

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of James Daniel Kane

Support person present: No

Personal details

1. My name is James Daniel Kane. I am known as Jim. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1942. I am nearly 74 years old.

2. I am married to [REDACTED]. We have been married for 50 years last year. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Background

3. My mother, [REDACTED] was born in 1920. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

4. I've seen a fair bit of life. I've been around. I've been in the forces and travelled a fair bit of the world through that. Life takes strange routes. My father was killed during World War II, on 24th December 1943. I was two and a half when he died so I never knew him. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] There are seven of us altogether. I'm still in touch with my brothers and sisters. I don't see much of my oldest brother but we're now on great terms, just brilliant.

5. At the time my father was killed, we lived in a tenement flat in Motherwell. I started school when I was 5. We went to the primary school just across the road, next to Motherwell Cathedral. On 3rd October 1947, we (my mother,

[REDACTED] and me) moved to a big house in North Motherwell. The following March, my twin brother [REDACTED] was killed in a house fire.

6. My mother lived in that house all of her life. She died 12 years ago. My mother was born on [REDACTED] and was a good age when she died. She tried her best to look after us. I remember when we moved to the new house, I mind my grandmother saying to my mother "You'll never furnish this big house", and she never did, all the years we were there.
7. I never really knew any of my father's family, even though they only lived 12 miles away in Cleland. I knew absolutely nothing about them, and there's a lot of them. [REDACTED] He had 11 of a family. I have been to Cleland quite a few times and I've now met one of my cousins, he was the oldest grandson on the [REDACTED] side of the family. That was the first time I'd spoken to any of that family in 60 years. I don't know if that's because my father was killed and we lost contact, my mother never talked about it. I don't remember any of the [REDACTED] family ever coming to visit my brother. I did know my mother's family. My grandmother was from Carfin. My mother had 4 brothers and a sister. They used to come and visit my mother. In fact, when we moved to the big house in North Motherwell, my mother would sometimes rent out rooms to them when they all got married and had kids of their own. She would give them a bedroom and charge them maybe ten bob a week or something like that. It was a big house but was rented from the borough. We literally lived in poverty, I can assure you of that. My mother never really worked. She tried to. She tried to work in the [REDACTED] canteen, but it wasn't easy for her, with the kids to look after.
8. We had no man in the house. My brother [REDACTED] was the oldest and was sort of the boss. In a way, I don't blame him. His pals all had dads working, and would get pocket money but our mother didn't have anything to give him. I was a bugger – I was up to everything. I am not talking about badness, but devilment. If there was anything stupid going on, I was the ringleader. However, respect meant a lot in those days – our neighbours would be "Mr

and Mrs". It wasn't like it is nowadays when young people tell you where to go and give you a mouthful of foul language.

Admission to Smyllum

9. In 1953 or 1954, my mother took TB. She didn't know what to do with us, but she let the house out. She had to go into hospital for a year. That was how we came to be in Smyllum. Rather than split the four of us up – one with one Aunty, one with another – she decided to keep us all together. My mother was in a predicament, what to do next, when she became ill because there was no man in the house. Who was going to look after us? She got advice from a social worker in Motherwell about what to do, what would be best for us. I don't blame her, not one bit. She had TB – it was rife in those days. She decided to put us into Smyllum.

10. We went to Smyllum in March 1954. I was 11 years old. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

11. I remember that my mother took us to Smyllum. I remember the big flashy car. Cars were very rare in they days. It seemed like a long journey, but it was only 13 miles. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

12. I can mind going in to Smyllum, up the front stairs and seeing the nuns and asking "What are they wearing?". They wore these big hats called cornettes, but I didn't know that at the time - white hats with wings at the sides, and their holy habit. We were taken into a big room, where they were checking your hair, maybe looking for bugs or something. I can't remember whether my

mother had left by then. I don't remember her telling us how long we would have to stay in Smyllum. We didn't know how long we'd be there.

13. I think there were about 150 boys altogether of around the same age group. Boys aged 8-14 were what they called the "big boys".

Life in Smyllum

14. Being taken in with the big boys, I was introduced to this nun, Sister [BAE] [BAE] Oh, my goodness, gracious me. What a person that was. She was evil. She was called [BAE] I can still remember her [BAE] [BAE] She was like a wraith. She was evil.
15. [BAE] would try to teach you the holy mass, to be altar boys. In the drill hall, where the boys were, she would have us sit in a big circle and she would go round and about with the bible in her hand, reciting Latin. She carried a wee hairbrush with her. She would be reciting Latin to you, and would ask you to repeat it. If you didn't get it right, your lugs got it with the hairbrush. That happened to all the boys.
16. Another thing she would do was, when we were allowed into The Square to play, she would step out into The Square and stand there. She would put her finger up and all you heard was "Shhh!" and you froze. You literally froze where you were. If you had your back to her, turned round, she would slap you. You just froze and she would tell you when to turn round.
17. Everybody got issued with a number. My number was number 73. All your clothes would be numbered, your shoes were numbered and your handkerchiefs would be numbered. We got two handkerchiefs, a square hanky and your number was written in the corner, and every week one hanky would be taken away for laundry, the next week she would change it. [BAE] would stand there with the hankies – a bag for clean ones and a bag for dirty ones. She would pick a hanky out and call out your number. If you brought the hanky to her and it was dirty – and you had it in your pocket for a week,

cleaned your nose and that with it - she would wallop you. Totally wallop you, with her hand or whatever else she got.

