

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**Witness Statement of****Shirley Caffell****Support person present: No****BACKGROUND**

1. My full name is Shirley [REDACTED] Caffell. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1956 and I am 60 years of age. My address is known to the Inquiry. I am single and live alone. I have four adult children.
2. My mother was [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] although everyone called her [REDACTED]. I don't know who my father was. I know it was not [REDACTED] who [REDACTED] My father may have been [REDACTED] even though he was 20 years older than my mum. All three are now dead.
3. [REDACTED]
4. Me, my mother and [REDACTED] lived at [REDACTED] Edinburgh. [REDACTED] prior to going into care permanently.
5. I am unsure when I was first placed in care but I do know that at times very early in my life I was placed in the City Hospital in Edinburgh and at other times the Children's Shelter [REDACTED] in their home at Polwarth in Edinburgh.
6. I have no actual recollection of being in the City Hospital. Over the years relatives have told [REDACTED] Apparently in those days children [REDACTED] would sometimes be put in the hospital to give our mother's a break rather than put us in a home short term.

7. [REDACTED] in St Katherine's briefly at some point but I'm not sure. It was either there or Nazareth House. I just remember something about nuns. I was maybe five or six at that time.
8. I have no recollection of bad treatment [REDACTED] in those various institutions. I do have a memory of nuns inspecting my body when we got bathed and asking about every bruise and lump on my body. I told them the truth that some were caused by me falling and others caused by mum hitting me.
9. One record of me going into the City Hospital shows I went there in 1958 when I was two years old [REDACTED] I am unaware of the reasons for frequently being placed in care at that stage but I do recall that, as I got older, my mother was rarely at home and sometimes our neighbours, Mr & Mrs Robertson, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] At times the Robertsons would call a Mr Miller of the Children's Shelter [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Mr Miller was like a sort of social worker. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] He popped in but never stayed long.
10. At home there were no birthday celebrations or sit down meals as a family or television or anything like that. [REDACTED] always getting slapped and having to go into school with black eyes [REDACTED] mother was just an angry, angry woman. I have virtually no happy memories of life at home. I have no recollection of having toys, games or the normal childhood belongings. I did get Christmas presents once from Mr Miller, a post office and a golliwog. She [REDACTED] for a day or two before taking them away to pawn. Many years later I found out that anything of value would be taken to the pawn shop by my mother. She would also pawn our clothes, bedding, household items

and anything else she could carry. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] We never had blankets on the bed, our bed was just coats.

11. We were never visited by [REDACTED] or any other relatives. In fact I think I was about five years old before I discovered I had [REDACTED]

12. When I was about four or five [REDACTED] the man [REDACTED] began visiting us but he never lived with us. He was a violent alcoholic. [REDACTED]

13. As before, [REDACTED] find that my mother and [REDACTED] were not at home. Frequently [REDACTED] would turn up really drunk and beat my mother up very badly and I would have to run to the police box for help, often only in my underwear.

14. One time [REDACTED] kept me up most of the night putting his hand up and asking me how many fingers he was holding up. I would count one to five and he slapped my face calling me a "stupid 'ba' face cunt" and this went on for a long time that night. He hit me so often that night that it left my face badly bruised. My mother was in bed keeping out his way in case she got it.

15. Of course he was always drunk and aggressive and if he had no reason to hit or argue with my mother then he would start on me [REDACTED] This happened a lot. He would often hit us over something stupid, [REDACTED] Both [REDACTED] and my mother hit me [REDACTED] They did not hesitate and would really go at it hammer and tongs. I got one particularly bad beating from him when [REDACTED] with nerves caused by the beatings and the expectation of getting beaten any time. [REDACTED] just considered this was a normal life. You just shut up and took it. [REDACTED]

16. Mr Miller would continue to sometimes visit [REDACTED] ask where my mother was but, because of the beating I knew I would get if I told the truth, I would tell him she was at the shops or that [REDACTED] she was at the doctor [REDACTED] Mr Miller would just leave a note for her and leave.
17. I remember an accident on a bike when I was about five years old that left me with 10 inch spokes sticking out of my ankles. My mother did not even phone an ambulance and made me walk to get a bus with these spokes sticking out of my ankles. Because of that my ankle was permanently damaged. At the time I got a plaster cast put on my leg and when it came time to remove it my mother did not even come to the hospital with me. My cousin went with me and she was only two years older than me. Looking back I cannot believe the hospital did not ask where my mother was or why a child taking another child to hospital.
18. By the time I was seven years old I was taking responsibility [REDACTED] when my mother and [REDACTED] were not at home which was nearly all the time. [REDACTED] for what was only days but seemed like weeks and years. There would never be any food in the house. Sometimes I'd go round to my cousin and ask them to ask their mum for a biscuit but to claim it was for them, [REDACTED] I was just afraid of Mr Miller finding out [REDACTED] and be taken away and later battered by my mother.
19. One particular day [REDACTED] to an empty house again and found the front door broken so went straight in so that the Robertsons and Mr Miller would not know [REDACTED] Night time came and [REDACTED] I pushed a chair up against the front door. [REDACTED] no food or anything to eat. [REDACTED] left at home alone for three nights before I woke up hearing the chair against the door shifting and her coming in with [REDACTED]. I remember feeling glad they were back but worried in case she might think that it had been me who had broken the door. She did not say anything about that but just told me to go back to bed and that she would [REDACTED] in the morning.

20. The following morning we got dressed and, saying nothing, my mother walked [REDACTED] The Meadows. I'm not sure exactly what time we left but it was in the morning. [REDACTED] I loved the feeling that [REDACTED] she was showing that she wanted [REDACTED] brilliant to be going out with her. When we got there, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Not long after, my mother called me over and told me she had to go [REDACTED] [REDACTED] She told me that "dad", [REDACTED] would be coming [REDACTED] later. She walked away without glancing back [REDACTED].

21. [REDACTED]

22. [REDACTED]

23. I made the decision [REDACTED] go looking for my mother and [REDACTED] [REDACTED] set off into [REDACTED] where [REDACTED] and his mother lived. [REDACTED] climbed up the spiral staircase and found the front door burst with blood smeared across it so I just scarpered. [REDACTED] headed off down the Bridges, stopping at Bingo Halls, pubs, and cafes on the way looking for either my mother or [REDACTED] [REDACTED] [REDACTED]

24. After a couple of hours [REDACTED] eventually got onto Leith Street and headed to [REDACTED] opposite Leith Docks. This was where Granny [REDACTED] my maternal grandmother, stayed. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I knocked Granny's door and she answered. I asked if my mother was there and she replied "No she isn't" and she shut the door in my face before I even had time to ask for some bread [REDACTED].

