

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

JAA [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is JAA [REDACTED] but I am known as JAA [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1957. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was two years old when I went into care so I don't have any memories of my life before care. I have however, over the years, carried out research to find out what possibly could have happened to my parents. I was born in Glasgow. My dad was from the Punjab in India. They did not marry.
3. I have a younger brother and sister, ABK [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. ABK was eleven months old when we went into care, [REDACTED] was four. ABK has changed his surname. [REDACTED] married name, we were all originally [REDACTED]
4. Before care I was with my mother and my brother and sister. I was told that my dad went back to India. I found out much later that my mum had a mental health breakdown. It was no wonder, left alone, poor, with three children of mixed race. She lived in a pretty hostile racist environment, which Glasgow would have been at that time. We were illegitimate in the context of that culture. We found out later she was ostracised by her own family.
5. I wrote to Strathclyde Regional Council in the 1990's asking if they had records of my time in care, why I'd gone into care and the circumstances of that. A few weeks later

I got an A4 sheet of paper with two lines on it about my history of why I went into care. It said my mum took me and my brother and sister to Bellevue, handed us in and left no forwarding address. I don't even know if that is true.

Institutions

6. In 1959 or 1960 I went to Bellevue House, Rutherglen, Glasgow. In 1960 or 1961 it closed down and we were moved to Smyllum until 1965. I think I was in Smyllum for five years. From 1965 to 1973, I lived with foster parents, EHH-EHJ. In the summer of 1973, I was moved to Campbell House, Cullen with my brother and stayed there for six months. Then in 1974, when I was sixteen years old, I moved to a hostel in Pollockshields run by a Catholic priest. I can't remember the name of it. I only stayed there for one or two months until I was moved into bed and breakfast accommodation. I stayed there for eight months, at which point I decided the care system was not working for me, and I ran away.

Bellevue House, Rutherglen, Glasgow

7. I went to Bellevue in 1959 or 1960 when I was two years old. I have no memories of Bellevue but my sister, [REDACTED] does. She remembers her experience of arriving at Bellevue. She was taken into a bare, empty room and saw a wee girl her age. The wee girl was dirty and smelly, and [REDACTED] thought, "This isn't very nice, I don't want to be here". She was aware of children being neglected the instant she went in the door.
8. My sister has said that I was three years old, when we moved to Smyllum. That would be in 1960.

Smyllum Orphanage, Lanark

9. It is at Smyllum that my memories start. My first memory is of being in a dark dormitory and being literally terrified. Not scared. Not afraid. Terrified. So when people ask me, "What is your first memory?", that is my very first memory.
10. It was run by nuns and Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] was the [REDACTED] She was the ^{SNR} [REDACTED] They had staff, lay people, who weren't nuns. The nuns dominated my perception of the place. There was no specific adult looking after me. There was no adult you could go to if you needed help or support.
11. There were a lot of children, I don't know how many but there were big dormitories with a lot of kids together. The kids were my age and slightly older. Boys and girls were kept separate. I don't have any memories of spending time with my brother and sister at Smyllum.
12. I thought of Smyllum as one massive, big building that looked like a castle. A church was attached to the side. There was a big building at the back. There were parklands with cattle, a hayshed and a long driveway with gates to the front. It was quite cut off from the town of Lanark.

Routine at Smyllum

13. I was very young at Smyllum and obviously you don't remember everything from when you are very young. I'm sure I've blocked a lot out. It's like childhood amnesia. I have told the Inquiry the specific things which I remember. What I do remember clearly is the environment, the emotions and the fears.

Dormitories

14. I stayed in two dormitories in my time at Smyllum. In the first, there were big, steel framed hospital type beds, about ten on either side of the room. The second seemed

smaller, with less beds. They were like barracks. There were no soft furnishings or toys. At bedtime the attitude of nuns was threatening. The lights were put off. You had to be quiet and not move or there would be severe consequences. It was very dark. No-one read us a bedtime story or anything like that.

Bathing and showering

15. There were baths and showers in a big communal area. The only time I remember getting a bath was the day before we left. There were chunks of carbolic soap. I could have had baths regularly. I think I've blocked that out because obviously I must've had more than one bath there.
16. The toilets were communal. There was no privacy. It was a big area with no cubicles or doors. There were toilet pans for children. There was a bigger toilet in the corner for staff. I'm absolutely sure of this because it's stayed with me all my life. The staff were all female. The staff member could go to the toilet along with the children, all in public view. We went to the toilet before bed.

Bedwetting

17. I was five or six years old and was in bed in the dorm. I was terrified. I was needing the toilet and I knew I couldn't go because once you were in the dormitory, you couldn't get out. I wouldn't have even known where it was, in the middle of the night in this big dark dormitory. I would have been in trouble if I'd tried to go. In my head it wasn't possible to go to the toilet.
18. I knew if I wet the bed, I'd be in serious trouble. I got out of my bed and peed beside someone else's bed so that mine wouldn't be wet. That night I self-harmed. I started to scratch my forearm, and I just kept doing that for, I don't know how long. The next morning my arm was red raw and bleeding.
19. I saw other children having to stand around, wearing their wet, urine soaked sheets around their shoulders like cloaks as a punishment. I don't remember anyone

making them do this, just seeing them like that. It's so memorable, I almost forgot to mention it.

