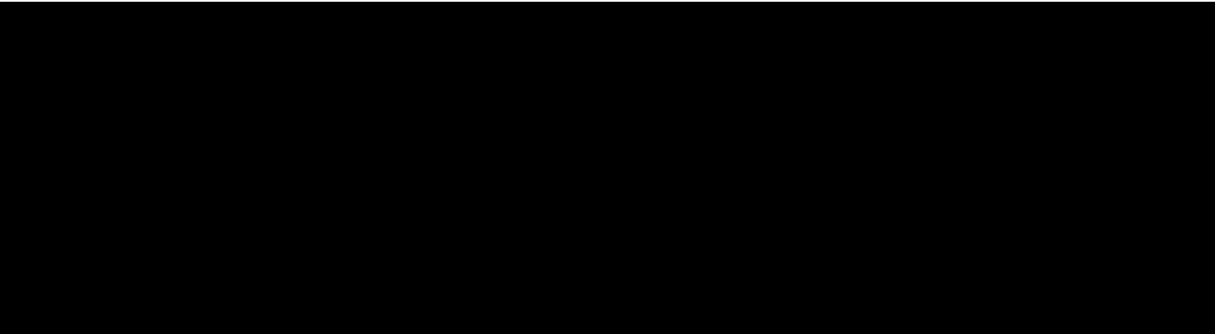
[REDACTED]

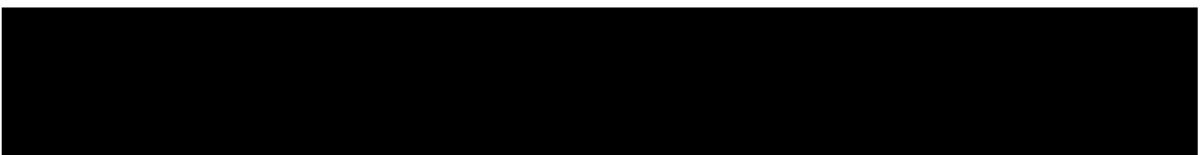
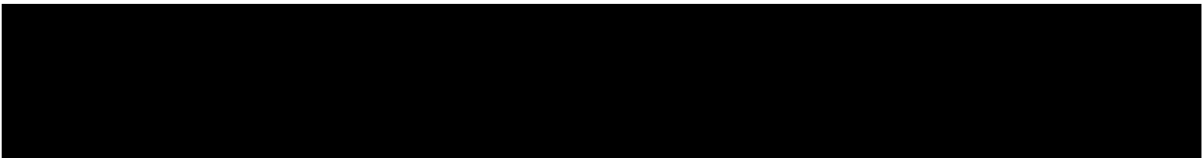
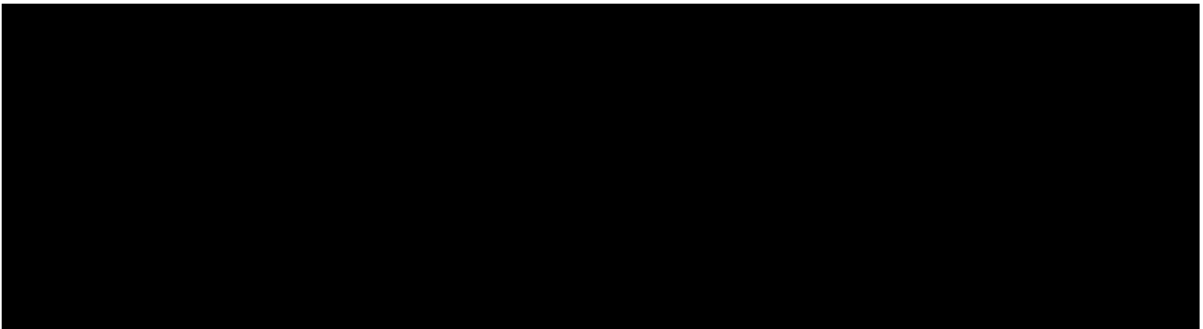
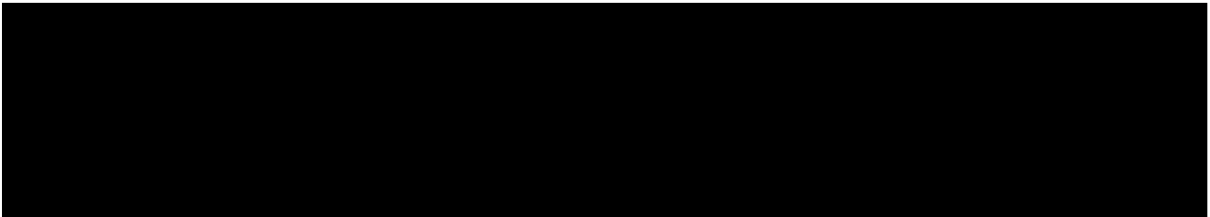
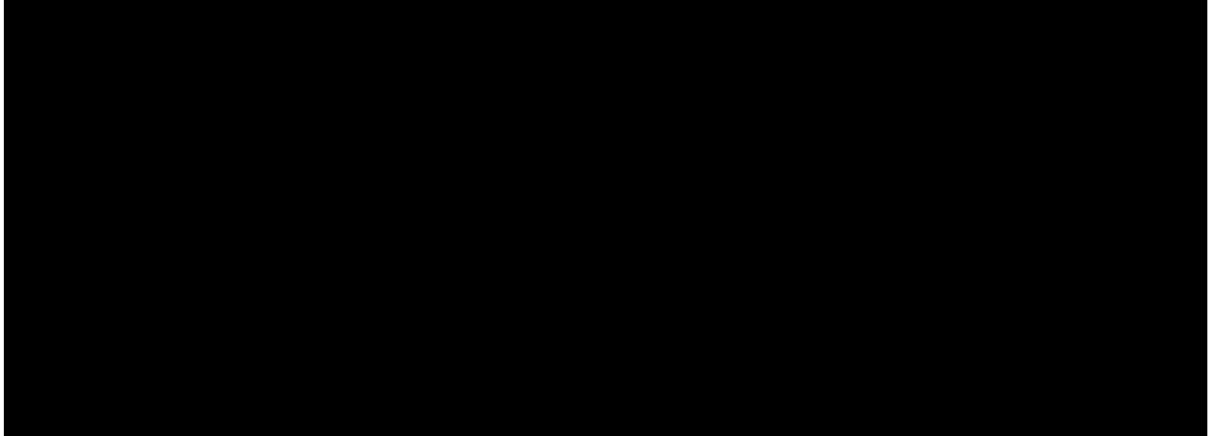






