

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HCD

Support person present: No

1. My name is HCD. My date of birth is 1948. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into Rossie Farm

2. I was brought up in Dundee with my parents, . My dad was a gaffer in the mill. I was born in . After a couple of days we moved down to Dundee, which was a room and kitchen.
3. I have one older sister and three younger ones. is two years older than me, is a year younger, is about six years younger and was just a bairn when I got married. I never had a great relationship with any of my sisters. I haven't spoken to them since my dad died sixteen years ago.
4. The first school I went to was Cowgate Primary School. I got on fine there. It got demolished and then I went to Mid Craigie school which was about a mile and half from my house. I had to walk there and back twice a day because my mum wouldn't give me dinner money. I didn't like that school, probably because of all the walking I had to do. They then built a primary school closer to my house, Longhaugh, and I moved there. I liked it better there.

5. My mum and dad were no good. I used to wet the bed from when I came out of nappies up until I was about thirteen. My mum would tell my dad when he came home from work and he'd come up the stair and belt me across the back or bum with a thick leather belt. I got that every time I peed the bed. I think it was supposed to stop me doing it but it never did.
6. I went to Stobswell Secondary School. I didn't get on very well there. I could read and write but there were no qualifications at the end of it. They basically opened the doors and threw you out. I left as soon as it was my fifteenth birthday and my dad got me a job in the mill.
7. I was a barrow boy in the mill. I was only there for about six months when I got sent to Rossie Farm. I had been in trouble with the police two or three times for minor things before I went to Rossie Farm and was put on probation by a court when I was about thirteen. There was no welfare department involvement with my family. The only official I remember is the woman, Miss Madison, who wrote the report for court when I was put on probation. I think she was a probation officer.
8. I was sent to Rossie Farm for assault and robbery when I was still just fifteen. I had been down in Newcastle for the weekend with a couple of mates and on the way home on the train, I asked a sailor if he had a spare fag and he swore at me and told me that I'd be able to afford my own if I got a job. I whacked him and then we took his fags, lighter and wallet off him. We then jumped off the moving train at Dundee and got lifted by the police. Meantime, the sailor had reported to the police up the road what had happened on the train and we got done for it. One of my pals got off with it. He told the police that I was involved. My other pal, [REDACTED], got three years' probation.
9. I was taken to a police station in Edinburgh, put into a cell for a wee while and then questioned by the police. I didn't see a lawyer. After that, two police came and took me to a remand home in Gilmerton, Edinburgh. I was in there for about a month before I went to court. I wasn't told how long I was going to be in the remand place.

Remand home, Gilmerton, Edinburgh

10. I don't remember the name of the place or the names of the people that ran it. It was run by a man and his wife. He was the gaffer and she did all the cooking. There were one or two young female staff as well. The doors were all locked so you couldn't just walk out. There were about ten boys there, aged from about nine or ten up to my age. There were two or three us in a bedroom.
11. I was treated alright in there. There were two or three of us to a bedroom. We went to bed early and got up early. We had a shower two or three times a week, at set times. The food was fine and I got money to buy a half ounce of tobacco each week. My only complaint is that it was a bit boring because there were no workshops or anything like that. The gaffer's wife used to ask us if we wanted to give her a hand peeling the tatties and that sort of thing, but I mostly spent the day playing cards and snooker.
12. I got punished once for fighting with a boy who was picking on a younger one. I got locked in a wee room until the next morning. There were no other punishments.
13. I had no visitors, except for a woman from Edinburgh who came in now and again to talk to me so she could write a report for court. She asked me how I was and asked me stuff about my family. She had to write up a report on me to give to the judge. I think she was another probation officer, like Miss Madison. She spoke to the folk that ran the place as well.
14. I was in the remand home for about a month and then two uniformed policemen came and took me up to court. It was the gaffer's wife that told me one night that I was going to court the next morning. I knew I would be going at some point because the police had told me but I didn't know when. The probation woman hadn't even told me. One of the cops had said that I would be going to the High Court because it was assault and robbery, but it was the sheriff court.

