

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GBO

Support person present: Yes, [REDACTED] Open Secret

1. My name is GBO [REDACTED] My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1958. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. My dad's name was [REDACTED]. My mum was called [REDACTED]. They've both passed away now. I was born and brought up by my parents in Glasgow. I have brothers and a sister. I am the oldest. My sister [REDACTED] is two years younger than me. [REDACTED] is four years younger than me and [REDACTED] is six years younger than me. My last full sibling is [REDACTED]. He is eight years younger than me. That part of my family was all good. Everything was hunky dory in Glasgow. I can't remember being around my dad then. I think he was in prison. He was there but he was never really there so I spent most of my time with my mother, gran and my sister.
3. My parents separated when I was really young. When my parents split up dad moved to Dunfermline. I initially stayed with my mum in Glasgow. Unfortunately, my mother had her problems. She became an alcoholic. I don't know what caused it. It could have been what happened with my dad or it could have just been the criminal environment and him being in and out of prison. My mum was my mum, she never did anything to me. She dealt with things the way she could.

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4. I started running away from my mother's to stay with my father. I was the only one who wanted to go and stay at my dad's. I would be away for long periods of time. I spent my time going back and forward between my mum and my dad's homes. I was here, there and everywhere.
5. My dad eventually got re-married to a woman called [REDACTED] I ended up moving in with them for a while. They had children together and I've ended up with quite a few step brothers and sisters. There's [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Not all of those were to [REDACTED] because my dad re-married a few times. I ended up spending time with all of my step-siblings. I think that, because I spent so much time at my dad's, I'm closer to my step siblings than my full brothers and sister are. They are like my real family to me.
6. About Easter time one year I went to stay with my dad. I would have been between the ages of seven and nine. [REDACTED] must have been in hospital having one of my step siblings at the time. Whatever it was she was in hospital for some reason. That night my dad used the opportunity to abuse me.
7. The next day I tried to confront him about it. I said to my dad that I had had a mad dream and something was wrong. He just glossed over it all and told me that I had an overactive imagination. He rubbed my head and said it was just a nightmare. He then gave me and my siblings our breakfast. I knew something had happened. I remember that after breakfast I couldn't get out of the house quick enough. I remember that I banged my head as I ran out. That was only time I was interfered with by my dad. However, the lies and the controlling continued long after that.
8. It was only after the abuse that things changed and I started running away to be on my own. That was the start of me running here, there and everywhere and being kicked all over the place. There were parents and step parents over the years. Some of them were good like [REDACTED] who married my mother. However, from the age of nine years old onwards I was basically on my own. My parents never knew where I was. They didn't care where I was.

9. I don't know whether my mother in Glasgow or my father in Fife put us into care. I think that it's more likely that my dad did that because his home was in Fife at the time I was put in care. I think it's probably likely that our mother had dumped us with our father and that is how we ended up there before ending up in Crossgates. I may have been living at my dad's at that point and my sister and brother were brought through separately.

Crossgates Children's Home, Crossgates, Fife

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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13. I don't know exactly when I was there. I do remember attending Crossgates Primary School at that time so I must have been primary school age. My brother [REDACTED] was also primary school age so I must have been at least nine when we first went there. I was at Crossgates for quite a period of time. I think I was there for about eight months.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Leaving Crossgates

40. We were told a couple of days before we left that we would be leaving. [Secondary Institution] [Secondary Institutions - to be published later] I can't remember the year but it was around [redacted]. We were all buzzing about it. We were happy that we were going to be going home. We were then taken back to our mother's in Glasgow. At that time she was living on [redacted]. I remember that when we got back [redacted], my brother, was there. He was maybe only one year old when I went back to my mothers. Given that I'd say I was roughly ten when we were dropped off. [redacted] would have been about eight and [redacted] would have been about six.
41. I think it was a social worker who took us back. I don't remember who that was but it was a woman. We went in a car. When we got back to the house we discovered that all the windows had been boarded up. The house was more or less derelict. I can't remember the social worker taking us into the house but she must have. We were more or less just dropped off and that was it.

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42. They shouldn't have taken us back there because our mother and stepdad were on the drink. They were both drunk when we were dropped off. I don't get how social services could have chosen to take us away from a nice place like Crossgates then dump us in such a shithole.

Life after being dropped off at our mother's

43. I remember that when we got back we discovered that there were new beds with new bedding. Those were the only things that were new in what felt like a condemned building. That sticks out in my mind. Looking back, I wonder whether my mother and stepfather were given some sort of assistance to take us back.
44. I ran away more or less the same day after being dropped off. The first chance I had I was out of the house and gone. I wasn't going to stay there. That was me more or less on the run again. After that I lived in various places. When I was in Glasgow I walked the streets or lived in squats there. I remember walking the roads and railway lines between Glasgow and Dunfermline. I spent a lot of time on farms. They were good safe places for me. I spent time with travelling families. I became quite used to camps and camping and I got to know the countryside.
45. I didn't look at it at the time as homelessness. To me I was happy being on the road. It kept me out the way of people. I could see anybody coming from miles away so to me I felt quite safe. I had to look after myself. I had no money so I had to find food to survive. I stole eggs from farms and food from shops. I sometimes stole toys and things like that. It was silly wee things. I was still a kid.
46. I ended up being caught by the police stealing something in Glasgow when I was about nine or ten. The police were brutal back then. I was only about nine and I was being put in an ID parade. The police must have just thought I was just a wee toerag. I would say that from that day on I was classed as a delinquent. I was told that was what I was. Looking back, I wasn't that bad. I was just stealing to survive.

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47. I don't think there was a children's panel around about the time I was first arrested. I remember those coming much later on with me. I really don't know how it all came about that I ended up in care after being arrested. It could have been the court's decision. It could have been my mum's decision. What I do know is that everything came after that. That was me in the homes. I was on and off in homes throughout the rest of my childhood.
48. I think I might have gone in a police van but I am not sure. However, I was taken straight to Larchgrove from court.

Larchgrove Remand Home, Springboig, Glasgow

49. I think the council ran Larchgrove. It was a remand centre. Looking back, it was like a kid's prison. It was surrounded by big giant fences and a big wall. The wall was about twenty feet high. Everywhere you went doors had to be opened and locked. It was all lock and key. It was all boys between the ages of seven and sixteen. All the ages were mixed in together. I'd say there were maybe about one hundred boys there at any one time.
50. I was probably between about nine or ten when I first went to Larchgrove. I ended up being in there another time but I don't know when that was. It could be as little as an eight month gap between the first and second times I was there. Each time I was in there it was only for between three and six weeks each time before getting remanded.
51. To me Larchgrove was hell on earth. I soon learnt that you had to just shut up and get on with it. It didn't matter if you were a good or bad little kid. It made no difference. Nobody was treated differently. You were just a target for everything that went on.

Layout of Larchgrove

52. As you went in the front door there was a medical centre that contained single rooms. On the other side there were offices where the governor, or headmaster, and other staff worked. They had a giant gymnasium inside the place. It was officially called the "assembly unit" but it was really just used as a gym. The dormitories were all at ground level. The dining room was upstairs. It contained rows of booths which could fit about twelve or sixteen boys at a time around long tables. There was a square outside with big tall fences around it where we would exercise.

Staff

53. There was a governor or headmaster who was in charge. Below him there were different staff members on duty at different times. There were always three or four staff members on duty at any one time.
54. It was the same staff each time. I don't remember any of the names of the staff members. That goes for the ones who were involved directly in our care and the teachers, matron and the governor. They restricted us from knowing who the staff were. We didn't get to know their names. It wasn't the sort of place where you got to learn names. There was no "Mr" this and that. It was always just "Sir." You never got to know them on a one to one basis. I can only remember male staff members being involved in the actual 'care' side of things.
55. For some reason it comes to mind that one of the staff members involved in our care was a big [REDACTED] guy. Everybody used to call him GBS [REDACTED] I might be wrong remembering that. I don't know what his role was. He was a bad arrogant person. You could tell there was something about him. It could be that I am mixing up the places where he was at. He could have been at one of the later places I was at.
56. There were staff members who weren't directly involved in our 'care.' There was a matron. The headmaster had a secretary. They were the only staff members in Larchgrove who weren't male. There were also teachers who taught the classes.

Routine at Larchgrove

First day

57. I remember my first day because I was assaulted that day by a staff member shortly after I arrived. That really was just the start of it. You had to see the governor or headmaster in his office when you first arrived. When I went in I was just asked a few questions. He just really told me to behave. I wasn't really allowed to say anything. I was then told to get out.

Daily routine

58. It was always the same routine every time I was there. Everything was done 'sergeant major style.' Everything was regimented. I think it was a bell that got you up in the mornings. I think a staff member came to your dormitory, opened the door and made sure you were up. I think, at that age, we were all usually up and ready anyway. We would then go up for breakfast in the dining hall.
59. After breakfast you went to classes during the morning then had dinner in the dinner hall. If you were deemed to be a bigger delinquent you wouldn't go to classes. You would be allocated certain things to do instead. It was mostly scrubbing and doing the pots. That's what I mostly did when I was there. I didn't mind doing that instead of school.
60. After dinner you got a bit of recreation. You would spend most of your time sitting or leaning against walls in the gymnasium or, in the summer time, going outside into the square for 'exercise.' In the afternoons you were either scrubbing or going to classes. In the evenings it was basically the same. You got quiet time. Sometimes you got visits during this time. Bedtime was early. I can't remember how late it was but it wasn't as late as 9:00 pm. Once you were locked into your dorm that was it until the morning. You couldn't get out to do anything.

Sleeping arrangements

61. We slept in dormitories. I'd say there were about eight boys per dormitory. You were with boys roughly of a similar age. The dormitories were the only areas where the age groups were split. They did that each and every time I went back. Nothing changed. We were still segregated from the older boys.
62. You were locked into your dormitory overnight. Once you were locked in there, you were left to yourselves. It was more or less a free for all. You couldn't hide from anything. We had pillow fights and things like that. We would get into fights with one another. I never really saw the staff coming into our dorms at night. They might come in if we were making too much noise but that was about it. I can't remember what we did if we needed to go to the toilet overnight. I think there were toilets in the dorms but I am not sure.
63. They showed you how to make a bed block the first time you got there. After that you had to make your bed block each and every day. That was inspected by the staff. You stood by your bed as they did that.

Washing / bathing

64. I can't remember anything surrounding washing and bathing. I can't remember whether it was baths or showers.

Mealtimes / food

65. All the boys in the place ate at the same time. Mealtimes were all organised. It was supervised. You walked in a line to get your food then you had to sit in your booth. You would sit with the other boys who were in your dormitory. You were all trapped into your booth around a table. There was no talking. It was all done in silence. You didn't have much time to eat. You probably ended up spending less time eating your meal than the time you spent standing in the queue to receive it. I kind of liked all the food in Larchgrove. I've no complaints.

66. One good thing about Larchgrove is that you got given a bun every night. It could be a cake, a scone or whatever. You got given that every night as a one off. It was like your sweetener.

Chores

67. You were constantly doing something. If it needed done you would do it. If it didn't need done until the following day you still did it the day before. They played games with you. You had to play their games or you never got any peace.
68. I can't remember being involved with working in or cleaning the kitchens. I think some of the older boys did that. However, I remember scrubbing floors and walls elsewhere. That went on all of the time whilst I was in there. The staff would come in behind you and give you abuse whilst you would do that. They would make you do things again. They would kick your bucket of water over or beat you up. They would mostly slap you or hit you with their keys. They slapped or threw their keys wherever they could. There wasn't one set place where they tried to hit you. I don't know what the staff were thinking when they did that. I think they just thought that was how they kept you in line. Looking back, it wasn't the right way to be treating people.

Clothing / uniform

69. We weren't allowed to keep our own personal clothes. They took your clothes off of you and then they gave you their own clothes to wear. I remember that when we needed a change of clothes we picked them up from a pile lying in a corner somewhere or they were handed them to you out of a big bag. You mostly wore shorts, sandals, a top and a wee crew neck jumper. If you were in the gym you put on wee short shorts to wear instead of your normal ones. That's all you changed. There were no other clothes other than that.

Possessions / pocket money

70. I never had any personal possessions whilst I was in there. I can't remember exactly whether we were given pocket money. I don't think I was. I was given sweets though. They may have been given to me by my mum.
71. I was allowed to smoke in Larchgrove from the first time I was in there. Your parents had to sign a consent certificate. My mum signed that for me. My mum probably just signed the consent certificate to give her peace. That is what started me off smoking.

School

72. You did get some schooling there. They put you into classrooms. There were always about eight or ten boys in each class. It could've been that it was the same boys who were in my dormitory who were in my classes. I'm not sure though. I was always at the back of the class.
73. Larchgrove had teachers. They came in from the outside. I don't know if they came from the education board or somewhere like that. I remember that the teachers allowed us a wee bit more freedom compared to the other staff members. There was no real teaching. They never explained things to me. I never understood what they were talking about. We just 'carried on.'

Leisure time / recreation time

74. There were no books, games or toys to play with. There was nothing like that. Outside there was a square with big giant fencing all around it. We used to go out there in the summer for exercise during breaks. You were sometimes allowed to play with a football if you were out there. That was the only place where we were given a ball or something to play with. If we weren't doing that we were all standing around in the gymnasium. That was pretty much all we got to do during recreation

time. It was pretty much the only time we really got to speak. The rest of the time it was in silence.

Religious instruction

75. I can't remember anything to do with church or religion in Larchgrove. There was nothing like that there.

Trips / holidays

76. I never went on any trips or anything like that when I was at Larchgrove.

Birthdays / Christmas

77. I really can't remember whether I was at Larchgrove during Christmas time or during one of my birthdays. I don't think I was because I seem to remember being there during summer times.

Letters

78. You were allowed letters from your parents and things like that.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

79. My mum came to visit me whilst I was there. She came up a few times. I didn't see her every week. I can't remember when during the week that was. I remember that visiting time was in the evening at about 6:30 pm. I never saw a social worker during my times in there.
80. I don't remember any inspections or anybody coming in from the outside. I don't remember anyone walking around with clipboards or anything like that. The only people I remember coming to the place were the people with the black Maria cars to take kids away back to court. Nobody came in to check on us that was for sure.

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81. I don't remember there being anything like a review at any of the places I was at. There was no time when I was sat down on a one-to-one basis.

Healthcare

82. There was a medical centre. They had a matron in there. I was in the medical centre on two occasions. I went there during the first day I was there after I got my nose burst. I was told to hold my head back. They managed to stop the bleeding. Even when I was in there I was called names. I was told to "shut my whining face." The second time I went there was when I had an abscess on my leg. I had burst it so they had to get that treated. I was given hot poultices. I think I had to go there once a day for three days for treatment and that was that.

