

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

[REDACTED] QEU [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is [REDACTED] QEU [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1954. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I am unclear of some of the dates of events that occurred when I was a child, and I have made them accurate as I can. I was born and brought up in Pollockshaws, Glasgow. My mum's name was [REDACTED] and my dad was [REDACTED]. I have an older sister called [REDACTED] and she is four years older than me. When I was twelve months old we moved to Arden in Glasgow. From the age of five, I went to a local school that was across the street from our home. I used to come home from school at lunch time and my mum would be at home to meet me.
3. One day, in [REDACTED] 1960, I came home and there was no answer from my mum when I called out to her. I found her lying on the kitchen floor, she had felt unwell that morning, and it turned out she had collapsed and died very suddenly. My Uncle [REDACTED] and Auntie [REDACTED] took me and [REDACTED] in for a few days, and then we were taken to the Quarriers Homes before the funeral. I have no memory of how this came about and there was no discussion. My dad was very authoritarian and you did what he said, and no-one explained to me why it was happening.

Quarriers Village, Bridge of Weir

4. As far as I understand, my dad had to pay for us to stay in Quarriers Homes as we were not orphans. We were taken there in 1960 when I was just six years old and [REDACTED] was ten. We were in there together for around two and a half years, possibly three years.
5. I was inquisitive and I asked questions when I was in Quarriers. I wanted my dad and no-one explained to us where he was or why we were in Quarriers. It was part of what Quarriers was about and the responses they gave me became part of the abuse. The more I asked the questions without getting a proper response, the more I felt I was being abused. It was not acceptable to them. My sister knew more because she was older. She told me 'mummy's dead and not coming back, she's up in heaven'.
6. On the journey to Quarriers, I remember Uncle [REDACTED] took us as he had a company car. He was my dad's brother. He picked us up from his house and he was asking my dad if he was doing the right thing. This was a matter of three or four days after my mum had died. There was no-one official involved, and no social worker or care worker. I assume my dad used those few days to make enquiries about who would take us. It might have been only Quarriers who would take children in our circumstances. On the journey there I can't remember what my feelings were. I was just happy to be with my dad in the car and I didn't know where we were going.
7. Quarriers Village had its own church and it had its own school. When you came in the front gate to the village it was walled all around the grounds. On one side there were fields of grass and a row of cottages on the front. Cottage 13 was about three cottages along. The road went round to the right. It was a huge area and very self-contained. There was an office in a separate building to the right of the entry gate. I never went to the office as a child, but I went there as an adult. There were cottages

dotted all over the site and all of them were known by a number. There were different sizes and some were bigger. I was only ever in Cottage 13.

8. If you went in the front door of Cottage 13 to the left was the parlour, then there was the hallway, the kitchen and dining room and there were stairs going up. They were big stairs with a polished bannister. To the right was a playroom and a conservatory that stuck out from the rest of the building. The playroom contained a large snooker table and at the start I didn't quite come up to the height of the table. There were no toys as such, but there were some specific toys for specific children. Me and [REDACTED] came in with no toys of our own. We just arrived in the clothes we stood up in, with a small suitcase and a wee bag each.
9. There were eight or nine of us in total in Cottage 13. It was the same in every cottage. The children ranged from my age, and maybe younger, up to much older. If I hadn't got parents they would have kept me until someone wanted me, and if we'd not been collected by our dad, my sister would have very likely been sent to Australia as Quarriers used to send children there. The rest of the children in the cottage didn't have parents. Some children left in the time I was there and they were always replaced by new children. It was like a conveyor belt.
10. Cottage 13 was run by Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] I never knew their first names. They were the house-parents. As well as the [REDACTED] there was a lady who did house-keeping, she was a domestic, I can't recall her name. I also can't recall the names of any of the other children in the cottage.

