

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

BEP

Support person present: No

1. My name is BEP. I am known as BEP and when I was child, I was given the surname of BEP, my step-father's name. My date of birth is 1951. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

**Life before going into care**

2. I have been in and out of care since I was about four years old. My mother, is from Dundee and after she got pregnant she went down to London and gave birth to me there. When I was a few months old, she took me back to Dundee and we stayed with her parents. After about six months, she left me with her parents and went back off down to London.
3. My grandparents were and I stayed with them 'till I was about four years old, when my grandmother died. My grandfather couldn't really cope after that.
4. Meanwhile my mother had returned to Dundee, by which time she had married my step-father, . At that time they had two other children called , who is three years younger than me, and , who is four years younger. They eventually had another three children who are , who is eleven years younger

than me, [REDACTED] who is fifteen years younger and [REDACTED] who is sixteen years younger. They all had the surname [REDACTED].

### **Life in and out of care between the ages of six and fifteen**

5. From the age of four, I spent my entire childhood in and out of care. I would go back to the so called "family home" for a while and then something would happen and I would be put back in care again. Up to the age of fifteen, I never had any problems in care and always felt it was better being in care than being back home.
6. I went to live with my mother and step-father for two or three months when I was four, but it didn't work out. In [REDACTED] 1955 I ended up in the Dundee Royal Orphan Institution, which was known as Carolina House. I've only recently realised that this was actually a private arrangement that my grandfather funded. He died around 1957 and my mother came and took me out in [REDACTED] of that year.
7. I went back to live with my mother and step-father for another few months at [REDACTED] in Dundee and then I ended up going back into care. It was a nightmare in [REDACTED]. My step-father was a cruel, sadistic animal.
8. I used to get regular beatings. I remember having to stand in the corner all night while they were in bed. Even though it was pitch black, he would check to see if I was awake by throwing slippers and shoes at me. I wouldn't see them coming. He would also have me sitting up at night in front of the fire drinking urine, or I could be lying sleeping and he would come up to me and pour water in my ear. To this day I don't know what kick he got out of that. Those are the sort of things I remember from that time.
9. All the time my mother said she couldn't cope, but the underlying reason was that she hated me. She probably never wanted me. Every now and again she would have me back and then I would go back into care again. I'm not sure, but I think that all the time I was in and out of care, the social work department were putting

pressure on my mother and step-father to take me back, despite them not wanting me.

10. I kept running away from home and one of the places I ran to was my grandfather's. Another time I ran away and ended up knocking on the orphanage door to be taken in. Another time I stayed out all night and made myself a little den up against the church in the town centre. The police found me and took me back. The social work stepped in at this time and in [REDACTED] 1958 I was put in the Children's Shelter at Laurel Bank in Dundee. I believe another name for the shelter was the Children's Shelter for Cruelty to Children, so they must have known what was happening at home.
11. I was there until [REDACTED] that year when I was put into Dr Barnardo's Home at South Oswald Road in Edinburgh, where I stayed for about a year-and-a-half. I think I went there because it was more long-term residential care. This had all been organised by the social work department. In all my time with the social work, the head woman in Dundee was a Miss Haring.
12. I went home for the Easter holidays in April 1959 at my mother's request and my records state that I was reluctant to leave. I think my step-father was away working and when he wasn't around things weren't so bad. I returned home in July for four weeks, but my mother apparently claimed at that time that she was unable to cope with me. After each trip home I went back to Dr Barnardo's.
13. In [REDACTED] 1959 I had a holiday with an elderly couple in Fife who were foster parents. They lived in Lochore and were called Mr and Mrs [REDACTED]. I enjoyed it there and they asked for me to stay. I went back to Dr Barnardo's and in [REDACTED] 1960 I went to live with Mr and Mrs [REDACTED]. I was only there until [REDACTED] when Mrs [REDACTED] was taken into hospital with pneumonia. Mr [REDACTED] couldn't cope so I was put back into care at Dr Barnardo's.
14. In August my mother asked to have me home for a holiday. The social work record says that this was so successful, it was decided I would have two consecutive six month trial periods at home.