Appearance at Edinburgh Sheriff Court

15. I didn't have a lawyer when I went to court. There was no-one there to speak on my behalf. I wasn't given the chance to say anything for myself. The only time I got a chance to speak was when I was asked if I was guilty or not guilty. I didn't get to read the report the probation officer wrote.
16. The probation officer spoke to the judge about me in court. She gave a good enough report of me. She said that I was a bit wild but it was just my age. The old judge was sitting there writing down the things she was saying, and then he asked my mum what she thought he should do with me. She said that she had no time for me and he should just put me away. My dad wasn't there but he would have been just as bad as my mum. The judge then gave me one to three years in Rossie Farm. I was put down in the cells under the court and then taken back up to the remand home for a couple of days.

Travelling to Rossie Farm in police custody

17. Two plain clothes policemen came to the remand home and took me to Waverley train station in a police car. I remember it was a Friday. They handcuffed me and then marched me from the car down into the station. It was one of those old trains with two seats and a wee table and then another two seats at the side. You were allowed to smoke and there was an ashtray you could swivel round. They took off one of the handcuffs and cuffed me to the ashtray. I was sitting with my arm hanging from an ashtray all the way up to Montrose. Everybody walking past could see me handcuffed to this ashtray. I remember two auld wifies asked why I was cuffed like that and the cops said it was where I belonged. One of the police went down to the buffet car and got a cup of tea for him and his mate and none of them asked me if I wanted one.
18. They cuffed my two hands again when we were getting off the train at Montrose. We went down the stairs and there was a pick-up van that belonged to Rossie Farm waiting to collect us. The guy driving the pick-up told the police to get the cuffs off

me, but they said I was still in their custody and they'd take them off when we got there. We then went up to Rossie Farm.

Rossie Farm, Montrose

19. I was still only fifteen when I was sent to Rossie Farm. It was a place for boys from about fifteen to eighteen. There was space for one hundred lads but it was never full. There were usually only about eighty-five to ninety-five lads at any one time. If you weren't released by the time you reached eighteen, you were taken out of there and put into a borstal. That didn't happen to me.
20. The place had great huge grounds. There was no fence round it. The whole place was open. You could have walked away if you wanted to. There was a separate building which was the closed block. It was completely secure. That was for persistent runaways and guys that had done serious stuff, like bank robberies and that kind of thing. There were guys in there from Ireland and England as well. We never mixed with them. We weren't even allowed to speak to them when we walked past on our way out for our walk.

Staff

21. Looking back, I didn't think of the staff as prison officers. The people who worked there did different jobs. Part of it was a school. Some of the boys did metalwork and joinery and we all did PT. I thought the ones that worked in the school were just jannies. They wore overalls, not uniforms. The guy in charge of the gardening wore a shirt and tie because he just told everybody what to do and didn't do any work himself. You knew some of their names and addressed them as "Mister" and their surname.
22. SNR [REDACTED] was LLY [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] was a guy called LOH [REDACTED]. There was a PT instructor as well and a guy that worked in the kitchen but I don't know what he did. LLY [REDACTED] was an old boy. He retired [REDACTED]

██████████ and LOH ██████████. I think LOH ██████████ would have been in his thirties. He was from Aberdeen.

23. There was a row of about ten houses in the grounds where the staff lived, so there were maybe about ten members of staff. LLY ██████████ lived with his wife in a separate big house ██████████. He carried on living there even after he retired. His wife was an old git. She didn't work there. She'd say loads of horrible things to you like, "What are you looking at?" when you walked past her.

Layout

24. On the ground floor, there was the headmaster's office, secretary's office, dining hall and wee hospital. The metalwork place was round the corner and next to that was the joinery place, then the PT hall and the "rec" room. On the other side of the "rec" room, there was a games hall with pool and ping pong tables, and then along beside the clothing store was a TV room. There were cells along beside the "rec" room as well. I think there were only two. All of the dorms were upstairs. There were ten dorms, each with ten beds.

First day

25. I wasn't really that feart about going to Rossie Farm. Arriving there felt like I was going into a big posh hotel. I had to stand outside SNR ██████████ room when I first went in. The police took the cuffs off me and they then left. I went into SNR ██████████ SNR ██████████ room and he gave me this speech, telling me what I could and couldn't do. I just stood there thinking, "Aye. Right". SNR ██████████ was LLY ██████████. I was told that there was a grading system, from 1 to 4. You started in Grade 4 and were supposed to do about three months in each of the grades before you got out.
26. LLY ██████████ then told a guy who was standing outside to go and get another lad, who was a trusted convict. He came down and was told to take me along to the clothing store. I don't remember his name. I was issued with an old RAF uniform for day-to-day wear, a really horrible blazer, pyjamas, a pair of jeans, plimsolls, a pair of dress

shoes and a shirt and tie. I asked what I needed a shirt and tie for and the guy told me that once you got out of Grade 3, you were allowed to go down to Montrose for the afternoon. I wasn't measured up for anything, it was just a case of trying things on to see if they fitted. All the lads wore the same clothing. We all had a locker type thing, with our names on the doors, to keep our clothes in. These were at the end of the corridor where the dorms were. They weren't locked so somebody could open yours if they wanted to, but nobody did that. It was all done on trust and it worked.

