

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GDJ

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is GDJ. I get called GDJ. My date of birth is 1969. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I lived at [REDACTED] with my mum and dad, [REDACTED], my brother [REDACTED] who died earlier last year, my sister [REDACTED] who is five years older than me and my sister [REDACTED] who was three years older than me. [REDACTED] died when I was about three. After we moved to [REDACTED] my brother, [REDACTED] was born in 1975.
3. I started school when I was four years old, after we moved to [REDACTED]. Because of when my birthday is, I had to start earlier. I was at Tollcross Primary School.
4. Life at home was not so good for me. Our house at [REDACTED] near [REDACTED] was sub-standard so we got moved to [REDACTED] which was a step up but in those days, you didn't have an inside toilet, it was on the landing and you shared it with your neighbour. At least it wasn't outside.
5. My dad is an alcoholic, always has been. My mum had a hard life because of my dad but she took it out on us kids. My dad didn't want to take responsibility for anything. My dad was a landscape gardener. My uncle [REDACTED] offered him contracts and he just didn't want the responsibility. He had a chance to go to Australia but he backed out at the last minute because of alcohol. My dad did work, no matter how drunk he got the night before he always got up for his work at five in the morning. After work, he went to the pub and drank until God knows what time. Then he came home and expected

his dinner to be there, and if it wasn't that's when you heard all the fighting, shouting and arguing.

6. When my sister [REDACTED] died, my mum didn't want a boy. I think I was a major disappointment from the start. I seemed to get the blame of everything whether I had done anything or not. It was usually my brother [REDACTED] but he was quite fly. He was the blue-eyed boy. In the end I thought, "If I am going to get the blame for it, I might as well do it."
7. At school, I went from three years old until I was five needing glasses so I couldn't see the blackboard and I couldn't see the books. They automatically thought I was stupid so I was put in a remedial class. A nice woman ran it. I can't remember her name. She realised I couldn't see anything and got an optician to come up to the school. He said I needed glasses.
8. When I was about four years old, I was playing in a park with a girl called [REDACTED]. Her mum shouted her in for tea and she went in. I walked along with her to her house and we were singing. There was a guy who said I had a nice singing voice. He followed me into my stair. He must have known the area, as he didn't stop me on the first landing where Mrs [REDACTED] lived because she was always in. He stopped me on the second landing where [REDACTED] lived, she was always out. He asked if I liked magic and I said, "No" He unbuttoned my shorts. He started trying to suck my penis. I shouted, and then he punched me in the eye. I got passed him, got to my house and told my mum. She freaked out and didn't want to deal with it. My mum should have phoned the police. I think that guy was one of the [REDACTED] brothers. The [REDACTED] brothers were the brothers of my friend [REDACTED]. He looked around 20 years old. There was one brother about 15, one about 20. They both had very similar voices.
9. After I got glasses, I seemed to excel. They kept me in the remedial class for a while, which I was happy with because I had missed that much. I learned more quickly. You got more attention in a remedial class of 6 than in a class of 25.

10. When I went to secondary school, I moved up a year where I didn't know anyone well. That was when I went to Gillespie's High School, but before that, I went into the assessment centre.

Edinburgh Assessment Centre

11. I went to the assessment centre because my mum said to the social worker that if I wasn't removed from the family setting, she would throw herself out of a window and commit suicide. So I was put in front of the Children's Panel when I was nine or ten years old. You were there to be assessed, to see if you were going home or going into a children's home. I was in the assessment centre first for three weeks, then back to the panel, then three months more in the assessment centre, back to the panel, then to St Katherine's, and back to the assessment centre again.
12. We had a social worker, Jez Kempston. The social work got involved through the school when I was seven because I would go in black and blue from my dad battering me with the belt or the shoe or the spanner. My dad only battered me, not my siblings because he used to attack my mum so I used to antagonise him so he would leave her alone and go for me.
13. I can remember speaking to my social worker Jez Kempston and I told him about my dad battering me but my mum wouldn't back me up. She said I was uncontrollable because I was doing things like smashing windows in a derelict building. I didn't think that was such a major thing but it seemed to be enough to justify putting me in care. I was the only one in the family to appear before the panel. That might also have been because of my mother threatening to commit suicide. I didn't find out until ten years ago that my mother threatened to commit suicide unless I was removed. I applied for my records from the social work department. A lot of it was redacted but they forgot to redact that bit. It blew my mind but she still denies it to this day.
14. I was present at the panel. They asked me my name, why I was smashing windows and why I was so unruly. If I remember right I said, "I don't know what you're talking about. I've done nothing wrong." They said I was making up stories about my dad but

I told them I wasn't making it up. Jez Kempston did say something to them about the bruises I had, but they said that they were from fighting with friends. There were fights with friends but it's one thing to have a black eye compared with being black and blue. However, my mum denied everything so what could I do?