15. In March 1961 a decision was made to revoke my care order and I was to remain at home with my parents. I was never told any of this at the time and I never went to a Children's Panel or anything like that.
16. In 1963 my mother reported to social work that I was stealing from teachers and other pupils at school, which was apparently causing friction between her and my step-father. I have no recollection of having done that. To my mind this was yet another story my mother invented. My step-father was in prison for theft at this time, which was maybe the reason I stayed at home for so long. It was as if I was needed more around the house while he was away.
17. While I was at home that time I got sent to a child psychologist, because they deemed I was depressed. Of course the reason for my depression, my step-father, came along with me and so there was no way I could open up or say anything.
18. In [REDACTED] 1964 I reported that I wanted to leave home because of my mother picking on me. I was taken back to the Children's Shelter for a short time and then I went to another home called Roineach Mhor, which was also in Dundee. [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later
19. [REDACTED]
20. [REDACTED] then in [REDACTED] of 1966 it was decided I should go home for another six month trial. They stayed in an area of Dundee called Linlathan at that time. I was supposed to go on a cruise with my school, Kirkton High, but my mother said that I couldn't because I had been stealing. That was a

blatant lie. The real reason was that she didn't want to pay for it and so I missed out. I left school around that time when I was fifteen.

21. I remained at home and in November of that year, my step-father accused me of stealing from home. I never did, I daren't because I was in too much fear. There was no change at home and I was very unhappy and was asking the social work to place me elsewhere. In December I don't know what happened, but I was put in a Working Men's Hostel in Dundee.
22. I stayed there until March 1967, when I started visiting my parents again. In July I went back to stay. I was working by then, I had been a paint-spraying and panel-beating apprentice and then I got a job as a butcher's apprentice. In [REDACTED] of that year my mother accused me of not paying my board one week and as a consequence, my step-father gave me another beating.
23. I had been told that if I ever had problems at home, I should get in touch with the social work. If the office was closed, I was told to go to the police station, so that's what I did. The police contacted the social work and they asked the police to find me a bed for the night. This was now eleven o'clock at night and I was taken to a place I know as Harestane Remand Centre. I believe it was actually called Burnside House Assessment Centre and was at Harestane Road in Dundee. It would have been better if they'd just put me in a cell for the night.

**Burnside House Assessment Centre, Dundee (known as Harestane Remand Centre)**

24. The front door of Harestane was locked all the time. When you went inside there was a reception and office areas. Inside, on the ground floor, were two recreation areas and a dining room where all meals were served. I don't remember much about the food. In the recreation area was a pool table and other things. Upstairs were the bedrooms, which were all locked up at night. Outside there was a garden, which we all had to help plant up and weed.

25. There were about twenty boys there at the time, no girls. I think everyone only went there for a short time. I would hazard a guess that there were about ten staff.

### **Routine at Burnside House Assessment Centre**

#### *First day*

26. I was taken to Harestane in a police van and left there with the staff. They showed me up to a small room that had a bed and a wardrobe in it. That was it, I put my head down and fell asleep.

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

27. Everyone had their own bedroom, which were all pretty much the same with a bed and a small wardrobe. Each room was locked up at night and we were all woken by the warders banging on the door about half-past six.

#### *Clothing / uniform*

28. We all wore the same clothes, which were like a uniform and consisted of a blue shirt, brown trousers and a brown jerkin. It was almost like army stuff. Our own clothes were kept in locked cupboards in the reception. We were easily identifiable as being from Harestane because of our clothing.

#### *Daily routine*

29. There was a technical area in the place where we did some woodwork, there was no school as such. We would also spend some time in the gardens planting vegetables and weeding. There were walls to keep us in the gardens and there were always warders there watching over us as well.

*Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention*

30. Neither the social work nor anyone else came to visit me while I was at Harestane. Every day I had been waiting for someone from the social work to get in touch, but they never did. I couldn't contact my parents, because I didn't want to. I was on my own.

*Bed Wetting*

31. I never had a problem with bed wetting and I wasn't aware of anyone else having a problem nor how it might have been dealt with.

**Abuse at Burnside House Assessment Centre**

32. About half-past six in the morning after I arrived, I was woken by banging at my bedroom door and was dragged out of bed by two of the warders. I was asked what I was in for and I told them I was only in for the night. They thought I was being cheeky and gave me a beating. It was a proper beating all over my head and body with their hands and fists and it took me totally by surprise. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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33. I went down for breakfast and then the same two warders pulled me out and gave me another hiding and a slap about. It hadn't registered with me that this was a remand home and that this was my introduction.
34. There is a hierarchy amongst the inmates in places like Harestane and normally the warders befriend the ones at the top and get them to do their dirty work. One of the other boys came up to me one time and for no reason whatsoever stuck the head on me and burst my nose. I knew he was directed by the two warders that assaulted me on my first day. They had taken an instant dislike to me.

