

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GJJ
[REDACTED]

Support person present: Yes

1. My full name is GJJ [REDACTED]. This has been my name since birth. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1962. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before care

2. I was born in Parkhead in Glasgow, where I lived with my family. My dad was [REDACTED] and my mum was [REDACTED]. I had four siblings and there were two years between each of us. [REDACTED] was the oldest and was six years older than me, then it was [REDACTED], [REDACTED] me, and [REDACTED] was the youngest.
3. My dad was a joiner and my mum looked after us kids. My mum had grown up in a convent and was quite religious.
4. Life was hard at home. We all stayed in a bedsit with two beds. My parents slept in one bed and all the children in the other. There was no toilet in the bedsit so we had to use an outside toilet in the close and have baths in the big sinks. There was always people in the close drinking so we kids wouldn't be allowed out much.
5. We left Glasgow and moved to Cumbernauld when I was about four years old. It was a new town taking overspill from Glasgow for people who could get jobs in Cumbernauld, which my dad got. We moved into a big house there with five bedrooms so my parents were in one, me and [REDACTED] in another, the girls in another and [REDACTED]

had his own room. Life was better in Cumbernauld because there was a swing park near the house and we could get out to play.

6. I started St Mary's Primary School in Cumbernauld. It was terrible for me. I couldn't take in or understand what I was being taught. I started dogging school after a short time because I couldn't learn. The school had a truant officer who came round to the house and told my parents that me and [REDACTED] were dogging school. My parents beat us up, which was how it was then. They would drop me and [REDACTED] off at school and make sure we went in the front gates. We would leave out the back gates and hide in the high rise flats and look over our house and watch for when our mum went out. Then we would sneak in to the house and get something to eat, then go back out and walk about until it was time to go back home.
7. [REDACTED] was put into care for not going to school, but I don't know where. I remember I was dogging school myself for a while after that. I would hide in the lifts of these high rise flats that had wee doors in them for coffins, and I'd ride the lift listening to peoples' conversations all day.
8. There was a social worker involved with us called Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] who would come round to the house. It was obvious that he didn't like any of us. He had a reputation for putting kids away into homes. He never spoke to me about why I was dogging school. Neither did the school truant officer.
9. I was taken to a Children's Panel in Cumbernauld for the first time when I was eight years old because I still wasn't going to school. My mum took me and told me it would be ok because I was upset and crying.
10. I appeared before a Panel of three people. Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] the social worker, was also there and he recommended that I be sent away because I wouldn't go to school. I was then told that I was being put into care. My mum went mental and started screaming and shouting so she was locked in a room. I was taken away by Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] and didn't even get to say bye to my mum.

11. Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] took me to the social work office and then straight to Cardross Park Assessment Centre.
12. [REDACTED] later went into care as well. He was taken to John Bosco Children's Home when he was about twelve years old.

Cardross Park Assessment Centre, Dumbarton

13. I was eight years old when Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] took me to Cardross Park in his car. I remember crying and him telling me I would be ok.
14. We arrived at Cardross and drove up the driveway to a big manor house, which was in its own grounds with trees around it so you couldn't see anything else outside once you were in.
15. Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] took me into the building and spoke to the staff while I was made to wait in a room on my own. Then he left and a staff member came to get me, and showed me around the place. I don't remember who it was. I don't remember the names of any staff members in Cardross.
16. When you walked in the main door of the building, there was a room on the right hand side which was the day room, where all the boys sat. On the left hand side, there was a corridor which led to the dining room. There were stairs to go upstairs to the dormitories. I think there were two but there may have been more.

First day

17. I was given a bag with clothes for me to wear on my first day, which were denims. In it, there was also a toothbrush, pyjamas and my own towel. I was shown my dormitory, which had about fifteen beds in it. Then I was taken back downstairs to the day room. The staff member took me in and then left, but he was just waiting outside the door.

18. There were about fifteen to twenty boys in the day room, which was all the boys from the home. I was the youngest and then they went up to about fifteen years old.
19. The boys had arranged the seats in the room into a boxing ring and told me I had to fight the last boy who had arrived in Cardross before me, who was about twelve or thirteen years old. I didn't want to but he fought me and I got battered. That happened in the first hour I was there. A staff member came in when it was over and told me to go get washed because I was bleeding. Nothing else was said about it.
20. I don't remember the name of any of the staff members or boys in there. I was only in there for three weeks.

Routine at Cardross Assessment Centre

21. The staff would come into the dormitory at about 7 am in the morning and shout for us to wake up and pull the quilt off the bed while shouting "get up get up" so everybody got up pretty fast. We then went to the washroom to wash and brush our teeth.
22. We came back to the dorm, got dressed, made our bed and went downstairs to the dining room to get breakfast.
23. After breakfast, we would be put in the day room. There were only chairs in there. There was no telly, pool table or anything to do. There may have been cards or board games but I don't remember.
24. We would be left in the room all day, except for when we went to the dining room for our dinner and our tea. The staff would come in once or twice, have a look and leave again. We were left to our own devices. There was nothing to do so there would be a lot of arguments and fighting between the boys, but I didn't get involved with that. I would just sit at the window all day and look out at the trees and the squirrels, waiting for my mum and dad.

25. We were told to go to bed at bed time, and we just got ready for bed and went to sleep. I don't remember any issues with bed wetting in there.
26. The routine at the weekend was exactly the same. We were in that room all the time and the boys had to take it in turns to sweep and mop it to keep it clean.
27. We never went out anywhere or did anything. We didn't get any schooling. We didn't even go to chapel or anything.

Mealtimes / Food

28. Everyone sat at the same seat in the dining room. When I went into the dining room for the first time, I didn't know what to do. All the boys went and sat down so I sat down at any seat but a boy told me it was his seat and swore at me to get off it. It nearly caused a fight. I stood up not knowing what to do and just stood there. When everybody sat down, I looked to see where there was a spare seat and just sat down on one. I then sat on that seat every meal time.
29. The food was ok. I don't remember having any issues with food. I think there was enough food. You didn't get a choice and everyone was given the same. You weren't forced to finish what was on your plate but if you didn't like something, you didn't get anything else.
30. Some of the boys had to clear the tables after meal times. I think there was a rota to do this.

Washing/ bathing

31. I don't really remember what the washroom looked like but I remember there was a row of sinks. A member of staff would be there in the morning when we got washed. They would not really be supervising but they'd be standing in the middle between the sinks.

32. I think we got a shower about twice a week. There were three or four showers in the shower room. A staff member would pick a few boys and tell them in the evening to go and get a shower. Everybody got their turn about twice a week.

Clothing/ uniform

33. We got given clothes to wear when you first went in. You got two sets of denims to wear and everything was numbered with a number that was assigned to you. I can't remember what my number was in there.
34. We wore one set of clothes for a week then put it in a bag to get washed. Then you would wear your other set of clothes for a week. You got your own clothes with your number back after they'd been washed.

Birthdays and Christmas

35. I wasn't there over my birthday or Christmas. I don't remember anybody's birthday being celebrated.

Visits

36. I used to sit at the window all day, looking at the trees and the squirrels, waiting for my mum and dad. It was the loneliest place ever.
37. The social worker, Mr ^{GJL} brought my mum to see me in my second week there. The three of us sat in a room together. I remember asking Mr ^{GJL} if I went to school then could I get home. He said no, that it was too late and I had had my chance. Me and my mum just cried.
38. Mr ^{GJL} said they were trying to find me a placement in a children's home and I wouldn't be in Cardross for long. My mum was quite religious and wanted me to go to a Catholic home. She was quite adamant about that.

39. I also remember a priest coming in to speak to the boys. He would come into the day room and speak to us. I don't think there was a chapel in the place. He would come in and ask who was new and then sit and talk to you in front of the other boys. He asked me if I was a good Catholic and I said I hope so, and told him I went to the chapel every Sunday with my mum when I was at home.
40. Kids were just there for a short time so they probably only saw the priest once.

Healthcare

41. I don't remember any nurse there or medical room. I think the staff would just give you a plaster if anyone needed one. I saw a lot of boys with broken noses, black eyes and cuts, but I never saw a doctor come in.

Running away

42. I ran away twice. The first time, I asked to go to the toilet then from there, I ran through a corridor, through the dining room and out a back door. I was with another two boys.
43. We did a runner out the back door, over a wee gate and down to the beach. We were going to steal a boat and go to France. That was the plan but we couldn't move the boat.
44. We saw a tent and opened it and a couple were in it. They asked us what we were doing and we said we'd run away from a home and they said we should go back. One of the boys I was with wanted to go back so the couple said they'd take us to the police station. I didn't go with them.
45. I ran and got on a train and got back to Cumbernauld, and went to my mum's house. My mum was glad to see me but she had already had a phone call about me running away and had the police at her door looking for me so my mum phoned the police when I turned up.

