

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

HHV

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is HHV. My date of birth is 1966. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

**Background**

2. My parents' names are and . I have three brothers, one of whom is older than me and the other two are younger. I had another older brother who was the eldest of my siblings but he is now dead. I also have an older sister.
3. I lived with my family in Nitshill in Glasgow before I went into care. I didn't see very much of my dad. He was always working or out playing darts. He used to leave for work at half past five in the morning, go straight to the pub to play darts after work, and not return home until about one or two o'clock the following morning.
4. My mum couldn't cope on her own with all the kids and all the other people that my brothers were bringing into the house. Our house was always full. The doctor was prescribing Valium for my mum and she was also drinking vodka during the day. She had a nervous breakdown when I was about nine.
5. My family didn't have much money and our electricity and gas used to get cut off. I stopped going to school and refused to go back because of the clothes I wore. I was very self-conscious about the way I dressed when I was young. Other people had decent clothes and I was like a tramp. I had a social worker called Miss

Penders who was based at the Pollok social work office. She used to come to see me every week and try to talk me into going to school. My dad used to get £50 fines because I wouldn't go to school.

6. I was taken into care because I wouldn't go to school. I don't remember exactly what age I was. I was about nine or ten. I don't think I was any older than ten. The decision to send me to Larchgrove Assessment Centre was made at a children's panel in Albion Street in Glasgow. My dad was going to be fined another £50 and I stood up at the children's panel and said that fining him was pointless as there was no way I was going to school. I was then taken to Larchgrove in a transit van by two escorts.
7. I went to Larchgrove for a three-week assessment at first. It got extended to six weeks and then I was sent home. The plan was to allow me a three-week trial period at home to see if I would go to school. After seven days, it became clear that I wasn't going to go to school and the police came and took me back to Larchgrove.
8. I was sent to Loaningdale List D School after Larchgrove. I came out of care when I turned sixteen. I was the only one of my siblings that was put into care.

#### **Larchgrove Assessment Centre, Edinburgh Road, Glasgow**

9. Larchgrove was in its own grounds facing the Queenslie Industrial Estate. I don't know who ran it. It might have been Glasgow City Council. There was a big wall round the place with a wire fence. It was a locked institution. The front door was always locked and our dorm was locked at night. It was next to St John Bosco's, which was a List D school run by religious people. I think they were monks but they didn't dress in traditional monk clothing. There was a fork in the road leading up to the two institutions. Larchgrove was to the left and St John Bosco's was to the right.

*First impressions*

10. I can remember the first three weeks in Larchgrove as if it were yesterday, and then my memory gets a bit sketchy. This was in the 1970s and I came from a real rough and violent area, but that didn't prepare me for Larchgrove. It was brutal.
11. I remember it was a real shock to the system when I got there. There were lots of people I had never seen before. Miss Penders arrived separately in her wee yellow Mini. A staff member, who was the PE teacher, took me to the office of the man who was in charge and we sat outside until I was called in. My memory is that the staff member's name was [REDACTED]. I'm almost certain that was his name. He was in his late thirties to late forties. He had greyish hair, looked like an ex-boxer and always wore tracksuit bottoms. He was between 5' 2" and 5' 6". I don't remember who was in charge in Larchgrove. I just remember being in his office. I've thought about it a lot. I've got this picture in my head of a bald man who was very smartly dressed, and I think he was the man in charge.
12. Miss Penders had arrived by the time I was called into the office and she and [REDACTED] came in with me. The man in charge and [REDACTED] were shouting at me and telling me what I would be doing the next day, and I said something silly like, "Fuck off". The one in charge then said, "Take that paper and read it" and as I bent over to look at it, [REDACTED] grabbed the back of my head and smacked it off the table. [REDACTED] then said something like, "Never bend down in here boy". Neither Miss Penders or the man in charge did or said anything. They just sat there. It was as if this was normal behaviour. That's when reality hit and I knew it was going to be difficult in there.
13. After that, I was taken for a shower by [REDACTED] and another staff member called [REDACTED]. I don't know [REDACTED]'s first name. He was either the housemaster for Jackson, which is the house I was put into, or [REDACTED]. He wore a suit and was always immaculately dressed. I have it in my head that [REDACTED] had a brother who worked there, but I don't know if

I'm right. My memory is a bit sketchy. I seem to remember the brother being nice, although I can't even remember his face. It might even have been [REDACTED]'s brother who was in charge of the place.

14. I was told to stand naked in the shower while [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] slapped a white gel, which I think was stuff for lice, on my head and scrubbed me down with deck scrubbing brushes. I can remember it was really painful and [REDACTED] turned the brush round and cracked it off of the top of my head because of how I was reacting to being scrubbed.
15. For some reason, they then painted me with a white emulsion from the neck down. I don't know what it was. They said every kid got it put on them. The boys said the same, but I never saw or heard of it being done to any of the boys who came in after me. I heard about them getting scrubbed down, but not painted. Before they painted me, [REDACTED] went away and brought a nurse in. She looked under my armpits, behind my ears and in between my fingers. All of them started laughing and then they brought in a big emulsion bucket and paint brush and started slapping the white stuff all over me. I was told to keep it on overnight and have a shower the next day to remove it.
16. After that, I was taken down and issued with my clothes. It was a uniform which consisted of a pair of grey trousers, which were made of the same kind of material as a donkey jacket, and a green jumper with yellow circles. There were three separate houses in the place: Jackson, Arran and Bute. I was put in Jackson, which was supposedly the worst of the three. I don't know how they decided which one you went into. I don't know if there were different levels of security in them. The colour on the jumper you wore indicated which house you were in. From memory, Jackson was yellow, Bute was red, and Arran was green.
17. I was then taken to the dorm and introduced to the other boys. There was a wooden locker at the side of your bed to keep your stuff in. I think there were around twenty-two single beds in the dorm. I might be wrong, but that's how I

remember it. Things look bigger when you're only a wee kid. It was a big room and the beds were only around twelve inches apart. There were about fourteen to twenty-two boys in the dorm. I think the other houses had similar numbers. It was a boys-only place and the age range was from about eight to fourteen. I definitely remember some boys there who were younger than me.

## **Routine at Larchgrove**

### *Mornings/daytime/bedtime*

18. You got up about half past seven in the morning and did your exercises. Lots of kids wet the bed in Jackson, including me when I first went in. It was dealt with dramatically by ZLTE and HHW. They grabbed you by the ankles and dragged you into the shower. I saw another lad getting smothered with his soiled sheets. HHW rolled them up and held them over his face. I got dragged into the shower, but I never got the sheets stuffed in my face. You'd try to hide it if you wet the bed. The problem was that the mattresses were so thin, it would soak through and there'd be a puddle under the bed. The smell also gave it away. You did get clean sheets when you wet the bed. Doing the laundry was one of the cleaning duties the boys had to do.
19. As far as I can remember, you could have a shower in the morning but it wasn't part of a forced routine. There were dedicated times in the day to have a shower. You couldn't just decide to have one at any point during the day.
20. After exercises, you came back and had breakfast. Our cigarettes were kept in a big biscuit tin. Everybody's pack had their names on it. You had your breakfast and then they'd give you your cigarette. I'm sure you got your cigarette after breakfast, as we used to have a brew as well. I didn't smoke before I went to Larchgrove. Miss Penders stopped off on her way to Larchgrove on my first day there and bought me twenty Benson and Hedges. She gave me them and told me I was going to need them.

21. We then did our cleaning duties. I can remember it clearly because I was often on 'ablutions'. I also remember cleaning the hall. They were very fussy about the hall. If you were doing it as punishment, you had to clean the marble tiles with a toothbrush. The way I remember it is that cleaning and looking after the place was what we did every day for most of the day. Sometimes painters would come in and we would either help them paint or clean up after them. We sometimes got extra cleaning duties and our cigarettes taken away as a punishment, but the majority of punishments involved violence.