15. There was a decision made to send me to the assessment centre. I don't know if the decision was made there and then or if it took several weeks to organise. I remember going several times to the assessment centre. That was because every time they needed a new order I had to go back to the panel. I knew I was going to be there for a long time because if you smoked your parents had to sign a form. I remember I got back to the assessment centre after a panel and the form had already been signed. I was there for about three or four months and then went back to the panel and then was moved to the children's home behind the assessment centre at St Katherine's. I had thought the assessment centre was up at Gimerton, by the Inch.

Routine at Edinburgh Assessment Centre

16. You were there to be assessed to see if you were going home or going into a children's home. I was in the assessment centre first for three weeks, then back to the panel, then three months more in the assessment centre, back to the panel then to back St Katherine's.
17. The assessment centre was mixed, boys and girls, ages seven to fifteen. The juniors were from seven to about twelve or thirteen, and then you went up to the seniors. There were all kinds of reasons why the kids were in there. When you went in the front door there was a long corridor. On the left hand side, there was the junior common room. Further on, slightly to the right, there was the senior's common room. Then you turned right and there was a big massive open area, which was the games room, and where you ate.

Mornings and bedtime

18. In the morning, I was always up and had my bed made before the staff came round. You were told to make your bed a certain way. You were beaten if you didn't. After breakfast, at 9.15 am, you went up to this room behind the classroom and you went in there. You were left there until dinnertime and then went back after dinner. The afternoon session was slow. It finished about 3.30 pm and then you were back in the common room until 4.30 pm.
19. The doors were locked at night time. If you needed the toilet, there was a bucket and you used that, and emptied it in the morning. You were supposed to ring a bell and the staff were supposed to come and get you up but they never bothered.
20. It was mainly single rooms. There were a couple that were twin rooms. I had a room on my own, then I shared a room with [REDACTED] for a while, and then [REDACTED]. You went to bed about 8.45 pm. They had the lights on for about 20 minutes if you wanted to read and then it was lights out.

Mealtimes/Food

21. You only got a certain amount of time to eat your food. You would go down to the big room where we ate and sit with the people you had made friends with. You were allowed to sit where you wanted amongst either the older or younger age groups' sections, depending on your age. The younger and older groups had to sit in different sections of the room. At breakfast, you got porridge, cornflakes, Weetabix. We used to get these little bottles of milk. The food is not something I really remember. We would have to clear the table, clean the table and take the plates and things back up to the pantry. Then you could go to the common room for your first cigarette of the day, if your parents had signed your sheet.
22. Dinnertime was the same. You would clear the table, take the dishes back, and then go to the common room for a cigarette. Then you went to the so-called classroom until about 3.30 pm then go back to the common room until tea. You got your tea, cleared the table again and got a cigarette. You never got into trouble for not finishing your food, unless Mr GWT [REDACTED] was on duty. I called him [REDACTED] " Mr GWT [REDACTED] was

the guy who would hit you with the belt. If you didn't finish your food, he would call us, "wasteful bastards." Everyone left food. There was a waste bucket so I don't know why he was so abusive. I think it was just because he could, he had the power.

Washing/bathing

23. There were separate bathrooms for the boys and the girls. You always had a shower in the morning, all in at the same time. In the evening, you just had a basic wash, got your pyjamas on, and got into bed.

School

24. You were schooled at the assessment centre. We were all different ages but you were put in a room together, given crayons and felt-tip pens and told to get on with it. We weren't being taught anything.

Trips/Holidays

25. We were taken out in a van every Saturday, out to the countryside. We got out at one spot for a cigarette and then drove back. There was one member of staff, an old guy who was really nice. He would come in to the common room and ask who wanted to go out and all the hands shot up.

