

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GFR

Support person present: No

1. My name is GFR. I like to be called GFR. My date of birth is 1952. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. My mother's name is . She is still alive but I don't speak to her. She's ninety four. I haven't had much contact with her over the years. My father's name was . He was an electrician. I have one older brother called . He likes to be known as . He was born on 1951. I have one younger brother called . I haven't had much contact with him over the years. We were a Catholic family from an Irish background.
3. I was born in Dundee. When I was a baby I lived with my parents and my older brother in a tenement flat on in the Hilltown area of Dundee. My mother and father had problems in their marriage. I found out a lot later on in adult life that my father was gay. There is nothing wrong with being gay but in those days people who were homosexual got married and tried to hide it. In the middle of those marriage problems I was dumped at my paternal grandmother's, Granny when I was eighteen months old. My brother went to my maternal grandmother, Granny. would have been two and a half years old at that point. Both my grandmothers lived in the same area in the west of Dundee.

4. Granny [REDACTED] was a wonderful woman. I have heard through other family members that my father saved my life by placing me with her. Apparently I was covered in scabs when I was taken out of the house by him. I don't know whether that is true or not. I don't know what exactly happened and don't really want to find out. I am sure there will be a record of what happened and the cruelty office would have been involved. I believe that because the cruelty office was located [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. It was long before the NSPCC or social services but there was an office of some sort of organisation there.

5. My parents later got back together and had [REDACTED]. After that happened they took [REDACTED] back but not me. I was meant to go back but, if I am honest, I didn't want to go back. That's how I stayed with my grandmother. She must have got some sort of permission to keep me from somewhere. My parents then got divorced. [REDACTED] moved back in with my maternal grandmother and that was how our family stayed when I was a child. I didn't really have any involvement with my mother, father or [REDACTED] after that. My father would occasionally visit my grandmother but that was about it. There was no one taking me out to the football or anything like that. I had to do everything on my own off my own back to keep myself occupied whether that be swimming, the Boys Brigade or playing football. I would also go bird spotting, collecting eggs, scrumping for apples and chestnuts and fishing. Looking back, I had kind of a wild existence from then onwards.

6. I initially lived in my grandmother's house with my Auntie [REDACTED]. My grandfather had died during world war two and there were no other children in the house. Me and [REDACTED] were pals and had kept in contact up until that point. We fought but that was just what brothers did. It was all daft things. I used to win because I was bigger than him. I started primary school at St Mary's Forebank Primary School when I was five years old. That was where everybody went if they lived on the east side of Hilltown. [REDACTED] was already at that school when I started. I remember that my Auntie [REDACTED] would take me to school. I got on pretty good at primary school. I loved my primary school and the teachers that were there.

7. The problems started when my Auntie [REDACTED] moved in. She moved in when my Auntie [REDACTED] got married. That was when I was about seven years old. My Auntie [REDACTED] was fantastic, she was like Snow White, but my Auntie [REDACTED] was completely different. Auntie [REDACTED] was more like a man. She couldn't do sympathy or emotion or anything like that. She was one of those women who smoked, drank and played cards. It's quite difficult to explain what she was like. I received many kicks from Auntie [REDACTED]. I remember that she used to chase me under the bed and chase me into the back green. I don't think my grandmother did anything because Auntie [REDACTED] was by that time the main breadwinner in the house. I started avoiding being in my grandmother's house when my Auntie [REDACTED] was in. If she was ever in I would be out playing. I sort of became feral as a result of that.

8. After leaving primary school I went to St Michael's RC Secondary School in Dundee. Although I had my brother and cousins there I didn't like it. I had gone from having a lovely teacher at my primary school to somewhere that had more of a routine and was much more stricter. I liked woodwork, metalwork and technical drawing but I just didn't like the routine or the other subjects. Nobody was around telling me to get my homework done or anything like that. My granny was great but she was an old lovely woman who had had her family. I was just left to my own devices. By the time I went to secondary school I was a lot bigger and hanging about with other children like me. I was with other boys who had no mums or dads. As the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together and that is what happened with us. We ended up putting together a wee gang.

9. The incident that led to me getting into trouble with the police involved the school that was [REDACTED] Ann Street School. My wee cousin went to that school and had complained about getting given the belt. I decided that I would break into the school and steal all of the belts. I climbed in a window, went into every classroom and took all of the leather belts. I was caught by the police doing that and that is what resulted in the lead up to me being sent to Milnbank. That was the first time I had properly got into trouble with the police. I'd maybe been involved with minor things in the past but the theft of the belts was the first bigger thing I had done.

10. There was no build up with social work or the cruelty being involved before I was sent away. I can't remember there being a court hearing but I must have been sent there by the courts. All I remember is that I was sentenced to fourteen days. Looking back, I think I was probably more sent to Milnbank because of my circumstances than the crime I had committed. I had essentially no mother or father and the authorities probably wanted to see whether they could give me a wee punishment to straighten me out themselves.
11. I didn't go to Milnbank immediately. At first I went home to my grandmother's house and carried on going to school. It was only when the police came to my grandmother's house to pick me up that I knew I was definitely going. They told me I was being taken for my fourteen days and that was it. All I had with me was the school uniform I stood up in. I was taken to Milnbank by the police in a police car.

Milnbank Remand Home, Milnbank Road, Dundee

12. Milnbank was just off of Forest Park Road. I think Milnbank was owned and run by the local authority. I was thirteen years old when I went there. That means I must have been there at some point between 1965 and 1966. I was only there for fourteen days. It was kind of a secure place. Once you were there you weren't allowed out. The doors were locked and that was it. There was a long garden at the back but I was never in it.

Layout of Milnbank Remand Home

13. Milnbank is shut down now. I think the building is still there but it is now a private home. It was like a big late Victorian or Georgian house. It had stairs from the street leading up to the front door. It had a cellar, a downstairs and an upstairs. The kitchens were in the cellar. There were sort of dormitories upstairs. The rooms were probably better than what I had at home.

Staff

14. The place was SNR a husband and wife called GFK-SPO There were no other people involved with looking after the boys. They SNR Milnbank almost like an orphanage in roles like a housemaster and housemistress.
15. Mr GFK wore a tweed jacket and possibly sported an RAF style handlebar moustache. He had brown gingerish hair. I'd say he was probably in his mid to late forties. I think he might have once been in the RAF. He must have had some sort of qualification in something SNR Milnbank. Mrs SNR looked a bit like the tennis player Billie Jean King. She had curlyish short hair.
16. I think there was an older woman who was a cook but that was the only other person who worked there. She wasn't involved with looking after the boys.

The children at Milnbank Remand Home

17. Milnbank was for boys only. There were maybe about ten boys there. They were all about the same age as me going up to about fourteen or fifteen years old. I think you went somewhere else if you were any older than fifteen. I didn't know any of the boys who were there when I was there but they were all from Dundee. Back then you would know everybody in your immediate area but not someone from just along the road.
18. A lot of the boys were waiting to be moved to approved schools. It was a bit of a holding pen like that. All the other boys were still there the day I left. However, I don't think it was the sort of place where people were kept long term. From my experience of other places later on I would say that if there were boys there longer term they probably would have been there for care and protection rather than anything else.

Routine at Milnbank Remand Home

Earliest memories / daily routine

19. I didn't feel anything on my first day there. I knew I was only going to be there for two weeks and I had to get through it. I can't remember much about my first day or what day to day life was like there. I really wish I could remember more about Milnbank but a lot of it is just a blur.

Sleeping arrangements

20. The bedroom I slept in was just an old Victorian big room with eight or ten beds inside. I remember the atmosphere in the bedrooms being boisterous. There were bully fights and fight fights happening amongst the boys in there. It was just the usual and wasn't unlike anything I later experienced in the army.

Washing / bathing

21. They gave you a toothbrush and one of those wee tins of powdered toothpaste so you could brush your teeth. I don't think there was a bath or a shower for us. There must have been a sink or something but I don't remember that. Boys at that age back then didn't wash. I didn't have a bath or toilet in my house at home and had to use the public baths. That's partly why I taught myself how to swim. In that way Milnbank wasn't really all that different to what I had experienced before.

Mealtimes / food

22. There was a cook who cooked all the food. I can't remember what mealtimes were like.

Clothing / uniform

23. I wore the school uniform I arrived in during my whole time at Milnbank. I don't remember being given a change of clothes whilst I was there.