Running away

83. There was a twenty foot wall with barbed wire on the top around Larchgrove. I remember boys trying to climb over that to get away. I don't think I know of anyone who managed to get over it. It was a secure unit. You weren't going to get out of there.

Bed-wetting

84. I wasn't a bed-wetter but there were a lot of boys who did wet their beds. Those that wet the bed did try their best not to but they still did it. It seemed to be a big thing in there. I don't think there were toilets in the dormitories. That may have contributed to the problem.
85. It was a shame the way the bed-wetters were treated. They were the ones who would be targeted all of the time by the staff members. They got treated like crap. The staff members would embarrass them. They would make them carry their wet beds out of the dorm.

Discipline and punishment

86. You never got told anything in Larchgrove. We weren't treated like human beings. There weren't conversations between the staff and the boys. Everything was low key and done in silence. It was all "shut up you're a delinquent." You were expected to respond to things like "yes sir, no sir and three bags full sir." You would only be told what you had done wrong if you ended up in the headmaster's office. It was only then that the headmaster would tell you. You were there to be punished and that was it.
87. There was a cell that they used as a punishment. Boys were locked in that room on their own. They would lock you in there for a while then give you big lecture about your behaviour when they let you out. I was once locked in there. I can't remember exactly what that was for but it was probably for speaking out of turn or line. I don't remember anything further surrounding that incident.

Abuse at Larchgrove

88. It was only really the staff who worked with the boys directly who abused the boys. They were like animals. It was always them rather than the teachers, the headmaster or anyone else in Larchgrove. There was always someone getting hurt, beat up or crying. It was either the kids themselves beating each other up or it was the staff.
89. I was kicked and punched by staff members at Larchgrove. I would say that I was either punched, kicked, slapped or had keys thrown at me every single day I was there. I suppose I was weak when I first went there but I soon learnt to be strong. I learnt to keep my mouth shut and get on with things. It seemed to be the boys who were weak who were picked on by the staff. You would see those boys get given hell by the staff members. There was nothing you could do. You would have to sit back and watch it happening.

90. It seemed to me that the only place that you could get peace was when you were in the gym or the courtyard. They never seemed to bother you there unless you really stepped out of line. You never seemed to be punished for anything when you were in those areas. I think that was because the staff members would be seen if they did anything. We were all in those places at the same time so they would be noticed if they did things. I think, because of that, we felt we could speak and do our own thing.
91. Everybody saw what the staff were doing. It wasn't hidden. It was just part of the regime. I guess we all kind of accepted the way we were treated. We knew that if we didn't shut up then we would get punished. You kind of got used to it because you thought that was the way things were meant to be. I don't think we viewed it as being abused. We just thought we were getting a beating for being bad little shits. Looking back, the staff members abused the position they were in. I realise that they had to keep large numbers of boys in line but they didn't have to use brutality to do that.
92. All the staff had keys. They were all quite good at hitting you with them from a distance. Staff members would hit boys with their keys because they couldn't get to reach them quick enough. It was usually for things like talking out of turn. You would be hit wherever the keys landed. It could be either the head or the body. It was normally the head they would go for. Being hit by the keys was sore. I remember it happening to me on my back for speaking.
93. I remember staff carrying clipboards as a sort of checklist type thing when they were around. I remember the staff using their clipboards against us in the dining hall. If you were close they would hit you with their clipboard. If you were far away they would throw them at you. I don't think they aimed for any particular place. They just did it. It wasn't as easy for them to get to you if you were sitting in your booths so they would throw their clipboards at you. They would sometimes have parades where you all had to line up. The staff would walk around with clip boards ticking everybody off. Sometimes, if you didn't answer your name or did something, you would be whacked with a clipboard by a member of staff. I remember that you felt

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lucky if someone in front of you got hit by a staff member. It meant you would be left alone.

94. The staff bullied you when they inspected the dorms in the mornings. If your bed wasn't done properly you were beaten up by the staff member. They mostly did that by throwing their keys at either your head or body. Sometimes they would slap or punch you with their hands. Their favourite spot to aim for was the back of your head but it could be wherever really. That was the same for any other boy in the dormitory. You soon learnt how to do it properly and keep everything in order.
95. I remember helping other boys to do their beds properly so they would avoid being bullied by the staff. Sometimes, even if you had done your bed properly, you still got a slap. It all depended on the mood the staff member inspecting your bed was in. I think the bed making was all an excuse for the staff members to keep you in line.
96. They gave you gym as part of your schooling. Everybody was made to do that even if they had been detailed to do scrubbing. There was a lot of brutality during the gym classes. The staff would play us against each other. There was a game they made you play called 'Murder Ball.' They would encourage the older boys to fight the younger boys.

Assault on first day at Larchgrove (the first time)

97. As I walked into the front door on my first day a staff member hit me and smashed my head off of something. I remember blood spewing from my face all over the front door. Some of my blood ended up on a brass plaque by the front door. I never found out why that was done to me. I probably spoke out of turn or something. It was a member of staff who did that but I don't know who it was. I think most of the kids were hit as they went in the entrance. It was part of the initiation.
98. I was taken to the matron to be cleaned up before being taken up to see the headmaster. I didn't say anything to the headmaster about being hit. I just got on with it. I don't know whether he knew what had happened. I remember I was made

to scrub that plaque every day from then on during my time there the first time. I did that seven days a week whether it needed it or not.

Bullying between the boys

99. The bigger boys did pick on the younger boys. They had probably been through Larchgrove when they were my age and experienced the same things that I had. They had likely been back and forward between Larchgrove and other places.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Larchgrove

100. I didn't report anything whilst I was in Larchgrove. I learnt quickly that it was better not to speak and to hold it all in. I remember that we used to talk about things after they happened amongst ourselves. Kids being kids we would criticise the boy who got punished but, really, we all knew it was the staff members not acting properly.

Leaving Larchgrove

101. I think I realised that I wasn't going to "get out" once I was at Larchgrove. I think I knew that I would be going somewhere else. I think I was taken to a court hearing. I was essentially then sentenced to go to Balrossie.

Balrossie School, Kilmacolm, Inverclyde

102. Balrossie was near Kilmacolm. It was originally classed as an approved school before it became a List D school. It was run by the local authority. It was an open kind of place. You weren't allowed out of the grounds but you could walk around amongst them. You weren't locked into areas. You could come and go as you pleased. The only places they locked were the bedrooms at night.

103. It was all boys at Balrossie. There were probably over eighty boys there. There was a certain age range of boys who went there but I can't exactly remember what that was. It was all boys up to about high school age. I don't remember any of the boys being older than twelve.
104. Balrossie was my first home. I think I went to Balrossie after the first time I went to Larchgrove. I was nine or ten years old when I was there. I was probably in Balrossie between eight months and a year. I'm not completely sure how long I was there.

Layout of Balrossie

105. There was a big driveway that led up to the place. There was a circular bit to the building at the front with a door on the side that was the entrance. My dormitory was to the front of the building on the ground floor. The classrooms were on the first floor. There was a big hall attached to the building. They had a swing park and a football park. They had all the amenities.

Staff

106. The staff were all male. There were no female staff. There were no young members of staff. All the staff appeared to be much older. They were noticeably older than the staff who were in Larchgrove. To me they all looked as if they were in their sixties or seventies. I remember all the staff members were also teachers at the same time.
107. For some reason Mr ^{GBR} is the only person I remember the name of from my time there. He was a staff member there. He was something like a housemaster. He lived in a scheme across from in Paisley. He was the only staff member who seemed to deal directly with me. He was the only one who I can give a name to. It could be that he was my key worker but I am not sure.

108. There was a teacher there who I don't remember the name of. He was a big heavy set guy. There was a gym instructor. I can't remember his name. There was a matron. I don't remember her name.

The children at Balrossie

109. There were two twin boys who had the surname [REDACTED]. They were from Possilpark in Glasgow. I remember that there was boy called [REDACTED] who was there at the same time as me. There was another boy called [REDACTED]. He died of cancer whilst I was in there.

Routine at Balrossie

First day

110. I was happy the first day I turned up there. When I saw the place for the first time it looked like a big castle in the country. It looked good to me. I remember everything looked and smelt nice. I felt safer than I had been at Larchgrove. It was much the same thing as Larchgrove after I arrived. I went in, was given a talk by someone, given my kit and then taken to my dormitory.

Daily routine

111. There was a combination of a bell and the staff at our doors that got us up in the mornings. The staff would shout at us to get up. We then had to make our beds. I don't think we had to make bed blocks whilst we were in there. I think we had to make our bed in a certain manner but it wasn't like a bed block. Everything was then done quickly. You got washed and dressed and went down for your breakfast. It was all regimented and done in an orderly fashion just like Larchgrove. After breakfast it was school. You went for your lunch after morning classes. After lunch you went back to your classroom. The time after school was good because you got your freedom. You were allowed to go out and play within the grounds. You weren't

allowed inside but you could go anywhere else you liked outside. I think bedtime was about 9:00pm. Everybody was sent up to get washed before going to their dorms. After that it was lights out. It was total silence..

Sleeping arrangements

112. There were normally about eight boys in the dormitory I was in. If you were in your dorm during the day, for sickness or something, or at night, for sleeping, you were locked into your dorm. I remember that we all wore pyjamas when we were in the dorms.

Washing / bathing

113. I can't completely remember but I think you could get a bath or shower every morning. I think you could have a shower during the day or in the evenings if you wanted to.

Mealtimes / food

114. Mealtimes were much the same as Larchgrove. The kids were rowdy and saying they were hungry until the staff got involved. After that it was silence. It was good grub.

Chores

115. There were general chores like making your bed, sorting your laundry to be taken down or cleaning corridors. Every boy would have something to do before they went to school every day. It was nothing major. It wasn't like Larchgrove where you would be scrubbing and cleaning all day.

Clothing / uniform

116. It was like a uniform at Balrossie. We wore shorts and sandals or gutty slippers just like Larchgrove. They used to make you wear luminous psychedelic socks. They were either bright green or pink. They were horrible.

Possessions / pocket money

117. I had no personal possessions whilst I was there. If I had anything they would keep it in a cupboard. I don't think I had anything whilst I was there. I don't think that was allowed. I got pocket money whilst I was there. There was a wee tuck shop in Balrossie where we could buy sweets and cigarettes. It's the only place that I remember actually buying cigarettes within the place itself.

School

118. I remember the teacher we had during the classes. He literally did nothing. He would sit at the front of the class with a newspaper and leave us to do whatever we wanted to do. He never moved off that chair from the time we went into the classroom to the time we left. He just sat there all day. The only thing that sticks in my mind as a thing he was interested in was the premium bonds. He occasionally told people to shut up but that was about the only thing he did.
119. I just sat at the back of classes during school time. There was no real schooling or education. It was a free for all. You got to talk, draw and do whatever you wanted during classes. I don't remember there being any reports, oversight of your education or anything like that.

Leisure time

120. During our free time we were allowed to do what we wanted as long as we didn't leave the grounds. The staff didn't supervise you during that period. You were allowed to do what you wanted to do. It was chalk and cheese between the way

they supervised you outside and the way they supervised you inside. We could shout and curse and do whatever we wanted.

121. We would play football. There was a park with swings that we could use. I remember that they gave us a wee lamb to play with. I remember it turning into a big sheep before disappearing whilst I was there. I remember that we found an old Victorian midden within the grounds. It contained old clay pipes, bits of ceramics and rubbish. We spent weeks digging this thing out trying to see what we could find.

Religious instruction

122. I think we prayed and things like that. I think that was about it. I can't remember going to church or anything like that.

Trips / holidays

123. They used to take you to the swimming baths in Greenock. They took us out in a minibus to do that one evening a week. I remember going to swimming competitions. I remember that I attended a swimming competition in Montrose. I won the high diving. My prize was a brush and comb set.
124. Balrossie had connections to a Cub group and Boys Brigade group. Everybody at Balrossie was either in the Cubs or the Boys Brigade. I was in the Boys Brigade. I don't remember actually joining the Boys Brigade. I was just in it and that was it. I had no say whether I wanted to do that or not. There were three or four of us from Balrossie went to that.
125. They took us out camping and things like that. That sort of thing was always happening. I remember that when we went camping there were kids from other schools and places that joined us. There was one occasion where we were out camping and, for some reason, I was put into a tent on my own. There were supposed to be three other kids in the tent with me but they weren't there. I was on my own in that tent all night. I don't know where all the other kids went.

Birthdays / Christmas

126. I can't remember whether I spent a Christmas in Balrossie. I can't remember anything surrounding birthdays whilst I was there.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

127. My mother or siblings didn't visit me whilst I was at Balrossie. I only had two visits from visitors during the whole time I was there. They were both from my father and his new wife. He turned up, spoke a load of crap, gave me some fags then left.
128. I remember on one of the visits my father talked about wanting to adopt another boy from Balrossie by the name of [REDACTED]. For some reason he was talking about the idea of [REDACTED] staying with him and me. In the end none of that transpired. I don't know what happened in the end to [REDACTED].
129. I had no visits from any social workers. Nobody like that came to see me to see how I was getting on. As far as I was concerned all that was finished at the point I went into Larchgrove. They would only get involved again if you got into any bother whilst you were out.
130. I don't remember there being inspections in Balrossie or anybody from the outside coming in. Nobody came in to check on us or anything like that. I think if that had happened we would have noticed that happening.
131. I don't remember there being anything like a review at any of the places I was at. There was no time when I was sat down on a one-to-one basis. I think in Balrossie they tried to have group meetings where the staff tried to speak with all the boys at once. Those just ended in chaos. They did those sort of things in most of the places I was at. Nobody would say anything. I think these places just did these things to show that they were doing something.

Healthcare

132. There was a matron that you could go and see if you got ill. It was just a lady nurse. She would give you cod liver oil or something like that. If you got hit and got something like a black eye you never bothered going to see her. You kind of learnt there was no point seeing her for things like that because it would just result in you getting another beating from the staff after seeing her.
133. What they did in terms of dental care was nightmarish. They used to take us out to a dental college in Glasgow. They took us there all of the time. It felt at times that we were never away from the place. I remember seeing boys taken there on a weekly basis. There is no way that all of the kids there were suffering with their teeth as much as they took them out. It was vanloads of boys being taken out every week. It was as if Balrossie was in partnership with the dental school. Looking back, it was as if we were being used like guinea pigs. I think they were using us to train the students there.
134. I was taken out on quite a few occasions to the dental college in Glasgow to have teeth pulled out. I was given fillings a few times. I remember the wooden chair that they would put you in. They would pump this thing up higher and then see to you. It felt like torture. I remember that I had two wee pals who were twins called [REDACTED]. One day they were taken to this dental place. When they came back they had no teeth. There was nothing wrong with their teeth but they had them all pulled out.