22. We stopped for lunch and then it was back to cleaning duties. We then had dinner and we also got supper around half past seven. It was usually a bun or slice of toast and a brew for supper. We were in bed for eight o'clock and then it was 'lights out'.

23. I don't remember any schooling in Larchgrove. I suppose there must have been a school, but I can't remember receiving any education whatsoever. I can only remember PE.

24. We had monthly bible classes, which were mandatory. A pastor came in to take the classes. He used to give us bible quizzes. He held services as well in a room in Larchgrove. He always read from the Gideon Bible.

*Leisure time at Larchgrove*

25. There was a recreational room in Jackson with a TV. It didn't really get used a lot. We were allowed to watch TV for about an hour. I can always remember seeing John Craven's Newsround, so our TV time must have been around the time that was on. The only book we had access to was the Gideon Bible. That was on everyone's bedside table.

26. I was pally with twin boys called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], who were from Drumchapel.

27. We did a lot in the gym. We played football against Arran and Bute in the gym. I think some lads got to play football outside, but I never did. They also did mini-orienteeing in the forest grounds behind the place, but you had to build up a level of trust before they would allow you to do that.
28. Although it was a locked institution, we could move around within Jackson House during the day. We were able to go and fetch things for staff within our own house. We couldn't just wander into Bute or Arran.
29. You got perks if you fell into line. If you didn't fall into line, you didn't get any privileges whatsoever. I was never taken out on any trips or out to the movies. Some of the lads who were being sexually abused got privileges. You knew who the victims were. The lads with apples and oranges were always victims. You would see them coming back into the dorm with their heads down holding an apple or an orange and silently crawling into bed.

*Birthdays and Christmas at Larchgrove*

30. Nothing special was done for anyone's birthday. It was just another day. I had one Christmas in there. We got a tangerine in a stocking, a cracker and a little toy. I remember the Christmas dinner was really good. I remember there was excitement about the Christmas dinner. I have a vague memory of doing arts and crafts and making decorations.

*Visitors/Inspections at Larchgrove*

31. I was visited by my mum at Larchgrove once. She came during the week in the afternoon to bring me a new pair of training shoes. I had no other family visitors. I don't think it was the case that they weren't allowed to come. I think that was my family's own choice. I've never asked my mum if she tried to come but wasn't allowed. I just took it she had enough on her plate. Other boys got visits in the

afternoons or at the weekends sometimes. The ones who weren't getting out at the weekends sometimes had Saturday visits.

32. I got home once a month at first, then every second weekend and then just before I moved on to Loaningdale, I was going home every weekend. They took us from Larchgrove in a van and dropped us at Argyle Street in Glasgow where Boots the Chemist used to be. I then took the bus to my parents' house. We got picked up at Boots to go back on a Sunday. I had to earn the right to go home every weekend. There came a time before I went to Loaningdale when I accepted that I had better start screwing the nut or I'd just end up getting beat up forever.

33. Miss Penders was my social worker throughout my time in Larchgrove. She had a few other lads in there as well. I saw her about once every two to three weeks. She used to bring up my cigarettes and anything else I needed. She was an elderly lady. She was very nice, but she was very naïve and trusting. She was allowed to take me out in her wee yellow Mini. She would stop at the lights and I used to bolt out the car.

34. I remember three or four people came in from outside and asked the boys questions about the staff. I know one of them was a minister. That happened around a month or two after I went in. I don't know if they were carrying out an inquiry. I wasn't asked any questions. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and a boy from Galashiels called [REDACTED] were interviewed. I don't remember [REDACTED] surname. I know [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] told them everything that was going on. I know they were spoken to individually, but I don't know if they were on their own or if it was done in front of staff. I don't know what the outcome was. I do know that the regime never changed in my time there. It certainly never got better.

#### *Running away at Larchgrove*

35. I ran away a few times and the police used to find me at my mum's and take me back. I refused to go back after weekend leave a few times as well. My dad would then phone Larchgrove and sometimes [REDACTED] <sup>HHW</sup> would come to the house in the



Larchgrove van and take me back. He was always nice in front of my parents, but it was a different story when he got me in the van.

## **Abuse at Larchgrove**

### *Physical abuse at Larchgrove*

36. Back in the 1970s, kids got a slap and a kick up the arse so you took it as kind of the norm to get hit by your elders, but in Larchgrove it was a whole different level. Violence was inflicted daily and was extreme at times. I won't detail every single incident as it would take me forever. I don't think I would be able to remember it all anyway.
37. <sup>ZLTE</sup> and <sup>HHW</sup> hit us all the time. It happened to me and I saw it happening to other boys. <sup>ZLTE</sup> was a violent, sadistic, sick and twisted guy who wasn't right in the head. and got a lot of violence inflicted on them as well. is another one who also got it a lot. You would get a slap on the back of the head, a punch in the face, kicked on the back of the legs, or put into a headlock for small things like not brushing the floor in the TV room. <sup>HHW</sup>'s favourite thing was to come up behind you quietly so you didn't hear him and kick you behind your knees to make you fall. He found that funny.
38. You had to be silent before <sup>HHW</sup> would give you a cigarette from the biscuit tin. If somebody spoke, they'd get whacked with the tin. It was just the norm for us. I wouldn't say that we all sat there terrified, some of us rose to the occasion. I suppose some of the others would have been really frightened.
39. <sup>HHW</sup> used to come in when we were having showers and slap the white gel they used for lice onto our genitals. He would slap it on hard, which was really painful and it used to sting. I don't think the stuff was supposed to be used in such a sensitive area.

40. If you annoyed [REDACTED], he used to get you into the gym to fight with another boy. It was an old-fashioned gym with a climbing frame on the wall and big, thick climbing ropes. He made me fight with the boy [REDACTED] and another boy called [REDACTED]. It was usually [REDACTED] I had to fight. He was a big lad who could fight. He was about two or three years older than me and was bigger than me. [REDACTED] was involved as well. He'd be in the gym with his half bottle of whisky. If it was after seven at night, there would be other people there as well. I am almost certain that they were people who [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had brought in just to watch. There were usually about five or six of them. If you didn't fight, you got smacked with the climbing ropes on the back of the head, back, butt or back of the thighs until you did.
41. [REDACTED] and I could fight non-stop for about a full ten minutes, which is a long time to keep going. Sometimes [REDACTED] split it into rounds and other times he would say, "To the death", which meant that you weren't getting rounds and you had to fight until you couldn't any more, or you were getting your head stamped into the ground by your opponent.
42. Every time I got the better of [REDACTED] or [REDACTED], [REDACTED] would boot me in the face, smack me with the climbing ropes, or grab me by the ankles and drag me across the floor so that my opponent could boot me in the head. I couldn't win. If they were getting the better of me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] would cheer them on and shout out instructions like, "Stamp on his head. Kick him in the face. Kick his head". [REDACTED] used to give [REDACTED] twenty cigarettes for beating the shit out of me.
43. [REDACTED] would sexually abuse the boys who won the fights. Everyone would be sent out and the winner would be left in with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and the others who were there to watch. This didn't happen to me. [REDACTED] won the fight one time and told me that he ended up with [REDACTED] in a worse fight, a fight for his life, as [REDACTED] tried to sexually abuse him. [REDACTED] said that that's how he would break the boys. I never saw any of the other fights because the boys were

- taken to the gym, but [REDACTED] used to come back with injuries and tell you stories.
44. I find it hard to remember exactly how often things happened. All I can say is that the fights in the gym were definitely a regular occurrence.
45. I went home one weekend to be an usher at [REDACTED]'s wedding. I was directing people to their seats and [REDACTED] walked in. [REDACTED] was marrying [REDACTED]. His step-dad was [REDACTED]'s brother. That was a surprise to [REDACTED]. [REDACTED]'s surname was pronounced differently in Larchgrove, so I hadn't made the connection. I went a bit mad and [REDACTED] told me that it was [REDACTED]'s day and nothing was to spoil it, so nothing was said. I had to spend the whole day watching him dancing [REDACTED]. When he got his chance, he said to me, "You keep your fucking mouth shut or you'll get it when you get back".
46. I have a photograph of [REDACTED] at [REDACTED] wedding. He looks as if he's in his fifties. I don't know if he's still alive.
47. I was summoned down to the gym to fight with [REDACTED] when I got back from the weekend leave. I was that angry, I beat the shit out of him, and [REDACTED] kicked me on the head. After the wedding, I thought I was maybe being targeted because he didn't like [REDACTED], but I've since found out from [REDACTED] that it was because I had supposedly bullied [REDACTED]'s nephew, [REDACTED], before I went into Larchgrove. I used to call him "[REDACTED]" because he could roll down the hill playing soldiers without getting hurt.
48. I got injured in the fights but was only taken for medical treatment once. That was after [REDACTED] banged my head off the gym floor when I was getting the better of [REDACTED] in a fight. I think I went to the Victoria Infirmary in Glasgow. It was a hospital near Hampden football stadium. I got nine stitches. I've still got a scar on my head.

