

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GLB

Support person present: No.

1. My name is GLB. My date of birth is 1949. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born at Dumbarton, a ground floor tenement of one living room and one bedroom. We shared an outside toilet with our next door neighbours and a wash house and back green with the other tenement's occupants.
3. My birth was unplanned. Father was 48, born in 1901, mother 37 born in 1912. I had four siblings: and who were born in 1935, 37, 39 and 41. and are deceased. Both my paternal grandparents and my maternal grandfather died before I was born. Father had two brothers and two half-sisters, mother one brother, three half-sisters and three half-brothers. In the late 1940s, mother was diagnosed with heart disease.

The 1950s

4. My memories of the 1950s are vague. I was around two or three when mother had a stroke which left her paralysed and permanently bedridden. On my Quarrier's Homes Admission Form (copy enclosed) father writes: Mother was invalid once he was born, and bedridden. In 1954 when five, I enrolled in Knoxland primary school

5. From the 1920s until it closed in 1963, father was employed at Denny's shipyard, Dumbarton, at first as a [REDACTED] — a very physical job and one of the highest paid in shipbuilding. In the 1950s, however, he contracted Tuberculosis and weakened by the disease, had to give up [REDACTED]. He was reemployed as a labourer on a much lower wage which had a significant impact on our family's standard of living.
6. On September 1, 1960, an RSSPCC Inspector wrote to Quarriers and states: ...the father is a labourer and he has to work all the overtime he can get to earn anything like a decent wage. (Copy of letter enclosed.) [REDACTED] did two-years National Service and after demob married and left home. He rarely visited us or we him. [REDACTED] — an apprentice electrician — was also called up and returned home to complete his apprenticeship. When he left school, [REDACTED] was apprenticed as a [REDACTED] at Denny's. I don't know what [REDACTED] did.
7. She was nine when I was born and as well as attending school, helped with mother and cared for me. We also had a home-help who cleaned and cooked for a couple of hours a day from Monday to Friday. Because my parents suffered from continuous poor health, from my birth until going into Quarrier's Homes in 1960, I lived a lot with grandmother. When I was older I learned from aunt [REDACTED] — father's sister — she wanted me to live with her more often or even permanently but there was hostility between her and father and he only allowed me to live with her when things at home were difficult.
8. This hostility began when father and mother started courting in the 1930s, the main reason for it religious. Father's family were Protestant, mother's Irish Catholic. My maternal grandparents married in 1907 and had two children, [REDACTED] and mother. My maternal grandfather, [REDACTED], was killed in France in 1916 in World War 1 (copy of his death notice enclosed) and in 1918 grandmother remarried [REDACTED] and had another six children. Grandmother's opposition to my parent's relationship ended when mother became pregnant with [REDACTED]. Before marrying, Mother converted to Protestantism but it was a token gesture. She never abandoned her Catholic faith and frequently attended a local RC church until she was bedridden. I was raised in an atmosphere of religious conflict and bigotry.

9. [REDACTED] also told me another reason for grandmother's hostility towards father was our cramped living conditions. Left cash by his mother, father bought the family home with only a small mortgage which he soon repaid. At first it was adequate – my parents in the living room, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in the bedroom. But when [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were born, [REDACTED] said grandmother constantly complained about [REDACTED] having no privacy being raised in a house with three boys. My birth eight years after [REDACTED] added to the problem. [REDACTED] said the hostility between father and grandmother was so intense, she rarely visited mother when father was at home and he wasn't welcome at her home.

10. In December 1957, mother's health suddenly deteriorated and she was admitted to hospital. After returning home in early February, 1958, she had a relapse and died on [REDACTED] 1958. Her death certificate (copy enclosed) states: Myocardial Degeneration, Auricular Fibrillation and Cerebral Embolus. She was forty-six.

11. Without warning, [REDACTED] left home a few days after her funeral. She'd been seeing, [REDACTED] a Royal Navy submariner stationed at Faslane for several months. After marrying they moved into naval married quarters in Gosport and I didn't see her again until June 1961. [REDACTED] died in 2011, [REDACTED] in 2020. After she left home, [REDACTED] helped out but for the most part I took care of myself. When father, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] left for work, I got myself ready for school.

12. Shortly after mother died, father was diagnosed with depression — the beginning of his chronic mental illness which worsened as time went on. On my Quarrier's Admission Form (copy enclosed) he writes: My own health is not of the best, I was in a sanatorium for 3 months, through neglect. When I read this I was surprised, since I recollect he was in a sanatorium before mother died — more than two-years before I was admitted to Quarriers.

13. Father continued working, his depression mostly but not entirely controlled by medication. At home he'd sit in silence for long periods or potter around aimlessly. At night he'd go out to search for our cat which died years before. One day in Dumbarton, we stopped and talked to a woman whose husband had been his apprentice at Denny's. Father asked her how he was, forgetting he'd been killed in World War 2. There were

many other incidents of his confusion and forgetfulness. Occasionally he wandered off and the police had to bring him home.

14. In 1959, I was given a year's probation for 'stealing' a bike belonging to a fireman who lived in the next street. When he was working nights, he left it in his close during the day and I rode it but always returned it. As a condition of my probation, I attended a psychiatric clinic in Glasgow.
15. When he turned seventeen, [REDACTED] joined the Territorial Army and in March 1959 when eighteen, enlisted in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. One day, while he was doing basic training at Stirling Castle, [REDACTED] drove me and father to visit him and [REDACTED] introduced us to his platoon commander. Father suddenly started crying and pleaded with him to discharge [REDACTED] because he was needed at home. [REDACTED] was so embarrassed he wouldn't let father visit him again and when he was on leave, stayed with grandmother.
16. In October/November, 1959, [REDACTED] was posted to Germany (Copy of email from Rod Mackenzie, Argyll's Museum, on August 27, 2020, enclosed). Around this time father went into Gartnavel Hospital and I stayed with grandmother. Even aged ten, I knew concerns about his ability to care for me were growing. It was impossible for me not to hear the discussions and detrimental comments about his health at grandmothers. She wasn't happy when father returned home and I went back to live with him and [REDACTED].

Gartnavel Hospital, father's death

17. At this juncture of my statement, the Inquiry should note that: on March 09, 2021, I called Gartnavel Hospital and spoke with Heather Herbison in the Records Department. I asked her if she could send me records of father's association with Gartnavel. On, March 11, 2021, Heather told me she had conducted a search and couldn't find anything about him.
18. This surprised me because I visited him a few days before his death on [REDACTED], 1973 (Copy of his Death Certificate enclosed). His death was registered in Dumbarton by [REDACTED] on [REDACTED], the place of his death, 1055, Great Western Road, Glasgow, which Heather confirmed is Gartnavel's postal address. I am, therefore, relying on my memory about

the times when father was an inpatient there and might not be accurate. But what I consider incredulous is that a hospital of the stature of Gartnavel, doesn't even have a record of a patient who died there! Heather can be contacted on [REDACTED].

The 1960'S

19. In 1960, [REDACTED] married and with [REDACTED] in the army, moved his wife, [REDACTED], into [REDACTED] with father and me. She was bossy, unpleasant and intensely disliked by grandmother's family. I lived with father in the living room, she and [REDACTED] in the bedroom. When she had friends round I was sent out. She was always critical of me (See enclosed copy of letter dated September 1, 1960, from RSSPCC inspector to Quarriers).
20. In January 1968, [REDACTED] drove me and [REDACTED] to visit grandmother in Ruchill Hospital, Glasgow, shortly before she died aged 80 (Copy of her death certificate enclosed). Grandmother was frail but lucid and blamed herself for me being sent to Quarriers, saying she should have taken me to live with her. This last visit to her was a very painful experience for all of us and I've always regretted the pain remembering must have caused her.
21. It seems that because I was getting into a lot of trouble, Dumbarton Social Services became involved in my case and told father unless he found someone to look after me, they would get a court order to put me into care. [REDACTED] said she and father approached Quarrier's Homes and with a view to admitting me, asked the RSSPCC to investigate my home circumstances. An inspector interviewed father, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. He also asked [REDACTED] if she could help but her husband said she was already doing enough. The outcome was Quarriers agreed to take me.
22. On August 8, 1960, our GP, Doctor MacCulloch, examined me on behalf of Quarriers (Copy of his medical report enclosed).
23. On September 1, 1960, an RSSPCC inspector wrote the enclosed letter about me to the superintendent of Quarriers.

24. Father also completed an application form for my admission (copy enclosed) and writes: 'Child has no one to take care of him, as I just have to work, and he a bit out of control.'
25. On [REDACTED] 1960, I was admitted into Quarrier's Homes.