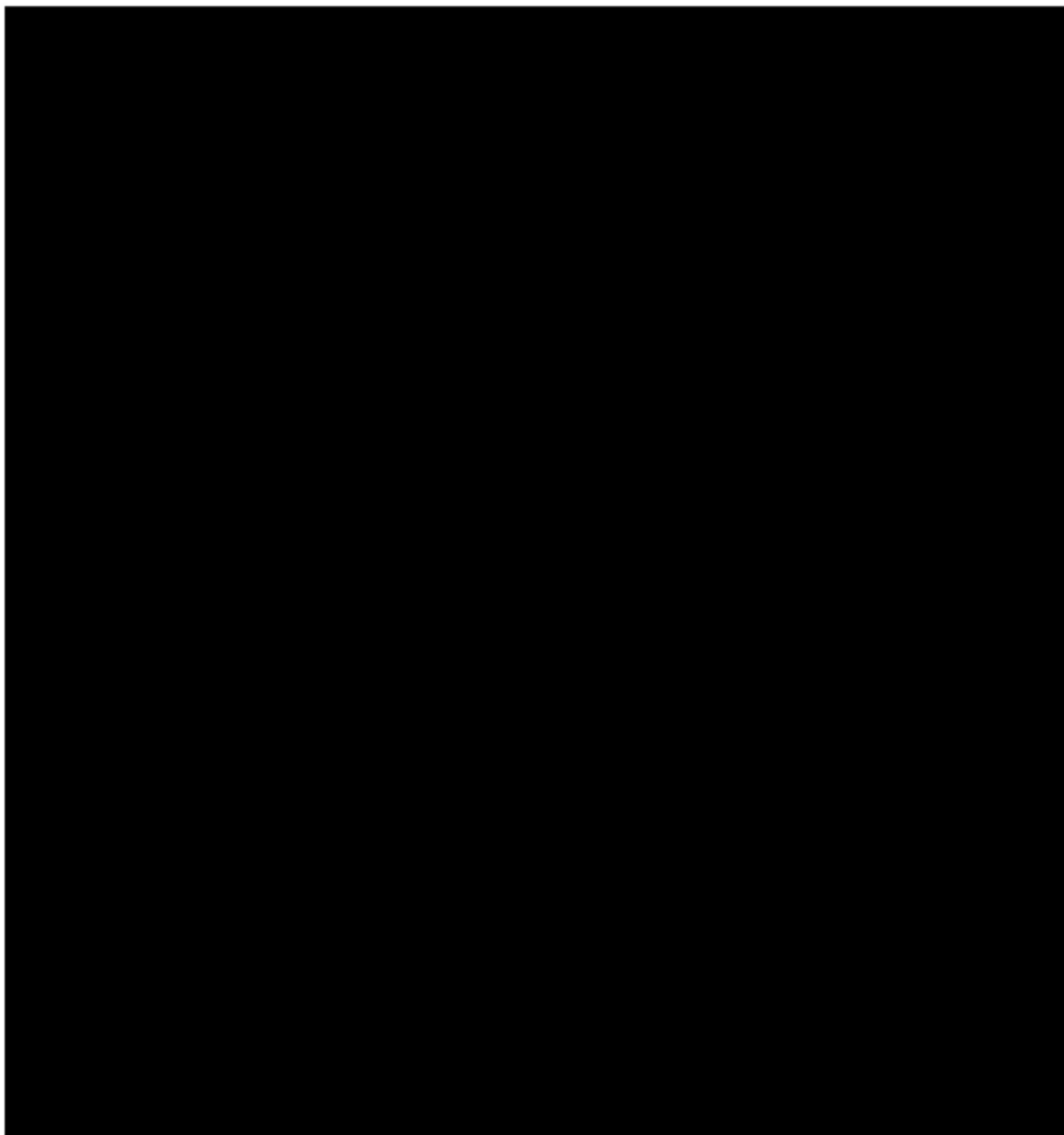
25. As it was now getting dark I decided to head back to The Meadows in case [REDACTED] was looking [REDACTED]. All the way back I was afraid of getting battered for leaving the park if he had turned up [REDACTED]. I was terrified in case [REDACTED] had been there [REDACTED]. It was fully dark by the time [REDACTED] to The Meadows and I looked around for [REDACTED] but nothing or no-one [REDACTED] was about.

26. I then saw two policemen going into a police box and I ran over to them. I was about to pull the door open when one of the policemen opened the door and I explained to him that my mother had left [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had not come to [REDACTED] as she had said. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

27. [REDACTED] taken to Braid Place police station nearby and given a fish supper. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] The police got in touch with the RSPCC.

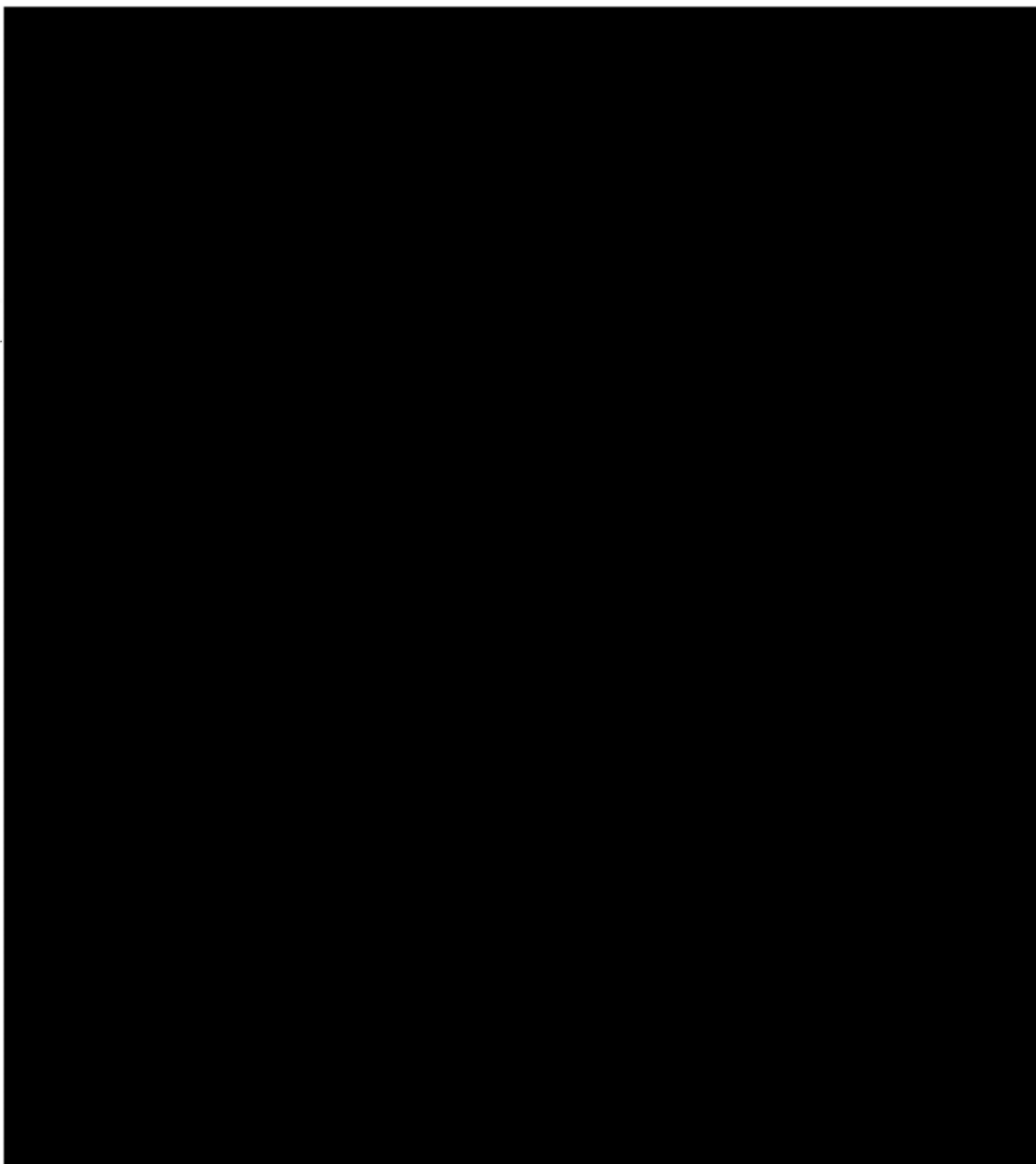
28. Someone, a social worker, came in and told me that [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I would go to a home until my mother could be found. [REDACTED] I was not worried anymore, except for the fact that I was sure that I would be battered [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