46. The police came and took me to the police station and Mr GJL came and took me back to Cardross. I remember feeling so lonely when I was being taken back.

Abuse at Cardross Assessment Centre

47. I got battered in the first hour on my first day there. The boys were all just left in the day room without supervision so they made every new boy fight the last boy who came in, which meant every boy had to fight twice. The last boy before me was about twelve or thirteen years old so all the boys were laughing because he was much bigger than me.
48. I fought the boy because I had to and he gave me a right doing. He kicked me to the ground and kicked me many times while I was down and jumped on my head, then it was over.
49. When it was over the staff member came in and asked what was going on. He pulled the chairs apart and grabbed me and looked at me. I had blood all over my face, and he said I would be alright and to go and wash my face, which I did. When I went back in the room all the boys were making fun of me for getting beaten up. The staff never asked or did anything else about it.
50. I had to fight a second time a few days later when a new boy came in after me. The new boy was about twelve years old and was bigger than me. I wasn't going to get battered again so I grabbed a brush and hit him over the head with it straight away and that was the fight over. The other boys were laughing at the new boy because he got battered by someone smaller than him.
51. The staff knew what was going on. They would see the seats arranged into a boxing ring and they would take the new boy into the room and leave. They would just be waiting outside the door while the fighting happened. They would hear the metal from the chairs banging and the noise but they didn't care. Then they would come into see who won because they took bets on it.

52. After the visit from my mother, I was walking back to the day room and had been crying because I was so upset. I felt a smack on the back of my head and it was from a staff member. He told me to grow up and get myself together before I went back into the day room or the boys would make fun of me for crying.
53. I got hit quite often by the staff in there. Whenever you were going for a wash in the morning or walking somewhere, a staff member would slap you on the back of the head and tell you to hurry up. It happened regularly to a lot of boys and all the staff members did it. It was just a normal thing that happened every day in there.

Leaving Cardross Assessment Centre

54. I wasn't assessed in any way in there. Nobody sat and chatted to me or did any tests with me. I think it was more of a remand home to hold boys until they found a place for them to go.
55. I knew I wouldn't be in there for long because Mr ^{GJL} had told me they were waiting for a placement to come up in a children's home for me. After I had been there for about three weeks, I was told that Mr ^{GJL} would come and get me in a couple of days.
56. Mr ^{GJL} came a couple of days later and said they had found a place for me in a really nice place called St Ninian's. I had still been hoping that I would get home and asked if I could go home first. He said I couldn't go home but I would get home leave when I was there. He drove me to St Ninian's in Gartmore, which was about a half hour drive from Cardross. I was quite anxious about going to a new home again, especially because of what had happened when I first went into Cardross, but I felt better knowing I would get home leave.

St Ninian's, Gartmore

57. I was still eight years old when I was taken to St Ninian's by Mr GJL. We drove up to a big, massive house about three times the size of Cardross. It was an amazing, big building with grass and a sundial out the front.
58. When you walked in the front door, there was a big hall with wooden floors and seats along the side. There were different rooms with different names on the ground floor. One was called the De La Salle room and one was called St Patrick's. All the boys were split into these rooms and that is where they sat during free time and played games.
59. There was a huge staircase going up, and half way up was the watchman's room. As you went further up the stairs, you go to the first floor, which was where the dormitories were. There were about six or seven dorms with about seven or eight boys in each one.
60. I think there were about thirty to forty boys in the home. I was the youngest at eight years old and they went up to about fifteen years old. I was put into a dormitory with boys of mixed ages.
61. From the ground floor, there were also steps going down to a lower level, which was where the boot room was. That was where everybody kept their boots and it also had lockers to keep stuff in. The dining room was also on that lower level. I think the showers were also down there but I can't be sure.
62. There was a block outside in the grounds where there was a classroom and the headmaster's office. There was also a chapel in the grounds, a greenhouse where vegetables were grown and a walled garden where animals were kept.

First day

63. Mr^{GJL} [REDACTED] told me to sit down while he stood away from me and spoke to men dressed in black robes, who were the religious Brothers that ran the place. I couldn't hear what they were saying.
64. After Mr^{GJL} [REDACTED] left, one of the Brothers showed me round then took me to a room to get clothes, boots, towel, toothbrush and toothpaste. Then I was taken to the boot room to put my boots in the boot room. You weren't allowed upstairs to the first floor with them on. I was left to get changed there and put the rest of my things in my locker.
65. I was then told that I was in the De La Salle room and was taken to that room on the ground floor. I went in and there were about fifteen boys in it. There was a table tennis table in it and there was a separate room with a television.

Staff

66. The place was run by religious Brothers of the De La Salle Order. They wore these long black gowns down to their feet and had these white cardboard things that came from their neck over their chest.
67. Brother^{LUE} [REDACTED] was ^{SNR} [REDACTED]. The other Brothers I remember are Brothers Benedict and ^{MJO} [REDACTED]. I don't know where the Brothers lived. I think they may have had rooms on the floor above the boys' dorms but I can't be sure.
68. The night watchman was a man called Mr^{GJN} [REDACTED] and he sat in the room half way up the stairs. It was a small room with just a chair and telly in it.
69. The couple who looked after the boys in the De La Salle room were an older civilian couple. I can't remember their names but they were really nice. They just sat in the room and watched over the boys when we were in there. They lived in a little cottage

[REDACTED]

70. There was the gardener called Jimmy McKinstry who I think lived in the village in Gartmore. There were also civilian staff who just came in for the day. There was Mr McKenna, the woodwork teacher and Mr McDougall, the English teacher. Mr McDougall had one eyebrow across both eyes. There was also a male cook who prepared the food, and he was quite nice.
71. I don't remember the names of any of the people who were ok, which is a shame. I only remember the people who did bad things. It is a pity.

Routine at St Ninian's

72. In the morning, we were woken up by a Brother at 7 am. Whoever was on duty would come in and shout at us to get up as he would pull sheets off people. If you didn't get up straight away, he'd give you a slap. All the Brothers did this.
73. We got out of bed, then got washed and dressed and went down to the boot room for about 8 am. Everybody lined up and there was a roll call to make sure everyone was there. That happened before every meal. We all had a number and we had to stand in our position in line. I was number three in the De La Salle House. Whichever Brother was on duty would do the roll call. We then went to the dining room for breakfast.
74. We went to mass every morning and then to class but not for long. We didn't learn much. It was more physical work that we done in the home, like gardening. After about a year of being there, I was made to break in the horses because I was small. You just did what you were told.
75. We also ran a mile nearly every day through the week, which was down the drive to the main gate and back again. The first day I was taken to run a mile, one of the boys told me to run slower because I would be expected to beat my own speed the next day or I would be in trouble, so it was better to start slow. You had to beat your own speed every day or you got a beating.

76. There was a place in there that was walled, which was called the gardens, but it wasn't a garden. It was just a walled area where animals were kept. There was a goat, deer, sheep, pheasants and other things. I got myself in there to do some work. I just kept turning up and told the Brother that was my kind of place and my kind of work so he let me start working with him. The Brother who ran that place was alright, but I can't remember his name.
77. Some days, you would just sit in your allocated rooms on the ground floor. Whenever I was in there during the day, I would just sit and look out the window. We also sat in these rooms in the evenings and since I couldn't see anything out the window when it was dark, I would play table tennis most evenings. I got pretty good at it. Sometimes we watched telly in the telly room.
78. At night, boys would crawl out of bed and crawl on their hands and knees to the top of the stairs and see the watchman in his room. He would sit in that room all night while the boys were asleep and listen for anything happening. We would just carry on at night because we weren't tired and he didn't really do anything about it.
79. The routine changed for me when I started wetting the bed and when I became an altar boy. Both these things happened after I had been there for about six months. Then I had to get up at 6 am in the morning and go to the chapel to do the altar boy things for the Brothers. Then at night, Mr^{GJN} the watchman would hit me with a stick to wake me up to take me to the toilet every four hours.
80. I don't remember doing any chores there.

Weekends

81. Most boys went home at the weekends to their families. The only boys who didn't go home were the orphans or the boys who were being held back as a punishment.
82. If you stayed in the home over the weekend, there would be civilian staff looking after the boys, who were usually young girls. I don't know where they came from. They

would try and take the boys out sometimes over the weekend. They would take you swimming to Callendar or hill climbing.

83. We went to church on a Sunday if we were in the home over the weekend.

Mealtimes/ food

84. Everyone ate together in the dining room, including the Brothers and staff. You could pick your seat when you first arrived from the empty ones there, or you could move when a seat became empty when someone left, otherwise everyone sat in their same seats.

85. The food was ok in the home. I don't remember any particular issues with it. There was no choice though. You ate what you got because you went hungry otherwise. I think there was enough food.

86. The dining table was a problem because it was so high that I would sometimes sit with my elbows on the table. Whenever I did this, one of the Brothers would come up behind me and bang me in my ribs with their knuckles to get me to get my elbows off the table.