School/Leisure

20. There was a school attached to Smyllum called St Mary's. I can remember sitting at a desk with pen and paper and writing. I think the teacher was called Miss Sweeney. The teacher next door was Miss Keone.
21. We had a bus trip to the seaside one day. I wasn't able to find the bus at the end of the day and I was really scared that I wouldn't be able to find it.
22. We had a trip to the cinema in Lanark a couple of times. We were taken by someone, not the nuns, and we got sweets at a little sweetie shop.
23. In the summertime we played in the fields and parklands, which were extensive. We were just running around.

Abuse at Smyllum

24. It is a misnomer to call Smyllum a children's home. It was a concentration camp for children, and I don't say that lightly, that was the whole ethos. I've read a lot of books and the only books that reflect my experience are books on the Holocaust. That's what hits home. That's where I see my own experience. I identify with that when I read Primo Levi and others. We were not treated as children. We were inmates, less than human, they had no value for us. To them we were nothing.
25. The values of these so-called carers were distorted to an extreme level. We were starved, beaten, dehumanised. There was no love or kindness, no dignity or respect.
26. It was a harsh regime. The nuns demeanour was very severe, they never smiled. Punishment always hung in the air. There was an endemic brutality that you were

living with all the time and my instinct was to keep out of their way as much as I could.

27. I had to go into a place within my mind to survive. I "numb out" when thinking about the bad things, that's what I think I had to do at the time. The specific incidents give me nightmares. Whether you lived or died did not concern them and people did die. There was no structure for a child to make sense of the world, how to behave and manage the situation. It was a place of utter confusion.
28. Abuse is a soft word. It was your job just to survive. Abuse is events that happen. When you're in an environment where all your energy is about just trying to survive, that's more than abuse, because you're not actually sure if you're going to survive. It was a systematic torture chamber because of the residential, institutional, captive nature of the place. There was no escape from it. No way out. The word abuse just doesn't cover it.
29. There's a difference between an incident or a set of incidents, that is abuse, and torture, where there is a system behind it, a reason for doing it and a regime. Abuse you can almost think of as offhand and random. Torture is where people and institutions are culpable.
30. The emotional abuse is watching other people suffering. It is probably one of the saddest things about it, seeing the suffering of other people, because you are helpless to do anything about it.
31. I have a recurring memory of a smell of some kind of rancid food. My sister [REDACTED] has told me on many occasions, about sitting out on the grass with her friend [REDACTED] eating grass because they were starving. They picked the clovers because they thought they might have more nutrition.
32. It's hard to speak about it even years later, seeing kids wearing their urine soaked sheets. What makes me really angry about the punishment meted out to these poor

kids, is that it probably wasn't even possible for them to get to the toilet. As a child you don't know the word humiliating but you know what's happening is wrong.

33. I remember one time Sister ^{EAC} [REDACTED] chasing me and trying to hit me. I was running away, panic stricken, thinking, "If she catches me, this will be awful because it happened before". I knew what was going to happen to me. I was running to escape a beating. I thought, "She's not going to get me this time".
34. I ran towards Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] room and frantically turned the handle. I was so terrified, the only way to escape was to get in there . I'd never been in the room and I had the sense of not being allowed in there. I was so terrified, it was the only way I could think of to escape. I managed to open the door and I went in.
35. The reason I felt safe, when that nun was chasing me and I managed to open the door and got in, was not the presence of the nun in the room, as much as the opulence of the room. Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] and a priest were sitting there. The priest gave me a severe look as if to say, "What the hell are you doing in here?". He was drinking a cup of tea in luxury.
36. There was a lovely thick pile carpet and nice furniture. I think there was a piano. There were nice curtains. There were flowers in a vase. It was just another world from where I lived. That's what made me feel safe. I was transported to a completely different world of comfort. People drinking tea, having biscuits and china cups on the table. The comparison between that and my life, I couldn't believe it.
37. This is where the concentration camp image first came to me, years later when I thought back to that and with all the reading I'd been doing. I saw the film Schindler's List. It showed the contrast between the conditions of the inmates and the commandant and people running the camp. They lived in nice houses with modern conveniences and were well fed, right on site of camps where they were terrorising people and starving them. The commandants quarters were so nice, well so were the Mother Superiors. They were living in luxury in comparison to us.

38. I was in a state of terror in the dormitories. In the second dormitory, shadowy, tall, adult figures came in at night and wandered about going to different beds. They seemed like intruders, they didn't belong there. I was panic stricken that they would come to me, thinking, "Please don't come to me" and praying that they didn't come to me.
39. I saw other people being hit. There were staff members who you were afraid of. A woman called [ACF] worked at Smyllum, she was not a nun. She was a bully who hit children. I saw [ACF] hitting children. I was in the hallway and I could see in the door. There was a group of children and she was hitting them one at a time.
40. There was also [BAC] I called him "[BAC]" because he wore overalls and was in and out of the coal shed. He was a sinister character. The other kids warned you to stay away from him and to make sure not to go into the boiler room with him.
41. I knew Sammy Carr. I remember him as blond haired wee boy who was high spirited. None of us were nurtured or well fed but the last time I saw him, he was a healthy wee boy. It seemed like a short time later that he died. We were told he'd gone to the toilet in the night and a rat had bitten him. I don't believe that. Someone said he'd been badly beaten and kicked by a nun. That seems to me to fit with his death certificate, which says he died of a brain haemorrhage. We were taken to the church and paraded past his body in a coffin. That was really shocking at the time.