School

24. There was no schooling or anything like that.

Leisure time / trips

25. There was no television but not many places had televisions in those days. All I remember is sitting around during the day playing games like draughts and cards. You never did anything and didn't go anywhere. You never got out. Although there was a garden at the back I never got into it.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

26. The only person who came to visit me was my brother, [REDACTED]. He came to the front door. I spoke with him at the door for a good five minutes. My mother would have known I was there because [REDACTED] knew I was there and was still in contact with my mother. Even being so near, my mother never came to see me. I didn't expect her to though.
27. By the time I was at Milnbank the cruelty people weren't involved with me. They would have been involved around the time I was eighteen months to two years old. At that time there weren't any social workers coming to visit these places. These places were more or less just left to their own devices.

Abuse at Milnbank Remand Home

28. Milnbank was a bleak old house. I found GFK-SPO fine in Milnbank and had no problems with them. I was really kind of ignored by the staff when I was in there. I wasn't treated badly or treated like anything special. There was nothing like trying to improve my character. I was shown where my bed was and where to wash and that was about the extent of my interaction with the staff. I think that as long as you didn't get into any trouble you were just left alone. We must have been given some sort of boundaries but if we were I don't remember what they were. There wasn't really anything by way of discipline or rules.

Fighting amongst the boys

29. Milnbank was quite a physical place for the boys. There was a pecking order amongst the boys. If you were new there you had to find your place in the already established pecking order. The boys who were already there didn't want you interrupting that so they would try and keep you in your place. It was up to you to fight against being kept in your place. It was all handbags stuff and nobody ever got really hurt. It was a couple of punches then that was it. That was normal really for back then.
30. Mr GFK turned a blind eye to the fighting amongst the boys. He was never going to get involved. He wouldn't step in to stop the fights and just left the boys to get on with it. I remember that I was in a fight during my time at Milnbank. I was fighting two other bigger boys and got a black eye. That was my only injury. I think I got beat on that occasion. I probably gave as good as I got.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Milnbank Remand Home

31. I didn't complain. That was the way it was. I didn't speak up because you didn't speak back to these people.

Leaving Milnbank Remand Home and the period before going to Harestane Remand Home

32. You did your fourteen days then it was a clean slate. You were let out and that was you. Someone told me the day before I was going that I was to be going at 9:00 am the following morning. It was probably Mr GFK who told me that. Leaving was just a case of the door being opened and I was off. After leaving Milnbank I went straight back to my grandmother's. I remember having to stay out of my Auntie's way because she wasn't happy. I went back to the same school and started hanging about with all the same friends again.
33. I remember that around this time I was offered a job delivering papers. I started doing that as well as attending school. I did that for about a year. I earned fifteen bob a week. I would give my grandmother ten bob and keep the other five. I later on took on a Sunday round as well. I would blow my money on mostly sweets or playing cards with a group of pals. I remember that I lost a lot of money playing cards.
34. I soon realised I was going nowhere at school. I was good at woodwork, metalwork and technical drawing. I loved those subjects but not any of the other classes. A lot of the classes were disruptive. Children didn't want to learn and the teachers realised that there was no point in wasting their time because of that. It wasn't a great education system. A lot of the teachers thought we were thick when it came to things like grammar, mathematics and so on. They weren't too bothered whether you learnt those things. We were treated like we had all been designed to become tradesmen. I got the belt a lot from teachers across my hands. I'd maybe get the belt every fortnight for things I had done in the classes or something like that. Everybody got the belt when they got caught in the school. I remember boys in particular getting the belt for smoking.
35. Because I was sort of feral that ended up leading to me and my brother, being involved with a group who were up to no good. We never harmed anyone but we were involved with petty crime. We did it purely for adventure and excitement. It wasn't because we weren't getting fed and needed money or anything like that. For want of

a better word we became 'cat-burglars' and that is what [REDACTED] and I were caught for. About a year after leaving Milnbank we broke into a big store which had watches and jewellery in it. I would have been about fourteen and half years old. There were four or five of us broke into the store and the police caught us.

36. The police ended up at my grandmother's door. I was standing there with a watch on my arm or a ring on my finger that I shouldn't have had. All four or five of us ended up in court and we all pled guilty. We were all sentenced to one to three years. The range was because you could get out earlier depending on your behaviour. No adult came to speak to us around about the time to help us understand what was going on in our lives. There was no social work, education department involvement or anything like that. The only people who spoke to us were the police. After the hearing [REDACTED], a boy called [REDACTED] and myself were taken to Harestane.

Harestane Remand Home, Harestane Road, Dundee

37. Harestane was at the back of Dundee to the north in the Kirkton area. The approved school, Balgowan, was just up the road from it. Harestane is now a care home. I think it was run by the local authority. It was a secure place and you were locked in there. I went to Harestane when I was about fourteen and a half in 1967. I was there during [REDACTED]. I think I left around about the end of [REDACTED] but it could have been a little later. It is difficult to put a firm length of time on how long I was there but I would say that I was there for something like four or five weeks. It felt like longer but I'm pretty sure it wasn't any longer than that.

Layout of Harestane Remand Home

38. Harestane looked like a modern school with a flat roof. I think they built it to replace Milnbank. I believe Milnbank was shut down by the time I went there. There were big grounds but you were never allowed out into them. There were no marked out football pitches or anything like that. It was just grass. It had a drive outside [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] GFK-SPO [REDACTED]. There were

dormitories inside the building where the children stayed. The only other rooms I remember in the building was a room they used as a punishment room, a kitchen and a dining room.

Staff

39. It was the same ^{GFK-SPO} [REDACTED] who had been involved with Milnbank. Mr ^{GFK} [REDACTED] was ^{SNR} [REDACTED]. I don't remember Mrs [REDACTED] being as involved as she was at Milnbank. The only time you ever saw her was if she was going out in her car or going out to the shops. If Mrs [REDACTED] was a staff member she must have only been working with the girls who were there. I think she had less of a role because there were other staff members there.
40. There were three male staff members there who seemed to share the same role. Their role was really just to monitor us. The one whose name I remember is Mr ^{GFL} [REDACTED]. He looked like a clerk kind of character. He wasn't the boss of the other two. I can't remember the other two's names. One was a tall man and the other was a short stout man. They both looked like national service type men with short hair. I remember that all those staff members looked down on us like we were scum. There was no interaction or empathy from them.

The children at Harestane Remand Home / siblings

41. There were girls as well as boys at Harestane but they didn't stay in the same bit as us. There was maybe only two girls there. The children were a bit older than Milnbank. My brother would have been at least fifteen and a half when I was there. There were older bigger lads there though. I think sixteen years old would be the oldest you could be there. All the children were from Dundee. We were all just waiting on our placement elsewhere. It was a bit of a holding pen for approved schools. We all knew that was why we were there.

42. [REDACTED] and my brother, [REDACTED], were at Harestane at the same time. I don't remember the names of any of the other boys. I wasn't kept separate from my brother whilst I was there.

Routine at Harestane Remand Home

Daily routine

43. I think the staff came around to get you up. You would then get washed before going for your breakfast. I just remember lounging about after that. I would sit about reading comics, watching television or whatever. There would be lunch followed by more lounging about then tea time. In the evenings we just sat about chatting. The weekends were no different. Every day felt as if it was a Sunday.

Sleeping arrangements

44. There were dormitories there. I can't remember how many there were. There was something like four children in each dormitory.

Washing / bathing

45. It was the same as Milnbank in that they gave you a toothbrush and the toothpaste powder. That powder was horrible stuff. There were no baths. They had showers there. We were given soap for the showers. We didn't really wash ourselves all that much.

Mealtimes / food

46. You never went into the kitchen. You got your meals given to you in a dining room. I can't remember the food being bad so it must have been alright. It was basic stuff like tatties and mince. We got enough.

Clothing / uniform

47. I didn't have all that many clothes anyway so I didn't have any to take with me. I probably only had a school uniform, a pair of jeans and not much else. Because of that clothes weren't an important thing to me during my childhood. I wasn't conscious of fashion and didn't have any money for it anyway.

School

48. We didn't go to school each day and there wasn't education in Harestane itself. However, when we were there it did come the time to sit our exams to gain a Dundee School Certificate. The Dundee School Certificate was something that allowed you to apply for certain jobs if you had it. It was like a leaver's certificate that showed you were ok at maths and English. [REDACTED]'s mother asked permission for myself and her son to go and sit the exams for our school certificates. [REDACTED] was pretty clever but I had no chance because it was maths and English. Needless to say I failed my certificate but [REDACTED] passed his.