Routine at Quarriers Homes

First day

11. We arrived at Quarriers Homes – it was a massive, big place and a village in its own right and contains some beautiful buildings. I was holding my dad's hand and [REDACTED] was holding his other hand when we arrived at Cottage 13. We never went

to the Quarriers offices or saw anyone official. Mr and Mrs QDW/QD
X came to meet us. We went into the parlour with them and this was their own private area of the cottage. They had a discussion with my dad and I can't recall what was said. My sister was more aware of what was happening and she tried to protect me from the start. I held onto her when my dad got up and said 'I'll see you kids' and left the cottage.

12. The QDW/QDX, who spoke with very broad [REDACTED] accents, showed us around the rest of the cottage and where we would eat and where the play room was. We were taken upstairs to see the bedrooms. That set-up is vague to me and I seem to recall bunk beds. The QDW/QDX had no children of their own, but they had [REDACTED] [REDACTED] who lived in the house. They were children in Quarriers, but they were treated as the children of the QDW/QDX and treated very differently to the rest of us.
13. I thought we were just on a day trip and would be going back to Glasgow. My dad told us that this was where we'd be staying and I thought he would come back for us. The next time I saw him was three years later when we were leaving Quarriers, and he came to collect us.

Mornings and bedtime

14. We didn't sleep in dorms as such, but there were more than a couple of children in each room. I think there were bunk beds. I wasn't allowed near my sister and we were in different bedrooms. We weren't allowed to see each other on the first floor of the building. I could only see her when we were on the ground floor of the cottage.
15. I had an allocated bed, but there were no drawers to keep personal possessions in. We had no personal belongings and our clothes were shared.
16. We were up in the morning at whatever time were told to be up. From Monday to Friday we had school, there were no school holidays that I remember. There was no let up at all, no in-service days or things like that. No holidays at Christmas and Easter that I remember. It used to be school and that was it. [REDACTED] took me to

school, even when we lived in Glasgow afterwards she took me to school. We were inseparable, apart from when separation was forced on us.

17. Bedtime was at a certain time. I don't remember getting any supper. At bedtime, we'd be told firmly that it was our bedtime and we'd be up the stairs. We'd get our clothes off and fold them in a certain way, with the seams of the short-trousers lined up together. If it wasn't done right, they'd throw the clothes back to you to do again. At bedtime, there was no talking allowed in the bedroom and no reading before bed. Sometimes it was still daylight outside, and you could hear cars passing on the road outside. There was an ordinary village nearby and ordinary children going past on the road, and there we were in our beds.
18. There was no chatting, there was total silence in the bedroom. I didn't want to make a noise and mess about and I didn't want to be with any of the other children. I can't remember what I was thinking, I'd just cry and try to get to sleep at night. At least if I was sleeping, bad things were not happening to me.

Mealtimes / Food

19. All the kids in our cottage ate together at meal times. We sat on benches at the tables, apart from [REDACTED] who ate in the parlour. They were a similar age to [REDACTED]. They were treated like they were the QDW/QDX own children and had the best clothes and toys. They were allowed to do things that the rest of us couldn't. I can't remember their names or [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
20. I am a fussy eater and I like plain food. I didn't like a lot of food. I was made to eat veg. We had to eat the food and weren't allowed to leave the table until we'd eaten everything. I'd just swallow food in tiny pieces so I didn't have to chew the food. I was told to get it eaten. Sometimes, I'd get my tea for my breakfast the next day because I'd not eaten it the evening before. My sister ate my food for me sometimes. They'd grab my hand that was holding the fork and force more food in. Mainly this

was Mr QDW but sometimes Mrs QDX did it as well. We were not allowed to talk to each other at the table, it was just not a nice place to be.

Washing / bathing

21. We washed every morning, then breakfast, brushed teeth and then went off to school. The only difference would be on a Saturday and Sunday as there was no school. The facilities in Cottage 13 were ok, just a toilet and one bathroom. You'd get in when you got the chance. We must have had a bath every week, but I don't know which day. The bath water was shared and we went in one after another. There was no particular order. I don't remember the bath being re-filled. There was no fun time in the bath, you'd just get your hair washed and the rest of your body and use soap and no shampoo. We washed with green and brown carbolic soap.