Being taken out of Smyllum

42. My brother, sister and I were all taken out of Smyllum by people. People were coming, we were told, who were possibly thinking about fostering us. The phrase that was used was along the lines of, they were taking you out "to see if they liked you".

43. I got taken out by a man on my own. The man took me in his car, it was just me and him. We went to this house. It was quite a nice house, a bungalow type with a garden, a garden path, wee squares of grass and edging plants. I remember thinking, "This is a really nice house" and going in the door. He showed me the bedroom where I'd be sleeping. I don't remember anything else after that.
44. Something happened in that house. I don't know what. I've replayed it in my mind over and over and over. I've tried to remember, trying to see the next step. I got out the car, I walked up the garden path, I saw the house. I remember the man. I went in the door. I went into the bedroom. And then it's just blank. I'd gone there for a night or a weekend but I only remember arriving and coming back.
45. The next thing I remember is the next morning when he took me to a sawmill where he worked. I was wandering about the sawmill whilst he was speaking to people.
46. He took me back to the car and took me back to Smyllum. It was dark. He dropped me off. He just left me in the forecourt and drove away. Smyllum was closed, there was no-one in. I thought, "Where is everybody?" I tried to open the door. There was no answer. The lights were all off. It seemed like everybody had left, it was deserted.
47. Again I was absolutely terrified. I thought, "Everyone's left, what am I going to do, how am I going to survive?". I started crying. I was really upset, hanging about outside there. He didn't hand me over to another adult. He just left me there, he must've seen the place was closed.
48. One of my siblings arrived because they'd been somewhere as well and they had been dropped off. The place was still closed. I think it was my sister and she was trying to comfort me because I was crying. Then a bus arrived because they'd been away for the day. I was still really upset at this point.
49. It's a strange thing to say, but I was pleased to see the nuns. I hadn't been abandoned and they'd come back. I ran over to them. The bus stopped and a nun came down the stairs. I was really upset and crying, glad they were back and all the

kids were coming off the bus. She just walked past me and said, "Oh, stop your snivelling". I always remember the exact words.

50. There was no comfort from them. There was no interest in the fact that we'd just been dumped there. These are the things you repeat in your head over and over. How is it possible, for any adult, to see children in such fear, left outside a home with nobody in and the first thing you say them is, "Stop your snivelling"?
51. I didn't know Christmas and birthdays existed until I went to foster care. It's strange, that they were supposed to be Christians and they didn't even celebrate Christmas with us.

Leaving Smyllum

52. Me and my brother and sister had already been on a weekend visit to our foster parents. Then we went for a wee bit longer. So it was phased. We had three weeks with them and went back to Smyllum. The next time we were going out again, we got a black cab.
53. We got a taxi away from there. I remember standing up all the way and looking out the window because I thought "We're leaving, we're leaving this House of Horrors". I didn't know we were leaving for good.
54. We arrived at our foster home for the third time. There are things you never forget. I remember asking, quite openly, how long were we staying for this time. They said, "Oh no, you're staying with us now, you're not going back". It was like, "Wow, we don't have to go back".

Reporting of abuse at Smyllum

55. I ask myself, "How can you report abuse when you don't realise yourself that you are being abused?". I minimised my abuse for years. It was not until I had my breakdown that I began to realise what had happened to me was abuse.
56. In 1997, allegations were made against a nun at Nazareth House. I was in my late thirties at the time. I made a statement to Cameron Fyfe, the solicitor who was putting together a case study. I was encouraged to give a statement to the Police. I contacted Tayside Police and an officer from Perth came to see me.
57. I told her about the death of Sammy Carr, that I believed it was sinister and that something had happened to him. I told her about the abusive environment at Smyllum. The Police Officer said she would take the information away but she couldn't promise anything. There was no sense of my complaint being taken seriously, no sense of it being investigated.
58. When the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry was announced in the media, people were being encouraged to contact the Police. In 2015, I again contacted Tayside Police at Perth. I gave a nine page statement about Sammy Carr. I also told them about AAI AAI witnessing Sammy being beaten.
59. The Police came back to me in October 2017. The Child Abuse Inquiry Team from Dalmarnock was reinvestigating the earlier claims. I gave a statement again. This time I felt the Police were fully engaged.

Foster Care- EHH-EHJ, Rutherglen

60. It was a mainly positive experience but there are bad aspects of it that need to be addressed. It was 1965 and I was seven years old. I went to stay in Rutherglen in a council estate called [REDACTED] They were a Catholic family, quite old, an elderly

couple, They could have been our grandparents. They were 54 and 55 when we went there.