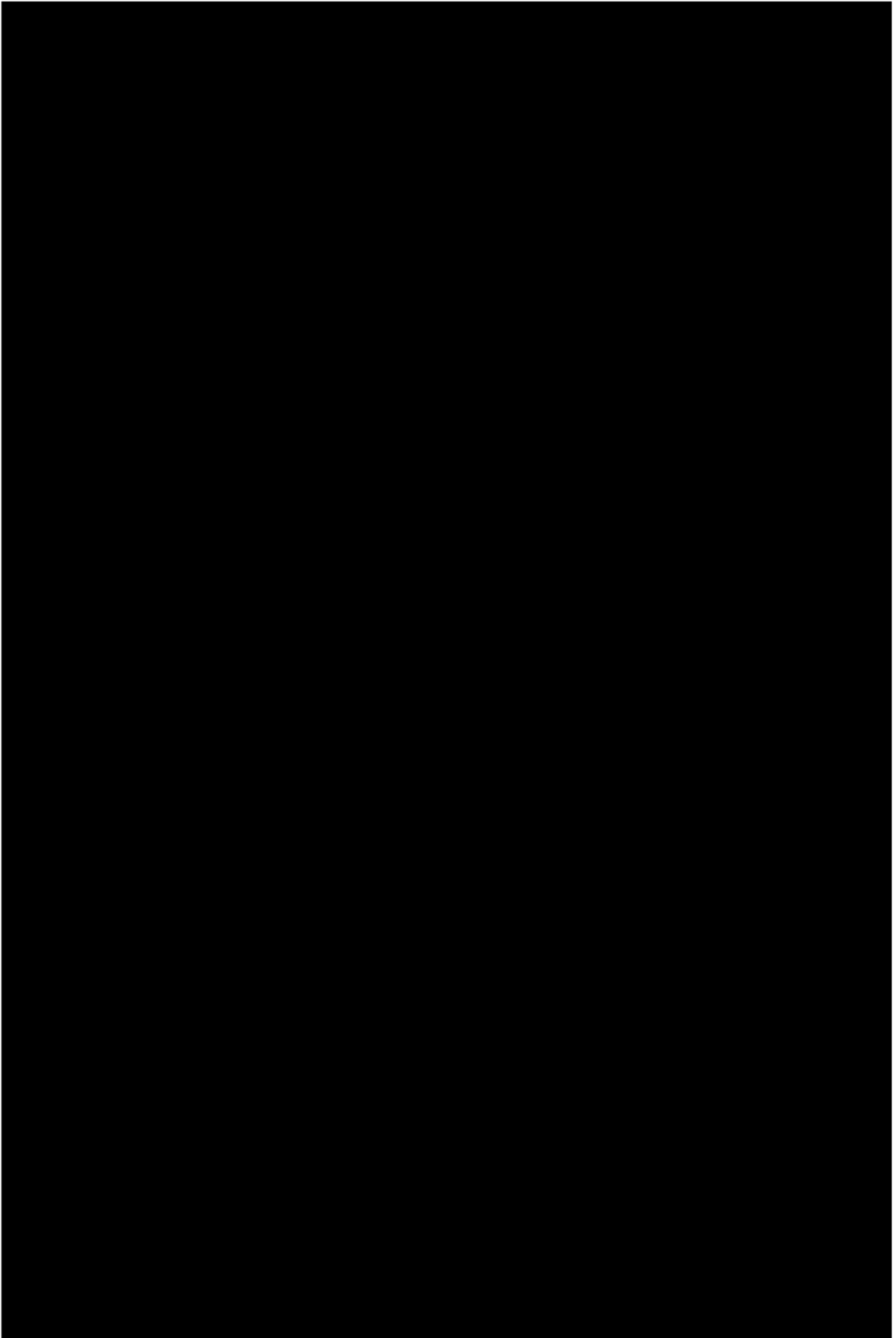
29. In [REDACTED] of 1964 I had to go to the sheriff court to tell them what had happened [REDACTED] at The Meadows. I answered all the questions put to me and did not lie. My mum got fined and [REDACTED] got admonished. To this day I cannot go to The Meadows and would be sick if I went there.

CANAAN LODGE HOME, EDINBURGH 1964 - 1965

34. That first Christmas in Canaan Lodge I was chosen to light the Christmas tree on the Mound in Edinburgh because of what had happened. I got a lovely doll from the Lord Provost for pulling the switch, choirs sang carols and reporters took photographs of me with my doll. That was my proudest moment and the next day I was in the papers. I had not really seen a proper Christmas tree close up, except in other peoples' windows with their coloured pretty lights and tinsel. This was the biggest tree ever but, when I pulled the switch and the lights came on, I was so disappointed. The lights were plain white and it did

not look at all as I had imagined it would, colourful and pretty. However, Lord Provost Duncan Weatherstone took me in his limo down the mound toward Princes Street and the gardens were alive with coloured lights and ornaments. When I saw it I thought it was magical and I was beaming with pride, a pride that stayed with me throughout my life, that I had been the one who had turned it all on. We had a lovely Christmas; presents that were ours to keep forever, no-one could take them away from us and pawn them.







FOSTER CARE – JCI-SPO [REDACTED] 1965 - 1968

43 [REDACTED] from Canaan Lodge to a foster home in Portobello as soon as my broken arm had healed. I had been showing off and fallen off a swing. I don't know why [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

44. The house was at [REDACTED] Portobello and was run as a bed and breakfast as well as a foster home. I ended up having to look after the guests as well. In those days it was a really posh house. You went in and on the ground floor there was a sitting room on the left and a bedroom on the right and a bathroom at the top of a flight of stairs which led down into a big basement kitchen come sitting room. Upstairs there was a converted loft area with further bedrooms.

45. [REDACTED] at the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] from about [REDACTED] 1965 until 1968. I was nine

[REDACTED]

46. JCI [REDACTED], her husband [REDACTED] and son JCI [REDACTED] lived in that house. I think JCI [REDACTED] was 17 or 18 and JCI [REDACTED] was mid-fifties. Her husband was maybe a bit older. She never spoke to him. He was a lovely old man. He was aware of what later happened to [REDACTED] but was too scared of his wife and JCI [REDACTED] to interfere. [REDACTED]

Tommy Hazlett. He was married and had a baby and only stayed there for a short period [REDACTED] before they moved out. [REDACTED] who were also being fostered stayed there as well. They were [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] A little baby girl who was maybe only about two was fostered there too [REDACTED] although she only stayed a few weeks. There was also an old man called [REDACTED] who lodged with them but he lived outside in a shed in the back garden. He was really just a dogsbody and looked like they had taken him off the street. It was a shame as he probably had learning difficulties.

47. The things I am about to describe are not necessarily in chronological order but they are all things that happened.

48. The first day there was fine. [REDACTED] met JCI [REDACTED] and her son JCI [REDACTED] initially. [REDACTED]

49. [REDACTED] there was nice and calm. [REDACTED] told to have a bath. [REDACTED] went to bed in the ground floor bedroom on the right. That was the last time [REDACTED] the inside of that bathroom because after that [REDACTED] forced to use the outside toilet.

Routine - at the JCI-SPO [REDACTED]

50. I wet the bed [REDACTED] first night and everything changed instantly. It was bizarre. I was shouted at and called dirty names by JCI [REDACTED] who treated me like a freak. From that day forward we were not allowed to use the inside bathroom and had to use the outside toilet which was in with the old washing machine in the back garden. It was cold and dark and covered in cobwebs.