Clothing / uniform

22. Our old clothes were taken away from us when we arrived. Quarriers provided clothes for us that were not the best fitting. There was no uniform as such, and when I wore a blue shirt the next boy might have worn a green shirt, it was whatever we were given. It was a charity and clothes were gifted to them. We'd be given clothes the night before to wear the next day and they could be different every day.

School

23. The school was situated within Quarriers Village and it seemed there were hundreds of children in the school. There were about twenty cottages in the Quarriers Village and lots of kids. I don't remember doing well at school. I think we came back to Cottage 13 at lunch time as it was very close and just five minutes to walk to school.
24. I was at school every weekday and I can't remember any school holidays. The teachers were not from Quarriers, but I'm not sure. They were real teachers and not house-parents, I don't know any of their names. I remember doing some maths and learning my 'times tables'. I don't remember doing any stories in school. I don't

remember any children's story books in school, and no-one read a story to me in Cottage 13. I don't even remember any books in the cottage. Everything was about learning in school, and sometimes we had to stay behind in school to do extra work. We didn't do homework in Cottage 13.

25. At school you would get stars for reciting the maths tables and some form of praise. School was a good place to be. You were treated the same as everyone else and we were away from the [QDW/QDX] I can't criticise the school. There were no report card or parents evenings. Our education was nothing to do with the [QDW/QDX] I don't know if there was any communication between the school and the [QDW/QDX] For me, school was a safe place and I could be myself, and I could see my sister in break-time and after-school.
26. Sunday was different in Cottage 13, there was a blackboard in the big room with a verse from the bible written on it. We had about one and a half hours to memorise it and recite it later, after lunch. Everyone was individually expected to memorise it. If you could remember it you'd get a sweet called a Jelly Marlow. I never got one, but [REDACTED] could sometimes recite the verse and she'd get a sweet, but she wasn't allowed to share it with me. They'd tell her not to. I knew I wasn't going to get a sweet so I wasn't going to bother with even trying to remember the verse.

Religion

27. When Sunday came we had to go to church, no matter what and irrespective of your religion. We walked to church according to cottages, as a group. Everyone went to church, every Sunday morning. There was no choice about it. We wore the same clothes as usual, there was no Sunday best. We said grace before meals, Mr and Mrs [QDW/QDX] made sure of that and then they'd say 'right, get it eaten'. There were no prayers at night. The cottage was not particularly religious.

Leisure time

28. We were never allowed out of the Quarriers grounds to play or visit shops or meet other children. We didn't even play with the children in other cottages and I never got to know other children from other cottages. I didn't really want to know them, I just wanted my dad.
29. We came into Quarriers with no toys of our own. It was a charity and toys were gifted to Quarriers and you didn't necessarily get a suitable toy, if and when you got one. Eventually, I got toys but they weren't new, and I don't know if that was the standard procedure. I was just glad to have a toy car to play with. You could play after tea, but only if you'd been well-behaved and done your chores. I don't remember us playing as a group. There were no trips outside and no organised games, no holidays, no cinema, no scouts, no walks in the countryside.
30. There was no TV in the cottage. There was a radio on the sideboard in the parlour. There was a snooker table in the big downstairs room that was called the playroom, but we never played on it, it was covered by a big piece of wood and it was part of the furniture. The house-parents would probably play on it when we'd gone to bed, but I don't know for sure. On a Saturday, we could play on the swings in the play park next to the school or we could walk around the grounds or in the fields. There was a pony in the field that had been gifted to Quarriers, I never rode it but other children did in organised groups. We just used to talk to the pony.

Birthdays and Christmas

31. Christmas was just another day. There was a tree and decorations and there was a piano and we sang Christmas carols. We had a dinner with a bit of chicken and roast potatoes, then [QDW/QDX] would retire to the parlour [REDACTED] for their own Christmas. The house-keeper would be with them too, having their own meal. The rest of us would play with our own toys. We got a toy, but there was no Christmas spirit and no Christmas stocking. There was just a present for us, no-one dressed up as Santa Claus, but he was mentioned. Christmas was cottage specific, not a

Quarriers Christmas and there was no party. There was a cake and a biscuit along with the meal and it was a different day, but not special.