Bed-wetting

135. It was the same issues with bed-wetting as with Larchgrove because it was some of the same kids who had been there with me. They didn't really deal with it any differently at Balrossie. The kids who wet their beds were still shunned. The staff didn't deal with it in a nice way. They were given a row, shouted at and called names by the staff. I remember them being called "pissy bastards." I remember that those kids were always crying all the time. I remember green rubber sheets being

placed on those boys' beds. I remember kids being discovered that they had wet their beds. They were made by the staff to wear those sheets wrapped around them. It was all done to humiliate them.

Discipline and punishment

136. Looking back, all the staff seemed to me to be from a different era. They all harked back to the Victorian era in the way they acted. It was all strict and regimented. There were no two ways about it. You just didn't talk back. You weren't allowed to speak until you were spoken to.
137. It was much the same levels of control. It was all regimental training. It felt like it was the back end of the way they treated children going back to the Victorian period. It was a strict and tight way to be treating children. Back then I knew nothing better. I just thought that was the way that things were done. It felt exactly the same as the regime in Larchgrove. Looking back, it almost was as if Larchgrove were building you up for what you were going to experience at Balrossie.

Abuse at Balrossie

Sexual abuse

138. The staff groomed you in there. I wasn't sexually abused but that went on there. I remember that boys were taken out of the dorms at night and taken along to the hall. We all just thought they were being punished but I heard from the boys who were taken there that other things happened. It was all inappropriate things. I don't really know exactly what happened because I was never there and don't really remember.

Physical abuse

139. The staff were strict and brutal. They were deliberate with their brutality. I was physically abused by the staff when I was in there. It was more or less the same sort

[APG]

of physical abuse that I got in Larchgrove. I was repeatedly hit whilst I was in there. Everyone was hit. It was always with their hands. There was no telling where they would hit you. They could hit you anywhere. They hit you where they chose. They had the same notion as the staff in Larchgrove had with their keys. They would use those to hit you anywhere they liked. General slaps were a daily occurrence. Sometimes that could become full on if children fought back. I think they tried to knock the unruliness out of some of the children. I think we just all accepted it.

140. The staff liked using their keys in the same way as Larchgrove but it wasn't as bad and often. They did that if you were lippy or things like that. They would hit you with their keys wherever they could. I don't think they ever tried to deliberately pick a spot to hit you. They seemed to have longer chains than the staff in Larchgrove connected to their keys. That meant they could get you from a further distance away. I remember we had a theory that the staff got longer chains the longer they were there. That's what we picked up on. I don't know whether that is right. I got hit by keys pretty often at the start but it got less as time went on. I think that was because I sussed things out and learnt to shut up.

The gym instructor

141. The gym instructor used to bang you in the face with a medicine ball whilst you played a game called Murderball. You had to stand there and take it. He would do that if we weren't doing what we were supposed to be doing. It could be because we couldn't do the things he wanted us to do during gym.

Mr ^{GBR}

142. One man in particular comes to mind when I think about the abuse that went on in Balrossie. His name was Mr ^{GBR} He was always polite and that sort of thing. However, at the same time he controlled you. He was sinister. There was something about him that wasn't quite right. He was one of those people who you kind of knew wasn't right. However, he never went far enough for you to do something about him. It was as if the intent was always there but he never followed

through with his actions. He was just too nice compared to the other staff and what I was used to.

143. Mr GBR was always touching you and cuddling you. I would see him touch other kids in an inappropriate way. He would inappropriately touch me. He never physically hurt me but he did do that. The way he would touch you would just be cuddling or he would touch your legs. He came across as gentle but there was definitely something amiss.
144. Mr GBR was always one of the ones who was involved with instigating taking children out. I would say that I was taken out by him, alongside other children, two or three times every week whilst I was there. It was usually to go out and go to Boys Brigade. There was one occasion when he took me out on my own. He was supposed to be taking me to the Boys Brigade but he never did that. He took me to a pub in Montrose instead. He bought me an ice cream sundae. I've never understood why I was taken separately and put under his care. I don't think he should have been allowed to do that.

█'s death

145. I lost my best pal whilst I was in there. His name was █. He came from an area of Glasgow where the Rangers people came from. He was a great football player. He was about the same age as me. I remember him being beaten severely by the staff. We all saw the beatings that he would get from the staff. I staff hitting him and shouting at him. He was always retaliating. All that seemed to be never ending. The staff definitely targeted him. He was being hit or shouted at almost on a daily basis. We saw that happening in the hall. That didn't happen one time, it happened multiple times. I don't why he was targeted but he was always getting beatings. After the beatings he would disappear from Balrossie for long periods of time. He would go away and come back fine.
146. After one of the times he got a beating he was away for six months. We were told he had taken unwell. When he came back we were told that he had cancer. He then

went away again to hospital. When he came back he had [REDACTED] due to the cancer. He didn't last long after that. It wasn't that long before he died. He was about ten when he died. We were told that by the staff. All that happened during the time I was there.

147. All the boys had their own opinions about what had gone on with [REDACTED] I myself blamed the staff at Balrossie for [REDACTED] dying. Cancer can be caused by lots of different things. In my opinion, his cancer was due to all of the beatings that he had in there.

Bullying amongst the children

148. There were two boys who were twins who were called [REDACTED] The [REDACTED] boys were older than me but they were my pals. I remember seeing them giving some doings. They were bullies. They taught me how to bully boys. I kind of learnt that I had to do that alongside them to avoid them bullying me. It was after I met them that I decided that if anyone bothered me then I would fight back. I took on their attitude to things. I never saw them again after I left Balrossie.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Balrossie

149. I didn't report anything whilst I was in Balrossie. We all knew that we wouldn't be listened to if we spoke. We knew that they wouldn't be bothered were we to say anything.

Leaving Balrossie and life afterwards

150. I think the reason that I left Balrossie was because my time was up there. I'm not sure how old I was at that stage. The period of time that I had to be there must have come to a conclusion. I was just let out. I walked down the drive, got a lift to Kilmacolm and then got a bus to Glasgow. I did that all by myself. There was no

member of staff, family member or social worker who accompanied me. I made my way to the area that my mum lived in Glasgow.

151. My mother wasn't bothered where I was. She was an alcoholic. I don't think she knew I was out when I left Balrossie. She didn't care. I didn't stay with my mum. I ended up staying with my toerag pals in condemned buildings and places like that. We made them the best we could. I did later on pop into my mother's to see my brothers. I took them things that I had accumulated. Money and whatever.
152. I started running away again. I was here, there and everywhere between Glasgow and Fife. I was just trying to get away to look after myself. It was during this period that I became what I would call "a wee ned." I started to regularly get into trouble. By then I was getting more recognised by the police and getting apprehended more often. Every time they picked me up they never asked me anything. I was just called a "delinquent" and "unruly."
153. I ended up getting into trouble for something or other. I must have been in Fife. I don't think that it was a children's panel that saw me. All I recall is it being courts around that time. The children's panels all came into effect much later on. I think it was a court in Dunfermline that I went to. They sent me to Liberton for a three week assessment so reports could be done.

Liberton, (Howdenhall Centre), Edinburgh

154. I believe Liberton was another local authority type place. I was now ten or eleven years old when I went there. It was run by the council or the government or something like that. It was a secure unit. It was the same sort of thing as Larchgrove. There were bars on windows. You couldn't just go from A to B. All the doors would be locked. Liberton was ok. However, the staff were still vile. There was a lot that happened in there.

155. There were maybe about forty children in there at any one time. There could have been less than that. It was my first mixed place. There were boys and girls there. The boys were kept on one side of the place and the girls were kept on the other. The numbers of boys and girls in there at the same time would vary. Sometimes there could be ten girls in there and sometimes there could be more.
156. The boys and girls were initially segregated. Later on they allowed us to have times when we could interact. They started to do music sessions and things like that where we could mix. I remember that during these sessions kissing and cuddling happened. Before you knew it the boys and girls were sneaking across the place to get across to each other. There was loads of that went on in there.
157. I was sent there by the court for a three week assessment period so that reports could be drafted about what to do with me next. It was a remand type of thing.

Layout of Liberton

158. I remember Liberton as being square. There was a drive leading up to it. There was a football park. Inside it was closed. There was no way of getting out.

Staff

159. There were male and female staff members there. However, the female staff members never really worked with the boys. They only worked with the girls. I'm not sure whether the staff I remember were there over all of the times I was at Liberton. I do remember all the staff I mention below being there the third time I was there.
160. Mr MTQ was SNR there. Mr Cybil was a nice small gentleman. He was SNR
161. Mr GBQ was an Irish guy who was there. Other care workers included Mr PAU He was a nice guy. His house was somewhere in Edinburgh. I remember that I was taken to his house on a few occasions during the third time I was at

Liberton. It was an amazing place. All the foster kids were running around having a riot.

162. Another care worker was a Chinese lady who I don't remember the name of. It could have been Mrs Lee but I am not sure. She wasn't involved with supervising the boys' side. She only worked with the girls. I know she fostered children in her home in Tranent. I discovered that after I left care and went to visit a girl there. The girl I went to see was a girl called [REDACTED].
163. I remember that we had a female teacher. I can't remember her name. She was nice. I think she taught maths. She looked like Carol Vorderman. For some reason I relate to her as being my teacher at that time but I don't think that could be right. I think the teacher just looked a lot like her.
164. There was a staff member called Mr [REDACTED] MTM. He lived in Liberton in an estate there. I think he was ex-army. He was strict but not majorly bad. He never lifted his hand. He would just shout at you.

Siblings / relatives

165. I had no siblings or relatives there the first time I was there. During my second time there I was there with my brother [REDACTED]. During the third time I was there I was there with my cousin [REDACTED].

Routine at Liberton

166. A lot of what I remember, in terms of incidents, comes from the third time that I was there. I was only there for a short period of time the first two times I was there so I think that is why I don't have many memories of incidents or things happening from back then. However, I do remember that the routine didn't change much over the times I was there. It was pretty much the same every time I was there.

First day

167. The first time I went to Liberton I could see that it was made to be more relaxed. The staff spoke to you a bit more. The classrooms were a bit better. It felt like Larchgrove but on a smaller scale. I don't remember anything else about my first day there. I think I kind of knew what was coming so I didn't think much about it.

Daily routine

168. Looking back, the routine and regime that was in place there was exactly like what you would get in an adult open prison. It was as if they were preparing you for life in prison. Even the shape of the place and the facilities were exactly the same as some of the prisons I went to in adult life.
169. We were got up either by a bell or the staff chapped your dorm door. You then had to make your bed. It wasn't bed blocks but it still needed to be done. It had to have hospital wings and all this sort of stuff. We then got washed and dressed before going down for breakfast. It was classes during the day. After classes we got a bit recreation time. In the evenings we got our own time. We would watch television in the TV lounge or play table tennis. You made your own entertainment. I remember there were always two members of staff on duty watching us. Bedtime was the same as Larchgrove and Balrossie.

Sleeping arrangements

170. There were about four or five smaller dormitories which we slept in. They were all along the one corridor above the classrooms they had in the building. The girls' dorms were separate. They were in a different part of the building but they were laid out the same way as the boys. All the dorm doors were locked at night.

Washing / bathing

171. The washing facilities were off the corridor where the dorms were. I think there were showers but I can't quite remember. I think you were told when you could have a shower. You had to get permission because the shower room doors would be locked when it wasn't your time for a shower. There were also toilets there. The toilets that we used during the day were different ones. They were in the school in a different part of the building.

Mealtimes / food

172. The boys and girls had separate dining halls. The food was tremendous. There was a variety of things that we ate. Everything food wise was good.

Work / chores

173. There were chores but they were a lot less stressful than the other places I went to. The chores mostly involved cleaning. They asked you to do things the right way. If you didn't do whatever it was that they asked you to do properly they didn't give you a row for it. You didn't receive harsh punishments if you made a mistake. It was kind of more laid back in that way.

Clothing / uniform

174. It was basically just shorts, a t-shirt and a wee jumper. It was the same luminous socks as the other places. It was kind of a basic uniform. It was all the same sort of stuff as you wore in all the other places. Everybody more or less wore the same thing.

Possessions / pocket money

175. You had no personal possessions whilst you were in there. I think we got pocket money because I remember going and spending money in a tuck shop that was

there. We never actually got to handle the money itself. They kept it and you had to handle it at the right time. It could be that that money was handed in from relatives.

176. You weren't allowed to keep cigarettes on you. You had to go and get your cigarettes when you needed them. I think you were allowed two or three a day. After you got your cigarette you had to smoke them in front of the staff members or in the area that they were in. I think they did all that really more because the staff members were the ones who controlled the lighters and matches.

School

177. I think the girls had separate classes from the boys but I am not sure. It was general schooling with lessons in English, Maths and things like that. I still sat at the back of the class though. I was struggling and needed things explained to me. I would just clamp up when people asked me things. If I was asked a question I just couldn't relate to what was being asked. I was that behind that I couldn't even tell people my date of birth. I didn't even know what a 'date of birth' was. I remember being made to look a fool when I was asked things and I didn't know the answer.
178. Looking back, none of the boys listened to what was being taught. Not one of us knew what the teachers were talking about. We just weren't interested. The teaching in there was probably quite good. I remember teachers sitting down with me and trying to help me to understand things. They did everything they could. We just didn't give them a chance.

Leisure time

179. After school you got a bit of leisure time. That was held in the gymnasium. We would play cards, games or smoke. All that was done inside. They had a football pitch where you could play football.

Religious instruction

180. I can't remember anything to do religion over the three times I was there. There was no church, prayers or anything like that.

Trips / holidays

181. I went on trips later on when I was in Liberton but that wasn't during the first time I was there.

Birthdays / Christmas

182. I can't remember whether, on any of the three occasions I was there, I was there during Christmas or on one of my birthdays. I think that your birthday probably wouldn't have been marked anyway. It wouldn't have been mentioned. It would have just been another day.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

183. I can't remember getting visits from anyone during my first time in Liberton. That could be because I was only there for short periods of time. I can't remember seeing any social workers during all the times that I was there. In all the places I went to I never got one visit from a social worker to check up that I was ok. There was nothing like that. The only people I ever dealt with were the staff in all of these places.
184. I never saw any inspections over the three times I was at Liberton. I can't remember anyone coming or anybody saying "we're doing this" or "we're doing that." I can't remember anything like that.

Healthcare

185. There was a matron there. However, over the three times that I was there I never had a reason to see her. I was never ill. I was never seen by a doctor.