51. In the loft conversion area there was a bedroom as you went through the door at the top of the stairs and then another bedroom at the back of that. The first bedroom had a bed behind the door and a bed on the other side to the right. JCJ [REDACTED] slept on that bed on the right. [REDACTED] sent upstairs to sleep in the loft conversion area. [REDACTED] did not know that JCJ [REDACTED] would be sleeping in the same room [REDACTED] I think [REDACTED] shared a room with him for about a month before he moved into a room with [REDACTED]
52. At one point we were moved into a room with [REDACTED] Tommy Hazlett and his wife and baby boy. I think we stayed in that room for about two weeks until they moved out.
53. JCJ [REDACTED] used to take the toilet roll away and make you shout for some if you needed it. On one occasion I had sickness and diarrhoea so had to use the outside toilet but JCJ [REDACTED] had taken the toilet paper away. I was really ill and was screaming for one of the others to bring some toilet paper. JCJ [REDACTED] appeared at the wee window and said "so you want to wipe your arse?" I said "yes" and he replied "then use your hand". He then stood there until I cleaned my bum using my hand. It was just another of his evil ways.
54. All [REDACTED] of us, me, [REDACTED] washed together so you never wanted to wash your private parts in front of each other. Our necks, hands, knees and ears were all checked for proper washing but no-one ever asked never mind checked that we were clean down below. In the summer we had to wash outside in an old washing machine full of rain water. In the winter we were allowed to wash at the pantry sink.
55. We had no clean clothes, no clean underwear or socks. If we wanted them cleaned we had to wash them ourselves. There was no dental care or treatment, in fact we never even had a tooth brush and always had to share a towel.
56. There were no birthday celebrations at the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] and I never remember celebrating Christmas in any way in that house. The only person who bought

us a present there was [REDACTED] and that was not much. In fact I remember him coming to visit us one Christmas and I ended up babysitting for JCI [REDACTED] grandson while he went out to the pub with the JCI-SPO [REDACTED]

57. In 1966 I was taken very ill with rheumatic fever which went untreated and so ended up with chorea. My nervous system just broke down. The only reason JCI [REDACTED] eventually took me to a doctor was because I dropped her breakfast tray when I collapsed in front of her one morning. The doctor said I was really unwell and needed to rest and be kept quiet and sedated because I could have hurt myself or anyone. I was given Phenobarbitone and antibiotics. I remember in the hospital they said that if the rheumatic fever had been dealt with I would not have developed chorea.

58. As my motor skills faded I was unable to eat or walk or talk properly and could not go to the toilet by myself. I would sometimes cry for someone to help me to the toilet so I was put into a bed under a plastic roof built on to the side of the house by JCI [REDACTED]. This meant I was sleeping outside the house and did so from the summer right through until the winter because she did not want the other bed and breakfast guests to be disturbed or worried into leaving. So I had to sleep in the garden and was there all day and all night unless, if the social workers were coming, I would be put in a nice bedroom on my own.

59. As I lay in that bed outside I had spiders crawling over me and they knew I was terrified of spiders but still they just left me. I just felt that I was being punished for being ill and for asking for help to go to the toilet. Sometimes old [REDACTED] would have to take me to the toilet and other times I would have to just pee in a bucket in the garden next to me. Because of my condition and no-one coming to take me to the toilet, I would wet the bed and JCI [REDACTED] would batter me for it. And if I wet the bed it would be stripped and I would be left to lie on a soaking wet mattress.

60. Eventually, I think because I was not getting any better, I was taken into the Sick Kids hospital where I remained from December 1966 until early 1967. My notes record that I was in a very disturbed way. I was then taken to the Astley

Ainslie Hospital to recuperate for two or three months. I remained on medication for a long time.

61. When I left the Astley Ainslie and returned to the JCI-SPO in 1967 I was by this time sleeping downstairs near the kitchen in a wardrobe that had a bed built into it.

JCI-SPO – working in the house

62. I had to be first up each morning at 5.30 am to prepare JCI breakfast before he went to work. I then had to make toast and tea for us kids before setting a breakfast tray for JCI who was in the front bedroom. I had to boil her an egg for exactly three and a half minutes with salt, toast, butter, jam and a pot of tea and take the tray to her bedroom before school. I had to do that every single morning. When we got in from school I would make us two pieces of bread and jam and a cup of tea. That was our evening meal every single night. We never sat down for a home cooked meal, not even at Christmas. We were miserable.

63. I also had to make the breakfasts for the guests in the summertime and take it to their rooms. If I was tipped then JCI took the money off me.

64. I used to have to do the grocery shopping. JCI had a credit book and she would write a list of all the shopping and I would take it to the Co-op on the High Street. That was my job every weekend to take this massive shopping trolley basket.

65. We were basically in that house to do the housework and feed her son JCI who not only battered us, he also battered his dad.

JCI-SPO – contact with my family

66. While I was in the Astley Ainslie Hospital, That was the only visit I

got from anybody throughout my time in the hospital. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

67. When I went back to the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] I remember my aunt [REDACTED] was on the phone screaming at me that she and her mum had been up at the hospital to visit only to find I had gone home. Maybe if they had visited on a regular basis they would have known I was getting out.

68. It was not long after I had told JCI [REDACTED] and JCI [REDACTED] about the things [REDACTED] had been doing to me that that [REDACTED] stopped coming to the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] for a very long time. Instead, he would phone and [REDACTED] have to get a bus to [REDACTED] or to wherever he wanted [REDACTED] I can only assume the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] must have said something to him. I remember seeing in a social work report that JCI [REDACTED] had suggested that maybe it was not a good idea for [REDACTED] to keep visiting so maybe she did believe [REDACTED]

69. I never thought of my mother while I was in foster care. I did not want to see her or, if I did, it would only be to ask her why? [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

JCI-SPO [REDACTED] – visits by social services

70. I know social workers or such like came to see us but it was not more than twice and, from what I could see from my records, sometimes they simply spoke to JCI [REDACTED] on the phone to review things. I see from records that at one point she was talking about presents we had received which was a load of nonsense. It is quite clear from the records that it was JCI [REDACTED] who was giving all the updates on how things were and we were never asked anything ourselves.

71. There was one occasion when the social worker did visit, the [REDACTED] of us were told by JCI [REDACTED] to come into the lounge to speak to her. What had happened was that JCI [REDACTED] knew they were coming and told us that after they

arrived we should all go into the living room and, in front of the social worker; we were to ask for permission to go to the beach. JCI said she would give us permission to go but under no circumstances were we to actually go. She was just trying to impress the social worker. We still went to the beach that day despite what she had said.

72. The only two occasions I can remember social workers being there was the time when we went against JCI instructions and went to the beach and when they came and took I have no recollection of them asking me any questions outside the presence of one of the JCI-SPO. If we were asked any questions we were schooled by JCI in what to say.

73. The social work records also indicate that during the period that I was sleeping in the garden the social worker did come to the house with a governor from the RSPCC. They looked around the house and outside and saw my bed out there. But JCI had known they were coming and had taken me in and put me in her husband's bedroom. However, the social worker and governor asked her about the bed in the garden and she denied that anyone was sleeping there but they commented that it was obvious that someone had been sleeping there only the previous night. And still they left us there and did nothing.

74. There are also comments in reports from quite soon after arrived at the house, where the social worker expressed concern about JCI cold attitude to me; about poor weight and demeanour; about my illness and treatment; about JCI lack of care for us and about her lack of concern when got absolutely thrashed by JCJ for breaking the back door glass. Despite all this they did nothing to help us.

75. I think perhaps a social worker came when I was in hospital but that was not to visit me, that was to check up on my progress I think. The only person who I suppose was a regular visitor to me in the Astley Ainslie Hospital was one of the nurses from the hospital who would come on her day off.

JCI-SPO [REDACTED] – school

76. While at that house we went to [REDACTED] primary school. It was known that we were in a foster home but the teachers certainly did not treat us any differently from the others because of that. I don't know about [REDACTED] but I was certainly bullied by the other children because I always wore the same dress and, because of lack of bathing, I probably stank. I was called Bugsy [REDACTED] that was my name at school. That bothered me because that's not who I was or who I wanted to be.