49. A nurse asked me what had happened and I told her I fell off a rope, which is what I was told to say. Concern for your welfare usually only came from the other boys. In these kind of situations, you always have someone who's the boss of the boys. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were the bosses in there. They kind of looked after you. They were either the same age as me or a year older, but they were very advanced for their age.
50. My teeth also got broken as a result of a fight and I then got an abscess and my mouth was really swollen, so I had to go to the dentist. [REDACTED] and another staff member took me to the dentist. I don't remember the other one's name. The dentist tried to give me gas to remove four teeth and I panicked. When I went back the next time, the dentist tried to give me injections instead of the gas. The first injection was agony and I kicked off a bit. The dentist then said that he couldn't do it because I was kicking off. [REDACTED] told the dentist that they weren't going to be spending their time bringing me back and forward and told him that it had to be done that day. [REDACTED] and the other staff member then held me down and the dentist took out my teeth. I can remember the searing pain. The teeth were ripped out that badly that the roof of my mouth was hanging down for about six weeks. I had to hold it up with my tongue. I've got a big scar across the top of my mouth now. Bits of teeth were left in my gums. They were razor sharp. I was in pain for months after it.
51. I have spoken about this to a counsellor and my memory is that it was my own dentist who did it. I think his name was Mr [REDACTED]. His surgery was at the corner of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. The reason I think it was my own dentist is that I can remember him looking shocked, but just carrying on with it anyway. I don't understand why he would do that, but that's what I remember. He never asked me how my teeth had got broken. I remember he was just very dismissive of me. I never got any further medical treatment for the injury to the roof of my mouth.
52. I started to get stronger in Larchgrove and was losing my fear. I liked violence being inflicted on me. I was getting the better of [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] at times and I

was standing up to [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] and having a go at them if they hit me. One time I was getting the better of [REDACTED], and [REDACTED] hit me with a rope. I grabbed the rope off him and threw it over to the other side of the gym. He then grabbed me by the neck with one hand and got me onto the climbing bars and was choking the life out of me. He grabbed me by the hair with his other hand and kept pressing on my neck until I passed out.

53. I woke up in my bed and had a throbbing sore head and massive bruises all over my neck. My whole neck was purple. I wasn't taken to see a doctor. [REDACTED] and some other people were in the gym when it happened. I think the others were staff from one of the other houses in Larchgrove or from St John Bosco's. Some of the staff from John Bosco used to come over and watch the fights. I'm sure they were monks. We used to play John Bosco at five-a-side football in the gym, so I knew some of the staff from there by sight.

54. I never witnessed this, but there was talk of fights taking place between the boys from Larchgrove and St John Bosco's. They used to say to me that if I kept fighting the way I was, I'd be going over there to fight the John Bosco boys.

55. The bald guy I spoke about earlier knew the fighting in the gym was going on. As I've said, I don't know if he was the guy in charge, but I got the feeling he was above Mr [REDACTED]. He used to come into the gym sometimes with a message for a staff member while the fights were going on.

56. I got the shit beaten out of me for running away. It wasn't just slaps and punches; it was more violent. [REDACTED] was a strangler. He liked to choke you. He would find different ways to choke you using his hands, rope or sheets. I remember him choking me one time and telling me that nobody gave a shit about me. He would wrap sheets round your neck and drag you along the floor for a bit. He did that to other lads as well. He sometimes dragged you "caveman style". He would drag you by the ankles and just walk with you. There were manhole type things on the marble floor with brass rings round them. Your head would batter off the rings as

you were being dragged along. I remember those brass rings well, as we had to polish them all the time.

*Sexual abuse at Larchgrove*

57. A little lad called [REDACTED] was being sexually abused by [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup> I think [REDACTED] was about a year younger than me. He was from Irvine and was into rock 'n' roll. He had a rockabilly hairstyle. I think he was picked on because the staff saw him as being weak. I saw [REDACTED] being taken out of the dorm by [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup> on my first night there. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] told me that he was being taken away to get "nonced", which meant sexually abused. To be honest, I didn't believe them at that point.
58. I then witnessed it for myself about four months later. I was on ablutions and was cleaning the marble floors in the toilet area with a wooden stick with a rubber squeegee on the end, which I used to wash the water down the drain. I had to go and get a replacement rubber bit and I walked by [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup>'s office on my way. The office was really just a closet where [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup> kept balls and things, but he also had a desk where he used to sit and smoke. The door was ajar and I stopped for a few moments and saw [REDACTED] on his knees performing oral sex on [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup>. [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup>'s tracksuit bottoms were around his ankles and I knew it was [REDACTED] because of the hairdo. I just walked on and didn't say anything to them. I then went back and told the other lads that were on ablutions. I think [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were there. Everybody already knew anyway that [REDACTED] was doing that.
59. As kids do, we all used to slag [REDACTED] and he would start crying. He never denied it. We all got on his case about what I'd seen in the PE closet the first chance we got. I can remember him saying that he didn't want to do it, but there was nothing he could do. He was a boy who didn't get many visitors and [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup> took a shine to him and gave him special privileges. I don't think [REDACTED] fully realised that what he was doing was really bad. Now that I'm older, I can look back and think that he might have been a bit traumatised, but it wasn't obvious to me at the time.

60. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were young boys but they were big and strong. They felt sorry for [REDACTED] because of what was happening. Those two would know more about what went on with him as they were very close to him. [REDACTED] used to jump on staff members' backs and just attack. All of us did that really, except the weaker ones. The weaker ones seemed to be targeted for sexual abuse. It was always the ones who came from broken homes and didn't really have anybody. Those of us who came from the rough areas suffered more physical abuse.
61. All the way through care, I saw the weaker ones being targeted. Each house had a few lads who were being sexually abused. We would all sit and talk when the houses met up to play football. The kids who were being sexually abused would all stick together. I remember a boy called [REDACTED]. He was younger than me. He came from around the same area as me and I know him, but I'm not sure if I'm definitely right about him being sexually abused. I don't think I'm mistaken. I'm almost certain he was one of the boys in Jackson who was being sexually abused. He went on to murder a social worker. I don't know the names of any of the others.
62. Another lad called [REDACTED] used to scream and go crazy at the staff, calling them all perverts. He would be dragged away by the staff and come back really subdued. I believe he was being sexually abused, because of the names he called the staff and how he behaved when he was brought back. He was a nice lad, but he later became very unstable and violent. I met up with him in Loaningdale and Glenochil. He attacked sexual offenders in Glenochil, which also makes me think he was sexually abused.
63. I saw [REDACTED] touch other boys as well. I saw him in PE with his hands down boys' shorts. He used to make out that he was joking and fooling around, like he was one of the lads. We used to give each other Chinese rope burns, and he would make out he was doing that and stick his hands down lads' trousers. He did it openly like that so as to make out that he was only joking and not actually sexually abusing the lads.

