

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GOG [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is GOG [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED], 1972. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. During my time in the state hospital I got my birth certificate and I saw that my name on it is GOG [REDACTED]. I was called GOG [REDACTED] for years and years. I also saw that my surname was actually GOG [REDACTED], not GOG [REDACTED]. My full name on the birth certificate is GOG [REDACTED] GOG [REDACTED]. I saw that it had my surname as GOG [REDACTED], so I've used that ever since.
3. I was born in Maryhill, Glasgow, possibly in the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. My mum's name was [REDACTED]. My dad's name was [REDACTED]. I always thought they were married, but I was wrong, they weren't. [REDACTED] was my mum's surname and [REDACTED] my dad's. My dad used to work as a slater but he contracted a breathing illness and had to retire from it. My mum worked as a cleaner.
4. I have two brothers and two sisters. The youngest is my sister [REDACTED]. I don't know how old she is, but her birthday is the [REDACTED]. Then there's myself, then my brother [REDACTED], who was born on [REDACTED] 1970. He is the only one I know the age of. Then it's [REDACTED] and the oldest is my brother [REDACTED].
5. I had a chaotic family life. There was a lot of drinking and a lot of drugs living in Drumchapel. We moved from Maryhill to Drumchapel when I was two or three, so all I can remember is growing up in Drumchapel. There was a lot of fighting and

violence, gang fights and a lot of drugs going about. You had to fight to survive. There was violence at home too. Not towards me, but between mum and dad. It was quite chaotic.

6. I can't remember if the social work was involved with my older brothers and sister before me, or if it started with me. I think my mum refused help from the social work.
7. I am [REDACTED] and because of this I went to a special school, [REDACTED] primary school. This was because they could take more time to educate you, rather than a mainstream school where there's thirty to forty kids in the classroom. It was alright until I started getting bullied at home and in Drumchapel, because I went to a special school. A little yellow bus used to pick me up and everyone made fun of me. I was being bullied by my brothers and local kids. I was very close with my dad and he tried to stop it all, but he couldn't go around fighting everyone. I got no help at school.
8. I initially went to Cleddans primary school, which was a normal primary school. They transferred me because I was having trouble reading the blackboard. Obviously the teacher couldn't spend enough time just with me, with so many kids in the class, so they transferred me. I then went to [REDACTED] secondary school. This was a special school too, but you got public transport to and from there, rather than the yellow bus.
9. When I used to get the bus to primary school the driver let me sit at the front of the bus. This went on for a while. I couldn't read or write at the time and one day the driver passed me a letter. I thought it was for my mum and dad, so took the letter home and gave them it. Before I knew it there were police at the door and I couldn't understand what it was about. Apparently the letter stated that I was to meet the driver at a time and place, I was about nine years old then. The police went to the place and picked him up and he ultimately went to jail because of it. I can't remember the police ever speaking to me. I don't know the driver's name. I can't even remember what he looked like.

10. At the time I thought it was great getting the bus. Then people were seeing me getting off it and obviously they knew it was a special bus. They would constantly call me names and there was some violence involved.
11. I started sniffing glue when I was about twelve because I wanted to fit in, so that I wouldn't be bullied. I met a bunch of boys from the scheme, who were sniffing glue, so I started doing it too. I fitted in with them and I wasn't getting bullied. It took me away from everything, it was an escape. There were times I would wake up in the middle of a field. I didn't know where I'd been for hours and hours. It takes you away from the day to day things, the violence, because when I was growing up it was murder. I was sniffing glue right up until I went to jail in 1989. I didn't take any other drugs, and not much drink, glue was cheap and I was addicted to it. Everybody was doing it. When I was being brought up, my dad's pals were doing it. You couldn't get away from it. They were doing it in closes, across the street, in play parks. It was a big thing then. In 1990, when I was in the state hospital harder drugs were coming out, so I missed all that.
12. [REDACTED] secondary school was good. I made a lot of pals there. I was still being bullied about going to special school. Even though I didn't get the big yellow bus, I was coming home to Drumchapel, and the bullies knew where I'd been. That's where the bullying mainly happened.
13. I was never in the house, I was out all the time sniffing glue, so I don't know if there was any social work involvement. My dad was drinking a lot, and I was with him most of the time. My mum took care of my brothers and sisters and dad took care of me. My mum fed the other four and I had to wait until dad came home to get my dinner. That started when I went to secondary school. I don't know why, maybe because I was sniffing glue and I was probably a handful. I was with my dad all the time. I went fishing with him, went to Rangers games, I done everything with him so I wasn't too bothered. My mum couldn't handle me, or didn't want me.
14. I went to St Mary's Kenmure in Bishopbriggs for about six to eight months around 1986 or 1987. I remember doing my YTS when I got out of there, when I was