Running away

186. I didn't run away during the first or second times that I was at Liberton. I did during the third time though.

Bed-wetting

187. I think the kids were kind of older by the times I was in Liberton so there wasn't so much bed-wetting. It still happened though. They treated things different because the regime was much calmer. They dealt with it in a calm way.

Abuse at Liberton (the first time)

188. A lot of what I remember comes from the third time that I was there. I was only there for a short period of time the first two times I was there so I think that is why I don't have many memories of incidents or things happening from back then.

Corporal punishment

189. The belt was used to discipline us. Rightly or wrongly that was what was used to punish us. It was just like they did in the schools back then. You would get the belt for normal everyday things like bad language and things like that. I had had the belt before but it was normally on the hand. It was never over the backside.
190. The procedure was that you would have to go up to the office and see a man called Mr Cybil. Mr Cybil always then delegated the belt. He was the only one who delegated that. He never gave you the belt himself. I think he was the one who

delegated the belt because he was SNR [REDACTED]. It was always then Mr GBQ [REDACTED] who then gave you the belt.

191. The belt they used was one of the old pronged leather belts that they used to use in schools. They made you wear nylon shorts when they gave you the belt. You had to put them on before your punishment and take them off after your punishment. They would hit you over your arse over the top of the football shorts.
192. I remember that they were only allowed to belt you six times at a time. I found out about that rule from speaking to other kids who were in Liberton after I was punished excessively one time by Mr GBQ [REDACTED] during my third time at Liberton. Learning the rules from the other boys was the way you learnt most things in there.

Bullying

193. By the time I went to Liberton the first time I was living a bit like the [REDACTED] boys did at Balrossie. I had decided that nobody was going to hurt me. I was a bully. I stayed that way when I was in all the places from Balrossie onwards. I acted like that to protect myself. I didn't really want to hurt others. I had come to realise that through being stronger and more aggressive I could control things.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Liberton (the first time)

194. I don't remember reporting anything during the first time I was there. Reporting anything would lead to you being hit or slapped again. There was just no point in trying to report anything.

Leaving Liberton (the first time)

195. I don't remember anything surrounding the lead up to me leaving Liberton the first time. I remember walking from Liberton into the town when I did eventually leave. I

ended up getting a train on my own to Dunfermline from Edinburgh Waverly. There was no one with me. That was the same on every occasion I left Liberton.

Life after leaving Liberton (the first time)

I don't have any memories about what happened after I returned to Dunfermline. I think I turned up out of the blue then started running away again and living in my own wee world. Ultimately, I got done for breaking in into a barbers shop in Dumbarton with my brother, [REDACTED]. We took the money we stole, jumped on a train to Edinburgh and tried to book into a hotel. We were kids. We didn't know anything different. The hotel reported us to the police and they came and took us away. I think they took us straight to Liberton that night. I don't remember there being any court case or anything like that.

Liberton (the second time)

196. I would have been about eleven the second time I was there. I was only there for about three weeks. During that time I was there at the same time as my brother, [REDACTED]. He would have only been about seven years old at the time. We went in together. We'd run away together and been caught together so that is how we ended up in there at the same time.

Visits

197. I can't remember getting visits from anyone during my second time in Liberton. That could be because I was only there for a short period of time. I can't remember seeing any social workers during those times that I was there.

Leaving Liberton (the second time)

198. Miss Sloan was the lady who was the social worker who dealt with things in Glasgow on my mother's side. She had had some involvement with me in and around when I was in Liberton the second time I was there. She was the one who brought me and [REDACTED] home from Liberton that time. I remember that on the way home from Liberton we attacked Miss Sloan, made her stop her car and escaped. I think that we were being taken to our mother's and we just didn't want to be going back to an alcoholic's household. We got caught the same day later on. I think [REDACTED] got taken to my mother's and I got taken back to Liberton.
199. After being taken back to Liberton I was taken up to lochs on Dalmellington. It was lovely great wee place. We got freedom and peace there. We were taken up there to paint a wee cottage. Unfortunately, I blew it. Instead of doing what I was supposed to be doing I used the paint to write a load of shit on the walls of the cottage. I think, if I hadn't done that I would have got out.
200. I can't remember whether I went to court before I left Liberton the second time after being returned. I got either taken straight to Thornly Park after the second time I was in Liberton or to a place I don't recall the name of.

Unknown institution or foster care placement in West of Scotland

201. I don't know where exactly it was but it was near Glasgow somewhere. It was certainly on the West coast somewhere. I might have gone to this place directly before Thornly Park but it could have been earlier than that. I'm pretty sure I went there after the second time I was at Liberton. I was there for a period of a few weeks. It could be that I went there during school holiday time or something. The weather was nice so it could have been during summer time.
202. I haven't got a clue about the circumstances of why or how I ended up being there. There's something makes me think that Miss Sloan, who was my social worker at the

time, might have taken me there but I'm not sure. I think she might have because she was the only person I remember taking me anywhere like that.

203. It could be that I was just sent on holiday there but I genuinely don't know whether that was the reason I was there. Looking back, I can't visualise anyone at any time saying to me that I was going on holiday. I can't visualise that happening at any stage. I don't remember ever having a holiday. Another thing it could have been is a respite place or something. However, again I am not sure about that.

Layout and structure of the place

204. It was just a house. It wasn't secure like a secure place but it did have a big wall around it. I think we could walk out into the street if we wanted to. We would have had to ask permission but we could have done that if we wanted to. I think the gate was open. It was like a family home. There were only about five of us in the place. It was all boys.
205. I remember the house had a wee orchard in it. They had a big garden at the front. It was sweet and beautiful. I loved it. You just got to do a wee bit of gardening. I remember getting to pick blackberries and things like that.

Staff

206. It was just a house with a couple. I don't remember their names. I don't know whether they were staff or just a couple. I think they were man and wife. There were no other staff. It was just them. They stayed in the house. I think they owned the house.
207. I went by myself. I don't recall being with any of my relatives. I remember that when I ended up at Thornly Park I was there at the same time as a boy who had been with me at this place. His name was [REDACTED] I remember him well from my time in the place because we would work together. [REDACTED] didn't come

with me to Thornly Park. He left the place we were at long before me. I ended up later on at Thornly Park and met him there later on.

Routine at unknown institution or foster care placement in West of Scotland

Sleeping arrangements

208. I think we all had our own bedrooms. I think they had set times for bedtime.

Mealtimes / food

209. I remember the food was amazing. It was all home baked. It was just a warm home.

Work / chores

210. I don't think we were asked to do any chores like the other places. I think we did a little bit in the kitchen but I don't really remember that. The gardening was really the only thing that we did over those few weeks.

Clothing / uniform / possessions

211. I think they gave you your clothes. They weren't shorts though. You got to wear long trousers. I think it was just normal run of the mill clothes. It wasn't a uniform or anything. I can't remember anything of my own there.

School

212. There was no schooling in there. I don't remember going to school whilst I was there. All I remember is working in the gardens. I remember that after I left that place I was always allowed to do something in the other places I went to. I either did cooking or gardening.

Leisure time

213. I think our leisure time was doing the gardening. There was no play time as such. I think that we just went about and did our bits in the garden.

Religious instruction

214. I didn't see any signs of religion. There was nothing else.

Trips / holidays

215. I don't remember going on any trips from the place. I don't remember leaving the place at all.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

216. There were no visits. I don't remember anyone even talking about visits. I never heard or saw anybody from my family whilst I was there. I have no memories surrounding people speaking to me about why I was there, how I was doing or where I was going next.

Healthcare

217. I did not require any healthcare whilst I was there.

Discipline / abuse at unknown institution or foster care placement in West of Scotland

218. There is nothing that comes to mind in terms of discipline. There was no badness or abuse. It was probably one of the most joyous times that I experienced as a child. That place was the place that I should have probably have been. People spoke to me nice and didn't do anything to me. There was no shouting or bawling or anything like that. Looking back, that place was probably the best place that I went to over

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the whole time I was in care. It was good. It is really how I believe my care should have been.

Leaving unknown institution or foster care placement in West of Scotland

219. I really can't remember the circumstances around me leaving the place in the West of Scotland. I know I ended up in Thornly Park afterwards. Whether I went home from there or went directly to Thornly Park I don't know. I do remember Miss Sloan being involved around that time. She could have been involved in taking me in some way to Thornly Park.
220. It is possible the place could have been a stop gap kind of place before Thornly Park. It could be that they were waiting for a place in Thornly Park and they put me in this place before a place came up. I don't know whether that was the way things worked back then.

Thornly Park Approved School, Thornly Park, Paisley

221. Thornly Park was bigger than Larchgrove. There were easily between eighty and one hundred boys there. It might have been a List D approved school. It wasn't a secure place. I remember being allowed to go to the gardens or where they kept the animals. There wasn't any restrictions on that. You could come and go where you liked on the grounds but you couldn't leave them. The gates weren't locked though. You could easily escape if you wanted to.
222. I was about thirteen when I went there. I was about a year there. It was all boys. All the boys were roughly the same age as me although there were boys that were maybe only as much as two years older than me.

Layout of Thornly Park

223. There was a big massive circle at the front of the main house. There were big front doors. It felt like an old establishment. It was beautiful to look at. It had ramparts like a castle around the top. I remember that when you got inside it looked as if it was somewhere that could be condemned. It felt kind of rough about the edges. It felt derelict in places. There was a basement at Thornly Park which we used to call "the dungeons." It was set in its own grounds. I remember that it had massive big gardens.
224. During the time I was at Thornly Park they modernised it. The government or someone must have decided that things had to change. I remember that when they did that it felt good. The boys were buzzing. Everything was nice and it all smelt good. The whole place changed when they modernised it.

Staff

225. I can't remember who [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] was. Whoever it was, he was replaced by a man called Mr GNG [REDACTED]. That happened towards the end of my time there. It was around about the time of the modernisation. I remember us thinking that Mr GNG [REDACTED] was involved with the orchestration of the modernisation at the time but I don't know whether that is right. I didn't have much time with Mr GNG [REDACTED]. I heard stories that he was quite violent but he never did anything to me.
226. There was a man called Mr Davis. I think that he had been a cyclist in a former life. Mr Green was the head gardener. He was a crabbit old git who used wander around the gardens and the potting sheds supervising the boys when they were gardening. There was a janitor. I don't remember his name. He also worked as a night-watchman. I don't know whether that was an official role or not. He was quite elderly. He looked as if he was in his seventies. There were chefs there. I don't remember their names.

227. There were two matrons during my time there. The first one was an old school matron. I don't remember her name. She was nice. She was a big lady. She must have been about forty stone. She disappeared at some point. Her replacement was a lady who was only about eighteen years old. She arrived about the time that the place was getting modernised. I don't remember her name. She played the guitar. She was a hippy type girl. All the boys liked her. I remember older boys sitting in her room in the evenings. Some of the older boys stayed in her room a bit later. I never saw or heard of anything but I suspect that things might have happened there.

The children at Thornly Park

228. It was all the same lads who had been with me in the places I had been before. Half the crowd were boys I recognised from my time in Larchgrove, Balrossie and Liberton. It was as if I went to these places and the wee crowd of us grew and grew as time went on. We just kept on learning from each other each time we met up. We learnt the badness and things like that. I ended up in prison with a lot of the guys I saw in these places in later life.
229. It's hard to remember the proper names of the other boys who were there because it was all nicknames back then. I do remember some though. I remember [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was with me during my time at Thornly Park. Other boys I remember by their nicknames include [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]

Routine at Thornly Park

First day

230. I can't remember who took me there but I remember going through Paisley and pulling off a road outside of Paisley. We pulled off on the left hand side of the main road. I remember us driving up the driveway. I don't remember what happened after that.

Daily routine

231. You got up by yourself. I think that once you were there you learnt the timing of things. There might have been a bell but I can't really remember. You then had to make your bed, get washed, get dressed and go down for the first of the three or four parades you had to do over the course of the day. Everybody then went for breakfast. After breakfast you went to your job. Mine was always working in the garden. After working in the gardens over the morning we all went back inside for lunch. There was another parade after lunch and then I went back out to work in the gardens in the afternoon. Everybody would congregate in the big courtyard after they had finished their work or whatever. You then had your dinner followed by another parade. You would then be allowed to change into less formal clothes. You had to neatly fold away all of your work clothes. After that you got recreation time. You had to be outside for recreation time.

Parades / head counts

232. They did three or four parades a day. Sometimes they just shouted "parade" and, no matter where you were, you would have to run to the courtyard to do one. During parades you would all stand in a line regimental style. They were always doing head counts. They did that at every parade, where you worked and after every recreation period. They did those morning, noon and night. It was their way of keeping the boys disciplined.

Sleeping arrangements

233. When I first got there there were three or four big dormitories full of beds all toe to toe with one another. I was in a dormitory with a lot of boys. It was a giant big room. It was really crowded. I'm not sure how many beds there would have been.
234. When they modernised the place they did away with all of the dormitories. They put in partitions instead. Everyone got an individual room. The whole area was stripped and sorted out. We all got new beds and bedding. All the old stuff was taken away.

Mealtimes / food

235. They had good chefs who catered well. Some of the boys got to help out in the kitchens. The meals were amazing. I must admit the meals were always good. Nearly all the fruit and vegetables we ate in there came from the gardens.

Work / chores

236. The place was all work orientated. It was a place that was supposed to be self-sufficient. I worked in the gardens. That was the only place that I worked. To begin with I worked in the potting sheds with Mr Green. I had to sow all the seeds for the fruit and veg and bring the plants on. It was alright when I was doing the planting because I was my own person. Mr Green would come in and show me what to do then leave me. I was left on my own with some music on the radio. I remember that there was a peach tree growing up the wall and I could help myself to peaches. I loved it.
237. Later on they moved me to the garden division outside. That was also supervised by Mr Green. I was put amongst the other boys. It was all the boys that I had been seeing for ages in the other places I had been. I remember that they would refuse to do things out in the garden.
238. One of our jobs was to go around with the janitor and make sure he was alright. He would go about putting all the lights on in all of the rooms. We had to go down with him to the dungeons where the power room was based.

Clothing / uniform

239. You wore what they called your 'BD'. I think that stands for battledress. It was like ex-army military gear. It was a khaki shirt with khaki trousers. They were really focussed on you looking like you were part of the military.

Possessions / pocket money

240. I never had any personal possessions. Anything that personally belonged to you was taken off of you at the door. You were given whatever it was that you came in with in a bag when you left. You did have access to certain things through your work. I had access to knives, tools and axes when I was working in the gardens. It was all there if you wanted to use it for a bad purpose.
241. We all got pocket money no matter what we did work wise. You did get a little bit extra if you did your job well. It was like 10p here and there. You never actually handled cash. It was just there to spend. You could get cigarettes from a wee shop they had in the place. It was a tuck shop type thing.
242. We were allowed to smoke there. The janitor used to give us cigarettes. I think we were allowed lighters when we were in there. For some reason they had to be zippo lighters. It's strange because they really were pretty dangerous things to be allowed to have. Strangely enough I heard that the place burnt down a few years after I left.

