

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

MKX

Support person present: No

1. My name is MKX My date of birth is 1950.  
My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

**Life before going into care**

2. My father's name was . He was an Insurance Clerk with General Accident in Perth. My mother was called . When my mother had my sister she left her career in nursing to run the family home. The family home was in which is in Perth and Kinross.
3. I am the second of five children. I have an older sister and three younger brothers. is about four years older than me. was two years younger than me. He died in 1992. is seven years younger than me. Finally, I have a brother called who is ten years younger than me. I had a very happy childhood growing up in . We were all brought up there together in a prefabricated house.
4. In 1963 my father died. He was aged 61. At that time I don't think that there was any great understanding that children suffered grief. There was no great understanding about the time needed for a child to come to terms with a death, if indeed they ever do. There was a time following my father's death when I really shut down all of my emotions. People would say things like "I hear your dad's died." That

made me realise that people were watching to see any kind of reaction. I couldn't give them that. I just put the Easter Island stone face on.

5. When I look back, my mother was really just finding her feet after the death of my father. She was a widow with four sons and a daughter. She ended up going back into nursing in 1964 to try and make ends meet. At that time I was in St John's Catholic Primary school in Perth. I was getting a good education.
6. My mother decided that I needed to be in the presence of good male role models. I think that my mother had a vision that I would need some sort of structure. Over the next few months she made enquiries about where I might go. After speaking with the parents of two boys who were older than me she heard about St Joseph's. Those boys were called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. My mother decided that St Joseph's would be a good place for me to go. She applied to have me accepted there. I think my mother thought, at that time, that St Joseph's was a good place to send me because it was Roman Catholic, had an excellent record for academic and sporting achievements and had Marists Brothers who may prove to be good male role models for me.
7. I wasn't so much consulted as to whether I wanted to go to St Joseph's. My mother was making those decisions for me. When my mother said to me that I would be going to St Joseph's I just thought 'ok that's just what I'll have to do.' I kind of knew [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] from a distance so that was also in the mix.
8. There wasn't an entrance exam or an open day. I got a good reference from my headmaster at St Johns and that was about that. My headmaster thought I was going off to become a priest. I think that was why I got such a glowing reference. I think that is what a lot of people thought when they heard I was going to St Joseph's. That wasn't anything that had crossed my mind.

### **Travelling to St Joseph's**

9. I parted company with my mother at Perth station. I travelled down on the train on my own from Perth to Glasgow Queen Street. I then needed to get to Glasgow Central. A mother who was taking her son, who I later learnt was called [REDACTED], to Glasgow Central spotted my blazer and took me across in a taxi.
10. St Joseph's had chartered a train down to Dumfries. The train was full of other boys from St Joseph's. On the train there might have been one Brother. I wasn't aware of him though. Whilst I was on the train I immediately started to feel uneasy as to what was going on around me. There was all the usual thing of boys latching onto you. They asked me where I was from and what my father did. Other boys commented on my shoes and trousers. That was unusual to me. At St John's boys didn't do that sort of thing. You weren't marked out for that sort of thing.
11. I remember feeling quite distraught that not only was I away from home but I was having to deal with the way in which the boys were acting around me. I was on the back foot. My head was in a spin. I remember feeling backed up in a corner. I was horribly homesick. I immediately realised that I was just going to have to go with this. I ended up giving a back story that my father was still alive. I just decided that I had to shut down and keep going.
12. The first time I saw a Brother was at Dumfries station. I don't remember the name of the Brother who was there. When we got off the train we were loaded into groups. We then had to walk from Dumfries station up to St Joseph's.

### **St Joseph's College, Dumfries, Dumfries and Galloway**

13. I arrived at St Joseph's in [REDACTED] 1964. I would go on to attend St Joseph's until the [REDACTED] of 1968 when I was eighteen. St Joseph's was founded by a Marist called Brother Walfrid in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The school was all boys and it was run by the Marist Brothers. The youngest boys would be about eleven or twelve. The oldest

were about eighteen. There were a couple of boys who were over the age of eighteen. I remember us wondering why that was. I think it was because their parents were living abroad and they had been kind of farmed out.

14. There were both boarders and day pupils. The day pupils, or 'Day Boys' as we called them, were usually from Dumfries or the surrounding area. They were only there Monday to Friday. In terms of boarders I would estimate there were about 300 boys in total in the school. There was a smattering of day pupils over and above that.

#### *Layout of St Joseph's*

15. The main college building at St Joseph's is a big slightly gothic looking red sandstone building. To the rear of the main building was an area where the tuckshop was. Up the rise to the rear of that was where the school church was located. Opposite the school church, on higher ground, was a building where the Senior Division dormitories were. The Brothers had their own rooms in the same building. There was a cemetery and there was a new building which contained the theatre and the science block. There was an old small detached house called St Michaels Mount where some retired Brothers lived.
16. The sports facilities were good at St Joseph's. To the left of the main building was an area of playing fields called 'The Big Rec.' Just over half a mile away we had a big playing field area called Maryfield where there were several pitches laid out for football, rugby and cricket.

#### *Divisions and houses*

17. There were what were called 'Divisions' in the college. The Divisions were a way of parcelling everybody up. It was a way of presenting a reassurance to parents that everything was very ordered. They were roughly the same thing as years with the boys being divided up into age groups. There was the Junior Division, the Intermediate Division, the Middle Division and the Senior Division. Each Division

had dorms located within the college. You moved between Divisions when you reached certain ages. Boys could move between Divisions during the course of an academic year at the school. It wasn't necessarily true that you remained in the same Division over the whole of an academic year.

18. There were four houses in St Joseph's. They were called St Patricks, St Ninians, St Georges and St Andrews. You would play for your house and there would be inter house matches. The house system didn't relate to the Divisions. Boys of different ages were in the same house. Boys from different houses were in the same Division.

*Academic years and classes*

19. The school had eight years of boys in total. You could start in Primary 7 and then go onto 1<sup>st</sup> year, 2<sup>nd</sup> year, 3<sup>rd</sup> year, 4<sup>th</sup> year, 5<sup>th</sup> year, Lower 6<sup>th</sup> and Upper 6<sup>th</sup>. I started in 3<sup>rd</sup> year. I think there was something like about thirty boys in the classes I was in when I started.
20. The way that the classes were set up were strange. The class sizes didn't change throughout your time in the college. In 2<sup>nd</sup> year there were three classes and in the 3<sup>rd</sup> year there were only two classes. There wasn't enough space for all of the pupils to progress from the 2<sup>nd</sup> year to the 3<sup>rd</sup> year at the same time. By definition that meant that some pupils had to essentially repeat their 2<sup>nd</sup> year. Because of the way it was structured, there were always some boys who were being held back. The rationalisation provided by the school was that some boys needed a second go at 2<sup>nd</sup> year to get them ready for going up. The cynics at the time amongst us thought it was just an earner. That was because the school would get an extra year's worth of fees for the child being kept down.

**Staff and other adults who were present at St Joseph's during my time there***Staff structure*

21. Inside of St Joseph's the Brothers had their own head whom they called the Superior. That's who they reported to in terms of the Order. The Principal was principal of the college in terms of the educational side of things. I think that the Principal of the college might have been under the direction, in terms of the Order, of the Superior.
22. The Principal was the focus of all of the education. He was responsible for setting the overall tone and standard of the education in the college. He would take assemblies and things like that. The Principal also fronted up the Parents and Friends Association.
23. Below the Principal were the Brothers who had responsibilities in terms of the Divisions. It wasn't what they were referred to but they were essentially the equivalent of housemasters. Those Brothers reported to the Principal. Also below the Principal were the Brothers and lay staff who had teaching responsibilities. That included some of the Brothers who had responsibilities in terms of the Divisions.

*General description of the Brothers*

24. In total there might have been as many as twenty Brothers who worked in the college at any one time when I was there. As far as I knew they all stayed at St Joseph's. The clothes the Brothers wore were styled after the clothes that the founder of the Marists, Blessed Marcellin Champagnat, wore. They wore long black habits with a little tongue of starched white cloth emanating from their neck. I saw the habit that the Brothers wore very much as a context marker for you to be on your guard and on your best behaviour.

25. There were only one or two Brothers who wore a black jacket, trousers and a dog collar. They tended to be the people who were more involved on the administrative side of things.

*Staff - Superiors, Principals and Priests*

26. I don't remember who the Superior was or what his name was. The SNR at the time I joined St Joseph's was Brother MZH. He was a big imposing kind of Germanic looking guy. He had quite a physical looking presence and a sharp mind. I think Brother MZH left in 1967 in order to go back to university. I know we bought him a moped so that he could get around Glasgow. Not long after he left we learnt that Brother MZH had married someone who had been a nun. I think he met her through attending one of our school socials with a girl's school called Notre Dame in Glasgow. I think the woman he married was from the corresponding Order running Notre Dame.
27. Brother MYZ Brother MZH as SNR in 1967. I know that, at that time, there were some parents who had real misgivings about his appointment. Brother MYZ had a third class degree in French. Some of the parents didn't think that was sufficient for the role. I think some of the parents wanted more than that. I don't know what qualifications they felt the SNR needed. I don't know what would have satisfied them. I saw a bit more of Brother MYZ than Brother MZH because I was a prefect. I would attend meetings in my capacity as a prefect where he was present.
28. MML was the in the school. He was the to the school. I remember he had He also had a condition called which meant he had and

*Brothers in charge of the Divisions*

29. The Brothers who were in charge of the Divisions were in charge of the discipline in the dormitories in their respective Divisions. If they had concerns about the behaviour of a particular boy they might deal with it themselves or they might refer the matter to the Principal who would deal with whatever it was in his office. The Brothers in charge of the Divisions were also around during recreation time. Their role during recreation time was purely supervisory.
30. Most of the Brothers who were in charge of the Divisions had some sort of teaching responsibility but that wasn't always the case. Brother <sup>MFU</sup> was an older Irish Brother. He looked after the Junior Division. He didn't have any teaching responsibilities. I'm not quite sure what else he did outside of looking after the Junior Division. Brother <sup>AKW</sup> was the Brother who supervised the Intermediate Division Dormitory when I joined. He taught some of the younger boys. Brother Kenelm and Brother <sup>MYZ</sup> supervised the Middle Division. Brother <sup>MYZ</sup> taught [REDACTED]. I don't think Brother Kenelm had a teaching responsibility. Brother <sup>MMK</sup> and Brother <sup>MLD</sup> supervised the Senior Division. Brother <sup>MMK</sup> taught [REDACTED]. Brother <sup>MLD</sup> taught [REDACTED].

*Brothers and lay staff who were solely teachers*

31. Brother <sup>MFS</sup> taught [REDACTED]. He also ran a [REDACTED] club and a [REDACTED] club in the school. Brother <sup>MZI</sup> taught [REDACTED]. Brother [REDACTED] taught [REDACTED]. Brother Marcellus taught [REDACTED]. Brother <sup>MNR</sup> taught [REDACTED]. He was also [REDACTED] to the [REDACTED]. I can't remember what Brother <sup>MFI</sup> taught. I don't think he was teaching at the time I was there. He took an overview of the sport at the school. He was involved with the school cricket team. There was another older Brother who would occasionally come in to take an [REDACTED] class. His name was Brother Gaul.
32. The lay members of staff included a [REDACTED] teacher called Mr <sup>MNT</sup> [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] took [REDACTED]. Brian McEwan taught [REDACTED].