77. The fact that we were sent to school in dirty and smelly clothes was the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] fault. They were supposed to be the adults looking after us but instead sent us out in a manner that left us open to ridicule.

78. I remember one of the boys in the school lifted my dress and everybody saw my knickers. [REDACTED] told JCI [REDACTED] I was showing my knickers to everybody at school so I got slapped for that.

79. When I got out of hospital I had to get a home tutor in order to re-learn reading, writing and spelling again as I'd forgotten most of what I had learned up to then. My memory had gone because of the illness.

80. When we got nits our hair was cut short and JCI [REDACTED] made us wear little white caps like Amish women wear, so everyone at school knew we had nits.

81. I don't know if the other children would have known that we were being abused but it must have been obvious to the teachers. I don't know if it was just a sign of the times that they did not put their nose where it was not wanted and interfere but it took until the very serious incident with FAE [REDACTED] before they did anything about it.

JCI-SPO [REDACTED] – Abuse

82. Things we were forced to do there was to look through JCI hair for imaginary lice. We never got an explanation as to why we had to do this to JCI hair.

83. We were also forced to massage JCJ feet, which were smelly and really bad, and clean his toenails. He knew this and seemed to enjoy the fact that I would heave and wretch every time I had to do this. We were afraid so simply did as we were told.

84. There was an occasion when JCJ literally told FAE to break a photo over his head. He dared her to do it and she did. Every single night after that she had to sit until bed time looking at this photo.

85. FAE used to pee herself if anyone even spoke to her she was so nervous. The minute she heard voice she was gone.

86. Getting battered by JCJ was a regular occurrence. He was very hands on from the start and he was the punisher. She told him to punish and he did. It would be a punch or a kick or both or a real hefty slap. He even used to beat his dad up too, poor man.

87. Another thing JCJ used to do to humiliate you was, if it was just you getting punished, he'd strip you down to your underwear and batter you in front of the others.

88. One time were caught stealing at Portobello shows, the of them were battered for it. I had not been there because I was in bed at the time with this chorea but I was dragged out of bed and got a beating as well. That was the way it was – if they got battered then I had to be battered too regardless.

89. Again when I was ill had to do the weekend grocery shopping but they were adding sweets to the tick list and burying them in the

garden for some reason. Anyway they got caught and were given a beating and I got a beating even though I was in bed sick and had nothing to do with it.

90. I remember one day we were doing the laundry and the washing machine had one of those old mangles. I think FAE was mucking about but her hand got caught in the mangle. JCJ and the [REDACTED] were there. FAE was screaming but JCJ just stood there laughing. It was one of the [REDACTED] who managed to dislodge the pin and free FAE. JCJ actually slapped him for freeing FAE because he had been having a good laugh about it.

91. After I returned to the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] from hospital I was at this time sleeping downstairs near the basement kitchen sitting room in an old fashioned wardrobe that had a bed built into it. On one occasion, a day or two after [REDACTED] had visited [REDACTED] which meant I had been sexually abused again, I had a sore, itchy groin so was trying to rub it to ease the itch. JCI [REDACTED] suddenly screamed and dragged me down from the bed and asked me why I was having sex with myself. I tried to explain about the itch but it was pointless as she would not listen so eventually I just let her call me names and accuse me of having sex with myself. She asked who had shown me this and I blurted out that [REDACTED] had done these things to me. She went crazy, calling me a dirty liar.

92. A few days later, JCJ [REDACTED] dragged me to the garden shed and told me to drop my knickers, which I did. He was very angry and I could not work out why. Old [REDACTED] who lived in the shed, had been there but JCJ told him to get out. JCJ [REDACTED] grabbed the yard brush and pushed me over the workbench. I thought he was going to smack me with the yard brush so did as I was told. Suddenly he started poking the handle against my bum while shouting all the time and telling me that he would show me how this sex thing really was. He was screaming at me and I was screaming out of fear and panic.

93. He asked me where I had learned this "sex thing" so I just told him the truth that it had been from [REDACTED]. He called me a liar and battered me. He kept trying to push the handle in to me and I started to scream thinking he was

going to have sex with me using the brush handle in my bum. He just kept going pushing it harder and harder and I carried on screaming until he stopped, possibly because he was scared the neighbours might have heard me screaming. He slapped my bare bum, my legs, and face then marched me back into bed.

94. FAE saw me being dragged into the shed and I think so did [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I think it lasted about 15 minutes. I don't know if they saw what happened but there was a window there so I suppose they could have seen it.

95. During that occasion of the social worker's visit when JCI [REDACTED] had pretended to give us permission to go to the beach she also asked us what we would like for tea and I replied "same as usual, bread and jam". Well, for the next two weeks we were forced to eat a huge bowl of tapioca or sago or custard, or rice with raw eggs through it. Eventually it made us sick into the bowl and we'd have to eat our sick as well. FAE was sick the most and of course forced to eat the sick too. Even if it took her to till 4 am, she would have to eat it and if she didn't then she got it at breakfast. After that JCI [REDACTED] made sure we were well schooled in what to say in front of social workers.

96. There was a wee baby girl, maybe about two years old, who was there in that house for just a few weeks. She was really thin. JCI [REDACTED] used to make us hold the baby's nose and she would force feed her. The wee one would be sick and JCI [REDACTED] would force the food and vomit back into the wee one's mouth. This was a regular occurrence while that wee girl was in the house. That happened to that wee girl every single day and the horrible thing is that when she was not being forced fed she was such a happy wee thing.

97. I remember the day in 1968 when I was pulled out of school and taken to the headmaster's office before being taken home by the police who had been informed of injuries found on FAE [REDACTED]

98. The previous night me and FAE [REDACTED] had been in the wee wardrobe bed and FAE [REDACTED] had got out of bed to go to the outside toilet but the back door was sticking.

She put her knee against the reinforced glass and it cracked with some pieces of glass falling out. She wet herself in fright.

99. JCI came downstairs and then took us up into the front lounge. He dragged FAE to watch as usual. He stripped FAE naked then took his belt and beat her all over her body with it. FAE was wriggling like a worm and was hit all over the body rather than just her bum. He was holding her by the hair. I was screaming at him to stop. I honestly thought she was going to die. He told me to shut up or I was next but I did not care. I just wanted him to stop. The bruises were coming up as he hit her and the welts from the studs on his belt were appearing as he hit her. He left her black. He only stopped when his mother told him to or maybe because he just got tired because this went on for about half an hour. I thought he was going to kill her. JCI watched the beating. I cannot remember if JCI were there or not. I felt physically sick looking at the state of her. And she was not allowed to cry. If she did he battered her more.

100. I think that was the worst beating JCI gave to any of us. JCI hitting us was a common occurrence but it was normally with his fists, or hands, or a slipper.

101. The next morning when I took JCI in her tray she told me to call FAE in. FAE was a bundle of nerves and JCI told her "remember, no gym today".

102. FAE's teacher had seen the welts and called the police. Her teacher was Mrs Buchan and she was actually crying.

103. A detective came to the JCI-SPO house and looked at FAE's body. He told JCI she needed to be seen by a doctor or at the hospital. JCI refused saying that she was in charge and if she thought the punishment was due then JCI would be the chastiser. She admitted that JCI had chastised FAE but claimed it was because she had soiled her pants. The police did send a report to the RSPCC but we were still left there.

104. JCI and JCJ were just cruel, evil people and getting paid for it. They never got charged, reported or even questioned for what they did to us. Nothing. I hate to point the finger or lay blame but I hold the social workers responsible for allowing those things to happen to us. They should have done more to visit and when they did visit they should have seen us and spoken to us and did not. They are guilty of a failure in their duty of care. They could have moved us at any time if they had these concerns. They basically paid the JCI-SPO to abuse us at will. That might make me sound like an evil woman but it was bad enough JCI-SPO that house was awful.