35. When I was working in the garden another time, one of the two warders that didn't like me came up to me and started pushing and shoving me for some reason. I pushed him back and unfortunately he fell over a wheelbarrow. I was put on a charge of assault for that and got another beating.

#### **Leaving Burnside House Assessment Centre**

36. I was in Harestane for approximately six weeks, by which time I had become what was known as a "trusted person" because I wasn't in for committing some crime and because I had been there the longest. Most people only went in there for one or two weeks at the most. Eventually I decided I didn't need to be in there, I could be working and I could find myself a place to stay, so I decided to leave.
37. As I was a trusted person, I had access to the keys so I just let myself out. I went down to the reception area, got out my own clothes and just left.
38. I went to the job centre, or the "Dole Office" as it was known, and said I would take any job. They made an appointment at a local factory and I went along for an interview. When I arrived the police were waiting and I got marched out in handcuffs. I was of course an escaped prisoner and so they took me back to Harestane.
39. Unbeknown to me, I was supposed to be at the juvenile court that day to decide whether I was to be in the care of the local authority or not. Nobody had told me I was supposed to be at court. I was taken to court the following week instead and my mother was there, crying and saying I was out of control. The judge took her word for it and told me he was going to send me somewhere I could be kept under control. As it transpired that was to Rossie Farm School in Montrose.
40. The term that was used was that I was "in need of care and protection". This effectively gave the local authority the rights to send a child to an approved school.



**Rossie Farm School, Montrose**

41. Funnily enough, I remember saying I was quite happy to be going to Rossie Farm because anything would be better than staying at the so called family home. I did not realise what Rossie Farm was all about.
42. The "sentence", which was the term that was used, that I was given was a year to three years. When you're that age, you only think a couple of weeks in front and so I wasn't unduly worried. It was only when I became aware of the regime that I started to worry.
43. Everyone was sent to Rossie Farm for that indefinite period. The way it worked was that everyone was in different grades. You started on "grade four" and did four months on that grade. You then moved to "grade three" for three months, "grade two" for two months and then "grade one" for a month. After that you got out. There were different means of punishment, but if you were punished for anything it would invariably mean you didn't get to move up the grades. That in turn extended your sentence. Not many people did more than a year-and-a-half, but the average was a year and three months.
44. Rossie Farm was full of hoodlums and criminals at that time, although it's now completely different. When I was there, there were seventy-four inmates, twenty-five staff and one night porter. I went to an open day a couple of years back and I was told there were twelve to fifteen inmates there then and a hundred and twenty-five staff.
45. The buildings were locked up although the front door was unlocked for visitors to come and go. There were regular checks to confirm everyone was present if we were outside working. There would be a parade and they would call out your number or name.

46. On the ground floor of the building was a large dining room and the kitchens. Off to the right when you went in was a big, long corridor and to the left were offices and what was called the boardroom. Straight ahead from the front vestibule was the gymnasium and stairs to the upper floor. All the floors were covered in quarry tiles.
47. Down the corridor to the left of the stairs was a room where everyone congregated. There were benches all around and that's where we all sat and smoked. Through the back were toilets and to the left was the room where we kept our boots. Upstairs were more toilets with shower cubicles and to the right and left were three or four dormitories.

### **Routine at Rossie Farm School**

#### *First day*

48. I have flashbacks of arriving at Rossie Farm, but I don't specifically remember anything other than getting shown round the main areas and getting handed my uniform.

#### *Mornings and bedtime*

49. The dormitories had about ten to fifteen beds in each. Next to each bed was a locker where we could keep some personal stuff. At night the dormitory doors were locked and the amazing thing was that there was only the one porter in charge. You had to ring a bell if you wanted to go to the toilet.
50. We were woken by a bell in the morning and went off to wash and brush our teeth. We would all stand in line, dip our brush in powder and head off to clean them. We did that at night time as well. They would occasionally check that we had washed properly and sometimes we got sent back if we hadn't done it right. After that we would get dressed and head off for breakfast. We never showered in the morning, only the evening.