Leisure time

49. Looking back, I don't remember doing anything much really. We were only allowed out once into the grounds to play football. They had a television there because I remember watching Top of the Pops there. I remember in particular seeing The Who perform 'Pictures of Lilly.' There was reading material there but I was never much of a reader. It was comics and stuff like that. There must have been newspapers because whilst we were there my brother saw an advert for joining the police. He had this crazy notion that if he applied to the police then he wouldn't have to carry on at Harestane or wherever he was sent next. There were no games or anything like that.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

50. I didn't have any visits from anyone whilst I was in Harestane. I had no visits from my family. I imagine people like my grandmother would have been disgusted and

disappointed with me. Auntie [REDACTED] would have been glad I was out of her hair. I would imagine that if families or other people contacted Mr GFK [REDACTED] they could have arranged visits if they wanted to but that didn't happen with me. There was no social worker or anybody in authority telling me what was going on. There was nobody who told me what was happening after my court appearance. Nobody told me anything.

Healthcare

51. They must have been at least keeping an eye on you when it came to healthcare because it was picked up that I had something that looked like scabies. We never standardly got checked though. There was nothing like a medical.

Running away

52. There was one occasion when I almost escaped from Harestane. I was placed into the room they used to isolate boys. I got halfway through the window in there but not any further. Mr GFK [REDACTED] caught me.

Discipline at Harestane Remand Home

53. There was a punishment room that was used for isolating boys. That was the only form of discipline that was there. That was enough. It was just a box room that would have been about large enough to fit two single beds in. There was nothing in it though. All there was was a small slim window at the top of one of the walls. There was a lock on the door with a key that could only be opened from outside.
54. If you did something wrong you were locked into the punishment room until Mr GFK [REDACTED] decided that it was time for you to get out. They would throw you into there until you calmed down. It was a bit like 'the cooler.' I was only placed in there once during my time at Harestane. I saw plenty of other boys placed into there by staff members.

Abuse at Harestane Remand Home

55. Harestane was much the same as Milnbank but bigger. It was a fairly uneventful place. It was the same sort of thing with the fighting amongst the boys. The fights probably broke out because we were so bored.

Mr GFK

56. Looking back Mr GFK was quite a good guy really. If you mucked about you knew you would get a clout off of him but there wasn't anything further than that. It was just a clip around the back of your ear.

57. During my time at Harestane Mr GFK caught me trying to escape out of the small slim window in the room they used to isolate boys as punishment. I can't remember why I had been placed in that room but it would have been for something daft. It would have been something like fighting or throwing something at somebody. During my time in the room I managed to get the window open. He found me when I was half way out the window. I was kind of struggling to get out of the window and didn't think I was going to get out. Mr GFK hauled me back into the room. I knew I was going to get a slap for what I did. That was acceptable back then. He slapped me four or five times with his hand around my ears. I wasn't injured at all. It didn't faze me because I knew I had done something wrong and that was the punishment you always got back then.

Mr GFL

58. Mr GFL looked to me like he was kind of perverted. He was the sort of guy you would see walking about parks with an overcoat. It didn't take me long to realise he was different from the other two male staff members. I think the other two male staff members looked on him differently too. I think they looked on him as a pervert.
59. It must have been noticed that I had scabies or something like that. Because of what I had I had to get this stuff painted onto me. I can't remember what the stuff was. For all I know it could have just been calamine lotion. That would have been about a

couple of weeks into my time at Harestane. Mr ^{GFL} took me into the room that they used for isolating the boys to do that. I remember the other two male staff members were sniggering when we were going into the room because it was Mr ^{GFL} who was doing it.

60. When we got into the room it was just the two of us in the room and the door was shut. Mr ^{GFL} told me to take my clothes off. He was holding a paint brush and a big jar of stuff. After I stripped naked he started painting me. I remember he paid particular attention to my genitals. He kidded on that he was joking whilst he did that. I can't remember what he said, or whether he said anything at all, but I remember him having a wee giggle as if he was playing. It wasn't funny to me and I felt very uncomfortable. We were in the room for about ten or fifteen minutes.
61. I thought all of it at the time was really inappropriate because I could have done that myself. He could have even just done my back and I could have done my front. I think I was the only one who had that done to me. I don't remember other boys receiving the same treatment. I've always said that I haven't been sexually abused because I thought that that sort of thing happened to the better looking boys in these type of places. Looking back though I do think Mr ^{GFL} was inappropriate in the way he acted. I now think it was really weird.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Harestane Remand Home

62. I didn't complain. That was just the way it was. I didn't speak up because you didn't speak back to these people.

Leaving Harestane Remand Home for St Mary' Boy's School

63. It would have been Mr ^{GFK} who told me when and where I was going. It would have been the day before or close to the day I actually left. Somebody else chose where I was getting sent. They never used to place boys from Dundee into Balgowan. I think

that was because it was too close to home. I think that's part of the reason why they decided to put me over to the west coast to St Mary's. I remember that when I was being moved the song [REDACTED] was released. On the basis of that I was moved about the end of [REDACTED] 1967 or a little bit later. I do remember it being [REDACTED] around the time I was moved.

64. [REDACTED] and I were separated after Harestane. I think he was still at Harestane when I left. He was later sent to St John's in Glasgow. I think there was a policy where they tried not to keep brothers together. [REDACTED] was also a year older. By the time he went to St John's he would have been near enough sixteen so that makes sense. The leaving age at St Mary's would have been close to sixteen so he wouldn't have been able to go there. I think St John's was for those boys between sixteen and eighteen. I believe he did work experience and got to earn some money whilst he was there. He later told me he liked it there.
65. Two guys drove me through to St Mary's in a car. It was only the second time that I had ever left Dundee. The men were both dressed in civilian clothing. They wore suits and a ties. I sat in the back and they sat in the front. I didn't speak to them and they didn't speak to me. I had nothing with me. All I had was my school uniform. I didn't feel anything when I was moved. I wasn't scared or anything. It was just another thing. I knew about the gangs in Glasgow, gangs like the Cumbie, the Tongs and the Fleet, and that some of the boys from those gangs would be in St Mary's before I went. I realised that I wasn't going to be with a load of 'Wee Walters' walking about with books underneath their arms and that it was going to be challenging. However, that was all I knew.

St Mary's Boy's School, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow

66. St Mary's was a really Catholic place. I am sure it was run by the church. I arrived at St Mary's in approximately [REDACTED] 1967 and left when I was sixteen on my birthday on [REDACTED] 1968. I was at St Mary's for just over a year.

Layout of St Mary's Boy's School

67. It was a beautiful big lovely fancy house. It was like something out of Downton Abbey. I'd never seen a building as big as the main building before. It would have been someone with a lot of money who would have built the place. It had its own chapel. There was a big square at the back where there would have been horses and stables. There was another block at the back of that that almost looked as if it was formerly a barracks. There was a big farm at the back of the main building beyond the square. It contained a couple of barns and some old sheds. There were two tractors kept there. There were also some playing fields and a big wood in the grounds. There were gardens at the front.
68. In the main house there were marble floors in all the main halls. On the ground floor was the governor's office, the deputy governor's office, a huge dining room, the kitchens and the showers. There was another room to the left of the building which we used for music and did singing in. To the other side of that was a recreation space containing a table tennis table. All the sleeping quarters were upstairs.

Staff structure

69. I think most, if not all, of the staff at St Mary's were Catholic. However, none of them were Brothers. I don't think that St Mary's was run by an Order. The only person like that was the priest who came in from the outside. The rest of the people involved in running St Mary's were civilians. None of the staff lived on site. They must have taken turns to be on duty to cover nights. There was a governor in charge of St Mary's. Below him was a deputy governor. Below them were the housemasters and the masters.
70. There was a female cook with Irish women who helped her out in the kitchens. The two or three women who worked in the kitchens all came from the Isle of Mull. You never really saw them. The only time you might see them was if someone was ill in their bed through the day. When that happened one of those women might bring up

an aspirin or something like that for the boy concerned. The only other person I remember was a matron.