School

243. I didn't go to school when I was in Thornly Park. I don't remember receiving any schooling whilst I was there. It was all work orientated.

Leisure time

244. There were things you could do during recreation time in the evenings. They had a place where they kept animals. It was rabbits, guinea pigs, birds and all that type of thing. It was all petting type animals. A lot of the boys were involved with looking after them. I liked it but I never got too involved with all of that. There was a workshop where you could do joinery during your leisure time. That was where I went. I used to make baskets and things like that.
245. They kept you active as much as they could. There was a lot of stuff available for you to do. I remember boys going sailing or going out in gliders. You had to ask to

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join these activities. You were never invited to join. The thing that I got involved with was cycling. I asked to join that. I think there was a waiting list.

246. Mr Davis was in charge of the cycling. I had to prove to him that I really wanted to be involved. To begin with I had to learn to strip the bikes down and clean them. Everything had to be shining. I had to do all of that before I was allowed to go out on the bikes. When you got taken out you got taken out by Mr Davis. I was taken out cycling every day with the other boys who were involved. He took us cycling all around Paisley. We did about a couple of hours every night.

247. We eventually got to cycle right the way round Scotland on two occasions. Mr Davis was the only one who supervised us on those trips. About twelve of us went. It took a couple of weeks on each occasion. We'd either stay in youth hostels along the way or camp in the fields. I loved it, it was good and it felt like freedom.

Religious instruction

248. I can't remember any church going or anything like that. It could be that I was asked and just didn't go. We did say prayers before mealtimes but that was it in terms of religion.

Trips / holidays

249. Swimming was a major thing in the place. They would take you out swimming in the evenings. There were no holidays. I think the cycling trips were the closest I got to going on a holiday whilst I was there.

Birthdays / Christmas

250. I can't remember anything surrounding Christmas or birthdays in there. I can't remember anything like that.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

251. I never got a single visitor during my time in Thornly Park. I think it was too far out for my family to visit. Nobody official from social services came to visit me. No social worker came to visit me or anything like that. I can't remember there being any inspections. I can't remember anyone from the outside coming to visit.
252. There were no one-to-ones or anything like that. I don't think we had keyworkers there. I think you just went to whatever member of staff was available if you had a problem. Everything was dealt with internally. The idea was that you had to find your own way to deal with problems and issues.

Healthcare

253. There was a matron on site. I saw the matron a few times. It was mostly for trivial things like colds and things like that. One time I was carrying on in the gardens. We were pulling carrots and I was messing about. Mr Green threw a fork at me and it stuck into my foot. I don't think he meant to do that. I think it was an accident. I think he was just throwing it towards me so that I could use it rather than anything else. I ended up with a hole in my foot. I think I broke a bone. The matron saw me and did what she needed to do. I didn't get taken to hospital. I think I just got on with things. I was in pain but I just treated it all like being just another day.

Running away

254. I think if I got frightened or scared in whatever place I was in I would just do a runner. I wouldn't wait for things to happen. I would just leg it. I escaped a couple of times. It was easy to leg it from there because it was open. I don't think there was anyone else who ran away. I think I was the only one. I can't remember anyone else even attempting to leg it. I never really got any further than the fields surrounding the grounds. On both occasions I was caught the same day.

255. The first time I ran away was in winter time. I remember putting on extra clothes to protect me from the cold. I remember that, as I was running away, I realised that I had too much weight on. I was sweating as I was running over these fields. I was captured and taken back.

Deaths at Thornly Park

256. Whilst I was in there, I remember that there were two boys who committed suicide. I forget their names. I remember that one of them was one of the boys who had gone across to where the animals were kept and killed some of them.
257. I've heard there were two further boys who committed suicide after leaving. They were part of the Edinburgh boys. I don't remember their real names but their nicknames were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I don't know why they committed suicide or the circumstances surrounding that. I heard about their deaths from someone whilst I was in prison in later life.

Abuse at Thornly Park

258. It wasn't as regimented as Larchgrove but you still had to do the things that they wanted you to do and how they wanted you to do them. It didn't matter if you were right. It made no difference. You still had to do it their way. I think I just accepted the way I was treated because I thought I was bad and had clamped up. It was a way of defending myself.
259. The staff were all bullies. I think most of the staff had come from a military background. I think they all had that sort of training. I think that's part of why they were all strict. They were trying to instil a military way of thinking in all of us. Some kids took to it and other kids didn't. I remember times when boys tried to get other boys to keep quiet and shut up. That ended up causing arguments amongst the boys. I think the boys who didn't keep quiet, and answered the staff back, just didn't

know how it all worked. They hadn't worked it out yet. Looking back, I know the way the staff acted wasn't right.

Verbal abuse

260. Some of the staff were more aggressive with it than others. I think they had to show their authority. The discipline was mostly done verbally. You weren't allowed to step out of line. You were a delinquent and a degenerate according to them. Mr Davis was verbally quite bad. The first matron could give you a row. Even she was quite bad. She was a big strong woman. You would shut up when she came your way. She wasn't physical but she was strict.

Physical abuse

261. There was physical discipline. It was all the same as the other places. There were beatings. The staff would punch you, kick you or throw things at you. If you never got slapped it was a good day. When you got hit it wouldn't necessarily be for doing anything wrong. It could be for something petty like having your hands in your pocket or carrying something you weren't supposed to. If you spoke back you would be slapped. It was just unacceptable to speak back. If the staff saw that you were down or crying you would probably get given a slap and told to "move your arse." You weren't treated sympathetically. You were treated by getting a kick or a slap and getting shouted at. A lot of the physical discipline was for stupid things. Sometimes it could be for nothing.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Thornly Park

262. I never bothered going to speak to the staff in Thornly Park. I'd given up with that sort of thing a long time ago. I'd clamped up and given up trying to mix with adults. I only spoke to them if I really had to.

Leaving Thornly Park and life before ending up in Liberton again

263. Around the time I left Thornly Park the system must have changed. All the places like Thornly Park started to get shut down. I know that because of what I have heard from family members who also ended up in care. They all ended up in places like the wee home in the West of Scotland that I liked. From what I have heard they were better looked after and taken out to do nice things. There was no badness. I remember that my family members had nothing bad to say about the places they ended up.
264. By the time I left Thornly Park I was more wild and aggressive. That's when my life started getting out of control and I got involved with more serious crime. It was just the way it was. That's how we made a living. I was definitely using all the badness I had learnt from the boys in the other places. I was seriously heading down the wrong road.
265. By the time I was about thirteen I was supposed to be living with my dad and stepmother in Dunfermline. I didn't actually stay with them. I was kicking about doing what I was doing. I got in trouble with the police a lot. Every week I was in the cells. I was then caught alongside my cousin [REDACTED] by the police and charged. I can't remember the exact charge. It would have been for something petty like theft. [REDACTED] and I were taken to a court in Dunfermline and sent to Liberton. We were sent there by the court for a three week assessment so that reports could be drafted about what to do with us next.

Liberton (the third time)

266. I would have been about the age of about thirteen when I went to Liberton the third time. I ended up being in there for a much longer time the other times I was there. It could have been for five months or more. I was in there during that time with my cousin [REDACTED]. He was exactly the same age as me.

Visits

267. I got regular visitors during the third time I was at Liberton. By that point I wasn't really involved with my mum at all. I was more involved with my father's side of the family in Fife. My visitors were my father and his wife and my uncle and my auntie who were [REDACTED] parents. I can't remember seeing any social workers whilst I was there.

Trips

268. There were some good elements of my third time at Liberton. One of those was the walks they took me on in the Pentlands. There were two people that were involved with escorting us out on those trips. They both worked in Liberton but also had foster kids that they looked after in their own homes. The first person who supervised us was a man called Mr [REDACTED] PAU. The second person was Mrs [REDACTED]. Both Mr [REDACTED] PAU and Mrs [REDACTED] were married. I would go on these walks with a girl who was at Liberton at the same time as me. Her name was [REDACTED]. I had got involved with her through the times we were allowed to interact with the girls.
269. Mr [REDACTED] PAU and Mrs [REDACTED] would go off together alone. When Mr [REDACTED] PAU and Mrs [REDACTED] went off together they left [REDACTED] and I to our own devices. At the time [REDACTED] and I were quite happy with the arrangement. It all worked to our advantage because [REDACTED] and I got to kiss and cuddle. We were loved up and wanted to carry on. It was all puppy love. We knew that what Mr [REDACTED] PAU and Mrs [REDACTED] were doing was no good but it served our purposes. However, at the time, we weren't interested in what was going on between them. Looking back, Mr [REDACTED] PAU and Mrs [REDACTED] were up to no good. They abused their position and used me and [REDACTED].
270. [REDACTED] ended up in a place called Haddington Girls Home later on. I visited her there. I remember travelling all the way from Dunfermline to see her there. I believe, at the time I visited [REDACTED] there, the place was run by Mrs [REDACTED].

Running away

271. During the third time I was at Liberton I tried to escape. I escaped from the gymnasium. The windows had small bars over them. We managed to start cutting the bars with a hacksaw we had found. We had to do that a little bit each day. We realised that when we had cut them enough to get out we had to be quick because we only had a small window to get through. We planned it. We removed the bars and smashed the window. In the end it was only myself who got out of the window. There wasn't enough time for others to follow me.
272. I then got over the fence and the football pitch. I remember managing to leg it through the park that was near Liberton. I remember that they had the dogs out looking for me because I heard them chasing me. I ended up hiding in a nearby burn. I then got away. The hassle even to get that far was unreal. I eventually got caught walking across the Forth Road Bridge. I was caught that same night. I thought I was about to make it to Fife but they caught me. I think I was then taken straight back to Liberton.

Abuse at Liberton

Mr ^{GBQ} [REDACTED]

273. Mr ^{GBQ} [REDACTED] was an evil son of a bitch. He was a brutal, sadistic animal. He was the one who always seemed to punish the kids. I'm not sure but he seemed to be in charge of all of the discipline there. He was one of the staff who gave out the belt as a punishment.
274. I remember that after I was caught after running away I was brought back to Liberton. All hell broke loose. I was put into a room which was basically a cell. For some reason I remember that they weren't allowed to call it a cell but it was a cell really. My punishment was that I was to receive six of the best with the belt over my

arse from GBQ. Looking back, I think that was fair enough because I had caused damage.

275. What I think was too much was that I was then given two further lots of six of the best immediately after in two goes. In between the further punishments Mr GBQ walked out the room then immediately walked back in. He walked straight out, locked the door, immediately opened it again and walked back in to give me the next lot. He then did that again. In total I was hit eighteen times in quick succession. I remember that the rule back then was that they couldn't give you the belt that many times. They were allowed to give you six of the best on a single occasion and that was it. Mr GBQ did it all in one lot over a period of minutes.
276. Being hit that many times broke my heart. I was greeting. It was hell. I remember Mr GBQ seemed to be enjoying it all. He was an evil person. There is the punishment part of these things and there is the control part of things. Sometimes they punished you in these places because they wanted no more of it. To me that was what it was like in that room. Mr GBQ had decided that he wanted no more of my crap and he wanted an end of it.
277. I wasn't the only one who received punishment in the way that Mr GBQ did when I was there. There were two other boys who escaped. They received exactly the same sort of punishment from Mr GBQ. Those boys were the ones who taught me how to steal cars.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Liberton (the third time)

278. Shortly after receiving the belt from Mr GBQ I was due a visit. My father and my stepmother, [REDACTED], came to visit. My stepmother could see from the way I was sitting that I was trying to cover up the injuries I had received from being the belt so many times. She then looked at the marks. When she saw the marks she flipped. She went ballistic. She took me right into the office to see Mr MTQ. She took my trousers right off me. There was still blood coming from my back end and back. It

was bad. I remember that my stepmother was complaining and that Mr MTQ said they would investigate. I don't know whether they actually did that.

279. I remember that later on I went to stay at my father and stepmother's. When I went into the house it was full of all of the old metal bunkbeds that were previously in Liberton. My theory is that my father and my stepmother were paid off by Liberton with the old beds so as my father could profit from the scrap metal. It was like a trade-off. I think that my father probably manipulated the situation after seeing all the hundreds of beds sitting waiting to be scrapped. I think that is probably how that all came about. I remember those beds being in that house right up until they moved out.

Leaving Liberton (the third time)

280. [REDACTED], my brother, was released and allowed to go home. I was told that I was being taken to Rossie Farm.
281. By that time I was aware of Rossie Farm from speaking with other guys in other places. When I was told I was going to Rossie Farm I knew that I was getting taken to "shit and hell." I was crapping myself about going there. I really was. I remember being taken to Rossie Farm in a car. I don't know whether it was a man or a woman who took me.

Rossie Farm, Montrose, Fife

282. The place was for general delinquents who were deemed to be unruly. I think the place was set up to try and nip in the bud whatever nonsense was going on in our heads. I think that's what they saw themselves as doing there.
283. I think I went there at some point between the ages of fourteen and fifteen. I was probably in Rossie Farm for about eight months. It could have maybe been as long

as a year. Rossie Farm was the last place I classify as me being in care. I think by the time I left Rossie Farm I had got to the stage where I felt I was coming to maturity.

284. The place was full to the gunnels. There were easily a hundred kids in the place. There were perhaps more. It was all boys. I would say that everybody was between the ages of about fourteen and sixteen. I don't remember there being any younger boys there.

Layout of Rossie Farm

285. It had massive grounds. From the road it was about a two mile drive to the front door. It was a big massive place. The buildings were all laid out in a circle. Inside there was a big entrance. The ground level was where all the classrooms were. That was also where the staff had their offices and where the dining hall and the assembly hall was. The level above was where they had all the dormitories. They had a swimming pool which stuck out at the side.
286. The MacDonald wing was adjacent to Rossie Farm. That was the secure closed part of Rossie Farm. It was a special unit that held about ten kids. It was like Colditz. There was a twenty foot tall fence with barbed wire all over the top that surrounded it. To get access to the wing you would have to go through a big secure door that looked like a safe door.
287. The MacDonald wing was self-sufficient. No one was allowed out. The boys who were in there got nothing. They weren't allowed outside or to go to any activities or anything like that. They were in there twenty four hours a day. I don't think there were any staff in there. They were left alone to their own devices. It was scary.