61. They had been hoping to adopt or foster a baby and they were told that they were too old. They came to Smyllum and looked around. They were encouraged by their daughter, who was just getting married, to maybe take older children and to take us.

Relationship with Foster Parents

62. My foster parents did the very best they could for us and they looked after us well. There's no doubt about that. We were well fed, we were clothed, we were warm. They cared for us as much as they could. It was a million miles away from being in Smyllum. It was a godsend. It was a real positive experience for us in contrast to where we had been. That has to be said straight away. I would not like to have spent the next eight years in Smyllum. The foster care was as good as it could be in terms of the capabilities of [REDACTED] EHH-EHJ They took us on nice holidays. I have happy memories of a lot of that time.
63. However, they were very fundamentalist Catholics of the same kind that we'd just escaped from. This was the problem. We were forced to go to interminable church services and say the rosary every night. That was quite oppressive.
64. We were back in that very authoritarian environment. Obedience was everything. If you tried to assert any choices of your own, you were, "being ungrateful", "we're doing all this for you". We got a lot of that. It was a very restricted life. We weren't allowed to develop as independent young people. It was an oppressive atmosphere. We weren't allowed to bring friends back to the house or anything like that.

Abuse in Foster Care

65. In times of conflict, which were often as you were growing up, we were pretty regularly threatened with being sent back to Smyllum, like the next day . The three of us, my sister first because she was a wee bit older, we'd be pushing the boundaries which is a normal thing to do. You don't realise it at the time but you were just doing the normal things, growing up. I still get quite upset about that stuff.
66. You lived under that threat. I remember the panic of being sent to my bed early without any tea and the next morning we were going back. Having to lie there all night thinking you're going back the next day and only getting a reprieve when you got up in the morning, when they'd changed their minds or something. That happened on quite a number of occasions. You were never secure, living under these conditions. You were living under this sense of, this might not last and you could be back where you were before.
67. Basic needs were met but there was a lot of emotional neglect. People talk about the standards of the time and corporal punishment and things. I know that's true in terms of life back then but they would hit us with belts. My foster mum had a long, thin leather belt and we had wee short trousers on. She hit us on the legs with the belt and we had big welts.

Visits/Inspections

68. The Burgh of Rutherglen Social Work Department were the statutory provider. They were the ones who we were in contact with at around this time, social workers from there. I don't know if they placed us there. For most of the time, I don't think we saw social workers, especially not in the early years.
69. The social workers were never interested in asking us how we felt about anything, the foster parents were always there. They would ask how you were getting on but

there was no confidentiality. They wouldn't ask how you were being treated. It was always done in a space where you couldn't say what you really thought.

70. It was pretty pointless. I never found social work visits to be of any value. It would've been nice to speak to someone about how it really was. The threats and what we felt about that, having to say the rosary every night. You didn't have a person you could confide in and talk about how you really felt.

Schooling

71. We went to the local primary school, St Mark's. We were all together there, my sister brother and I. It was the time of the eleven plus. I sat it and narrowly failed but on appeal I was given a pass because it was a mark or two marks under the pass mark. My foster parents thought I was clever enough to go to the High School, they were keen on that. They put in the appeal.
72. I went to Holy Cross High School in Hamilton. It was a double edged sword, which must've happened to a lot of children at that time. Because my sister and brother didn't pass it, we all went to different schools.

Siblings

73. My relationship with my siblings was destroyed. We were always estranged. It started by being separated in Smyllum.
74. In foster care, my brother went to an intermediate school. My sister is an intelligent person but she went into the lowest level school, the non-certificate school. It's another part of the abuse, on top of all the emotional abuse and feelings of self-worth. Being sent to the third tier school was more or less telling her she was thick. On top of all the other abuse, I think that was a terrible thing to do her, to more or less tell her she was a failure.

75. She was emotionally damaged from her experiences at Smyllum. She couldn't access education because of her emotional damage. Later on life she did her higher English and she did some degree level credits. She was a good reader, an intelligent person.
76. This favouring of me by the foster parents because they thought I was the clever one, created tension with my brother and sister. My foster parents actually used to say that I was the clever one and I must go to the big school. We are all intelligent people. If it hadn't been for our experiences, we could have all been at the same school.
77. My brother and sister thought, "Why is he getting this favourite treatment?" They must've felt a sense of resentment that I was being favoured like this and I don't blame them. It was almost like saying, "He's clever but you're less than". It affected my relationship with my siblings during the years before my sister was sent away. If we'd been at the same school, we might have got on better, it might have helped our development as brothers and sister.
78. When my sister was thirteen or fourteen, the threat of being sent back was carried out. She was sent away to a hostel in Edinburgh run by nuns. It wasn't a transitional part of her life. She was sent away as a punishment. She'd been staying out late and was smoking or something. Things that teenagers do. But it was the final straw. She was very upset.
79. My brother and I went through to Edinburgh to go and visit her. We were about thirteen or fourteen. My sister was in a hostel run by nuns in Colinton in Edinburgh. She was fifteen. There was a Sister Consolata. My sister was miserable, she didn't want to be there and she was very unhappy. The album they had in that hostel at the time was "Help" by the Beatles and they were playing that. It still makes me laugh, there was not much of that.
80. What happened to my sister then, I consider an appalling abuse because it destroyed her life. I know that because I've seen her life since then. Sending her

away, on her own, away from her siblings, without support, to nuns after what she'd already experienced as a child. It broke her at that early age. That's what I mean about systematic torture. It's not just abuse. You've already damaged someone extremely and you just keep on doing it to them.