Clothing

87. On my first day, I was given clothes to wear. I got shorts and denims, t-shirts and a shirt. I also got good clothes to wear on Sunday or for when I went home. I got boots to wear too.

Schooling

88. There was a separate block outside of the main building where Brother LUE office was. There was also one classroom there and other staff offices.

89. All the boys aged eight to fifteen were in the one class. I don't remember English or maths classes or anything. Mr McDougall was supposed to be the English teacher but

he seemed to be the teacher for everything. He taught us how to count money and a few science tricks. I don't remember any other education.

90. There was an incubator in which they were hatching chicks. I remember one chick came out with its neck turned back. Mr McDougall told me to take it out and ring its neck. I took it out but I couldn't do it so I let it go and hoped it would survive somehow. When I went back to class, Mr McDougall asked me if I had done it and I said yes. He said I better had, and I said I had. I never got caught out for lying and I just hoped it got away.
91. I didn't sit any exams or anything there. I left St Ninian's at age twelve and couldn't even write my own name.

Religious instruction

92. There was a chapel in the grounds and we had mass every day, which one of the Brothers did. There was no priest.
93. I was chosen to be an altar boy after about six months of being in the home. I don't know why I was chosen because I didn't want to do it. I had to get up at 6 am in the morning to do mass for the Brothers, then again for when the boys woke up, and again in the evening. This involved ringing the bell and setting up the altar for mass.
94. There were three altar boys but only two of us did that morning mass, and for some reason I had to do it every single day of the week so I was doing mass three times a day, every day through the week.
95. One time, a big shot Cardinal came to visit in the chapel. He had agreed to let all the boys home for the weekend after mass. He had that much power. Everybody was excited about going home, including me. Then one of the Brothers started threatening me, saying that I better not mess up my job as an altar boy in front of the big Cardinal, and if I made even one mistake I would get the biggest beating of my life. I don't know

why he said that because I did the altar boy thing every day and never made any mistakes. I can't remember which Brother it was.

96. I was so frightened by the threat that I ran away five minutes before the mass. I was running down the street with all these altar boy clothes on. I managed to get home to Cumbernauld.
97. The police were called to take me away and take me back to St Ninian's. All the other boys were away home because the Cardinal had given them leave so I was the only one there. I was taken to the boot room and I got beaten up by two Brothers but I don't remember which ones. They were both kicking into me. I wasn't allowed home for four weeks after that.

Medical attention

98. I don't remember getting any medical attention after all the beatings I got. I don't remember seeing a doctor at all.
99. I remember seeing the dentist every week in Callendar. I didn't have any problems with my teeth but the Brothers would just take me.
100. The dentist gave me fillings in every single one of my teeth. They didn't need to be filled but they got money for doing it. I went so often that I was immune to the jag they gave me so they had to hypnotise me.

Family contact

101. Boys used to get home every week. St Ninian's had a green bus that they would take the boys in and drop them off at Buchanan Street in Glasgow. I would then go on to Govan with my mate, [REDACTED] because he lived there. That was when I started stealing sweets out of Woolworths. I got away with it a few times so we started doing madder things. That was the start of me getting involved with crime. I had never broken the law before that.

102. My mum came to visit me in the home once, as far as I can remember. The social worker brought her. I think it was about a year into my time there because I remember I was on a horse at the entrance when I saw her driving up in the car with Mr GJL I trotted the horse up behind the car.
103. I was so excited that I left the horse, who was called Gypsy, and ran in to see my mum. The horse was out all night and died the next day. I have never forgiven myself for that to this day. I still think about it.
104. I wasn't expecting to see my mum. She had been asking Mr GJL to bring her for ages so she could see where I was staying. He had kept saying that he was too busy, then eventually he brought her, but just that once.
105. Mr GJL only came to see me that once as well. No other social worker visited me in the three and a half years I was there. I never knew when I was going to get out or anything, but I knew that other boys got out when they went to high school.

Abuse at St Ninian's

106. Sometimes the Brothers shouted at you for minor things, some slapped you and some punched you.
107. All the brothers slapped the boys for little things, like not getting up fast enough in the morning or not walking fast enough in the corridor. It happened to all the boys and it wasn't that bad. I would get hit in the ribs by the Brothers for putting my elbows on the dining table at meal times. All the staff did this including the Brothers and the teachers, whoever was there at the time. They did it really hard because I always had bruised ribs from it.
108. Sometimes, the Brothers would send you to Brother LUE if you had done something they thought was bad. He would just tell you that you weren't getting home for four

weeks. That was also the punishment for running away. Brother LUE never battered me.

Jimmy McKinstry

109. After I had been in the home for about six months, I was sexually abused by Jimmy McKinstry. I had thought he was an alright guy until then. He used to bring caramels for the boys every week and let us have a shot of his pipe, which he smoked. He would be out in the grounds and would talk to the boys when we were out. He was allowed to take boys to help him out, and would just tell the Brothers when he was doing that.
110. One day, Jimmy McKinstry asked me to help him in the potting shed. It was the first time he had asked me and I was happy to because I thought he was alright. It was just me and him in the potting shed. I was wearing shorts and a t-shirt and he told me to take my t-shirt off because it would get dirty and the Brothers would get angry. He said it would be in my benefit to take it off so I did. He then started throwing compost at me, just playing, so I threw it back. The next thing I knew, he was behind me. He pulled down my shorts and I felt something wet between my buttocks. He was basically trying to rape me but couldn't do it. I was screaming and he told me to shut up and that nobody would believe me.
111. I knew nobody would believe me and that if I told the Brothers, they would just call me a liar and tell everyone not to speak to me.
112. I ran away after I was abused by Jimmy McKinstry. I was scared and didn't know what to do. I was running down the driveway to get away and Mr McDougall drove down behind me in a wee mini. As he passed me, he stuck his hand out the car and grabbed the back of my head. I tumbled and I must have been knocked out because the next thing I remember was that I was lying half in the front and half in the back of this mini. He drove me back to the home.
113. I didn't know what to do after that. I went and sat in the De La Salle room and just looked out the window. There were tears coming out of my eyes. I couldn't stop them.

I thought I needed to get out of there because I couldn't go through that again. I asked to go to the toilet and I ran away.

114. I managed to get home to Cumbernauld. The police were called and they took me to Cumbernauld Police Station. Mr ^{GJL} came to get me to take me back to St Ninian's.
115. I was sitting in the back of Mr ^{GJL}'s car and told him that I didn't want to go back because I had been abused. I told him Jimmy McKinstry had pulled my trousers down and what he did to me. Mr ^{GJL} told me to shut up and not to be stupid because they were religious people, and wouldn't do that.
116. I was so terrified about going back to the home and I wasn't being believed by my social worker so I tried to get out of the car while we were on the motorway. I smashed my head into the back window and started trying to climb out. I was half hanging out the smashed window as we were driving along the motorway. I nearly got out and if I had, I would have been killed but I didn't care at that time because I didn't want to go back.
117. Mr ^{GJL} had to stop the car. He was shouting at me and called me a "fucking bastard", and said that he was supposed to be going on holiday the following day and now wouldn't be able to go.
118. He took me back to Cumbernauld Police Station because we had only just got on the M8 and weren't far from it. When we got there, I remember the police officers were picking the glass out of my hair. I didn't tell them what happened at St Ninian's and they didn't ask why I had smashed my head through the glass.
119. Mr ^{GJL} wanted to take me back to St Ninian's. One of the senior officers then came along and said that the only place I would be going that day was back to my own home to my mum. Mr ^{GJL} took me home to my mum that night and let me stay the night there. I never told my mum about the abuse because it would have broken her.

120. Mr ^{GJL} came to get me the next day to take me back to St Ninian's. He said he had bought me forty cigarettes. He was bribing me to go back. I was still saying that I didn't want to go back. He said that I either had to go back with him or the police would take me back, and there was nothing he could do for me.

121. I told the older woman who looked after the kids in the De La Salle room about Jimmy McKinstry sexually abusing me. She walked over and told her husband. I was watching them and he just kind of nodded as if to say he knew but couldn't do anything about it. I think maybe they were in a position that they'd have lost their job and house if they said anything. They saw me running away once after that and didn't say anything. They just let me. I think they understood.

Brother ^{LUE}

122. I eventually went to Brother ^{LUE}. This was about a couple of weeks after the abuse had happened. I told him that I didn't like Mr McKinstry and told him about what had happened. He told me to go over to him and sat me on his knee. He then started kissing me. I remember his big bastard lips kissing me all over my face and the smell of his breath was horrendous. I was pulling away from him. He told me not to say anything about staff like that again because they all loved me. Then I was just told to leave.