18. One of her favourite punishments was drill. If somebody done something trivial and they didn't own up – and you were afraid to own up, because you knew what kind of beating you were going to get - she would beat the living daylights out of you. I saw beatings like that, I got it. She would line the boys up in the drill hall, which was the main hall where the boys were. She would walk up and down. She carried a long stick, like a long bit of a budgie's cage, and she had this clicker, "The Frog" we called it. See when she clicked that, your hands went up like that to your shoulders. Then she'd click again – up, down, up, down. She would have this long rung, and she would come down behind you. If your fingers weren't straight across, your fingers got it with this rung. This happened to me, it happened to us all. Every one of us. She done it regular.

19. It was nothing unusual to see some poor guy face down on a table with his trousers and shorts down and his bare backside. She had a big lump of wood, right across your bare backside. And she had a big strap as well. 4 boys were asked to hold you down, like a cross – they knew if they didn't do it they'd have got the same. This happened to me; I can't remember if it happened more than once. The brutality of this person. Typical example. We used to have this locker where you put your brushes for your shoes. There was a wee lock on it. Somebody stuck a bit paper in it one time, and she tried to find out who it was and nobody would volunteer. So to get the culprit, she punished everybody. And this was part of her punishment. The time it happened to me, I was left with marks. She would leave marks on the boy's back and bottom.

20. You didn't touch BAE That was taboo. You did not touch her whatsoever. She wore a long blue habit, a big set of rosary beads and a white apron and this big cornette hat. I can remember going to her and asking to go to the toilet and her response was horrendous. A slap about the head and face, "You'll stand still there. You'll stand there". There were 150 boys, and she

made them all line up and sent them all to the toilet about 7 or 8 at a time. She made me stand there 'til the other boys had been to the toilet. And I was left there, and I wet myself. By the time she finished with all the rest of the guys going, I'd dirtied myself. She beat me again. She hit me again about the head and face, anywhere, and you were just standing there. She would wallop you something crazy. You'd be crying, but she had no sympathy for anybody. You couldn't ask her to stop. She stopped when she felt like it. That was my worst experience at Smyllum. Every now and again she would stop the boys and she would go in and inspect the toilets and if there were skid marks she'd demand to know who was responsible, "Who was that dirty boy that done that?". Somebody would shop him, and she beat the daylights out of him. She'd no compassion for the boys.

21. **BAE** would walk up through the dining hall when you were sitting at your meals. If you lifted an apple or a slice of bread and you left teeth-marks in it, she'd stand you up in front of everybody and would hold this bit food up and would hit you, another slap. You weren't supposed to leave your teeth marks on it. It was nothing unusual. She would stand in front of you, stand on your feet and catch you by the cheeks on your face with her two hands and pull your face up. That was painful. That happened to me. She did that because you weren't supposed to eat your food like that – you were supposed to nibble.
22. There were always 4 to a table, and one boy at the table, the oldest boy, would be put in charge of that table. The food we got would be porridge, lamb stew, different things. **BAE** would watch you eating, she would come up and down and would say "What's wrong with that food, boy? Don't you like it? You will eat it!". She would sometimes stand over the top of you to make sure you ate it, whether you liked it or not. She didn't force feed us, she just made sure. Well, you were really hungry. It's hard to remember all they years ago, but I don't think the food was really too bad. The boys and girls ate separately.

23. Another scenario with her was, when you got showered and bathed, there would be three in a bath. You wore woollen shorts, and there weren't enough of those shorts to give everybody a pair. You took them off the guy next to you. What if the person before you had peed in the bath? You're passing them on.
24. You would go for showers as well. Where the shower room was, there was a dressing room which is where your cupboards were and your clothing. After we'd showered, we would have to stand in front of **BAE** before you went into the dressing room, and stand there. You weren't trembling because you were cold, you were trembling from fear. You'd sometimes have taken your shorts off because another guy was needing them so you were naked. She was inspecting you to make sure you were clean. She carried a big long twig, a branch. If she thought your feet were dirty, she would use this twig across your back, or your buttocks or your legs. And that left big, long welts on you. It really did. It happened to us all.
25. She was literally evil. I have been around in the world and I've seen a lot of evil people and I've met a lot of evil men through my forces days, but I have never met another woman like that in my life. God forbid. May she rot in hell for what she done. I've met people that was in Smyllum you always say "Do you mind of **BAE** Can you mind of The Frog?". You don't forget. I'm now nearly 74 years of age, but it's as if it was yesterday.
26. I didn't get as regular beatings as some of the boys because I got transferred into the kitchen and I worked with a Sister called Sister Patricia. Sister Patricia looked after all the boys' meals, and she was a brilliant big lady. She knew about the beatings, but she used to say to me – they didn't call you by your first name - "Kane, come in here! Hide in there, the boys are getting drill". And you could hear them getting drill because you could hear them crying, with the clicker and the stick. My job was going to the big outhouse, getting the potatoes, putting them through the big runner machine, clean them, bring them back to the kitchen. Helping Sister Patricia with meals.