Quarrier's Homes

First days

26. I was almost eleven-years-six-months, driven there by a man and a woman who were probably social workers. After a medical, I was told I was going to live in Cottage 43 and that QBA/QBB [REDACTED] were my House Parents. He took me to 43, a big detached, multi-roomed house next to the main road. My first memory of it is Mrs QBB [REDACTED] watching me as I bathed, which I found embarrassing. Afterwards, I was given new clothes and told to wait in the Playroom.
27. Later, an older boy, [REDACTED] (who left a few weeks later) took me to the washroom (shed) where several boys of various ages had just returned from school. They were the brothers, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] (twins) and [REDACTED]. There was also a toddler, [REDACTED] — who had passed his Scottish Primary School Qualifying Exam and attended Camp Hill School, Paisley — arrived later. [REDACTED] showed me how to clean the Playroom, which became my job (chore) each night and at weekends. During the week all I did was dust it and tidy up. On Saturday, I polished and bumpered the floor.
28. The others did different chores. After bathing — which Mrs QBB [REDACTED] always supervised — we had tea. It was forbidden to talk during meals. On my first night, we had sausages and mash. When I began to make a sandwich, Mr. QBA [REDACTED] knocked it from my hand and said, "We don't do that here. Eat your food properly with your knife and fork."
29. After tea, we went to the Playroom for a Religious Period, which included a short talk of around fifteen-minutes from Mr. QBA [REDACTED] and included memorising a text from the Bible. An example of a daily text was, John, Chapter 6, Verse 13: Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends. This Religious Period was a serious

matter for QBA and we had to listen intently while he delivered what was an Old Testamentesque Fire and Brimstone sermon. During them, his mantra was that we were all sinners and would go to Hell unless we were saved and took Jesus into our Hearts

30. Afterwards, some of the boys went to the playing fields while others including myself stayed in the Playroom. Naturally, they were inquisitive about me. From after tea until we prepared for bed, QBA/QBB retired to their sitting room and we weren't allowed to disturb them. Later we had cocoa and I was given a bed in a dormitory.
31. Every night before getting into bed we had to kneel and say the same prayer: "As I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my Soul to keep. If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my Soul to take."
32. I cried a lot during that first night and for many afterwards.

Bed wetting

33. In the morning, when Mr. QBA discovered I had wet my bed, he was very angry. He asked me if I had done it at home and I told him I hadn't. He made me remove the sheets and take them to the washroom — pushing me in the back several times on the way to it. I had to soak them in the sink. I kept wetting the bed and wasn't allowed to drink anything for a couple of hours before bedtime. Sometimes I was so thirsty I sneaked to the bathroom and drank from the tap.
34. When I wet the bed, QBA verbally humiliated me in front of the other children. I also remember trying to dry the wet sheet by rubbing it hard with the edge of the blanket which, of course, didn't work. So, what happened to the wet sheet after I had soaked it in the Shed sink? No doubt Mrs QNG washed it. She seemed to do everything. I think QBA strapped me for wetting my bed but I honestly can't remember if he did and how many times. I also can't remember how long I wet the bed for — perhaps a couple of months. QBA regularly yelled and humiliated some of the other boys in Cottage 43 but it was such a common practice it was 'normal.'

35. A few times after wetting the bed, Mr. QBA shook me. He shook me a lot during my time in Quarriers. He also hit me several times on the back of the head with the flat of his hand and gave me the strap. As I settled in, I wet the bed less then stopped. On my second night, QBA/QBB called me to the sitting room. He said I'd been telling the children about my life before Quarriers and it had to stop, that they knew all about me being in trouble with the police and wouldn't cause any trouble there.

Daily Routine

36. With minor variations, this was the routine in Cottage 43. After rising, we made our beds, washed, had breakfast, attended school until midday then returned to the Cottage for lunch. Then, it was back to school until it ended. After school, it was chores, bathing, tea then the religious period.
37. We rarely watched television. The only two programmes I remember was a series called Saul of Tarsus, about Saint Paul and The Valiant Years, about Winston Churchill. On Saturday mornings we went to the shop for our Saturday sweets and weather permitting to the playing fields. Most Saturdays I did cross country running or played football. After lunch it was the playing fields or the Playroom.
38. There were other activities, too. Because of QBA/QBB religious convictions, we weren't allowed to go to the playing fields on Sunday but could go for walks weather permitting. The boys in 43 had almost no knowledge of contemporary popular music as there was no radio. I had considerable knowledge of it because [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had regularly listened to Radio Luxemburg.
39. I think QBA/QBB were the oldest House Parents in Quarriers. He was [REDACTED] and responsible for its day-to-day running. Because of the way he dressed — a long black jacket and pinstriped trousers — his nickname was QBA. As far as I can recall, Mrs QBB spent her days in 43 and didn't do much. I also think QBA/QBB were the longest serving and, the more I think about it, the more I'm convinced that because of their long service, they had a 'special relationship' with Hector Munro, the superintendent.

40. Apart from the children's chores, the other house work was done by Mrs **QNG**, who worked weekdays until midday. She was a kind, considerate woman.
41. **QBA/QBB** son, **QBB**, attended Allan Glen's High School in Glasgow. They never stopped reminding us of his educational achievements and that he was going to become a chartered accountant. When he returned from school, he stayed in the sitting room playing the piano and singing hymns. He was a member of a sect of the Free Church of Scotland I think was called the Closed Brethren. Aloof, his contact with us was minimal and always ate alone. I don't remember him having friends. One of our teachers, Mr. Summers — who was also a member of the same sect — came to 43 and prayed with him. Mr. Summers' nickname was Holy Willie.
42. **QBA** job as **QBA** was probably the most prestigious in Quarriers. I can't think of a job held by another House Father which had equal prestige. As I remember, other House Fathers had maintenance or other jobs: e.g., Mr. **QCY**, who ran the Boy's Brigade, was the plumber and Mr. **QCN** from Cottage 43 delivered the bread.
43. Almost all special events in Quarriers revolved around the Central Hall and Zion church, the 11am Sunday service always attended by locals. Some were regulars, others specially invited. Occasionally VIPs attended the service and sat beside Hector Munro and Quarrier's **QBB** Doctor **QBB**. When there was an event on at the church, I'm certain Mrs **QBB** supervised the buffets and attended as Quarrier's elder stateswoman

Quarrier's school

44. I enrolled in Quarrier's combined junior and secondary school. Mr. Elder, the headmaster, was a kind man and so was **SNR**, Mr. **QAI**, the art teacher. I joined the headmaster's Book Club and became an avid reader, but only in school. I don't remember many books in 43 other than religious ones. An aficionado of Robert Burns, Mr. Elder encouraged me to read about him which Mr. **QBA** wasn't happy about. He said Burns was a drunkard and irreligious and wouldn't allow any books about him or his poetry in 43.

45. Shortly after starting school, I was summoned to [QBA/QBB] sitting room and questioned about speaking to an older boy who had a bit of a reputation. I told them he approached me because I was new. Mr. [QBA] asked if he had offered me a cigarette, which he hadn't. I was told to stay away from him and warned if I spoke to him again they would know about it. For a while, Mr. [QBA] smelt my hands and breath to see if I had been smoking. We were constantly questioned by them about who we talked to and encouraged to tell tales on one another.

Religion

46. Religion dominated every aspect of life in Quarriers. The three main avenues in the Village were called Faith, Hope and Love and there was Praise and Church Road — called Hell's Road by the children.
47. We attended Zion Church three-times a week — Sunday morning, Sunday evening and Wednesday evening. Attending it wasn't optional and we walked to it regardless of the weather as it was the only way to get there. Quarriers didn't have a bus service! Cottage 43 was easily half-a-mile from church and I can recall many times sitting in our pew cold and wet. (Map of Quarrier's Village enclosed showing our route to Zion Church).
48. Along with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], I was a member of the Scripture Union. I also joined the Boy's Brigade which was run by Mr. [QCY] the plumber. Mr. Mackinley — a popular House Father and his assistant — took us cross-country running almost every Saturday. I joined in every activity I could to get me away from 43.
49. [QBA/QBB] were devoutly religious. They constantly reminded us we were sinners and would go to Hell unless we believed in Jesus and were Saved. It was religious bullying — frightening children into believing in God. But only a Protestant God!
50. One day, I told [REDACTED] my mother had been Roman Catholic and recited the Hail Mary prayers she taught me. Next morning, Mr. [QBA] found out and literally dragged me into the Playroom. Red-faced and spluttering, he shook me violently and yelled, "Don't

ever mention that nonsense in this house again.” It was the angriest I'd ever seen him and a very frightening experience. When Mrs QNG came in to find out what was happening, he told her to get out.