105. I was not left with any permanent physical injuries from my time at the JCI-SPO. But there were certainly mental injuries. I remember feeling very sad and worthless and having to put up with being called awful names. In fact I remember standing in front of the mirror one day and just saying to myself over and over "you're not ugly, you're not. You're quite pretty". I felt we were treated like trained rats.

106. We were moved from that house not long after that incident, maybe about a month later but, as far as I was concerned, we should have been moved that very day. And she still carried on fostering because remained there until after they left school.

107. Throughout the period I was at the JCI-SPO I was still being regularly sexually abused by at his house.

JCI-SPO – Reporting of Abuse

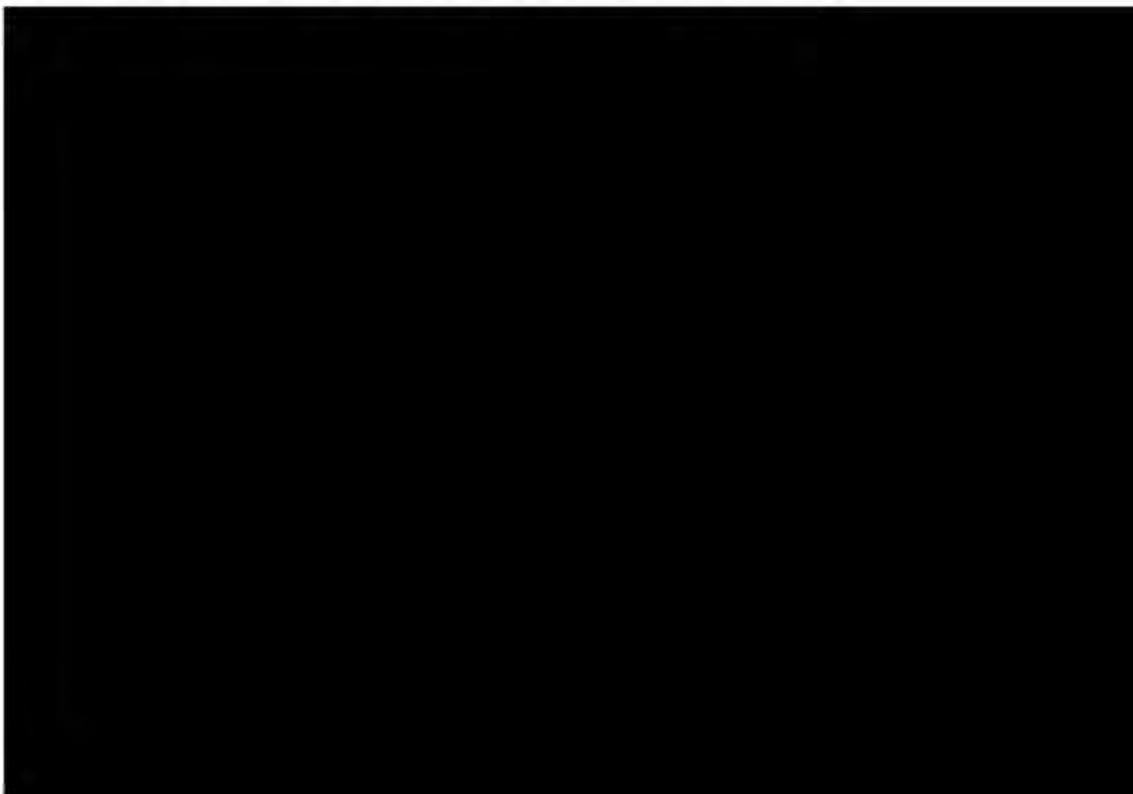
108. As I have already said, under extreme pressure I blurted out to both JCI and JCJ that was sexually abusing me and I remember seeing in a social work report that shortly thereafter JCI had suggested that maybe it was not a good idea for to keep visiting us.

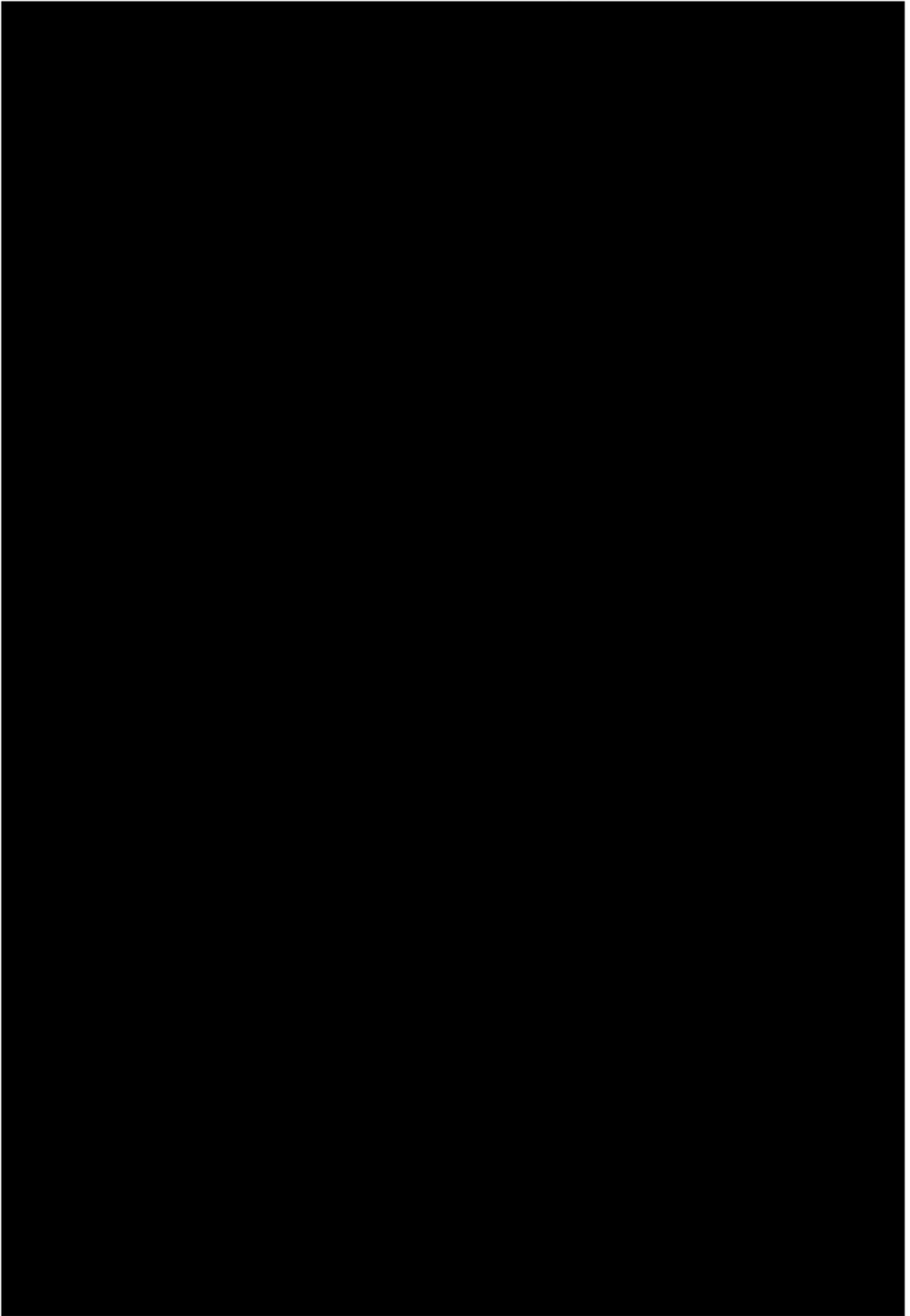
109. The only people I could have confided in during my time in foster care about everything that was happening to me were the other children but I never did, although I did tell [REDACTED] what happened in the shed though I did not go into any great detail. I did not tell [REDACTED] about what [REDACTED] was doing, I felt bad enough.