Geography. He also ran the Phoenix drama club. There was a female Art teacher. I don't remember her name. There was another female teacher who taught the very youngest of the pupils. I don't remember her name

*Brothers and lay staff with non-teaching responsibilities*

33. Not all of the Brothers in the college were teachers or had teaching responsibilities. Brother <sup>MID</sup> was a [REDACTED]. He basically looked after the [REDACTED] side of things. There was one Brother who looked after the grounds. I don't remember his name. There was a full time administrator for the school. He was a lay person who didn't have anything to do with the Order. His name was Mr Campbell. . We had a [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was often referred to as <sup>MNY</sup> [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was a retired [REDACTED] I don't remember [REDACTED] name.
34. There were staff who came in to do the cleaning and work in the kitchens. There were a couple of Portuguese women who worked as domestics. There was an Irish guy called Michael who worked in the kitchens.

*Retired Brothers*

35. There were retired Brothers who lived in a building on the grounds called St Michaels Mount. They weren't involved with the children or the school in any way. We didn't have very much to do with them. You would see them walking about the grounds. They might have a word with you every now and again.

**Siblings and other children**

*Siblings*

36. My brother [REDACTED] eventually came to St Joseph's. He joined the school in the [REDACTED] of 1969. That was over a year after I had left. [REDACTED] was just over sixteen when he joined St Joseph's. The reason [REDACTED] came to St Joseph's was because

he was getting into trouble at that time. School was not working for him in Perth. I think my mother was perplexed and wanted to send him somewhere that would help him. I think she could see signs that he needed some kind of anchoring. She hoped that it would give him an academic focus and sort him out. I think she thought that a year or two at St Joseph's would be the finishing touch for him. She wasn't right about that because [REDACTED] was only there for a short period of time before he was expelled. My other two brothers, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] stayed at home. They didn't go on to St Joseph's.

*Background of children who came to the school*

37. Most of the children came from Scotland but there were some who were from the North of England and further South. Generally the boys at St Joseph's were from what would be regarded as 'well to do' families. It was all boys from professional families who lived in stone villas. They weren't upper class but good middle class families. There were very few boys that came from the same background as myself.
38. What I very soon noticed was a very strong Glasgow / West of Scotland influence in the school. There was a marked 'in-group' who were from the Glasgow area. Some of that group had been educated at a Marist run prep school in Largs. That group frequently referenced Glasgow gang violence and Celtic FC. It was as if that marked them out as superior to the rest of us. If you weren't a Celtic supporter you were kind of reviewed as being inferior. Those were two subcultures that, if you didn't have in your background, you had to be careful of.

*Boys who I remember from my time at St Joseph's*

39. There are more faces than names when I think about the boys who were at St Joseph's at the same time as me. Boys who were at the school at the same time as me include [REDACTED]. He was in the same year as me. He came from Essex. His older brother, [REDACTED], was also at the school. He was two years above me. [REDACTED] was from Glasgow. He was two years above me. I think he was related to someone who later became the Lord Provost in Glasgow. [REDACTED]

was a boy whose father was a member of parliament for ██████████ in Glasgow. He was in the year below me. His younger brother ██████████ also attended the school. He was three years below me. ██████████ was at the school at the same time as me. He was in my year. I believe he is now a solicitor in the South of Scotland. ██████████ who came from the ██████████ family of ██████████ fame, was there at the same time as me. He was two years younger than me. I also remember a boy from the ██████████ family. He came from the family who ran the ██████████ in ██████████. His name was ██████████. He was two years younger than me.

40. Other boys who were at St Joseph's at the same time as me were ██████████ (who was three years older than me), ██████████ (who was three years older than me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was sixth months younger than me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was two years older than me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was two years younger than me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was two years younger than me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me), ██████████ (who was two years older than me), ██████████ (who was two years younger than me), ██████████ (who was in the same year as me) and ██████████ (who was four years younger than me. There was one boy called ██████████. His first name might have been ██████████. He was two years younger than me. Another boy was called ██████████. I don't remember his first name. He was a year younger than me.

### *Seminarians*

41. The Marist Brothers did occasionally place seminarians who were trainee Brothers from the Kinharvie Institute and Hetland Hall. Those seminarians were all around about the same age as us. I think they came across to St Joseph's in order to do Highers or A Levels. I think the expectation was that they would go on to university, get a teaching qualification and then go on to be teachers.

*Former pupils*

42. There are a number of notable former pupils of St Joseph's. [REDACTED], the founder of the [REDACTED], was a St Joseph's boy. As was [REDACTED] the author. There was a reverence for former pupils who had gone on to do other things. They were held up as these great rugby players, athletes or whatever. Face was such a big thing at St Joseph's. It really was. You couldn't show up your seniors or criticize former pupils.

**Routine at St Joseph's***Early memories of being at St Joseph's*

43. My first impression of St Joseph's when I saw the building was that it was big and imposing. I remember seeing a melee of boys sort of milling about. Some knew what they were doing and others didn't. I was then taken to the Intermediate Dormitory. Brother <sup>AKW</sup>[REDACTED] was the Brother who supervised the Intermediate Division at that time. There was no tour or welcome provided by him. You found your bed through looking at a plan of where the beds were. On that first day I didn't feel that I had been identified, welcomed or spoken to in any way. I think there was an expectation that the other boys would direct you to where you needed to be.
44. There was a general assembly the following morning where everybody was there but that was about it. We were pretty much regarded as a body rather than individuals. It was pretty much sink or swim. I was terribly homesick. I remember that for weeks afterwards I could see the image of my mother's face receding on the long platform at Perth. That memory replayed over and over again in my mind. It took me a couple of weeks before I started to feel the lump in my throat going away. It was only then that I started to hang around with people and feel a bit safer.

*Daily routine*

45. Life at St Joseph's was quite patterned. There was kind of a Groundhog Day type of feeling. The time we got up depended upon which part of the year we were in the Catholic calendar. We might be up very early like 7:00am and get washed and dressed. We would then have mass at 7:30am followed by breakfast at about 8:00am. That would happen in an around Lent and Advent. If it wasn't those times of the year we got up at 7:30am, got washed and dressed and went down for breakfast at 8:00am. You then might have half an hour of recreation before you started school at 9:00am. You had assembly before you started your classes in the morning. Assembly was held every day of the week. You then had classes until 12:30pm. Then you had lunch followed by a bit more recreation.
46. What you did in the afternoons depended on what day you were on. On Wednesdays and Saturdays it was games followed by getting showered and washed. On the other days it was classes in the afternoon. There was then a bit of downtime before supper. Supper was held about 6:00pm. You then had study between about 7:00pm and 9:00pm. After that there was some more downtime before you went to bed.
47. Bedtime was generally a smooth process. Before lights out you got washed, dressed into your pyjamas then maybe did a bit of reading. The Junior Division turned in about 9:00pm. The Intermediate Division and Middle Division turned in about 9:30pm. The Senior Divisions went to bed at 10:00pm or 10:30pm. Sometimes you got to stay up later if you had done particularly well in whatever match you had played that afternoon. We often got that for rugby achievements. Another thing you would be rewarded with would be being allowed to smoke during that time. That was strange because any other time you would get a detention for smoking.
48. Sundays were your main time for leisure. They were very much a kind of quiet time for the boarders. Sunday afternoons were spent reading and writing home. If you

had done all that stuff then you may be allowed out for a run. In the evening you might play more rugby, cricket or football.

*Sleeping arrangements*

49. We all slept in dorms in our respective Divisions. The number of beds in the dorms varied. The maximum number of beds whilst I was there was forty. The smallest dorm I was in had four beds. Everybody got a bed each. By each bed you had a locker. It had two shelves and a door. You kept your clothes, shoes and possessions in there. There were hanging areas elsewhere for things like blazers and coats. When you were in the Senior Division, and if you became a prefect, you got your own room. In that room you would get your own wardrobe and possibly a wash hand basin also.
50. The Brother who supervised the dormitory would be about during bedtime. You would know he was about because you would hear his rosary rattling, see his torch or see light reflecting in his spectacles. You just knew that their presence was there. After a while the Brother would just clear off into their own room

*Mealtimes / food*

51. There were different dining areas for different Divisions. The Junior Division and Intermediate Division shared the same area. That was one great big dining room. The Senior Division and Middle Divisions had their own smaller dining areas. You sat with the same people every meal from your Division. If it was breakfast somebody on your table would be responsible for making the toast, somebody was responsible for getting the cornflakes and another person was responsible for dishing out the plates. Those were sort of rotating responsibilities that were there during meals. The responsibilities varied and rotated according to the day and the meal.
52. Mealtimes were well monitored by the Brothers. The Brother supervising would sit at a higher table overlooking the room. What the Brother mostly monitored was that

everything was going smoothly. He basically made sure the logistics were all running ok. The Brothers who had to supervise the various dining rooms had the same food at the same time as us.

53. Breakfast was always a bit of a scrum. It got more civilised as you got to the more senior Divisions. It was the usual stuff. Cornflakes, toast and things like that. The food at lunch and dinner was largely edible. There were an awful lot of white puddings, things like sago or rice pudding. There was occasionally some fruit. There were a lot of chips. The mince was of a kind of dubious provenance. In general the food was very high on stodge. It was pretty hefty on starch and carbs.
54. We generally used to skirt around the things that we didn't fancy. I didn't eat baked beans in those days. If anything came with baked beans I just wouldn't bother. That was all ok. There wasn't a punishment for not cleaning your plate.
55. Our meals were paid for out of the school fees our parents paid. I do remember that we were a bit concerned that the food we were getting wasn't value for money. I think that was really the undercurrent of feeling. That feeling was highlighted surrounding an incident concerning the quality of the mince. It was the only time I can remember a sense amongst the boys of "we've had enough." It all happened whilst I was in the Senior Division. The bowl of mince arrived alongside the mash. All the boys looked at each other. There was a sense that everyone was thinking 'I'm not eating that.' Without much prompting all of the plates started to be piled up at the end of our table and all the other tables in the room. It was quite amazing. It wasn't premeditated. There wasn't a discussion about it amongst the boys. It just happened.
56. Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] was supervising the room that day. He just watched what we were doing. He wanted to know what was going on. We just told him that we were not having any of it. I remember his face. I think he just didn't know where to put himself. He just said "ok." I think that secretly he was probably with us. He had probably had enough of this mince as well.

57. One of the pupils who was in the dining room that day was the son of a reporter who worked for the Daily Express. His name was [REDACTED] I don't remember his first name. The story ended up getting into the paper. The way it was described in the Daily Express was that we had undertaken a hunger strike. It was sensationalised. We had only refused to eat one meal. I think that the fact that it got into the paper rebounded on us. I remember that the next day Brother <sup>MYZ</sup>[REDACTED], who was <sup>SNR</sup>[REDACTED] then, was almost apoplectic with rage. He was not angry with what we had done but that it had got into the paper. He made sure that we got the mince again. It was as if it was "you're getting it again and you're going to eat it." We all ate the mince the next time it came around. I think at that juncture we had made our point and they had made their point. After that we started to have a more reasonable conversation about the monotony of the food.
58. Some of the boys used to get sent in food parcels. I didn't get that. There was a grocers in Dumfries called Frobishers. A lot of boys had accounts there. Their parents would put money into the account and Frobishers would send out these parcels. It was things like fresh fruit and peanut butter.