sixteen, so I had to have been there before my sixteenth birthday. I think foster care was before St Mary's. I remember being in the foster home, but I don't know how long I was in there. I'm not sure why I went to foster care, but it was good. There was no problems with that.

Foster care at unknown address in Faifley, Clydebank

15. I went to foster care in Faifley, Clydebank. The foster parents were [REDACTED]. I don't know their surname. They had their own kids, who were older than me, and they used to play football for the [REDACTED] or something like that. I didn't know that people from Faifley fought with people from Drumchapel. There used to be big massive fights in the fields. So when I stayed at Faifley, people from there knew where I was from and everybody wanted to fight me.
16. My foster care was great. There was no abuse. I didn't get treated any differently than their own kids. I can't remember how long I was there. It's sad saying it, but it felt like a home and they had time for you. There was no violence, no shouting and no arguing. They used to work in a charity place and they would take me there. They were really nice, I've never had a bad word to say about them. I can't remember how long I was in foster care.
17. I then went to St Mary's because I stole a bike when I was in foster care. I think I was charged with the theft. St Mary's wasn't a prison sort of thing, it was like a remand centre. It was a home for people who haven't been to court yet, like an assessment centre. I don't recall any children's panels before going there and I can't remember any social work involvement. All I can remember is that I stole a bike, got charged with it and went to St Mary's.

St Mary's Kenmure, Bishopbriggs

18. From my bedroom at St Mary's you could look out and there was a big massive fence around the place with barbed wire at the top. It was secure. There was a

communal garden area and they had a petrol go-kart. You would then go through a door and the gym was there. It was a big place. You had your own room upstairs, which was locked at night.

19. I don't know where the girls were, I think it was long corridor we were all in, I don't think it was segregated. There were older kids than me there, up to sixteen years old I think. There might have been people my age too. There was the yellow room, green room and blue room and they were divided into sections with so many people in one section and so many in another. It's hard to explain, it was all in one and there was a pool table out in the corridor, but divided into groups. There was a quiet room and an office there too. The bedrooms were upstairs. I think there were about thirty people there altogether, maybe more than that. I thought it was the government that ran these places. Even up to a year ago I thought it was the government, not a religious order.

Routine at St Mary's Kenmure, Bishopbriggs

20. I can't remember who was in charge of St Mary's. I had a key worker, but I can't remember her name. She was tall with blonde hair. She was about thirty years old and really nice. It's not like now, like in here, you have a key worker and you can have a one to one with them. It was quite chaotic at St Mary's. I don't know what we called the staff. In the hospital we call them nurses and I think they do a similar job to those in St Mary's, but they weren't nurses. There were male and female staff. At first they were good, then it went downhill rapidly, for me anyway.

First day

21. I can't remember how I got to St Mary's, but I remember walking into it like it was yesterday, but I get confused because I don't remember people's names. You walked in one door and they locked it, then they opened another door, then they closed that too. You went up a small corridor, then opened another door and that was you into the main building. Everybody was nice that day, it didn't last long. I was probably nervous that first day and didn't comprehend where I was. There's only so

much I can tell the Inquiry about Kenmure, because I was only there for a short period of time.

Mornings and bedtime

22. We were wakened at seven thirty, you made your bed, had a shower then went downstairs for breakfast. You then went into your bubble. You could sit in there, it was like a day room. There were couches and a TV in it. At first I spent all day in the day room. It changed and I started being bullied and put to my room all the time. I wasn't getting enough food, or not getting fed at all, because of older boys taking it from me. I was getting laughed at all the time and thought it was better being in my room.
23. There was nothing in your bedroom, no TV or things like that. I must have had clothes but I can't remember a locker. I'm sure you wore your own clothes.