27. There were men who worked in the place, handymen, and they were the same. They were too handy with their knees and feet. In the kitchen, there was a wee larder. Sister Patricia would maybe say "Kane, go through there and bring me a bag of sugar" or "bring me a bag of tea". If you went into the larder when the handymen were at their meal, you went in backwards with your back to the wall. You'd sneak by them, because they would treat you as badly as the dirt on the floor and slap you and kick you because you were disturbing them at their meals. Big hobnailed boots, they'd give you a kick and lift the skin off you.
28. I don't think I'd been in Smyllum for too long before I was moved to the kitchen, and I didn't mind working there. You were always working, but I didn't mind that because you were busy and you were out her road. I didn't have much to do with the other nuns after I was transferred to the kitchen. I only really knew **BAE** Sister **EAA** and Sister Patricia. I would think they'll all be dead now. I can't remember the name of the Mother Superior.
29. When I worked in the kitchen, you got up before the other boys because you had to go down and help Sister Patricia with the breakfast. When you come out of the kitchen, there was a flight of stairs, about 30 stone stairs, and they were all worn in the middle. I was going up there, with a double-handled pot of tea, a long pot. I got to the top and I slipped, and went feet first straight back down that stair. The tea came out over the top of me, it was red hot. I had my school uniform on. And **BAE** got hold of me and made me stand in the middle of that Square. This was the middle of winter. I was soaking and I'd burst my face, it was all blood. No sympathy given whatsoever. She would be more concerned about the tea. I was standing there by myself and she would come over and slap me, she would ask "How are you doing now, son?" and the tears were running down your face and the blood was running down, and she would give you another slap. I could never understand the cruelty. I had to stand there for maybe about an hour or something like that, if my memory serves me correctly, because I had to go and get changed and get back to school. That made me late for school – nobody was ever late for school, you were lined up in the playground and they'd whistle and take you in

by classroom - and I tried to explain but I was in trouble for that. But school itself, during the day, was just like an ordinary school.

30. I was in St Anthony's Dormitory. There would be maybe 40 guys in the dormitory, with beds end to end. There was a sitting room where sometimes we went for a cup of cocoa after our meal at night. We didn't get into the sitting room every night. We had a Sister there named Sister [REDACTED] EAA [REDACTED]. She was really nice. She was a really gentle person, but at the same time she could inflict pain the same as anybody else.

31. At night time, you would go into bed, you wore a long nightshirt. When you went to bed at night, you lay back in your bed. It was they white linen sheets, and you stretched out and you lay in your bed with your arms crossed on top of the sheet. And the Sister would go up and down the ward with the holy water and bless you all in your bed. That was Sister [REDACTED] EAA [REDACTED]. I think they done it in all the dormitories, we were all treated the same when it came to bedtime. In the morning, you got up in the morning, she would inspect the bedroom. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] His bed was next to mine. Now sometimes I wet the bed, sometimes [REDACTED] wet the bed. A lot of guys wet the bed. She would line the boys up along the dormitory. You wore this nightshirt, and you pulled the nightshirt up to the back of your neck and you were naked from the back of your neck to the soles of your feet. And she'd whip you. Sister [REDACTED] EAA [REDACTED] would belt you for wetting the bed, with a leather belt just like a headmaster's belt. She'd flay you across the back two or three times. She'd say "You're a dirty boy. You shouldn't do these things. That's not nice." But you couldn't help it. I don't think the dormitories were really heated right. I really can't remember what she done with the wet bed clothes.

32. [REDACTED] BAE [REDACTED] was the worst of the lot. Some of the nuns were afraid of her. If you looked at her the wrong way, you would get thumped. I don't remember her in the dormitory. There were 5 dormitories so she might have been in another dormitory. She would frighten the life out of you, the way she would snarl at

you, [REDACTED] I watched a film the other night, "Philomena", and near the end of that film, you see Judi Dench going into this place and there is a Sister sitting there in her wheelchair, [REDACTED]. She put me in mind of BAE. It brought it all back. I could never understand why people could be so cruel to children. We weren't all orphans in Smyllum. I wasn't an orphan, because my mother was still living but a lot of guys were orphans and they had families, maybe 4 or 5 of one family in the place. I was lucky, I was only in a year.