*Washing / bathing*

59. The set procedure for washing and bathing varied dependent upon which Division you were in. In the Intermediate Division there was one big area which had lots of basins and showers. The Middle Division had two dormitories so the washing facilities were split. One dormitory had a run of basins to themselves. The other dormitory had to use the main wash area used in the Junior Division. There were shared washing facilities in the Senior Division.
60. Some of the boys who were prefects had their own rooms which had wash basins in them. In the first term of my time in the Senior Division I was outside an Upper 6<sup>th</sup> form pupil's rooms. My role in the mornings was to go into the senior pupil's room, wake him up and then use the wash hand basin in his room. The reason I had to use the wash hand basin in the older pupil's bedroom was probably pragmatic but it just didn't work for me. I felt uncomfortable. I didn't want to be getting washed while



there was an older pupil still in bed. I eventually started to go into this senior pupil's room, wake him up then go off and use the shared washing facilities in the Senior Division. I did get pulled up one time for doing that but I just refused to stop. About that time I was really starting to be feeling uncomfortable about the way things were going at St Joseph's. I think I just viewed it as one more thing.

61. That whole washing, bathing, showers and baths was always closely monitored. There was always a black habit wherever we were. In the Intermediate Division **AKW** supervised. In the Middle Division it was Brother Marcellus. If someone was in the shower too long the Brothers weren't adverse to sticking their head over the cubicle to see you were ok. In the Senior Division Brother **MLD** **MLD** was around supervising.
62. Everything was ok though. It was uncomplicated and there weren't any incidents. It was mostly showers throughout my time in St Joseph's. It was all closed cubicles, they weren't open showers. On shower nights you were fed in. As soon as a cubicle became available you went in. In the Middle Division one of the Brothers, in particular Brother Marcellus, would check your hair to make sure you had rinsed all the shampoo out. I don't know why he did that. He could have been checking for nits.
63. There was the odd bath. There were some boys who really fancied themselves as footballers. The idea of all being in one bath together after a football game for some reason appealed to these guys. I couldn't understand it myself. As many boys who could get into the bath tried to get in the bath. It wasn't exactly a team sized bath. Then there was an outbreak of what was called then 'jock itch.' It was basically a fungal infection around the scrotum. There was a complete mapping across between all the guys who shared the bath and those who had that problem. That was how all this sharing the bath thing came to an end.

*Clothing / uniform*

64. Our parents had to buy our uniform. Binns, a department store at that time, was the only one place you could buy it. There were all sorts of regulations about what you had to wear. We all wore a blue and gold blazer. You had to have the right sort of grey flannel trousers. Your shoes had to be a particular style. Strangely, I remember one of the things you couldn't wear were Cuban heels. I don't know whether they were anticipating something happening with The Beatles being around and all that.
65. When I started at St Joseph's I wore absolute regulation uniform. The other boys latched onto me because of that. I didn't know what I could get away with. I immediately had the sense that I was trying to fit in but I was already surrounded by boys who were working the system.
66. Everybody was given a school number and mine was [REDACTED]. That number was used to identify everything that belonged to you. That number was put in every item of clothing you had. They even put the number in your shoes. The number was used for the simple reason of laundry. The number was a simple way they could account for everything you put through.
67. You had to wear your blazer when you were outside of the school grounds. You were allowed to wear your own clothes in your final year. When I got to my final year I wore the clothes that I wanted to. I wore desert boots and stripy trousers. By the autumn and spring terms of 1967 and 1968 I was being regarded by the Brothers as 'too bohemian.' Because of that I was made to wear the school uniform again when I was out and about.

*Personal possessions*

68. You could have all sorts of things. There were no problems with having any personal possessions. You could keep your personal possessions in your bedside locker. The lockers weren't inspected. The only time I ever saw someone having

their locker checked was when somebody had something stolen. I don't have a vivid memory of that. That was done with a Brother. I have no idea whether the stolen item was found.

### *Pocket money*

69. Pocket money would be kept in an account at the school. Your parents could put money into the account at the start of each term. You could also do that. You were allowed to withdraw 2s 6d a week. In the early days you had to line up outside the Bursar's office for your pocket money. The Bursar would sit behind a little window with his ledger. You would go up to the window and give your number to the Bursar. He would then check the ledger to see that the money was there. You had to sign that you had been given your pocket money against your number in the ledger. When you got into the Senior Division there was none of that. I had my own bank account. I would go into the Dumfries branch of the Clydesdale Bank and withdraw my money.
70. There was a tuck shop in the school where you could spend your money on sweeties. You were allowed to go into town whenever you wanted in Upper 6<sup>th</sup>. I probably used my money to buy chips. There were two Italo-Scottish cafes where you could buy great coffee or play music on their jukeboxes. I would hang out and chat in the cafes. There would be one or two of the local girls there from the local girls school.

### *Schooling*

71. St Joseph's made great store out of its academic achievements and the number of students who went on to good universities. We were always encouraged to regard ourselves as the crème de la crème. There was an expectation that you would do well if you applied yourself. At the time I had no idea how good academically St Joseph's actually was when compared to other schools. I did, however, have a general sense of feeling that we were better academically than other schools we

visited when playing sports. There was kind of an implied league table amongst the schools at that time.

72. The school was within the main building in the college and the modern block. It was a broad based curriculum to start with. It was Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Art, French, English Literature and Language. I did a broad based curriculum for my O-Levels. I did two O-Levels in 4<sup>th</sup> year followed by a further eight O-Levels in 5<sup>th</sup> year. The school switched me out of a broad based curriculum to a science based curriculum for my Highers. I did Highers in Biology, Physics, Chemistry and Maths.
73. I was impressed with some of the Brothers and lay staff who taught. The touchstone for me was whether the teacher was telling me stuff that I didn't know. There were some Brothers and lay staff who were able to do that.
74. Some Brothers used to take great pleasure and delight in rendering what you knew before, useless. You could find that you were following a particular curriculum one year and the subsequent year that could all be thrown out of the window. By extension you felt that your previous teacher's efforts were being rubbished. I got the sense that there were Brothers and teachers who were competing with the Brothers and teachers that had gone before them. It was as if they were saying "forget about what you have been taught, this is my time now." That occurred with Brother <sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED]. He taught us [REDACTED]. I remember that when a new Brother came in to take over the teaching of [REDACTED] he took great delight in rubbishing what we had been taught by Brother <sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED].
75. When you're left holding something that you find holds no currency any more it is bewildering. I found all of that problematic. It was problematic for other boys too. I remember that some of the boys who had been in longer than I at St Joseph's just said that you had to keep your head down and keep going. It was something they had seen before. They just said that you had to just get on with it.
76. In the evenings we had to study. That was every night after your evening meal. It was between about 7:00pm and 8:30pm. It was taken in the classrooms in the

school. A Brother would supervise you whilst you studied. Once you were in the Senior Division, and had your own room, you were allowed to go and study by yourself. That would be the only time that pupils were allowed to be “outside” of the study classrooms.

77. I did really well at school and I enjoyed the education we received. I enjoyed the fact that I could see from time to time that I was doing well. That was important to me because I knew that my mother was making a lot of sacrifices for me to be at the school. It was important to me to report to her that I was doing well.

*Sex education / guidance on life skills and difference*

78. By the time I was in the 5<sup>th</sup> year someone had decided that it would be very important for the boys in the Senior Division to have some kind of counselling about sexual relations. We were sat down with the Principal in the parlour. He had a little chat with us. He then asked us if there were any questions. There was then a question and answer session. That was it in terms of sexual education.
79. There were no lessons concerning relationships, difference, other cultures or anything like that. There were boarders at the school from all over the world. There were boarders from France, Germany, Columbia and India. There was no effort to try and help you understand ‘otherness.’ If anything ‘otherness’ was something that could get you into trouble. There was, what we would know now as, racism. I remember one boy who was called “Sooty” to his face. That was his nickname amongst the boys. His father was Asian. He was given that nickname because he was slightly browner. When I reflect on it now I realise it was horrible and vile.

*Prize giving*

80. There was an annual prize giving assembly where particular awards were given for particular academic successes. The only time prize giving didn’t happen was during my last summer term. Everyone was sent home early because of a threatened

future rail strike. I remember that the prize I was awarded came through the post the following autumn. It was a prize for drama.

*Religious instruction*

81. I didn't find the quantity of religious instruction excessive. Mass was held most mornings. Some mornings you had a choice about whether you had to go. Other mornings you didn't, There were prayers in the morning after you got out of bed and a prayer in the evening before you went to bed. A Brother would take that. Grace was said before meals. There was a prayer said before assemblies.
82. If you wanted to you could join the Legion of Mary. That was a group that would meet, pray and focus on the teachings of Our Lady and particular saints. The boys involved in that would be looking to those teachings as a way of basing their lives.
83. Occasionally priests came in on retreat from the Redemptorist Order. They would give us inputs over the course of a week. The school curriculum continued but there were these little inputs from those priests. It was all part of spiritual formation, giving us the opportunity to encounter new thought and allowing us to open up to the spiritual aspect of our being. It was all really to allow us to have instruction from another viewpoint.
84. Becoming a priest was never actually regarded as a career option in the school. I don't remember any other boy saying that they wanted to be a priest or anybody asking if anybody wanted to become a priest. The topic of entering the priesthood never came up during the odd occasion when you were asked what we wanted to be. It's strange because there are members of the Marist Order who are professed priests. There didn't seem to be any sense of a join up with an abbey or a monastery. There was nothing like that.

*Confession*

85. You didn't have to go to confession. It was up to the individual whether they wanted to go. There were particular times when you could go to confession but it was always entirely up to the individual's conscious as to whether they wanted to go.
86. There was a puzzling incident one time involving MML [REDACTED] and confessions. We were grouped as the Senior Division together and given feedback that MML [REDACTED] had said he was concerned that there were not enough boys "confessing the sin of masturbation." If we were good Catholic boys and we weren't masturbating then there was nothing to confess. If we were not good Catholic boys and we were then we weren't going to confess it. We didn't know what this guy was raising a concern about and what we were going to do with that information? We all reflected on that with typical boyish humour and questioned "what does he want, a productivity drive?" We just trivialised it. That was how we dealt with it.
87. It did make me question what was going on in confession if the priest decided that he wanted to make something known. At that time I remember thinking "I thought that confession was supposed to be sealed?" It felt paradoxical to me. I am sure that I was not the only one who felt that. Then again MML [REDACTED] wasn't exactly divulging any confidences. It was a generalised thing about things that people weren't confessing to.

*Chores*

88. Generally there were no chores. All the cleaning was done by lay domestic staff. There may be the occasional thing like something requiring to be painted. You weren't made to do that though. It was just something that was there to do if you wanted to. There was the usual picking up of litter. That was something that was given out as a punishment. The rest of the boys would be playing football or whatever but you would be left picking up litter.