123. There was nowhere to go after that. It was just like it was a free for all.

Mr McKenna

124. I was abused by Mr McKenna in his woodwork class, which was in an outbuilding separate from the main building. He used to sit boys on his knee in class and he'd have an erection. You could feel it against you. This was in front of the whole class. He did that to other boys as well. This happened to me days after I started at St Ninian's and carried on throughout my time there. You learned to keep your head down and avoid any attention.

125. The boys knew the rules were to keep your head down otherwise you would get abused or get battered, and if you did tell anyone, the Brothers would tell everyone not to talk to you. The boys told me that.
126. One time, McKenna was teaching us to make a boat from three bits of wood in class. He told me that mine wasn't good enough and I was to stay back for extra lessons. When everybody had left, he told me not to worry about the boat and we would go up to the theatre, which was above the woodwork shop. We went into the back of the theatre and he started touching me. His hands were everywhere on me, on my private parts, and he was saying "I'm going to fuck you." He was trying to get his hands under my clothes and managed a couple of times but I was bent over and was struggling.
127. I was thinking that I couldn't let this happen to me again because the first time I was abused by McKistry was terrible. I was struggling and fighting for my life. I managed to get away from him. He never told me to stay back in class after that.

Brother Benedict

128. I was in the shower room once when I was about nine or ten years old. When the showers came on, the water was freezing so I swore. I didn't mean it. It just came out. Brother Benedict was there, supervising, and he lost the plot. There were two other boys in the shower room and he told them to leave, which they did. I don't remember their names but one of them was from Govan and became my friend.
129. Brother Benedict then came over to me and started slapping and punching me about everywhere, on my head and body. I fell to the floor under the shower and was curled up. He kept punching me then grabbed the carbolic soap and shoved it in my mouth. I couldn't breathe with the soap in my mouth and the shower water coming down on me.
130. He then left and came back with a fire hose and turned that on me. It was so strong that it was lifting me off the ground. He was aiming it everywhere, on my private parts

and on my face as well. I was trying to get the carbolic soap out of my mouth, which was going soft and bubbling in my mouth and was in my nose as well. It was horrible. I couldn't breathe and thought I was going to die. I will always remember the taste of that soap.

131. Brother Benedict eventually turned the hose off, punched me a few more times, then disappeared. He must have been putting the hose back. He came back and said that I better not swear in a holy place again. I don't remember his exact words but it was along those lines. I was crying and he told me to stop being such a baby and to go get dressed. He told me I knew the rules and not to say anything to anyone.
132. Brother Benedict used to look after the boys in the St Patrick's room. My friend, [REDACTED] who everyone called [REDACTED] was in the St Patrick's group so I would go into that room in the evening to see him. Brother Benedict would be there and he had this machine that he used to electrocute the boys with. He would wind it up and make boys hold on to the wires. The aim was to see how long you could hold on for while he electrocuted you.
133. When I would go into the room, Brother Benedict would call me over and tell me it was my turn to hold on to the wires. He would wrap the wires around my hands so I couldn't let go easily, then turn it on. It gave you a real electric jolt. There was a lot of electricity going through you. I couldn't let go of the wires easily because they were wrapped around my hands. He did it to all the boys in his group and they didn't have a choice. It was a common thing. He made you do it.
134. Brother Benedict was always angry and really violent, and just wanted to hurt boys. He would usually tell you to go to the boot room for a minor misdemeanour. Then he would come down and batter you. He'd punch and kick you several times. Sometimes he would just lose it over something small, and start hitting boys there and then, wherever they were. He did that to me and to other boys.

Brother^{MJO}

135. I was really small so I was made to break the horses in. I didn't want to do it because I would get kicked off them and get hurt. I didn't have a choice though. I was made to get on them.
136. One day, when I was ten or eleven years old, I was outside with the horses. Brother^{MJO} was there and a bee flew up his gown. He started patting himself down trying to get the bee out. It looked really comical so I started laughing. He told me to go to the boot room, which I did. Then he came in and the beating he gave me was incredible. He had boots on and was kicking my face and body while I was on the floor. I am pretty sure my nose was broken. He then squeezed my nose and I heard a crunch. I think that was him straightening my nose after realising he'd broken it. That wasn't sore but everywhere else he'd hit me was sore. I was covered in bruises and had two black eyes.
137. None of the other staff or teachers ever asked what had happened and how I got the injuries.

Bed wetting

138. I started to wet the bed after I was sexually abused by McKinstry, six months after being in the home. I remember hiding it after I started. I made my bed up and didn't say anything to anyone. Then I was worried all day about it. I would sit looking out the window, wondering what to do and how I could get new sheets and change them without getting caught, but there was no way. I lay in my wet bed with wet pyjamas for a few days.
139. I got caught out because I think the boys started to smell it after a few days and started talking, so the staff found out. One of the Brothers made a big thing about me wetting the bed and embarrassed me in front of all the other boys. He held up my sheets and made fun of me and made sure everyone knew about it. I can't remember which

Brother but he made me strip my bed and scrub my mattress. I then got clean sheets and pyjamas.

140. After I was found out, Mr ^{GJN} the watchman would wake me up in the night to take me to the toilet. He had a walking stick that he used to balance on his nose. That was his party trick. He would hit me on the legs with the stick to wake me up at night, and he would keep hitting me harder until I got up. He would do this every four hours and take me to the toilet. I wasn't allowed to go back to my bed until I had been to the toilet so sometimes I would be sitting there for ages.
141. I was still wetting the bed even though Mr ^{GJN} was waking me up and taking me to the toilet. One night when Mr ^{GJN} tried to wake me up, I turned and punched him. I must have done it in my sleep. All the other boys saw it and they started laughing. Mr ^{GJN} even thought it was funny and laughed at it.
142. I was getting more and more tired during this time because I was getting woken up at night to go to the toilet and I then had to get up at 6 am, earlier than the other boys, to do the altar boy stuff. I was made an altar boy after about six months there so I was just tired all the time.
143. Whenever I did wet the bed, whichever Brother was on duty would hold my sheets up for everyone to see and make a point of telling everyone that I was still wetting the bed. The other boys would laugh at me. All the boys in all the dorms could see through so everyone would know. Then I would have to strip my bed and carry the wet sheets down to the laundry at the same time as everyone was walking down to breakfast so that was also embarrassing. The Brothers found every way they could to embarrass you. I got a roasting from the other boys for it.

Running away

144. I ran away a lot. Every time I got home, the police would be called and then I would be taken back. Every time I got back to the home, I would be taken to the boot room and

get a beating. Any Brother would do that. Then I would not be allowed home for four weeks.

Leaving St Ninian's

145. I was told I was leaving to go home when I was twelve years old. I was absolutely delighted and over the moon about this because it was horrendous in there.
146. I don't know why I was leaving but I think it was because I had been there long enough and they wanted to try something different, and it was also time for me to go to High school. I was told I would be going to the local high school near my home. St Ninian's took me to a shop in Falkirk and bought me my uniform for school. They got me clothes as well, but they weren't nice clothes.
147. I left after being in there for three and a half years. I left during the [REDACTED] holidays when I was about twelve years old.

Reporting of Abuse at St Ninian's

148. I told Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] that I had been sexually abused by Jimmy McKinstry. He told me I was being stupid and to shut up. He took me back to St Ninian's after I told him.
149. I told the older woman who looked after the kids in the De La Salle room about Jimmy McKinstry sexually abusing me. I saw her walk over and tell her husband. They didn't say or do anything about it.
150. I told Brother ^{LUE} [REDACTED] about Mr McKinstry sexually abusing me and he told me not say things like that about staff because they all loved me, and kissed me all over my face.
151. I didn't tell anybody about the beatings because nobody cared and it was just normal in those days.

Life back at home

152. I went back home to Cumbernauld when I was about twelve years old. My mum, dad, two sisters and my brother [REDACTED] were all living at home. [REDACTED] was in care.
153. I started Our Lady's High School in Cumbernauld and I couldn't write or even spell my name. You were supposed to fill a form out at school on the first day when you arrived. I couldn't read so my mum filled it out for me.
154. I couldn't do the work at school because I couldn't understand anything. It was embarrassing and the teachers would shame me for it in front of the other kids and give me the belt. The English teacher did this to me because she didn't understand how I couldn't do the work. I wasn't offered any help. I never lasted long there and I started bunking off school after only weeks of starting.
155. I started hanging around with my friend, [REDACTED]. He had been my friend for years but we started getting into trouble. We never had anything to eat when we were dogging school so we started to shoplift. We were also breaking into shops and factories and things.
156. I had been skipping school for a year but they didn't seem bothered. The truancy officer didn't care. Nobody came to the house or sent a letter home so my mum never knew about it.
157. Life at home was ok. [REDACTED] came out of care and back home. One day, me and [REDACTED] went to the chip shop to get fish suppers. On the way back, a few boys from the play park shouted something to us. [REDACTED] said we had to do something about it. I went inside to put the fish suppers down while he stayed at the door. I came back out after five minutes and asked him if we were going to sort it out. He said it was finished. While I was away, he had grabbed a scalpel from under the carpet and gone and cut the boy all over. A while later all this police came and arrested [REDACTED]

158. The older brother of the boy who had been cut came to the door for a fight. My other brother [REDACTED] was in crutches at the time and hit the boy a few times with his crutches until he went away. Me and my brothers had started building a bit of a name for ourselves because we had been in care, and Cumbernauld was quite mad at the time so boys were always looking for a fight with us.
159. I was still breaking into places and stealing then got caught by the police. My fingerprints were taken and then they knew all the other things I had done as well. I was then charged with everything. This was about a year after I had been home.
160. I had to appear before a Children's Panel again on my charges. They decided to get reports from my school. I went back to the Panel about three weeks later once they got the reports. My mum went with me. The school report confirmed that I was never at school. Mr^{GJL} [REDACTED] my social worker, recommended that I go back into care.
161. The Panel decided to put me back in care and I was to go straight away. I wasn't told where I was going. I think that was up to the social worker. Mr^{GJL} [REDACTED] phoned a few places and decided I was going to Bellfield. He took me straight there in his car from the panel. My mum was upset and I was frightened because I had heard bad things about the place from boys from Cumbernauld who had had been there.