Staff

288. I would say there was roughly only about six staff members looking after all the boys in Rossie Farm. It wasn't many. They certainly had their work cut out. The staff controlled things in their own way.
289. I think SNR [REDACTED] was called Mr LLY [REDACTED]. For some reason that name comes into my head. He would sit in his office all day.
290. Mr Warburton was my keyworker. I never had any qualms with him. I never had many dealings with Mr Warburton. The only times he got involved with me was if there was a problem or I was getting punished for something. He'd sometimes come in to ask questions if there was a problem going on with a group of boys or something like that. That was about all of his involvement with me. There were a couple of other workers but I don't really remember them.
291. There was a guy we called the janitor. I forget his name. He was an ex-army guy. He sort of controlled and disciplined the boys. He would tell people to shut up and what have you. He normally got what he wanted.
292. There was a matron. I don't remember her name. There were two chefs in the kitchens. One was a man. I don't remember his name. The other was a woman called GBP [REDACTED]. I don't remember her surname. She was probably about thirty. GBP [REDACTED] was replaced by another man towards the end of my time in Rossie Farm. I don't remember his name.
293. The headmaster had a secretary. The secretary would come in inappropriately dressed. She wore miniskirts, low cut tops and things like that. She wore perfume. That wasn't right. It was torture for boys of that age. We never saw women. It made all the boys have thoughts. We used to talk about that amongst ourselves. Nothing happened but it created fantasies. I think she knew what she was doing.

The children at Rossie Farm

294. I knew all the lads that were in there with me. They had come up through the ranks with me. The kids in there came from different areas of Scotland. They tended to group together. There were Edinburgh, Fife and Glasgow groups. Because I was from all of those places I went across the groups. I was like a helper between all the groups. If there was any bother between two boys between different groups I was the one who was sent to pass on messages. I think that helped me not to get into any trouble from any of the boys. Because everyone knew me I was alright, nobody would bother me and I was able to mix in with everyone.
295. I don't remember the names of all of the boys who were in there with me. The ones I remember by their proper names are [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED]'s nickname was [REDACTED].

Routine at Rossie Farm

First day

296. I probably arrived about midday. After arriving I was taken to the headmaster's office. It was all disciplined. You had to stand up straight and all of that. I just froze. It was all "yes sir" and "no sir." There was no conversation or communication. It was just a quick introduction. The routine was explained really abruptly. You were in and out. I was then introduced to Mr Warburton and told he was my key worker. I was then shown about by him. He took me to my dorm and showed me where I would be sleeping. I was then taken to the matron. The matron then gave me my clothes and everything I needed. I was then taken into the hall. The other lads then came in from their chores, or work or whatever, they had been doing alongside the janitor. The janitor then showed me where all the boots were and where we got the polish and things like that.

Daily routine

297. You could hear them shouting to get you up. Everybody got up at the same time. That was at about 7:00 am. You then had to make your bed before getting washed. I think you could get washed before or after doing your bed if you liked. Whatever way round you had to have your bed made up. You would then have to go downstairs and meet everyone. You would then stand for parade in the assembly hall. When the staff shouted your name out you had to answer to show that you were there.

Marches

298. We had to march the road between the main building and the road you turned off of to enter Rossie Farm's ground. They made everybody do that every Sunday without fail. All the staff would supervise those marches. There would be two staff members at the front, two in the middle and one at the back. I think the march was about two miles long.

Sleeping arrangements

299. I think there were about eight to ten people in each dormitory. Everybody had a bed and a side locker. You went to bed at a set time but I can't remember what time that was. Everybody went to bed at the same time. It was into your dormitory, into your bed, lights off, end of. There was someone there at night supervising but I don't remember who that was. You were allowed out to go to the toilet at night but you weren't allowed to wander or anything like that. You weren't allowed to go into anyone else's dorms, they didn't tolerate that.

Washing / bathing

300. There was a big massive shower block. It was attached to the dormitories in my wing. There were rows of sinks in there. There were cubicles that you would go in

and out of. Most days we either had a shower in there or in the shower room attached to the swimming pool after swimming in the evenings.

Mealtimes / food

301. All one hundred or so of us would eat in the dining hall at the same time. The kitchens were open and part of the dining hall. I think they assigned your tables depending on who you were being schooled with or who you were working with in your field of work. My table had the same four boys sitting with me throughout the time I was there.
302. All the meals were good and we ate well. There were no other choices if you didn't like what you were given. You weren't forced to eat anything though. The staff members probably spoke to you if you didn't eat something but I don't think there was anything more than that. I always ate everything.
303. Later on, we used to go out places to work during the days. I was in charge of sorting the food when we went out renovating houses. I would prepare it all before and heat it up when we were there. When we worked in the fields we were only fed two sandwiches, consisting of bread, butter and jam, and a cup of tea. That was all you received for the eight hours you were working. When you got back from working in the fields you were rewarded with one of the biggest meals you could imagine. They fed you double what you were normally given.

Work / chores

304. I didn't have any chores because I was always in the kitchens. I volunteered to go into the kitchens instead of going to classes. I helped clean the pots, make things, make up the tables, set up the tables and things like that. I did what they generally needed me to do in the kitchens. I worked in there from morning till night. I was basically there full time.
305. Rossie Farm would sometimes put the whole school out to work. The staff would take us out in trucks. It was just like a convoy. Sometimes we were sub-contracted

[APG]

out to farms. We would pick up stones or pick tatties or berries in the fields. That always seemed to happen during the harvesting season. Other times you were sent out to paint and renovate houses. The house might be in the middle of nowhere. You would end up doing that for three weeks. We were paid for our work but they kept all the money. I think I was given £200 out of the £6,000 I would have earned doing that work. I was given that when I left.

Clothing / uniform

306. There were no normal everyday casual clothes, we wore BDs. We had two sets of uniforms. A work set and a dress set for when you weren't working. There was really no difference between the two sets of clothes except one was brown and the other was bluey grey. We wore boots.

Possessions / pocket money

307. I had no personal possessions in there. The only things I kept in my bedside cabinet were things they gave me. It was my jammies, my slippers and a bible that they gave me.
308. You got paid money for doing your chores and working in the kitchen. It was enough to keep you going in terms of tobacco and things. They sold cigarettes in the canteen.

School

309. There was a school in there but I never conformed to it. From what I heard from the other boys, the ones who did conform to school were given good schooling. I only went to a couple of classes. I remember the classes being more laid back than in the other places I had been. I just sat around and did nothing. It was just the same for me as all the other places. I treated it as a carry-on. I kind of got in trouble and reprimanded during classes.

Leisure time

310. They had all sorts of activities. Everything was always organised and supervised. The swimming pool was a big draw for all of the kids there. Whatever we were doing in the evening we would try to drop that to go swimming. They had their own football pitch where you could play football if you wanted. That all had to be organised through the staff. They even picked the teams. TV and music was restricted. You were told when you could watch TV or listen to music. It was always supervised and always organised. It was always done in groups. You couldn't just do that sort of thing on your own.

Religious instruction

311. I can't remember anything concerning religion. I can't remember going to church. I can't remember anything surrounding praying or anything like that.

Trips / holidays

312. I didn't go on any trips or holidays whilst I was at Rossie Farm.

Birthdays / Christmas

313. I can't remember whether I spent a Christmas in there. Birthdays weren't a thing in Rossie Farm. I can't remember anything happening around my birthday if I was there at that time.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

314. I did get visitors whilst I was there. I was visited by my sister and my pal. They came up to visit me on the same day. None of my other family members came to visit me. I never saw a social worker in there whilst I was there. I am not aware of there being any inspections taking place.

315. If I had any problems Mr Warburton was the person I would have to go to. I don't remember ever doing that. The only time I remember him getting involved with me was when I got into trouble. It would be for fighting or whatever. Fights were a regular ongoing thing. He'd come and have a word with me. That was done in a one-to-one. He'd ask me what was happening. I never told the truth as to what had been happening. He was in charge of quite a lot of the boys. The only thing I would say is "I'm guilty but he started it."

Healthcare

316. There was a matron there you could see any time for minor things. You could get access to a doctor if you needed to. If there was anything serious then you got taken to hospital if you needed to be. I don't remember having to see the matron or being ill while I was there.

Running away

317. It was open so you could run away if you really wanted to. I never ran away. The thing that kept me from wanting to run away was the MacDonald Wing. That was where they would send you if you were caught after running away. From what I heard it was hell in there. There was a fear about being sent there.

Discipline and punishment

318. The discipline was quite severe. Every one of the staff members was strict. I'm sure the staff were all ex-army. They came across like sergeant majors. There was no leniency whatsoever.
319. A lot of the discipline was verbal. You were addressed loudly. Normally by your second name. We were all given numbers. We were sometimes referred to by them but it was mostly by our surnames. I remember me and the other kids being called things like a "delinquent bastard." You'd regularly hear the staff saying "you're just a

delinquent” or “you’re a waste of space.” They really put you down. If you were getting punished they would let everybody else know about it. They would try to shame you.

Discipline during marches

320. They would sometimes use a march as a punishment for the handful of boys who had done whatever they had done. If you came away from the wall when you were marching from one place to another you were pushed back into the wall. We used to do that out of badness to see how far we could push the staff member supervising. We did that sort of thing because we were trying to get back at them in some way.

The MacDonald Wing

321. Every day you were reminded by the staff that if you didn't behave you might be sent to the MacDonald Wing. The threat of being sent to the MacDonald Wing was the thing the staff used the most over us. It was the threat of going in there that made us behave. I remember folk saying “Rossie Farm should be last place that you will ever want to be in. Should you have to go anywhere else then it will be the MacDonald Wing.”

Corporal punishment

322. They used the belt in that place. For some reason that was always done over shorts. They would make you put those on before you received your punishment. It would be whatever staff member who was on who would tell you to do that. It could be Mr Warburton or whoever. I remember you would be sent to your room and be made to put on shorts and slippers. You had to do that every time you were punished. You were then sent up to the headmaster's office.
323. The headmaster was the only one who gave you the belt. Whatever the incident was you would be separated out and taken to him. I remember sitting waiting to go into his office in the secretary's office before him shouting me in.

324. You always received your punishment on your own. You would be punished through getting the belt over your arse or on the back of your legs. It was like a two tonged school belt they used. Sometimes they used their hands.
325. I'd say I got the belt in there on six or seven separate occasions. Every time I went I was hit at least six times if I was hit on the arse. If it was on the hands it would be just a couple of times. Some of it was for minor things like talking out of line. Some of it was for more serious things like fighting. No matter what it was the punishment was the same. There was no such thing as a misdemeanour.

Abuse at Rossie Farm

GBP / █████ committing suicide

326. There was a lassie called █████ who was a chef in the kitchens. She was probably about thirty. There was a guy called █████ whose nickname was █████ He was roughly about the same age as me. He was about fifteen or something like that. He had been in Rossie Farm longer than me because he had been working in the kitchens for a while by the time I started in there. He must have been in Rossie Farm well over six months. He didn't really like me. We worked together in the kitchens alongside another boy called █████. I think he was from Saltcoats.
327. When I started in the kitchens █████ made sure that she showed us how to wash dishes. She found that necessary even though we knew how to wash dishes. As she showed us how to wash the dishes she would caress us. We all knew what she was trying to do. We spoke about it amongst ourselves. At the time we weren't bothered by that. We all liked it. We viewed it as alright. Looking back, as much as we enjoyed her flirtations and sexual advances, she abused her position with us.
328. There was really no sexual thing between me and █████ It was flirtation and touching. It was mostly fondling, rubbing and kissing. There was no sexual

[APG]

intercourse. It was different for [REDACTED] He and [REDACTED] were together. [REDACTED] was in a relationship with [REDACTED] It went on in the kitchens. That must have gone on for a while. It was a full sexual relationship. I could see that that was happening. You would have had to have been blind not to see that they were together. The boys would talk about it.

329. [REDACTED] wasn't involved with [REDACTED] but me and [REDACTED] were. I don't think the other staff were aware of the way she was acting around us. I don't know whether [REDACTED] was in a relationship with anyone else outside of Rossie Farm. I know she used to talk about going to the pub and things like that so she could have been. I don't know whether she had kids.
330. Some time later [REDACTED] split up with [REDACTED] We all knew about it. It broke his heart. He was upset. All the guys were talking about it. We were all talking about it being sad about what had happened. Me and [REDACTED] then ended up having a fight over [REDACTED] It was because [REDACTED] was making advances to me. That was what caused the friction between us. He and [REDACTED] attacked me in the toilets. There was a bit of jealousy going on. They used one of the old floor brushes and pushed it into my eyes. I was blinded from the bristles going into my eyes. There was no way I could have just walked away from that.
331. I either went to hospital or somebody addressed it in some way. I can't remember what happened. It must have been reported. I remember that we all got punished for that incident. We ended up getting punished for fighting. We all got the belt. None of us said why we had been fighting.
332. Roughly two weeks after the breakup and the fight [REDACTED] committed suicide. That was him. It was all over [REDACTED] I know it was all because of her. I remember we were working in the kitchens when it happened. Later on we were all taken out of the kitchen and put in the hall with all the other boys and told that [REDACTED] had died.
333. Not one of us was asked any questions about what happened. Not one staff member asked me a thing. I don't recall anyone asking me why [REDACTED] would have

done what he did. I didn't speak to any police. I ended up not mentioning anything to anybody about why I thought [REDACTED] had committed suicide.

334. After [REDACTED] committed suicide we went back to work in the kitchens. We all went back to our duties. I never saw [REDACTED] again after that. She was replaced roughly about the same time by a male chef. I don't know whether there was an investigation and that was how all that came out. The police must have been involved because there was a death. I don't know though.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Rossie Farm

335. We didn't really speak to the staff. We tried to keep our distance. We would only tell them what we felt was just enough. We didn't want them knowing what we were arguing about amongst ourselves. We wanted things to be kept private amongst ourselves. You didn't want to grass on the other boys when the staff spoke to you. We would rather not say something and take the belt than grass on the other boys.
336. I could have gone and spoken to Mr Warburton and reported things. None of us did that sort of thing though. We wouldn't go to speak to him because he was "one of them." There was no point in reporting anything back then. It would either keep you back or be used to keep you down. You really had to be careful how you spoke to these people.
337. If you reported anything to the staff then they just wouldn't have been interested. You were just a "whinging faced little shit". I think all the kids in there had learnt a long time ago not to say things. By that time the trust was gone. You kept yourself to yourself. Your main concern was your own safety.

Leaving Rossie Farm

338. I'm sure you had to work your way up to get into a position to be released. You had to behave well enough to get to the certain band or whatever it was. I was told by Mr [APG]

Warburton that I was getting a release date. I think I was told about that maybe about a month or so before I ultimately left. I must have still been fifteen by the time I left Rossie Farm.