death

51. He was killed sixty-years ago this year, his death still the most traumatic experience of my life. My memories of him have always been happy ones because we were so close and did so much together. Diane Greenaway — deputy head of Quarriers Safeguarding and Aftercare — warned me that '...reading records made during childhood can often be an upsetting and challenging time.' She's so right. (Copies of both her letters enclosed.)
52. Hector Munro OBE, was Superintendent of Quarrier's Homes but was rarely seen except at church. Like Mr. QBA he dressed formally in a black jacket and pinstriped trousers. On December 14, 1965 — three-years after I was discharged from Quarriers — he wrote the enclosed letter about me to a psychiatric social worker at HM Institution, Brightons, AKA Polmont Borstal. I remember this social worker interviewing me shortly after I was admitted but had no idea he'd been in touch with Quarriers.
53. In Paragraph 3, Mr. Munro writes:

Mrs. QBB, who was GLB's housemother at Quarrier's, found GLB to be a very nice lad who was not too difficult to handle. It was felt that GLB improved considerably from the date of his admission until the date of his brother's death. There was evidently a very close bond between GLB and this brother who was killed in a motor cycle accident following a visit to GLB at Quarrier's. GLB's behaviour deteriorated after his brother's fatal accident and he became increasingly difficult to handle from that time until he was finally discharged to his father.'
54. did his Basic Training at the Argyll's Depot, Stirling Castle, in the spring and summer of 1959. Afterwards, his battalion spent time on manoeuvres with other army units and he did specialist training. As I've said, in October/November, 1959, he was posted to Germany. He wasn't the world's greatest writer but sent me a few letters and

photographs. An Elvis Presley fan, in one letter he wrote his battalion was only a couple of hours drive from where Elvis was stationed with the US Army. Mrs Reid, a Knoxland school teacher, didn't believe me so I took the letter to school to show everyone.

55. When [REDACTED] was on leave in the summer of 1960, we went camping and fishing in the Highlands with one of his army friends. It was the last time I spent what today would be called 'Quality Time' with him. After admission to Quarriers, he wrote one letter to me which QBA/QBB [REDACTED] opened. I wasn't allowed to seal my reply to him. QBA/QBB [REDACTED] were supposed to be in loco parentis but how many real parents would read letters from one brother to another?
56. [REDACTED] only met Mr. QBA [REDACTED] twice, the first time when he was on leave just before Christmas, 1960. I'd been in Quarriers for about three-months. He borrowed [REDACTED] car and came alone on a Saturday. We went to a cafe in Bridge of Weir and he said, 'Let's go home.' We drove to grandmothers where he was staying. [REDACTED] called Quarriers, said the car had broken down and he would bring me back next day. In the evening, we visited father but didn't stay long. [REDACTED] had always bullied him and they had an argument. [REDACTED] tried to grab [REDACTED] forgetting he was a highly trained soldier. It didn't end well for [REDACTED].
57. On Sunday, [REDACTED] again called Quarriers and said he couldn't return me until Monday because there weren't any garages open to get the car repaired. In the afternoon, we collected father and went to the Territorial Army barracks to visit Major Rennie, who commanded Dumbarton's TA, and gave him a reference when he applied to join the Argyll's. [REDACTED] had set his heart on the Argyll's because grandfather, [REDACTED], was serving with their 11th Battalion when he was killed in WWI.
58. When we returned to Quarriers on Monday, [REDACTED] and Mr. QBA [REDACTED] had a blazing row. When [REDACTED] left, Mr. QBA [REDACTED] said he didn't believe a word about the car breaking down and went on about it for days.
59. The second and last time [REDACTED] and Mr. QBA [REDACTED] met was on Thursday, [REDACTED] 1961. After I returned from school, Mr. QBA [REDACTED] said, "Your brother's on leave and coming to visit you later on." He wasn't too pleased because visits were normally on Saturdays. Naturally, I

was very excited. I did my chores, had tea and waited in the Playroom. At around 5-6PM, I heard a motorcycle and saw [REDACTED] park it. Mr. QBA [REDACTED] went out to meet him and I heard them arguing. Then, Mr. QBA [REDACTED] called me and I left with [REDACTED].

60. It was a clear, summer evening. [REDACTED] was wearing Battle Dress and goggles but no crash helmet. He had brought me some Tunnock's snowballs which he knew I liked. At first he was angry because of the confrontation with Mr. QBA [REDACTED] but calmed down. He said he didn't understand why he was so upset, that he'd called Quarrier's in the afternoon and spoken to Mr. Munro, explaining he needed to visit me that day because he was returning to Germany on Sunday. Mr. Munro said it would be alright, and he would inform the QBA/QBB [REDACTED]. Mr. QBA [REDACTED] told [REDACTED] he wanted me back by 8pm and he wasn't to take me on the bike.
61. We walked around Quarrier's Village and mostly talked about family. [REDACTED] said he wasn't able to come on the Saturday because he had to attend a parade at Stirling Castle. When we went to the playing fields, a lot of the children were around and a few of them spoke to us. I had told many of them about [REDACTED] being a soldier. I was always talking about him. When he saw some boys having a kick-about, he joined in. Both of us were very unhappy. When we got back to 43, Mr. QBA [REDACTED] was waiting at the door. [REDACTED] hugged me and promised to take me to visit [REDACTED] when he was on leave later in the year. I cried most of that night.
62. Around midmorning next day, Friday, [REDACTED], Mr. Elder called me out of class and said I had to return to 43 right away. A prefect, [REDACTED], took me and jokingly asked what I'd been up to? A police car was parked outside 43, QBA/QBB [REDACTED] and a police sergeant in the sitting room. Mr. QBA [REDACTED] just blurted out something like, "Your brother crashed on his way home last night and was killed."
63. I have no recollection of anything he or anyone else said. I can't even remember if I cried. I went into the Playroom and Mrs QNG [REDACTED] brought me a cup of tea. She was crying and sat with me for a while. I'm not certain but think she told me she was around the same age as me when her father was killed in World War 2. Mr. Munro and Mr. Jones, the

minister of Zion church, came later but I don't remember what they said or anything of that night.

64. [REDACTED] collected me on Saturday morning and was very upset. While waiting for the Renfrew ferry to cross the Clyde, we went into a cafe and he broke down. All he knew, he said, was that [REDACTED] borrowed the bike from a friend but wasn't sure how the accident happened. The worst part of driving home that morning was as we got to Dumbarton, there was no other way into the town other than by passing the spot where [REDACTED] was killed — at the junction of Stirling/Glasgow Road, Milton, directly opposite Stewart's Garage — owned by the family of future Formula One World Champion, Jackie Stewart. A police barrier on the pavement enclosed a damaged wall.
65. Later, I learned that after leaving Quarriers, [REDACTED] cycled to Clydebank, visited [REDACTED] — mother's half-brother — and drank some beer. As he rode back to Dumbarton, he collided with a bus head on, sustained massive head injuries and died instantly (Copy of his Death Certificate enclosed, which shows he was killed at 1015 PM, a couple of hours after leaving Quarriers). The Coroner's verdict was the accident was a result of [REDACTED] having been drinking and speeding.
66. [REDACTED] took me to grandmother who was in a terrible state. She doted on [REDACTED] and was so proud of him when he joined the Argyll's, she gave him most of grandfather's personal effects from his time in the regiment during WW1. I asked about father and grandmother said the doctor had been to see him and I was to stay with her. [REDACTED] arrived alone later because [REDACTED] was at sea. She wouldn't visit father because she didn't want to meet [REDACTED]'s wife, and practically had to beg grandmother to let father come to her house.
67. He was mostly silent or mumbled incoherently, completely out of it and probably heavily sedated. After [REDACTED]'s funeral, [REDACTED] returned to Gosport and I stayed with grandmother for a few days. It was a very upsetting time for everyone and my recollections of it are vague. I saw father a few times but they were distressing meetings. I might only have been twelve but knew [REDACTED]'s death had affected him deeply and something was seriously wrong with him.

Return to Quarrier's

68. When I returned, it was as if [REDACTED]'s death hadn't happened. [REDACTED] QBA/QBB barely mentioned it and neither did the children. In retrospect, I don't think [REDACTED] QBA/QBB knew how to deal with it and he might even have felt guilty because he'd argued with [REDACTED] shortly before he was killed. I was concerned about father and desperate to know how he was but wasn't told anything.
69. At school, it was the run-up to the summer exams and I was unable to concentrate. I would think of [REDACTED] and burst into tears. I failed exams I was expected to pass easily. Mr. Elder was sympathetic, said he understood how difficult it would be for me to come to terms with everything, and if I had any problems should talk to him. He was far more supportive than [REDACTED] QBA/QBB.
70. That I was unable to come to terms with [REDACTED]'s death was clear to [REDACTED] QBA/QBB. That I was suffering from severe, mental anguish was obvious to them. They must have said so to Mr. Munro — [REDACTED] GLB's behaviour deteriorated after his brother's fatal accident and he became increasingly difficult to handle from that time. Yet, having recognised my huge loss, I wasn't given any support by way of counselling. I just had to get on with my life.
71. A couple of weeks after returning, [REDACTED] QBA/QBB went on holiday and a younger, far less strict couple — the Nesbitts — were put in charge of 43. On the Saturday after [REDACTED] QBA/QBB left, I pretended I'd hurt my leg to get out of doing the cross-country run. I had a few pennies, walked to Bridge of Weir and from there followed the road to Paisley then Glasgow and caught a bus to Dumbarton. I went to grandmother who told me father was in hospital. She made me tea and sent for [REDACTED]. He said the police had to be told as they would be looking for me.
72. The outcome was that I stayed with grandmother overnight and [REDACTED] drove me back to Quarriers on Sunday. In the afternoon, Mr. Munro came to 43 and asked me why I'd run away? I told him I wanted to see father but he was in hospital. He wasn't angry — he never got angry — and said he would look into it. A couple of days later Mr. Nesbitt said Mr. Munro had called and that father was in hospital. That was it, nothing more.