Leisure time

26. There was quite a good selection of books. I liked to read, it was the only learning I got. You could be reading a book and come across a word you didn't know and ask the nice old guy about it, and he would explain it to you. He was the first person to introduce the dictionary to me. I think if he had been in the classroom, we would have learned a lot more. I can't remember there being any toys but there was a record player and three albums. Doctor Hook and two Pink Floyd albums, that was your choice.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

27. My social worker came to see me a few times. I think it was when he was due to write a report when I was due back at the panel. He asked what I wanted, how I felt, if I'd learned my lesson. I didn't think I belonged in there at all. I told him everything. He just wasn't that interested in what I had to say. I think all social workers are told to disregard what people like me say. I think he just saw us as part of his job. He didn't tell the panel about the abuse I reported and nothing really happened about it, so either he was not reporting it to his seniors or he was not documenting it.
28. I think the reason Jez Kempston might have started to do as little as possible was because of an incident when I was at a guy's house at [REDACTED]. It housed a lot of gay people and cross-dressers. I have smoked cannabis since I was nine and the guy I went to see was a drug dealer. He was gay, but he wasn't into children. I was on home leave from the assessment centre or Saint Katherine's. I saw Jez Kempston and several other social workers in the next-door flat. Jez Kempston was dressed normally but some of the other social workers were dressed in drag. After that, he started to distance himself from me. He only put down what the assessment centre said. It was on one of the pages of my records I managed to get that hadn't been blanked out. The way he had put it was that I couldn't be relied on to tell the truth. So he would go by what the official people said, not what I disclosed. It goes back to when my dad beat me but my mum wouldn't back me up. After I saw Jez Kempston at that party, I think he was waiting for me to bring it up but I didn't.
29. I didn't get any visits from my mum or dad when I was there. I was well out of their hair, except when I ran away.

Healthcare

30. I didn't see any psychologist or psychiatrist when I was in the assessment centre.

Running away

31. I ran away once from the assessment centre during the first period I was there. They chased after me but they were too slow. I ran away more often the second and third times I was there.
32. It was supposed to be secure, but when you are in these types of places you have nothing but time on your hands and you watch for weaknesses. I found out that from the common room it was an easy sprint to the front door. When the staff came over from St Katherine's the door was not usually locked after them. They did chase me but they couldn't catch me.
33. I don't know why but when I ran away, I ran home. I felt I should belong there and I didn't realise at the time that I wasn't wanted there. When I got home to [REDACTED] my mum would go and get Mrs [REDACTED] who stayed upstairs. That was because mum couldn't handle anything herself. I think Mrs [REDACTED] was the one who would call the police. The police took me back and Mr GWT [REDACTED] would beat me and put me back in the segregation unit.
34. I don't know if Mr GWT [REDACTED] ran the segregation unit, or if he just liked doing it. The cells in the segregation unit were about 8 feet long. There was a bed, a bucket, a table and a chair. You had to sit at the chair during the day because you were not allowed to lie on your bed. There was no paper or pen to amuse yourself. You got nothing. There was a window that looked down into the courtyard. The door was locked. The bucket was for the toilet.
35. You were left in there for about one week at time. You were let out to exercise in the courtyard. You were just left to walk around on your own. All privileges were withdrawn. You didn't get any cigarettes.
36. I was put in the segregation unit three times. It was usually for a couple of days but the longest was for a week. Our food was brought to us. It was the same food you would normally get, but it would be cold. You got a jug of drinking water, but it tasted funny, as if it had been tampered with. After drinking the water, three days could pass

and you would hardly remember it, you might only remember one meal. You would also get a basin of hot water to take to your cell. You would have a body wash and clean your teeth. Only when leaving the segregation unit you got a shower. We had our own clothes.

Abuse at Edinburgh assessment centre

37. There was one member of staff at the assessment centre who got really physical with you. Mr GWT was a big tall guy in his twenties or thirties. He had black hair, a moustache and short beard. He was there for years and years because after I left, I went back to visit my friend and he was still there. If you stepped out of line, he would give you a beating. He had a leather belt with six or seven long strands at the end. He would hit you on the arms, back, backside, and the legs. This was done over your clothes. He used to take you up into the segregation centre. He would hit you about a dozen times. You would be beaten for talking back, fighting, not making your bed, or if they took you out in the van and you wandered off. You would just curl yourself up in a ball and try and to protect yourself.
38. There was another member of staff, an older guy. I think he was in his forties. I can't remember his name. I had caught scabies and you got this special lotion to treat it. I was in the shower putting it on and this older guy asked me if I wanted some help. I thought he meant my back but he kept concentrating on my backside. It made me feel uncomfortable. I don't know if that was him being pervy or what. I said I could manage myself and he stopped and then left.

Saint Katherine's Children's Home (aka Howdenhall Unit) Edinburgh

39. There was some kind of link between the assessment centre and Saint Katherine's, as you would see the staff from the assessment centre come and go but they didn't work there. I was only there for a couple of weeks

40. Saint Katherine's was just like a house. It looked more like a church actually. The front door was like a church. There was no religious element to it that I was aware of. It was a more relaxed routine than at the assessment centre. It seemed to me that it was for the kids who didn't deserve to be locked up in the assessment centre.