33. Beatings, of me and other people, were very regular occurrences. Every day.

34. There was a holiday from Smyllum to Aberfoyle. Bed wetters were not allowed to go. I was allowed to go and had 2 weeks in Aberfoyle, in the summer time. I remember they gave you a shilling every two days you could spend in the tuck shop. They used to take us out a walk. BAE went. BAE used to run the football team for Smyllum and she was a bad loser. If they boys got beat, oh boy, their life wisnae worth living. Everything had to be spot on. I never played football. I wasn't a football fanatic.

35. [REDACTED] when you got to a certain age you were taken away from Smyllum and you were sent to St Ninian's at Falkland in Fife. This was a school run by the De la Salle Brothers.

36. I can mind my mother coming to see us. She managed to get a day out of the hospital, she was in Wishaw sanatorium. I said to her what was happening, and my mother hit me. She said "Holy people don't do that, Jim". I said "They do, mother", and she hit me again. I said "Mother, you'll never hit me again".

School

37. There was a school in Smyllum. The school was below my dormitory. There were 5 classes which were mixed classes, all ages. The school was open plan. A nun always stood at the far end.

38. There was a playground outside the school. There was a white line painted down the middle of it, and boys and girls had to stay on their own side. If you were seen talking to the girls, you would take what you got. You weren't allowed to speak to the girls, it was taboo. The playground is sometimes where I would see [REDACTED] but I couldn't talk to [REDACTED].
39. One of the teachers in there – I think her name was Miss [REDACTED] AEP – she came from outside. She didn't use the belt, but she used a "pointer" for the black board. She would turn the pointer round and hold it by the narrow end, it was tapered. You stood there to get six of the best with your arm bent at your elbow and your hand palm up. If she didn't strike you on your palm, she would get your arm. In saying that, she didn't use it very often, but would use it if someone spoke out of line in the classroom. I can't remember ever getting it from her. I seen other people getting it.
40. The nuns – Sister [REDACTED] EAA and [REDACTED] BAE – had their own way of punishing. There was only one nun taught at the school and that was Sister [REDACTED] EAA [REDACTED] BAE didn't. Sister [REDACTED] EAA would take the boys for a walk every Sunday, she'd bring you out of Smyllum, you'd walk down by the railway, right into Lanark, across the golf course and round about Lanark Loch, back in through Bannatyne Street and up the back road into Smyllum. That would be about 3 miles of a walk. That would be all the big boys, every Sunday, and you could hear comments in the street. People would see us and you would hear them say "Don't go near them – they're bad boys, they're orphans.". And that stigma sticks with you. That certainly wasn't true – because you're an orphan that doesn't make you a bad person.

Contact with people outside Smyllum

41. I reckon when I was there, there were about 900 kids in Smyllum. There was a metal fence out the front, which is there to this day. If visitors came to see you, they would take you into the field at the front and have a wee picnic. The

one visit I had from my mother is all I can mind of. I can't remember how long I had been there.

42. I hardly saw a priest in my time at Smyllum although there was a regular mass in the chapel. I didn't say anything to the priest – I didn't tell anybody. We also had mass at St Mary's chapel, and I was an altar boy once. I deliberately made a mistake because I didn't want to do it. Religion was rammed down your throat. I'm not a religious person, I never have been. There's nothing wrong with religion, I just... I deliberately made a mistake so that I wouldn't do it again. **BAE** would make sure that you knew this bible of hers back to front, and the Latin, and you done prayers in the morning when you got up, you went for breakfast, you said prayers before and after meals. You went to school, you had prayers right in the morning, before you broke off for lunch you had prayers before lunch and after. The same repeated at evening times when you got your dinner and the same repeated when you went for your cocoa at night and the same again happened before you went to bed – you went down beside your bed and prayed. We would get up I think about 7.30am and done prayers at the side of our bed. School – and school was really alright – was about 9am til lunchtime, maybe about 12 and then again from about 1pm til about 4pm, something like that. Tea time would be 5pm, 5.30pm or something like that and bedtime was about 7.30pm.

43. At Christmas, we would get a wee parcel sent to you. There would be a person's name but you didn't know who they were but you classed them as your "Uncle" or "Aunty". We would write them a wee thank you letter. Nearly everyone got a gift at Christmas the year we were there, anonymous gifts that were handed in.

44. I don't remember anyone ever inspecting Smyllum, or ever seeing a doctor while I was there.

Returning home from Smyllum

45. We left Smyllum in March 1955. My mother came up and got us. She had to fight the authorities to get us back home as they thought that we had been signed over to the holy Order. Because she was a war widow, they thought she couldn't look after us. She done her best. I was happy to leave, because I wanted home to see my mother.

46. She recovered from TB, although I can mind she used to take these big, round tablets. I actually think she signed herself out of the hospital.

47. I didn't try to tell my mother again about what had happened. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I always cried. I am a very emotional person.

48. When we came out of Smyllum, we went back to our old primary school opposite the flat where we used to live. It was about 2 miles from the new house in North Motherwell, but we had to walk there and back, right through the town of Motherwell, cause my mother didn't have money to give us bus fares. I moved from there to the junior secondary school, which was practically next door to the old tenement flat. It was a Catholic school. I was brought up a Catholic. I don't practice religion now because my wife's a different religion.