Bellfield Remand Home, Dumbarton

162. I was thirteen years old when I was taken to Bellfield by Mr^{GJL} [REDACTED]. He told me I would be there for three weeks until they found me somewhere else. I had to do some paper work when I went in. I was asked by a staff member if I was Catholic or Protestant. I don't know why because there was no religion in the place.
163. A man who worked there showed me round, and showed me where I was sleeping. He then got me some clothes because you had to wear their clothes. I got denim jeans and a blue shirt with stripes. All the boys wore the same. It was a uniform. We had a

number and it was on our clothes so you got your own clothes back after they had been washed. I can't remember what number I was.

164. I don't really know who was in charge. All the staff were male and I don't remember any of their names, just their faces. There was only about four members of staff there and they swapped shifts so there would only be two members of staff around at any one time.
165. There were about fifteen to twenty boys in total there. They went from about twelve years old to fifteen or sixteen. There were girls in the home too but we never saw them.
166. The only boys I remember are my friend [REDACTED], who I knew from home, and [REDACTED], whose proper name was [REDACTED]. I don't remember the names of any other boys because they were only there for about three weeks, but I ended up staying for eight months because they had to find me a Catholic place to go because that's what my mum wanted.

Layout

167. It was a big, old house with a lot of big, patio type windows at the front. It was within its own grounds. There was a big round drive way that came up to the house and then round again to go out. There was a tree in the middle of it and you could see squirrels running up and down it.
168. Inside the building, there was a day room with a TV in it and another room for smoking. There was a room that you could play games and table tennis in, and that same room was changed into the dining room for meal times. They stacked the tables up at the side of the room after meal times.
169. There was a staircase going up and the boys dormitories were on the first floor. There were two dormitories with about ten boys in each one.

170. There was a toilet on the ground floor and there was a bathroom and washroom on the first floor.
171. The girls' wing was in a totally different part of the building. I don't know how many girls there were. We never saw them because they were in a completely different wing. We would sometimes shout over to them at night time and we'd hear them shout back.
172. It was a secure place where the main door and fire exits were all locked so you couldn't get out. The rooms within the home weren't locked. You could get out of the first floor dormitory window but it was quite a drop.

Daily Routine

173. A member of staff got us up in the morning. It would be whoever was on duty that day. We got up and got washed. When everybody was ready, we went downstairs to the dining room where we had our breakfast. After that we were put in the day room and we would sit there all day except for when we went to the dining room for meals, the smoking room or the recreation room in the evening. We never got outside or left the building.
174. There was no schooling at all. You just sat there all day in the day room. The radio would be played and you could hear that. It was really boring so I would just sit in the window, watching the squirrels and praying my mum would come.
175. We got to go to the smoking room and we got four cigarettes a day. They were kept in the smoking room in a tin with your name on it. Mr GJL bought me forty cigarettes when I went in. When they ran out, I just had to ask other people if I could have a draw of theirs. I never had any money to buy more and boys would slag me off for having no money. I think their families must have bought cigarettes for them.

176. We sometimes got asked to do jobs, like help in the kitchen or sweep the floors, and put tables out or away in the dining room. We didn't mind getting tasks because there was nothing else to do.
177. There was a lot of fighting between the boys in the day room because there was nothing else to do. They would fight about religion, whether you were Catholic or Protestant. The staff wouldn't be in the room to stop it and the door to the day room would be locked. You had to knock on the door and wait for someone to let you out if you wanted to go to the toilet. Only two boys at a time were allowed to go.
178. In the evening the dining room turned into the recreation room and we were in there from 7 pm until 9 pm. Some of the boys would be tasked with putting the dining tables to the side and getting the table tennis tables out. I was the champion at table tennis in there. I think there might also have been a pool table that we could play on.
179. We got supper, which was prepared by a couple of the boys and then bedtime was 9 pm. The door to the dorm was unlocked so you could go to the toilet on the first floor at night, but the door to go downstairs was locked so you couldn't go down the stairs. I think there was a night watchman around at night but not much supervision and boys would sit on each other's beds or fight.
180. I think we got a shower once a week. Thursday is ringing a bell but I can't be sure.

Mealtimes/ food

181. The food was ok in there. We had breakfast and I remember having our tea. I don't remember having lunch but we probably did get something.
182. I don't remember queuing for our food or anything so we must have been served it at the tables. There was no choice about what you got. There was one option and if you didn't eat it, you would go hungry.

183. At night, one or two boys were picked to go and get supper ready, which was pieces and jam with tea. They were big slices of bread, which was quite good.

Visits and family contact

184. I never got any visits from anyone in there, nor any letters, as far as I can remember.

185. Nobody was ever taken anywhere out of the home because they were only there for three weeks. I was in the home longer than everybody else, so I started to get home leave at the weekends after I had been there for a couple of months.

186. The first time I got home leave, a member of staff showed me how to get to the train station and got me on the train home. After that, I was just given my train fare and allowed to go home by myself.

Medical attention

187. They didn't really have any facilities for medical care because boys were only there short term. I was an exception.

188. I didn't see a doctor or a dentist during my time there. If any boys got cuts or scrapes, then a member of staff would just see to it and give you a plaster or something.

Abuse in Bellfield Remand Home

189. There was one big, well-built guy there that all the boys told me to watch out for. He was the one that gave most of the beatings. I think he was maybe ex-police or something but I don't remember his name.

190. I got kicked in a few times from staff in there but I wasn't too bothered about it. It was sexual abuse that I was bothered about but that never happened in there. The closest thing to that was that one of the staff members brought in a guy called GJK

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] He was brought in after I had been in the home for a few months to play table tennis with me because he was supposed to be good. I played three games with him and beat him really easily. This man then tried to get me to come to his house but he didn't get permission from Bellfield for it because nobody was allowed to get out of Bellfield.

191. I was the first person in Bellfield to start getting home leave because I was there longer than anyone else. Whenever I would leave Bellfield to go home at the weekends, this man called [REDACTED] GJK would be outside Bellfield in a silver car waiting for me. He was an older man, about sixty years old or something, with silver hair. He would ask me to come back to his house, which was in Dumbarton or Helensburgh. I would say no but he would keep insisting. He told me that other boys came back to his house to play table tennis too, and that he had alcohol at home. I would say no way, then he would offer to drive me home or wherever I wanted to go. I would still say no. I never went with him in his car because I didn't want to be in a position of being alone with him after what had happened to me in St Ninian's.

192. This happened to me about three or four times whenever I was going home. I don't know how [REDACTED] GJK would have known when I was coming out. He must have been told by the staff member who originally brought him in to meet me. That's the only way he would have known when to come outside the building and wait for me every time I went home. I can't remember the name of the staff member who brought him in but he was a part-time comedian when he wasn't working at the home. He once did a show for us in the home and he was really funny. He was about sixty years old, tall and thin. He was ok with the boys.

193. I remember my friend, [REDACTED] saying that somebody chapped his door and asked him to go to [REDACTED] GJK house, but he can't remember who asked him. He didn't go. I don't know of any boy who did go.

Running away

194. After being in the home for a couple of months, I ran away with two other boys, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], known as [REDACTED] who was about the same age as me. [REDACTED] was about two years older than us. We climbed out the first floor dormitory window.
195. We were shoplifting and breaking into places, and got caught by the police. They charged us and took us back to the home. We got in trouble when we got back. We were taken upstairs to the dormitory by two staff members. We were given clean uniforms to change into. Then two staff members gave us kick-ins one at a time. I was the third to get it so I knew what was coming because I saw the other two get it before me. We were all slapped, kicked and punched all over our face and body. When they did it to me, I was curled up as a ball on the ground so they couldn't hit my face. They were still kicking me and telling me I better not do that again. I don't remember who did it, but it wasn't the big, well-built ex-police guy.
196. That was the first beating I got in Bellfield. I had a black eye and my nose was bleeding after it, but we were just told to get cleaned up and get back to the day room, and we were told we would get the same treatment if we ran away again. Everyone in the day room knew what had happened when they saw us.
197. I didn't run away again because the drop was so big from the dormitory window and I had nearly broken my legs the first time.