Routine at Saint Katherine's

Mornings and bedtime

41. At St Katherine's they had duvets instead of blankets. They weren't too bothered about you making your bed properly. At night, the lights would be left on for about twenty minutes after you went to bed, so you could read. Then the staff came along and said, "Lights out."

Meal times/Food

42. Meal times were more relaxed than at the assessment centre. You didn't have just a particular window of time to eat your food, the way you did at the assessment centre. There were always two members of staff upstairs with us.
43. In the evening, we watched TV or played cards until 8.00 pm when you got your last cigarette and then were sent to bed.

Washing/bathing

44. There were separate bathrooms for the boys and the girls. You always had a shower in the morning, all in at the same time. In the evening, you just had a basic wash, got your pyjamas on, and got into bed.

School

45. I can't remember any proper lessons like English or Maths. They did plan to send you to your outside school. Other kids did get sent to the outside school but I wasn't there

long enough. After I reported the abuse there, I was sent back to the assessment centre.

Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention

46. I didn't get any visits from my mum or dad when I was there. I was out of their hair, except when I ran away.

Healthcare

47. I think a school nurse examined me. I didn't see a psychologist or a psychiatrist. I can't remember any other assessments being done. I got no other help.

Abuse at St Katherine's

48. I was only at St Katherine's one or two weeks when an old guy came into my room at night. I can't remember his name. He was a member of staff, large build, silver hair at the back, in his forties or fifties. I was asleep in my room on my own, wearing pyjamas. The first thing I was aware of was his hands down at my penis and he was trying to get into bed with me. He was touching my penis under my clothes. He was trying to hold me down. He was basically trying to feel me up. I woke up and freaked out. I got loud and told him to piss off. He tried to carry on, he said, "You be quiet boy and do what you're told." There was no way I was going to be quiet. I was like, "Fuck you." I did swear at him. I think he thought he had bitten off more than he could chew. He did up his trousers and made for the door. I think his intentions were much more than what he did. I don't know if there was more than one member of staff on at night as you were locked in your room. Only members of staff could get in.

Witnessing abuse

49. You always saw people being dragged away. You never saw, but you knew what was happening. We would all talk about it.

Reporting of abuse at Saint Katherine's

50. There was definitely something funny going on at Saint Katherine's. Nothing I could say for fact but they seemed to freak out when I reported what had happened. I think they knew something was going on but didn't want to admit it or seem like they were involved.
51. I reported the incident with the guy who came into my bedroom the day after it happened. I told the staff. It was two ladies who were on in the morning. Their reaction was, "How dare you make up lies against a member of staff." But I hadn't made it up, I hadn't got it wrong, but they moved me straight back to the assessment centre. I didn't see the pervy guy in the assessment centre again after that, whereas I had seen him there before that incident. I told Jez Kempston about the abuse at St Katherine's but he didn't believe me. He said he found it hard to believe that staff in a children's home would cover up if you told them something like that, but they did.
52. He didn't bring it up at the panel and I wasn't allowed to speak at the panel, they told me that. I was there to listen and to be told what to do otherwise I would be in hot water, I would get sent to a closed unit. They just didn't believe me. There wasn't any mention of this in my records from Social Work. There was only four pages that were actually legible.

Awareness of abuse of others at St Katherine's

53. There was a girl called [REDACTED] I've not seen her since I was 18. I know she had bad experiences in there. There was another lassie, [REDACTED] She was in the assessment centre and then in St Katherine's for a short period of time, similar to me. Something happened to [REDACTED] something sexual. She reported it and she just got moved, although that's hearsay from what [REDACTED] told me, not directly from [REDACTED]

Leaving Saint Katherine's

54. After Saint Katherine's I went back to the assessment centre. I was only at the assessment centre for a couple of weeks before I went back to the panel and they sent me home, back to school.

Abuse at Edinburgh assessment centre

55. Things went reasonably well until I was about twelve. There was a stone fight between two groups of us. I picked up a half brick. I wasn't aiming at anyone. The brick bounced off a barricade and hit this other kid in the head. He needed stitches. I was back in front of the panel for that and they sent me to Dr Guthrie's

Dr Guthrie's approved school, Liberton, Edinburgh

56. I went to Dr Guthrie's when I was about ten or eleven. I must have been at Dr Guthrie's for quite a while because at Guthrie's I did most of my schooling inside. The abuse in Dr Guthrie's was more physical rather than sexual.