32. Easter was just Easter, no chocolate eggs, but we had boiled eggs that were painted. We didn't expect anything more.
33. With regard to my birthday, I never had any sort of celebration. I had two or three birthdays in Quarriers and it was just another day, there was nothing special about it. I didn't know it was my birthday. To a degree I can understand this as the [REDACTED] had so many children living in the cottage.

Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention

34. My dad never came to visit us in Quarriers. My Uncle [REDACTED] came to visit us periodically. When I was twenty-six and about to get married he told me 'we used to come every two weeks to see you and bring you sweeties, but you never saw us'. He and Auntie [REDACTED] visited us, but never in person. They observed us but we didn't see them. He was either not allowed to see us or he didn't want to see us in person – I'm not sure. He used to bring us sweets called Spangles and they'd be kept in a cardboard box.
35. I never saw any member of my family, I just got the Spangles. Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] just told us there were Spangles left for us by our family. They were kept in the parlour, and sometimes [REDACTED] got them and sometimes I'd 'blag' them when I shouldn't have been in the parlour. My dad never saw us. He was quite a young man and very troubled. He was born in 1920 and would have been forty when my mum died, and she was ten or eleven years younger and only twenty-nine when she died.
36. I have no recollection of any formal visitors to the cottage. There were no social work visitors. There were no visitors of any description. [REDACTED] never asked us about our health and well-being and welfare. It was simply a business relationship

for them, and not about caring for children. They were there simply to ensure you were fed and clothed and healthy. I was just one of the numbers.

Healthcare

37. I don't remember ever being unwell, apart from having colds. I imagine there must have been a hospital block in the village, but I never visited it. If you got measles or chicken pox you'd be confined to your bed, but I don't recall having them. I had measles after I left Quarriers and my step-mum commented that she didn't know how well we'd been taken care of in terms of vaccinations. I must have had cuts and bruises when I was in Cottage 13 and there was no nurse to see to me, just Mrs QDX QDW/QDX acted as parents to us and dealt with minor things, and there was no serious illness.
38. As a child I kept good health and wasn't ill. From the age of eleven or twelve, after Quarriers, I started to lose my hearing, and it was getting worse, so I sat at the front of the class at school.
39. I don't remember seeing a dentist when I was at Quarriers. I lost milk teeth and if a tooth came out that was it, there was no tooth fairy. I had no front teeth when I came out of Quarriers.

Running away

40. Different children ran away from different cottages. They didn't get far. They were caught in Bridge of Weir. The locals knew the children as we stood out as 'Quarriers kids'. I never ran away and neither did my sister.

Bed wetting

41. I don't remember any bed wetting, it probably happened, but I don't remember it and I don't know how the QDW/QDX would have dealt with it.

Abuse at Quarriers home

42. We had no personal possessions – nothing belonged to you personally, everything belonged to the cottage. Mr and Mrs **QDW/QD**_X explained nothing to us about where we were, but told us there were rules and regulations for us to follow in order for this situation to work. There was no guidance on what would happen if we didn't toe the line and obey the rules. I just wanted to play, I was only six years old. We never got any praise and there was no system for getting a reward. There was no pocket money and no money to give out. It was a poor house and not a wealthy establishment.
43. From the age of five we had chores to do, and that was the biggest abuse for me as that was when the violence came. The shouting and the emotion involved. The majority of the abuse involved us doing chores.
44. My sister was separated from me and she was sexually assaulted in the cottage by Mr **QDW**. She just told me that when we were adults and gave me no detail. I couldn't deal with it, and could only tell her how sorry I was that I couldn't stop it happening. She'd have been about twelve when it happened, and I'd be around seven or eight. I knew something was wrong as my sister would be crying at times and I'd hold on to her. It was only much later when we spoke about it, and I was so sorry I couldn't prevent it.
45. Every day in Cottage 13 I would say 'my daddy's coming to get me' and Mr **QDW** would say 'your daddy doesn't want you, that's why you're here' and I'd say 'he's coming to get me and take me home'. Mr **QDW** would slap me across the back of the head and say 'your daddy's not coming to get you' and I'd say 'my daddy loves me'. I'd be told 'no-body wants you, you've got a big family, but no-one's coming to get you'. He'd put me down and say 'why would he come to get you, you're an idiot' and I'd tell him, 'I'm not an idiot'. My big sister would get a slap because she'd come to pull me away, and he'd slap me over the back of the head. Mrs **QDX** would grab my collar and move me out of the room.