*Leisure time*

89. You had free and easy access to things like books and games. There was a pretty good library. There was occasionally a bit of television. There were lots of table tennis tables in the Intermediate and Middle Divisions. Curiously they all disappeared by the time you got into the Senior Divisions. I don't know whether they thought that table tennis was just for kids. There was a full size snooker table in the Senior Division. We played snooker and billiards.
90. On Sunday nights they played a movie in the school theatre. The music in between the reels was The Beatles. I remember thinking that that was alright. We occasionally used to go en masse to the cinema in Dumfries. The good people of Dumfries would see this big column of boys from St Joseph's walking into the town when we did that. There was a drama club in the school called the Phoenix Drama Club. It was run by a lay teacher called Brian McEwan. I acted in that club.
91. There was a school choir but that pretty much fell into disuse. Brother <sup>MNR</sup> [REDACTED] was the [REDACTED] I wasn't involved in that. I remember an incident when I was coming out of church one day. Brother <sup>MNR</sup> [REDACTED] took me by the throat and felt my Adams apple. After touching it he said "no good." I don't remember him doing that to anyone else. That was that. I never got to sing in the choir because my voice was deemed to have broken. He may have heard me singing at church as well. I have no idea.

*Sport and athletics*

92. I played in the first XI for cricket and the first XV for rugby. I played goalkeeper in the first team for football. Wednesday afternoons were spent playing inter house matches. You played other schools representing St Joseph's on Saturdays. It was all schools in the North of England, Borders and Glasgow. We played schools and teams like St Aloysius, St Mungo's, South of Scotland Colts, Austin Friars, Carlisle Grammar School and Morpeth High. We travelled by minibus or coach to all of these places.



93. Pupils were allowed to play for teams and organisations outside of the school. If you got selected for the South of Scotland you were allowed time to go and compete in things like athletics competitions. I got good at doing cross country running. It became a thing for me. I would go out and practice cross country running during my spare time. I was allowed to compete in the Scottish schools cross country championships. I did that two years running.
94. One time the Brothers got an older pupil to run and follow me whilst I was out running. It was like they put a tail on me. I think that the Brothers only did that because they wanted to know what I was doing. It was the only way they could supervise me. I think it might have been Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] who organised that. I think the Brothers were more concerned that I was actually doing what I said I was doing than anything else.
95. None of the other Brothers would have been able to run after me so they just got another boy to do that. I knew the older pupil was only there to follow me. I decided to 'burn him off.' I ran as fast I could away from him. In hindsight, that was mistake because the older pupil lost face. I should never have done that because the older pupils didn't like to lose face. It could lead to you getting bullied. I wasn't punished in any way by the Brothers for burning off the older pupil. I was allowed to continue running. I guess, for me, the biggest thing was the fear of the possibility of retribution from the boy who followed me or his peers. As it happened, nothing actually happened. However, the threat was there.

#### *Trips / holidays*

96. It was the usual holidays. There were Christmas, Easter and Summer holidays. I would go back to Perth to my mother's over those holidays. I would stay at St Joseph's during the half terms.
97. We sometimes went on field trips. There were usually one or two Brothers who went with us on these trips. I remember going to the Solway Firth to look at geological

structures and fossils. I remember going into the hills to look at geographical things. In the Senior Division we went on one trip to Liverpool to see the new Catholic cathedral. I think we did that in about 1966 or 1967.

*School dances and socials*

98. There was a liaison with Notre Dame School in Glasgow, which was predominantly girls, and an all-girls school in Dumfries. From time to time there would be an attempt to introduce us to girls. Some of the senior students would be taken up to other schools for the dances and socials.
99. Before we had these dances we had to learn to dance. We had to learn to dance with each other at St Joseph's. You got partnered up with another boy. You learnt ballroom dancing kind of stuff. This arrangement led to the possible embarrassment of, when you got to actually dance with a woman, not knowing the man's part. I discovered that a great way of getting out of the dances was to be the DJ. Doing that got me away from having to do the dancing and all of that.

*Birthdays / Christmas / Saints Days*

100. I was very often at home on my birthday. If boys had birthdays they might have Happy Birthday sung to them. They might get their bumps from the other boys. There wasn't anything like a cake.
101. There were decorations put up at Christmas. I don't remember there being a school Christmas meal.
102. We celebrated all of the house saints days. We celebrated St Patrick's Day, St Ninian's Day, St George's Day and St Andrew's Day. We also celebrated St Joseph's Day. There would be something special served at a mealtime as a patronal feast. It was jelly, trifle or something like that. You would get a half day off for the house saints days and a whole day off for St Joseph's Day. You would do

something recreational during that time. There might be games. There might also be a trip out to the cinema.

*Letters / telephone*

103. There was an expectation that you would sit down on a Sunday and write a letter home. You would do that in a classroom. There would be a Brother sitting at a higher desk watching you scribbling away. I remember that, for my first couple of years, after you wrote your letter you would have to show it to the Brother who was in charge of that form. The Brother would read through your letter. There was occasionally a question along the lines of 'what does that mean?' If the letter was good enough the Brother would leave the letter alone. If it wasn't you had to re-write the letter.
104. The only time that I had anything pointed out in any of my letters by a Brother was when I forgot to put the comma in 'Love, your son.' It read simply "Love your son." The Brother said to me "I'm sure she does" and made me put the comma in.
105. When we got letters they were placed in a pigeon hole which had our number on it. Nobody else read the letters that came in to us. They all arrived unopened. I got letters from my mum. I remember getting all these lovely letters which talked about family life at home.
106. My mother didn't have a phone so I didn't call her at home. From time to time I would call my sister. At that time she was training to become a nurse in London. Phoning my sister was subject to the vagaries of my sister being able to answer her phone, me being able to get to the phone in the school and me having enough change to put into the phone.

*Visitors*

107. Parents or relatives could just turn up and take the boys out. Some boys had parents who would drop by over weekends. They would take them out on a Sunday

afternoon. My mother, on some occasions, used to come down to visit me during half terms. That wasn't every half term. She made a particular effort to come to the Whitsun half term because it was longer and that was when the sports day was also held. That half term was in the summer term. My mother sometimes came with one or two of my brothers. My sister was brought once. She met her future husband during one of these visits.

108. During my early time at St Joseph's they issued something called an exeat. I don't remember them being around in the Middle and Senior Divisions. Exeats were issued by the Bursar's office. An exeat was a piece of paper that you had to have signed off by the Bursar before you were allowed out. The exeat typically stated the duration you were allowed out for and when you had to be back by. You would show your exeat to the parent or guardian who was taking you out. When you got back from wherever you went with your guardian or parent you had to report back to the Brother who supervised your Division. I always came back on time so I don't know what happened if you came back late. I'm not aware of any boys who did come back late.
109. There wasn't anything like a visitor's reception kind of thing. There were no locked gates, high fences or cameras. There was nothing like that in those days. People from the outside, who were unconnected to the college, would just walk through the campus.

#### *Inspections*

110. I don't remember any school inspectors. I don't remember anyone from other parts of the Order coming in to oversee things. I know that during the school holidays the Brothers had a particular thing going on that might involve a Superior coming in. However, I was never there during those times. I know that because Brothers would mention they would be on retreat during the school holidays.

*Pastoral care*

111. There was very much a sense of us and them when it came to the Brothers and the teachers. We never ever actually felt that they were on our side or we could be on their side. We saw them as being very much a united front against us. There was very seldom any contact or conversation with any of the Brothers.
112. The culture was more that your attention would be drawn to where you had fallen short rather than what you had done well. Very occasionally there would be a "well done" but that would, more or less, be aimed at a team or the school as a whole. I remember that sort of thing happening when the school's team won Top of the Form. Top of the Form was a television quiz show involving schools at that time.
113. My understanding of pastoral care in boarding schools now is that it is completely different to what I experienced when I was at St Joseph's. I was never sat down and asked how I was doing. There was never a one-to-one review of how I was doing in any respect. There was never any of that. There was no hand on the shoulder or anybody asking you how you were doing.
114. I remember that when I first joined St Joseph's I was struggling with homesickness. No member of the school staff ever spoke with me about how I was. What I wanted so much during my time at St Joseph's was somebody to relate to. Somebody who could fill the space, as much as they could do, that my father had left behind. My mother wanted that and I certainly hungered for that. That was never realised.
115. Instead of there being support I would find myself batted away by staff and the Brothers and teachers. That would be in the form of a random comment that felt as if it was putting me back. I remember being told to my face by a geography teacher called Brian McEwan that I had become "rather bitter and twisted." He just came out of the blue with that one day during a geography class. I didn't know where the hell that came from. I don't know whether I was bitter and twisted. I just don't know.

116. I came to realise that I had to just get on with it. I had to set about creating my social camouflage in order to blend in. I hid behind lots of different voices and generally tried to be amusing.

#### *Healthcare*

117. The matron was always there during the day. She was in charge of the sickbay that was in the school. The sickbay consisted of a room with four beds in it. It was very close to the Middle Division dormitory. To get to see the matron you had to be unwell. You would need to prove to a Brother that you really were unwell before you went to the matron. Either that or you went to see her to get your vaccinations. We also had a visiting GP. I don't remember anything like an annual health check or a physical whilst I was there.
118. The only time I remember going to see the matron, other than the times when I got vaccinations, was when I was really ill. It was flu or something like that. I was taken to the sickbay. I spent the best part of a week there. There was one other boy who was in the sickbay when I arrived. His name was [REDACTED]. I relied on [REDACTED] to tell me how things went in the sickbay because no one else spoke to me. He told me what to expect and what was going to happen. He told me that I would be eating a lot of porridge. [REDACTED] ended up getting out of the sickbay before I did.
119. Over the week I was treated with paracetamol. I remember listening to the radio during the day. I listened to Tony Blackburn on Radio Caroline and Stuart Henry on Radio Scotland. The matron was there during the day. At night someone looked in from the Middle Division dormitory to check you were alright. I don't remember who that was. It might have been Brother <sup>MYZ</sup> [REDACTED] but I would be really guessing by saying that.
120. Occasionally the seriousness of having all these boys in one place would be focussed on one event and the attempts to deal with it. There was one boy called [REDACTED] who died whilst I was at the school. He had heart problems. I knew him. I don't mean this in any callous way but he was notable for the blueness of his nose.

That was partly down to the circulatory problems he had. He died in Dumfries Infirmary. After he died a Requiem Mass was held in the school followed by his funeral. [REDACTED] is buried on the campus at St Joseph's up at the cemetery behind St Michael's Mount.

121. I remember another boy having a brain haemorrhage. His name was [REDACTED]. His brother was in my year. They were both from Leeds. He was taken into Dumfries Infirmary. He survived that.
122. There was one boy called [REDACTED]. He got shot in the head whilst out on a field trip to Lochar Moss. There was a shooting range there. It was a moot point as to whether he had strayed into the shooting range whilst the flags were up or not. The bullet penetrated his head. He survived. I remember the incident creating a bit of furore in the school when it happened. I remember there was discussion across the school as to who was in charge when the accident happened. The police were involved. Parents were involved. These days there would be risk assessments and investigations. None of that seemed to happen back then. In the end the statement that came out from the school was that [REDACTED] had been really far away from the range and the bullet had been dropping.
123. I never saw a dentist in all the time I was at St Joseph's. I have no idea whether there was a dentist available. I have no memories of any of the other boys getting treatment from dentists.