Staff

71. Mr ^{LNI} was ^{SNR} of St Mary's. I don't know his first name. He was ^{SNR}. He was an older guy and would have been in his sixties. He was a big Irish Catholic man who used to be a professional boxer. He was a huge quiet man with a face that looked like it had been in the ring. You never saw him but you always knew he was there. You were sort of scared of him and he didn't have to say much to make you behave. He was a nice lovely man though.
72. Mr ^{GFM} was the ^{SNR}. I don't know his first name. The boys nicknamed him '^{GFM}.' I think he would have been a Catholic. He was in charge of giving boys the belt.
73. Jim Hughes was a housemaster but he also taught all the music and singing in St Mary's. He was a Catholic. His nickname was 'Cannon Ball.' That was how he signed the notices he put up detailing the activities he was putting on. He was a great football player. He had a great shot on him when he kicked the ball and that's how he got his nickname. He was also a great table tennis player and could play the guitar. He was only a slim skinny scrawny wee guy. He had a touch of red in his hair. He would be a good age now if he is still alive. Jim Hughes was the best staff member there. I am not an emotional man but when I speak about him I feel emotion. As far as I remember, out of the three housemasters, I was fortunate to have him as my housemaster. I looked on Jim Hughes then as a bit of a role model. He was superb and I had a lot of time for him. He was the sort of man who you imagine should have been put forward for an MBE. There's always one good guy and he was that man. If anyone deserves recognition for doing good it's Jim Hughes.
74. The second housemaster was nicknamed 'Big Louis' but I don't remember his real name. We used to call him 'Big L.' He looked like a film star. He was a big guy who had combed back blonde hair. He was always dressed smartly and looked like a teddy

boy. He was totally different from Jim Hughes. He couldn't play football, table tennis, the guitar and he couldn't sing. He looked like he could handle himself but he was actually alright.

75. I can't remember the name of the third housemaster. He was more of a hippy sort of guy. We used to speak with him and he would tell us stories. He didn't have that air of authority about him that the other staff did. He tried to be more one of the boys than the other staff members. That just never works. You just knew that the boys in his house were taking the micky out of him.
76. Mr Burns was the fourth housemaster I remember being at St Mary's whilst I was there. He came into St Mary's later on. He was a nice guy. I recall him being a good table tennis player.
77. I don't remember the baker's name. We all referred to him as 'HPP [REDACTED]' or 'HPP [REDACTED]'. He was a big quiet man.
78. Mr Calendar was in charge of the farm and garden where the boys worked. It was his job to teach us how to do farming and gardening. He wore a tweed jacket, bonnet and a shirt and tie. I always remember that his shoes were highly polished. Even as a fifteen year old I found that highly impressive. He was good. He was a nice guy.
79. KDB [REDACTED] worked on the farm and garden and was also in charge of the boys who worked there. I don't remember his surname. He taught the boys farming and gardening. He was the complete opposite of Mr Calendar. He was dressed like a gardener would be. He was rough and ready when it came to his dress. He was a nice guy.
80. LYT [REDACTED] was the storeman. I don't know what his real first name was. LYT [REDACTED] would have been a nickname that he had for years. I think he had been at St Mary's a long time. He worked alongside a group of boys in the store. He drove the bus and organised work parties to various places.

81. There was a matron there. I don't remember her name. She was an older granny type woman.

The children at St Mary's Boy's School

82. St Mary's was all-boys. There were about 120 boys there in total between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. I think when you turned sixteen you were either released or moved to St John's. A lot of the children who were there were there for care and protection but it was mostly children who had got into some sort of trouble.
83. I discovered that because I wasn't from the west coast I was viewed by the boys and staff in St Mary's as 'just a big teuchter.' In other words I was viewed as someone from the countryside or the highlands. In a way that made me an automatic target. There were only about eight boys from Dundee, one from Aberdeen and one from Fife. All the rest were boys from the gangs in Glasgow. We were a minority amongst the boys. I imagine the staff would have been aware of that. There was nothing they could have done about that because it was just the way it was.
84. Although boys were from gangs I don't remember any crime or criminal behaviour being discussed whilst I was there. The only thing like that was the fighting amongst the boys. There was a boy in the school who was thought of as [REDACTED] which was the top boy. His name was [REDACTED] and he was from Glasgow. He was a wild guy and would have had a history before he was at St Mary's. He worked in the baker's shop. He was the one in charge and the hardest boy in the school. There was a pecking order below him. You never saw him fighting with anybody. You were best off leaving it and avoiding him. He never ever bothered me. He probably stopped more bother through his presence than he caused.
85. [REDACTED] was from Aberdeen. He was a good lad. There was a boy whose surname was [REDACTED] from Fife. [REDACTED] was a boy from Rutherglen. He's passed away now. [REDACTED] was a boy from Dundee. He has passed away now. [REDACTED] was from Dundee. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were from Dundee. They too have sadly passed away.

The houses at St Mary's

86. There were three different houses in St Mary's. Each house corresponded to a dorm where boys slept. The houses played sports against each other. The boys tried to be a better house than the other ones in various things. I can't remember exactly what the houses were called but they were all named after saints. The house where they put you just before you were leaving was called, I think, St Theresa's. If you were put into that house you knew getting out was on the cards for you. Boys would be happy when they were placed there.

Routine at St Mary's Boy's School

First day

87. When I arrived at St Mary's I was taken to meet ^{SNR} [REDACTED], Mr ^{LNI} [REDACTED]. I was made to stand outside his office whilst the two men who drove me there spoke to him inside. The men must have been doing some sort of paperwork or something. I remember that whilst I was waiting one of the older boys walked past and tried to head-butt me. I don't remember the boy's name. He would have been a good year older than me. The boy didn't say anything to me before or whilst he was doing that. I was quite used to things like that so I managed to avoid the head-butt and stop him. I must have looked at the boy and seen him coming. I was left thinking "what was that about?" and "here we go." It was like something out of the film 'Scum'. It was a bit of a wakeup call and made me realise that things definitely were going to be challenging.
88. I then went into the office and met with Mr ^{LNI} [REDACTED]. During that meeting Mr ^{LNI} [REDACTED] said that if I behaved myself I might be out of St Mary's in six months. After that meeting I was shown where my bed was then taken down to the stores. I was then fitted up by ^{LYT} [REDACTED] with my clothes. It was just like the army and I tried on various things to see whether they would fit.

Daily routine

89. Our days were always busy at St Mary's. It was non-stop. You got up, got washed and brushed your teeth. You would then get your breakfast in the dining hall. After that you did your chores. After everybody did their chores they went to their workplaces. For me that was doing things on the farm and the garden. Those who were in the 'farmers and gardeners', as it was called, would have to go to a barn to find out what they were doing that day. You would have to report to Mr Calendar and **KDB**. They would detail you to what you were going to be doing for the day. It could be working in the fields, doing the flowerbeds and so on.
90. At 10:00 am you got a jam sandwich. I remember having to line up in two lines of each house. The boys from the bakery would walk around with a big tray of jam sandwiches and you would take one each. After that you went back to work again. Then you went back for your dinner in the dining hall before doing more work in the afternoon. After that it was tea time before you had a shower. After that we had our own time. I remember sitting watching television and things like Top of the Pops. As soon as it got to 7:30 pm or 8:00 pm the television went off and you had to go to bed.
91. You didn't normally work on a Saturday unless there was a job needed to be done on the tractor. That would be on occasions when we needed to plant something and we were behind. I would volunteer to do that. I didn't mind doing that. If I didn't volunteer my day would have been spent mucking about with the other boys. I was getting older and I wanted my own space so that worked out for me. You didn't normally work on Sundays. You went to church on a Sunday morning. In the afternoon **LYT** might take us out in the bus on a trip.

Sleeping arrangements

92. Each house had its own massive dormitory. There may have only been two houses plus St Theresa's. There must have been about fifty boys in the dorm I was in. There was possibly the same in the other large dorm and about twenty in St Theresa's. You never saw any staff after you went to bed but they must have taken turns to cover

nights. I remember that Jim Hughes would come around and make sure everyone was in bed in the evening then turn the lights off. That would be it for the night. I usually slept like a log. I don't remember there being any nonsense at night time.

Washing / bathing

93. They gave you toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap and a towel. I remember that every towel was numbered. Mine was ■■■. You kept your wash things on your own peg that was attached to a big board. You left your clothes by your peg before going for your shower.
94. The shower room contained sinks and showers. The whole place was open. There were no cubicles but there was a low wall between each sink and shower. That acted as a sort of shelf. There could have been as many as fifteen sinks and showers. Showers were had each day after tea time. Everybody would have to line up for their shower with their towels before marching in. You would all go in in groups and wait for a staff member to turn the showers on all at once. You would rush to get yourself clean with your soap before the staff member cut the water again. After that happened you would all have to march out. The next lot of boys would then go in.
95. There was nothing dodgy going on during shower times. There was stuff like boys flicking towels at one another but nothing other than that. You were in and out that quick that there wasn't any time for anything to happen. At that time you weren't embarrassed or anything like that. You would walk around with no clothes on and think that was fine.