64. I also saw a member of staff come into the dorm on at least two occasions and climb into bed with a boy. It happened once with [REDACTED] I don't know the staff member's name. I take it he was one of the night staff as I never saw him during the day. I never got his name or had any interaction with him at all. He was "rat-arsed". You could smell the booze off him. You would hear sexual noises and then [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] would jump up and throw a bible at him. All the lads would then get out of bed and he'd get up and stagger out. Another staff member would then come in and shout and tell us to lie down. [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] would then be dragged away to get the shit beaten out of them. There was a lot of talk among the boys about [REDACTED]<sup>HHW</sup>, [REDACTED]<sup>ZLTE</sup>, and the drunk one who used to come in at night.

65. The night staff would sometimes turn up at night and take little lads out. They used to take [REDACTED] out and he'd come back with an apple or orange. They would come in and say that he'd wet the bed or something as an excuse to get him out, but he hadn't wet the bed.

66. I don't know who any of the night staff were. They maybe worked in other houses and that's why I never saw them during the day. There would always be a couple of them laughing and joking outside the dorm door. They used to slap a book on the door and that would let you know that someone was going to come into the dorm either to beat a lad or do whatever they wanted to him.

67. I remember another staff member in Larchgrove who was disgusted by what was going on. He left because of it. I don't remember his name. He was in his late twenties. He was about 6' 4" and had black hair. He always wore flared jeans and hippy clothing. He was a nice guy. You could tell he was disgusted. If somebody came back with an apple or orange, he would take them aside and talk to them for about an hour. I never saw him be violent to anybody and he wasn't liked by other members of staff. He was present sometimes when we were being beaten, but there was nothing he could do.



## Reporting of abuse at Larchgrove

68. Miss Penders used to ask how I was getting on and I told her everything. I told her about all the things I've said in this statement. She used to say that they, "Had it in hand". Those were her words. On two occasions after I'd reported things to her, <sup>ZLTE</sup> came into the dorm and dragged me straight to the gym to fight with <sup>ZLTE</sup>. He used to say to me "You don't want to tell people what's going on. You're not the only one telling fairy tales and nobody will believe you anyway".
69. After the choking incident when I passed out, Miss Penders came to see me and saw all the bruises. I told her what had happened, but then changed my story after <sup>ZLTE</sup> threatened to make my life miserable. I then told social services it was my dad that did it. I had been getting home at weekends so the story was plausible. The police got involved and my dad went crazy. I think he had only ever hit me twice in my whole life. I told my dad the truth when I was home and he took me to Pollok social work office and told them that the marks were love bites. He was quite fly. He came up with that so he wouldn't get blamed for something he hadn't done, and to make sure I wouldn't get into more trouble with <sup>ZLTE</sup> when I went back. They accepted the story and I was taken back to Larchgrove that day. As far as I'm aware, it was just swept under the carpet.
70. <sup>ZLTE</sup> and <sup>ZLTE</sup> used to speak to a social worker called Reg McKay. I think he was high up in social work at the time. The young staff member with the hippy clothing knew Reg well. That's who Reg would talk to when he came. I spoke to Reg a few times too. He used to speak to <sup>ZLTE</sup> and <sup>ZLTE</sup> and then he'd come to me and ask what was happening.
71. Reg had a big argument with <sup>H+W</sup> in the PE department once. He was screaming at him, calling him all sorts of names and was basically going off his nut at him. A few of us witnessed it. He told him that he would deal with him personally if he ever touched another lad. Nothing changed though. Reg then disappeared and I never saw him again. I never saw him when I went to Loaningdale. There

was no-one else in Larchgrove I could speak to. I stopped telling Miss Penders when Reg was no longer about. [REDACTED] would just have taken me to the gym for a fight straight after she left.

72. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] should have been sacked. The constant reports from me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were enough for them to have been sacked. In fact, Larchgrove should have been closed down.

### **Rossie Farm Secure Unit, Montrose**

73. I used to get shipped out to Rossie Farm sometimes when I kicked off in Larchgrove. [REDACTED] and I would go berserk sometimes. We would tip over all the beds, smash up the dorm and fight with the staff. We used to go home at weekends and sneak in glue and dry cleaning fluid to sniff when we got back. We would then go completely crazy and they would take us to Rossie Farm to calm down.
74. Rossie Farm was brand new at that point. In fact, some of it was still under construction. I think it was called Rossie Farm Close Block back then. They held me in a cell there for about a day and half each time, and then brought me back once I had calmed down. There were other boys there. I never saw them but I could hear them. One of the reasons I believed [REDACTED] held a [REDACTED] is that he was the one who would make the decision to take us there. I was never taken to a panel for a decision to be made there. We were just put into a green van and taken to Rossie Farm.
75. I didn't get any food or anything to drink when I was there. I don't remember having any contact with any of the staff there. I just remember getting taken there and being locked in a cell until they came back to get me. It happened to me about four times. Sometimes I was brought back and [REDACTED] was left there for another couple of days. My memory is that it was like a mini prison. There were single cells. I was

there on my own. I didn't see anybody at all until they came to take me back. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were taken there a lot more often than me.

### **Leaving Larchgrove**

76. You were only supposed to be in Larchgrove for a three or six-week assessment, but it didn't work out like that for me as I was in for eight months. The assessment was to find out which List D school was suitable for you. I had been going back and forward to panels during the eight-month period. They were trying to get me to go back to school, but once they realised I was never going to go to school, they allocated me a List D school. I was told at first that none of them would take me because of my record, but then I got sent to Loaningdale. Miss Penders and the people from Larchgrove told the panel that that's where I was going, and they agreed.

### **Loaningdale, List D School, Biggar**

77. I went to Loaningdale in about 1976 and remained there until I was sixteen. I don't think I ever went to another panel after I was moved there.

78. I went for an interview at Loaningdale at first and found out that I had been accepted about a week later. My mum came with me that day, along with Miss Penders. I remember we went for lunch. I remember noticing how different it was from Larchgrove. It was very open and the lads were using proper metal cutlery and glasses instead of plastic stuff.

79. I remember feeling fear and intimidation on the first day. It was a whole different setup from what I had been used to. I think the man we called [REDACTED] GYF was [REDACTED] SNR. I don't know his actual name, but those were his initials. I had a bit of a reputation in the care system because I used to kick off all the time. [REDACTED] from Larchgrove was already in Loaningdale, and he had probably told them all about me as well. I

think the staff had expectations of bad behaviour from me. [redacted] took me into an office on my first day and told me that I didn't have to attack staff there.

80. Loaningdale was in Biggar and had massive grounds. Part of it was in a beautiful, old building and there was a more modern building as well. I think it was run by the council. It was a more open place than Larchgrove. There was no wall or fence round it. It was a List D school but it had another name, similar to the different categories for prisons, like Cat D, to indicate that it was an open one.

81. I think there were between twenty to thirty boys there. It was another boys-only place. The age range was between about eleven and fifteen. A lot of the Larchgrove boys ended up at Loaningdale. [redacted], [redacted], [redacted], [redacted] and [redacted] were all in there with me at some point. We didn't have to wear a uniform. My parents provided my clothes.

### **Routine at Loaningdale**

#### *Mornings and bedtime at Loaningdale*

82. We had to make our beds in the morning. The bed had to be made in a particular way. It was inspected every morning by the staff member on duty and was ripped off if it wasn't made properly. They were quite strict that way.

83. Bedwetting was an issue for me for a few months at Loaningdale. They were more understanding there and didn't punish you. They tried to find ways to solve it rather than punish you.

84. Bedtime was at half past seven and it was 'lights out' at eight. The hall light used to stay on. We had a shower before bed and in the morning. If you didn't have a shower at night, your name was noted and you were forced to have one in the morning.

85. There was a glass panel above the room door and if we were noisy, a bit of white paper got stuck up on it to indicate that we had been naughty. It was kind of similar to what they did at Larchgrove. You would then get punished the next day.