*Running away*

124. Some boys did run away. There were people who went off and disappeared. I remember that a boy called [REDACTED] ran away. He was a friend of mine. That was in about 1967. He "borrowed" a bike from the bike sheds, cycled as far as he could then hitched a lift all the way down to Essex. He got home to where he lived. He still had the bike with him. He was eventually returned to the college. I never got to the bottom of why he ran away or why he wanted out of St Joseph's. Nothing was ever said when [REDACTED] came back. He came back, stayed then left at the end of that

year. He ended up getting an apprenticeship in a furniture factory for a company called [REDACTED]

125. I didn't run away. The only form of running away I did was ritually. That was mainly cross country. I started cross country running because it felt like I could run away from school every day.

*Bed-wetting*

126. I wasn't aware of anyone who wet the bed in any of the dormitories I was in. I never saw anyone being punished for bed-wetting.

**Communication between parents and the school**

127. The parents had very little involvement with the school. There were no parents evenings or anything like that. The only time that parents had contact with St Josephs' was through events held at the school like sports day or Whitsun. Around these events parents would come in on a Friday or Saturday for what they called a 'Smoker.' A Smoker was really just a social for the parents. That was the only time that parents met the staff.
128. My mother wasn't consulted about any decision made by the school about anything to do with my education whilst I was at St Joseph's. I was never ever given any choice in terms of the subjects I had to do at school. I was told what O-Levels and Highers I had to do by the school. I remember being told that I had to do my Maths and Religious Education O-Levels a year early because the curriculum didn't quite fit the years. I wasn't the only one told to do that.
129. I remember being switched out of all the arts based subjects for my Highers. It was all done purely on the basis of what the school felt I needed to do. Right at that time Harold Wilson had been saying that the country needed more scientists. I wonder



whether that was the switch that was flicked that resulted in me doing a more science based curriculum. All of this was done without any reference to my mother.

#### *Parents and Friends Association*

130. Fund raising was done through the Parents and Friends Association. They were approached for donations for things like improvements to the playing fields, raffle prizes, sports day prizes and prize giving prizes. It was nothing like a parents and teachers association in the modern sense. If anything it had little to do with the academic side of the school and lots to do with the infrastructure of the school.

#### **Discipline**

131. There was never ever anything like a code of conduct. There was no explanation given to you about what was expected in terms of behaviour. The closest thing to any of that were the general notes given out at assembly. If there was some sort of behaviour that was causing concern, or there was something that we needed to observe, then it might be mentioned there.
132. The only real way which you could learn the rules was either by osmosis or by unwittingly breaking the rules themselves. It was a bit like walking around a room with a blindfold on. You could only learn what furniture was in the room through walking into it. There were never any rules about how something should or shouldn't be done given in advance.

#### *Involvement of the Principal*

133. If you were carrying on or misbehaving in class or in the Division you could get sent out of the class to the Principal's office. You would wait outside his office. You would wait for him to come out and ask why you were there. I was never sent to the Principal's office. However, I learnt from boys who were sent to the Principal's office that there was quite a direct conversation held about what was going on. After that

there were sanctions threatened or actually carried out. The sort of sanctions were things like being grounded or not being allowed to go to the film show on the Saturday night. The boy would have to go to detention instead.

134. I think, if it was a serious thing, the Principal might involve your parents. That would be the beginning of the process. That didn't happen with me. I can't think of any specific incidents where that happened or it got that serious. I'm not sure how I know about that process.

#### *Sanctions*

135. There were sanctions. The Principal, Brothers, teachers or prefects could issue those. It would be things like picking litter, detention, lines or being grounded. It was generally that sort of thing. You might get given a sanction as a punishment for things like talking on the stairs or smoking. If you went out of the grounds without permission you would get into trouble. You could be grounded for a bit if you were found out doing that. You might be given some sort of detention. I had to write lines from time to time. I just thought it was daft because it didn't change anything for me. It was just wasting time. I did it anyway. I felt the same way about detention.

#### *Corporal punishment*

136. Corporal punishment was in the form of getting given the belt. That was the most concrete of punishments. That was the only form of corporal punishment I saw. I never saw any other form of physical punishment in the school. There was no striking or anything like that.
137. Certain Brothers used the belt more frequently than others. I never saw the lay teachers use the belt. The use of the belt mostly happened in the school. I remember that when I first began at the school mucking about in classes seemed to be tolerated. There were one or two boys who were allowed to be the class fool or whatever. As time went on that wasn't so tolerated and the belt or tawse was used.

138. The belt was part of the Brothers' kit and resources. It was a Lochgelly tawse. It was something which was a quarter of an inch thick with two tongs. I remember that one of the older Brothers had an older lighter tawse which had several tongs. I remember seeing that.
139. The number of times you were hit varied. The maximum number of strokes would be six but you could get only three. There didn't appear to be any rhyme or reason as to the quantity or number of strokes that you got given. In general terms the number of strokes was in line with the apparent seriousness of your crime.
140. The tawse was used for general indiscipline by the Brothers. The sort of things the belt would be used for is notable failure to learn. You would be punished if you just weren't applying yourself in class. Often the tawse was used because you hadn't done your work or because of lack of effort. The belt was almost used as an invitation to make you try harder.
141. On the odd occasion where I got the belt it was because I had failed to achieve. The Brothers I remember using the belt on me were Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] and Brother <sup>MNR</sup> [REDACTED]. Those are the only two I remember using the belt on me. When the tawse was administered it was on the hand.
142. The belt was solely used by the Brother for misbehaviour at school. It was also occasionally used for misbehaviour in dorms. Sometimes the Brothers didn't come out of their rooms when the boys larked about in the dorms. That was maybe because they weren't bothered or the volume wasn't sufficient for them to hear what was going on. Other times a Brother did come out of his room. If he did you would be in trouble. He would come out with his torch, tell us to quiet down and tell certain boys to see him in the morning. The boys who saw the Brother in the morning would be disciplined by that Brother. Sometimes the punishment was in the form of the belt. If what you did was particularly bad you might be sent to the Principal for discipline.

143. At the time I had no yardstick to form a view whether the punishment the Brothers used was excessive. What I did know was that at St John's, the school I went to before, corporal punishment was only issued by the headmaster and nobody else. There would also be a case for it. Some Brothers at St Joseph's appeared to use it as part of their teaching method. That wasn't something I was used to.

*Arranging for two boys to fight each other*

144. When I was a senior we went on a field trip to Liverpool to see Liverpool Cathedral. That would have been either in 1966 or 1967. Two of the boys had a problem with one another. They fell out on the coach back. Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] witnessed the boys falling out on the coach. He saw the threat of violence being there. The way Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] dealt with it was to set the boys up the following day to fight it out in the Senior Division common room. Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] just let that happen. That's the only time I recall something like that happening.

145. I was in the Senior Division common room when the fight was due to happen. There was a group of boys alongside Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] waiting for this fight to start. We stood in a circle. There was no attempt made to stop the fight by anyone. The boys 'set to.' Eventually the two boys sort of just gave up on it. I don't think there were any other problems between the boys after that.

146. At the time, I did feel that setting the boys up that way was very manipulative. However, looking back it might have actually been a rather clever call on the part of Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED]. He might have known that their steam would have been let out by that point. He might have anticipated that the boys would not be able to 'stoke up their boilers again' in the cold light of day.

*Prefects*

147. The Brothers decided who became prefects. To be a prefect you had to be in the Senior Division and probably in your last year at the school. I was made a prefect in my final year. It came right out of the blue for me. The way I found out was it had

been placed on a notice board on a wall. The conjecture at the time was that I was made a prefect in the hope that it would make me conform. One of the other prefects told me that was what he thought was happening. The theory was that because I would be responsible for discipline I'd have to be more disciplined with myself.

148. There wasn't so much anything like fagging. We weren't quite in their realm. Prefects could issue lines. I never issued any punishments when I was a prefect. I couldn't see the point.
149. I did attend meetings during the time I was prefect, alongside other prefects, with the Principal. There were also meetings with Brother<sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED]. The meetings were simply to do with disciplinary matters. That was about it. There was never any sense of concerns about student welfare on the agenda at these meetings. I don't think I can think of any situation where, as a prefect, I spoke with the Principal or Brother<sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] about any individual during those meetings.

*Dorm leaders*

150. In the Intermediate Division they had what was called dorm leaders. Those were boys who were in the dorm. I never found out how boys became dorm leaders. As far as I am aware, they were just singled out for taking that role by the Brothers.
151. Nobody ever told you how to do it but your bed had to be made up properly with the proper corner folds. After the beds were made the dorm leaders would go around and check the lockers and the bed areas. They undertook those inspections daily. If there was anything not quite right, like your locker not being lined up properly or your bed being not made to their satisfaction, you would be "on report." That wouldn't involve the Brother in charge of the Division. If you were on report you had to go back to your dorm after breakfast so that the dorm leader could show you what wasn't quite right. You would then be made to do something like lining all the lockers up or straightening all the beds. If you took issue or were cheeky to the dorm leader

then that would get further reported. You would then find yourself in front of the Brother who was in charge of the Division.

152. Linguistically there were things about St Joseph's that took me a while to understand. The terminology was all West of Scotland or Glasgow stuff. For example they called a cupboard a 'press'. I had no idea what they were talking about sometimes because of that. I remember that when I first started at St Joseph's I discovered that I was on report. I was on report because my locker had not been lined up properly. When I went up to the dorm after breakfast the dorm leader, who was called [REDACTED], asked me whether I was "dodging." I said no I wasn't because I was standing still. I didn't understand that dodging meant skiving. It was only after a while that [REDACTED] realised that I had come back up to the dorm because there was something wrong with my locker and not because I was skiving. I remember thinking that that could have gone very wrong. I could have found myself in trouble.

#### **Abuse at St Joseph's - bullying**

153. I first became aware of the bullying when I first joined the school. If you weren't bullying then you were probably being bullied. Bullying was normalised. You had to 'man up' and accept it. There was a presupposition that you would fit into the mould that the school had. It wasn't the other way around. You would fit in. That was the tacit assumption at St Joseph's. Although the expectation was that you would be outstanding, you must not stand out. If you did stand out then there would be pressure on you to fit in back into the box. Standing out led to potentially being bullied.
154. To my knowledge, in my time at St Joseph's, no member of the Order ever addressed the problem of bullying. There was nobody to talk with about it. There was never ever a direct intervention made by staff because of bullying. The Brothers turned a blind eye to the problem. Bullying was a way for the Brothers to keep order

without them actually needing to become involved. I would be very surprised if one of the Brothers hadn't worked out that that was the way in which it went.