Mealtimes / Food

24. We went to the dining room for lunch and dinner and Bill Franks, the cook, made all the dinners. You could make tea and coffee and you could cook something in the day room. It was like a little house, kind of thing, with a kitchen and a TV.
25. I never got a lot of food. I got egged about it, "You want it, you don't want it", and one of the older boys would come over and take something of mine. I don't know why, maybe because I was so young and I couldn't defend myself. I remember when I went home my dad said I'd lost so much weight. Now I can't stand bullies. I do think about it over the thirty odd years. I go to the gym to work out, because I make sure I'm strong enough and fit enough that what happened to me will never happen again. I do think back on what I could have done better. I blamed myself for years. You think what you could do differently to stop it happening.

Washing / bathing

26. There was a shower in your room that you could use when you want. Everybody had their own shower.

School

27. There was education there but I never got to go to classes. I don't know why. There was a gym there and people played badminton, but when I went in they just tried to hit me with a basketball, so I never went back. I went to my room. I don't think you were allowed to go to your room during the day, but I got put to mine.
28. We didn't have to do any chores and we didn't get any pocket money. There was nothing to do. I just sat on the end of my bed. I couldn't read or write, so I didn't look at books. There was no religious instruction and I never got any home leave.

Birthdays and Christmas

29. I might have been there for my birthday, I'm not sure. I can't remember celebrating it. Christmas wasn't celebrated that I remember. My birthday is in [REDACTED] but I can't remember celebrating them in the place. From leaving there and turning sixteen felt really quick, so I may not have been there over December.

Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention

30. I had no visits from family or social work. I never had any more contact with my foster parents. I can't remember any inspections and there was no review of my time there.

Healthcare

31. There was no health care. I didn't see any doctor when I was bleeding after the first rape or about my sore back after the second time, which I will speak of later. I didn't

see a dentist when I was there. I have since had all my front teeth taken out as they were all rotten after I left.

Running away

32. I didn't escape. You couldn't get out. I don't think anybody did when I was there.

Bed Wetting

33. I wet the bed quite a lot there. The staff slapped me and threw me in the shower. Even to this day there are times I wet the bed. Here in the hospital I just put the sheets in the washing machine.

Abuse at St Mary's Kenmure, Bishopbriggs

34. I was bullied by the older boys in there. I couldn't understand why, but the staff would just laugh and egg on the bullies. None of them stopped it at all. They would take food from me, turn the TV when I was watching it, walk passed me and bump into me. It didn't help that I was hyperactive and loud. It's a coping mechanism. The staff would find it funny. They locked me in my room. The older boys would come to my room window and tap it and turn the light on and off. There was one time I got a letter from my dad. My reading wasn't that great, so my dad wrote the letter in a way I would understand it. So an older boy opened the door one day, I can't even remember his name now, but he opened the door and told me there was a letter for me. He went to hand it to me, then pulled it away, opened it and started reading it then burst out laughing. He ripped it up, handed it to me and shut the door. I don't know what the letter said.
35. Boys would bring my dinner up to me and throw it at me, that kind of thing. At the time I was glad I was locked in my room as I wasn't getting abused physically, but I was mentally. So it wasn't good, but better than being in the day room.

36. Because I used to wear big national health glasses, they all thought it was funny to come up behind me and flick them off, or pass them round to each other and when I'm not wearing them I can't really see. The staff and the residents thought it was funny.
37. I was raped three times by the cook Bill Franks. The first time he did this I woke up the next day and there was blood on my sheets. A staff member came in and I thought he would ask what happened, but he went mental at me, saying, "What the fuck is that?", and slapped me on the back of the head and shouted, "I'll need to go and clean this up now". I was sent for a shower and made to have a cold one. When I came out I was going to dry myself and he said, "No, stand in the corner". I stood there and two older boys, I don't know their names, came in and started flicking me with wet towels. I can't remember the staff member's name. He had a moustache and he smoked. He was one of the carers. Nobody even asked where the blood was coming from.
38. It all began when Bill came to me and asked if I was ok. He said he had seen what was happening and asked if I wanted him to make it stop. He said he knew that others take my food from me, so he made me sandwiches. That's how it started. I thought he cared. He said he would protect me. He was small, chubby, a black beard and black hair. He had, what I know now, was a chef's jacket on and light blue trousers.
39. The first time it happened Bill asked if I wanted a Pot Noodle. I said yes. Now the thought of a Pot Noodle makes me sick. I was just sitting and he asked if I was alright. He took me down to the kitchen and made me a Pot Noodle. There was a big silver table in the middle. I was standing near it and the fridge was at my back. I was eating and he asked me if I wanted him to stop the bullies. I said I did and he said I would have to do something for him. I told him I had no money, but he said, "No", and pulled my trousers down. I didn't really comprehend what had happened, and why it happened. I didn't really think about it. I remember thinking, I wish my dad was here. The next morning there was blood on the sheets and I got really scared. There