73. When QBA/QBB returned from holiday, he was livid. After the Nesbitts left, he took me into the Playroom, yelled and shook me and said no one had ever run away from them before. For a few days, I was sent to bed early and wasn't allowed to go to the playing fields for a couple of weeks.
74. I kept asking about father and they kept telling me he was alright. I don't think there was any communication between Quarriers and my family. QBA/QBB must have become fed up with me asking and she took me to Mr. Munro, who told me he had been in touch with Doctor MacCulloch and father might be in hospital for a while. I asked if I could visit him but never did.
75. During the summer visited me and told me father was still in hospital and that grandmother had heart problems and had also been in hospital. After one visit, Mr. QBA took us into the sitting room and asked to have a word with me because I had been fighting, answering him back and getting into trouble. lost his temper and shouted something like, 'What do you fucking people expect? His brother was killed a couple of months ago and he's worried sick about his father.'
76. I didn't see father again until just before Christmas, 1961, when brought him shortly after he'd been discharged from hospital. He was rake thin and had difficulty speaking. also visited me before Christmas with presents from grandmother and sent some, too. told me had stopped going to to help father out because she and 's wife weren't getting on. He gave me a ten-shilling note for Christmas which I hid.
77. After New Year, I tried to run away. When I got to school one morning, I went out the back entrance, crossed the fields onto Kilmacolm Road and walked to Bridge of Weir. MacBrayne's buses — Quarriers hired them for outings — had a depot there. When I boarded the Glasgow bus and tried paying the fare with the ten-shilling-note, the driver recognised and said he didn't have any change. He went to the office and returned with another man who called Quarriers.

78. Mr. Munro collected me and took me to his office. Doctor [REDACTED] — a [REDACTED] of Quarriers — came and I told them I was worried about father and wanted to see him. They said they would speak to someone about him. Mr. QBA [REDACTED] took me back to 43 but didn't say or do anything. A couple of days later, he told me father was back in hospital because he had chest problems. I asked if I could visit him and wasn't given an answer. Then I was told he'd been discharged. I wrote a couple of letters to him at home — both of them read by QBA/QBB [REDACTED] — but didn't receive a reply.
79. In [REDACTED], 1962, a couple of weeks before my thirteenth-birthday, I went with the Scripture Union to Balloch Park, Loch Lomond, to hear a famous American evangelist. On a Saturday, it was attended by thousands of people. Mr. QBA [REDACTED] and the minister went with us. Shortly after we arrived, I slipped away and caught a train from Balloch to Dumbarton. I was thrown off once for not having a ticket and just waited on the next one. When I got home, no one was in. I went round the back to see if the window was open but it wasn't. I saw Mrs [REDACTED] from upstairs who told me she didn't know where [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] was and that father was back in hospital.
80. I went to grandmother who didn't know he was in hospital. [REDACTED] came, called Quarriers and said he was bringing me back. We arrived after teatime and when [REDACTED] left, Mrs QBB [REDACTED] locked me in the Playroom. When Mr. QBA [REDACTED] returned, he yelled at me and went on about all the trouble I had caused and that he had reported me missing to the police. He shook me, gave me the strap and sent me to bed without my tea. On Sunday, I had a big bruise on my shoulder and could hardly move my arm. I didn't go to church.
81. On Monday, Mrs QBB [REDACTED] took me to Quarrier's hospital. The doctor asked me what happened to my shoulder and I told him about Mr. QBA [REDACTED] shaking me. I was X-rayed and my arm put in a sling. After the hospital, Mrs QBB [REDACTED] took me to Mr. Munro who gave me the usual lecture about running away. When I told him father was again in hospital, he promised to make enquires. He didn't ask me why my arm was in a sling. A couple of days later, Mr. QBA [REDACTED] told me Mr. Munro had checked and father was in hospital but that was all he knew. I was kept off school for the rest of the week. Mr. QBA [REDACTED] didn't shake me again but regularly gave me the strap for answering back and other things.

82. When Mrs QBB took me back to the hospital for a check-up, I saw a woman who gave me a series of tests much the same as I had done at the psychiatric clinic in Glasgow when on probation. I had to put wooden blocks of various shapes into the right holes. Then, she showed me what looked like big ink blots and asked what I thought they were. I was also given a written test with numbers and asked about my family but mostly about [REDACTED]. When I returned to school, Mr. Elder called me to his office and asked me how I was getting on? I told him I was concerned about father and he said would look into it, telling me I had to put what happened behind me and make a fresh start.

83. This was another incident that happened shortly after I had the sling removed. We had rota in 43 for washing up and one night after tea, I was carrying a tray of dishes into the shed when a sharp pain in my injured shoulder made me drop it. When he heard the crash, Mr. QBA came rushing in and started yelling at me. For the first and only time Mrs QBB came to my defence and said, 'Leave him alone, QBA, it was an accident.'

The Bell Tower, Mount Zion Church

84. When I first entered 43, Mr. QBA was assisted in his church duties by brothers, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], their jobs to set up the church for the Sunday and midweek services, like laying out hymnbooks and setting up for Communion and other minor jobs. When [REDACTED] was discharged from Quarriers around [REDACTED], 1962, Mr. QBA told me [REDACTED] would be taking over his jobs and I would be doing his. One of them was ringing the church bell on Sunday morning from 1040 until 1055. I went to the Clock Room to tidy it 30 minutes before I rung the bell because the campanologists who performed during the week always left a mess.

85. One of the senior boys in the Scripture Union was called, [REDACTED]. He often gave talks and was another of those who went on about taking Jesus into our hearts and being Saved. At SU meetings, he rarely spoke to me. One Sunday he came to the Clock Room and was very friendly. He asked if I was enjoying my new job and wanted me to show him how the bell was rung. As I was showing him, he ran his fingers up the back of my neck. I asked him to stop and kept moving away from him. But he continued doing it. When it was time for me to ring the bell properly, he left.

86. A couple of weeks later he was waiting in the Clock Room. He closed the door and began touching me all over. I kicked at him and told him to get lost or I would tell Mr. QBA. He said, "He won't believe you. Everyone knows you're a troublemaker and a liar." When I threatened to hit him with the broom, he grabbed me by the neck and squeezed hard. He kept trying to touch me and I kept pushing him away but I was quite small and thin and he much bigger. As soon as it was time for me to ring the bell he left. I told [REDACTED] about what he had done but he warned me not to say anything or there would be trouble.
87. [REDACTED] didn't come again for a couple of weeks. When he returned, he again started touching me and again I kept pushing him away. Once he grabbed me from behind and put his hand down my trousers and fondled me. He undid his fly and exposed himself and asked me to touch him. I refused and started crying. I said I would tell Mr. QBA and the minister and again he said they wouldn't believe me. In the summer of 1962, he came to the clock room several times and kept doing the same things. I fought him off every time.
88. During that summer [REDACTED] was admitted to 43 from another Cottage. His sister, [REDACTED] — who was about fifteen — was also in Quarriers and attended Camphill School. I got on well with [REDACTED] and we were always getting into trouble together. When [REDACTED] told [REDACTED] Mr. QBA had given him the belt, she came to 43 and yelled at him. There was a lot of trouble over this confrontation but I don't know what the outcome was. [REDACTED] — who knew [REDACTED] from school — told us she was a bit wild and always in trouble.
89. During the 1962 school summer holidays, groups of us went on daily outings: to Glasgow Art Galleries, a trip around the American aircraft carrier, USS Wasp, and to matinees of West Side Story and Oklahoma. Then, Mr. QBA said I had done well since trying to run away in March and was being allowed to go to the Scripture Union summer camp at Meigle near Dundee. Before we left, [REDACTED] said he and another older boy, [REDACTED], would be in charge of us and I had better not try and run away. Because Mr. QBA couldn't spare [REDACTED] from his church duties, only me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] went.