49. I left school at 15 and got a job in a butcher's shop, making deliveries on a message bike. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

When it came to Saturday, the butcher would give everyone their wages but I got none. The

butcher said "I've no' got pay for you this week, son". I said "Why is that, Jimmy?" and he said "Because your mother's been in and got butcher's meat in exchange for your wages". What else could she do? She had to do that, but I think I had a disagreement with the butcher or something. I didn't like this idea of not getting my pay.

50. I lost that job when I was 15. After that, I drifted about a bit from job to job. Every penny I got went to my mother because I knew she needed it.

51. In about 1958 or 1959, my mother remarried the biggest drunken bum of a man you ever met. [REDACTED] resented that. I was still living at home. We were frightened of him. He was an animal. The way he used to treat my mother. He called her all the filthiest names under the sun.

52. I joined the forces in March 1960 when I was 17 and a half. Previous to that, me and my mother's husband used to go stealing coal at 2 or 3 in the morning, going up the railway with an old buggy and selling it round the doors. I gave all the money I got from that to my mother; he was peeing it against the wall. It was all drink money for him. At one time he got job at the Ravenscraig Steelworks and he disappeared for about a week, off on a bender.

53. He eventually killed himself. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

54. Before I joined the army, I got in a bit of trouble with the police in around 1959. It was just something stupid, me and this guy I palled about with, he was my best friend. He was trouble but I couldn't see it then. We'd been out one night on the ramble and were coming home, round Strathclyde Park and that. There was a house getting built, and there was a shed with no door on it so, being nosy as we were at 17, we stuck our nose in. I lifted a pair of old, scabby gloves. I don't know why. We went out along the road, this was about

10pm, and a police car stopped. "Where are you two going? Where have you been? What were you doing round there?". And they arrested us. I got home, the police took us home, and when I got in the house [REDACTED] gave me a hell of a beating, a right good beating – I probably deserved it - and I made up my mind this is not for me. That was in 1959.

55. When my mother says to us that she was thinking about getting married again, she asked [REDACTED] and I what we would do. I had said that I would leave home, but I had nowhere to go. I didn't want to stay around because we weren't used to that sort of life, a man coming in drunk and slapping us about the place, drinking, being sick all over the place and using that sort of language, smashing up the furniture.

56. Because I had nowhere else to go, I joined the Army. Joining the Army was the best thing ever I done. I knew what I'd be doing for the next 6 years. I wasn't on national service. I was a regular soldier.

Unmarked graves

57. I did my basic training at Lanark. We used to march by St Mary's cemetery every day, and for some reason I was drawn into it. I found a big mound of earth, and a stone cross – "Sweet Jesus, have mercy on the deceased children of Smyllum". I found out, much later – in March 2004, long after I left the army - that 158 children who had died in Smyllum were buried there, in unmarked graves. I quizzed the priest in St Mary's church about it, and I quizzed other priests about it, and I got in touch with the Sisters of Charity in London. I also got in touch with Frank Docherty. The next day, he was up like a shot from East Kilbride. From then on, we were like "that". We fought hard. We wanted to get a list of every child buried in the plot, asked for it from St Mary's and eventually got it from the Sisters of Charity in London.

58. Our plan was to get a monument built on behalf of the children. When we got the typed list, I wondered how we were going to find out where these children are and what ages they were. They didn't give us any ages, so I went to

South Lanarkshire Council's registry office and I spoke to a girl there and I told her what I wanted. The plan was that we build a monument on behalf of these children and our proposal to start with was to put the names on it, but then we met up with a guy from Falkirk, [REDACTED], he was a Smyllum boy, and rather than put names on it, because with all due respect someone's name might have been left off – if you notice the dates, they go back to 1864 - and so [REDACTED] done a prayer:

"Their life so short, no world to roam
 Taken so young, they never went home
 So spare a thought for them as you pass this way
 A prayer, if you remember, day by day
 Yes, lives so short, bereft of love
 But found in the arms of the Lord God above."

59. We had to ask the former parish priest at St Mary's, Father Joe Brannigan (he's gone now, he's dead), about the monument. I would make appointments with him, to go and see him. He was totally against us. He wouldn't turn up. No excuse given. I would sometimes sit there waiting for two hours. We asked him to do a service for us on behalf of the kids of Smyllum, and he agreed providing that INCAS members all attend his regular holy service in St Mary's Catholic church. I said "Fine, that's not a problem.". Only 7 of us turned up. The congregation holds about 1,000 up there. During that, Father Brannigan announced that there would be a service of remembrance in the cemetery and not one of the congregation turned up to it. Father Brannigan turned up. He came out, he spoke to us at the monument and he done a blessing. Me and Frank were talking after the service – it lasted about 20 minutes, something like that - but then we turned around and he was off. He was walking away from us. I'd asked him previous to that whether we'd need to pay him or if he needed a donation and he said we didn't have to do that. The following year, I approached him again but he said "Mr Kane, I'm not doing it.". I asked why he wasn't doing it, and he said it was because we didn't all turn up to his service at St Mary's Catholic church. I asked whether he was trying to tell me that he could stand in that pulpit and

scan that full chapel, the congregation, and tell who's all in there. I told him there was 7 of us there. I told him I'd be telling my friend Frank Docherty, and that he was totally out of order, and since then we've just done it ourselves. We have a service every year, round about 10th August. One of the reasons is in memory of [REDACTED].