*Schooling at Loaningdale*

86. We were schooled during the day in Loaningdale. We had classes each day from nine until four o'clock, with a break for lunch. I think there were around eight members of staff. The staff members I remember are Mr Hamilton, the woodwork and maths teacher; Mr <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED], the metalwork and English teacher; Mr <sup>HHX</sup> [REDACTED], the gardener who gave us lessons in gardening and building work; Mrs Allen, the housemistress; and <sup>GYF</sup> [REDACTED] who taught photography. We also did art. The classes were small, with only about four or five lads in each, which worked well. I enjoyed the schooling.

87. We didn't follow the national curriculum. We couldn't sit any O-levels. The work we did was more practical, like metalwork and woodwork. We didn't do a lot of English or maths. The photography was more of a privilege thing. I picked up a lot of practical skills in joinery. I used to make tables and all sorts of furniture and take it home. Mr Hamilton said I would have passed the woodwork O-level if I had been allowed to sit it. I went on to become a joiner. My interest in it came from Mr Hamilton. I remember him well. He was a big man with a beard. He took a bit of a shine to me because I was very good at woodwork. One of the positives about the place was that there were members of staff who tried to pass on stuff which would help you in your future.

88. The school teachers were also members of the care staff. They had counselling and guidance type roles as well. <sup>GYF</sup> [REDACTED] and Mrs Allen were my guidance teachers. You went to them if you had a problem. I think most of the staff lived on the premises. Mr <sup>HHX</sup> [REDACTED] either lived close to it or in the village, as they had to phone him when they wanted him to come in.

*Food at Loaningdale*

89. We got our tea after school. We got proper home-cooked meals. We all ate in a dining room which was also the TV room.

*Leisure time/trips at Loaningdale*

90. There were nice leather couches to laze about on and watch TV in the TV room. We had free time before bed. We could watch TV or go out "bird-nesting" on our own in the grounds, or do orienteering. You weren't allowed to go into town, but a lot of us did. People would spot us and phone the staff and they'd come down to get us in the van.

91. Mr <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] used to allow [REDACTED] to take the van to go into Galashiels. Mr <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] and Mr <sup>HIX</sup> [REDACTED] were in control of the van. They looked after it and serviced it. <sup>HIX</sup> [REDACTED] and <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] were always on duty together. [REDACTED] would nip into Galashiels to get his weed or glue. I'm quite sure Mr <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] knew what the purpose of the trips was. Mr <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] was very close to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] as they were good metal workers.

92. We sometimes went to town to get supplies with the staff. They did a big shopping trip to the cash & carry once a month. It was a big thing to get picked to go with the staff for that.

93. You got spoiled if you didn't go home at the weekend. You got taken on trips down to the village and out to the pictures. I liked the extra things we got to do at the weekend. Most people went home at the weekends. There were maybe just five or six boys left with all those staff members around to look after them. We never went on any holidays.

94. We didn't do much sport there. I have no memory of a sports teacher being there. I was never a sporty person. We had access to books as well. You could also do some woodwork or art after school. If the member of staff for the subject was on

duty, he would take you to the workshop and let you work on projects. That stopped after we started making things like baseball bats on the lathes.

95. We applied to the Princes' Trust for a grant once to finish off a little room for us to play pool. We got the grant but the room never got done. I was devastated. It's surprising the simple things that knock you. I don't know what happened to the money. I remember it very well, as it was very exciting when we found it we had been awarded it. I think it was around £2500. We were all excited about the room getting finished. We kept asking what had happened to the money, but they gave us all sorts of excuses. Four of us had written individually for it and we all got separate replies, so we know for a fact that we were definitely awarded it.

#### *Chores at Loaningdale*

96. Loaningdale had a cleaner who came in, so we didn't have to do as many chores as we did in Larchgrove. We just had light chores. There was a rota to do the dishes after breakfast, lunch and tea. There was also a rota to do a quick clean of the TV room before bed if we messed it up after recreation. The gardening classes from Mr <sup>HHX</sup> consisted of doing the gardening in the grounds. He would teach you about different plants and that kind of thing. It was part of our education, but it was also a hobby for some lads. A lot of the lads liked it.

#### *Discipline at Loaningdale*

97. The punishments would vary depending on who was on duty. If it was Mr <sup>HIA</sup> you could expect a slap, kick up the arse or you'd get no food until teatime. Mr <sup>HHX</sup> and Mr <sup>HIA</sup> were more violent than any of the others. Mrs Allen and <sup>GYF</sup> were more diplomatic. Mrs Allen was like a wee mother to the boys. She was a really nice woman, but she never spoke up for the boys.

*Healthcare at Loaningdale*

98. We were taken to see a doctor if it was necessary. I went to a dentist once and he wanted to give me an injection. I snatched it out of his hand and stuck it in him. I've had a fear of dentists since my teeth were taken out without anaesthetic.

*Birthdays and Christmas at Loaningdale*

99. I can't remember ever getting a birthday or Christmas present. I can't remember any Christmases in there. I remember the place quite vividly, but I can't remember a Christmas tree or decorations. Either I was at home during Christmas or they didn't celebrate it.

*Visitors/Inspections at Loaningdale*

100. I remember my mum coming to visit me once and my cousin also came one time. I used to keep pigeons in Loaningdale. The staff didn't know I had them. My cousin was a pigeon-keeper and I went to see his birds once when I was out on weekend leave. His wife told me I could take one and I took his prize pigeon. I took it back to Loaningdale and my cousin had to come all the way to Biggar to get it back.
101. I can't remember any other family members visiting. I could go home at the weekend but, I didn't always want to go. It was quite nice in Loaningdale and the food was good. I was quite comfortable. I was going home to a house with no electricity or gas, so I really wasn't keen to go. I never saw my siblings unless I went home for weekend leave.
102. I had regular contact with Miss Penders in Loaningdale right up until about the last year I was there. My social worker then changed. I don't know why. The new one was a man. I think his name was Mr Clark. I only saw him twice.



103. The only official people I ever saw in Loaningdale were the police. They came quite often for [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] as they used to break into people's houses. Also, [REDACTED] and I used to run away sometimes and go into Biggar and steal a car and dump it. I don't remember any other official visits.

### **Abuse at Loaningdale**

#### *Physical abuse at Loaningdale*

104. The level of violence at Loaningdale was nowhere near as bad as Larchgrove. It was dealt out, but you had to do something significant to get it. They were more understanding in there, but Mr <sup>HIA</sup>[REDACTED] and Mr <sup>HIX</sup>[REDACTED] went a bit over the top with the kids. Mr <sup>HIA</sup>[REDACTED] used to look at us as if we were bits of scum. The rest of the staff were nice.

105. Mr <sup>HIA</sup>[REDACTED] broke my arm when I was about fourteen. We were making aluminium ashtrays in metalwork and we were using rubber mallets to put the ashtrays into shape. I was arguing with [REDACTED] and I scudded him on the head with the mallet. The rubber head came off the mallet handle and fell onto the floor.

106. Mr <sup>HIA</sup>[REDACTED] was doing something on the lathe at the time, and just before he turned round, I grabbed the mallet off the boy who was standing next to me. <sup>HIA</sup>[REDACTED] saw that [REDACTED] head was bleeding and was about to take the boy, whose mallet I had grabbed, away to be dealt with. I then told <sup>HIA</sup>[REDACTED] that I had done it. He said something to me and I threw the mallet at him. He grabbed me and put my arm straight up my back and snapped it. He then flipped me right into the bin where all the scrap metal was.

107. I was taken to Law Hospital by Mrs Allen and Mr <sup>HIA</sup>[REDACTED]. The people from the local area and the hospital didn't like the kids from Loaningdale. The place had a bad name because a pupil had murdered a girl in the village in the 1960s.

One of the nurses was very good that day. She wanted to take it further, but she spoke with <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] and Mrs Allen and then just left it.