90. All the Quarrier's boys were given pocket money except me. [REDACTED] was given mine and if I wanted sweets from the shop or an ice-cream when the van came, he paid for them. When we went to the pictures in Dundee on the Saturday afternoon, he paid for that. I had to stay close to him, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED].
91. After returning from camp, I resumed my church duties and [REDACTED] again came to the clock room several times. One Sunday at the beginning of September he grabbed at me and I snapped. I punched him on the face and his nose spurted blood over my shirt front. He ran down the stairs. I was shaking and crying but composed myself and rang the bell. I put on my jacket and went down to the church and sat in our pew at the side. By then, everyone was seated waiting on Mr. Jones to start the service.
92. I had buttoned up my jacket to hide the blood on my shirt but Mr. [QBA] saw it. He led me through the door into the side entrance and I burst into tears. He asked me what had happened but I don't think I said anything because I was crying too much. He went into the church and returned with Mr. [QCN], the House Father of Cottage 42. He said something like, "What's happened, what's going on?" Mr. [QBA] told him to take me to 42 until church ended.
93. Mrs [QBB] returned and put me in the Playroom. She asked me what happened but I didn't say anything. When Mr. [QBA] returned, he asked how the blood got on my shirt and I started crying. After I had lunch in the Playroom, Mr. [QBA] returned and again demanded to know how the blood got on my shirt. He said I had to tell him and wouldn't get into trouble. He wasn't angry and didn't shout at me. I told him about [REDACTED] coming to the Clock Room, what he had been doing and what happened that morning.
94. I was kept in the Playroom on Sunday afternoon then Mr. Munro came and I had to repeat everything to him. He asked why I hadn't said anything before and I told him I was too frightened, that [REDACTED] said no one would believe me. When he left, I bathed on my own and had tea in the Playroom. I wasn't allowed to see any of the other children although [REDACTED] came to the door and asked what was happening.

95. That night, my bed was moved into the spare room which was full of boxes and other stuff. The door was locked and I was awakened during the night to use the toilet. On Monday, I didn't go to school and didn't return. Later that morning, Mr. QBA took me to the hospital where I had a medical. After returning to 43, I was again put in the Playroom. I ate on my own, bathed on my own and wasn't allowed any contact with the other children. When I went to the toilet, one of QBA/QBB took me.
96. On Tuesday morning — this would have been [REDACTED] — Mr. QBA took me to Mr. Munro's office. Doctor [REDACTED] and the woman who interviewed me at the hospital were with him. Mr. QBA stayed outside. All three of them questioned me about what had happened in the Clock Room on that Sunday and before. The woman made notes. Afterwards, I returned to 43. On Thursday afternoon, Mr. QBA said father was collecting me next day and taking me home. To say I was happy is an understatement. I was over the moon.
97. After breakfast on Friday morning, I was given new clothes and waited in the Playroom. Around mid-afternoon, Mr. QBA said father was unwell and couldn't collect me. From Friday until the following Wednesday, I was kept in the Playroom. I kept asking QBA/QBB when I was going home and they kept saying it would be soon. Then, on Tuesday, I was told father was collecting me next day. On Wednesday morning, [REDACTED], 1962, Mr. QBA took me to Mr. Munro's office and shortly afterwards, father and [REDACTED] collected me.
98. Father was clearly unwell — underweight and haggard. During the drive home, he kept repeating he didn't know what he was going to do with me and [REDACTED] told him to shut up, that something would be sorted out. I didn't know [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had moved out of [REDACTED] a few weeks earlier and were renting a flat a couple of streets away.
99. Shortly after arriving home, [REDACTED] came and [REDACTED] left. Father began moaning again and [REDACTED] took me to grandmother who only found out I was being discharged from Quarriers when [REDACTED] told her he had gone on his own to collect me and they wouldn't discharge me to him. He told grandmother he couldn't take more time off work to take father to collect me on [REDACTED], and someone else would have to. When he tried

to collect me on [REDACTED], Quarriers gave [REDACTED] my birth certificate and medical card which he gave to grandmother.

Leaving Quarrier's Homes

100. After I told grandmother what happened to me in Quarriers, she went mad and wanted to get the police. When [REDACTED] returned from work, he said she wasn't getting involved, that she wasn't well enough. When he told [REDACTED] to take me home, grandmother became really angry and said I was staying with them until things were sorted out because father couldn't take care of himself never mind me. A big argument ensued and grandmother said something about calling the Cruelty Man (a colloquial term for the RSSPCC). But [REDACTED] insisted [REDACTED] take me home. She stayed for a while, made father's tea then left.
101. All that evening, father again kept repeating he didn't know what he was going to do with me and went on about no one caring about him. He sent me for a half bottle of whisky, got drunk and fell asleep in his chair. Later, [REDACTED] came and put me to bed. Next day, [REDACTED] came early and told me to get dressed. When father asked him where he was taking me he said, "To his granny's, he's better off there."
102. I stayed with her all day and after tea, [REDACTED] drove me home. Although I was happy to be out of Quarriers, I kept wondering what was going to happen to me. I knew father was seriously ill and wondered what was going to happen to him.
103. I spent Saturday and Sunday with grandmother, returning home at night. I saw [REDACTED] once but he didn't say much or want to get involved. On Sunday afternoon, [REDACTED] came to grandmothers and the main topic of discussion was I had to be enrolled in a school and [REDACTED] said she would speak to someone about it. Grandmother still wanted to involve the police and to speak to [REDACTED] to find out what he had been told by Quarriers. But she and [REDACTED] were more concerned about me living alone with father.
104. On Monday and Tuesday, I walked to grandmothers and walked home at night. Father was completely disinterested in what I had been doing. On Wednesday morning, I was

getting ready to go to grandmothers when a man and a woman arrived. They said they were social workers and told father I had to go with them. He didn't say anything or protest. They drove me to Bellfield Remand Home on the other side of Dumbarton.

105. I don't know who reported my home situation to Dumbarton Social Services but suspect it was [REDACTED] because he was concerned that what was going on was detrimental to grandmother's health. In March 2021, I made a Historic Records requests to West Dunbartonshire Council to discover what information Social Services held about me or my family. They didn't find anything (copies of their replies enclosed).

Bellfield Remand Home, Dumbarton

106. I had heard the name 'Bellfield.' It was bandied about by Dumbarton parents to frighten their children. 'If you're bad you'll be sent to Bellfield Remand Home.' I note the Child Abuse Inquiry has added it to their remit as a place to be investigated so perhaps my recollections of it will assist them.
107. When the social workers left, a man introduced himself as Mr. [REDACTED], the superintendent. He said I would be staying there for a while. LYV [REDACTED] took me to a room with bars on the window. She took my clothes and gave me pyjamas and slippers. Later, she brought a pile of comics and toiletries. I had lunch in the room.
108. Around mid-afternoon, I was given a medical. The doctor asked me if I had any problems and said, "I see you're from Dumbarton and your family is with Doctor MacCulloch."
109. I was taken back to my room and had my tea there. Later, I was taken to the games room where several boys were watching television and playing pool. One of them told me not to worry, that everyone was locked in the room for a couple of days when they first arrived. Mr. KFS [REDACTED], the man supervising us, spoke to me about my family and said he knew some of them.

110. A couple of days later, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] visited me. She brought me some clothes and said a social worker had spoken to her and told her I would be staying in Bellfield until things were sorted out with father. When they left, Mr. [REDACTED] said I was being moved into a dormitory and allowed association with the other boys, and warned me that if I tried to run away would be locked up again.
111. Bellfield was a big, multi-roomed house not dissimilar to Cottage 43 with large gardens at the back enclosed by a big wall and a wire fence. During the day, some of the boys tended the gardens while others — like me — attended class and given lessons by Mrs. LYV [REDACTED]. We had our meals in a communal dining room and at night used the games room. There was a fairly relaxed atmosphere. I remember LYV-SPO [REDACTED] as nice and approachable.
112. Apart from them, there were four other members of staff I recall: Messrs KFS [REDACTED], KFQ [REDACTED] KJK [REDACTED] and Mrs Bryce, the cook, who said she had been at school with my aunt [REDACTED], mother's half-sister. She was kind to me and occasionally slipped me sweets and cakes. While I recall Messrs KFS [REDACTED] and KJK [REDACTED] were strict, KFQ [REDACTED] was a nasty piece of work. He was a bully and more than once for no reason slapped me and other boys on the face or back of the head. I didn't witness or experience violence from any other member of staff.
113. I can't remember how long I was in Bellfield, perhaps a couple of weeks. After visiting me with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] came on her own a couple of times and told me father was too ill to visit. I was interviewed by a social worker, who said I couldn't stay with father and was being fostered by a couple who had a son of my age. He said t would be part of their family and go to school. He took me to their home near Glasgow. No doubt they were decent people but I felt uncomfortable and early in the evening said I was going to the toilet and slipped out the back door.
114. I made my way to the main road and without money for the bus, began walking to Dumbarton. It must have been around midnight when a police car stopped and asked me what I was doing out so late. They took me to Dumbarton police station and kept me overnight. Next morning I was returned to Bellfield and again locked in the room. A couple

of days later, two social workers drove me to Woodrow House, Lenzie. This was around [REDACTED], 1962.