Injuries sustained at Another Institution





[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Birthdays and Christmas at [redacted] Another Institution

[redacted]

[redacted]

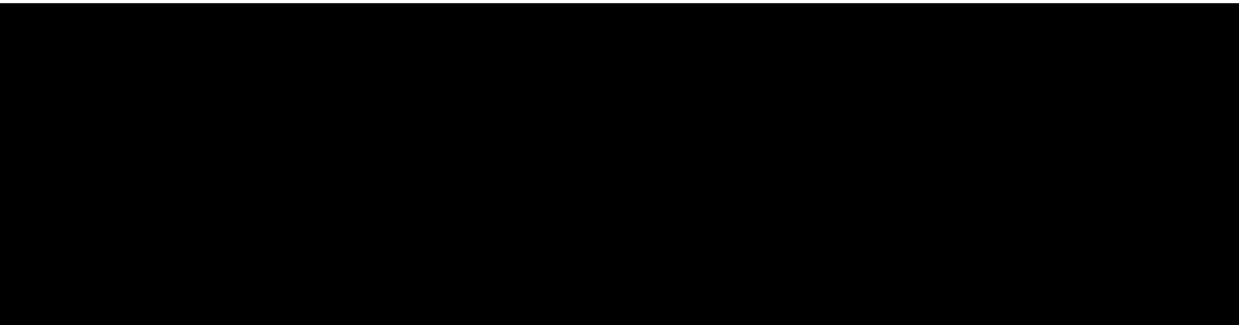
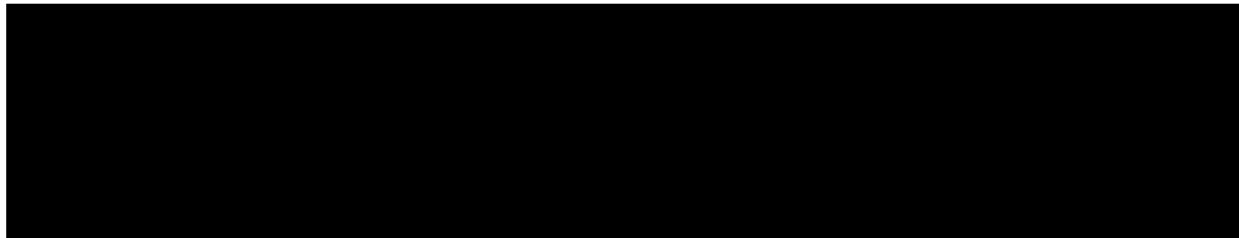
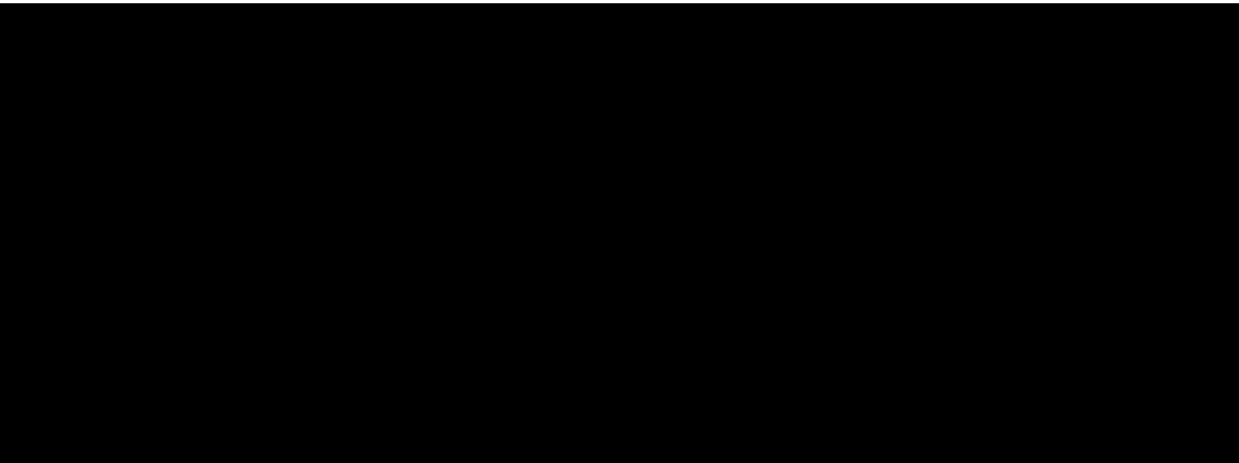
Holidays

[redacted]

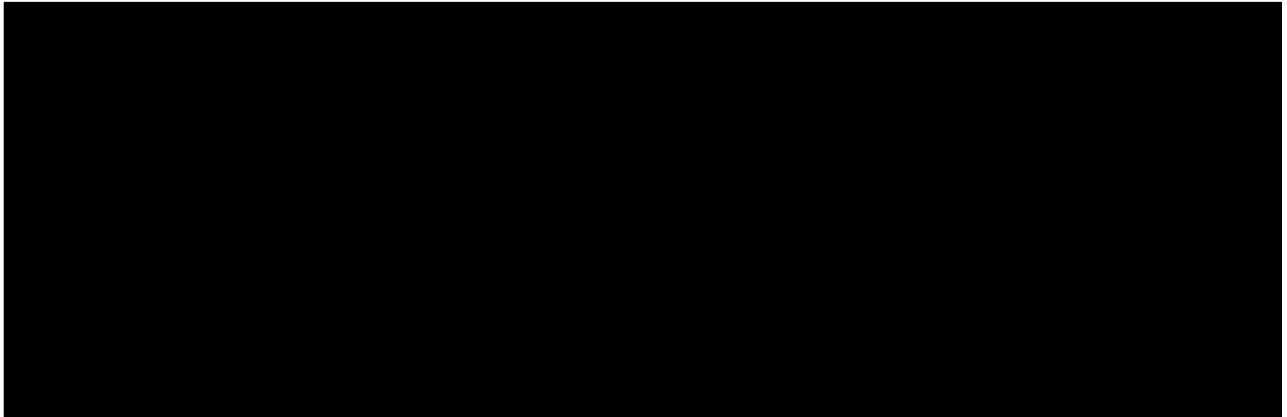
[redacted]

Abuse by Jimmy Savile whilst in the care of [redacted] Another Institution

[redacted]



## Social Worker



## Life after Care

### Meeting my parents for the first time

108. I met my mother once. It was years ago and I never got much of a chance to talk to her. In fact I never spoke to her at all. I don't know what I would have said to her. This was in 1980. I got a phone call from a social worker asking me if I'd be interested in meeting my parents. When he first asked me I said no. Then he came back to me and I said ok but I wanted to meet them in a public place where I wouldn't be embarrassed and I would have an escape.