Peer fighting

198. There was a lot of fighting between the boys in the day room. Boys had knives and stuff and they would fight each other because there was nothing else to do. They'd fight over supporting Celtic or Rangers, and over being Catholic or Protestant. The staff wouldn't be in the room so they wouldn't stop it. The door would be locked from outside so we couldn't get out either.

199. If the staff did hear a fight, they would call for another staff member before coming in. By the time another staff member came, the fight would usually be over. If it wasn't, they'd separate the boys and give them a slap, and say if we fought again then we would get a kick-in. Then they would leave and boys would start fighting again.
200. The staff would sometimes do searches for knives but they never found them because the boys had a secret place to stash them. I only remember a knife being used once when a boy got slashed, but it was half hearted and he didn't need stitches or anything.
201. There was no supervision at night except for a member of staff downstairs. As soon as the staff left after bedtime, boys would start fighting again. There were about ten boys in my dorm and there were two mobs who fought each other. One gang was the Glasgow mob, and the other was everybody else. The majority of the boys were from around Glasgow so that was the bigger gang and the one that I was in.
202. The next morning, the staff member would report back to the day staff if he had heard noise from upstairs and tell them which dormitory it came from. Then that whole dorm would be punished by not being allowed in the recreation room or allowed any cigarette breaks so you would have to stay in the day room all day. That was the usual punishment for fighting if you got caught.

Bed wetting

203. I was still wetting the bed. I was terrified to tell anyone because of what happened at St Ninian's. The staff eventually found out it was me after a few days because of the smell. The staff checked the beds and found that my bed and pyjamas were wet. They embarrassed me in front of everybody by saying that I shouldn't be wetting the bed at my age.
204. The staff said that if anyone was to wet the bed, then they had to tell the staff. I carried on wetting the bed but I never told them. I'd wait until it was time to change the bedding, which happened once a week and then quickly strip my bed and put the wet sheets in the basket before it was noticed by anyone.

205. All the boys made fun of me in the day room after finding out I wet the bed. It caused me to get into a few fights. One time a boy from Govan, whose surname was [REDACTED] was slugging me so we got into a fight. He ended up holding a knife to my throat and I told him to just do it. I wasn't caring anymore. The boy didn't know what to do and all the other boys were watching. He just threw the knife away.

Leaving Bellfield

206. I was told that a placement had been found for me at St Mary's Children's Home and I would be leaving. I was glad to hear this and to be getting out of Bellfield because it was so boring but also violent. It was a tense atmosphere and I was never relaxed in there.

207. The next day or two days after, Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] appeared to take me away.

St Mary's Children's Home, Bishopbriggs

208. I was thirteen or fourteen years old when I was taken to St Mary's Children's Home on Kenmure Avenue in Bishopbriggs. Mr ^{GJL} [REDACTED] drove me there. I was taken to ^{SNR} [REDACTED] ^{SNR} [REDACTED], Mr ^{LNI} [REDACTED] office, when I arrived.

209. I was shown around the place by another member of staff, but I can't remember who. I was given their own clothes, which were denims and a shirt. I got two sets. Then I was shown to where my bed was. It was a long dormitory with about thirty beds and quite high partitions between the beds so there was some privacy. There was a locker beside my bed and I put my things in my locker as well as one set of the uniform and I put the other on. I was then taken down to where the classes were and met the boys.

210. There were about thirty boys in St Mary's and we were all in the one dorm. The age range was from twelve to sixteen.
211. Mr LNI was SNR when I started. He was an ex-boxer and was SNR for about a year, then a man called Mr KDN. The only other staff member I remember is Bill Franks, who was the cook but he also took recreation as well.

Layout

212. It was a big, long, red stone building in its own grounds with a fence around it. It wasn't a secure place though. You could climb over the fence or even just walk out the gate if you wanted to. There was a big statue of Our Lady in the grounds.
213. Inside the main building, the headmaster's room and the classrooms were on the ground floor, with the dining room right at the end. The dormitory and the TV room were on the first floor. The recreation room was across the yard.
214. There were some greenhouses in the grounds with a secure unit behind them, which was a building with bars on the windows. There were workshops in the secure unit.
215. There was a wee house in the right hand corner in the grounds, which was called the Training for Freedom House. That was where some of the older boys stayed before they were getting out.

Daily routine

216. We got up at 7 or 7.30 am, washed, got dressed and went to the dining room for breakfast.

217. Then we would go to a work party, which were practical classes in the workshops in the secure unit building. Then we would have lunch. The food was excellent in there. There was a male cook who was good.
218. We had a break for lunch. We would go out into the yard for a cigarette and to play football for a bit. We would see the boys from the secure unit there and they'd play football with us. Then we had more classes in the afternoon.
219. In the evening, we had our tea, I remember helping out in the kitchen sometimes. Boys volunteered for that because they got bored. After tea, we went into the recreation room for a couple of hours. There was table tennis, a small snooker table and a television in there. I was the champion at table tennis there too. Nobody could beat me. There were board games in the cupboard but nobody ever played them. Films would be put on the telly for everyone to watch if anybody wanted to watch them. There was a library too but I never saw anybody reading.
220. The TV was put off at 9 pm and everybody had to go to bed. The staff came and checked that everyone was in bed and then put the lights off. There was always mucking about after staff left. We would just turn lights on and have a carry on. The door was locked from the outside and I don't remember any staff ever coming back to check on us. There was access to a toilet if we needed to go. I don't remember anybody ever having an issue with bed wetting in there.
221. Some boys would help out in the kitchen but that was on a volunteer basis. I did that a few times as well. We never had any chores other than that.
222. We never got taken on holidays. I started getting home at weekends but if I never went home, then we'd be taken out swimming or something. I think they did try their best.
223. I was in the Training for Freedom House in my last year there. There were six to eight boys in there. We made our own food and had some independence before leaving. Someone would come in to show us how to cook. It was good in there. I also got an outside job in a homeless shelter during that time.

224. I don't remember seeing a doctor or dentist while I was there.

Schooling/ work

225. The classes were more practical than educational and were called work parties. I don't remember English classes or any proper schooling.

226. We had workshops where we learned to work with resin and fibreglass. There was woodwork, canoe making and metal work. Two teachers came in from outside to take these classes. We also had a class where we learned about money and how to budget for the week and month. This class was taken by a member of staff.

227. Some older boys went out to college for the day and other folk went out to work. A year before leaving the home, I got a job helping out at a homeless shelter in Glasgow for three nights a week. I would go to meetings up at the BBC Studios and get food from there and take it to the shelter.

228. At the hostel, I worked with some other boys and we admitted people into the place. I was supposed to refuse them entry if they were drunk but I would usually let them in. We also searched people and confiscated any alcohol from them. I would also help out in their soup kitchen and dish out food.

229. I started Cumbernauld College when I was about fifteen years old, before I left St Mary's. I was doing welding and engineering. I was working towards a City and Guilds qualification. I left the home before I finished that course.

Trips/ visits

230. I don't remember anybody coming to visit me in there or asking how I was. I didn't see a social worker again once I went into St Mary's.

231. I never got any family visits because I started getting home leave soon after being in there.

Weekend home leave

232. I started getting home leave after about three or four weeks of being in the home. I would leave on a Friday and come back on a Sunday. I didn't always go home. Sometimes I would hang out with other boys who were also on home leave.

233. One boy who was in the home with me was Italian and his dad had a chip shop in Glasgow. Another pal's dad was [REDACTED] in the picture hall in Glasgow. We would go to one boy's dad's chip shop and get chips for free, and then go to the other boy's dad's work and get into the cinema for free. We did that quite often.

234. After that, I would go to Govan and stay with my pal and we would get ourselves into trouble with shop lifting, breaking into places and getting into fights. I would get caught by police and get charged as well. I would go home to my own house at some point over the weekend but not usually for the whole weekend.

Discipline

235. If you were thought to be misbehaving in St Mary's, the punishment was to not let you have recreation and you were made to stay in your bed area, or staff would take away your home leave.

Abuse in St Mary's Children's Home

236. There was a female member of staff there who used to come in at night and tuck us in. The boys would try and feel her up as she was doing it. I can't remember her name but she was a big woman. She got caught by another member of staff in the toilets doing sexual things with one of the boys. I don't remember which staff member caught

them or the name of the boy, but he was a pal of mine. The woman got the sack after that.