81. She told me many years later, that when she reached the age of sixteen, the nuns told her she was no longer under their care. It's all about money to them. Someone had arranged for my sister to go into some kind of half-way house like a lodgings or homeless accommodation somewhere in Edinburgh. She was in this place, with lots of other strange people of all ages, grown men. Can you imagine what that must've been like for her?
82. She said there was a man in that hostel who kept banging on her door and trying to come into her room. She kept trying to tell him to go away and he wouldn't go away. One time he got in. She was in state of half undress or in her nightie. She ran out into the street, screaming because this guy was trying to attack her.
83. She made her way back to Colinton to the hostel where the nuns were, in a state of complete distress, asking if she could come back. They turned her away, wouldn't let her in and told her she was not their responsibility anymore.

Leaving Foster Care

84. I was in foster care until 1973 when I was fifteen. My brother and I were being slightly rebellious, in that we weren't going to be obedient all the time. We reached an age where we wanted to do our own thing, like grow our hair long and stay out late a bit more. We just weren't going to be told what to do anymore. It was very much a command and control type of foster home. It wasn't a foster home of nurturing and asking you what you wanted to do. It was, "You will do this, or else".

85. That created conflict and our foster parents decided they couldn't cope with us anymore, they'd get the social work department in. The social work department came up with this idea that there was a school cruise on the SS Uganda, over a couple of weeks to France, Spain and Morocco. They would pay for my brother and I to go on this cruise, as a respite thing for the foster parents and a holiday for us.
86. Maybe, as a result of that we could come back and we could just carry on with the foster family, things would be a bit better. We went on the cruise and we enjoyed that. We went back to our foster parents but within a month or two we were sent away anyway. It didn't work.
87. The foster parents talked about social work trying to find someplace for us. They couldn't find anywhere in Glasgow or the local area and we were going to this place in Banff. I don't remember any discussions or being asked anything. I don't remember anyone saying, "What do you think about going here?". It was just done. We were just told, this is where you're going. We were sent to Campbell House as last resort because the system couldn't cope.

Campbell House, Cullen, Banffshire

88.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

89.

90.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

91.

92.

93.

94.

95.

Leaving Campbell House

95. We left Campbell House because we'd reached the age to leave. I was sixteen and the idea was to find a job. It was a fishing area. Most of the kids were involved in fishing and they were coming into school, I couldn't believe how much money they were earning. I'd no idea what I was going to do and I was leaving school at Christmas.
96. I decided to try fishing as a job and applied to Aberdeen to go on a trial trip on a trawler, it was to see if it was something you could do. That wasn't happening until late January so we were sent from Campbell House back down to Glasgow to a Catholic hostel in Pollockshields. I was going to be waiting there until it was time to go back up to Aberdeen for the trial trip

Catholic Hostel, Pollockshields

97. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

98.

99.

100. Secondary Institutions - to be published later



Leaving the Hostel

101. I went up to Aberdeen and went out on the fishing trawler. I was sick every day for a week, came back, could hardly walk off the pier and decided fishing was not the life for me. I have tremendous memories and respect for those men and what they do.
102. I came back to Glasgow because the trial did not work. I suppose they must've thought at the hostel, "Oh he's gone off to be a fisherman, cheerio, we'll not see him again". I turned up at the hostel door. My brother was still there. This is quite tricky for me because the priest there, has had a lifelong relationship with my brother, which has been a good relationship and something to be valued. I don't want to disparage that priest at all but he wouldn't let me back in. He said I was a troublemaker.
103. He said, "You're not coming back in here". I said to him that the fishing didn't work, I'd nowhere to go, can I come back? But he said, "No, you're not coming back". He was really angry. He saw me as trouble. I thought, "This is not right because I was caught up in something the boys in your hostel were up to before I arrived but you're accusing me of being the troublemaker". He wouldn't let me back in.
104. He drove me back to my foster parents, they weren't expecting this, or he phoned them up or something. They said, "Well, we don't want him". You've got that rejection there again, rejection from your foster parents. They were really angry that the priest

had brought me back. They couldn't leave me lying out on the street, so they said I could stay the night but they'd phone the social workers the next morning.

105. The social worker came round and they were having some sort of discussion about what they were going to do with me. The social workers were saying, "We've got a woman in Rutherglen who does bed and breakfast, we can put him there". There was no discussion with me about where I was going to go. It was a crisis intervention, to use that modern term, it was somewhere for me to go. It didn't matter if it was suitable or not. I was just at my foster parents a night or two because they were adamant they weren't having me back.