*Specific recollections of boys being bullied*

155. I remember that [REDACTED] brother, [REDACTED], came under a lot of pressure at St Joseph's. I think [REDACTED] attracted the wrong kind of attention from bullies because he was a bit of a [REDACTED] at heart. He had a [REDACTED] and all that. He was also from Essex so he was maybe regarded as a bit too English.
156. In the summer term of 1965 an incident occurred that set the tone for my expectations of being a senior pupil. The main college had a flat roof. There was a door that allowed you to gain access to the roof. Three, or maybe four, senior pupils were lured onto the roof. I don't remember who those boys were. I can remember their faces but I can't remember their names. They were all boys who were regarded as a bit clever who tended to keep themselves to themselves. In terms of humour they were a bit like The Goodies or The Goons. They had a kind of "off the wall" sense of humour. When the boys got on the roof they were attacked and beaten up by a group of senior students that included prefects. I know that one of the members of the group that was doing the beating was a boy called [REDACTED]. I think he was [REDACTED]. He was [REDACTED] a prefect.
157. I think that the pupils who were lured onto the roof were regarded as 'dissidents' who needed to be taught a lesson. I remember seeing the boys who had been lured onto the roof after the incident. They had black eyes and bruised faces. They described the incident to me as being "beaten up."
158. I don't know whether the Brothers set it up but they certainly would have known about it. Everybody knew about the incident but nobody actually talked about it out loud. It was so widely talked about I think that it is unlikely staff, including the then SNR [REDACTED] Brother MZH [REDACTED], did not know about the incident. If they did know about it they turned a blind eye. I think that they would have turned a blind eye because they would have seen it as a way in which these guys could be 'sorted out.' Nothing was

ever said about the incident. Nothing was ever done. The whole incident put fear into me. I remember thinking that being attacked was something that could happen to me. I remember thinking that if I talked too much, and was too different, I could also be set upon.

*Bullying suffered by my brother* [REDACTED]

159. My brother [REDACTED] reaped the whirlwind when he arrived. There were boys who were in the school who had unsettled scores against me. Those boys decided, because I wasn't there, to settle their scores with [REDACTED] instead. He was backed into a corner whilst someone decided to give him a "thugging about." He told me about those incidents. I know he got a punch in the nose on one occasion. He told me that. Two of the boys involved were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].
160. [REDACTED] died in 1992. I never managed to speak in detail to [REDACTED] before he passed away about his time in St Joseph's. We kind of obliquely talked about our times in St Joseph's. I do, however, remember feeling dismayed that there were pupils who felt that they had unfinished business with me who decided to take it out on him.

**Abuse at St Joseph's – specific incidents relating to me**

*Brother* <sup>MFI</sup> [REDACTED]

161. I came up to the Senior Division during the summer term of 1966. I was about sixteen. My first encounter with Brother <sup>MFI</sup> [REDACTED] was during a cricket trip to Maryfield during that summer term. Brother <sup>MFI</sup> [REDACTED] watched me bowl alongside another boy called [REDACTED]. I remember Brother <sup>MFI</sup> [REDACTED] saying, after watching me bowl, that it was all very well being able to make the ball swing but I needed to control it as well. I was then selected for the college's first team for cricket.
162. One evening I was called out of study and told to go to Brother <sup>MFI</sup> [REDACTED] room to collect my jockstrap and abdominal protector. That was in the summer term of 1966.



I went into his room. Brother MFI was sitting there. He told me to take off my shoes, trousers and underpants. I was taken aback that Brother MFI had asked me to strip off. However, I rationalised it all as being what was needed to be done to get the jockstrap and abdominal protector on. I took off my shoes, trousers and underpants. Brother MFI then produced a jockstrap. He asked me if I had ever worn one. I said I hadn't. He said that he would help me to put it on. He then said that he needed to check the fit, which he then did. Whilst he did that he continually told me how important it was to make sure it was on properly so as I would avoid injury. He handled my penis and testicles. As he did that he talked about checking that I was maturing properly. He didn't say anything of a sexual nature. That was all that he said. He remained seated all of the time. It was all done in a casual matter of fact manner.

163. Brother MFI continued to handle me as he placed the abdominal protector into the pouch in the jockstrap. He then repeated the process several times. He said how important it was that he was sure that I knew what to do otherwise I would not be protected. I was in Brother MFI room for about forty-five minutes. For the majority of that time I was naked from the waist down.
  
164. It was the prolonged repeated nature of what he was doing that made me think "this isn't right." I remember that I was frozen to the spot, mesmerised and puzzled about what was going on. I remember that during the incident all I was focusing on was making sure that this didn't go anywhere. What he was doing and saying to me had to mean nothing to me in that moment. I wanted to survive it and then go. My mind set was that, even if I didn't want it, there was the possibility of an erection. I wanted to 'zone out' and not get aroused in any way. I thought that if I got an erection he would then turn on me. I thought the same way about objecting. I felt it was like damned if I do and damned if I don't. I had the presence of mind to keep things absolutely clinical and clean. I remember feeling relieved when I was allowed to leave the room. I was left wondering what I was supposed to do about this. I didn't know what to do or how to do it without raising my head above the parapet.

165. Later that evening [REDACTED], who was another student, asked me if "MFI [REDACTED] had had me up to fit my jockstrap?" [REDACTED] was smirking as he said that. I wondered how [REDACTED] knew that I had been up to see Brother MFI [REDACTED]. I also wondered if [REDACTED] had had the same treatment. I did not ask him to find out. I just said that I had seen Brother MFI [REDACTED] and left it at that. I was left concerned whether [REDACTED] might tell other people about what had happened. After that I never heard of any other boys who had gone through the same experience as I had with Brother MFI [REDACTED]. That said, I didn't put out what had happened into circulation.
166. After the incident Brother MFI [REDACTED] treated me as if I was a non-person. There were no further incidents. He never bothered with me again unless to be sarcastic in passing. If I was at the cricket nets there was barely an acknowledgement. The only thing I recall is one day when he stood about six yards away from me and took great delight in pounding the ball at me. He did that under the pretence that he was testing my defence.
167. I think there was a pattern with the Brothers. It was a case of try it on and see what response they could get. If there was no response they would then discard you and move on. I think that that was why, as far as Brother MFI [REDACTED] was concerned with me, it was a case that I was out, gone and it wouldn't be mentioned again.

*Unknown individual in a black habit*

168. By the autumn term of 1966 I had been moved from the ten bed dorm, where my bed was by the senior pupil's room, to a dorm of four beds. I think it was Brother MLD [REDACTED] who was in charge of the dorm at that time. I shared the dorm with three other boys called [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. The dormitory had a door with a big window. My bed was as far away from the door as possible. It was right up against the big window.
169. One night I woke up face down in my bed. I could feel pressure being placed on the middle of my back holding me down with my face in the pillow. I could not move. I could feel my buttocks were being probed through my bedcover and pyjamas. I tried

hard to turn over and cry out. As I did so the person quickly left the room. I looked towards the figure leaving the room. The person was wearing a black habit. All I could see was the shape of the black habit going through the doorway. There was no other light to detect any kind of head shape or anything like that. The other three boys in the dorm remained asleep. None of them stirred.

170. The Senior Division dormitories were away from the main school building. The lower level of the building was accommodation for the Brothers. Our dormitories were upstairs. There were no locked doors in the building. Brother<sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] was in charge of the dorm. There were two other Brothers in particular who came in and out of the dormitories however I struggle to recall their names. Any number of other Brothers also had access to the dormitory.
171. After the incident I was left thinking "what happened there?" I was again left thinking "what am I going to do?" I couldn't go chasing off after this person. What would I be able to say? I decided that I just had to keep plodding on. I'd had the incident with Brother<sup>MFI</sup> [REDACTED] and now I'd had my backside fiddled with whilst I was asleep. I never talked about what happened with anybody else.

Brother<sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED]

172. One day, during the autumn term in 1966, I was playing with a rugby ball on the playing fields. Brother<sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED] came to the playing fields with [REDACTED] and a rugby ball. [REDACTED] was another student. [REDACTED] was a very attractive young man. He was usually cast in female roles in the school plays. I do know that [REDACTED] used to have problems where other students used to hit on him when he was dressed up for his female roles.
173. I was invited to join Brother<sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Brother<sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED] then set up an exercise where [REDACTED] and I would run alongside each other, about three or four yards apart, bent double as we passed the ball to each other from ankle height. Brother<sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED] spent a lot of time running along behind us. I asked Brother<sup>MZI</sup> [REDACTED] what this was all about. He just said it was a very good exercise to do. Nothing else happened. I

remember thinking to myself 'what is going on here, what is he doing?' Brother <sup>MZI</sup> then sent me off to practise by myself.

174. To me it was all another case of trying it on, to see what response he got and then sending us away because there was no take up. It was an incident that was more perplexing than anything else.

Brother <sup>MFS</sup>

175. The first contact I had with Brother <sup>MFS</sup> was during my early days at the college. He used to run a for the boys out of the basement of the main college building. I remember that he would take a few boys with him to do that. I never had anything to do with the . However, on one occasion I was down in the basement painting table tennis table tops with another pupil called . Brother <sup>MFS</sup> came through the basement and sort of hung about. Nothing happened.

176. I know that later on Brother <sup>MFS</sup> got sent off to teach . I think that might have been in 1965 or 1966. He returned back to the school from to teach Higher . That was before the autumn term of 1967. I remember that when he came back he ran a club. I remember that he took some of the students involved in that club to the railway marshalling yards at Carlisle. They were the first marshalling yards to be computerised in the UK. The group got to see how this computer ran the marshalling yards.

177. In the autumn term of 1967 I started to take Higher Maths. Brother <sup>MFS</sup> replaced Brother <sup>MLD</sup> who had taught me O-Level as my teacher. I remember that Brother <sup>MFS</sup> had a style of teaching and using language that appeared to be aimed at this elite group who were part of his club. From being completely ok with I started to fail to understand . I thought I had understood how to do those things and, all of a sudden, I was left in the position where I just didn't know what was going on. I needed help so I asked Brother <sup>MFS</sup>

178. During class we all sat at old fashioned wooden desks with built in bench seats. Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] took to sitting beside me on the desk seat and demonstrating [REDACTED] for me to follow. He would write the [REDACTED] into my book. As time went on I was still not keeping up with the class. I got increasingly more confused. Pretty soon Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] started to keep a belittling commentary going. He'd say things out loud whilst he sat beside me. He'd comment on how stupid and befuddled I was. He'd said things like "if you spent less time doing these doodles then you might understand things better."
179. As the term progressed Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] continued to sit beside me in order to demonstrate [REDACTED]. He then started to touch me beneath the desk. He would begin by patting me at the top of my legs. He would then get closer to my genitals. Afterwards he would finish by kissing me on my ear or my cheek whilst hugging me with his right arm around my shoulders. He would do it quite brazenly in class when we were all in the classroom.
180. This became an almost daily occurrence. It was a sustained thing that I got from Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED]. It was the same process he did each and every time. I would say that during the majority of lessons Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] did this. Any time we had [REDACTED] there would be a moment where he repeated the routine.
181. I felt as if I was in a bind. I needed help with [REDACTED]. However, the more I tried to get help the more Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] was sitting beside me doing what he was doing. Every time I got help from Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] it resulted molestation and humiliation. It was a vicious circle. I felt trapped and worthless.
182. One day, [REDACTED], another student in the [REDACTED] class, exclaimed "keep your hands to yourself you pervert!" I looked over to where [REDACTED] sat and saw that Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] was just getting up from sitting beside him. I then realised that I was not the only one that Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] was touching. I wasn't the only one that Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED] was doing this to. [REDACTED] is the only boy I remember experiencing what I was experiencing with Brother <sup>MFS</sup> [REDACTED]

183. One day Brother <sup>MFS</sup> rounded on me in class. Right out of the blue he told me "if you had any respect for the college you would not sit the exam." I was distraught. I needed Higher <sup>MFS</sup> to go to university. I felt that what he was saying was unfair. I was out there day after day practicing cricket, training for cross country and performing in plays for the school drama club. I was further a prefect in the school and I was performing well in all of my other subjects. Day after day I was out there representing the school and here was Brother <sup>MFS</sup> saying that I had no respect for the college. I just fired it at him. I told him all those things. I let him have it. My voice was raised. I was sure that my voice would be heard in other classes in the school. What I was saying must have, at the very least, been heard in the classroom next door.
184. Brother <sup>MFS</sup> just stood there with a face like thunder. He didn't say a thing. He didn't say a word. After that I thought that the school would come down on me like tonne of bricks. I was expecting to be taken along to the Principal's office to explain myself. However, nothing happened. Brother <sup>MFS</sup> made no further reference to it. After that confrontation Brother <sup>MFS</sup> stopped sitting beside me.
185. I then decided that if I was to pass the exam I would have to teach myself. As soon as I was allowed to go and study by myself I sat myself down with the book. I memorised as much as possible. I taught myself enough maths to pass the exam. I got a grade C which was good enough, along with Physics, Chemistry and Biology, to secure a place at St. Andrew's University to read Chemistry.