was never anybody else present. You used to see him taking other people down, so in hindsight, I'm thinking was it just me, or were there other people?

40. The bullying still happened, being flicked with wet towels and cold showers. I was taken to the gym one day and they were all trying to hit me with a basketball, staff and older boys. I was told to stand at a wall while they all took shots at this. It was the same member of staff with the moustache and older boys from the place. A couple of days later Bill approached me and asked if I wanted a Pot Noodle. I said I didn't and he said he had ice-cream. By that time I was being bullied again, so I said ok, just to get away from that. I went down and he raped me again. The next morning, when I woke up I couldn't walk. I had a sore back. I was doubled up with it. The staff saw me, but they just mocked me.
41. There was one member of staff, who once saw me being bullied and went off his head. He shouted at the boys to leave me alone. I can't remember his name and he asked what was wrong with my back. The staff member with the moustache butted in and said, "He was doing somersaults and landed on his back". I couldn't walk for two weeks.
42. Bill raped me one more time. After that third time I seemed to leave St Mary's really quickly. In a matter of a week I was home. Bill must have been doing it to other people. I have met people in the state hospital that were in Kenmure after me, but they haven't said anything and I haven't, so I don't know if he did it to other people.
43. These people were in a position there to help me and other people want me to trust them that are in the same position. I find it hard to believe that people didn't know what was happening. They had to know. Staff saw him taking me down and I saw other people going down, because I automatically thought, is he going to get what I got.
44. I spoke with a nurse about Kenmure and there was something online about the De La Salle brothers and the cook at Kenmure, Bill Franks. He was charged in 1990 after two boys came forward stating he had abused them in the seventies. I was

trying to remember when I was there and that's when I started telling this nurse about what happened to me. An advert came on the TV about Thomson's lawyers and the nurse said I should speak to them, and that's when I contacted them. It's a about year since I spoke with them. I don't know what I'm expecting them to do, it was over thirty years ago. I think they're investigating it. I've said to them it's not about compensation. I don't want that, I just want to tell people what happened to me. You hear all these things in the news about different places and how big it is and you think, I'm not the only one that's went through this. There's a lot more people been through this that are a lot older than me. I have met so many people that have been to St Mary's who are older than me in the state hospital and I used to think, am I the only one this happened to?

45. There were other staff members that hit me, but I only remember the one with the moustache. He's the only one I can see.

Reporting of abuse at St Mary's Kenmure, Bishopbriggs

46. I didn't tell anyone about the abuse I suffered. I didn't know what was going on. I was being bullied, staff were bad to me, so I thought, where do I go? When I got home my dad asked if I'd got the letter. I just told him I did. Things happened so quickly when I got home. My uncle abused me and I committed my index offence, so I didn't speak to anyone.

Leaving St Mary's Kenmure, Bishopbriggs

47. I was told I was leaving on the day I left. I can't even remember who took me home. There were no children's panels and no reviews. When I went home everything just went to pot. I was sniffing six pints of glue a day. It was about two pounds fifty pence for a pint of glue out of B & Q and places like that.

48. What happened to me in St Mary's changed me. I shut myself away. My dad would try to give me a cuddle and I'd pull away. I was only there for eight months, it felt like a lifetime. Thinking back now it totally changed me. A lot happened in that short time. I went back home and it was completely different. My brother got arrested for attempted murder. He was arguing with a guy in the garden and the guy pulled out a blade. My brother had a golf club and he swung it and hit the guy on the head. It was still chaotic with gang fights and people running around with shotguns.
49. When I was in the state hospital I saw that there was a riot in St Mary's and they were shutting it down. I saw it on the news. I've been told it's for under privileged kids now.