339. When I left I was given £200 in cash that I had earnt whilst I was there. I was then taken in a bus, with some other boys who were being released, to Kirkcaldy. We were all dropped off on the promenade there. I jumped on the next bus there was to Dunfermline.

Life after leaving Rossie Farm

340. I went back to my dad's and kicked around with my brothers for a bit. I went back to doing what I wanted to do. I ended up getting into more trouble. I don't think it was anything major. I think I was stealing this, that and another. It was just general criminality. The police got involved. I ended up getting sentenced to one to three years in HMYOI Polmont.
341. It was only about four weeks after leaving Rossie Farm that I ended up in Polmont. I must have been sixteen when I was sentenced. I don't know whether I would have still been classed as a juvenile at the time I was sentenced. I was taken straight from the court to Polmont.

HMYOI Polmont, Brightons, Falkirk

342. I was about sixteen when I went to Polmont. Looking back, I kind of class myself as being an adult by the time I was there. I ended up only doing between nine months and a year. It was the same as Barlinnie and Saughton. It was a prison. It was all the same layout with the same landings. There was easily about four to five hundred people in Polmont. I'd say the youngest in there was about fourteen.

The layout and structure of Polmont

343. There were different parts to Polmont. There was a part called allocation. There were three other wings called the North, East and West Wings. There was also a part called Carrick House.
344. Everybody had to go to allocation when they first went to Polmont. Allocation was the equivalent of being in a detention centre in there. You had to spend eight weeks in there. It was part of the regime. The allocation wing was really used to find out things about us. They used allocation to work out where they were next going to send us inside Polmont. It had three landings. I was locked up in a cell for most of the time. There were easily a hundred boys in the allocation part.
345. After allocation you went into one of the wings or Carrick House. I was sent to North Wing after I came out of allocation. It was a totally different regime in there. It was still managed in a military style but it was more relaxed. You could come out of your cells. There were easily eighty to one hundred boys in there.
346. Carrick House was where they mostly put the boys who had committed more serious crimes in there. It was rapists and murderers and boys like that. It was for boys who had psychiatric issues. Those boys still had to spend eight weeks in allocation before Carrick House. They went there irrespective of what they were like in allocation. In my opinion, those boys were dumped in Carrick House. We never saw those boys after they went in there. They had separate staff looking after them.

Staff

347. There was a governor who was in charge of the whole place. I never saw him. I don't have a clue who that was. Below him there were individual governors per each wing. I only saw the governors of each wing. Alongside the governor of each wing were the prison officers. I don't remember any of their names or the names of any of the staff.

348. I think one of the prison officers in allocation was [REDACTED] zGBS I remember he wore clogs. You could hear him everywhere because of the noise his clogs made when he walked around.

349. Mr Scott was civilian teacher who was there when I was there. He taught painting and decorating. He was great. He didn't give me any grief. He was a decent normal person who was only there to get the boys to do their work.

Siblings / relatives

350. Maybe halfway through my sentence some of my relatives ended up in another wing whilst I was there. [REDACTED] was one of those who ended up in another wing. I remember trying to sneak him in some mars bars and tobacco from my wing whilst he was in allocation. The only way to get to him was through the dentist or the doctor. I did whatever I needed to do to get to see the dentist so I could try and do that.

Routine at Polmont

First day

351. I was made to stand in a line with other boys who were being admitted. I was then made to go through a door with a staff member and stand to attention in front of the governor. I saw him. He talked to me. It was all "yes sir, no sir, three bags full sir." There was no answering back. He then hit me with a number and asked me to repeat it. If you didn't know your number right there and then you were battered. That happened right there and then on the spot. That happened to me. The officer that was standing next to me did that. He gave me a slap. I was then put into a part they called allocation.

Sleeping arrangements

352. We were all in single cells in both the allocation wing and in the North Wing. The lights were always on. They were on 24/7. They were dimmed a little bit at night time. Once you were in your cell for bedtime, and the lights were dimmed, they expected silence. There was silence. They shouted you up in the morning. You would get ready then go downstairs from your landing for breakfast.

Washing / bathing

353. There were communal showers in the shower block. They were relaxed about it. You could go when you wanted. You got a shower most days.

Mealtimes / food

354. It was standard meals just the same as Rossie Farm. It was three meals a day. You had to sit where they told you to sit in the dining hall. I remember that you had to stand behind your chair and wait for permission to sit down. It was all regimented. Once you were allowed to eat you could have a blether.

Chores / Work

355. You had to keep your room clean and tidy. They made a big thing about keeping your floor spotless. Before putting your shoes on you had to walk around your cell floor with dusters on your feet so as you kept the floor polished. It's just what you had to do.
356. The prison officers would inspect your cell. Every Sunday you had a governor inspection of your cell. You would stand outside your door and give your name and number. The governor would then go into your cell and inspect it. He wasn't really interested. It was all a lot of nonsense. He was in and out. Another thing we did was cleaning the toilets. We all took part in cleaning the toilets. We were all involved in that.

357. Your work in the allocation wing during the day consisted of scrubbing. That is all you did each day. If you weren't scrubbing you spent your time sitting in your cell. If you were in your cell you weren't allowed to sit or lie on your bed. You weren't allowed to disturb your bed block until bed time. It had to stay nice. You had to sit on a chair. The only time you could go to your bed was at bed time. If you sat on your bed you would be punished. The only other thing you did in allocation was marching. You didn't do anything else.
358. When you got into North Wing there were other things that you could do during the day. There were various workshops in Polmont. Kids could learn to become plasterers, joiners, brick layers and other things. You could choose what you wanted to do. I think it was seen as a privilege to be able to learn one of those areas.
359. I chose to learn how to paint and decorate. I worked in the painters during the day. I worked with a man called Mr Scott. That's what I did the whole time I was there. I stuck it out. I became good at it. It was a lot more relaxed. By the time I left I was a painter and decorator. I didn't have a qualification but I knew how to do it.

Clothing / uniform

360. The uniform was like battle dress gear. It was more or less exactly the same sort of uniform as Rossie Farm.

Possessions / pocket money

361. You were allowed pictures. We'd make little frames for our pictures out of cigarette packets. I don't remember being allowed any other possessions. I remember that if you weren't a borstal boy you were allowed a radio. I remember a boy called [REDACTED]. He was from an Irish travelling family. He was in the next cell to me. He was allowed a radio. He used to put the radio next to a pipe so as I could listen to it. In return I used to help him by writing his letters to his mum and his dad.

362. You got pocket money. I got that for the painting I did. I can't remember how much that was. It wouldn't have been a lot. I would buy tobacco and shampoo with the money.

Leisure time

363. Your only real recreation was speaking to the other boys during mealtimes. They did have a recreation area but the opportunity for you to use it was few and far between. It was down to the staff whether you could use it. If the staff were having a bad day you didn't get to use it.
364. They did boxing in there. I was involved in that. I remember that I won the championship in there. My name was put on a list of winners. I remember that my father's name was on that list also because he had won the same championship twenty or so years earlier when he was in Polmont.

Religious instruction

365. They had a bible in each of the cells. I think you could go to bible class or see a priest if you wished to. Nothing was compulsory though. Polmont was the only place that I recall where they allowed you that option. I never went.

Birthdays / Christmas

366. I was in there during Christmas. You were allowed a parcel to be delivered for Christmas. Your family was allowed to send in food and things like that. My father sent in mine. I enjoyed it. It was sweets, chocolates and things like that. It wasn't anything major.

Letters / parcels

367. I wrote to my family. If I was in the mood, and I had nothing to do, I would write to them. Sometimes my family would write back when they could be bothered.

Visits / Inspections / Review of Detention

368. Visiting time was at weekends. Your visitors would be sent a visiting pass before they could come and see you. You would have to ask the governor for those passes so that it could be arranged. They would post the passes out.
369. I never saw my mother and stepfather. I got visits off of my stepmother and my father. They visited fairly regularly. They visited maybe every couple of weeks. Sometimes they let me down. I'd find out why they didn't come in the next time they came. It was usually a load of bullshit. I got used to it. I never had any visits from social workers whilst I was in there. No one came to visit me like that.
370. I can't remember there being any inspections. I don't think I would have seen any inspections if they were done whilst I was there. They would have been done quietly if they were done at all.

Healthcare

371. They had a doctor in there. I had no call to see a doctor whilst I was in there. You wouldn't ask for any medical attention if you had injuries from fighting or being beaten up by the staff. There was no such thing as running to the doctor. You wouldn't get anything anyway. They wouldn't give you an inch. You would have to have blood gushing before you got given any treatment. If you were ill you might get treatment but that was about it.
372. They had a dentist in there. I did see him. I remember that my teeth needed to be fixed following a boxing match in there. There were no gum shields back then. I remember that the dentist who took my teeth out in there was the same dentist who pulled out my father's teeth following a boxing match. My father had been in Polmont twenty years before me and this dentist was doing exactly the same thing for me.

Discipline and punishment

373. It was strict. You had to move when they told you to move and march when they told you to march. It was that regime straight across the board. They were brainwashing you to make you right for society. That's how I saw it. We just thought "this is it." There was nothing we could do other than accept what was going on.
374. There were things they particularly didn't like. One of the things was dropping things. You daren't drop anything. All hell would break out if you dropped something. It was viewed as a crime. It was seen as a major breach. You would get dragged into the governor's office, slapped and dragged off into the cells if you did that. I don't think there was a day went by when that office wasn't attended by five or six guys for punishment. There was always somebody getting it. The governor's wee office was busy.
375. I remember that the only thing the staff in allocation were concerned about was getting you out of there, into a wing and out of their face. I remember that in North Wing, as you got through your sentence, it kind of calmed down a bit. When it calmed down you would be left alone more by the staff. The closer you got to the door to leave the more relaxed the staff were with you.
376. If the prison officers found an ounce of dirt on your floor, or anything wrong with the way your bed was made up, you were punished. There was no give. When they searched you in your cell the prison officers would deliberately leave scuff marks on your floor. They would then blame you for not having a clean floor. They would then knock all your stuff over. They would throw all your pictures on the floor and destroy their frames. That happened regularly. It was all done to keep you down. No matter how clean you were you were punished. You even would get punished if your cell was too clean. You were regarded as a smartarse and punished. There was no getting away with anything.

Corporal punishment / the sweat block

377. There was no belt in there. There was nothing like that. However there was one block they called "the sweat block." If you did anything wrong in allocation they would be put into there with your full gear on. If they decided you were going in the sweat block then that was it. Whether you had done something wrong or not you went in there as your punishment. You would be made to march, stand, dance, and do press-ups or whatever. You would be sweating. They used that punishment solidly over the eight weeks you were in allocation.

Segregation

378. One of the punishments for misbehaving in North Wing was sending you to "the block." It was essentially segregation and isolation. If you were put in there you would be in there either seven or fourteen days. You were given a sentence by the governor before you went in. The length of time you were in there depended on the severity of the thing you had done. You would be locked up in a cell for the whole time you were there. You were fed your meals through a hatch in your cell door. You wouldn't get to speak to anyone.
379. I was in the block on two occasions. Both times it was for seven days for fighting. I had been reprimanded quite a few times in the lead up to those occasions. Both of those occasions were towards the beginning of my sentence in North Wing.

Abuse at Polmont

Verbal abuse

380. I can't remember any of the names of any of the prison officers. They were basically all the same. They all used verbal abuse. They were always on our backs. They were either shouting at the front of us or they were shouting at the back of us. It was always "move, move, move" when you were going around the place.

381. The prison officers told you that you were there to conform to the way society expected you to be. They told you that if you didn't conform it was the long road to Barlinnie or Saughton. They would keep on reminding you of that. Looking back I think that long road started for me at Rossie Farm and continued in Polmont.

Physical abuse

382. The discipline from the staff came with beatings. That was what me and all my pals endured. You daren't complain because that would make things worse. You would just get another slap or another beating. There was nobody who was left out. There was no favouritism. We were all treated the same. It didn't matter whether you were six foot or two foot tall. We all got it.
383. I was slapped about near enough every day by the prison officers. There were a couple of staff members who were more physical. When you went from A to B you expected to get a slap from a prison officer. It was a good day if you didn't get a slap over the course of a day. You would get slaps for no reason.

The gymnasium

384. They used the weights on you in the gymnasium as a way of punishing you. They would try to make you do things that was impossible. They did a similar thing with the medicine ball. I remember that a prison officer would stand in the middle with us standing in a circle and he would throw the medicine ball at your face. That was a regular thing.

zGBS

385. zGBS was a bully. He was always at it. He liked getting the boys in the allocation bit into the sweat room to torture you. He would hit you wherever he could. If he could hit you on the head then he did. He had no scruples. He was quite partial to either kicking you with his clogs or taking them off and hitting you with them.

386. I got caught trying to pass [REDACTED] a mars bar by zGBS [REDACTED]. He gave me a doing for that. He dragged me by the scruff of the neck. I was dragged in front of the governor. I must have given him some lip because afterward I was dragged into a passageway in allocation. zGBS [REDACTED] beat me up with his clogs. The clog was in his hand. There was a scuffle. I think I retaliated. I ended up on all fours. I was left black and blue. I didn't ask for any medical attention.

Bullying

387. Looking back, I don't think there should have been boys as young as fourteen in the allocation wing. I think that those boys had committed murder so they had to put them there instead of anywhere else. Those boys weren't segregated from the older boys in any way in allocation. I remember those kids getting a lot of flack from the older kids. The minute that any of the other boys could get their hands on them they got beaten up. It was as if that was part of life in there. Those boys would be beaten up at every possible chance.
388. The boys would use the shower block and shower times as an opportunity to get to the more weaker boys or boys they didn't like. I even remember it happening whilst we were marching. The staff never did a thing about that in there. They turned a complete blind eye to all of that.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Polmont

389. There was no one there who you could speak to. If you had any problems then you could go to the governor of your particular wing. You belonged to the governor and he belonged to you. You had to request to see the governor through a prison officer.
390. I learnt when I was young that there was no point in reporting to anyone what happened in care. They weren't going to listen to me when I needed it and they certainly weren't going to listen to me when I was fourteen or fifteen. It was easier to

say nothing, get on with things and look after myself. That's the way I protected myself.