46. Sometimes, I used to walk into the parlour, I wasn't allowed in the parlour and Mrs QDX would chase me out. I didn't want my sweets being taken and I'd get some of the Spangles out of the box for myself and [REDACTED]. We'd find somewhere to hide and eat them as quickly as possible. Mr QDW used to shake me by the shoulders and shout, 'I'm telling you, your daddy doesn't love you, your daddy doesn't want you' and I'd say 'he's coming back to get me and I'm going to tell my daddy what you've done.'
47. He used to shake my sister by the shoulder too. She had to polish all the shoes as her chore. She'd put the shoe polish on them and then brush them and I'd help her rub the shoes with a cloth. We'd be talking and laughing in the hallway where the shoe rack was. Mr QDW would see us and push our faces into the shoes and tell us to get them done. Then he'd kick the shoes away and we had to pair them up again. He used to smack [REDACTED] when we were knelt down and cleaning the shoes. He'd separate us because we were close together and we wanted to keep body contact. [REDACTED] would get it worse than me because she was older.
48. I don't know what I'd done, but many times I was made to stand in the corner and I wasn't allowed to move, and I don't remember them touching me. He hit me at other times. He would slap me and push me, on the back of my head or on my back, places you can't see. I was a troubled child and I admit that, but there was no justification for hitting me or slapping me. I was an ordinary child who wanted to play, and not polish shoes or sit at a table and be quiet. I wanted to play with my sister and I constantly brought my dad up in conversation. I just did what was normal for a child. I still try to make excuses for what happened in Cottage 13.
49. With regard to other chores, the older girls did the laundry, they were aged about thirteen or fourteen. They used to do ironing. I don't know how the clothes were washed, I think it must have been in the sink with a scrubbing board. I did cleaning shoes and tidying up the outside of the cottage. In the day to day running of the place we all had different chores to do. We had to fold our clothes in a certain way and if you didn't you'd be physically abused. I also saw other children suffer in this way. Cottage 13 was just not a nice place to be, it was a sad place. I was a child, I

couldn't do things any differently, or any better. I was doing things as best I could and the treatment I got was unjustified. In later life, when I chastised my own children it was very gentle, but in Quarriers there was a lot of shouting – I never raised my voice to my children.

50. There were no implements used in the physical chastisement of children in Quarriers, we were hit or slapped with bare hands and not with a belt or a book or a shoe. My sister suffered for it, she got it worse. The verbal abuse was general and happened every day. If they hit you, at least it was over with quickly, but the emotional stuff about my dad would go on and on and stay with me.

Reporting of abuse at Quarriers

51. I never reported the abuse at the time. There was no-one I could speak to, it was simply not a topic of conversation in those days. Children should be seen and not heard. If I'd told the teachers they would have reported it back to the [QDW/QDX]. There was someone in overall charge of Quarriers in the office, but I never saw them or spoke to them. There wasn't anyone for the [QDW/QDX] to be reported to, and they were the law in Cottage 13.

Leaving Quarriers

52. I was in Quarriers with [REDACTED] for approximately three years. In the time that we were away from home, our dad had met someone else and re-married. My step-mum was someone who had known my mum and she had no children of her own. My dad turned up one day at Quarriers with his new wife, and we were told by the [QDW/QDX] to get our things together and go. We didn't have much and we threw our socks and bits and bobs, and whatever we had into a bag. We were taken into the parlour and we both ran to him. My dad had to sign some paperwork for us to be released. My step-mum was with him. He said 'right, you two, this is your new

mother and you'll call her mum', it took me another two and half years to call her mum.