*Daily routine*

51. It was a hard regime at Rossie Farm. After being woken up in the morning, we went for breakfast and then all went on parade in the room with the benches in it. Then we were put into our work teams and told whatever our tasks for the day were going to be. We would come back for lunch and then all head back to work about two o'clock.
52. Rossie Farm used to be self-sufficient just prior to my arrival and they bred their own cows and grew their own vegetables. Farming was no longer done by the time I arrived, but we did have a lot of tasks to do. They included forestry, either planting trees or cutting them down, engineering, which was mainly repairing things, and joinery, which included making furniture like wardrobes or bedside cabinets. There was also a tailors shop, where I learned how to darn socks and there was gardening, which I quite liked. There was also a team of cleaners, which was more of a punishment task. In the winter we would also be clearing snow away from the paths. There was no rota as such, the warders just gave you a work team and you had to get on with whatever your team was doing that particular day.
53. Saturday and Sunday were days off. On the Sunday everybody went for a ten mile march around the perimeter of the place. There was no choice, if you refused you were put on report.
54. In the winter we were hired out to various farms to pick potatoes. There were no "ifs or buts", if you refused to do it you were disciplined.

*Mealtimes / Food*

55. We ate all our meals in the dining room and sat wherever we wanted. There were a few cooks and one I remember we nicknamed "Clarty Flo". She was an old battle-axe. Sometimes we had to help out in the kitchen.
56. The food was pretty poor, but with all the work you had an appetite and you ate it all. Breakfast was porridge and that was it. I love my porridge to this day, but I like to have milk and sugar on it and there was none of that. We had to go up and get our own food and lunch consisted of a two course dinner. I can't remember much about the meals at tea time.
57. There would be members of staff watching over us as we ate, but there were no punishments for not eating.

*Washing / bathing*

58. In the room downstairs where we all congregated were two big, circular wash hand basins with a set of eight taps in each. They were like big troughs and that's where everyone washed their hands. Upstairs in the shower room none of the cubicles had any doors on and nor did any of the toilets. There was no privacy. There was no choice in the evening, you had to shower.

*Clothing / uniform*

59. We all had to wear a uniform, which was ex-RAF grey/blue trousers, a blouson jacket and a blue shirt. Outside we wore boots, which had to be spic and span, polished as if we were in the army. We wore plastic sandals inside. In the evening we changed into a more casual pair of trousers because the other ones were more heavy duty.
60. Once we got to grade two, we were allowed out on a Saturday afternoon to go to Montrose. We were given "civvies" for that, which consisted of a jacket, a pair of trousers and shoes.

*Leisure Time*

61. In the evening we had some leisure time and we would hang about in the room with the benches in it. There was also a television room, but not much else. There wasn't much leisure time because by eight o'clock we were getting washed and by nine it was lights out.
62. We were allowed to smoke in there, but only if we had got cigarettes sent in. It was the done thing to go around all the warders and say "book your tab sir". This meant that whoever asked for the last couple of draws of the warder's cigarette would get it.
63. When you got to grade one, you were seen as having done most of your sentence and needed to be prepared for the outside world. There was what was called the "grade one hut" where you could go and where there were no warders. There was a pool table in there and darts and various games.
64. From grade two, we could go to Montrose on a Saturday afternoon. We could have got the bus, but I walked because money was tight. Everybody in Montrose knew we were "Rossie boys", because of the cut of our hair and the cut of our clothes. There were various places, cafes and whatever, that we weren't allowed to go. If you were being punished you wouldn't get to go.
65. A swimming pool had been built at Rossie Farm just before I arrived and we got to use it on certain days. I don't remember any football or anything like that though.

*Birthdays and Christmas*

66. Birthdays weren't celebrated at all at Rossie Farm. I was there for one Christmas, but it wasn't celebrated, there was no special meal or anything. If some of the inmates had got sent anything in the post, they would get it, but that was all. A lot of people got home for a fortnight at Christmas, but I didn't. I got sent to a bed and breakfast in Dundee for a week, I didn't want to go home.

*Pocket Money*

67. Once you had gone up the grades you got five shillings a week to spend on chocolate or other things in the tuck shop. Even though we were hired out to pick potatoes, we never got paid for it. The school would get the money.

*Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention*

68. Eventually my step-father started coming up to Rossie Farm when I got to grade two. I would get back to Dundee for the weekend and he came to get me. It didn't happen very often, maybe every two months. I was just grateful getting out. I think he was probably in fear of what might come out, there was certainly no affection in him for me.
69. Nobody else came to see me. Once I was sent to Rossie Farm I was no longer the responsibility of the social work. In [REDACTED] 1967 my committal order was discharged and I was officially "out of care, but to remain restrained in Rossie Farm Approved School until [REDACTED] 1969". In effect, when I went to Rossie Farm, social services washed their hands of me. Nobody had told me this at the time, I just know this from my records.