Bill Franks

237. Bill Franks looked after the boys in the telly room in the evenings. There were rows of chairs set out like a cinema. Some boys would sit in the back row and Bill Franks would sit next to them and touch their legs up. He tried it with me but I got up and walked away and never sat next to him again. That happened to me quite soon after I was in there. He did it to other boys too and he would be laughing about it. He didn't try to hide it. I never heard from any of the boys that he took it further.
238. Bill Franks was also the cook and boys would help out in the kitchen sometimes. There would be about three of us. All the boys warned you not to walk into the walk in fridge because Bill Franks would come in after you.
239. When you were working in there, Bill Franks would tell you to go and get something from the walk in fridge, and then he'd follow you in and try to grope you. He did that to me. He would come at me and I would run about to dodge him and he'd chase me and try into get me in a corner. He would be acting like it was comedy and he was joking, but if I gave him a chance, he definitely would have touched me up. I just told him to "fuck off" and managed to run about, dodge him and get out without letting him touch me. He just laughed, pretending it was funny. He did this to me a few times.
240. I saw him follow other boys into the fridge too and I would hear other boys swearing at him too. I definitely think he was a paedophile. Other than that, he was alright. He would show you how to cook and give you extra food in the kitchen.

Mr LNI SNR

241. Once, while I was on home leave, I went to a Celtic and Rangers football match at Parkhead Stadium with my brothers. My brother jumped up when Celtic scored. The police arrested and charged us both even though I hadn't done anything wrong. They

were just arresting everybody. You couldn't move in the cells for all the football supporters. I ended up getting charged with a breach of the peace.

242. I was taken back to St Mary's in a police traffic car. It was on [REDACTED] day so there were hundreds of people at the home, standing around the statue in the grounds, to do mass. The police car couldn't get through so they put the siren on to get through the crowd.

243. The police wanted to talk to SNR [REDACTED] Mr LNI [REDACTED], who had to leave all the people and what he was doing to speak to the police about me. They spoke in the office in front of me and the police told him that I had been charged with a breach of the peace. After they left, Mr LNI [REDACTED] gave me a kick-in for it. He was punching me everywhere on my head and body. I was covered in bruises and had black eyes. I didn't get taken to hospital. I just had to lie in my bed for a week until I got better. That was the only beating I got in St Mary's.

244. I ended up in court after that and all my other charges caught up with me too. The court sent me to Longriggend Remand Home for three weeks. This was when I was about fourteen years old. I went back to court after the three weeks, and there was a member of staff from St Mary's there who spoke up for me. They told the court that I was doing well at St Mary's and I should be allowed to go back there, so the court agreed and I was sent back.

Leaving St Mary's Kenmure

245. I was getting home three days a week from Friday to Sunday. The other three nights, I was working in the homeless shelter.

246. I was spending less and less time at St Mary's and it got to the point where I was just going to St Mary's Monday to Friday during the day for the classes.

247. I wanted to go to college and got a placement at Cumbernauld College. The home decided they couldn't do anymore with me so I was discharged. I left St Mary's when I was fifteen years old. I hadn't minded being there. It was a well-run place.

Longriggend Remand Home, Longriggend

248. I was put into Longriggend for three weeks when I was fourteen years old. This was while I was at St Mary's Kenmure. I had been charged and appeared at court for stealing, breaking and entering places and a breach of the peace. I was taken by the security folk from court to Barlinnie Prison for one night only. Then I was taken to Longriggend the next day.

249. I was taken to the reception in Longriggend and given their own clothes to wear. They put my own clothes away somewhere. They took me to get checked for nits and sprayed me with stuff, strip searched me and then took me to have a shower.

250. I was taken to my cell, which was an individual cell in the school boys' wing. There was a bed, a pot to go to the toilet in and a bible in there. Nothing else. There was a window and I could see Cumbernauld from it.

251. We got up at 6 am and had to make a bed block then sit in a seat in the cell. We got out to go to recess in the morning to wash and slop out our pots in the big toilet. Then we went straight back to our cell.

252. My breakfast was brought to me on a metal tray by the pass man, which is another prisoner. He would bring your three meals a day. The food was slops but if you didn't eat it then you went hungry. You'd leave your trays to be picked up.

253. I was made to sit on the seat in the cell all day. I could read a bit but the bible was too complicated for me to read so I had nothing to do. Someone would come to check on you to see you were sitting in the seat and not on your bed.

254. We got out for one hour a day for exercise. We would all walk in circles around the yard in twos for an hour. You could talk to the person you were walking beside, but that was only time you got to talk to anyone. Then we got taken back to our cells.
255. My mother came to visit me a few times in the three weeks I was in there. That was the only other time I got out the cell. They were closed visits in the big hall and I spoke to her through a glass partition. It was always good to see my mum. I always told her I was fine because I didn't want to worry her but it was upsetting when she left because I knew my house wasn't far away.
256. There was no abuse in there but it was so boring. You were just in your cell all day and not allowed to move from the seat.
257. I was sent back to Longriggend for another three weeks when I was sixteen years old while the police waited for reports. I was in the normal jail part this time, not the school boy's part. Everything was the same except that you could lie on your bed during the day in your cell.

Life back at home

258. I was back at home after leaving St Mary's Kenmure when I was fifteen years old. I carried on going to Cumbernauld College for a while.
259. I was still getting into a bit of trouble with the police at the weekends. The police waited until I turned sixteen and then hit me at once with all the charges I had from that year. I went to court and they sent me to Longriggend Remand Home again while they waited for reports.
260. I went back to court after three weeks. The reports recommended that I go to a young offenders institution for three months. The judge didn't go with that recommendation and sentenced me to eighteen months in a borstal. I was to spend the first six weeks

in Polmont and then the rest of the term, which was twelve and a half months, in HMP Castle Huntly.

261. I think I was taken to Barlinnie again that time for a night and then taken to Polmont the next morning by security.

Polmont Borstal, Polmont

262. I went into Polmont when I was sixteen years old. I got six weeks of army training when I first went in. You would have to pass that before being allowed into the open jail at Castle Huntly or into one of the wings in Polmont.

263. I can't remember the name of the governor, but he was an older man who I think had been there a long time because everybody knew him. I don't remember any of the prison officers in Polmont.

264. The boys in there were all the same age as me, about sixteen to eighteen. We all had our own cell.

First day

265. I was given clothes to wear when I got in. We had different clothes to wear for different times of the day. One outfit was jeans with a blue and white top, another was a brown wool jacket and trousers. I was also given a number and shown what cell I was in. I was put in a borstal wing called Alex Alley.

266. I got up in the morning and had to make my bed block perfectly. Someone came in with gloves on and checked my bed and the room.

267. I couldn't remember what clothes I was supposed to wear so I asked the boy next door to me and he told me so I got dressed. When we all came out our cells at the same time, we had to stand to attention. They were all wearing denims and I wasn't. The

boy had told me the wrong thing to wear because he thought it was funny. I got put back in my cell and the prison officers gave me a kick-in for that. I changed my clothes and got back out again.

268. Everybody got punished because I had worn the wrong thing. We all got put in what was called the sweat room, which was an empty room, and made to do heavy exercise. We were running round having to lift our knees high like in army training.
269. After that, I was taken to the governor's office by the prison officers on my first day there. The prison officers took me and threw me into the office and I banged my head on the pipes. I stood up in a daze and the governor asked me my name and number. I couldn't remember the number I had been given so the governor got a big pen and wrote it on my forehead, and said I would remember it now.

Daily routine

270. We got woken up at 6 am every morning. Everybody had ten minutes to get ready and make their bed blocks. If it wasn't done properly, it was stripped and you had to do it again. I learned to sleep by just moving one sheet so the bed was almost made in the morning.
271. Then we got marched to the toilets and we took our buckets to slop out. We all got handed razors to shave and to get washed. We were watched by prison officers the whole time.
272. We got back to our cells and five minutes later we were out again and made to bunny hop to the dining room. We had to bunny hop everywhere.
273. We had our breakfast and then back up to our cells. Then we went to the gym to exercise, which was like army style training. People just screamed at you all the time. You had to get changed really quickly. Everything had to be done yesterday. If you weren't quick enough you got a kick-in for it. We did that twice a day. It was really

difficult but after three weeks you got the hang of it and then we'd laugh at new boys who couldn't do it.

274. We had our meals in the dining room throughout the day and didn't really do anything else in those first few weeks.
275. There was no recreation time. The only other different thing we did was that we got to see a film once a week and went to chapel on a Sunday.

Discipline and punishment

276. It was a very difficult place to be with very strict discipline. It was horrendous.
277. The dining room was terrible too. If you had your tray the wrong way when you were getting served, the prison officers would pour custard on your potatoes or something like that. It was horrible but you were made to eat it.
278. Anybody who didn't eat their dinner was put in the sweat room and made to exercise as a punishment. Other than that, any punishment was just getting battered.