Routine at Dr Guthrie's

57. Guthrie's handled older boys. The age was from 12 to 15, or 16. Guthrie's was dormitories, about 20 in each dormitory, all ages with each other. You didn't wear your own clothes, they were taken from you. You wore a uniform like a prison uniform, blue and white, or red and white shirts, raggy jeans and jacket. They were not fashionable, more like working clothes. I think they must have washed the clothes when we were away at the weekend because I don't remember the clothes ever being dirty.
58. Everyone had a number. Mine was [REDACTED] The number was used for everything.
59. The [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] was Mr [REDACTED] GFC [REDACTED] He was [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] Mr [REDACTED] GWU [REDACTED] Charlie was in charge of my unit. There were five units or dormitories ranging from 20 to 25 people in each. I was on North Wing.

Morning routine/bedtime

60. You got up with the staff shouting at you very loudly. You would stand to get a shower. After breakfast, you went on parade. There was a parade ground in the middle of the square in Dr Guthrie's. The governor would come round and inspect us, made sure our boots were polished. You would polish your boots straight after your classes and they were put in your pigeonhole, which had your number. If the boots were not up to standard, you were punished at the end of the week. You lost time from home leave, either a day, or the whole weekend. I lost one day for having a button missing on my shirt. It was to teach you discipline I suppose, as up to then I had lived without any kind of discipline apart from that which I got beaten into me.
61. At night time, bedtime was 8 o'clock. The routine was you would wash your private parts. Then you would change the water and do your neck, your face, and behind your ears. There was always members of staff watching in case fights broke out. Then it was into bed and lights out.

Food

62. The breakfast room was just in the dormitory. We would all eat together. One boy would be on kitchen duty and so he would go down and boil eggs. There was toast, porridge, eggs. One boy on kitchen duty helped serve and would help clean up. Everybody took turns on kitchen duty. It was about a week at a time. As far as I can remember, the food was adequate at Dr Guthrie's.

Washing/bathing

63. The showers were individual cubicles but you would get undressed and dressed in front of everyone. You would have a certain time to get a shower, for five minutes. It was six at a time. You wore your uniform after your shower and wore pyjamas at night.

Schooling

64. We got our schooling in there. Mr GVV taught English. Mrs Hamilton did History and English. She was a really nice woman. I learned a lot from her. She really cared about people. If she wrote something bad about you, you knew you were in trouble because she didn't write anything bad about anyone unless she was really pushed into it. Once a week, we went to the headmaster's office to learn about the history of Guthrie's. We used to read about children sent to Guthrie's. I remember I read about one kid who smashed a window and got ten years hard labour at Dr Guthrie's. I think they did that to show you how the social aspect of life and how things had been before. These kids would be taken to the pit at the back, which was all concrete. They would be shackled up and be breaking rocks all day. Then it all started to change with female philanthropists. It was really interesting learning about the economics of it all, the social order.
65. We would get nominations from teachers. This meant being rewarded for doing good work and if you got a nomination it meant you could get away two hours earlier on a Friday. If you were bad you got a demerit, so if you got a merit or nomination from another teacher it cancelled out so you didn't get away early. If you got a demerit, you could argue your case but with Mrs Hamilton, you just couldn't because she was always so fair. If you were arguing your case, you would argue it in front of Charlie, the manager of my unit. He would listen to both sides. I think he was fair. I always tried to get nominations. One week I got seven nominations from my teachers and one demerit, which was a bit unfair on the other lads so I got told I could pick out some of my mates to get away early too. I picked [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and a couple of other lads. I did want to get home at weekends, I wanted to see my friends. Some of them had mothers who were much more understanding than mine.
66. Guthrie's was more physical, a more practical education. We built a motorbike and got to ride around the field at the back. I loved it. We were taught that by the metalwork teacher who also did woodwork. You would build a motorbike from the engine up and then race around the field at weekends.

67. I was at Dr Guthrie's for about 18 months before I was allowed to go to Gillespie's, which was after I saw a psychologist. I was still in Guthrie's but they allowed you to go to outside school after a while.
68. After Gillespie's I went to Boroughmuir High School. Then there was a fight and I went back to Gillespie's. Then I bumped into my cousin [REDACTED] and my brother [REDACTED] and started bunking off lessons. Little did I know, the teachers had to sign a book after every lesson to say whether you were there or not. After a couple of months I was pulled up in front of the SNR [REDACTED] Guthrie's, Mr GWU [REDACTED] and asked why there was big gaps in my curriculum, not turning up for maths, geography, and French. I was taken out of school and put back into Guthrie's. I started doing a bunk from Guthrie's.