27. The trusted guy told me that he didn't know which dorm I was going to be in and he took me upstairs and showed me the dorm he was in. They were all the same. There were ten dorms and every one had ten beds. LLY later told me the dorm I was to go into. We weren't grouped into dorms by age or grade. All the dorms had a mix of ages and grades.
28. We went back downstairs and the guy showed me the "rec" hall where everybody sat. He told me that they were all at work at the time. He then showed me a bit which was the boot hall. Everybody had a pigeon hole there to keep their boots and plimsolls in. We wore the plimsolls indoors and the boots when we went out. I was then taken to the big dining hall and I had my tea.

Routine at Rossie Farm

Mornings and bedtime

29. The time you got up in the morning depended on what job you had. At the latter end, I was working on a farm so I usually got woken up at 5.00 am. One of the guys in my dorm worked on Rossie Farm, which was a dairy farm, so he had to get up at five. I didn't need to get up at that time, because the farm I was on was arable, but the member of staff who woke us up used to wake me at the same time because I worked on a farm as well. This staff member worked constant nightshift. He was a nice enough bloke.

30. I went down for breakfast, usually a plate of cornflakes, before I went to work, and then I'd come back about ten or eleven and get a cup of tea and a bit of toast. That was our piece break. I came back again for a dinner break and then went back to work. I'd finish work about four and get my tea back at Rossie Farm.
31. You would go upstairs about eight or nine at night and have a shower before bed. The member of staff who worked the nightshift used to come along and open the door to the dormitory and if you were reading, he'd ask if you were nearly finished before he put the lights out. He'd let us read on for a bit before putting the lights out.

Parade

32. We had to go on parade every time we were going somewhere. We did this in the morning, dinner time, before we went for our tea and before we went upstairs to bed. This involved lining up in the "rec" room with the lads in your dorm and shouting out your number. I was number [REDACTED]. A lad standing at the end of the line would then shout out, "All present and correct". I don't know if anybody was counting us or whether they just accepted that we were all there because all the numbers were shouted out.

Food

33. The food was alright and there was plenty of it. We all ate our dinner at the same time in the big dining hall, apart from the lads who worked in the kitchen. They had theirs before us. They came to the tables with trolleys and put our food onto our plates.

Washing

34. We had a shower every night when we were going to bed. There must have been between fifteen to twenty showers, all open plan. A teacher would stand there while we showered and then he would shout the next lot in. We had our showers in our dorm groups.

Work

35. There was no schooling in the place. We all had jobs, except one guy who was taken down to the high school in Montrose every day. He was a right bright guy. He could have gone to university. I don't know if he eventually did.
36. The first job I got was in the forestry commission. There was no choice in the matter. I was told by one of the jannie guys that I was going to work in the forestry. The job involved growing wee trees from nothing, in a sort of nursery place in the grounds, and then planting them when they were ready.
37. We'd go out into the forest as well, which was also in the Rossie Farm grounds, and chop down trees to make room for other trees to grow. We'd then saw them up and make logs and kindling and go round the staff houses giving them out. They never had to pay for them. There was a member of staff in charge of us but he didn't supervise us when we were chopping down the trees. We had to make sure our axes were nice and sharp. The guy in charge would come along and check how sharp they were and tell us if they needed to be ground down some more. About half a dozen of us did this job. I think I was in it for about six months.
38. I then got a job on Westerton Farm. My pal [REDACTED] ended up at Rossie Farm for doing something else when he was on probation for what we did on the train. We had been at school together since we were five years old. His job was on Westerton Farm and he told me that somebody was leaving and suggested I go for it. The guy who ran the farm was called Geordie.
39. We grew everything on that farm, tatties, neeps and loads of bulbs as well. Some of the food was used on Rossie Farm and some was sent away. Part of my job was to go out and clatter out the neeps with a big hoe. They had a whole field of daffodils as well. I think they sold them. They used to bring folk in to pick them. They had cows that went to slaughter and we made the hay for the cow beds. They had a bull and sheep as well. The shepherd had a cottage down the road from the farm.