Mealtimes / food

96. It was all basic Scottish food like corned beef, tatties and beans or tatties and mince. We got given tatties every single day. That didn't bother me because I loved tatties and, it being Irish cooks, they knew how to make them. The tatties were served in big soup bowls to each table. There were four of you at each table and the tatties were split between you. Nobody took any more than they should have and we all looked

after each other. We never got enough food at St Mary's because we were all growing boys. Some boys didn't like tatties so you were always looking at the other tables to see if they had any left.

Work / chores

97. Nobody sat around doing nothing all day. Every boy was put to a task. I think that was a good thing. We were all given chores to do in the main house every morning. I remember scrubbing the marble floors, showers and toilets. Somebody would sweep, somebody would scrub, somebody would mop and so on. That was all done straight after breakfast. The boot room was kept in the old stables to the back of the main house. We all had to polish our own shoes every morning. You learnt to keep yourself and your kit clean.
98. You were allocated areas of work for you to work in during your stay at St Mary's. There was no choice surrounding where you were detailed and you couldn't move placements after one was selected for you. There were no trades taught like plumbing, painting, mechanics or anything like that. There was a bakers, the store room, the farmers and gardeners and various other trades. The bakers was the prime place that all the boys wanted to get into. I think that was because you always had food and heat. The boys who worked in the bakery made all the bread, rolls, cakes and all of that. They also made the jam sandwiches. I think it was luck of the draw to end up in there. It would have been a lot more of a calmer atmosphere in the bakers than what I experienced amongst the boys in the farmers and gardeners.
99. I was placed in the farmers and gardeners throughout my whole time at St Mary's. All the boys who weren't from Glasgow were placed in the farmers and gardeners. I saw it as kind of a servitude. It was my unpaid job and I had to do it. Nobody wanted to be in the farmers and gardeners, that was certainly the case for the Glasgow boys. I think the farmers and gardeners was selected for me because I was thought of as a teuchter when I was there. I'd done berry and tattie picking when I was younger so it was felt that I should be placed there. I think the staff thought being from Dundee meant that you were cut out for all of that sort of thing. I might have been a brilliant

baker but I never got the chance to do that. The other boys in there got taught things they could use like being a baker which might lead to an apprenticeship. Sadly, that wasn't the case for me.

100. There was always loads of work to do. There was a saying "it never rains on our farm" which meant there was never a day off. Hail, rain or shine you would be working. I remember that the year I was at St Mary's we had to plough the field and put cow and pig dung onto it. We had to load the bogey, get onto the bogey then scatter it on the fields. During the winter time we'd plough the earth, clean tools and tractors, and sort the tatties for the store. We would have to dress and clean all the tatties before they were taken up to the kitchen. It was always an awful lot of tatties that were taken. In January 1968 there was a big storm across Scotland. I remember that sorting things out after that took up a lot of our time. There were a lot of trees came down on the land. We had to chop up the fallen trees with big two handed saws and axes. It was hard work. We didn't have the right clothes for the work and all the tools were old. There were no mechanical tools like chainsaws and everything had to be done by hand.
101. Looking back at the tools we were given we must have been trusted. There was no health and safety but I don't remember anyone getting any injuries or anything like that. Nobody was cut and I was allowed to drive the tractor all of the time. Driving the tractor could have been dangerous. You had to know what you were doing because it could potentially turn over.
102. On one occasion myself and [REDACTED] were made to go and do Mr GFM's garden. I think it was on a Saturday. Mr GFM must have asked KDB the gardener whether he had two boys who could do that. You never said no when you were detailed something to do. Mr GFM had a new bungalow elsewhere in Glasgow. The garden was needing done because the builders had left it in a state. A lot of rubbish had been buried by them. [REDACTED] and I turned over the garden to get the rubbish out and landscaped it. The only reward we got from Mr GFM for doing that was a glass of lemonade. Mr GFM maybe thought he was doing us a favour by getting us away from St Mary's.

103. There was an occasion when LYT took between eight and ten boys, including myself, one night to clear a big building that was four stories high. The building was getting renovated and we had to knock down old walls, fill the skips and stuff like that. We did that all night for a fortnight under the cover of darkness. It was dirty work with no gloves or face masks. Looking back, there could have been asbestos present and there was absolutely no protection. LYT probably would have got a wee brown envelope at the end of that.
104. We used to do tattie picking on outside farms whilst we were at St Mary's. We were bussed out to farms mostly around Ayrshire. I think we did that so that St Mary's could make money. We did the tattie picking for about a month. It was all done under the supervision of LYT and the housemasters. They wandered around the fields like they were royalty or something. It was hard work for us and a lot of the boys weren't used to it.
105. We weren't paid for any of the work we did at St Mary's. I know it was £3 per bit for picking tatties in Dundee at that time. People our age in Dundee would do half a bit and get fifteen bob. When we were at St Mary's we were doing big bits. If we were paid for doing outside work then it either went to the school or it went into LYT's back pocket. Looking back the tattie picking was all slave or forced labour. You had no choice and you just had to do it. It was one of the few things that I look back on at St Mary's and think was unfair. If they had at least given you some of the money you earned then that would have at least been something but I got nothing.

Clothing / uniform

106. You were kitted out with both working dress and civilian dress. The shirts were just like what the navy wore. They were dark blue and made of thick material. The jeans were baggy which wasn't the fashion back then. We wore army boots. They gave you a tweed style jacket, pair of trousers, shirt, tie and a pair of shoes as part of your civilian clothes. They gave you those clothes for when you went home. They were clothes that no fourteen or fifteen year old would ever think of wearing back then.

Hair

107. Your haircut was short back and sides and long on top. I remember one of the boys on the farm once had head lice. When [KDB], the gardener, discovered that he said that when he was in the army men who got lice would take a match and set fire to their hair. We didn't think that would work when he said that but later on [KDB] did do that to the boy. As quick as that his hair went up in flames. It worked and the boy didn't have any lice. He was cured. The boy was laughing like anything. I thought it was great. That's not the sort of thing Mr Calendar would have done, he would have taken the boy to the matron. That was just what [KDB] was like. He was a working man and acted like that.

Possessions / pocket money

108. I didn't really have any possessions at St Mary's. The only things I had was my cigarettes stash and the clothes that were issued to me. I think we did get pocket money. It would have been something like two bob a week. It was pittance to allow you to get chocolate or something. It was sweetie money. I didn't get paid anything for the work I was doing whilst at St Mary's. I was given £2:50 when I left. That might have come from doing the work.

School

109. There was a classroom and a teacher within St Mary's. I think the classes taught there were really basic stuff. I remember that there were boys who couldn't read and write who went to that class. They had escaped education before they ever went to St Mary's. When you first arrived at St Mary's you were sent to the classroom to be assessed. I think the teacher judged how clever you were and decided whether you got to carry on attending the classes.
110. When I was assessed the teacher asked me a list of questions. I was asked what the distance was between the earth and the sun. When I got to that question he said I should leave it out because I wouldn't know the answer. I happened to know the

answer so I put in “approximately ninety three million miles.” After answering those questions I was never in that classroom again. The teacher must have decided that if I knew things like the distance between the earth and the sun then there was no place for me in the class. I think I was seen to be far too clever to be in the class. Looking back, I wish they had taken classes up a level because that decision left me with not even a basic educational qualification when I left St Mary’s.

Leisure time

111. There was a lot more activity at St Mary’s compared to Milnbank and Harestane. In some ways there was too much activity. There was no snooker or pool table but there was a table tennis table. I started getting quite good at table tennis there. A lot of the boys who couldn’t play would stand on the balls and break them. Jim Hughes would sometimes get us all in a room and would teach us singing. It was all folk songs and it was really good. He also taught us table tennis.
112. We would play football in the big square outside the main house. Football was big on the west coast. It was much bigger than it was in Dundee. I ended up in the main squad because I was getting picked by the other boys. Teams would come in from the outside and we would play them. We would also play amongst ourselves with teams being made up from the different work areas in St Mary’s. I was in the farmers and gardeners team. I was quite good at football back then. I wasn’t the best there but I would always get picked for the teams. The football helped me because you made allies through getting picked for the teams. It helped my standing amongst the boys. It meant that at least the football players wouldn’t have a go at me.
113. Although Mr LNI was a former boxer there was no boxing at St Mary’s. That wouldn’t have been encouraged because it would have been seen as violent. There were no activities like that.