108. Mrs Allen and <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] were present when I told the nurse what <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] had done, but he just laughed and made out that I was being restrained when it happened and it was my body weight that caused it. He also kept saying to the nurse that it was just dislocated and needed to be reset. They had an argument about it and eventually I was taken for an x-ray.

109. <sup>HIA</sup> [REDACTED] got a fright that day, actually. I could see it in his face. He knew what he had done and that he was getting off lightly. My arm was put in plaster and I was sent back to Loaningdale. I went back four weeks later and got the plaster off. I never went to any follow-up medical reviews. My arm never set properly. It's not right now. It's misshapen.

110. We all sniffed glue or dry cleaning fluid. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] used to go down to the village and make a phone call to get someone to drop off supplies of solvents. We used to hide it about the place. Mr <sup>HIX</sup> [REDACTED] had a golden labrador dog and it used to always find the stuff. Mr <sup>HIX</sup> [REDACTED] was an old rough miner type, a man's man. We would hide bottles and tins everywhere and he would find every one. The dog seemed to be trained for that. Mr <sup>HIX</sup> [REDACTED] was kind of sadistic. He used to set his dog on you.

111. They used to take us home for our weekend visits in a transit van, and I put sugar in the tank one time so I didn't need to go home. It caused a bit of friction as it stopped all of the boys going home, not just me. Me and another boy put the sugar in the tank. Mr <sup>HIX</sup> [REDACTED] took it out on the other boy. I think he knew it wouldn't bother me. He told the lad to put his football shorts on and took him to the fields and let the dog chase him. The dog always followed his orders. It didn't just attack, it would chase you and bite at your arse and rip your shorts.

112. I was bitten by the dog on the hand once. I didn't get any medical treatment. It grabbed a hold of my jumper one time as well and kept a hold of it until it ripped the whole thing off me.
113. I saw it bite other lads really badly. That was Mr [REDACTED]'s way of punishing you. He would tell you to change into your shorts, put a red bandana thing round your arm, make you count to ten and tell you to run. I don't know whether the dog didn't like red. If it was too cold to go up to the fields, he'd take you up to the big long greenhouses on the grounds and the dog would chase you around in there. There was a high bit in the greenhouses you could get to which the dog couldn't reach. Everybody knew about it. You were in trouble if you didn't get to the high bit. I saw boys being chased by the dog in the greenhouses loads of times. You could sit at the back window in the house and see right into the greenhouses.
114. I remember an incident with another boy whose name I can't remember. He was from Edinburgh. We sometimes walked into town. They wouldn't serve us in the chip shop one day because we were from Loaningdale, and the boy smashed the window. All the people came out the chip shop and there was a big commotion.
115. The local bobby came along on his bike and kept a hold of us until Mr [REDACTED] and Mr [REDACTED] came. They then put us into the van and asked us who smashed the window. The boy said it was him and Mr [REDACTED] punched him on the side of the head. I was quite shocked. They took us back to Loaningdale and took us into the greenhouses and gave the boy a hell of a beating. They spanked him on the head, body and legs with a wooden seedling tray. They burst his nose and mouth. They then put us into bed and stopped our privileges for three weeks and banned our home leave.
116. It was generally good in Loaningdale. The number of incidents that happened over the whole period of time I was in there could happen in just one day in Larchgrove. If you were good, it was good. If you were bad, you got what was coming to you. Mr [REDACTED] and Mr [REDACTED] beat the shit out of you. It happened to

me a lot for bringing in glue. Mr [HHX] poured a half pint of Evostick over my head one time. [GYF] kept bringing stuff in to wash my hair. I tried to get it out for weeks, but I ended up having to get a crew cut.

117. I don't want to give Loaningdale a bad name because it was okay there, but I think what Mr [HHX] did was their way of controlling you. The staff used to call for him if they found you stoned out of your nut with glue. I would say they knew what his methods were.

118. When I think back, [GYF] and Mrs Allen must have known what was going on as we were a very close group. They did loads of activities with us. We used to go canoeing on the River Tweed. They were maybe scared to do anything in case we lost funding. I remember they were worried they would lose funding when we put in for the grant from the Princes' Trust. They were always going on about funding. The other thing to remember is that violence was more acceptable back in those days.

#### *Sexual abuse at Loaningdale*

119. [REDACTED] was sexually abusing [REDACTED] in Loaningdale. I don't know if he had been doing it at Larchgrove as well. [REDACTED] would have been about thirteen and [REDACTED] was nearer sixteen. [REDACTED] was very mature for his age. I know it was happening because of the way [REDACTED] behaved towards [REDACTED]. Other boys saw that too. Also, I used to be around [REDACTED] a lot travelling back to the west coast of Scotland for weekend leave and he told me that [REDACTED] wouldn't leave him alone.

120. I think [REDACTED] was gay or maybe felt that he was homosexual because of what had been happening to him. I think he looked on [REDACTED] as a kind of bully boyfriend. [REDACTED] was in mine and [REDACTED] room initially, but [REDACTED] put a request for him to be moved into his. [REDACTED] shared a room with [REDACTED] at the time. [REDACTED] was a bit sick by this point. I think he went on to kill someone in later life. [REDACTED] and I also put a bit of pressure on [REDACTED] to move, as [REDACTED] was coming to Loaningdale and we wanted him in with us. [REDACTED] didn't want to move and he told

- the staff that. Mrs Allen or <sup>GYF</sup> would have made the decision to move him in with [REDACTED].
121. [REDACTED] was bullying [REDACTED] as well as sexually abusing him. He took his cigarettes off him and took protection money from him. [REDACTED] used to give [REDACTED] a blow job up in the greenhouses. I know that because I'd sometimes say to [REDACTED] or [REDACTED], "Where's [REDACTED]?", and they'd tell me that he was up at the greenhouses getting a blow job from [REDACTED]. They wouldn't have said that if they hadn't seen him doing it. They'd have just said they didn't know where he was. That was the kind of relationship we had. We were very close.
122. All of the boys knew what was going on and the staff must have known too. [REDACTED] would walk about with [REDACTED] in a kind of headlock and he'd stick his hand down the front of his trousers in front of staff. He did that openly. Mr Hamilton used to tell him to leave him alone. If he saw [REDACTED] putting his hands on [REDACTED] he would tell him to get his hands off him and to stay away from him, but [REDACTED] was never moved out of [REDACTED] bedroom. The staff saw [REDACTED] putting his hands on Grant in a sexual way loads of times. Mr Hamilton was always on [REDACTED] case.
123. I think [REDACTED] might have been abusing [REDACTED] as well. [REDACTED] carried a knife all the time and the staff never took it off him. They wouldn't even go near him to ask for it. [REDACTED] was nearly sixteen. He left around eight months after I went in. [REDACTED] quite regularly carried a knife openly as well.
124. When I first went to Loaningdale, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were already there and it was quite daunting. Then [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] came and that evened it up a bit. We were always clashing as we used to call them "nonces".
- Peer abuse*
125. [REDACTED] bullied me that much in Loaningdale, that I arranged to take him home with me on weekend leave and got some mates to attack him. It didn't quite work out how I planned it as two of them ran away, leaving me and one other to fight

him. ██████ got stabbed on the back and arm. When we got back to Loaningdale, he and ██████ battered me in the greenhouse in front of Mr ██████<sup>HIX</sup> I had two black eyes, my nose was smashed and I was badly bruised. The staff knew we fought all the time but all they did was make sure we were in separate classes.