Abuse in Polmont

279. I got beaten up the very first morning I was in Polmont for wearing the wrong clothes, and then chucked into the governor's office by the prison guards so I bumped my head on the railings.
280. When you went to the toilet, you had to say "excuse me, sir" when you came out. One time I came out and didn't think anybody was there so I didn't say it. The next thing I felt was a big bang over my head because a prison officer had just hit me. It was so hard it made me dizzy. I said I was sorry and that I forgot. He smacked me hard again and said never to forget anything. He then battered me for not washing my hands after

going to the toilet. He was punching and slapping me and knocked me silly, and made me go back and wash my hands.

281. There were lots of rules to remember and if you forgot any, you got battered so I got a lot of kick-ins the first few weeks. It took me about three weeks to learn all the rules and then I didn't get beaten so much.
282. We were taken swimming and we all had to line up naked and touch our toes to check if our backsides were clean otherwise you would get the cane.
283. Then the staff member asked if we could all swim. I said I couldn't and the man grabbed me by the hair and chucked me into the deep end of the pool. I started drowning and the man didn't help. One of the boys told him I was drowning and the man said I wasn't, but the boys kept saying it so he threw me a rubber ring. I felt like I had drank half the pool. I nearly drowned.
284. I don't remember the name of the staff member but he also gave me a kick-in once because I laughed when he fell on his backside. He punched lumps out of me.

Leaving Polmont

285. After the first six weeks you were given different clothes to wear. If you got red shirts then you went to Castle Huntly. If you got a blue shirt then you went to one of the wings in Polmont. I got a red shirt. I don't know how they decided who went where.

HMP Castle Huntly, Dundee

286. I was still sixteen years old when I went into Castle Huntly, which was an open prison. Me and some other boys from Polmont were taken there in a bus. We were all handcuffed in the bus.

287. It was a big castle with big grounds and football pitches. The living quarters were on the ground floor in the building. I was in a dormitory when I first went in. After you had been there for so long and proved you could behave, you got a blue shirt and your own cell with a key that you could lock. You got a bit more freedom then.
288. The freedom in there was incredible compared to Polmont. You could go anywhere you wanted. I was still marching when I went in. The officers told me that I didn't need to march in there and I could just walk. It was alright in there. Nothing abusive happened.
289. I got the job of window cleaner so I could go anywhere. I would take my pal around with me. I did the welding and engineering course there, and got my City and Guilds qualification. The prison also organised for me to work in a forestry.
290. There was a room with table tennis in there. They brought in a Scottish champion and I beat him. He wasn't happy.

Leaving HMP Castle Huntly

291. A few months before I got out, I started getting out for four hours to just go out in Dundee. If you behaved yourself and came back on time, you would get home leave.
292. I started getting home leave every three weeks, for the weekend. The staff in prison would make you do a drug test when you came back that you had to pass if you wanted to get leave again.
293. A month before I got out, I was called to the office and told I was getting out in a month, which would have meant I had done twelve months in there. I got into a fight with a boy and broke his nose so they added another two weeks on to my sentence so I was in there for twelve and a half months. I was about seventeen years old when I got out.

Life after care

294. I went back home and got a job in the council, digging holes and clearing snow. It was a job created for me through a job creation scheme, which I got through the job centre. I wanted a welding apprenticeship but there were none going. I was offered the council job so I took that and worked there for about a year.
295. I started working as a chef and worked in a few different hotels. I went to Germany with my brother. We only had about £21 in our pockets and met my pal there, who got us a job in a hotel in which he was a manager. We stayed there for about eight months and it was great fun. I was going to go to Amsterdam next but I got into a fight with a guy in Germany, and got in trouble with the police so I had to come home.
296. There were warrants out for me when I came back to Scotland. It was just daft things like breaches of the peace.
297. I carried on being a chef in some nice hotels like Gleneagles. Then I went down to England for a couple of years then came back. I carried on working in the chef world, and got my own snack van for a while. I worked with horses in Falkirk too.
298. I had a partner for years but we never got married. We had two sons together then we split up.
299. My mum died in about 1990 and my dad died this year.

Impact

300. I started breaking into places and committing crimes after I went into care because of the people I met in there, and that put me onto a path of crime for many years. I haven't been in trouble for the last thirty years or so.

301. I was put into care for not going to school but then I never got any education when I was in care. That has stopped me progressing in anything as an adult. I can't go further than my practical duties as a chef because then I would need to write reports and stuff, which I struggle with.
302. I became a heroin addict for about three years because I couldn't see my life going anywhere because I couldn't read or write properly, and I wanted to progress. I felt worthless. I managed to come off heroin myself but then drank a lot for years. I hardly drink now.
303. I can't cope with relationships and the responsibilities that come with it. I am just not interested in sexual relationships. That is why my relationship with my partner broke down and I am single now. That is absolutely because of the sexual abuse in St Ninian's. I struggle to stay friends with people too because I don't like going out.
304. St Ninian's ruined my life. It has devastated me. I think about it all the time. Certain smells, like carbolic soap bring on reactions.
305. I have taken overdoses throughout my life, which started when I was about seventeen years old. The past has just always haunted me. I tried to commit suicide about three years ago [REDACTED] An old woman came along and she asked me not to do it and was crying. I couldn't do it in front of her so I came down.
306. I went back to St Ninian's about ten years after leaving to see if it would help me cope better after seeing it again. The building was empty and not in use, but Jimmy McKinstry was still the gardener there. I just walked about the building once. It made me quite upset and brought things back to me so I left. I couldn't get out of there fast enough.

Current treatment

307. I can't sleep properly. I take medication to help me sleep and for my nerves. I take Valium during the day and antipsychotic pills to sleep at night. I have been on medication since I was about seventeen years old.
308. I have had counsellors since I overdosed when I was seventeen years old. The help you got back then was not as good as what you get today. I get more help now through Future pathways who have organised counselling sessions for me.
309. I was referred to a psychiatrist about three years ago after I tried to [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] They wanted to section me but didn't. I started seeing a psychiatrist then and I was diagnosed with PTSD at that time.

Reporting of abuse

310. The police contacted me about two years ago. They sent me a letter saying they wanted to speak to me about St Ninian's. I went to Stirling Police Station to see them and give them a statement about my time at St Ninian's. They said I told them the exact same story as someone else.
311. I was cited as a witness to go to the High Court in Edinburgh in August 2021 to give evidence against Brother Benedict. I was not happy about going to court and didn't want to do it. I found it all very stressful and struggled to sleep and eat because of it, but I still went and gave my evidence. There were a lot of charges on the indictment and I was only one of many complainers. Two of the charges on the indictment related to violence against me.
312. I had to build myself up a lot to give evidence. It was a small courtroom and felt quite oppressive. I saw Brother Benedict sitting in the dock with his head down when I went in. Just before we were about to start I heard him say to the security officer, "let's rock and roll." I had seen him as an old man when I walked in, but hearing that proved to

me what kind of man he still was. It put me on the back foot a bit before I gave my evidence. Maybe that was what he wanted. I don't know if the jury would have heard it because they were on a screen sitting in another venue, and not in the courtroom.

313. He was already in prison after being found guilty of other charges. He was coming to the end of a six year sentence when these new charges were brought against him. He clearly had no remorse or he could have made a deal and pled guilty to some of the charges but instead, he decided to put all of his victims through a court case.

314. The trial went on for about thirty days and after it he was found guilty of 29 charges so you can only imagine how many more charges were against him. One of the charges he was found guilty of related to me.

315. One of the teachers from St Ninian's, Mr McDougall, has also been charged along with [REDACTED]. One of the charges against him relates to me from when he knocked me out in St Ninian's. I don't know about the charges against [REDACTED]. I am still waiting for a court date for that if it goes to trial. I am Hoping that he pleads guilty so I don't have to go to court.

316. [REDACTED]
If that happens, then I will likely be called as a witness in a trial against him.

Records

317. I got my medical records, which are just from aged sixteen to now. They confirm I was at St Ninian's in Gartmore and afterwards it says Walter Place or Lane, Cardross, which I think is referring to my time in Cardross, but I was in there before I was in St Ninian's, not after. Then there is a bit of paper over it so they've covered it when photocopying so I can't see it.

318. There are three doctors named on the medical records and they have covered the names of the second two, which is when I was in Cardross and up to when I was

twelve years old. St Mary's is not on them and neither is Bellfield. It is all a bit confusing.

319. I applied for my social work records and was told that they can't find them. Those are the ones that I really want. There must be something in them about when I put my head through the car window.

320. I also tried to get my police records but they only start from when I am sixteen years old. I have contacted Future Pathways and Thompson Solicitors who are trying to get some records for me.

Lessons to be Learned

321. I think there need to be more female staff members in care institutions. Staff should always be made to work in pairs so there will always be a witness around.

322. I am hoping that the same mistakes won't be made again and that other children will be saved from going through what I went through in care.

323. 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. GJJ

Dated. 12-10-21