Smoking / tattoos

114. My father would send me cigarettes in the post so I started smoking. When I started smoking I didn't like it so I would always have cigarettes leftover. I ran a cigarette lending business off the back of that with a boy called [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] would keep a book. Before we knew it we had a wee cigarette empire going on.
115. I got a couple of tattoos during my time at St Mary's. I stupidly chose to do that. Nobody had tattoos back then. The only people who had them were people who had come out of jail or were in gangs. There was a boy who would do the tattoos with ink and a needle in the boiler room. I got a girl's name put onto my hand. I had to get that lazered off in later life.

Religious instruction

116. There was a lovely wee chapel in St Mary's grounds. Everybody went to church on a Sunday. That was compulsory. I think you just went in your working dress to church. A priest came in from the outside to give Mass. There were no other church visits other than Sundays. There was nothing like a special service for Lent or St Patricks Day. There wasn't anything like prayers outside of church. We didn't have time for any of that.

Trips / holidays

117. You weren't allowed out to go to the local shop or anything like that. When you were taken out it was straight to wherever you were going on the bus then straight back. The boys who wanted to go would be taken to the swimming baths in Springburn and Kirkintilloch. I liked to go on those trips. On one occasion a chosen few boys were taken to Celtic Park to see Celtic FC play. On some of the Sunday afternoons [REDACTED] [REDACTED] took us in the bus to places like Girvan or up the Campsie Hills. We'd just muck about up there. I was a birdwatcher so I enjoyed that. They once took us to this big lake with big peat sides and we went in it for a swim. That was great. I remember the water was warm.

118. We were taken on what was called a holiday by St Mary's. LYT took us on that. I don't remember where it was but it was on a farm. All I remember is a farm, a burn and our tents beside the burn. It finished up being half a working holiday because we had to work in the mornings. We were made to load bails of straw onto bogeys before taking them up to the farm.

Leave home

119. The only other time when you were let out was when you were on leave. Leave ran from Saturday through to Sunday evening. If you got weekend leave you were given money for a full rail ticket. If you were fourteen or younger you could buy a half ticket so we would all try to do that and keep the difference. We would get a couple of extra pennies that way. I would try and look as young as I could which was hard for me because I was over six foot tall. Most of the time I got away with it. I don't remember ever getting stopped.
120. When I got leave I would go home to my grandmother's in Dundee. I was never in though. I took my tweed jacket off, put my denim jacket on then went out with my pals. I knew not to get into trouble with them when I was out. That just wasn't going to happen. I always went back to St Mary's after my leave was finished. In a way I was kind of glad to get back.

Birthdays / Christmas

121. I must have been in St Mary's during one of my birthdays. I never really had a birthday growing up. Irrespective of being in care I never had a birthday cake. I knew when my birthday was but it wasn't celebrated anywhere. I think they shut down St Mary's at Christmas time and we were given leave to go home. I don't know where the boys who didn't have a home to go to went. There might have been some skeleton staff left at St Mary's for them.

Parcels / letter writing

122. I would get the odd parcel from my father that would contain cigarettes. He would send those in maybe once every two months. You were given writing paper to write letters if you wanted to. My brother, [REDACTED], and I used to write to each other. That was the only time I had contact with him during my time at St Mary's. I think we exchanged letters twice or something like that. My writing was like a doctor's writing but he would have managed to read it. He wrote back to me in very tiny writing. I remember there was a boy called [REDACTED] who was from Dundee. His sister would write to him and I would read the letter to him before writing his letter back.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

123. My brother didn't visit me at St Mary's but my father did. He came to see me two or three times. Those visits turned out to be more to my detriment than anything else. My father was a closet gay and when he came through to St Mary's he wore his kilt jacket, sporran and kilt. You can imagine my horror, as someone who was labelled a teuchter, when he turned up dressed like that. I would hope that none of the other boys worked out that he was my father. I remember one time we were going somewhere on the bus and I saw my father walking along the road on his way to visit me with his kilt on. One of the other boys pointed my father out as my 'old man' and I just denied it. The driver just kept going because of that. When my father arrived at St Mary's he saw I wasn't there and visited my brother at St John's instead. Looking back, he would have been better not visiting me at all.
124. There was no one official like a social worker who came to visit me. I don't remember there ever being inspections but I do remember that when I was fifteen two female psychologists came to visit St Mary's. I don't remember their names or where they were from but they would have been in their late twenties. When they arrived they had two suitcases with them so they must have stayed somewhere within St Mary's itself. Off our own back me and [REDACTED] picked up their bags and helped them in with them. We got a wee pat on our backs from the staff for doing that. Later on I was seen by one of the psychologists in a wee room in St Mary's. I think they interviewed

other boys too. It was all done one after the other. I saw the psychologist every morning for a while. She asked me a load of questions on topics much the same as I have been asked about when producing this statement. There was a bit more about my home life. She took notes as I answered her questions.

125. At the time I thought that the questions were being asked as part of some sort of psychological experiment. I thought it was more research than an inspection. It was as if they were looking for a common denominator. That wouldn't have been hard because most of us didn't have a mother or father. I think they would have gone away with a good impression because we were all polite and played the game. We were all scared not to be that way.
126. The only times you were in Mr LNI office were when you came, after six months or if you were about to be released. Those were the only occasions when you were updated on how you were getting on. I imagine your housemaster would have been reporting how you were getting on to him. I looked on it all as being 'no news is good news.' I remember that because Mr LNI told me that if I behaved I could get let out after six months I sought an interview with him. When I spoke to Mr LNI I reminded him that he said that I could see him after six months and that I could maybe get out then. All he said was "GFR you are doing very well, just you go back and carry on."

Pastoral care

127. I always saw Jim Hughes as someone who you could go and speak to. In a way he was like a shoulder to cry on. If it wasn't for him it would have been hell in there. He never looked like he could handle himself but he never needed to look like that because boys would listen to him. You knew that he cared. I don't know whether it was different for other boys but a lot of them would have had different housemasters to me. Those housemasters were different to Jim Hughes. You just knew that they didn't care in the way Jim Hughes did.

Healthcare

128. I was never ill or injured when I was there but there were boys who were. If you were ill or had an injury you would speak to your housemaster and they would take you to see the matron. You would go to her if you had any cuts or bruises for the work you did on the farm. She would apply antiseptic and bandage you up. If someone got the flu or something like that they would stay in their bed and the matron would look after them. One of the women who worked in the kitchens might bring them up an aspirin or something like that if they needed it.
129. You went to see a dentist in Bishopbriggs. You would be told by the staff that you had an appointment and you would go. You would walk down to the dentist yourself. You got your teeth done then came straight back.

Running away

130. I never ran away from St Mary's. There were a few boys who went absent though. [REDACTED] was one of the boys who ran away. I don't know why he was running away but he got caught by the police. You stood out like a sore thumb with the haircut you had and the clothes you wore. It would be easy for the police to find you. [REDACTED] is dead now. I suspect he would have got the belt for running away.

Bed-wetting

131. I never heard of boys wetting their beds when I was there but there must have been. It was never an issue that I heard about. If boys had wet the bed then the housemaster probably would have found it. I'm sure he would have then got the matron involved.

Discipline at St Mary's Boy's School

132. Mr ^{GFM} [REDACTED] was in charge of giving the boys the belt. You never saw ^{SNR} [REDACTED] doing things like that. It was always by Mr ^{GFM} [REDACTED], in his office and during the evening. Boys

would be told to report to his office after they got into their pyjamas. Mr GFM would then ask boys into his office one at a time and ask them whoever did whatever it was that was wrong. Nobody would ever tell him because that would be seen as grassing up.

133. The belt was like one of those thick leather belts that you saw at school. It was about two or three feet long. I think they were called a tawse and sometimes they had a fork in them like a snake's tongue. If you were given the belt you were on your own in Mr GFM's office with the door shut, made to bend over a table and hit six times with the belt across your backside over your very thin pyjamas. Mr GFM wouldn't tell you to take them off. There wasn't anything like that. The pyjamas were no protection. That was the standard punishment. He never held back. After that the next boy would be asked into the room.
134. I remember that you would sometimes see the belt marks on other boys in the showers. Every other week there would be someone with welt marks on them. You would see six almost black and blue marks across the boys' backsides. It was never on the lower back. Those marks would last for about a week. If you had the marks all the other boys would laugh at you. However, having those marks also showed that you had refused to grass on another boy. In a way, because of that, it was treated as fine amongst the boys.
135. I only received the belt on one occasion at St Mary's. I think it was a case of once bitten twice shy for me. There were six of us picking tatties in the field. The tractor only had one digger on it so it was quite easy going. One of the boys just couldn't keep up so out of frustration he threw a tattie at Mr Calendar. Mr Calendar then reported the incident. That led to all six of us who were there being trooped up to see Mr GFM. Nobody owned up to throwing the tattie when he asked us one after the other on our own who had done it. He must have known that no one would own up because nobody grassed on one another. Life wouldn't have been worth living amongst the boys if you had.