### **Reporting of abuse at Loaningdale**

126. Every time I saw my mum and dad I told them what was happening at Loaningdale. My dad didn't want to rock the boat and my mum didn't want to know. I don't think she could handle the thought or pressure of it. I think it was better for them to take the 'out of sight, out of mind' approach with me. I think I was too much hassle for my family.
127. I told Miss Penders about my arm. She said that she would put in a complaint. I don't know if she did. I never heard anything back. I think Miss Penders liked her job too much. I think she didn't want to cause too much grief in case she lost her job.
128. I also told her about Mr ██████<sup>HIX</sup> and his dog and what ██████ was doing to ██████ I told her I was scared that ██████ was going to try something with me. He always tried to overpower me and he never could quite get the better of me, so that pissed him off. I always told Miss Penders everything. I was very close to her. She was my means of making contact with my family. Every time I saw her, I would tell her to pass messages to my mum about things that I needed. Sometimes Miss Penders would get the stuff for me if my mum didn't buy it.
129. I never spoke to any of the staff in Loaningdale about my arm, but I know that Mr Hamilton was really upset with Mr ██████<sup>HIA</sup> I heard him being verbal with him over it. As far as I know, no staff member was ever disciplined for anything they did to any of the kids.

130. I never really felt that I could trust any of the staff in Loaningdale. [redacted] was always very nice and he never really got angry, but to us they were all authority figures. If you were seen going into a room with one of them, people would assume you were going in to grass and you would then get pressure from everyone to tell them what was going on.

### **Life after care**

131. I left Loaningdale when I turned sixteen. I went back to live with my mum and ended up in Longriggend a few months later. I no longer had a social worker at that point. I was then in the adult criminal system. I was remanded for seven days at first and then bailed. After trial, I was sentenced to four months for breaking into a shop in Glasgow city centre and I spent another four weeks in Longriggend awaiting a social enquiry report. I then got moved to Glenochil Detention Centre. I did another four months in Glenochil when I was seventeen. I was in for two car thefts and a police assault the second time.

### *Longriggend Remand Centre, North Lanarkshire*

132. Longriggend was a remand centre for young offenders. It was just like Larchgrove. It was brutal. The staff in Longriggend were violent. It's hard to explain what it was like to anyone who hasn't been in the system. It was like what they call the "schoolboy wing" in Barlinnie. It was the same kind of setting. We were in locked cells. There were three of us in my cell.

133. The violence between the prisoners was unbelievable. There were different gangs and people would congregate in their gangs when we got out for recreation. Every now and again fights would break out and the staff would kick the shit out of you. It was crazy. I saw young boys at fourteen in there getting severe beatings by staff with wooden truncheons.

134. I inflicted a lot of violence, but didn't suffer any myself. My ability to look after myself and inflict violence without even blinking an eyelid protected me. A lot of people were scared, but because I had been through Larchgrove and Loaningdale, it felt like just another institution to me.

*Glenochil Detention Centre*

135. Glenochil was a detention centre. They were introduced after borstals. The regime was called the "Short, Sharp, Shock". It was extremely strict. It was like you were in the army. The prison officers were ex-army. You had to march everywhere. You marched in step with the person you were walking with. If you walked by a prison officer, you had to say, "Excuse me, sir". You had to run a mile every day and do an assault course. You had to beat your time each time or you lost seven days' remission. Your cell had to be immaculate. If the governor inspected it and found a bit of oose, you'd lose seven days' remission again.

136. About eight people committed suicide when I was in. Two of them did it in front of me. Two prison officers caused the eight suicides. Any time a lad annoyed them, they would tell the other lads that the boy was a police informant. The lads would then gang up on the boys and they'd commit suicide because they couldn't handle the pressure. That was the case with all eight of them. This was well-known in the prison system. It ended up getting closed down because of it.

137. The prison officers told us their names, but I don't remember any. We never used their proper names. We used to make up nicknames for them to annoy them. We called one of them Kung Fu. He got his nickname because he was the PE teacher and could do kung fu.

138. The place got closed after an inquiry. The inquiry was going on when I was in. I gave a statement about what I saw and heard. The inquiry said it was a brutal environment and demanded that it be closed. I remember the press came up and took photos of us. We used to have to do a Sunday parade in our 'best blues' for



the governor. A picture appeared in the papers of us doing the Sunday drill, with black bands across our eyes so we couldn't be identified. It closed after I came out the second time.

139. They had a system which allowed you to earn privileges. The first time I was in, they gave you coloured tags to pin to your jumper which indicated the level of privileges you were entitled to. Yellow was the lowest level and double red was the highest. If you got to the double red level, you could get out to watch TV on Saturdays and Sundays.

140. They didn't have tags the second time I was in. They made you wear a different colour of jumper. The first time you could hide the tags if you reached double red status, but this time you had to wear a blue jumper if you were a "double red". Everybody then knew and the rest of the lads looked upon you as a kind of teacher's pet and that made you a victim. The two prison officers who had caused the suicides were no longer there, so in that respect it was easier the second time.

141. I was in Glenochil the second time for four months and came out just before I turned eighteen. My girlfriend was pregnant and we got a council house across the road from my mum. I had been going out with my girlfriend from the age of twelve. I got out three weeks before my son was born. He was born in [REDACTED] 1984 and I got out in [REDACTED]

### **Impact of experiences**

142. I think if I had just gone to school when I was a kid, I wouldn't have become the person I was. I ended up being addicted to heroin for twenty-seven years. None of my siblings became drug addicts or went to prison.

143. I started taking heroin just after I came out of Glenochil the second time. My head was all over the place and I kept inflicting violence on people. I was taking liberties with people and then somebody let me try heroin and it was like starting a

new life. It blocked everything out until it wore off and then it would come raging back, which meant that I just took more and more. That's the way it went for years.

144. Before that I had sniffed solvents, took cannabis, LSD, amphetamines, and temgesics, which are opiates. I graduated up to heroin. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] got me into glue sniffing. I did it with them for the first time when I had my first weekend leave from Larchgrove. I did it because everybody else was doing it. I then discovered that it took me out of reality and into my own little world. I didn't need to bother about anything else that was going on round about me. It puts a protective shell round you. All drugs do that. I don't know what I was seeking protection from, probably the violence in Larchgrove and maybe even the rejection from my parents. I had also seen a lot of violence in the streets where I lived. My mum and dad used to leave me and my little brother at home on our own when I was about eight or nine and we would sit at the window watching gang fights outside. I was always around violence.

145. I was getting bad hallucinations from glue and then someone suggested I try dry cleaning fluid. That's the way it went for me. I would use something for a while and then when it didn't do it for me any more, I moved on to something harder. I abused solvents all the way through my time in care. There was never any system in place to prevent the kids doing it. We used to steal the cans of Big D gas in Loaningdale. They knew we were doing it but they didn't stop buying it, or even attempt to put it under lock and key. Every kid in Loaningdale did it.

146. I started on cannabis in Loaningdale when I was about fourteen or fifteen. [REDACTED] was bringing it in from Galashiels. There were never any warnings given to us about substance abuse or drugs. My glue bag burst inside my jacket once when I was in Loaningdale and I fell asleep on my bed. I think that was the only time I ever saw [REDACTED] angry. He came to wake me up and I had dried glue all over the side of my face and my jumper was stuck to me. Instead of taking his time to remove my jumper, he ripped it right off and took the skin with it. I had a big purple mark where the skin had come off.

147. I started taking LSD when I was about sixteen. I used to take speed with it for a better trip. I moved on to temgesics when my brother was prescribed them. You end up having to take loads to get any effect and that's when it was suggested to me that I try heroin. I smoked it at first and then injected it for the next twenty-odd years.
148. Being on heroin kept me stuck where I was. I could do horrendous things and the heroin allowed me to just forget about it. It's very hard to explain heroin addiction. You can go and do the most hideous things and the heroin blocks your memory. It turns it off. You can be going through shit and have loads of things going on in your head, and then as soon as you take it, that switches off and you become a different person.
149. Being addicted to drugs also affected my job. I got an apprenticeship with Glasgow City Council when I came out of Glenochil, but I was taking temgesics and heroin and not going to work.
150. Taking drugs affected my relationships with everybody, especially my partner, kids and parents. I got that bad with heroin that even my own family were scared to be around me, or didn't want me around. I used to go to my mum's and she wouldn't open the door. She used to tell me through the letterbox to go away.
151. My partner started using drugs as well and we couldn't look after our kids. She had been abused too. My parents took our kids. There was no social work involvement. It was an arrangement between us and my parents. My partner and I then just went on "the heroin train" for the next twenty-odd years.
152. I did more prison sentences as a result of my addiction. I wouldn't have got involved in crime if I hadn't needed the money for heroin. I spent about sixteen years in total in prison. One of the sentences was for twelve years.
153. I never came across any of the staff from Larchgrove again in later in life, but I met up with a few of the boys in prison. When we were in care we would watch

films like McVicar and make plans about what we would do when we grew up. I don't know what happened to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I think the two of them are doing life sentences now. Most of the people I was in care with are either in prison, dead or have just disappeared. Maybe the ones who've disappeared are dead and their bodies just haven't been found yet. I know that [REDACTED] took his own life and I think that [REDACTED] did too. [REDACTED] became a well-known criminal in Galashiels. I heard that [REDACTED] had done something really bad and took his own life after that.