Bed and Breakfast Lodgings, Rutherglen

106. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

107.

108.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

110.

Life after care

111. I had secured a job as an apprentice painter, I quite enjoyed that. It was quite a nice job at the time but I just couldn't cope with that environment in the bed and breakfast. I packed my suitcase and went to Glasgow Central and asked which trains go south. I just went away. I didn't know where I was going. I just needed to get out of there. I got my last payslip and the money. I thought, "I'm just leaving, going somewhere, I can't have another night in here". That's how my care system ended, by me just having to get the hell out.
112. After that, I had a nomadic experience for the next three years. I was in Luton, Leeds and Troon. That came about because I needed to get away. I met a girl in Troon and stayed there for a little while because of her. She went to Leeds and I followed her. I returned to Troon and got quite depressed with what was going on in my life.
113. I managed to find out where my sister was, although I hadn't seen her for four or five years. I went to find my sister in Edinburgh. I didn't know how she'd react if I just turned up. She said, "Just come and stay with me" and I stayed with her for seven or eight months. I tried to commit suicide when I was living with my sister.
114. I met my wife [REDACTED] in Edinburgh. We came to live in Perthshire. I was working as a dishwasher in a hotel. I always felt I'd missed out on my education, so I quickly got involved with the Open University. I did an Arts foundation course. I applied through an Access course as a mature student to Dundee University. I did my degree in

English at Dundee and teacher training at Aberdeen. It was a big, life changing event for me.

114. I got my first job teaching at [REDACTED] High School. I came down to work in [REDACTED] Grammar School and was there for about two years until I had a breakdown. I went back part-time but that was basically the end of my career. I did some supply teaching. I was asked to do some work with a behaviour support unit working with fragile children who weren't able to access mainstream school. It was closed down by the Education Authority because they said it wasn't needed.

Impact

115. Part of the early emotional abuse was that I was given no information about my parents. I was told, "Your father went back to India, your mother went to London, your mother didn't want you". There was no attempt to explain how that happened, whether there was a crisis in the family or whether they were coming back to see you. They were demonised as people who were unfit and who I shouldn't ask questions about. There was a lot of silence when I asked about them. I often asked about my dad but there was no attempt to tell me about him.
116. It was appalling to be told, "Your father fathered you and went back to India". That as a child, that's the sum total of your fathers involvement with you, without any context. Nobody tried to investigate his whereabouts. We spoke to social workers but there was no, "you asked about that, this is what we found out". No-one was interested. He didn't just "go back to India". That statement is so empty of meaning when you think of what he might have gone back for. The message I got was not to talk about my parents, that they were no good and I should forget about them.
117. My sister was born in 1955 only eight years after Indian independence. India was partitioned following independence and Punjab was divided up. Punjab was in turmoil, with millions of people displaced and in refugee camps. Up to a million people were slaughtered.

118. The last message which he sent was a postcard from Phagwara in the Punjab to my mother. He was there when all that was going on. It's inconceivable that he wasn't caught up in that. I don't believe he just left us. I only found out about the postcard thirty years later.
119. In the lack of record keeping, there was an airbrushing of my history. It was an emotional abuse of my identity as a person, who I was and where I came from. There was a complete denial of me as a human being. I had no narrative, no history, my parents were worthless.
120. It impacted on my view of myself as a child and I grew up. The message was that my history had no meaning and didn't matter, none of it mattered. Not my parents, not the reasons I came into care, not who I was. A wonderful thing happened when I was visiting India as an adult. A Sikh said to me, "You are Punjab, it's in your features, you're one of us".
121. You're looking for answers and meeting a brick wall. It's not just the loss of records and being unable to look into that, it's the judgement that's the appalling thing. The sense that your parents were no good, so forget about them. That was the message that was conveyed to me as I was growing up.
122. I couldn't access education as a teenager. Being expelled from school meant that, for years I thought, "I'm not very clever, education's not something I can do".
123. My wife [REDACTED] saved my life. I don't know where I'd be without her. I was really fortunate to meet her and to have a stable relationship.
124. The impact is not just personal. I have to live with the fact that my siblings are in pain. I've lost my sister prematurely. My sisters marriage broke down. When she was in her forties and her children left home, she had an emotional breakdown.

125. My sister had memories of our mother, in a way my brother and I didn't because we were too young. She was always searching for her mum. When she found mum, she was living in Maryhill in Glasgow. She was bedridden in a rundown flat. My sister phoned me, elated. She thought it would be the answer to everything and would erase the trauma. Sadly it didn't. I went to see my mother. She was in a terrible state, a broken human being. I thought, "That's not my mother". There was no emotional connection. I wish I had never gone.
126. The abuse is not historical. It's being passed down the generations. My sister is now in institutional care, in the same condition that her mum was in. She has two children in their thirties and grandchildren. She doesn't see them. She has no relationship with them.
127. My life has been haunted by two things. The death of a child and the abuse deniers. Apologists who you've been up against all your life, denying your experience. It's a microcosm of the whole experience. A wee boy was beaten by a nun at Smyllum and died. That little boy was killed, I know he was killed. I didn't witness it but I was at his funeral. I've been haunted by his death for fifty years.
128. It's no coincidence that only two days before the Smyllum hearings were about to be heard, there was an article in the Sunday Herald by an academic minimising our experience. It was a two page spread saying this abuse was not something to be taken that seriously. You are living with this abuse all your life and these powerful people on the other side constantly denying your experience.
129. As soon as I saw it I could feel my head spinning. On reading it I instantly felt sick. I was upset and confused. Sunday was a complete write off for me. I was feeling what is the point of making this statement. These people are organised deniers. They are everywhere, in the media and on TV. These people know what they are doing.
130. This is what we are up against all the time. It's not just denial, it's denigrating you as a person, saying you're lying and you're just after money. That's traumatic to live with, on top of what you've already experienced.