40. I learned how to drive a tractor on the farm. The guy Geordie used to send me down to the shepherd's cottage in the tractor and he'd watch me with his binoculars to make sure that I went straight down there.
41. There were other jobs in the metalwork and woodwork places. They did pretty well with the stuff they made. The woodwork bit made bunkbeds for a holiday place we used to go to in Glen Markie. There was a great huge garden area as well with loads of greenhouses and some of the lads worked there.
42. One of the laddies worked in LLY house, as a sort of house boy. He was from Glasgow. If his wife had a party, he had to go down and be the waiter. He used to bring up some of the alcohol from the parties for us to drink.

Weekends

43. I never had to work at the weekends but the guys on the dairy farm did. When you were in Grades 3 & 4, you had to go on a six or seven mile supervised walk on a Saturday and Sunday. There were two walks that we did. One was down the main Arbroath Road and up by Redcastle Farm back to Rossie Farm. The other one was through the woods, along the Brechin Road and then over the fields.

Leisure time

44. You had to put your name down if you wanted to watch TV because the room could only hold about two dozen. You only got two hours at a time. The only programme that folk wanted to watch was Top Of The Pops on a Thursday night, so you had to put your name down about three months in advance.
45. You could play ping pong and pool as well. You didn't need to put your name down for that. The guys were pretty fair with each other. You'd just chap the table if you wanted to get a turn at pool. They had a wee library as well.

46. Once you were out of Grade 3, you could go down to Montrose every Saturday. They gave you half a crown to spend. It was a shilling on the bus to get there, and a shilling back so you didn't have much left for spending. You'd just save it up until you had enough to do something with it. My mother sent me tobacco every week. That's the only thing she ever sent me.

PT

47. We did PT about once a month. We had a thing called "Murderball". You threw a big medicine ball at folk to put them down and the last one standing was the winner. You battered folk with that ball. The only other time I was in the PT hall was for fighting. If you were caught fighting, LLY would tell you to go and see the PT instructor and he'd arrange for you to have a square go. He'd put the boxing ring up and you and the person you'd been fighting with would go in and do the boxing. Once you'd finished, you'd shake on it and that was the end of it. I was in there quite a few times.

Trips/holidays

48. We never got taken out for day trips but we all went for a fortnight to Glen Markie in the summer every year. About twenty or thirty would go for the first fortnight and then another group would go when they came back. We did hillwalking and fishing, tickling, not with a rod. We would light our own fire and eat our fish before we went back. Glen Markie was one of the good bits. I've still got a photo that was taken up there.
49. The only time we had to go to church was when we were up in Glen Markie. I used to do something minor so that I'd get a punishment and get out of going to church. My punishment would be to sit on a stool and peel a whole sack of tatties when they were all away to church.
50. I got sent home from Glen Markie three or four days early one time. and I found empty bottles of rum and whisky in a dump at the back of a farmer's house. We took all the tops from the bottles and emptied the drips into a bottle and

made a 'cocktail' and we got drunk. We got caught because we were swapping some of it for cigarettes with the other boys.

Birthdays and Christmas

51. Birthdays weren't celebrated. I never got anything from my mum. She sent me my tobacco every week. That was the only thing I ever got from her. We got a fortnight's home leave over Christmas and New Year.

Healthcare

52. There was a wee hospital with four beds and there was a nurse there all the time. The nurse would look after you if you were sick. I suppose it would have been up to her to decide if a doctor was needed. I was in that hospital once for three weeks with chickenpox. I was put in quarantine on my own at first and then another two lads came in after me. All our meals were brought down by the kitchen staff and the nurse brought them in to us. Nobody else was allowed to come in.
53. I didn't need to see the nurse or a doctor any other time. I never got any dental treatment, but I went to the optician to get glasses. I think the janitor guy who looked after the boot room saw me struggling to read and he reported it.