Life after being in care

53. Our family home was then in [REDACTED] Pollock. Dad worked for [REDACTED] and my step-mum worked as an industrial nurse for the corporative in Glasgow. My step-mum's name was [REDACTED] and she became [REDACTED]. I couldn't call her mum, but I called her [REDACTED] one time and my dad slapped me. They married on [REDACTED] 1963 and had just got married when we were picked up. She told me later that she had insisted on collecting us from Quarriers shortly after the wedding.
54. Things were very strained at first and I still wanted my mother, and I only had one mum. My step-mum was a good person, but it took me a long time to adjust. I believe I was an awkward child because of what happened to me in Quarriers. I wasn't bad, but I was a problem child and I began to see a child guidance officer. This continued for a couple of years until I was ready for secondary school and then it stopped. I went to a secondary school in Glasgow for six months, and then we moved to Peebles as we had a family history there and it was a fresh start for us as a family. My sister didn't come with us and she stayed in Glasgow. I was still a problem child and it was my head that was the problem. I didn't want to go to school. I wanted to go out to work because I just wasn't interested in education. I went to Peebles High School and I was in the Rectors office every other day about my behaviour. I'd finally been given freedom and I took advantage of it. I left aged fourteen and got an apprenticeship.
55. My dad was very authoritarian and very strict. I was an apprentice in [REDACTED] in Peebles, but dad still wanted me in for 9 pm when I was sixteen. I couldn't do it, and I'd be coming in at 10:30. I was a big guy and dad was getting older and not as big and fast as he used to be. He told me to leave the house. I went to stay at my pal's house and lived there for the next two and a half years until my apprenticeship was

finished. I didn't see my parents in that time and I moved to Glasgow and worked [REDACTED] in Paisley.

56. I got married to [REDACTED] in 1976 and we got a house in Paisley. I wrote to my parents to invite them to the wedding and they thought I was too young, but they came to the wedding and disappeared during the reception. Four years later my daughter [REDACTED] was born, and four years later our daughter [REDACTED] was born, but she died at birth. We didn't have any children after that. My older sister had a son, [REDACTED] who proved to be too much of a handful for her to manage and he was put into care. I fought to get him out of care as there was no way I wanted a family member to spend their childhood in the care system. [REDACTED] came to live with us as our son and he eventually started to call me dad, he lived with us until he was twenty-one and he became a big brother to [REDACTED]
57. Not long after we'd got married, I told my wife [REDACTED] about what had happened to me when I was in care. I told her I needed to go to Quarriers Homes to see them. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I knew I needed to go there. I had my own van and I filled it with toys and drove there. I went into the Quarriers offices to give the toys to the staff for them to distribute to the children. I explained that I was a Quarriers child and I wanted to do something for the current children. I was told 'we don't take toys now – if you gave us the money for the toys we'd take that'. I'd already bought about £300 worth of toys and not got the money anymore. I ended up giving the toys to local nurseries for their children to have.
58. I asked in the office if Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] QDW/QD X were still there and was told 'no, they retired and moved back to [REDACTED] I was going to do something about it and I was planning to challenge them. I didn't take matters any further. I've not seen them since I left Quarriers and I don't think they'd be alive today. They must have been in their forties when I was in Cottage 13 in the early 1960s. I can just recall they were quite small. Mr [REDACTED] QDW had dark hair and Mrs [REDACTED] QDX had lightish brown hair. He wore glasses and had very sharp features and was severe looking. As a child I knew they were bad people to me, but I didn't see them as abusers and I didn't know the word 'abuser' then.