131. I have had a recurring nightmare, all my life, about the particular incident of the adults coming into the dormitory and thinking, "Please don't come to me". The nightmare's always the same. Someone's coming in the room, they're coming towards the bed. I freeze. I feel a hand touching me and I try to cry out but it's stuck in my throat, I can't get any words out. I'm immobilised in terror. My wife, [REDACTED] wakes me up. I can feel myself howling, making really animal-like noise. [REDACTED] calls it a yowl, she says it's a terrifying sound.
132. When you have these experiences, you have recurrent images going around in your head, almost like a film. They are not all bad. This is one of those images. I was very young, very small. I was sitting on the floor with some other kids in a big room, it was pretty bare, with floorboards, watching a little black and white TV. It is the only occasion in the whole time that I was there that I watched TV. The Beatles were on, singing "All My Loving". It was a moment of magic in the midst of all that inhumanity.
133. The feeling I had was one of abandonment. A couple of kids were sitting across from me. Some adults, relatives maybe, came in with presents for them. It was a nice moment to see. People who'd come from the outside bringing gifts. I was just sitting on the floor, thinking, "where's mine?". The nuns were deliberately conveying a false impression to the visitors, by pretending everything was fine.
134. In some kind of spiritual way, The Beatles were bringing into that room what wasn't there. You were hearing something that just didn't exist in there. The image conveys the inhumanity of what you were experiencing, when you are so struck by a single moment of goodness from a pop song.
135. I live in a double reality. My mind is in two different places all of the time because these experiences play in your mind all the time. You get emotional triggers all the time. I only have to have someone look at me the wrong way, the way a nun looked at me, severe and unsmiling and I have these events happening in my body. I walk into a room and it reminds me of Smyllum, or a smell or a sound.

136. I have a terrible relationship with food. I spent my teenage years thinking I could do without food. It seemed like a waste of time to me. As an adult, I panic in restaurants and get flustered in self-service places. If the food doesn't come quickly enough, I get angry and have to leave, or my wife has to calm me down
137. We were just children, our brains were just developing. It's not a traumatic event, it's a traumatic life you have. The trauma is imprinted on our brains for life. You look outwardly successful in terms of education and careers but inwardly, it's a different story. I've felt like that throughout my life.
138. I spoke about being taken out of Smyllum by a man on my own. Through some psychotherapy, some Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR) treatment, the talking therapy and other different things, my psychotherapist took me back to re-experiencing some of what had gone on as a child.
139. I had a flashback to what actually happened in that house. This is what I saw. There is a child sitting on a mattress. I'm looking down on the child, watching. There are flashlights going off like cameras and there are dogs present. I have a phobia about dogs even now. If I see a dog off a lead, I panic. I don't like cameras and I don't own a camera. I suffer from a lot of emotional triggers surrounding what happened there.
140. I had an emotional breakdown in my thirties due to stress related illness. I was four years into my teaching career. I was struggling with the school situation. A lot of what happening in the school I taught, was mirroring my own abuse. I could see that by the way some the children were being treated.
141. The school was mismanaged and a bit out of control. There were a lot of deprived kids. It was a place of chaos. I found myself getting really stressed by the conditions in there. I was having emotional flashbacks.
142. I was bullied in the workplace by the Head of Education Services when they were closing the behaviour support unit. I found that really, really stressful. The union suggested I apply for ill health retirement. I was 49. The qualifying age was 50. I

went for a medical. They had all my files. I was expecting to get a lot of flak, a lot of questions. I met a really nice doctor, he just said, "No, I've looked at your records. You're not alone ^{JAA} there's a lot of people had a life like yours". That was a good thing to hear. And he just signed it.

143. It really angers me, this destroyed my career. I could've had another ten years teaching or doing something professional. All this stuff came back and hit me like a freight train.

Impact of Foster Care

144. I was quite ashamed of not having parents and having foster parents. We didn't use the term at the time but, because we were mixed race, we stood out. People were always asking, "Where are you from?". You were in the spotlight as an unusual looking person. We got a lot of racist abuse. I was always ashamed that I couldn't tell people where I came from. I couldn't say I was in a foster house because that would be too shaming.
145. Being ashamed of being in foster care and not knowing where I came from affected me emotionally and impacted on my education. In my first year at Holy Cross I did well in terms of the academic work. I was getting quite high grades for all my subjects. In second and third year I just deteriorated. I started to lose interest. I was acting up a lot and mucking about. Not fulfilling my potential. Obviously there's a lot of reasons for that, considering my background.
146. I wasn't able to access education. I didn't like the bullying behaviour of the teachers. It was the time of corporal punishment and a lot of them were very strict, very distant and the regime was very regimented. I struggled with that. I had a feeling of alienation. I have a photo of being in the school football team and I'm the only one with dark skin. I had a real need to try and fit in with things. Academic studies was the last thing I had time for.