109. So they arranged for a meeting in the Royal Hotel in Hamilton. I took a workmate with me because I didn't want to go by myself. I would have been about twenty years old at the time. I walked into the hotel and I saw my social worker and he was sitting with a couple who I knew must be my parents. The guy was a big, big man with jet black hair.

110. When I walked in my Social worker called my mate and me over. I decided that I needed a pint before I could go over. So I was standing at the bar getting a pint. The big man with the dark hair started coming towards me and he tried to cuddle me. I stopped him. The woman who was like a wee witch with straggly hair came towards me, pushed the guy who was supposed to be my dad out the road and said, "Is there any chance of getting a fuckin drink here?" So I walked out.

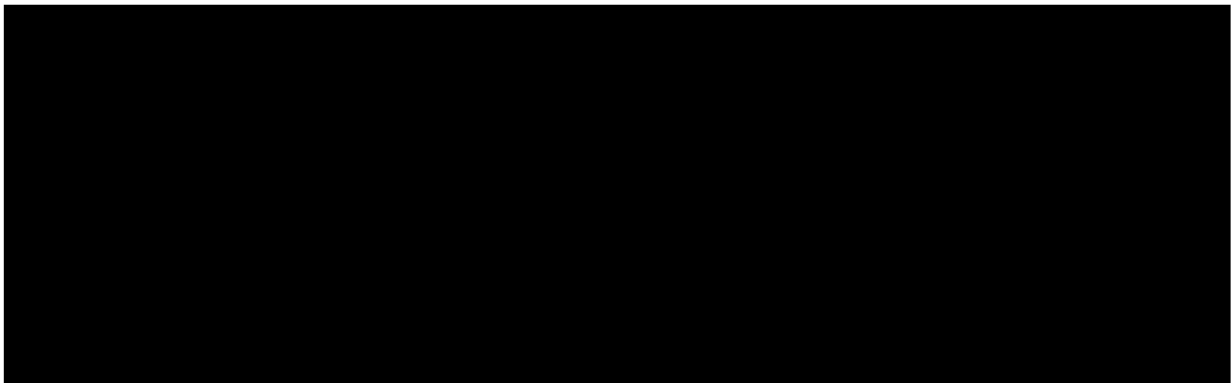
111. Two weeks later I had to bury the guy who was supposed to be my dad. I don't even know if the guy was my dad. They were going to put him in a pauper's grave but I decided to use what little money I had to bury him. I'd just got married and we had a kid so we had a wee bit of money put by. We'd hoped to use it to get a house but we ended up using it to bury him. There was nobody else at the funeral, just me. I had to get a couple of guys who were working at the graveyard to help me put the coffin in the ground.

112. I'd been at work and when I came home my wife told me that the Police had been up from Hamilton Police Station. They told me that the Glasgow Police had been in touch saying that my father had died and they needed somebody to identify him.

113. I was told to go to the mortuary at the High Court in Glasgow. When I arrived I explained to them. I don't know this person; I'd only met him once. When I looked at him, it didn't look like the same guy that I'd met in Hamilton. He'd had jet black hair and was a big guy but this was a small man with grey hair.

114. I went down to where he'd been staying to see if he had any property. They warned me in advance that his bedsit room hadn't been cleaned and that he'd been taking oxygen, that there had been an accident and that his chest had exploded. The room was a bit of a mess with blood up the wall. I met him twice, once in a pub and once when I buried him. But I'm not even sure it was the same person.

Leaving  Another Institution





### Life after Care

117. When I left [REDACTED] there was nowhere for me to go. So they put me in a secure unit called Calder House in Hamilton. I don't know how it was arranged that I was going there. I was just told one day to pack a change of clothes. When I was there I was working Monday to Friday so I was never in the place. I'd got a job as a skinner in a slaughterhouse.

118. I'd already sorted out some accommodation with a friend's parents but the home said 'NO' and made me go into Calder House. But when I wasn't working for instance on a Saturday I had to get up at six, do my run, do my circuits, go to the gym then chores to do for the rest of the day. I had to scrub out cells and I was paying to live there.