*Healthcare*

70. There was a sick bay in the place with a couple of beds in it. There was a woman who would sew any clothes that needed mending and I think it was her that looked after the sick bay. If you were really ill you would go there, but normally you would just get given whatever medicine you might need and carry on as normal.
71. One time I was on the garden party on a very cold day and we were picking leeks, which were all covered in frost. I got fed up with it and told the head gardener, one of the warders, that I didn't feel well. I told him I was spitting up blood and I was told to report to the sick bay. I told them the same story and was put to bed. Mr

LLY, SNR came to see me and told me the doctor was coming so I had better not be faking it.

72. The doctor came so I told him the same story. It wasn't that long before that I remember my sister had appendicitis, so when he prodded me in the stomach I feigned pain. I was sent to the hospital where I did the same thing and the next thing I knew I was getting my appendix out. I was told afterwards that I was lucky, they had just caught it in time. I was in hospital for a week. I had no visitors in all my time in hospital, but the Roundtable came in and gave me a bunch of comics.

#### *Holidays and trips*

73. When you reached grade two, you would get home at Christmas. I had no home to go to, but the social work would fix me up somewhere. My time in hospital backfired on me because they deducted the week I had there from the time I was away at Christmas.
74. We went for a summer camp to Glen Prosen for two weeks and stayed in some kind of hostel there. That was for grade three inmates and upwards and about thirty or forty went along with a few warders. The hostel was a big house with dormitories that had bunks in them. We did a bit of hillwalking and swimming while we were there.

#### *Running away*

75. The building was in its own grounds and was about six miles from Montrose. People used to abscond quite regularly, but they had the whole countryside to go over. The police used to come along and just watch where all the pigeons or crows were flying up and they would know where you were. Funnily enough I never ran away from there, although I had every reason to. I probably never did because I knew that it was an automatic penalty of two months added on to my sentence.

#### *Discipline*

76. The punishment that staff used was known as "defaulters". If a member of staff considered you were doing something wrong, they would tell you that you were going "on report". That report would go to Mr LLY and could eventually mean that you went on a defaulter. If it was classed as serious you could go straight on a defaulter or be sent to Mr LLY for further punishment. I don't think those punishments were recorded in any way.

### **Abuse at Rossie Farm School**

77. The brutal thing at Rossie Farm was that if you absconded or did something seriously wrong, like fighting, you were put on report and sent to the boardroom by a member of staff and got what was known as "jump ups". You had to drop your trousers and bend over the boardroom table. You would then get six of the belt by SNR, Mr LLY, on your bare backside, It was always him with SNR present. I don't remember SNR name. This happened to me five or six times while I was there, invariably for fighting or being insubordinate.
78. If you were put on a defaulter you might be given a toothbrush when everybody else was in bed to clean the tiled hall floor, or the toilets, or the showers. There were no privileges when you were on a defaulter. That meant you couldn't buy anything in the tuck shop, which you could once you made grade three, or you didn't get out on a Saturday afternoon.
79. There were about three other chaps in there that were also under care and protection orders and unfortunately they were a lot weaker than I was. There was a bit of bullying going on from other boys and I would stick up for them. That was one of the main reasons I would get into fights. The staff would revel in taking the mickey out of the weaker ones as well, preying on their weaknesses.
80. There was one warder who was widely known to steal. He was called Mr BFV although we seldom called him that, instead we called him "BFV". It was



ironic because most of the lads were in there for stealing. He was in charge of the parcels and one time I was expecting a parcel of menthol cigarettes. It never arrived and over the next few days [BFV] was smoking menthol cigarettes. I don't know how he managed to get away with it.

### **Leaving Rossie Farm School**

81. I left Rossie Farm just before I turned eighteen years old, after I had progressed to grade one and was deemed to have served my sentence.
82. I got a flat in Dundee at first and was given social security for about a month after I left. Two guys that I knew were talking about heading down to London and I wanted to get as far away as possible so I went too. It was difficult, but I got by. I had nobody, so I just made the most of it. I begged, I stole, I borrowed and I became a "non-person".

### **Life after being in care**

83. I only had about five pounds in my pocket when I arrived in London, so I started looking for jobs. The very first one I had was as a store detective. I fell out with the two guys I had gone down with and ended up befriending a girl I was working beside. She gave me a bed and I stayed with her for a little while.
84. After six weeks or so I started doing other casual work and became a bit of a "Jack the Lad". I then got work on building sites and I also befriended some people that had some property. Intermittently at various times, I ran hostels and also a couple of nightclubs for them. Eventually I started up my own business as a handyman, which progressed until I ended up doing things like conversions.
85. I met my partner about twenty-eight years ago and about seventeen years ago we decided to move from London and bought a guest house [REDACTED]. I had intended

carrying on with my building work, however she fell pregnant and became ill just at that time. As a result, I ended up running the guest house.