Leaving Polmont

391. There was a process for you leaving. About three months before I left I was given my release date. When you were getting ready they gave you a different coloured shirt. It was either a blue or a red striped shirt. That was so that everybody would know that you were due for release. As soon as you got that shirt the abuse from the staff seemed to stop. It was as if they were giving you peace.
392. You had to wear the different coloured shirt for a period of three months. If you behaved without shouting at the staff, or causing any trouble, you were allowed to leave on your release date. Looking back, I realise that the staff didn't want to keep you in at that point. They wanted you out and that was why they treated you differently. I didn't realise that as a kid.
393. At the start of the three months you were given parole. You were allowed out for seven days before having to come back. You were supposed to use those seven days to see if you could organise things with your family and make things proper for when you finally left for good. A lot of the kids who got out on parole never came back. If you didn't come back you would have to serve the remainder of your sentence. I went to my dad's for the seven days I was out before coming back. There were no checks made during the seven days I was away. All they cared about is that you didn't get into any trouble when you were out and that you came back.
394. After I came back I served the remainder of my three months before being allowed to leave for good. I was released on the release date they told me at the start. I played ball so I got out. I was sixteen when I was released.

Life after care

395. I got married to a girl called [REDACTED] a couple of months after leaving Polmont. I was sixteen. We moved down to England. I got a job and we ended up having two kids. Back then I thought I could rule the world, have a relationship and do right by myself. The criminality didn't stop after I left Polmont and during my marriage. I was a little shit. I was in and out of prison down there. Back then it was easy to get jobs so I would come in and out of prison and get manual jobs straight away.
396. The marriage lasted about five years. It just didn't really happen. The marriage was just an escape. I was too young. I wasn't stable. I was all over the place. I couldn't explain anything to anyone. I couldn't look after myself never mind looking after children.
397. I lost my kids after the divorce. I was about twenty years old at that time. The divorce was amicable. I never got to see my kids again though. I signed a document not realising that it could actually be used. Unfortunately, [REDACTED] has used that document to keep me away. I have pushed to see my children but never succeeded in making contact.
398. I managed to pull back and escape my involvement with criminality at about the age of twenty one. That was when it all finally stopped. By that time I was heading towards becoming involved in major criminality. I wasn't once in prison after that time. I came back up to Scotland with a girl I had met called [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] had four kids. I ended up bringing up her kids. I treated them as my own. They became just like my own kids. We waited five years before we started our own family. We got a flat in Dunfermline and settled in before having two daughters. We later moved back down to England. We stayed down in Hull until the kids were old enough to leave primary school. In about 1999 we came back to Scotland to settle permanently. I've been in Scotland one way or another ever since.
399. I've worked on and off at various times since leaving England. I've had quite varied life when it comes to work. I've been involved in many things.

400. [REDACTED] and I were a couple for thirty five years. We had a good relationship. Unfortunately, at about Christmas time, about five years ago, she said that she wanted the relationship to come to an end. The kids were all gone. We split up. We went our separate ways. It's all kind of amicable. I met [REDACTED] about eight months after splitting up with [REDACTED]. I have been with her ever since. We seem to bounce off each other. We kind of help each other.

The attempted prosecution of my father

401. About three years ago I discovered that my dad had been doing the same things he did to me to my siblings. It all came out. After that we reported it to the police. When my siblings and I reported what our father had done to the police they spoke to us all. They said they didn't need to investigate things further because they had what they needed. When they said that we were all buzzing. We all thought that we would get him in court.
402. Unfortunately, he died before we could get him there. My father was the total ruination of my whole family. Looking back, I think that my father dumped me in care. I think it was because he knew that I might say something to my brother and stepbrothers. I was too mouthy. I spoke out about what happened. He got rid of me to continue doing what he was doing with my brothers and sister.

Impact

During care and immediately after

403. I never had a childhood. I had no life. I was supposed to be at my mum and stepfather's or my dad and stepmother's but I was really on my own. I was allowed to be a wanderer from an early age. Nobody was looking out for me. None of them ever really knew where I was. I could have been lying in a ditch and they would never have known. They weren't interested.

[APG]

404. I have been controlled all of my life. I think I was maybe glad to get caught as a kid. Sometimes I felt that it was better to be locked up. As much as I was running away from home to escape I was also breaking into places and stealing things to get arrested.
405. Sometimes when I was younger I was scared that I was losing control. I think between the ages of sixteen and twenty I realised that nobody was going to put me into care. I thought that the only road for me to escape, or get out of what was going on, was to break the law and get locked up again. That allowed me to get away from whatever it was I was dealing with at that time. I was finding it difficult to deal with things and that was my solution.

Education

406. When I looked through my records I learnt from them that I had been in eleven primary schools as a child. I was at some of those schools twice. It was quite a lot. I was scattered here, there and everywhere in between all the places I was in care. I suppose at least they were sending me to school. Looking back, I would've been better being kept off school completely instead of my head being messed up meeting all these different people. I think that was why I ultimately ended up giving up and sitting at the back of the class. I never got to know anybody or spend any time with anyone in any school. I was stuck at the back of the class having a wee laugh and a joke and that was it.

Relationship with my family

407. I never really spent much time with my parents when I was an adult. If I had had a good upbringing then I think I would have spent more time with them. The times I was with them were the times when I had to be with them. For the last ten years of her life I never missed a Sunday with my mother.

408. My relationship with my siblings has always been good. Me and [REDACTED] have a close bond. It took me until recently to be able to speak to him about what our father did to me. I just couldn't talk to him about what happened before then. It was then that I discovered that [REDACTED] had been sexually abused as well. My brother [REDACTED] is an alcoholic. His life has been ruined. I blame myself for the way he turned out. If I had spoken with him earlier then I may have been able to stop things. There's things he's done that has torn the family apart. I've been stuck in the middle of it for the last fourteen years and I don't know how to get out of it. It eats me up.

Moving around in adult life

409. I don't know why I moved around so much between England and Scotland in my adult life. I would get homesick for Scotland then, as soon as I was back up the road, I would ask myself why we had moved back up again. There was no pleasing me. I would just get everything right and then give it up again. I think the traveller bit was still in me. I just couldn't stay put in the one place.

Drink and drugs

410. I never touched the drugs scene but I did drink. I hit it big time. It became a major problem for me. I was heavily into the drink. The drink led to me getting into more trouble. Everything fed off one another. Everything seemed to be an effort to escape from. I never stopped drinking to begin with but I controlled it. I stopped drinking the heavy stuff and stayed on bottled beer. I eventually gave it up completely. I think that is more down to the lining on my stomach going with the abuse I had given it. I couldn't take any more. I had to stop. I don't really drink now.

Issues with food

411. I don't seem to manage with doing food at all. My taste buds are all knackered. My partner, [REDACTED], goes through hell with me. She makes meals for me. Sometimes I can eat them and sometimes I can't. Sometimes it's a meal I've eaten before that she gives to me. I just can't manage it the second time. It's strange because I'm ok

at picking at things. If it's a wee bite of sandwiches lying on a bench I can do it. Some people have said that that might have been because I had to grab what I could eat, when I could get it, when I was child. I think that's probably right. When I got something to eat it I had to quickly eat it there and then. If you didn't get it then you did without.

Mental health

412. When I was younger I always had the dreams and the frights. I had nightmares. I don't really have dreams now. I have nightmares but they're not about my experiences growing up. It's now more about other people rather than me.
413. I look after myself the best I can. I analyse everything. I can't even go for a walk without thinking about what I am doing. I think about things all of the time. I kind of focus a bit too much on other people nowadays. I'm not saying that it's wrong for me to do that but sometimes it can be too much. My partner [REDACTED] has told me that I need to stop. I try to take on the whole world and can't do it. I still try though.
414. My temper kind of fluctuates up and down. I know that is because I am off of my medication. I know it effects the people around about me. I just get agitated and it all comes out loud. I do know better but I can't help it. It's just me letting off about nothing. I wasn't like that when I was on my medication. They levelled me out.

Treatment and support

415. I did try and speak about what had happened when I was younger but I just gave up. I knew I would have to fight but I didn't get rid of it. I did phone people like The Samaritans over the years. They would listen to you all night but I always felt it wasn't getting me anywhere. They helped you get out of whatever it was you were going through at the time but it never really got me where I wanted.

416. I never really took or accepted any help for most of my life. If I was offered anything I always refused it. I didn't believe in speaking to anybody. I wouldn't take it. I never bothered my GP with any of this. I initially took no medication for what I was suffering. I probably just thought I didn't need anything. My work kept me going and kept me distracted.
417. I then came into contact with Open Secret through [REDACTED]. That was about three years ago. I then met Amy at Open Secret. To begin with I was going but not really saying anything. I gradually then started to talk. Amy brought a lot of stuff out of me. I then ended up meeting Cath Taylor. I have been speaking with Cath for about a year now. At the beginning I wasn't sure why I was doing it. I managed the first four weeks without really saying anything at all. I stuck with it though and it started to come out. It takes a lot of strength to talk about things. I've never spoken so much about anything than I have about what happened to me over the last few years. I do feel better. I'm trying to get rid of it all now.
418. I campaign and get out there a lot more since getting help from Open Secret. However, I don't like travelling or venturing too far. I currently have a dog. The dog has been a god send really. He's got me out walking about. I take him out every day. It's good for me. It helps me progress and come out of my shell a wee bit.

Reporting of abuse after leaving care

419. I did try to speak up when I was in care. Nobody listened to me. I was called a liar and punched. Nobody believed me in my life when I said things. Not my family or any of the people at the care homes. They all just blanked me out. You were just a liar. Nobody wanted to listen to me. I ended up getting fed up with telling people. Nothing happened when I spoke out.
420. I never said anything to anybody about the things I experienced in Polmont. I might have told my pals I got battered but that was about it. I would have told them to stay

away from there because the script was that you would get battered black and blue. That information would have got passed on. I never reported anything though.

421. I probably would have mentioned what happened in care to my siblings after I left. I would have spoken about it all with my brothers. I don't think I ever went into the detail of things or anything like that.
422. I didn't tell my parents about anything. They wouldn't have been interested. It was probably for the best that I never said anything to them. I never spoke a word to my mother about any of this. As far as I am aware my mother wasn't aware of anything that my father did to us. She had separated from him and moved on.
423. Not once did I mention anything about what I experienced in care to either [REDACTED], my first wife, or [REDACTED], my second wife. I kind of hid everything. Even though I knew in my heart that there was something there and it was affecting me I hid it.
424. There's nothing that I've told the Inquiry in this statement that I haven't already told the police.
425. In a way I hate myself that I didn't speak out about what happened with my dad until three years ago. I spent fifty years sitting in silence. I'm such a hypocrite because I beg everybody else to speak up if they can. I had no reason not to speak out but I still didn't do it.

Records

426. I sent off to a couple of local authorities for my records. I made subject access requests with the help of Cath Taylor. I sent off to Fife, Glasgow and Edinburgh. I got hold of records from all of them. There is hardly anything there. It's less than an inch thick of file. It's maybe only twenty sheets of paper. It's a mixture of records scattered all over the place. There weren't records from all of the places that I went to. I don't think there is anything from either Balrossie or Larchgrove. There's some

school reports and a letter from my mum. There's nothing substantial. I was pleased to get what I got but I expected more.

427. I looked through my records at a glance with Cath Taylor. To be truthful I was looking forward to looking through my records. I wanted to know more about what had gone on in my life. In the end I found it upsetting. It left me thinking to myself "if that's the best they can give me for all the time I was in those places there is no point pursuing things further." I threw them in the back of a cupboard. They're still there.

Lessons to be Learned

428. Everything that happened to me happened over a very short period. That was the way it felt to me. It was all too much. It's important for me to break it all down though. It's like putting a jigsaw together. I need to put it back together so I can remember what happened. From speaking about what happened through my counselling, and putting the pieces back together, I feel that I am being helped. It's working.
429. Being in care was like having prison sentences. You would be in a home for six months to a year before being dumped in the street. These places never took you anywhere. They just pushed you out of the door. You would be given your bus fare and told to go. You would end up walking down to the village, or wherever it was, and jumping onto a bus. You just then went on your merry way.

Involvement in criminality

430. Right through the period I was in these places I saw the same kids. I got to know them. When you met other children in these places you would remember them. I kind of grew up with them. After we got released we would all go and meet each other. You would bump into them. In time, groups of us would become like a wee gang. You'd create your own safety place wherever that may be. I never asked questions and neither did any of the other boys.

[APG]

431. I learnt things from the other boys I met in these places. They were only kids but they were teaching you these criminal ways. We turned into wee bad yins. Looking back we were bad boys. It just kind of ended up growing and growing as you learnt more and more things. We became a wee criminal fraternity. In truth, the only education I received whilst I was in and around these places was learning how to do crime from other kids. For me it just all escalated and it ended up entering the prison system.

432. The criminality for me all stopped after the age of twenty one. That's when things started to knit together. I think it was only then that my life became what it should have been. I think that if I had continued the way I was going I would have become institutionalised. If I had done any more prison at that time I would never have managed to get out of it. I did get out of it though and I really am glad that I did.

Involvement of social services throughout my time in care

433. It was only after I became involved with the police that social services really became involved. They were never around before then. When I ended up staying with my mum and I was caught it was the Glasgow social services that dealt with me. When I was caught in Fife, after running away, I became part of the Fife system. After I was arrested social workers were ten a penny. They came and went.

434. I remember one social worker was called Miss Sloan. I had a lot of dealings with Miss Sloan outside of the places I was but I don't know the times when that happened. For some reason she was always in our family life. I did see one at some point when I was out and living in Dunfermline. I would have been about twelve and it would have been just after I was out of Liberton the third time. I don't remember the social worker's name. It was a woman though. It was a case of turning up at the office each week, keeping your appointment, finishing things off then that was it done.

435. I think I did that for between six months and a year. She would ask me how I was doing and what was going on in my life. I remember that I didn't really listen to anything she said. I just would tell her that everything was ok. I only went to see her because it was mandatory. I was there because I had to be there. I didn't really want to be there. By that time I had given up with listening to adults. I felt at that stage that I had heard all that crap before. I realised that nothing was going to be done no matter what I said. I was better off just saying nothing and getting on with things.
436. The social workers changed each time I was in care or moved from one place to another. However, throughout my whole time in care I don't remember seeing a single social worker in any of the places I was.

Hopes for the Inquiry

437. Speaking to the Inquiry is probably one of the most important things that I have done. I have been hanging on for thirty years to speak about what happened in my life. I don't really want anything for myself. I took the decision to speak out and to say what's meant to be said. I just want to get it out in the open. I want as many people as possible to come forward to the Inquiry. The more people that come forward, and the more people speak out, the harder it is for the government to ignore what has been going on.
438. The abuse side needs to be sorted. I don't know whether it ever will. I don't know how people can live amongst each other with this going and continuing to happen. I want justice to be served. For me the government are the biggest crooks of them all. They have known this has all been going on for years and they haven't addressed it. It's still going to go on unless people like myself come forward and talk. That probably isn't enough to solve the problem but it's a start.
439. 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.

[APG]

Signed.....

Dated.....