136. It was a foregone conclusion that you were going to receive the belt from him when he called you to his office. You just took the punishment. It wasn't very nice if you didn't do the thing you were punished for. I wouldn't say we were terrified by all of that though because we all thought we were quite tough in there. We all had to treat it as if it was nothing. In private it obviously did physically hurt.

Abuse at St Mary's Boy's School

Fighting amongst the boys

137. There was extortion, gangs and whatever else. That wasn't my world though. The worst thing I got involved with was a wee cigarette distribution empire. There was a lot of physical stuff went on between the boys. It was a full time course in personal survival. You had to play the game according to the rules of [REDACTED]. It was difficult finding my place in the pecking order at the age of fourteen but somehow I managed it.

[REDACTED] LYT

138. [REDACTED] LYT was like a drill sergeant. He was different from the other members of staff. He was always parading around St Mary's during play time making sure there was no trouble. There always was trouble though. I think every teacher was wary of [REDACTED] LYT. I think they were all scared of him. He wasn't a bad guy but he was someone you knew to keep out of the road of.

139. I remember that during the holiday to the farm [REDACTED] LYT took us on, one of the boys got hold of an axe and chopped down one of the trees next to the burn where we were camping. I was in charge of the axe because I was part of the farmers and gardeners. When I saw the boy do that I took the axe off of him. [REDACTED] LYT then appeared and accused me of chopping down the tree. I denied it because I hadn't done it. He asked me which boy had done it but I refused to tell him. [REDACTED] LYT then punched me in my cheekbone. I didn't see it coming because masters never

usually struck the boys. I couldn't ride the punch because I didn't expect it. There were other staff members there but I think they turned a blind eye to it. They didn't want to get involved.

Reporting of abuse whilst at St Mary's Boy's School

140. I never reported any abuse whilst I was there. Doing that would have been taboo. There was nobody you could have reported it to anyway. I wouldn't have said anything bad to the psychologist I spoke to. I wouldn't have said that I got the belt or that I had been punched by LYT [REDACTED]. I wouldn't have told her anything or said anything negative about St Mary's. I guess in a way I was brainwashed and just wouldn't have said anything.

Leaving St Mary's Boy's School

141. We were playing football out on the football pitch and Mr LNI [REDACTED] was practicing his golf swing on another pitch. Someone scored a goal and I went to run after the ball. As I was doing that Mr LNI [REDACTED] called me over and told me that I would be getting out of St Mary's on my birthday. He must have only spoken about a dozen words to me over the whole year I had been there. I said thank you and then away he went as if it was nothing. He must have had me earmarked for leaving. He must have seen that as his opportunity to speak to me rather than pulling me into his office. It felt great being told that.
142. I left on my birthday on [REDACTED] 1968. Despite the grim existence of assaults and forced labour I still had a tear in my eye on release. I suppose that showed how institutionalised I was. All I had with me when I left was my clothes, £2:50 and probably my ticket for the train. I didn't have a bag. I got the bus down to Queen Street then the train straight back to Dundee. I felt lost when I was out of St Mary's. I had become institutionalised with a routine and suddenly I was back.

Life after leaving care

143. When I got back to my grandmother's my Auntie [REDACTED] thought she could treat me exactly the same way as she had treated me when I was younger. Having lived in St Mary's for a year I was a wee bit tougher. I told her to leave me alone and she did. After telling her that I was sent to live with my father. I essentially got chucked out of my grandmother's house by them telling me that I couldn't stay there. I just couldn't live in the same house as Auntie [REDACTED].
144. I then tried to get a job. That was difficult because of my CV. I had no Dundee School Certificate, no qualifications and I had been in an approved school for a year. I remember I went for a job with the council as a gardener. When I arrived there were three or four other boys there and I knew I didn't have a chance. I told those interviewing me about my tractor work and experience but I didn't get the job.
145. The only option that was open for me was to go to the jute mills. The only jobs I could do there were the horrible jobs like being a teaser. I only lasted a morning doing that job. I then got a job bagging the cops in another jute mill. There wasn't much money in that job so I then became 'a lumper.' That involved loading and unloading the lorries in the warehouses. It was all heavy lifting but I enjoyed it.
146. I ended up getting married to [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] 1969 when I was only sixteen. I think my life had turned into an old man's life before my time. When I was sixteen I was like guys in Dundee who were eighteen or nineteen. Like forcing rhubarb in the dark to make it grow faster, my year in St Mary's had forced maturity upon me. I have been married to [REDACTED] for fifty three years. She is the bonniest lass in Dundee.
147. During a job in another jute mill one of the older men there asked me why I didn't join the forces. By that time I was eighteen years old. I thought that wasn't a bad idea so I went and tried to join up. I initially went to join the RAF but when they saw my CV, lack of qualifications and that I had been to an approved school I realised that wasn't going to happen. I remember the recruitment officer saying "you need one of two things to join the RAF. You either need to be very intelligent or very good looking and

you don't fall into either of those categories. Try the Black Watch." So that is what I did, I went and joined the Black Watch. They let me in straight away.

148. I went on to be quite a good soldier, however, at first I carried a bit of the approved school thing with me into the army. I couldn't let anyone take the mickey out of me and I always had to stick up for myself against anybody. I didn't lose my temper but I had learnt from the approved school that the way to respond to people was to put them in their place quickly. That went against me to begin with. I couldn't just laugh things off. I changed though. Looking back on things in the whole, the approved schools really prepared me for the army. I know the army doesn't accept boys who've been to places like that now but I don't think that is right. Just because you have been to an approved school it doesn't mean that you are mental.
149. ██████ stayed in Dundee whilst I was on tours with the army. That was the better way in case anything happened. ██████'s family were in Dundee and my children had access to them through staying there. I was in Northern Ireland a lot in the 1970s. It was tough but that was what I was in the army for. In the end nine years was long enough for me. By that time I had risen to the rank of Corporal.
150. ██████ and I had five children together. Sadly we lost one of the boys to cot death in 1971. That was a bad time because I was across in Northern Ireland at the time. That was hard. I wasn't diagnosed but I know I had a breakdown after that happened. That carried on for a couple of years. I look upon that as normal.
151. I left the army for DC Thomson. Normally they wouldn't even look at people like me because I was a Catholic. ██████ wrote the letter for me to apply for the job. The guy who interviewed me was in the cadets and knew I was in the Black Watch. When he saw my record book it showed I had been in Northern Ireland and that I had shown exemplary conduct. I knew when he looked at my record book that the job was more or less mine if I didn't reveal I was a Catholic. When he asked me what school and church I had attended I lied that I was at a Protestant school and church. I also told him that I had been in the Boy's Brigade. Those couple of lies got me the job. Over the next ten years I worked my way up from the bowels of the factory, to the guillotine,

to the trimmers, to the casing then finally I became a book binder. That's where you earned the top money. It took me ten years to get to that position.

152. I went part time at DC Thomson when [REDACTED] wasn't very well and started driving a van doing paper deliveries. In the end I took early retirement from DC Thomson. After that I did loads of small part time jobs. I was a care assistant, drove a night bus, drove taxis and was a property factor for my cousin. It actually worked out that I was busier than I was when I worked full time.

Contact with St Mary's in adult life

153. I felt it was important to show [REDACTED] what St Mary's was like so I looked it up on Google Earth to try and see the place. I was going to take [REDACTED] to see it after that but I discovered it had been demolished. I did try to find out what happened to Jim Hughes in adult life and found someone online who lived on [REDACTED] in Bishopbriggs. It made sense to me that maybe he got a house there. I was going to make contact but decided not to. I didn't want to bother him because he would be an old man. He is probably still alive because he was someone who looked after himself.

Impact

154. I do think back to my time in St Mary's. It was an important year in my life. I think particularly back to the farming and the sawing of the trees. I was given the responsibility of driving the tractor when I was there. I was the only boy who was allowed to do that. I was kind of trusted at St Mary's. They gave me a freedom there without supervision. I think that was what you were aiming for before you got released. I was conscious of that at the time. The more brownie points you could get the better. That's stood me in good stead. It did a lot of good for me then and something must have rubbed off.