86. Unfortunately we discovered about three years ago that [REDACTED]. He has been getting treatment, which keeps it at bay, and it is now under control.

### **Impact**

87. My time in care has had an impact on me every day of my life. I used to resent authority. I used to resent everybody else who had a family. I resented life in general.
88. For many years I hardly had a relationship, I couldn't even have a girlfriend. I never trusted anybody and I have been quick tempered. My partner should get a medal for putting up with me and for persevering.
89. Most people my age have retired and have got a pension. I don't have a pension, I was a "non-person" for so many years. Officially, there were no records of me with the tax man, with hospitals, job centres or social security. It was a conscious decision I made because of my resentment for authority, I didn't like officialdom or any authority whatsoever. I have no doubt whatsoever that was a direct consequence of the way I was treated. When you are knocked from pillar to post over the years as I was, you are bound to be damaged.
90. I have never signed on in my life, I suppose I was a rebel and that was the main effect it had on me. I didn't want to conform. I never got married because that too was official, it was conforming and because marriage is a matter of trust.
91. There have been times I have been depressed, but I never even went to a doctor for twenty years. I avoided doctors, dentists and everybody, I was never registered.

92. I now have the gift of a son and I have a partner who cares and people might look at me and think I do alright, but I've always been carrying this baggage on my back. They don't see what I've been through. I'm not just talking about my abuse at home or in the care system, but afterwards too. The streets of London are not a nice place to be.
93. As a consequence of my getting moved about all the time, I went to a total of thirteen different schools. As a result, I had no education whatsoever and left school with nothing. I have learned to do things since, my maths isn't too bad and I can write a letter, although I don't know punctuation. I've picked everything up as I have gone along.
94. No matter what, people that have been abused still need to have a sense of belonging. I could never say that I loved my mother and step-father, but I wanted to feel wanted. That need carried on throughout my life. Whenever a girl held my hand, I would fall in love with her. There is a terrible longing to be wanted, even if it is by your abuser.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

95. I went to the police in 1974 to report the abuse by my step-father, but it was brushed under the carpet. I went back in 1990 and there was nothing on record. That was my cry for help and at that time the procurator fiscal took the case on. [REDACTED] historic child sexual and physical abuse where they used the Moorov doctrine to prove it. He was sentenced to thirty-nine years imprisonment to run consecutively, although he only actually served nine.
96. The only person I have spoken to in detail about my life in care was my solicitor in 2001. Nothing happened though, other than my solicitor getting some of my records. I have also spoken to the National Confidential Forum, which was good in the respect that I could unburden myself to some degree. I was wanting to put my life on track and sort things out. It wasn't easy.

97. Other than that, I have never reported my time in care to the police or any other agency.

### **Records**

98. I went to the Welfare Department in Dundee some forty years ago and asked for my records. They wouldn't give me them, but they did give me a synopsis of them. That is how I am able to be precise about the dates I went into the different institutions I was in.
99. One thing I noticed from the records I managed to get from Dr Barnardo's was that it was all about them getting paid for my board and lodgings. They are not as charitable as you might think, it was all to do with money.
100. I wrote to Rossie Farm and they told me they didn't have any records of my care other than the fact that I'd been there.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

101. The care system is a different world now and has vastly improved. It is crucial that children are listened to. I do think more should be done for the people that were in care.

### **Other information**

102. My mother died about fifteen years ago and my step-father died a couple of years after.

103. I tracked my natural father down when I was thirty-two years of age. He didn't even know I existed. His name was [REDACTED] and he is still alive, though suffering from dementia. We introduced ourselves and then we parted. He didn't need a thirty-two year old son and I no longer needed a father. A couple of years back, through the wonders of "Facebook", I learned of a woman in Dundee with the surname [REDACTED]. It transpired she was his daughter and we met up and now have a bit of a relationship. I speak to her and keep up to date about my father.
104. My step-brother [REDACTED] passed away a couple of years ago. I still keep in touch with [REDACTED], although she's a bit of a mess.
105. I have not forgiven the social work for my incarceration. I want the social work department to be held to account for my getting incarcerated for eighteen months beside hardened criminals, even though they were only fifteen or sixteen. Their classification of me as being "in need of care and protection", meant to me that I was locked up for no just cause. I could understand if I was a bad guy, but I was not.
106. 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.

BEP

Signature

Dated

7/3/18