Woodrow House, Lenzie

115.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

116.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

[REDACTED] I can't remember how long I was in Woodrow House.

117. From there I was taken to Dumbarton Sheriff Court. Before appearing before the sheriff I saw father and [REDACTED] and my brother, [REDACTED], who I hadn't seen since [REDACTED]'s funeral. He didn't say much to me but [REDACTED] was upset and crying. I don't know why [REDACTED] was there but imagine it was to speak in place of father. I can't remember if he spoke on my behalf. After a short hearing I was taken to Thornly Park School. I think it was in [REDACTED], 1962.

Thornly Park Approved School, Paisley – 1962-1965

118. I remember these Thornly Park staff members:

Mr. Lees, was headmaster and retired shortly after I was admitted.

Mr. GTX, was SNR and Mr. Lees;

Mr. Hannan, Mr. GTX

Mr. KGE, Mr Mills and Mr Potter, were teachers;

Mr. Smith, was the PE teacher;

Mr. Begg and Mr Fegan, are best described as welfare officers. If you had family problems, you went to them;

Miss Cooper, was matron;

Miss Morrison, joined the staff later as deputy matron;

Mr. Todd, ran the paint shop;

Mr. Bowditch and Mr HFD ran the carpentry shop but later they left and were succeeded by Mr Long and Mr Lupton;

Mr. Green ran the bricklayer's shop;

Mr. Burgoyne, was head gardener;

Mr. Pirie and Mr. Harrison, were gardeners;

Mr. Brown was the school handyman, his wife head cook;

Mr. McConachie, nicknamed Wee Bob, was night watchman.

119. I didn't know anything about GTX other than he was SNR and a lay preacher. I spoke with him on many occasions during his wanders around the school accompanied by his Corgi. He was approachable, listened and never patronised. Occasionally, he taught. I respected him.

120. Then, in September, 2021, Shona Cocksedge – a solicitor with Thompson's – sent me the Thornly Park [REDACTED], 1963, because she'd noticed I'd written a couple of articles in it (I gave it to the Inquiry). In it, there's a short biography of GTX. He had graduated MA from Glasgow University and taught at [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] – two prestigious schools.

121. Other staff came and went — trainee social workers and police cadets on courses.

Admission

122. On admission, a Merit Badge Boy (Trustee), escorted me everywhere for the first two days. I had a medical and was interviewed by Mr. Fegan, who said I had been sent to Thornly Park not for committing a crime but because the court decided I was in need of Care and Protection. He said he would keep in touch with Dumbarton Social Services and ask them to look in on father from time-to-time and keep him informed. I was also interviewed by Mr. GTX who said much the same, telling me if I wanted to run away all I had to do was walk out, that we weren't locked in. He asked me about my family and other personal things, said he hoped I wouldn't be in Thornly Park for long and gave me my school number, [REDACTED].
123. Next I saw Mr. KGE — SNR — and did a written test Then it was matron who kitted me out with my school clothes. I was also given a suit, a sports jacket, flannels and pair of shoes. These were kept in the room where we changed if allowed to go on Saturday or weekend home leave or go into Paisley on a Saturday, or attended Sunday services. Half of the school went to the South Church in Paisley, the other half to the Salvation Army Citadel.

Daily routine

124. There were five age ascending dormitories and Reveille was around 7am followed by a head count. After washing, we had breakfast sitting in tables of six depending on your school number, e.g. 64 to 69. After breakfast we paraded in the yard — or in the gym in bad weather — in the same tables of six for roll-call. After that, some of the boys reported to their workshops while those who attended school were allocated cleaning jobs by matron. These jobs were the toilets, dining room, dormitories, games rooms, classrooms and scrubbing the corridors. I don't think the school employed any cleaners.
125. At around 9.30 am we attended classes until lunch then had another roll call, lunch, back to school, evening roll call, shower and tea. In the evening we used the games room or went to one of the many evening classes/activities. There was fly-tying, art, ceramics,

First Aid with St. John's Ambulance and a few other things. Miss Morrison, who was from the Hebrides, held a Gaelic class once a week which I attended and became quite proficient.

126. It was compulsory for us to learn to swim in the school pool and there were lifesaving courses leading to the Royal Life Saving Society's Bronze Medallion and higher awards. Some boys did the Duke of Edinburgh's Award.
127. In summer, there were trips to a local reservoir for kayaking and angling and in small groups we went Youth Hostelling to the Cairngorms. There was also an Army Cadet Corps run by Mr. Potter. I played for the school football team in a local league.

Family contact

128. After a few months, I was allowed Saturday home leave and a couple of weekend leaves which weren't enjoyable because of father's condition. When he was again admitted to hospital, I visited grandmother a couple of times but mostly on Saturdays went into Paisley to a St. Mirren match or to the cinema. Only [REDACTED] visited while I was in Thornly Park but stopped when he had a heart attack.
129. [REDACTED] wrote to me regularly and sent postal orders. She told me father was in and out of hospital and grandmother's heart condition was worse, that she was permanently confined at home. When I wrote to [REDACTED], I sent the letters to [REDACTED] as she didn't want her husband knowing we were corresponding. I knew nothing about [REDACTED] or his wife or [REDACTED] and his family. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were at the Royal Navy base in Dartmouth, Canada.

Education

130. I attended classes until my 15th birthday in [REDACTED] 1964 but my education didn't progress one iota. It was the same lessons (if you could call them that) day in and day out. Messrs [REDACTED] KGE Mills and Potter weren't qualified teachers. [REDACTED] KGE was a former probation officer,

Mills ex-RAF and Potter a former army officer. Mr. Smith had been an army PE instructor and was very good. I always attended his gym classes.

131. In [REDACTED], 1960, I was eleven-year-six-months when admitted to Quarrier's school. In [REDACTED], 1962, I was discharged from it. In the two-years I was there, I began to learn science, chemistry, physics, biology, mathematics, algebra and logarithms. Had I remained in Quarrier's school until fifteen, I would have left with a reasonable knowledge of these subjects.
132. In late 1962, I was around thirteen-years-six-months when admitted to Thornly Park School. I attended classes until my 15th birthday in [REDACTED] 1964. The subjects I've mentioned didn't exist in the curriculum. John Lees and GTX [REDACTED] over a completely inadequate education system and didn't attempt to make it better. During my formative years I was denied a decent education. And, as far as I'm concerned, this denial was a breach of my Human Rights.
133. When I stopped attending school, I was first employed in the paint shop which I didn't enjoy and then in the gardens, which I did. I got along well with Mr. Burgoyne, the head gardener, who came from Ayr and, like Mr. Elder in Quarriers, an aficionado of Robert Burns.

Preparation for leaving Thornly Park

134. In late 1964, I had a meeting with Messrs Hannan and Begg, who told me I would be discharged in [REDACTED] 1965 as I couldn't remain in the school beyond my sixteenth birthday.
135. To prepare me, I was sent on outside employment, my first job at a farm close to the school. A Christmas seasonal job, it lasted four-weeks and some of the wages I earned went into my bank.
136. After New Year, I was sent to work on a farm in Stewarton, Ayrshire, and lived in. It was a terrible experience. I rose at 5 am six-days a week, helped with milking, mucked out

the byres and pig pens and did unremitting manual labour for most of the day with an hour lunch break. The farm was in the middle of nowhere and at night there was nothing to do other than read. I didn't like or associate with the family. After about ten-days, I told the farmer I wanted to return to Thornly Park and did, to the gardens.

137. When admitted to Thornly Park, I expected to be there for a few months at most. I was there for two-and-a-half years. As I've said, the worst aspect of being there was that my education came to a complete standstill. I thought about absconding many times but decided against it because I had nowhere to go.
138. When first admitted, I heard stories about the mistreatment of inmates by staff, and did witness inmates being gratuitously slapped by them. When Mr. GTX — who was a lay Baptist minister — SNR this stopped and I didn't hear about or see any act of violence against an inmate.
139. When I write: 'gratuitously slapped by them,' I mean precisely that. It was commonplace, as if written into the rules. 'If a member of staff feels like it, they can slap a boy with impunity. There will be no comebacks.' I can recall one boy pinned against a corridor wall being yelled at and slapped on the face several times by IVR (the scoutmaster) and HFD (the carpenter). I also heard stories about inmates being strapped on their buttocks. I was never hit by a member of Thornly Park staff because I was exceptional at football and put in the school team a few days after being admitted.
140. One morning, shortly after Mr. Lees retired, we were kept in the dining room after breakfast. Men who weren't Thornly Park staff came in and the names of several older boys called out. These were known bullies. They were taken away and we never saw them again. Later, we heard they had been transferred to the Kibble, a senior approved school in Paisley. But the bullying didn't stop because others took their place.