155. I didn't leave St Mary's with any qualifications and didn't get anything like that until I was in the army. Those were for things like shooting and canoeing. I don't have anything on paper. I was never that good at map reading in the army because I'm not intelligent. I think that's partly because I didn't get to attend school during my childhood. My wife reckons that I am dyslexic because of the way I spell things and my trouble with writing. I see words spelt differently to what they are. I think I am dyslexic but it has never been properly diagnosed. I don't want to do that because that would mean admitting it.
156. Even if I do have dyslexia I regret not getting an education when I was a child. They might have been flogging a dead horse were they to have tried to educate me at St Mary's but I think I had more about me than picking tatties. I just wasn't given the chance. I effectively ended up leaving school when I was fourteen. I've done bits and pieces since, like my taxi badge and learning a bit of German, but I haven't really been back in the classroom since then.
157. Growing up I was more pals with my older brother, [REDACTED], than a brother. In some ways he was like my father. However, I didn't miss him when I was at St Mary's and I'm not sure whether he missed me. By the time I joined the army we weren't close. He went on to join the Parachute Regiment. After he joined the paras I didn't get on with him. I think that was down to us being in different parts of the army and he thought, as a para, those in the Black Watch weren't up to it. [REDACTED] now lives in Thailand but he's also got a caravan in [REDACTED]. He comes back to visit for our birthdays in early [REDACTED]. He and I have got on great in adult life but he has never accepted our father being gay. It doesn't bother me because you can't help what you are.
158. Life is good now. However, the mental damage from my abandonment and pre-married life still casts a shadow from time to time and has hampered my life. I learned many life lessons in St Mary's. I learnt never to let anyone hurt you and to punish those that did. That was a valuable but bad philosophy that has stuck to me against my better nature. I think being in approved schools made me a lot less tolerant of things. I've had military upbringing and that has made me firm with boundaries. After

going to St Mary's if anyone gave me a hard time I would give them doubly a hard time back. That includes my family. I think that has ended up with me not speaking to two of my children. There have been things that they have done that probably other people would have brushed off. I couldn't do that. I couldn't let them bite my hand and not react. I had to come down on them with a ton of bricks. I haven't been violent but I did give them their marching orders and made them aware that they were 'persona non grata.'

159. One of my sons once said to me that I didn't allow them to be teenagers. I never gave them permission to be like that. I think that was his way of saying that I was too strict. I think if I hadn't been in St Mary's I might have been more forgiving of people biting my hand like my sons. I was always worried that my sons would follow me. I knew that they wouldn't have the survival skills necessary to go into an approved school in Glasgow.
160. There's no doubt about it, I was institutionalised after I left St Mary's. I've sought institutions to be involved with since leaving there like the army. In my older life I became involved with a couple of social organisations and still am part of them now. Looking back on all of that, I was maybe looking for a father figure through my involvement with these organisations because I didn't have that when I was a child.
161. Looking back, I think the system at St Mary's worked for me. The routine and Jim Hughes in particular helped me. Up until that point I had never met a man like that. I'd never really met a man full stop because I didn't have a dad. I appreciate that the system might not have worked for everybody. I haven't kept in touch with many of the boys from St Mary's because most of them are based in the west coast. The boys from Dundee who got out just went back to what they were doing before they went in. They never wanted to work. Some people who went to St Mary's carried on as normal but others didn't. There were only about six of us from Dundee in St Mary's when I was there. Of those I know three are already dead. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] have passed away. I met [REDACTED] in adult life. He told me that he was gay. I think he later ended up on drugs and he ended up dying in his house. He was always on his own. It affected us all differently.

Treatment and support

162. I am not involved with any survivor groups nor have I received any counselling or treatment. I've never needed treatment or support. I don't need help from outside. [REDACTED] has been my rock and she has helped me through a lot of things.
163. I am in contact with other ex-military people through my involvement with an inquest in Northern Ireland. A couple of them are doing work to overcome their PTSD. They asked me whether I was getting any help and my response was that I had PTSD before I joined the army. I think I had already gone through a lot of trauma even before I went to the approved schools. Trauma and PTSD wasn't diagnosed but I do think I had that. I think that was how St Mary's wasn't as hard as it could have been for me. Nothing surprised me. I think I was passed that stage by the time I joined up so I have never needed any help since.

Reporting of abuse after leaving care

164. I am an open book when it comes to my experiences during my childhood. That means I have spoken with my family about what happened. In preparation for providing this statement I compiled some notes and shared those with my two youngest sons. One of my sons, after reading those notes, said that it is no wonder I have ended up the way I have ended up.
165. I haven't reported any of things that happened during my time at the approved schools to anyone official like the police. I don't want to get the men who worked in St Mary's into any bother. I got the belt and that was just the way it goes. LYT [REDACTED] punched me but there have been plenty of other people outside of the schools knuckled me too.

Records

166. In September 2009 I wrote a letter to St Mary's to recover my records. It was just something that had been playing on my mind a long time at that time. I was aware of freedom of information and that led me to wanting to apply for them. Part of the reason why I applied for my records was that I wanted to see if there were any records surrounding what the psychologist I saw at St Mary's came up with. I wanted to see whether she said I was crazy or whatever.
167. On 16th October 2009 I received a letter from the solicitors representing The Cora Foundation. It was quite a dismissive letter they sent back. They never said you could get your records at such and such an address. They just said that I could get my records from the council without telling me which one. I had hoped that they would have at least given me an email address or some sort of contact details but they didn't. I didn't do anything after receiving the letter from the representatives of The Cora Foundation. I haven't tried to recover my records since. Now that I'm a bit older I'm not sure I want to go down that road. It's irrelevant to the person I am now. I don't really want to find out more than I already know about my childhood.

Lessons to be learned / hopes for the Inquiry

168. I think I avoided continuing to be involved with criminality through going to St Mary's and during the time I was there. Because I was so busy I didn't have time to think about hatching wee plots and plans. I thought I was streetwise before I went to St Mary's but I was even more streetwise when I got out of there. The education I got was to learn how to look after myself. However, I managed to stay away from the trouble side of things when I got out. I was kept busy when I was in St Mary's and I think that was a good thing. That provided me with a work ethic.
169. Going to an approved school worked for me but I appreciate that it wouldn't have worked for everybody. Half of the boys in there were going to end up at the next stage. Whatever happened they were going to come out and go back to what they were doing

before. If they then ended up in an institution after that it was going to be even harder. It would have been borstal or prison. I knew that all the nutters at St Mary's were going to be put in amongst all the other nutters when they were moved on. The prospect of that happening put me off wanting to get into trouble again. I didn't want to go and live with these people again in a place where they would be even crazier.

170. I appreciate that looking after boys might have not been easy because I had two years of experience in the army training sixteen and seventeen year olds. You taught them everything, whether it be sewing their buttons or making their beds. You have to become their hero and that isn't done through barking at them. They have left their mums and dads and you have to look after them. You have to make them believe that they can stick it out and prove to the people in their homes and areas wrong. You have to make them want to make their mothers and fathers proud. I never lost one boy out of the squads I trained. They could have left any time.

171. Jim Hughes, Mr Calendar and **KDB** were all good staff members at St Mary's. Having a role model like Jim Hughes was key to me. Boys need staff who are listening and showing some empathy but without being a soft touch. A disappointed look from Jim Hughes made us feel worse than any beating with a belt. He took the time to find out what we were good at and promoted and maintained my desire to learn. There were staff members who were more physical. People like **LYT** shouldn't have been punching boys. Physical punishment doesn't work. If anything I think it makes you worse. I expected that sort of treatment from my peers but I didn't expect it from the staff. It left me with a bad impression of some of the staff members who were there. It made me lose a lot of respect for a lot of them in a way. It was for nothing too. They should have used their personalities instead to overcome problems. That's how you get boys in those sort of settings to look up to you.

172. Boys need to be kept busy when they are in care. The good ones should be separated out from the ones who are wild. Everybody is different. A lot of the boys that were in St Mary's were wild. We used to say that they were "radio rental" which meant that they were mental. I remember that when those boys attacked other boys that is what used to be shouted. They should have kept the chaff apart from the seed when placing

boys into care. They should pick out the right boys and place them appropriately with other ones that wouldn't affect them. That would avoid things like gangs forming. I think if people had properly spoken to some of the boys they would have soon seen the ones who were dead eyed and viscous. You could see that.

173. I would hope that the Inquiry might find the common denominator that those psychologists were looking for when they came to St Mary's. If the Inquiry can find something then that would be great.

174. 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.

GFR


Signed.....

Dated..... 19th MAY 2022.....