154. My time in care also took away my ability to feel fear. I didn't fear adults when I was a teenager. Other boys were scared of the gang members in our scheme, but I would fight grown men in the street when I was only about fourteen or fifteen. I would get a severe beating and then I'd get up and start again.

155. I lost all fear of violence being inflicted on me. People would pull knives or guns on me and I would walk towards it, rather than run away. I don't think I would have been like that if I hadn't had so much violence inflicted on me when I was a kid. Even to this day, I'm still the same. I don't commit crimes or take drugs any more, but violence doesn't scare me at all. I think that's a direct consequence of being beat up by grown men when I was a kid. I've analysed it myself and I'm sure that's the reason for it.

156. I was never afraid in prison. I suppose that lack of fear indirectly caused the prison sentences. I had been through the system, so to my mind there was nothing to fear as an adult. I didn't fear the prison officers either. I would look at them and think, "When I was younger, you people used to take advantage of me and beat the shit out of me. Try it now". I couldn't cope with them telling me what to do in prison. I attacked prison officers just for asking me to go back to my cell.

157. I feel the same way about police officers. I've taken liberties with the police and prison officers. I have a real hatred of authority. I don't trust people in authority. I hate social workers. They've not been punished for what happened to me in care.

158. My youngest child has autism and I've got social workers involved now. I suppose they're trying to help, but I just don't trust them. I told them everything that was going on when I was a child and they did nothing to help me. They're a closed organisation. They cover each other's back. That's the way it's always been. I hate judges as well. When I see a judge, I think of a panel member, and lawyers make me think of social workers. I don't have good relationships with these people.
159. I learnt to steal cars, how to open all kinds of locks, get in certain windows and shoplift when I was in care. I didn't do any of that before I went into care. I'm now disabled as a result of an accident I had when I stole a car. I was living in Blackpool and my partner and I were coming up to Glasgow with our kids' Christmas presents. We missed the last train so I stole a car and drove up.
160. I never usually went back to stolen cars after I'd abandoned them, but I did go back that time because we had run out of heroin and my partner persuaded me to get the car and take her to the pub to get drugs. She went into the pub and a police car came into the car park. I drove away and it ended up as a car chase and I hit a tree at over 100 mph. I fractured my skull, broke both arms and both of my hips snapped. I was in hospital for eight months. I had to learn to walk again. I have a hip replacement on one side and no hip on the other. One of my legs is seven inches shorter than the other.
161. Another way in which I've been affected is that I've never been able to brush my teeth since my teeth were extracted without anaesthetic. I can't bear having anything in my mouth. I can't go to a dentist now. I just go right through the pain until a tooth falls out.
162. I'm quite sure that the life I've led and the violence I've inflicted on people has got to have impacted on me mentally as well, but I've never been to see a doctor for mental health reasons. I wouldn't trust them to look at my head. I have thoughts every night about what happened to me in care. That's when things run through my head, especially now I've got my wee boy. I look at him and think that I wasn't much older than him when I first went into care. That's when I realise how young I

was when a grown man was kicking me about a floor and giving me all sorts of beatings. It makes me really angry.

163. I am a very good darts player and I'm quite sure I would have played at international level if I hadn't been addicted to heroin.

### **Current life**

164. I've been clean for thirteen years. I did it cold turkey. I came down to Buxton and spent five or six weeks in my brother-in-law's bedroom. I brought about half an ounce of heroin with me and used it to slowly come off it. I don't know what made me decide to do it. I've been asked that question a hundred times. I woke up one morning, looked at all my money and heroin and then said to my partner that I was going to the shop to get a pint of milk. I then got on a train and came down here. I just thought, "I can't do this any more". I was sick of it. I had been stabbed a few times and was also shot, so that probably had a bearing on it.

165. My partner ended up down here with me too. We split up two years ago. We had been together for thirty-eight years. We have five children. My youngest, who was born in 2008, lives with me and the other four have their own houses in Buxton.

166. Coming here has one hundred per cent effected a change in my life. I know that I could have achieved so much more if I had been born here. I am not a stupid man and it wouldn't have been beyond me to become a professor or something similar. I am currently doing a PHD in Criminology.

167. Having been born in Glasgow and then ending up in care led to me living the way I did. I don't think there would have been so much peer pressure down here. My reason for not going to school was because I got beaten up and picked on because my parents couldn't afford to buy me the same clothes others had. I then got put into care and got beat up in there until I learned to defend myself. When I

learned to defend myself, I took it to the extreme. When I think about it, I turned into a kind of bully myself.

168. When you live the kind of lifestyle I had in Glasgow, even going to the shop was dangerous. I couldn't leave my area up there. It wasn't safe even if you had your kid with you. It's so different here. You can walk about the street and nobody judges you. You can be somebody else. There's no need to inflict violence. I have had a few scrapes here, but I've never had to use a weapon. I've been done with a couple of assaults down here, which were overturned on appeal, and I've not been in trouble since.

169. The changes I've made in my life are all down to me. I've never had any help. I've never trusted any of the services enough to seek support. I never went to drug counselling or anything like that. I did a counselling degree instead. When I came off drugs, I had it in my head that I should become a drugs counsellor. I thought that I could help other people.

170. I went to Buxton University and did a three-year degree course. My last exam didn't end too well though. You have to do mock counselling sessions which are observed by an examiner. They gave me a sex offender and I realised then that I couldn't counsel someone who had sexually or physically abused a child. They would be in more danger in my room than in anybody else's. I finished the course and passed it, but I just couldn't do the voluntary work. I would have been able to work as a counsellor if I had completed six hundred hours of voluntary counselling.

171. I've only told the chosen few about my experiences in care. I told my ex-partner and I've spoken to my friend [REDACTED] about it a bit as well. I also spoke in depth to my tutor on my counselling degree. I have never reported it to the police. You don't do that where I come from.

## **Records**

172. I got my records through my lawyer, Joe Shields of Gallen & Company, about eight years ago. I think he'll still have them. I can't even remember what was in them. I paid about £35 to get them. I can remember getting them and not wanting to read them. I don't think I read through them fully.

## **Lessons to be learned**

173. I think one of the lessons to learn is that children need to be treated as individuals. When I was in care, everything was done in groups. It needs to be recognised that each child is different and that they all have different needs.

174. People who want to work with kids need to be vetted properly. I don't know if background checks were done back then or if they just gave jobs to any Tom, Dick or Harry who wanted to work with children. People with sadistic tendencies and paedophiles were allowed to work with children.

175. Look at everything that's come out after Jimmy Savile was exposed. It must have been the case throughout the country that anyone could work with kids. I don't know who is to blame. The people who worked there were sadistic, but I don't know if it's their fault, or the fault of the people who employed them in the first place.

176. I don't think what happened back then would ever happen again. I can't see it ever being allowed to happen again. There is no member of staff from my time in care who would get a job with children nowadays, and if they did, they'd be found out within a week. At least I hope that's the case.



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

Signed.....  .....

Dated...13/10/2018.....