Abuse in Thornly Park School

141. Bullying was endemic — the school run by cliques from Glasgow who acted like the Mafia. They forced boys to shoplift and bring back goods when they returned from

Saturday and weekend home leaves. These were either smuggled in or secreted in the school grounds. The most popular goods were bars of chocolate, cigarettes, tobacco and magazines like Playboy and Penthouse and believe it or not, Beatles and Rolling Stones magazines.

142. When I went into Paisley on Saturday afternoons, I also shoplifted and was sometimes given cash to buy cigarettes and smuggle them in. In the 1960s, it wasn't a problem buying cigarettes from shops if you were underage. You told the shopkeeper they were for your father or mother.
143. If you didn't do it you were beaten in the dormitories after lights out. If a boy was to be beaten, some of the cliques would sneak to the victim's bed, cover his face with a pillow and punch him on the body through the blankets — but never on the face. They weren't hard beatings. It was the way the cliques asserted their control over inmates. I was beaten several times. You accepted it as it was part of life in Thornly Park. The worst thing you could do was 'grass.'
144. Sex abuse happened in Thornly Park after lights out — older boys preying on younger ones. There's no need for me to go into details. Let it be sufficient for me to say this: if anyone thinks it didn't happen in a school with over a hundred boys from the ages of thirteen to sixteen, these people need their heads examined!
145. Wee Bob, the night watchman, patrolled the dorms once an hour every hour after lights out until reveille. When he returned to his room, the dorms came alive — particularly 4 and 5, the farthest from his office where the older inmates slept. One boy would act as lookout, which was mostly unnecessary because between patrols Wee Bob rarely left his room which had a bed and small kitchen. He also had an alarm clock in his room to wake him if he fell asleep. I think he lived there because during the day he was always hanging around the school. He was also the school's bookmaker and placed bets for members of staff.
146. The key of the outside kitchen door was kept on a hook in the kitchen. Each weekday and Saturday morning, Wee Bob unlocked it around 4 am so the drivers delivering the

school's daily supplies of milk, bread and meat, etc., could take them into the kitchen. During the night, when Wee Bob returned to his room, a couple of boys would sneak down the back stairs into the kitchen and let themselves out of the delivery door into the school grounds to collect shoplifted goods and anything else which had been secreted in the grounds.

147. The kitchen door wasn't only for sneaking out of but also for sneaking in the brothers of inmates, who would come to the school and spend a couple of hours in the dorms. They were never discovered. When Wee Bob patrolled, they hid under the beds. The only night this didn't happen was Sunday when Mr. Brown, Harrison or Pirie covered Wee Bob's night off.

Leaving Thornly Park School

148. When discharged from Thornly Park in 1965, I returned home. Father was no longer in Gartnavel and living with him was a mostly intolerable experience. His depression ranged from mild and middling to acute and he often forgot or wouldn't take his medication. [REDACTED] came a few days a week to clean and shop for food and [REDACTED] called very occasionally. Grandmother's heart condition had worsened. I worked in a bag factory and then in a bakery. Occasionally I stayed with grandmother or [REDACTED] but felt guilty about leaving father on his own.
149. One night I was in Dumbarton at night with friends. I broke a shop window, stole a jacket and was charged with theft. I appeared in Dumbarton Sheriff Court and remanded on bail. My lawyer, Mr. Crozier, was certain I would get probation because it wasn't that serious an offence and I'd only been in trouble once before, in 1958 when ten. When I appeared in court again, Mr. Crozier said I shouldn't have been charged with stealing the bike in 1958 because it was clear it wasn't my intention to steal it — that every time I took it, I returned it but didn't get a chance the last time I took because I was caught riding it.
150. I was again remanded on bail for reports and Mr. Crozier was hopeful I would get probation.

151. When I appeared in court for sentencing, a different sheriff was sitting and sentenced me to Borstal Training. Mr. Crozier said the sheriff sent me to Borstal because father told the probation officer I was out of control and wouldn't help him or do anything around the house. I was just over sixteen and eight months and didn't know how to help a man about to turn sixty-five with serious mental health problems, which probably included Dementia.
152. Detective Angus Macleod, who had been in charge of my case, also visited me after I was sentenced and said he too was surprised by the harshness of the sentence. From Dumbarton Sheriff Court I was taken to Polmont Borstal. It was probably around about [REDACTED], 1965, but I'm not certain.

Polmont Borstal – 1965-1966

153. I spent several weeks in Douglas House, the induction unit. I attended classes daily and did compulsory circuit training three times a day which I enjoyed. Then, some of us were allocated to a dormitory in an annexe. One night there was a fire which no one admitted starting. Without a shred of evidence, some of us were segregated for a couple of weeks. This was in a unit of cells in the basement called the 'Digger.'
154. Mr. GLG [REDACTED], the housemaster of Douglas House, came and demanded to know who started the fire. When he asked me, I said I was asleep and didn't know. He asked, "How could you stay asleep during a fire?" I replied I was asleep when the fire was started but woke up. He slapped me hard on the face, called me a cheeky bastard and said I would regret lying to him.

The Digger Unit

155. The Digger routine comprised of teasing coir — a material for stuffing mattresses — and sewing mailbags. We also did circuit training three times a day. When Mr. Patterson, a PE officer, told the Digger officers I enjoyed doing it, they stopped me. On a few occasions when we were opened up in the morning, they kicked over our slop buckets and wouldn't allow us to clean up the mess until shortly before the governor did his rounds

at 1 am. Through the cell door he asked us if we had any complaints. I said that sometimes my food was so heavily laced with salt it was inedible. When my next meal was brought, the food was thrown all over my bed.

156. We were allowed one book which was removed each morning and returned after tea. The cell light was left on during the night. When we were checked hourly, the officers banged on our door to wake us — one of them with a metal bin lid.

Release from the Digger Unit

157. Shortly after being released from the Digger, I was interviewed by a psychiatric social worker (see enclosed copy of Mr. Munro's letter to him). He questioned about my family but was more interested in how [REDACTED]'s death had affected me. He also expressed surprise at the harshness of my sentence.
158. As well as Douglas House, there were another three houses in Polmont — Bruce, Rothsay and Wallace. I was allocated to Wallace, which was said to operate a much stricter disciplinary regime than Bruce and Rothsay but didn't. It had two landings of occupied single cells, the ground floor cells used as offices for the housemaster, principal officer and matron, the others for storage. There was also a shower block and a hotplate for serving food. The ground floor was also the canteen area.
159. My first job in Wallace was on the fatigues team which involved cleaning. We also brought the food from the kitchen, served it, washed the containers and cleaned the hot plates and service areas. After tea, we prepared the ground floor for association by stacking the dining tables.
160. At association we could play pool or table tennis or board games, etc. We were also allowed to use the gym at night and attend classes. In summer there were outdoor activities in the playing fields and football at weekends all year round. After a few weeks on fatigues, I was allocated to the joiners shop.

161. I was in Polmont for around eleven-months and settled into the routine. I was put on report several times, mostly for answering back. I was in a couple of fights and spent time in the Digger. [REDACTED] — who had recovered from his heart attack — visited me a couple of times and I regularly wrote to [REDACTED], who told me father was in and out of hospital. When I asked the Wallace housemaster if he could find out about father, he referred me to a welfare officer who said it was up to my family to keep me informed about him.

South Inch House, Perth

162. After breakfast one morning in 1966, several of us were told to return to our cells and pack our gear. Then, with inmates from Bruce and Rothsay, were bussed to South Inch House, Perth. Everyone knew it had been a Detention Centre and some of the inmates with us had served a sentence there.
163. On arrival, we were greeted with a barrage of yelled commands — Line up! Stand to attention! No talking! The relatively relaxed atmosphere of Polmont had been replaced by a military one. We were marched to the gym, where all of our gear was searched and some items like magazines, etc., confiscated. A guitar [REDACTED] bought me was taken.
164. Afterwards, we were fed. When we finished, we had to sit with arms folded. In the afternoon, we were allocated sparse rooms which had a board on a wall for a maximum of six personal photographs, and given a letter to write home. At teatime our doors were unlocked and we were ordered to stand outside at attention until marched to the canteen for tea. In the evening, we were allowed association.
165. There was a lot of anger about how we were being treated and around twenty of us asked for a Governor's Request next morning and for a Petition to the Secretary of State for Scotland. This was a Right and after writing it, we could seal the envelope.
166. We listed our grievances about the harshness of our treatment. We expected it would take about a week to receive a reply and weren't hopeful anything would change. But

next morning after breakfast, the governor, Mr. Drummond, addressed us and said South Inch was no longer a Detention Centre and we wouldn't be subjected to the same discipline. Over the next couple of days, the attitude of the staff changed and the atmosphere became far more relaxed. I spent my last three of my thirteen-months of Borstal Training working in the gardens. I was discharged in [REDACTED] 1967 and returned home.