Chores

69. You had to keep the floors mirror shiny, which meant some kid on their knees scrubbing and then polishing it. Everybody had to do something. If not the floor, it would be dusting. If they came round for inspections, they would look out for dust around the doorframes.

Leisure time

70. After dinner, you would have a smoke, then go and play football. Guthrie's was a huge place, it had its own swimming pool. It was really physical. After tea, there was what was termed association, from about five until eight o'clock. You would relax on the wing or outside in the parade square. There was football, basketball, and murderball which is a cross between British Bulldogs and rugby but with more punching and kicking going on. There was an extensive library. I used to read a lot.

Healthcare

71. Everyone in Dr Guthrie's saw a psychologist or psychiatrist. I first saw one within two weeks of being there. I can't remember his name. I didn't want to open up to him so I

just said everything was fine. Back then, I would have been bad for fighting and I would be asked why I had hit the other boy. They had a file on you.

Punishment

72. If you were being kept in at the weekend, you just had to sit in the dormitory and read a book. We weren't allowed to watch TV. I wish I hadn't fucked things up at Guthrie's because that led me to getting put in the closed unit, segregation.
73. If you were out of order, you were put in the segregation cells right down the stairs. The governor would see you the next day. There was no bed, just a mattress on the floor. You got blankets and a piss-pot in the corner. You got out once a day to empty it. There was a sluice room, it like an oversized sink with a hole in it where you would empty out your urine and faeces. The governor could order you to be kept in there for seven to fourteen days.
74. You got your food brought to you and taken away. It was the same food as usual but cold. Even the tea was cold. They would give you a book if you wanted one.

Bedwetting

75. There was a young lad in the bed next to [REDACTED] and he used to wet the bed all the time. His sheets were stripped off and he got a rubber mattress. You weren't punished for wetting the bed. They would try to find if there was a reason for it. I didn't wet the bed.

Abuse at Dr Guthrie's

76. Guthrie's was hard, it was physical. It wasn't sexual, more physical violence. Mr ^{GWU} [REDACTED] used to whack you with a clog across the back of the head when you were walking along the corridor. Mr ^{GWV} [REDACTED] chased us about with a piece of wood, a four-by-two. I don't blame Mr ^{GWV} [REDACTED] as that day we had filled his desk with earth and stole his wallet.

He started chasing us about with this bit of wood. It was quite funny until he caught you. I was hit on the leg. It was the only time Mr ^{GWV} did it.

77. Mr ^{GWU} he was [REDACTED] He would hit you with clogs. He used to smoke cigars and he wore clogs. He would take off his clog and use it as an ashtray. He was absolutely nuts. I was hit maybe half a dozen times over the whole time I was there. Other people got hit more than me. There was quite a lot of shuffling in the queue when you walked past him. New people were pushed into his firing line.
78. The English teacher would get you to recite a couple of pages. If you got it wrong, he would whack you.

Running away

79. Two lads came to Guthrie's and I started bunking off.
80. When I was bunking off at Guthrie's I got caught thieving. My cousin and brother broke in to a [REDACTED] player's house and stole his golf clubs and stuff like that. I got roped in, not the actual burglary but selling the stolen stuff. I ended up being kept in Guthrie's through the week and didn't get to go home at weekends. Because of that, I started running away. I would be caught by the police and get dragged back to Dr Guthrie's. The only way they could keep me there was to keep me in segregation, but they couldn't keep me in there for months so because of that they felt I should be moved into a more secure unit. I went to Wellington Farm.

Wellington Farm School, by Penicuik, Midlothian

Routine

81. I never settled at Wellington Farm. I was only there about three days tops. I can't remember the names of any of the staff. My friend [REDACTED] was in there too. One day, I pinched some marbles. I took them back to my room. You were supposed to leave your clothes outside your room but I kept my shorts and a T-shirt. I managed to throw

the marbles at the window, smashed the window, and got down to the ground outside. I pinched a pair of trainers from outside the gym. I was caught. I got as far as Penicuik town centre and the police picked me up.