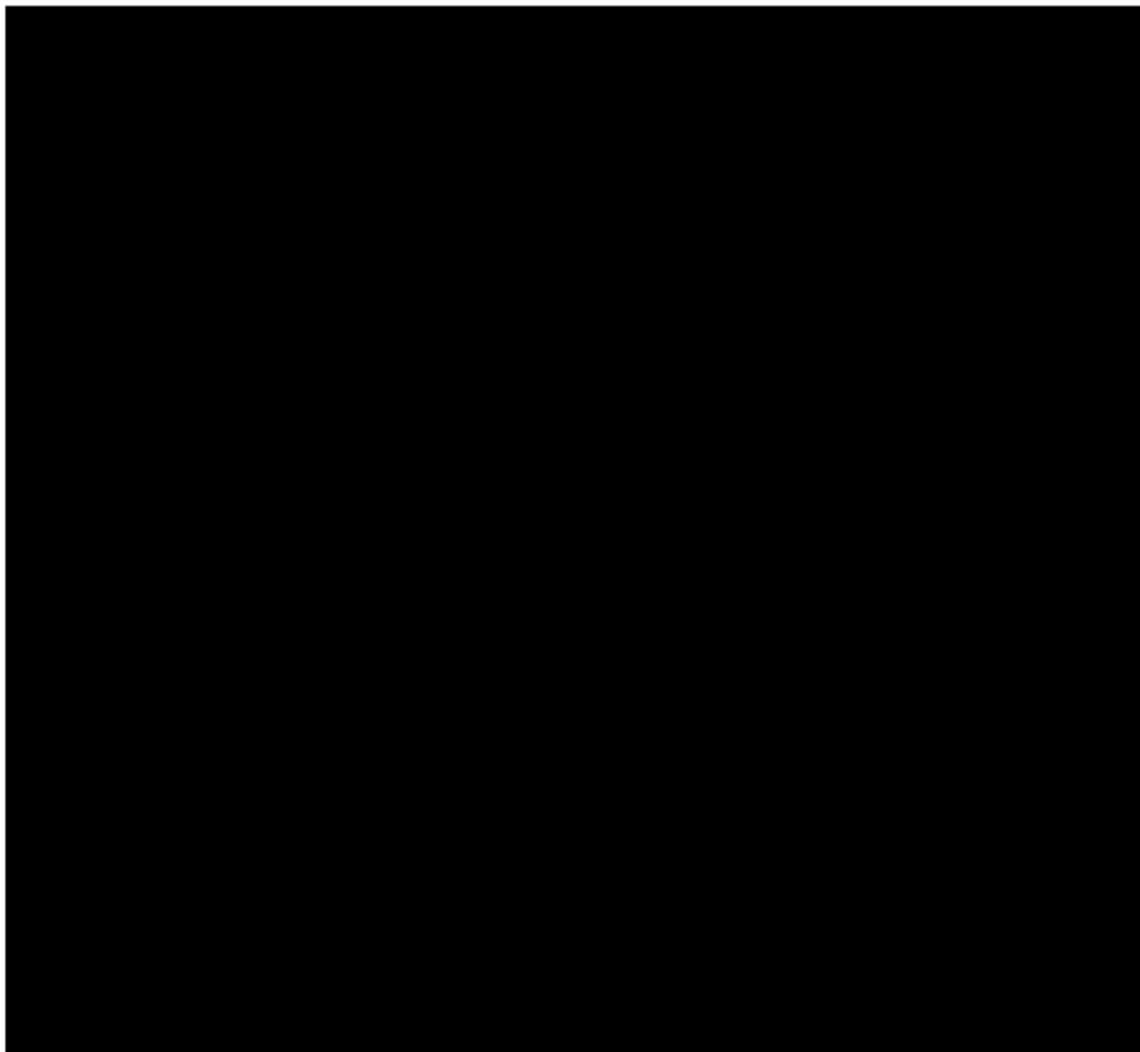
110. I could never tell anybody about what was happening to us at the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] or to me at the hands of [REDACTED] because we knew we would be battered if we did, it was just an ever present unspoken threat. In any event the opportunity never arose.

111. The first adults I told about both [REDACTED] and the abuse we suffered at the JCI-SPO [REDACTED] was when I reported it to the police in 2014. I was too scared to tell anybody because I had spent my life being accused of being a liar and did not think anybody would ever believe me.

TEMPLEDEAN CHILDREN'S HOME, HADDINGTON 1968 - 1971





**SEAVIEW HOSTEL, JOPPA**

123. I left school in 1971 at the age of 15 and started work at a hairdressers in Edinburgh. As the travel was not good I was then moved to Seaview Hostel in Joppa near Portobello and again felt safe and strong. It was a sort of half-way house for girls in care who were just leaving school and starting work. I think it was affiliated to Templedean. There were about 15 girls there.

124. What I liked about Seaview Hostel was that it was a grown up hostel.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] I was working at the time as a trainee hairdresser.

125. [REDACTED] also showed up unexpectedly at the hairdresser one night then followed me all the way down Lothian Road to Princes Street. He was drunk. I think [REDACTED] had told him I was working there and I was terrified she might have told him where I was living. Given that he now knew where I worked and possibly lived, I went to Templedean and begged to be allowed back and to return to school which they allowed but again did not tell them why. I only lasted back at Templedean for three months before moving on to a friend's house and then back to Seaview Hostel.

126. In 1973 I came home from work one night to find people standing at a window at Seaview waving. I had no idea this was my mother, [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] It was the first time I had seen her since 1965. A social worker had told her I was there. I was shaken and confused and had nothing to say to my mother so left the room. Every time I later asked my mother why she had abandoned [REDACTED] The Meadows, she always denied it and blamed [REDACTED] I knew it was not him and told her this but she lied persistently.

127. Another night [REDACTED] did turn up at the door of Seaview Hostel demanding to speak to me. Out of terror I tried to kill myself because I believed they would send me to him again. He would not leave and kept knocking the door. I went into the bathroom and [REDACTED] I ended up in the Royal. I told the doctors there that I would rather be dead than spend a minute in that man's company. I did not give them a full explanation why but no-one ever asked me why I was so scared of him to have gone that far.

128. I finally left Seaview when I was 17 and moved in with my mother because it was the only place to go and it was easier to commute from there to my job at the time in an office at Newcraighall. Also, the man my mother was with at the time, [REDACTED] was a really nice man and it was he who suggested I move in. I stayed there until I was 18 or 19 and then moved to a flat in [REDACTED]

LIFE AFTER CARE

129. I trained as a typist and in business studies. I got excellent marks and ultimately ended up working as a legal secretary and P.A. with two of the biggest law firms in Edinburgh. I had to stop working in 2014. I had my four children between 1975 – 1991. I moved to London in 1978.
130. After divorcing my husband in 1995 I went off the rails, drinking and generally being a really bad mother. There was social work involvement with my eldest two children in London. I would get home from work drunk and sank so low I had to leave London and return to Edinburgh without my children. The only place I could go to was my mother's but she soon started stealing from me so then I tried living with [REDACTED]
131. Travelling to court in London every month for meetings and appearances at court welfare offices, to get my children back, ate up all my wages as a temporary office clerk but I did it. I found a flat and schools and eventually won my children back. Although my youngest son did not want to live in Scotland, at least we agreed that my daughter wanted to be with me so that is what happened.
132. I was still suffering from depression and self-harming and drinking heavily but managed to hold down a job and provide a decent home and life for myself and my daughter.
133. My three sons hated me for so long. My second son was adopted at the age of five because I was not coping with things and I have regretted this ever since. He still doesn't talk to me. My daughter has also expressed her hatred for me and I do accept that they are all entitled to feel badly about me. But they have no idea of my pain or the reasons why I seemed to have failed each of them. Of my six grandchildren, I only see my youngest grand-daughter and we have a very strong bond.
134. I currently live alone in Haddington, [REDACTED] the place where I was released from the grips of the monster [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] My health is not good, most recently having been diagnosed with high blood pressure and awaiting ECG results in case any damage has been caused by blood pressure problems.