Brother <sup>MLD</sup>

186. I know for a fact that Brother <sup>MLD</sup> kept in his room two bottles of tablets. I saw them myself. One bottle contained Librium, capsules which were green and black, and the other contained amphetamines, which were black capsules. I know that, in the time I was there, there were some of the senior students, who were studying on the same level as the Senior Division dormitories as Brother <sup>MLD</sup> <sup>MLD</sup> room was. They were allowed to go into Brother <sup>MLD</sup> <sup>MLD</sup> room

to use his kettle to brew up cups of tea and coffee. I remember that some of those students discovered the black capsules he kept in his room. They took them and discovered they could keep them awake.

187. In the spring and summer terms of 1967 I was in the Senior Division. One day Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] called a senior boy called [REDACTED] over. He asked him to bring to him one of his capsules. He asked him to get one of the green and black capsules. He said that [REDACTED] could have one himself. I remember [REDACTED] face at the time. It didn't even flicker. It was as if it was just matter of fact. I remember thinking to myself at the time that that was odd. I took an interest because of my background. I had some awareness of pharmaceuticals through my mother's background. I didn't know why [REDACTED] would be taking one of those capsules. I remember [REDACTED] came back and gave a capsule to Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED]. I don't know whether [REDACTED] took one himself.

188. A year after I left St Joseph's my brother [REDACTED] joined. Whilst he was a boarder in the Senior Division he told me that it was common practice for boys to help themselves to tablets from the bottles in Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED]'s room. I also learnt from my brother that in 1969 Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] was reported to the <sup>SNR</sup> [REDACTED] Brother <sup>MYZ</sup> [REDACTED], for encouraging one of the boys to get into his bed with him. The boy concerned was a guy who was called, I think [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] was then sent away to Switzerland to allegedly "recover from his breakdown." That was all that was ever done or said. I have since learnt from my own research that Brother <sup>MLD</sup> [REDACTED] went on to become a priest in [REDACTED] in London. I think he died in late 2017 or late 2018.

#### **Abuse at St Joseph's – recollections of incidents involving peer on peer abuse**

189. I remember hearing there was a student called [REDACTED] who was accused of trying to make some sort of sexual approach to another boy. At that time [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was in the Middle Division and I was in the Senior Division. I don't know

the detail surrounding the incident or what happened following it. From experience, things tended to either be extinguished or there was a veil of silence with things.

### **My brother's expulsion from St Joseph's**

190. ██████ got expelled from St Joseph's with a boy called ██████. They were found to each be in possession of a mandrax tablet. Mandrax, or mandies, are little white tablets about the size of a paracetamol. It is a sleeping tablet. It can be prescribed to someone who is on amphetamines to help them lose weight so that they can sleep at night. Taking mandrax with alcohol is a well-known form of recreation. I remember that, at that time, there were a lot of questions surrounding how they could be in possession of those tablets. There was a visit by the police drug squad to our home in ██████. They interviewed my mother. I remember sitting in and listening to the interview.
191. I know ultimately both my brother ██████ and ██████ said that they got the mandrax tablets from someone in Dumfries. I don't know where ██████ or ██████ got the mandrax from. However, they were in an environment with adults and pupils who knew where to get drugs. My brother left under a cloud because of this mandrax tablet.

### **Reporting of abuse whilst at St Joseph's**

192. After ██████ comment after the incident with Brother ██████<sup>MFI</sup> I came to realise that nothing was sealed. I felt that there were all sorts of things going on. I never reported anything whilst I was at St Joseph's.
193. My experiences left me feeling that I could not trust anybody. There was no one in the college that I could turn to. It was very difficult to judge who knew what and, if they knew something, what they knew. I knew what had happened but I didn't know how I would say that and to whom. I didn't know what would be the response if I told



someone. These were men from religious Orders. They were men who were looked up to. It's an old cliché but who would believe me? I also thought that there was a risk that if I raised something then that would become trivialised. The other thing that was going through my mind was that if I raised what had happened what would my mother think? She had made this decision and sacrifice to send me to St Joseph's. I just couldn't do that to her. In the end I just decided to tie it off and not tell anyone.

194. I never talked about any of the incidents concerning me in confession. That was partly because I was worried about what would happen next. I decided to just swallow it down and keep it in. I realised it was having an effect on me and it wasn't right but I needed to survive things and get out.

*Other parents raising concerns*

195. There were parents who raised concerns about their son's lack of academic achievement. They would raise their concerns with the Principal, a conversation would ensue and then there would maybe be extra tuition arranged for the pupil or something like that. I remember that happening with other boys. However, in terms of other things I was not aware of anyone else raising concerns. There was certainly nothing ever done about the bullying when I was there.

**Leaving St Joseph's**

196. It all happened very quickly. Towards the end of the summer term in 1968 we got word that there was going to be a rail strike. We were told that those students who had any distance to go should pack up straight away and go as soon as they could.
197. I remember that the prefects were all up in arms about having to leave early. That was because we hadn't had our "prefect's bounty." The prefects bounty was like a performance related pay that you got for being a prefect just before you left. I remember that all the prefects queued up outside the Bursar's office until he came out with all of the money that was owed to us. I remember him giving it to us as if we

had come for blood. Right at the end we had a leaver's dinner for all those students who were leaving that summer term. That was notable for the presence of wine at the meal. I remember that I had to give the address.

198. In all, my departure felt all very scrambled. I think I ended up leaving a week earlier than I was due to be going. It all felt like rather a lacklustre affair.

### **Life after being at St Joseph's**

199. I left St Joseph's in [REDACTED] 1968. I went back to Perth to stay with my mother and brothers. At that time I had a place to read Chemistry at St Andrews. I ended up not taking my place at St. Andrews the following autumn term. Between 1968 and 1969 I withdrew into what I now refer to as my terminally weird phase. I did a lot of walking by myself. I did a lot of foraging in the countryside. I started painting. I did a lot of psychedelic posters which I gave away to various people as birthday presents.
200. At this juncture I had no answers to give to those who wanted to know what I was going to do for a job. I didn't know what the answers were. My mother was very supportive but she was very concerned that I had no plan for my life. She didn't place any pressure on me at all. She was very gentle.
201. Around that time there were a lot of unemployed young men in Scotland. A scheme was introduced that awarded £5 a week to any employer that would take us on. The employer was given a supplement for taking us off the unemployment register. In August 1969 I was taken on by Beecham Pharmaceuticals in Worthing, Sussex, under that scheme. The business at that particular Beechams site was Penicillins. I uprooted myself from [REDACTED] and transplanted myself there. I could do the work. The language of pharmaceuticals was a language that I understood both from the Chemistry side of things but also through conversations I had had with my mother about medicines and treatment.

202. My attendance record at Beechams started to become too patchy. I started missing Mondays because I had been away the previous weekend DJ'ing. Sometimes, if I was performing, I would miss the Friday as well. I was essentially working three day weeks at times. It was nothing to do with being ill it was just a result of wanting to do these other things. In 1977 I was given an ultimatum at Beechams. I was encouraged to look for something that I was more committed to.
203. One Sunday morning, out of the blue, a piece of paper was pushed through my letterbox at home. It was an advertisement which had been cut out of The Guardian. It advertised a theatre degree course at ██████████ College of Arts in Devon. Written in red ink across the advertisement was "why don't you bugger off and do something good?" I have no idea who wrote that or who put that through my letterbox. I applied for the course. I was then invited for an audition and was offered a place. I was gobsmacked. After some advice from the county drama adviser for West Sussex I decided to accept the place. I then announced to Beechams that I would be leaving.
204. In 1977 I went to ██████████ and started the course. I began to clean up my act. There were no hiding places so there was no point trying to hide. The course was totally immersive and hugely challenging. I nearly blew it by going into a spin about doing exams. I had to face down my old demon of not believing I knew anything worth knowing. I ended up majoring in acting and directing. I graduated in 1981 with a 2:1.
205. I then went into theatre land to do stuff. It was a great life but not a great living. A major turning point was renewing my Christian faith in 1982 as a result of an encounter with Pope John Paul 2<sup>nd</sup> when he came to the UK. I was one of the lost sheep that he rounded up. I also started to get interested in around that time in neuro linguistic programming. Part of that involved enabling people to dissociate from their experiences so that they don't re-enter the state they were in. In other words, allowing people to speak outside of their trauma to describe their state without going back to that state.

206. I then started to think seriously about leaving theatre land and going into pub management. Just as I was starting to think seriously about that I got a phone call from a friend. He said he knew a business in the Lake District who was looking for advice about creativity and that he had passed on my name. The company was called [REDACTED]. It was a centre for leadership and development I took the call then went to their headquarters in Ambleside. They liked what I had to say and offered me a contract. I ended up working for [REDACTED] until December 1986.
207. I then took a little time out before moving onto Lancaster University. I did a masters degree in systems thinking. Systems thinking involves taking a holistic systemic approach to organisations. I then set up my own consultancy in [REDACTED]. The work I did in particular was taking an analytical approach to the language used by organisations. I looked at the way information flowed from different parts of organisations. I looked for channels where there were holes or silences in terms of the information and language available in an organisation. I looked to see what was missing through the application of soft systems methodology. I ended up doing a lot of work around the world with lots of different organisations.
208. [REDACTED] my wife, unfortunately then got a terminal diagnosis. At that point I gave up work because my real job had become to look after her. She died in 2004. I packed in work for a while. I then went back to my consultancy work. I realised that my heart wasn't really in it. In 2005 I decided that I needed to do something simpler. I decided to focus on presentation skills. I thought that was the one thing I could be involved with that could help people get better at doing something or doing something they were unable to do. I wanted to help people discover their voice and be able to present their thoughts clearly. That, and writing for catalogues, kept me going until I retired in 2012.