60. Father Brannigan got a £2m Lottery grant to do up St Mary's. Before it was renovated, there were a big, massive crucifix. On the base of that crucifix was an inscription, "In memory of the boys of Smyllum who died between 1914-18 and 1939-45.". I've been trying to find out for about 10 years now who they are. Nobody will tell us. Not a soul will tell us. There was a man going to help me, but the guy died. I approached Father Brannigan about it. He told me to forget it, to let it go. He told me he'd met a lot of good men in Rome that he'd forgotten all about. I said, "You're the most unhelpful priest we've ever met.". I told him I wouldn't forget it. He wouldn't help us at all.

61. The monument cost £6,000. We asked the Sisters of Charity to pay for it, but Sister Josephine claimed that they couldn't afford it. Frank told her how much money they had in a Jersey bank and her reply to that was "That's for compensation". But they paid the £6,000. At the same time, and having claimed that they couldn't afford to pay for the monument, the Order replaced about 20 or 30 old stone headstones for former Sisters with new black granite headstones.

62. [REDACTED] BAC is also buried in the cemetery. He has a headstone on the same ground as the children. He was a brute of a man. He is buried in the cemetery, and so is his sister. They grew up in Smyllum and stayed there. [REDACTED] BAC stayed on there as [REDACTED]. He was the sort to give you a slap, and would call you some of the filthiest names. He made you feel worse than dirt on the floor.

Reporting what happened

63. I didn't try to tell my mother again after we came home.

64. I told people later, before I joined the army. There was a local family in Motherwell, [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] The children were in Smyllum before we went there, and stayed after we came home. When they did get home, we became friends again. The father was taken into hospital and the social work was going to take the boys back to Smyllum. I was very friendly with [REDACTED] and I told my mother. She had us, but she told them to bring all of their stuff down to our house to be looked after by my mother. Their father kicked up a right fuss when he got out, said my mother had nae right, but my mother said she knew the effect that Smyllum had had on her family. She said she would keep them. She fostered them, and they became my foster brothers. I still see two of those boys to this day. They used to say to us, "I'll get BAE to you.". They made a joke of it. I spoke about it to [REDACTED], but he couldn't say that he remembered seeing violence at Smyllum.

65. I have never gone to the police, or thought about it. The nuns are more than likely dead. When I first started to try to get my records, the registry office in Lanark used to be on Hope Street. I met a guy, I was telling him why I was there, and he said, "Mr Kane, you can't prosecute a dead person.". He wrote back to me and said he couldn't find any record I've ever been at Smyllum. I said, "I cannae make that up. That's part of my life. That's what happened to me."

66. I've recently seen the film "Spotlight". We found out a while ago too that, when they committed these crimes against children, priests, nuns and that were transferred to different dioceses and their name was changed. I'm very suspicious of that, of them hiding them.

Army career

67. I joined the army in March 1960. I enlisted in the 1st Battalion Cameronians, Scottish Rifles. I done my basic training at Lanark, at Winston barracks. I done four months up there. I went to Germany on 6th August 1960. I had to wait until I was 18 to go overseas. During my time in the forces, I never seen any active service. I done 3 years and 8 months stationed in Germany. I was told by the medical officer while I was there that I had flat feet, so I became a chef. Lo and behold, I met two guys in the kitchen that went to school with me. I also met other guys in the Cameronians that came from Motherwell, and other guys that was in Smyllum. I worked long, long hours, but it was either that or you were doing guard duty, exercises and all that and I enjoyed it. We're all good at something and, I can blow my own trumpet, I became a good chef. I went on courses to different places, Aldershot and Duisberg.

68. I returned to Scotland in 1964, when I was stationed at Redford barracks.

69. I came out of the army in March 1966 but remained in the TA for 14 years, again as a chef. I loved the TA, but I was getting too old, I was doing too much. I got made up to ranking sergeant.

Life after discharge from the army

70. I got married in August 1965 and left the army in March 1966.

71. I did consider trying to get other chef jobs and interviewed for a couple. I got a job working for British Leyland at their plant in Bathgate, building trucks and tractors. I was in there to start with for 9 months when they had a massive redundancy and I got paid off in October 1966. I got started back with them in January 1967 and I stayed there for 20 years, until the factory closed in 1986. I was there right to the finish. We got redundancy, but that wisnae the point. I wanted the right to bring a pay home to my wife and family. We were on strike at the same time as the miners, same time as the steelworkers at Ravenscraig, but we weren't on strike for anything we weren't wanting. It was

about the right to bring a pay home to your family and to get by with a bit of dignity.