135. The last time I spoke to JCJ [REDACTED] was in 2011. I sent him an e-mail. It was easy to get as he has [REDACTED] Edinburgh as [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I said in the e-mail that I would like to discuss my time in care under his mother.

136. A couple of days later JCJ [REDACTED] called me. I told him I was just writing about my time in care and was wondering if he could fill in some blanks or maybe confirm that some things happened and that I was not just making them up.

137. He said, "Well the first thing I must say is that I can't give you permission to use the family name but you can use the area Portobello". I asked him to confirm I was very unwell and that he had made me that "fabulous wee bed" in the garden. He said "yeah, yeah it was summer and it was so much better for you to be out in the fresh air. You slept better and you were so much calmer".

138. He asked if there was anything else and I said "when you gave FAE [REDACTED] the belt, it was for breaking that window". He replied "yeah but we couldn't tell the coppers that because we couldn't get the Social to pay for the broken window". He added something along the lines that it would have been complicated and the Social would have been asking why, if they had an inside toilet, FAE [REDACTED] was going outside to do the toilet.

139. I then asked him why he felt it necessary to poke me in the bum with the sweeping brush and he hung up.

140. He was pulled in for questioning under caution by the police but said "No Comment" throughout. The case is still open against him as far as I'm aware. I gave a full statement to the police Amethyst team.

IMPACT

141. Although I have now regained control of my life and no longer depend on alcohol to numb the pain and memories of abuse and rejection, my anger and pain is deep and I long for the day that someone will believe me and help me to find a way to rid myself of the self-loathing I have buried deep inside me all because of what other people did to me and allowed to happen to me. Because of those social workers and governors who recorded concerns about my wellbeing and safety but left me there allowing further abuse to take place. There is no cure for what haunts me daily, but justice is deserved and this will certainly diminish the anger.

142. The impact of my early life experiences and childhood in care has been to cause me to self-harm a lot and my kids hate me. I went right off the rails and suffer bad depression because I have never accepted what happened or that I should just forget it and let it go. I have always seemed to pick the wrong men, violent ones that beat up woman.

143. I never took drugs but I drank a lot. I drank way too much. I became dependent on alcohol, especially to get me to sleep at night. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

144. [REDACTED] it was me who approached the police that night in The Meadows which eventually led [REDACTED] JCI-SPO house and the years of torture. And all I wanted to do was [REDACTED]

145. My oldest son did not talk to me for 12 years. My second son was adopted because my oldest was so difficult for me. He used to come back from [REDACTED] and she would fill him full of all sorts of stories about [REDACTED] and he would come home so angry and batter me and punch me. Then he would run away if I stopped him going to see her. He became hooked on drugs. My second son still does not speak to me which I can understand.

146. I have been bullied all my life in one way or another. I stuck up to one bully [REDACTED] and in 2014 I stood up to another bully at my work and ended up losing my job.
147. My time in care is always with me and I feel as if I am always fighting these ghosts and horrible memories. Some mums will say to their kids about how bad things were for them when they were young but when I say it, I mean it. For me it has been a continual haunting. I think if I was to look at myself as a psychiatrist, I have picked a similar life to my mother; there is a pattern there, choosing abusive partners and allowing it to happen. I also allowed my son to abuse me physically and verbally as well as mentally. It has crushed my self-confidence.
148. The big difference is that I never hit my kids and I would never abandon them. I am not perfect and have made mistakes with my children as much as I did with the husbands and partners I chose and the way I have chosen to live my life to the cost of my kids.
149. I have allowed people to lie about me without sticking up for myself because I have always felt nobody will believe me because nobody did as a child.
150. I am stronger now and will stand up to authority when I have to.
151. Over the years I have been on anti-depressants, which I am just now and went voluntarily into the psychiatric unit at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital as an in-patient. That was in 2002 for two months. I found myself depending on drink to get me to sleep and to help forget my past. Social workers were involved briefly while I was in hospital just to help with my daughter.
152. I had counselling in the early 2000s though it was restricted to six sessions then you would go to the bottom of the list again so it did not really work for me.

153. I still drink to socialise but no longer depend on it. I feel that I have matured over the last eight or nine years and have more control of my life though I am still on a lot of medication. I do still sometimes self-harm by [REDACTED] [REDACTED] I have done that since I was young.
154. I know I am not a stupid person, that I have a good working brain and that sometimes I should just look at my records and think they are just paper and that maybe I should let it go. But a part of me would like those who abused me to end up in a place where they could be abused to let them know how it feels. The horror of it all will never leave me and I think about it all every single day. I am often preoccupied by it and have flashbacks.
155. I cannot watch a TV programme or read a book about child abuse because I feel myself becoming the character. I cannot get rid of the fear I endured. My trust in authority or people I should be able to reach out to has been destroyed. Nobody in my early years would ask me how I was. Or they might have asked but they never pushed it to get to the truth.
156. When Jack McConnell made that apology, if you can call it an apology, I knew I had to get involved. He said the people of Scotland apologised. Not the social work or the Edinburgh Council or the government but the people of Scotland! The people of Scotland had not been responsible for the abuse I suffered. So I knew I had to get on this bandwagon and fight that apology because I was so angry. I thought it would be over quickly but it took four years for them to set up the first forum which for me was just the biggest load of rubbish that I have ever sat through and I sat through all of them.
157. They would ask you what they should do and then you find out they work for Edinburgh City Council and you realise they should not have any involvement in such an inquiry. Neither should anybody from social services be involved. Nor should anybody representing a children's home. They simply should not be on the forum.

158. To me, as a survivor, it is important that none of the institutions that were responsible for putting me in those places should have any say in how an Inquiry in to them is run. The fact that they were involved in that first forum made me realise that the forum was a waste of time.
159. I am trying to stay in the forefront of those trying to seek justice for historical abuse and have met with numerous politicians and university professors and written in detail about what we want as a survivors group going forward. The time bar has been the biggest obstacle to us and that still has to be sorted out.
160. I will continue to fight for justice for the survivors until the day I die.
161. Somebody independent of social services has to be involved to make sure children in care are heard; that they can speak up without fear of being beat up or not believed. We all know it is still going on, maybe in different ways but children are still dying and all too often social services are doing nothing just like in my childhood.
162. You can ask a child a question and even with a yes or no answer you can tell if a child is telling the truth about whether they are happy or not. Social Services need to be better trained to speak to children, to understand them better.
163. I honestly hope that the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry can eventually hold someone or somebody responsible for putting children in situations where they know there are concerns but also the survivors will know that that somebody has listened to us and are taking action against the bodies responsible. I would love for social services or Edinburgh City Council to be held accountable for this whether or not the individual professionals directly involved are alive or not. It is the body that is responsible for the training of their staff.

RECORDS

164. A copy of my historical records has been prepared and given to the Inquiry for your use and perusal.

165. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry and I want my identity to be made known. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed.



Dated

11 October 2016