Leaving South Inch House, Perth

167. Father was still on medication and it was still a struggle to make him take it. Grandmother's heart condition was worse but she refused to go into hospital. My cousin, [REDACTED] — [REDACTED] son — was a chef [REDACTED] in Glasgow and got me a job there as a commis waiter. He told the head waiter I'd been in Borstal but he was okay about it.
168. Once again, living with father was intolerable but I didn't see much of him because I worked shifts. I got most of my meals at the hotel was making good money thanks to tips. Getting home after late shifts was a problem because there were no buses or trains to Dumbarton. So, I caught one of the last buses or trains to Dalmeir and from there ran the six-miles home which took about an hour. I was so fit it wasn't a problem.
169. One Saturday, I worked the midday to 8pm shift and went to party in Glasgow, got very drunk and missed the last bus to Dalmeir. I broke into a car to sleep it off and was arrested. On Monday, I appeared at the Magistrates Court and because I'd recently been discharged from Borstal, sentenced to thirty days in Barlinnie Young Offenders. But I didn't serve my sentence in the YO wing.
170. The Principal Officer in charge of the reception was Mr. Robertson who knew me from Polmont. He gave me a job in reception and I only returned to the YO wing at night.
171. After completing my sentence, I returned home and shortly afterwards father had a complete relapse and again admitted to Gartnavel. I've stated I can't be certain of when

— or how many times — he was an inpatient in Gartnavel. But I can be absolutely certain he was there in [REDACTED] 1967 because I visited him on my eighteenth birthday, [REDACTED] 1967. He was in a locked, private room and heavily sedated because the doctor was afraid he'd wander if he was put in a ward. He didn't recognise me and a doctor said he'd probably be in Gartnavel for a long time — perhaps permanently.

172. I decided to move to Glasgow. When I told [REDACTED] and grandmother, both gave me cash for my birthday to help with accommodation. I also took around seventy-five-pounds father kept in the house.
173. I rented a bedsit and now that I was eighteen, got a job in bar. I visited father several times but he still didn't recognise me. Grandmother said the police were looking for me because [REDACTED] had reported me for taking the seventy-five-pounds. About a week later, I was charged with theft and remanded in custody in Longriggend Remand Centre which wasn't a pleasant experience.
174. An officer nicknamed GUA [REDACTED] enjoyed throwing his weight around and punching inmates for no reason. He punched me several times. After a short time in Longriggend — I was there when [REDACTED] on [REDACTED] 1967 — I was sentenced to ten-months.

Barlinnie and Edinburgh Young Offenders Institutions

175. When interviewed by SNR [REDACTED], Mr. HEO [REDACTED], I was hemmed in by two officers. One was called GLE [REDACTED], who was nicknamed 'GLE [REDACTED]' because he wore built-up boots to make him appear taller and the other, GLC [REDACTED], HEO [REDACTED]'s nickname was HEO [REDACTED] because he was reputed to have said he would give any inmate a [REDACTED].
176. During the interview, GLE [REDACTED] and GLC [REDACTED] continually kneed my thighs. HEO [REDACTED] asked me what Glasgow gang I was in. I told him I wasn't from Glasgow or in any gang. Sarcastically, he said, "I see you have a high IQ so we'd better find you a job worthy of your intelligence." I was put on wing fatigues.

177. Shortly after lights-out on my second night I had a cell search — a 'turnover'. One of the officers, [GLD], nicknamed '[GLD]' punched me several times. It wasn't personal, just the way screws let inmates know they had the power. Almost every night I heard the yells of inmates being beaten up in their cells.
178. In 1967, gang warfare in Glasgow was out of control. As well as regular, mob-handed battles in the various districts of the city controlled by different gangs armed to the teeth with a variety of weapons, there had been a spate of running battles in the city centre at weekends. Some gang members had died and many of them — along with innocent bystanders - received life threatening injuries.
179. The Glasgow Evening Times and Evening Citizen demanded action to end it and the High Court began handing out punitive sentences. Soon, Barlinnie YOI was overflowing with gang members and fights regularly broke out. And not only fist fights. Some inmates were stabbed with 'chivs' made in the workshop or slashed with razor blades.
180. Every day while cleaning the wing, we saw teams of screws turnover cells while the inmates were at work. They removed loads of personal possessions and tossed them onto the wire netting which stretched across the landing to stop inmates jumping off. When the searches were completed, the fatigues team collected the stuff and took it to the incinerator.
181. After induction, gang members were invariably sent to Jessefield high security YOI in Dumfries to serve their sentence, while non-violent inmates were sent to Saughton YOI in Edinburgh. After a couple of weeks, I was transferred to Saughton which compared to Barlinnie was a holiday camp. There was rarely any trouble but soft drugs like Cannabis was a problem. The YOI adjoined the prison and a lot of smuggling went on.
182. The governor at Edinburgh was Mr. Neave, whose nickname was 'Jolly.' He was very approachable and always around talking to inmates. He wasn't soft but had progressive ideas. After my release, I decided not to return to Glasgow and stayed in Edinburgh.

183. I wasn't free for long. I shared a flat with an inmate I'd met in Saughton and together we committed a series of crimes which included deception and cheque frauds. I was sentenced to fifteen-months in Saughton YO. I found it easier to live off the proceeds of crime than work and was sentenced to eighteen-months for another series of cheque frauds.
184. After my release in 1969, I was convicted for the theft of six antiquarian books from an Edinburgh museum and sentenced to twenty-one months. Since 1967, I had appeared in court five times and received a higher custodial sentence each time, successive sheriffs ignoring my probation reports.
185. In 1968, a new, modern wing had opened in Saughton YOI and the population increased. Shortly after commencing my twenty-one months sentence, a rumour circulated that Mr. Neave was retiring as governor [REDACTED] Mr. [REDACTED] from Barlinnie. This caused considerable concern among the inmates who'd experienced his Barlinnie regime. But it wasn't only about him. It was also rumoured that coming with him was a Principal Officer called, [REDACTED], who would be taking over as Chief Officer. In Barlinnie, [REDACTED] was [REDACTED]'s 'enforcer' and known to instigate and take part in inmate beatings.
186. In Saughton YOI, providing everything ran smoothly — which it invariably did — the officers left well alone. Every inmate had a single room and when opened up at night or at weekends for association, would use the recreational facilities, attend classes or wander in and out of each other's rooms.
187. I played guitar and several inmates would come to my room for a singalong. Others would gather in a room and play cards or just talk. A couple of officers would wander around ensuring everything was okay. The atmosphere was relaxed.
188. When it was confirmed [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Mr. Neave, we had secret meetings and around forty of us decided to Petition the Secretary of State for Scotland and tell of our experiences in Barlinnie YOI. I was asked to write the Petition.

189. I worked in the Textile Shop which was run by PO Macleod, a Gaelic speaker from the Isle of Lewis. We got along well because I had a fair command of the language from classes in Thornly Park. Mr. Macleod took me aside and warned me off writing the Petition. He said that, while most of the officers in Saughton knew about what had gone on in Barlinnie it wouldn't happen in Saughton. He told me I was effectively leading a mutiny and would be in a lot of trouble. How right he was.
190. The Prison Section of the then Scottish Home and Health Department convened a hearing in front of what was called the Visiting Committee and most of the inmates who signed the Petition called to give evidence as were several officers from Barlinnie, including GLE [REDACTED] and GLH [REDACTED]. The verdict was that there was no case to answer — that all the inmates were lying. I was found guilty of offences against 'Good Order and Discipline' and sentenced to segregation. This was around October/November, 1969.
191. During my segregation in a room in the new wing, I was allowed one hour's exercise a day. When HEO [REDACTED] was SNR [REDACTED] he told me if I wanted to be released from segregation I had to make a Governor's Request and it would be considered. For a few weeks I only saw either the deputy governor or chief officer. Then, HEO [REDACTED] came to see me on my own and said, 'If the mountain won't come to Mohamed...' He again told me I had to make an official request to be released from segregation but I didn't.
192. Without warning, I was released and returned to the Textile Shop. I had been in segregation for around eight-weeks. On my twenty-first birthday, [REDACTED] 1970, I was transferred to Saughton Prison to complete my twenty-one months sentence.

Other information

193. 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..... 25 January 2022