119. On a Sunday I got given a fiver and I was allowed out for two hours. But there was nothing to do in Blantyre on a Sunday afternoon. I would just sit in the park and then go back. Then one time I just didn't go back. I stayed in the tunnels up on the south side of Glasgow and lived on the streets for 18 months. Then I went to prison.

### Prison

120. The first time I went to prison I was 17. It was for the attempted murder of a police officer. The police officer ended up giving evidence on my behalf. I went to prison for just under three years. When I came out of prison I was a heroin addict. I was living on the street with alcoholics and addicts. My life just cascaded from there. I've done five prison sentences. The last one was for seven years. I've been out of

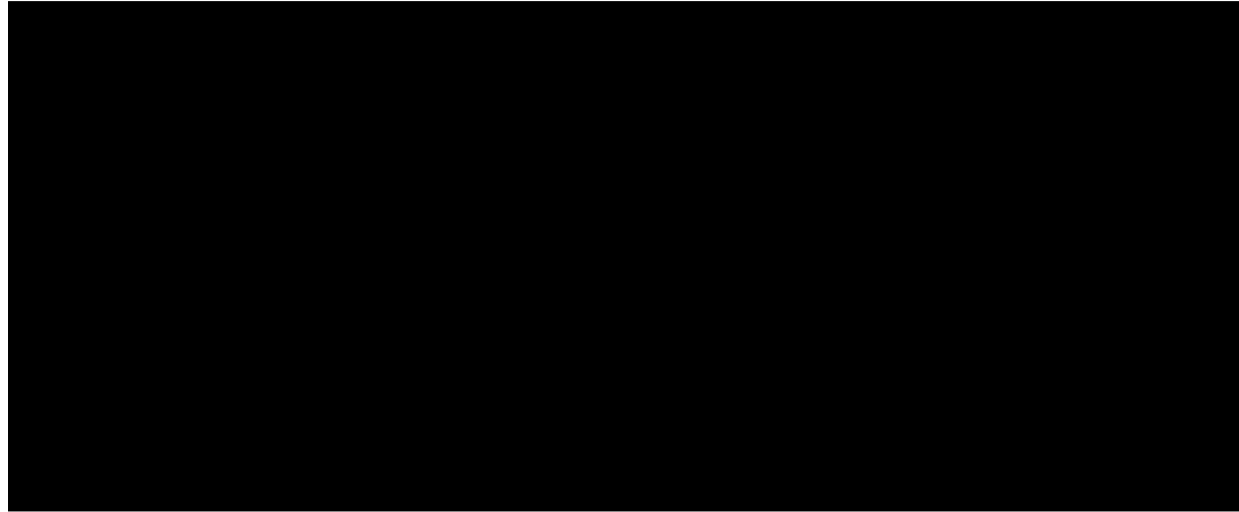



prison since 2004. First time I ever saw a dentist or had a conversation with a doctor was in prison.

121. I once did a course in Haverigg prison on assisting violent offenders. Part of that was 'one to one' counselling with a psychiatrist. She gained my trust and I opened up to her about some of the things that had happened to me. She asked if she could use some of my stuff for her final paper. I agreed but I never saw her again. She left me in a very bad place. It was just another example of people letting you down. Nobody followed up to see if I was ok.

### **Records**

122. Because of the lack of records, I don't even know how I ever ended up in care. I handed a data protection form in to County Buildings in Hamilton as they requested me to do. They told me I needed legal representation. They weren't helping me very much when I took the form up and I refused to leave until I spoke to a manager. Hamilton District Council had me arrested. They had me arrested by the police. I have had a Fiscal fine four times now whilst trying to get access to my files. I had to pay a total of £240 in fines just for trying to access my information.



125. I also went back to Smyllum. I just jumped on the train. It was my first time there in forty years. A journalist wrote a story about me being from Smyllum and an old nun rang in and said that [REDACTED] wasn't my real name and that it had been given to me when I arrived in Smyllum. The journalist tried to get more info from the nun but she was whispering and said she couldn't say any more. Then she hung up the phone.

126. I have seen some letters that somebody gave me saying that I had been in and out of care as a baby because my mother didn't have a bed for me. Also there is one that states that they lost me in the care system. How can that happen? They didn't even know where I was.