72. From 1986, I drifted from job to job but then got a job in the steel industry, in a factory just over the road from my house. I enjoyed that job and I got on well with the gaffer and everything else. I had my fallings out with the foreman, but in saying that, 2 minutes after that, that falling out didn't happen. We said our piece and that was end of story. I officially retired at 65, but I've not worked since 4th July 1995 because I had an industrial accident, and plus the fact I had a heart attack as well. I was off sick for 6 months and then paid off.

Personal life

73. I met [REDACTED] through a friend of mine in the army. He was writing to his girlfriend, and asked me if I wanted a pen pal. I started writing to [REDACTED], who was his girlfriend's friend. We wrote to each other for 2 years before I met her. I eventually visited her, she must have been about 17. I met her here in Lanark. She said, "What do you want to do, [REDACTED]". I said, "I want to meet your folks.". I went to [REDACTED] met her parents, met her family. I got posted up to Ballater then, 1964-65, during the Queen's visit. In 1964, for about six weeks, I never received a letter or anything from [REDACTED]. I thought she'd sent me a "Dear John", but her father had died. I only met him two or three times but what I met, I liked. He was a marvellous man.

74. I moved to [REDACTED] when we got married. [REDACTED] is from there. We have been married for 50 years last year and have lived in [REDACTED] all of our married lives. We have a great marriage. I never use bad language around my wife, and my two girls have never heard me and my wife arguing. I've told my wife all about my experiences in Smyllum, and I've told my children, my granddaughter. I sit with my wife's brother on a Tuesday night and we talk about everything. My family is fantastic.

INCAS

75. I have been a member of INCAS for about 20 years. I found out about it when I saw an article in the Big Issue about Frank Docherty's life, and an advert. The advert gave two telephone numbers – one for [REDACTED] and one for Frank. I called [REDACTED] but, as I had been in Smyllum, he suggested I speak to Frank. We met up in a café in Hamilton, we walked by each other two or three times and after all those years, you don't know what to expect. We must have sat in the café for about two hours and I remember this woman saying to us "By god, you two can talk!". I said, "Look, Mrs, we haven't seen each other for 30-odd years". I vaguely remembered Frank from Smyllum as we were in the same age group. I remembered his nickname had been "Doc". He was a tough nut. I hadn't seen him until about 20 years ago when we eventually met again.

76. We have a meeting of INCAS the last Monday of every month, in Oswald Street in Glasgow, Who Cares? Scotland. Frank started INCAS of as Abuse Victims Anonymous (AVA), but it folded. He set it up because he was fed up hearing these stories with only the abusers getting a mention. What about the victim, who has to carry that with them all their life. He is the first man to start these associations in Scotland. He started up with a wee cheap typewriter, one finger. He used to hold meetings in East Kilbride and only one person would turn up, sometimes no one would turn up. I've got a lot of admiration for Frank Docherty.

77. [REDACTED] was in at the start. He disappeared for a wee while, but he's come back again. [REDACTED] story was in the Daily Record, how he found his brother, and there's a documentary coming out. [REDACTED] no long since come on the scene. There's also wee Father [REDACTED], from Edinburgh. The first time he came to INCAS, I had to go looking for him at Glasgow Central station. I'm looking for a man with a dark black suit on and a dog collar, but black suits have been done away with. He spotted me, though. He's a lovely wee man, a wee chirpy guy. He's as happy as Larry. He's not a survivor, he's just a member. Father [REDACTED] does a lot of good work, he brings us information from all the Catholic churches about the different priests and what's going on elsewhere. We had another priest, Father [REDACTED] but

he's gone to another organisation, White Flowers Alba, that's no long since started up. And Helen Holland. I don't know where Helen gets all the energy from. She's a diamond.

78. The INCAS members all know each other well. We know how to talk to each other, what to say to each other, when to say it. We're all survivors. Frank and I speak on the phone every Sunday, and I get very good support from Frank and Helen in particular.

79. Membership of INCAS benefits me, without a doubt. I was the minute Secretary for about 6 years. I wasn't good at it, but I done what I could. We don't always agree with each other, but we don't fall out with each other. I think there are around 70 members in Scotland but Frank is in touch with people in the four corners of the UK and in Canada.

80. I have met a lot of guys in Glasgow through INCAS. We had a gathering at Strathclyde University about 15 years ago, and people came from all over. A lady even came from Australia. I met a guy from Nazareth House in Aberdeen who had 5 or 6 brothers. When he eventually met them, he asked "Where were all yous when I was in care?". Unknown to him, every one of them had been in care in different places. They had all asked the same question.

Impact

81. I have not let my experiences at Smyllum have an impact on my life. I didn't let it get me down. The army helped, without a doubt. The army done me a world of good because I know myself that if I hadn't joined the forces, I'd have been in jail.