82. The next night, I hid a pair of trainers, shorts and a vest outside. It was a Saturday. My window was boarded up from breaking it the night before. It took me ages to get through the wooden frame of the window. I only had a spoon. I was wearing pyjamas so they thought that meant I couldn't get anywhere. I got through the window, retrieved the trainers, shorts and vest. As I was getting off the land of Wellington Farm, I bumped into a van of boys coming back from a day out in Penicuik. To my surprise two members of staff got the lads to chase me. I was fast and I ran into the forest, I kept on running. I could hear them all running around me. I think they were trying to do a pincer movement around me but I climbed a tree and watched them run about like idiots. When they were gone, I got down.
83. I didn't go near Penicuik town centre. I went over all the walls of gardens. I found myself at the army barracks. I got through their grounds and over the wall at the other side. I was caught a couple of weeks later after staying here, there and everywhere. There was the old bingo at Tollcross in Edinburgh that had a bevelled roof. We had built a gang hut there and I stayed in that. [REDACTED], my friend, brought me food. I was caught when I was out on my mate's bike. I had stopped to speak to someone. This cop who was there said that he was the cross-country champion of Edinburgh. He had me in cuffs and said, "You won't run now." But I bolted, I took it as a challenge. It was in Grove Street, I climbed up the bridge onto the carpenter's roof, climbed along all the back walls before the policeman could run down the street after me. He said something, I think to try to distract me. The next thing I knew, I fell through the roof. He wasn't happy. He took me to the police station and I was there for the rest of the weekend. There was no panel, just straight to Rossie Farm School.

Rossie Farm School, Montrose, Angus

Routine

84. Jez Kempston took me to Rossie Farm. I threatened to jump out of his car, so he increased speed and I couldn't see a gap in the wire to jump. I was put in Dalhousie house. It was just boys there.
85. There was Dalhousie, Lunen, and another wing over the other side. There were sixteen to twenty cells in Dalhousie wing. You had a bed, and a little writing desk. The window was wire safety glass and there were bars. If you got through all that, there was razor wire to contend with.
86. Rossie was a huge place, built in the 1920's from pre-fab concrete. Half of it was falling to bits. They had a gymnasium, a library, and there were extensive grounds. I could get to the enclosed football pitch, which had high walls. I could run round that. I wasn't interested in football.
87. Rossie was strict. Everything was done by routine. From first thing in the morning everything was regimented with small pockets of time to get everything done. You wore a uniform, the same as Dr Guthrie's. A striped shirt, jeans and a jacket.
88. Mr GWC was the wing manager for Dalhousie and there was a Mrs Johnston.

Morning/bedtime

89. In the morning, you got up and went straight to the washroom and got washed. There were three sets of ablutions with different guys going into different ones. You sort of claimed the places. You could have a shower in the morning or in the evening, one shower a day. There was always a member of staff watching you. After breakfast, we would stand in the corridor of the wing and recite the motto, "Reserve Others' Service. Seek Individual Excellence." That's what "Rossie" means.
90. At night, you would wash, brush your teeth and then bed.

Food

91. The food was OK, nothing special. We had cabbage with everything. That's why I don't like vegetables now. I can't remember ever getting into trouble for not finishing my food.

Schooling

92. I bettered myself there. I went to education. It was in small groups, ten to twelve at a time. There were different ages from thirteen to sixteen. They were informal classes with a big table you all sat around.
93. I was learning maths and English, but it was not as good as at Dr Guthrie's. There were a couple of different teachers. One for maths and science and one for English, history and geography.
94. I did okay at school as I believed in myself. We had classes in the morning, then lunch and more classes in the afternoon. After classes, we went back to the wing and changed into these jump suits you would have for the evening.

Chores

95. I did my six months inside and then I applied for a job in forestry. Everybody had to do six months inside, especially if you were a runner, which I was. I went for forestry but you could also do building and plastering but forestry was outside of the building. I went to that every day but you still had to do maths and English once a week. They taught me how to drive a tractor and how to use a chainsaw. They taught us about different trees and which branches to cut down. It was all to get you ready for being a tree surgeon or work for the forestry commission. They had good links.

Leisure time

96. You had slippers if you were staying in, trainers if you were going out. Most evenings I would go out for a run for half-an-hour and then watch some TV. You had access to the library most days, unless you were being punished

Running away

97. I started going back late from home leave. I was in Rossie for about a year before I got home leave. The third or fourth time I didn't go back on time.

Punishment

98. If you were punished, you lost your visiting, library, and outside privileges. You had to go straight to the cell. No association for three weeks. I kind of deserved it.

Abuse at Rossie Farm

99. I suffered abuse when I was on home leave from Rossie, or when I had run away. There was a guy called GWW. His house was like a shop at the top of across from He was a magician, a member of the magic circle. I don't know what he did to me but I woke up with my trousers round my ankles and my arse feeling really sore. I don't know if he slipped me something. I freaked out. I smacked him in the eye and ran out of his house. That was the first time I was aware that he had done anything. Whether he had done anything before, I don't know. I didn't think any more of it but he went to the police saying I had robbed him. Robbery was a serious charge, especially as I was still in Rossie Farm at the time.
100. The police got my mum to come down as well as my brother who was only eighteen months older than me, so not an appropriate adult. I was fifteen. The police said to my mum to sit in as an appropriate adult but she said no, and that could do it but he wasn't over eighteen.
101. I told the police what I could remember. It was two senior officers at Torphichen Street. They already had GWW down as some kind of paedophile. They said if I dropped the charge against him, he would drop the charge against me. I had a lot more to lose as I could have gone to Saughton prison. The police just swept it under the carpet.