### **Impact**

127. I have 'Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder', Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, I am suicidal and I suffer from depression. I am on a lot of medication. I take 27 tablets twice a day. I have had an official diagnosis of PTSD. I take drugs for addiction, depression, to help me sleep, and for my nerves.

128. The optician told me that told me that I am having blackouts because of old injuries that haven't been treated. I've had a CAT scan and I have a shadow behind my ear. I wish I would go to the doctor and he would tell me I was going to be dead in a week.

129. I am a recovering drug addict. I tried heroin for the first time when I was eight. Someone in the home got me it. I didn't enjoy it but it made me feel safe, invincible. About three months ago I was drinking and I decided to sit on the railway line to die. For some reason they had shut the line that night. I was ashamed that I had allowed these people to do these things to me.

130. I got married in [REDACTED] 1980 but my wife divorced me in 1992/3. She divorced me for unreasonable behaviour and I understand that now. I never really explained to my wife what had happened to me. I would love the opportunity to meet

my ex-wife and apologise. I was very moody, I had terrible headaches. I used to take myself out of the environment to avoid them seeing me that way. I had three children with my wife, two girls and a boy. I don't know where my children are now. I would like to make up with my children and explain to them one day.

### Looking for help

131. I went 'Realise' which is a place for people with mental illness. I went to 'Thrive'; they do a half hour interview with you before they will give you a consultation. Nothing came of that. I tried Citizens Advice and explained a bit about myself. They apologised and said there was nothing they could do for me. I phoned Samaritans once and they put the phone down on me. I was talking for about forty five minutes. I took a wee break to roll myself a cigarette and when I picked up again they had hung up. I was suicidal at that time as well. I feel that some people want us all to die before all this stuff comes out.

132. I've had brilliant support from Speak out Scotland and my support worker



133. In 2006 I reported abuse to the Police in Blantyre and I was basically just told that it was so long ago that there was nothing they could do. I think the person I dealt with was called



134. I've been trying to get help with my accommodation which is infested with cockroaches. Although it's been treated, it's not any better. I would love to live in the country so that I could sit at the river and fish.

135. I contacted the Confidential Forum and they offered to let me do a statement. When they finished my statement they asked if they could share my statement with Hamilton Police. I said yes and they ended up taking a statement from me. I also gave a statement to Operation Yewtree the Jimmy Savile enquiry.

## Final Thoughts

136. There is a graveyard in Lanark called St Mary's. There are 41 black marble headstones which have all been maintained. These are for the nuns of Smyllum. Across from that there is a wee wooden plaque that says, 'To the children of Smyllum'. Apparently there is also a little mound in the graveyard and there are 152 babies buried in there. There are no records of these babies' births or deaths. The Catholic Church spent a small fortune on black marble headstones for these nuns. We as a group survivors had to go and graciously get people to put a monument up for these kids.

137. When we were in the home you heard things. Young lassies would disappear and that was the last you would hear of them. Apparently a few of the young lassies had been raped by priests. Apparently they were pregnant and the nuns had aborted the kids. Now whether that happened or not I don't know.

138. I enjoy cooking. I worked towards and obtained an NVQ 1& 2 in catering during my last prison sentence. I ended up running the kitchen in Prison. I really loved it. I actually find the pressure of the kitchen is good for me. I worked on a scheme in a hotel in ██████ for 26 weeks. They couldn't pay me because it was a government scheme. I got a job with them for 17 months. Since I've been back in Glasgow I haven't been able to get a job. Medical advice is that I shouldn't work in a kitchen because of my temperament.

139. One of my biggest fears when I started talking to the Scottish Child Abuse Public Inquiry was that nobody was going to believe me; they are going to think that I've made it all up. It was like Victorian times but it happened all the way through my childhood. It's left me like I am.

140. I do not understand the 'In care survivor's fund'. I am drowning in debt. I was alcoholic and drug dependent when I left care. The life that I've had to live has left me with debts that have been following me for thirty years now. This is something that really impacts on my life right now and puts me in real danger. The survivor's

fund have been unable to help me to deal with this danger. I am trying desperately hard to stay away from a criminal lifestyle but I really need this practical help.

<sup>0141</sup>  
140. I have made a statement to the Police. I have made a statement to the Confidential Forum.

<sup>0142</sup>  
141. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed



Dated

12th dec 2017