82. I never really let it get to me. I have met hundreds of people through INCAS and some of them are down and out. They're blaming the abuse. OK, the abuse didnae help but surely to God you can pick yourself up. I picked myself up.

83. I hadn't thought about Smyllum until I saw Frank's advert. I do think about it now. I can be sitting with the TV on and couldn't tell you what was on, as my mind is elsewhere. Sometimes I just put the damn thing off, and I just sit back there and I shut my eyes. And the things that go through your mind. Everything goes through your mind. Do I think about the things that happened in Smyllum on a regular basis? I do now. For years it didn't bother me, until I saw Frank's advert.

Support services

84. I don't make use of any support services. I've never spoken to any social workers or anything. I don't know whether there is sufficient support out there because I have never asked for it.

Health

85. I have had some health issues. I take about 19 tablets a day. I have osteoporosis. I have a heart problem. I have high blood pressure, and a bowel problem which I am seen at Wishaw General hospital and Monklands about.

86. On Sunday 6th March 2016, I was taken to Wishaw General Hospital with gout, but it turned out to be more serious. It turned out to be kidney problems and blood cancer for which I was in hospital for 17 days and I now have very serious problems which will affect me for the rest of my life. I am receiving chemotherapy.

Records

87. I've been trying to get my records. We were told that Smyllum records were held in the Mitchell Library in Glasgow, I can't remember where that came from. Me and Frank went looking for records in there but couldn't find anything. I spoke to the [REDACTED] but she told me that the

Mitchell Library didn't have my records and not to ever call back. Her attitude put me right off.

88. At a publication event for the review by Tom Shaw, I spoke about my difficulty in recovering records. People were there from all walks of life – priests, nuns – and I got up to speak. To start with, I was very emotional, I was shaking like a leaf. But once I calmed down, I was fine. I said that I'd applied for my records from the Mitchell Library and spoke to a lady called [REDACTED]. I told them what she'd said to me on the phone. I said "That [REDACTED] getting paid for a job [REDACTED] not doing." And unknown to me, [REDACTED] was sitting in the audience. When I got home that night, the phone went and it was one of the Scottish Parliament girls, I can't remember her name. She said I went to town with [REDACTED]. I said I certainly did – name and shame. She said that, when I mentioned [REDACTED] [REDACTED] took her badge off and disappeared, never came back. I said "Well, what does that tell you?"

89. The Tom Shaw report contains statements which were supposedly made by different people, every paragraph representing a person, but four or five of those paragraphs are part of my story. There's no names, but I know from what's said that they're part of my story. I gave him my story face to face. He came and met us at Who Cares? Scotland. I brought that up at the Scottish Parliament, that the report was flawed. I also gave my story to [REDACTED] [REDACTED], but she never ever replied to us. I met her to give her my account but I couldn't continue because I got too emotional, so I said I would write it down for her and send it to her. She never, ever replied to us. I've met her quite a few times because she comes up for the service for the kids.

90. I now know that my records were lying in Millhill in London, held by the Daughters of Charity. I got a letter from them confirming that several years ago, but they never turned up. Last month, on a Tuesday, I went to the Citizens' Advice and the young lady there was very, very good. She wrote to the Daughters of Charity. On the Thursday morning, I got a phonecall from Sister [REDACTED]. I had phoned her first, to get my records. And they confirmed, they sent a letter, that they did have the records. I got in touch

with Sister [REDACTED] and she kept saying that they were in a different department and she was waiting on them coming in. That had been going on since 2014. When she phoned me last month, she said she called me on 9th February but I never got that phonecall. I went back and told the lady at the Citizens' Advice, who'd written a letter half-demanding the records, and she told me they'd told her the records would be sent on. She sent the letter one day, and I got the phonecall the next day, but they wouldn't have got the letter til the day after that. When I first started trying to get my records, many many years ago, they told me the records had been destroyed by fire and water. I had phoned Sister [REDACTED] on 8th February and got no reply. Again, 22nd, no reply. 5th January, no reply. I can understand that the records wouldn't say that I was being beaten by [REDACTED] BAE [REDACTED]

91. I've also been in touch with the social work in Motherwell, because that was my home address before I went in to Smyllum and after Smyllum. There's a guy there called Hugh Barclay. He was marvellous, what he done, but unfortunately he could only go so far.

92. After trying to get my records for 25 years, success – I have now got them.

Scottish Government

93. What really annoys me is about the Scottish Government. We went to St Andrew's House, maybe 18 months/two years ago. There were 12 of us there, and MSPs. They gave us one hour, and there was 12 of us there. It's not even 5 minutes per person, by the time some of the MSPs have their say. People came from Peebles, Inverness, London, for the sake of an hour. The same thing happened in Glasgow a couple of weeks ago with Angela Constance. One hour. It takes some people longer to get there than they get for the meeting.

94. I would be happy to give evidence at a public hearing. I don't wish to be anonymous.

95. 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 to be true.

Signed:



Date:

15-4-2016