**Impact**

209. After I left St Joseph's I felt crushed, confused and relieved to be away. At that time I no longer believed that I was good enough or knew anything. I ended up not taking my place at St Andrews University. The reason for that was because I was to be living in the home of a tutor as part of his family. I could not face that. I couldn't do that because of what I had experienced in the past. I did not want any more turmoil in my life. There was a lot of student unrest at the time. I ended up citing to my mother the student unrest as the reason why I didn't want to go at that time. I didn't cite the problems I had with potentially living in the home of a tutor. If I had admitted to that then I may have had to talk about my experiences whilst at St Joseph's. I didn't want to put either myself or my mother in that situation.
210. In the two years after returning home I became quite happy with the idea of being left alone. One of the best ways of being left alone is being beyond understanding. I realised that being terminally weird and out of reach meant that people stopped trying to reach out to you. I became very wary of entrapment. I avoided any situation where I felt I would be strapped into anything. I avoided any situation where I didn't know what the rules were. I believed that if I was in a situation where I broke rules which were unknown to me I would be excluded and marked out forever. I believed that, were I to break those unknown rules, I would be shamed in front of others, excluded and punished forever.
211. I had a confused sense of my sexual identity. I wondered whether there was something that the perpetrators saw that I couldn't see within me. I wondered things like whether I was too soft featured or whether there was something particular about me that attracted them.
212. When I got my job at Beechams I felt lost. All I had ever wanted to do is be at home in [REDACTED] and here I was again shipped off to another part of the country. Whilst I was with Beechams I had three prolonged episodes of time off work. At that time it was described as having a nervous breakdown but the root of it was what would be diagnosed now as anxiety and depression. The black dog came to visit me. It would

continue to come to visit me throughout my life. I ended up getting help and was prescribed amitriptyline which is a tricyclic antidepressant. I was drinking too much alcohol too frequently around this time. I was numbing myself out.

213. I threw myself into amateur theatre and being a DJ. Amateur theatre was good because I was in a place where I felt I could do stuff and also people thought I was good at it. Being a DJ was also good because it got me away from people. It was a safe place to be and something I could put myself into. All that was escaping in one kind or another.
214. I remember that around this period lying became a habit. Looking back lying was a way of not addressing anything about what had gone on before. It was a way of cutting myself off from all of that stuff. It was a way of avoiding having to say anything about my past. The problem was that you need a fantastic memory when you lie so much. I ended up lying so much about my past that I lost track of my backstories. I had to keep moving on from relationships and groups of people I had become acquainted with. I never let anyone really get to know me. I didn't want that because there was something that I didn't want them to know.
215. There is no question that my experiences at St Joseph's have impacted my relationships with friends and partners. That would be the main collateral damage from my experiences at St Joseph's. I kept myself to myself and only allowed certain things to be known. I created exclusion zones for people I was in relationships with. There were things that they didn't get to know. Any time I felt that people were locking onto me, I created distractions. It was all to do with distracting people and avoiding becoming known. I didn't want people getting passed one door because they would want to see what was past the next one.
216. A few years ago I was out in the countryside near Rochdale with my wife [REDACTED]. We came into the grounds of Hopwood Hall. When I saw the building my face changed. My wife saw that and asked me what was up. I told her that the building reminded me of St Joseph's. My wife then told me that Hopwood Hall was a De La Salle college. She could see that seeing the building had affected me. I admitted that to

her. That's when I realised that there was still something there. The memory of St Joseph's was still quite an imposing thing.

217. When abuse scandals were covered in the media, such as those surrounding Jimmy Saville and various football coaches, I found myself becoming pre-occupied with them. I would read those and recognise the patterns that happen. About a couple of years ago I realised that about a couple of weeks after these sorts of stories breaking I would find myself entering into a depression. The black dog would be back. It would all be a sense of "here we go again" about the futility of it all. I would start to feel stuck. I would be unable to get out or progress. My pre-occupation would fog everything else out. One of the major antidotes to my depression for me became one simple thing which was to move, to get up and walk. If you start moving your body, your mind will move too. The other thing I did was set myself small tasks. I had to achieve something concrete. All that helped and continues to help to this day.

### **Treatment and support**

218. I met with a psychiatrist a couple of times in about 1972 or 1973. We didn't speak at all about what had happened at St Joseph's. We did do a lot of talking about my social life and my sex life but I couldn't get to that. All I could describe to my psychiatrist was the extent to which I felt I was "outside of my life." I felt like an outsider to my own life. The psychiatrist's solution to what I was describing at that time was that I should stop drinking alcohol. I did that and began to feel that I could function. However, that feeling did not last. That was the last time that I saw a psychiatrist.
219. The turning point in me came in about 2002. I read Pamela Stephenson's book about Billy Connolly, Billy. I was astounded to read that Billy had frequently been sexually abused by his father. What Billy found confusing was that in the midst of that he'd had confusing feelings and emotions, there was a sense of the pleasure of sexual arousal. Whilst I had none of the pleasure of sexual arousal, I was

encouraged by his frankness. I had previously had no idea about that. After reading that I thought to me it was time for me to start unravelling this "ball of stuff" that I had in me for some time. The book brought me the language that I needed to describe my own experiences. I resolved that I would begin to open up to healing conversations about the hurt I had experienced.

220. I've been addressing my experiences with my spiritual director. He takes a holistic approach to my spiritual development. I have talked with him about my sexual and psychological abuse, the outgrowth from that and how it has affected me from time to time. There is nothing about my life that is left out when I talk to him. I particularly talk to him about the effect on me when I hear various big stories about sexual abuse, such as the current one with the Catholic Church. I don't think I am as overwhelmed by all of that as I used to be.

#### **Reporting of abuse after leaving St Joseph's**

221. I didn't talk about what had happened with anybody. I didn't speak about it with my first wife. She never knew about what had happened. After [REDACTED] death I started to be able to voice what had happened. It was all in the context of the conversations I was having with my spiritual director about spiritual development.
222. When I decided I wanted to do anything about what had happened I undertook some research into St Joseph's on the internet. I discovered that somebody had tried to report the abuse they suffered whilst they were at St Joseph's. I discovered that the procurator fiscal in that particular case decided that there wasn't any point in bringing anything to court because the men involved were too old. I think that case was in some time in the 1990s.
223. I later discovered from the internet that there had been another attempted prosecution of a Marist Brother. I think that one did lead to someone having a custodial sentence. As a result of that a person raised a civil action concerning the abuse they had suffered at the hands of that Marist Brother. I believe they sued for



something like £50,000. The Marists brought their lawyers to bear on that. I believe that it went to the Court of Session and a judgement was given. I believe that it was held that the Order should not be held liable for the actions of that Brother despite the fact that the abused had raised concerns and the Brother had been allowed by the Order to continue to be in charge of one of the dormitories.

224. My research led me to think that there was nowhere to go with trying to pursue things through the courts. I also decided that there was no point reporting things to the police.

### **Contact with St Joseph's and former pupils since leaving**

225. I went back to St Joseph's in the eighties for a half term reunion. It was the annual general meeting for past pupils. By that time the school had been sold off to the local education authority. I was so looking forward to seeing faces. When I got there I discovered that only three other former pupils had turned up. They were all from Dumfries. I didn't know two of the former pupils. The other one I had known his older brother.
226. We sat in one of the science labs alongside the Brother who was the chair of the past pupils association and the guy who had been [REDACTED], Brother [REDACTED] Brother [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] as he was now known, greeted me. He told me that he had left the Order and was now running a [REDACTED] in Coatbridge. He said he had just dropped in to see a few people. When it was all over I shuffled off and went into Dumfries for five pints of beer. I remember thinking that it had been an awful lot of effort to get to the reunion for nothing much.
227. [REDACTED] remained a friend of mine after I left St Joseph's. He sorted me out with a job at the furniture factory where he was an apprentice. During the annual shut down in the factory we went in and did all of the cleaning in the factory. We cleaned the machines. The last contact I had with [REDACTED] was a few years ago. I phoned him up and had a brief chat. At that time he was living in Hertford.

## Records

### *Diaries and punishment books*

228. The only awareness I had of diaries being kept by Brothers was a reference made by a boy called [REDACTED]. He was at St Joseph's the same time as I was. He was one of the boys who used Brother MLD [REDACTED] kettle. He told me that, whilst he was in Brother MLD [REDACTED] room, he saw an entry in one of Brother MLD [REDACTED] diaries saying 'homosex in dorm.' I took that as meaning that someone had alleged something homosexual had gone on in one of the dormitories.
229. I don't remember seeing any diaries kept by the Brothers or anybody myself. I have no memories of any Brothers taking notes at any time. There is nothing that I remember about that. I don't recall seeing or hearing about punishment books during my time at St Joseph's.

### *Reports and letters home*

230. As far as I know no reports were ever sent home by the school. I was never given any reports to take home. I don't remember ever seeing anything like a termly or annual report. I don't remember seeing any comments regarding my demeanour or anything like that. I think you would remember that if you saw that.
231. After my mother died I went through her effects. I looked for any school reports and wasn't able to find any. One thing I did find was a box which contained all the letters I had sent from St Joseph's to her. My mother had kept all the letters that I had ever sent to her. I read through them all. There was so much fiction in those letters. There were things I wrote in those letters specifically to leave my mother thinking everything was hunky dory. I no longer have those letters.

### *Obtaining records from St Joseph's*

232. I have looked into things like obtaining records through the past pupils organisation. There is nothing set up to allow pupils to recover their records. The records I have really been most interested are not my own but those where people have tried to bring actions against the Order as a consequence of what happened whilst under their care.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

233. There needs to be supervision of the supervisors. It is too easy for someone in a position of supervision to just keep things to themselves. If the supervisor isn't supervised then the supervisor is not accountable.
234. Any matter of discipline should involve more than one person. Nobody should be able to discipline someone unilaterally. You shouldn't be able to authorise yourself in what you want to do. There should be someone who witnesses what happens and can question why that action has been taken. There has to be some process where the person who is disciplining someone can be held accountable.
235. If you maintain a closed system then information might not get to where it needs to get to. That is particularly so where there is an orchestrated effort to diffuse or discount anything which can be considered inconvenient news. Any child at any school needs to have the knowledge of an outside channel of communication. A child should have somebody that they can trust to speak with. That person possibly should be from outside of the system they are in. Where there is a channel that allows the young person's voice to be heard it has to be able to be heard close to the event or, failing that, as soon after the event as possible. A person who is outside the system should be able to then question the system on the child's behalf.
236. The Marist Brothers were in effect loco parentis. Where there is loco parentis there should be an increased amount of definition and description. There has to be a concrete understandable metric as to how to behave in loco parentis. If that isn't

there then people will just make it up. That is particularly the case where the people in care don't have a voice. They will be affected by whatever invention is made.

**Hopes for the Inquiry**

237. I don't think that you will ever be able to prevent people who want to abuse making their way into positions of trust where they have access to young people. As far as the system that was set up at St Joseph's, I think there were some who were there to abuse. I think that was their intent. I think there were others who may have known about that who made sure that it wasn't their business to stop it or prevent it. Brother MLD was a case in point. He was sent off to Switzerland.

238. I'm looking at the Inquiry as an opportunity to finish something which has been going on for quite a long time in my life. When I discovered the Inquiry I thought that I had a little to say that could be a small piece of what I think is a very much bigger picture. It is an opportunity to say my piece and have done with it. My hope is that the future will be different. My hope is that steps are taken to protect the future of children under the care of others.

239. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..... MKX .....

Dated..... 12/10/10 .....