Visits

54. Montrose is only thirty miles from Dundee and neither my mother or father ever came up there to see me.
55. My two uncles came up one time and took me out to Montrose for a pint. They told me that they'd asked my mum to come up with them, but she said she wasn't coming and that it was my own fault I was in there. I wasn't bothered if she came or not.
56. We got a fortnight's home leave at Christmas and in June or July as well. You were given enough money for the bus fare to Dundee, and the bus to your mum's house,

and you made your own way there. If you did something bad, you're home leave got cancelled. That happened to me once in the summer. I can't remember what I did.

Grading system

57. You started in Grade 4 and made your way up to Grade 1. You were supposed to spend about three months in each grade and then move up to the next one. You went up to the next grade if you had no complaints against you. If you did a couple of things wrong, like back-chatting, you stayed in the same grade and didn't move up. If you did something more serious, like fighting with another guy, you got put back down a grade. I got put back two or three times and ended up in Rossie Farm for about two and a half years. My first time in Grade 1 only lasted a week before I was dropped back down again to Grade 2.
58. They had internal meetings to decide if you were to go down a grade. LLY and LOH and all the teachers would talk about how you were doing. There were no external people involved. The lads didn't get to take part. We would be told their decisions in the games room where they had a sort of stage. LLY and LOH would sit up on chairs on the stage and your name would get read out and you stood up and they told you the decision. You weren't allowed to say anything. If you said anything, that would be on your charge as well.
59. As far as I know, the grading system was just about getting closer to getting out. I think that's all it was for. It wasn't like there were different privileges for different grades, except you got to go down to the town when you were out of Grade 3.

Peers

60. My pal [REDACTED] got the same sentence as me, one to three years, for whatever it was he did when he was on probation for the robbery on the train. He was only in Rossie Farm for about a year when he had an argument with the guy that worked in the kitchen and stabbed him. He was then taken out of Rossie and put into a borstal. He did about two years in the borstal.

61. There were two or three guys I felt sorry for. There was a boy from Aberdeen who was in there just for bunking off school. He should never have been put in there. He was always greeting, always wanting his mum. He was probably bullied by some of the lads. There was bullying in the place. You had to look after yourself and let folk know that they couldn't walk over you. I was probably a bit of a bully. I didn't bully the lad from Aberdeen. I felt sorry for him. The staff would put you on report if you got caught bullying. You would get a couple of "palmers" from LLY which was belted on the hand with the tawse.

Discipline

62. I got "palmers" dozens of times for fighting or back-chatting. You usually got six, but sometimes less depending on LLY mood. You had to hold your hands out, one on top of the other, and you weren't allowed to swap hands. Sometimes if you had no jersey on, your wrist would get it which was quite sore. But the "palmers" were nothing. They'd be forgotten about by the time you left LLY room.

Abuse at Rossie Farm

63. LLY was a psycho. He used to stand on his rostrum and everybody had to be quiet and listen to him. Everybody was scared of him. He would give you what we called "jump-ups". You had to take your breeks off, bend over the table in his office and grip the other end, and he would whack you over the buttocks with a huge, thick teacher's tawse. You kept your underpants on. He'd give you six whacks and he didn't hold back with them. Your bum would be like a ploughed field and stinging for days after it. He did this to me about a half dozen times, usually for fighting. It was only ever him or LOH that gave out the punishments. The other staff would report you for doing something wrong and they'd dish out the punishment. It was always LLY that gave me the "jump-ups".
64. I had only been in Rossie for three days when I got six "jump-ups" for fighting. I learned straight away that you had to look after yourself and make sure the other

lads knew that you were no pushover. So the first lad that said anything to me, I set about him. Two teachers saw this and took me down to LLY office and told him what I'd done and he gave me six "jump-ups".

65. If you didn't go back in time after the fortnight, you were classed as absconding and you got six "jump-ups". I never did that. If LLY decided you were to get more than six, he would do six one day and leave it to the next day to dish out more. This never happened to me. I just heard about it. The boy from Aberdeen, who was in there for not going to school, ran away two days in a row. He got six "jump-ups" when they brought him back. He ran away again the very next and LLY gave him three "jump-ups" that day and another three the next day.
66. I never ran away but I got six "jump-ups" from LLY for aiding and abetting, when a guy called ran away. Me and him were in a line picking tatties on the farm and as soon as the digger went round the corner, he was off his mark. I carried on picking my own bit and I did his bit for a wee while, so they didn't discover straight away that he'd done a runner. That's why I got the same punishment as him.
67. I arrived at Rossie Farm on the Friday and was put in one of the cells on the Saturday. One of the lads told me that we had to go out for a walk on Saturdays and Sundays if we were in Grade 3 or 4 and not entitled to "town leave". I didn't fancy it and thought the lad was having me on, so I asked one of the teacher guys on the Saturday morning if it was right enough that we were going out for a walk in the afternoon. He said that we were and asked why I wanted to know. I just told him that I was asking because I didn't believe the guy who told me.
68. Later, when we were lined up for parade, the guy LOH got a hold of me by the scruff of the neck and marched me along to a cell. I didn't know what was happening. It turned out that they thought I was going to be off my mark because I had asked about the walk, so they locked me up in a cell to teach me a lesson. I was in there on my own and didn't get out until the Sunday night.