147. Although we left foster care under this bad situation and they basically got rid of us because they couldn't cope, I still tried to keep in touch with my foster parents a bit afterwards. We'd had a long relationship. I later met my foster parents in Troon when they were having a holiday there. I spent a few weeks with them.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

148.

149.

Treatment and Support

150. I was off work with stress related illness and I went to my doctor. My doctor is really supportive and a wonderful person. I was telling her about the stress at work and the problems with the school. I was in tears and couldn't stop crying. She had the foresight to recognise there was something deeper and asked me about my childhood. I broke down. I started telling her. That was really the first time that the impact of all this really came out, when I was teaching. It really hit me hard. All this stuff that'd been kept down, all came up.
151. My doctor referred me to a psychologist, another wonderful person. I was diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. I had regular psychotherapy for the next ten years. Understanding is helpful because you can put in strategies into place to try and manage the symptoms.

152. What's really helped me is understanding the psychological schemas which I've been living with. The emotional deprivation, the abandonment, mistrust and being diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. The strategies around that like mindfulness techniques, breathing exercises and creative writing have been a big source of help to me in terms of management.
153. Until you get some psychotherapy you don't understand what's happening to you. You go through years and years of not understanding why you're angry, why you're irritable, why you want to withdraw from the world, why you drink too much. What is painful about psychotherapy is when you know that there is no cure because the damage was done a long time ago to your brain and to your biology.

Health

154. In my twenties, I had a duodenal ulcer, brought on by chronic anxiety. I was on anti-depressants for years, one of the side effects is an irregular heartbeat and I still suffer from that.
155. When I was 46, I had a heart attack and had a stent fitted. I'm still on medication because of that. I have heart disease now.
156. I also suffer from phantom symptoms due to the emotional pain. I felt I had a huge lump in my throat and I couldn't breathe. I had lots of medical investigations, including invasive ones but there was nothing there. It was entirely emotional. I get embarrassed at the number of times I see my doctor.

Involvement with Survivor Groups

158. When the Inquiry was announced, I got in touch with the late Frank Docherty who I had the pleasure of meeting once. I would like to pay tribute to him.
159. I attended at the National Confidential Forum and gave a statement there.

Records

160. I first approached Lanark Council in the 1990's to find out if there were records of my time in care. They said write to Strathclyde Regional Council Social Work Department, which I did. It still hurts me now to think about that A4 sheet of paper with two lines, my whole history of why I went into care.
161. Apart from that, I haven't tried to recover my records. Emotionally it's quite difficult to do. I had written to a statutory authority. When I received their reply and it was only two lines, I thought, "What's the point, I just don't want to do this anymore". The records are either there or they are not. If they are there, the records should be found and given to us. Why should I run around trying to find my records? It is abusive in its own way.
162. My sister found out our mothers address through her own hard work, with her ex-husband. She traced our mother to the last the last hospital she'd been admitted to when she had her breakdown. She got the address from there. We had asked about her for all those years to no avail and my sister got the address from the hospital, with no help from any official.

Other information

163. I would like some organisation, whoever is responsible for record keeping in the last hundred years, to find my records. If my records are not found then I should be given an apology. If there is a legal requirement for those records to be there and they are not, some organisation should be held responsible. An organisation or institution was responsible for keeping records and failed. They should be held accountable and prosecuted. They shouldn't be allowed to get away with saying there was a flood or fire.
164. I would like the Government to introduce legislation which makes it a crime to deny the abuse suffered in these institutions, similar to that in Germany regarding the Holocaust. Scotland has to face up to this as a country.
165. The nuns apologies are meaningless and hollow, in the context of the level of abuse. I think it's possible the nuns don't think they've done anything wrong, given their continued denial of the abuse. It's not apologies, it's prosecutions I want. It's what needs to happen.
166. These organisations are still functioning and operating. They prey on the vulnerable. I don't think any of these organisations should be allowed to care for the sick or vulnerable, for example in care homes. There should be a register of organisations who have been found to have abused, like the register for sex offenders. Councils should not award care contracts to them.
167. The Church is very wealthy. It's a money making organisation that preys on poor people. It was, and is, receiving donations to care for the vulnerable. Where did that money go to? It wasn't spent on caring for children. The shiny new headstones of the nuns at Smyllum, near the unmarked graves of the children are another example of their great wealth. They have a portfolio of properties and great wealth. They should make reparations.

168. I think it is so important that children in care are not made to feel that they are not clever but know that circumstances have made it hard for them to engage with education.

169. 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.

JAA

Signed.....

Dated..... 12 - December 2017