59. After I'd worked [REDACTED] in Paisley for a few years, I felt like I needed a change of direction. I applied for a job with a rental hire company [REDACTED] that hired out TVs and Hi-fi equipment. They offered training and gave me opportunities. I became a salesman for them for the next five years. I was then offered a management job in Nottingham, so we moved away. I was made redundant from that post after eighteen months and got a job as a manager in a [REDACTED] where I [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and when I was made redundant from that job I started [REDACTED] [REDACTED] My wife [REDACTED] became ill with cancer that was very advanced, and she passed away in Nottingham in 1996. I struggled by myself for a while and returned to live in the Scottish Borders. I [REDACTED] and eventually started my own [REDACTED] company in [REDACTED] and I continue to do so.

Impact

60. My dad just wasn't very interested in me when I came home to live with him, and he just tolerated me. As an adult, and after I'd married, I knew he had guilt for what happened when we were children. I did try to talk to him about it, but he didn't want to discuss the past. I tried to make peace, but decided to move on. Before my dad died we had become friends, and I agreed to take care of my mother and I did so until she died in 2010. She and I had a special relationship.
61. I don't need to have a lot of friends, but have lots of acquaintances, and now I have just two friends, and it was like that in Quarriers when I didn't make friends. I think it is a knock-on effect of my time in Quarriers when I didn't trust anyone. Even today I don't trust many people, and I feel it is a reflection of what happened in Quarriers.
62. I was angry for a lot of years. I got a police record and I did daft things. I was quite volatile. That was me kicking out at the system and my way of making someone pay. But when I met [REDACTED] she straightened me out and made me realise it was only me that I hurt when I got into trouble.

63. When I attended the child guidance clinic, I wasn't given reasons for going there, but was told to attend there anyway. My visits were very regular and this woman would talk to me and ask me to draw pictures and paint them. I used to draw things or paint things that were broken or damaged and she asked me why, but I couldn't tell her. I think it was because I felt broken and dismantled.
64. There was a social worker involved with me from Summerston Road Social Services office in Glasgow, Miss McCormack. She was a nice lady and arranged for me to go to residential schools during the school holidays to get me out of the home environment. I went to a place near Colintrave in the Kyles of Bute. I went two or three times each year for a few years. It was run by Mr Crabbe who used to take me to the local farm to see the animals when the other children played football or went to the beach. Mr Crabbe took an interest in me and got me to watch children's education programme on TV. I enjoyed these trips because someone was interested in me. The residential school was a massive place and we stayed in dormitories and there were about thirty children there – it was a good place for me to be.

Reporting of Abuse

65. I have only ever told my first wife [REDACTED] my sister [REDACTED] and my current partner [REDACTED] about the abuse in Quarriers, and that was many years after it had taken place. When I attended sessions at the child guidance centre I couldn't tell them about the abuse.

Records

66. I have made no attempt to retrieve my records of my time in Quarriers and I'm not interested in seeing them. Now I have given a statement to the Inquiry, I want to move on from my Quarriers experience.

Lessons to be Learned

- 67. I want to try to prevent these things happening to other children now and in the future. These residential places are not necessarily all bad, but you can't give the people who run them free hand to do whatever they want. There has to be a chain of command to supervise them. I'd like to see more people involved in the individual care of children. I think these things still go on in Quarriers homes and nothing has changed. I know some things have changed, and there is more funding, but there are still children who are sad. I'd like to see happy children in Quarriers now. I don't remember any happy children when I lived there. We had a sadness about us. People could tell from looking at us that we were Quarriers children and when I left people knew I was a Quarriers child. They knew about it in Glasgow and Renfrewshire, it had its reputation and it was very negative. My Uncle [REDACTED] knew it was a bad place, and my granddad was a police officer and he didn't want us there, but he couldn't stop it.

- 68. Rules and regulations need to be tightened up to protect children in care in future. There has to be someone to inspect how homes are run and make unannounced visits to speak to the children. There should be some form of counselling available for the children. There were no formal visits in Cottage 13, and there was no-one to oversee how it was run. There should be someone to ensure that these children are safe and not being damaged further when families break up.

Other information

- 69. 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.

QEU
[REDACTED]

Signed.....

Dated..... 9/11/18