102. I was late getting back to Rossie. Mr GWC tried to get to the bottom of it but the police said they didn't have the authority to show him the records. Mr GWC knew I was telling the truth because he couldn't get the records from the police. It was a big deal to be a day-and-a-half late back to Rossie. Mr GWC was frustrated with the police. I didn't get any punishment, but because the other kids knew I was late back I had to be seen to be punished so I suggested loss of association for a week. They just locked me in my cell with a book. That's what happened. I didn't disclose to Mr GWC what happened with GWW. I don't know if any record was made. There was no reference to it in my social work records.
103. GWW was friends with GWX, the local convenience store. He was a part of Tam Paton's paedophile ring. He used to have loads of good-looking lads around his shop, giving them fags and when he walked past, he would feel your arse.
104. I walked through the back shop one time, there was a young lad, and GWX was wanking him off. I was with a friend, . We just said, "Sorry." and walked out. The boy couldn't have been more than 11. When we disturbed them, the boy ran out the back door.
105. John Smith also lived in . He used to get me, and to walk over his head and down his body. He never did anything else. We used to think he was mad. Why would you want someone to do that?
106. Two or three months later, and I were at Tam Paton's house. Tam Paton had a house at Gogarbank. He had ten to twelve young lads aged from nine to sixteen or seventeen. He used to call them his chickens. I seen the kid again from the shop, the one that GWX had been wanking off. There were also Social Workers that I saw at Tam Paton's house. I recognised them from Springwell House Social Work centre. I saw GWW and GWX there too. I told all of this to Jez Kempston.

107. There was another time with Tam Paton. I was at a flat at [REDACTED] across from the university. He got a couple of his lads to hold me down. I managed to fight my way out the door. It was two of his goons. I don't know their right names, "[REDACTED]" and [REDACTED] something.

Impact

108. I have felt unsettled all of my life. I couldn't form proper relationships. I didn't get on with my siblings. I was only starting to get on with [REDACTED] when he died. It would have been better to have had contact with my siblings when I was in care.

Records

109. I am hoping to apply to the social work department to get all my un-redacted records.

Life after being in care

110. After being in care, I was homeless and taking drugs. I met a woman called [REDACTED] and we bonded. It is easier to survive on the streets as a couple. [REDACTED] got pregnant and we were given temporary accommodation. When [REDACTED] found out she was pregnant, she stopped taking drugs, she even stopped smoking. She tried to support me to come off drugs. I couldn't trust myself with my son and [REDACTED] because I was worried I was going to turn out like my dad, because I was taking lots of drugs. [REDACTED] and I split up. I started taking drugs in huge quantities, which led to me going to prison. I was in Wolds's prison in York where I did a degree in Social Sciences and a diploma in criminology. I worked for a teaching certificate and a computer certificate.
111. Then I went to Teeside prison. It took three interviews to be accepted there. They aimed at proper resettlement, proper counselling. There, I started to see counsellors, psychologists, and social workers who really wanted to help you. I was thirty-something.

Employment history

112. I worked at Barnett Council as a bin man. When the bins were privatised, I went to work for the National Farmers Union. I also worked as a reprographics manager and in photocopier installation.
113. I worked as a drugs counsellor in York after being out of trouble for three years. Then I got a letter saying my friend [REDACTED] from Edinburgh had died, so I came back up for the funeral. I was suffering from back pain and went to see a doctor. He said I had protein in my urine and I was sent to hospital for more tests. They said that I had kidney failure. I thought that I should stay up in Edinburgh as I had a wider circle of friends. I phoned my work and told them I was sorry, but I wouldn't be coming back.

Lessons to be learned

114. Instead of just focusing on the physical side of work in care institutions, they should focus more on academic work. There should be more counselling. The social work could have believed me when I told them the truth. When I complained about Jez Kempston, why did I not get a new social worker? I had complained about him in Rossie and to SNR [REDACTED] at Dr Guthrie's, Mr GFC [REDACTED]
115. My hope for the Inquiry is to get things changed for those who are in the system.

Other information

116. 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.

GDJ [REDACTED]
 Signed.....
 Dated...17 April 2018.....