Life after being in care

50. I got out of St Mary's when I was fifteen and a half. I was sniffing glue and I became really aggressive. Sniffing glue took me away from everything. Coming down from it, everything comes back to you, so you take more glue. When I went into the state hospital I was only seven stone.
51. I went home to my parents in Drumchapel. There was no follow up from social work that I know of. I went back to school but got expelled after a short while for glue sniffing and things went downhill. I tried to kill myself, but my brother stopped me. It was because of the glue sniffing and the bullying. I didn't get any help, but I didn't go to hospital, or anything like that. Maybe I'd had enough. Maybe it was a cry for help.
52. I started a YTS when I was sixteen. My dad took me down to somewhere in Maryhill then I went to a hotel in the Broomielaw and they were teaching me how to cook. It was difficult as I couldn't read or write. It was hard because you had to do forms and they would give you shopping lists and you'd go out and buy stuff, so I found that difficult. I didn't go back because they told me I had to go to college and I couldn't read or write. I just started sniffing glue again.

53. I was put into Carstairs when I had just turned eighteen and I was diagnosed with learning disabilities, which I disagreed with from day one. I started getting educated in different things and going to the gym. I have over forty certificates for further education from Glasgow college. In 2003 I requested an IQ test, which proved I didn't have learning disabilities. The doctor said, "I'm sorry, we got it wrong".
54. I then went to a mental health ward. A doctor walked in, told me his name, which I can't remember, and told me I had a personality disorder. He then walked out. I have been diagnosed with this since 2003, borderline dissocial. I disagree with this diagnosis. I don't show my emotions. I do it in my room. The reason I don't show emotions is because I don't want to be exploited.
55. I went into state hospital when I was eighteen and you're mixing with serial killers and other serious offenders and you learn traits from them, instead of from my family. I was told I had these traits and I said I learned them from other people, but they aren't buying it. I don't know if you can overturn that. But now doctors are coming to me saying I should never have been in hospital in the first place.
56. I've been told by people in hospital that I suffer from a personality disorder, but psychologists and professors have said I suffer from PTSD. For a year a professor working on behalf of Thomson's lawyers said it was PTSD, but the doctor in charge of my case said it wasn't, it was a personality disorder. So I'm assuming you can't have both, that's my lawyer's understanding.
57. Look at how my life has turned out now. It should have been different. If people had done their job properly it could have been different. If I hadn't been abused in Kenmure, a lot of stuff that happened in my life, might not have happened, including my index offence. I never, ever look at what I've done and blamed what I went through as having a major impact on my index offence. Other psychologists have said it's had a big impact on what I did.

Impact

58. I was really glad when I left St Mary's but I didn't realise the impact it had on me. I do still get depressed. That goes back to what's happened to me in my childhood and being incarcerated for thirty-two years where I shouldn't be. I have been let down again, I've been let down all my life and sometimes doctors don't see that.
59. I think I am institutionalised because I've been locked up for so long. Three doctors in the past eighteen months have said I shouldn't be in the hospital in the first place. I think, that's no good to me. I've lost thirty-two years of my life, all my friends, all my family.
60. I was born [REDACTED] My dad told me that I used to bang my head off the wall any time there was violence in the house, but I was [REDACTED] anyway. I've lived with this for thirty-two years and there's things that have happened in the state hospital that I've had to deal with. I've had to deal with my mum and dad passing away while I've been in hospital. So I've dealt with a lot of bad things in my time. All the psychology work I've done over the years has helped me with coping strategies. I deal with things differently now than I did ten years ago. It's hard, but I relive every single day.
61. I don't trust anybody because in the thirty-two years I've been locked up people have broken my trust. I've told people things, nurses, and they have went to the papers. I do trust the people that I care for, my friends, etc.
62. I have done every single group, psychiatrists, counsellors, the lot. They've all worked in relation to anger management. Over the last two years I've been assaulted twice, had my nose broken twice, but I haven't retaliated. I used to be angry, I used to flip. But all they would see is you being aggressive. I never thought I'd be locked up for thirty two years. I have never been on any psychotic medicine.
63. I'm hoping to get out at some point and have a quiet life and forget the past, because it eats away at you. It's the first time I've spoken about it. I'm never going to forget

what has happened, but I'm going to be more accepting and understanding. You haven't really dealt with something until you sit down and talk to someone about it. It might not be today, next week or next month, but the benefits of doing it is going to be really good, for me anyway. I can understand why I don't trust people and how other people know why I don't trust people. You feel like you've been forgotten about, even now.