69. I was locked up in a cell about six or seven times during my time there. I was always fighting. One time I got put in there for threatening behaviour towards a female staff member who worked in the kitchen. The most amount of time I spent in a cell was a week.
70. It was always LLY or LOH who decided whether or not you were to go into a cell. I doubt if any of the other staff had a key. It was solitary confinement. There was a bed and a toilet in the cell and all your meals were brought into you. You didn't get your tobacco when you were in there. You could climb up the bed and slide the window over a wee bit so that your pals could hand fags over to you.

Leaving Rossie Farm

71. I was in Rossie Farm for about two and a half years and left just before my eighteenth birthday. When I got put into Grade 1 the second time, LOH said to me that he wanted me to stay there this time because he wanted rid of me.
72. LOH told me that I'd be leaving about a month before I left, and he told me to write a letter to my mum to let her know. I didn't want to tell her so I wrote to my auntie and asked her if I could move in with her. She lived in Dundee in the next scheme up from my mum and dad. She wrote back and said that I could move in with her. When I left, I got about a tenner spending money from Rossie Farm and was shown the door.

Life after being in care

73. My auntie used to ask me what it was like in Rossie Farm and I'd tell her that I'd been fed and watered and it was alright. I told her about the "jump-ups" up and she just said that she'd need to get herself one of those belts. I never told anybody else. To me it was just punishment. Some of it was severe but it was just punishment.

74. I didn't see my mum the whole time I stayed with my auntie and only saw my dad when he came down for a drink at New Year, and once or twice when I was out. I never went to their house.
75. I stayed with my auntie until I started going out with the woman who later became my wife, [REDACTED]. My aunt was a good Catholic and wouldn't let [REDACTED] stay the night with me. She told me to go back to my own house if I wanted [REDACTED] to stay with me, so that's what I did. My mum let me move back in with her because I had a job with a building company and could pay digs.
76. I started off as a labourer with the building company and then became a scaffolding groundsman. I worked with them for about five years and then got a job as a van driver with a refrigerated transport company. I then got my HGV licence and started working as a long-distance lorry driver. I did that until I retired.
77. I had some other brushes with the law when I was a young man. I did three months in Perth when I was about twenty-two.
78. I moved out of my mother's house when I got married at nineteen, and [REDACTED] and I got a room and kitchen on [REDACTED] Dundee. We had four children together. I'm on my own now as [REDACTED] died five years ago.
79. I have had three strokes, the last one was just after [REDACTED] died. I have diabetes and epilepsy as well.

Impact

80. I wouldn't say that my time in Rossie Farm had an impact on me in later life. I just accepted it. I have never needed counselling or any other form of support. Now and again, I think back to the things that happened, but all in all I think it wasn't too bad a time. As I said, I never tried to run away from the place.

Records

81. I have never tried to get a copy of any records of my time in Rossie Farm. I am not interested in seeing them.

Other information

82. I don't know what lessons can be learned from my time in Rossie Farm. It's too long ago for anything to be done about it. LOH [REDACTED] and LLY [REDACTED] will be dead by now. They don't treat the lads the same way nowadays, anyway. [REDACTED] works there and he's told me that there's nothing like that going on up there now. It can only hold fifty now. They've done away with the dorms and they've all got little suites with TVs now. He said that they'd get the jail nowadays if they treated people the way we were treated. All they do is restrain them now and call in the police if anything kicks off.
83. I don't know if this still happens, but the one thing I would say that the government should learn is that boys who are bunking off school don't belong in places like that. They shouldn't be put into the same place as lads who have committed crimes.
84. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..... HCD [REDACTED]

Dated..... 1/1-1-21