Reporting of Abuse

- 64. I don't know if it's worth speaking to the police. It was over thirty two years ago. I haven't ever spoken to anyone except a nurse, Thomson's solicitors and the Inquiry about my abuse. The person responsible is probably dead now. I hope so.
- 65. There has always been rumours about Kenmure, for years, and people knew I was there, but nobody ever came to me and asked if anything happened to me. When I told staff at Carstairs about my uncle abusing me, which I won't go in to, they said I made it up. They weren't interested. They are only interested in the here and now, which is wrong.

Records

- 66. Thomson's solicitors requested my records from Bishopbriggs but they don't have them. They will be in Glasgow, so they have requested them from there. I hope to see there is at least one person with a bit of humanity, who wrote down, this was going on or that was going on but I couldn't do anything about it. I'm not expecting an apology from anyone, because an apology doesn't cut it.
- 67. I would like to sit and see the timeline of when I was in Kenmure and how long for. I've tried to work out when I was there by working back from the YTS when I turned sixteen. It won't be until Thomson's sit down with the records and say, right this is

the date you went in to Kenmure and this is when you left. It might be less than eight months, it might be more.

68. A few years ago in state hospital I was told of social work reports stating I had been abused when I was younger but I can't remember this. I can't remember much from the age of twelve and younger. I was doing work with psychologists and I was told it looks like I was abused prior to going into care. I can't remember that.


Lessons to be Learned

69. Abuse still goes on to this day. You see it in the news every day, down in England, mental abuse and sexual abuse. It's sad. Every time you put on the news something has happened. They don't care, they have never learned. I sit and watch the news and there's people in their seventies coming forward and you're thinking, this was happening fifty years ago and they've still not learned, and there's more victims and more victims. Where does it stop?
70. I would like to think the Inquiry will make a difference but are we ever going to know what happens behind closed doors in institutions. I have seen a lot of things in state hospitals, what happens to patients in them. I've had it done to me too. I'm not saying that everyone in the jails and hospitals are bad, but there are people in authority that abuse that authority, and they get away with it. I was in a learning disability ward for twelve years and the things I've seen getting done to poor people, who can't stand up for themselves, and yet it still happens.
71. Why was I at St Mary's in the first place? I don't know. They should have treated me like a human being, not an object, using their authority to get away with stuff. It still happens. The only way to combat this is to video everything. Where there's people with learning difficulties or kids in care, there has to be cameras everywhere. There should be more scrutiny into people getting jobs in care and places like that. Look at their background thoroughly. Look at the NHS, they are screaming out for nurses, so now anybody on the street could become a nurse, you don't have to go to college.

72. I think society now wants more things to change because more things have come out regarding abuse. Probably things their mums and dads haven't told them. To me abuse is like cancer. One in two people get cancer and one in two people get abused at some point in their life. I thought it was just me, then I see the news. It's not changed. If one person gets abused, mentally or physically, it hasn't changed. I didn't get put into St Mary's to be mentally and sexually abused, and for no-one to care. Doctors in here don't care about what happened to me in my younger years. All they are interested in is whether I'm safe to get out.
73. Abuse shouldn't be happening and if this Inquiry saves one person from being abused then it's done its job. That's the reason I decided to do this, because there are people right now being mentally or sexually abused in care. I can't change what happened. It happened. I could cry, shout, smash things up, it's not going to change it.
74. Are things going to change? You can make all these recommendations, but you can't stop somebody abusing and doing what they want to do, regardless of what you recommend. I don't know what the answer is. Do they take the care away, because it's a breeding ground for people to abuse others?
75. I hope my evidence saves somebody else from being abused, then they might not be sitting where I am thirty years on.

Other information

76. 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... 15/12/21