

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Killian STEELE

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is Killian Playthell Steele. I was known as James John Steele when I was in care. I changed my name when I was sixteen. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1964. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I lived with my parents [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] in [REDACTED] Clermiston,
Edinburgh. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
3. I was put into care because [REDACTED] was a very abusive [REDACTED]. I was emotionally, physically and sexually abused by [REDACTED].

4. I think I was kind of the punch bag [REDACTED] I used to get beat up by [REDACTED] all the time. I always remember thinking that I was a really evil person because of how horrible they were. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
5. I spent the majority of my childhood in care. At times I would be sent back to live with my parents, but things would break down and I would end up back in care. It was never a nice experience when I was living at home. There was nothing good about my father. I can't remember him ever laughing, smiling or being happy.
6. The local authority were involved in [REDACTED] being taken into care. They had involvement with my family early on because my mum was seriously abused by [REDACTED] and was hospitalised a lot. She suffered emotional health difficulties as a result.
7. [REDACTED] also became my abuser in a physical sense. It took me a long time to realise that [REDACTED] did it as a way of protecting me from [REDACTED] [REDACTED] thought it would be better for [REDACTED] to dish out the punishment rather than [REDACTED] doing it in a rage and inflicting more harm.

Early years in care

8. In my primary years, I think I was in about five or six different children's homes, all run by the local authority. I have memories of some of them. I know I was in the Widowers', Calder Grove and Dean Bank in Edinburgh, and I was also in the Martha Frew Home in Fife. The homes were all in different areas, so I had to change primary school every time I moved.
9. I actually cannot remember enjoying anything throughout my primary years. They are awash with horrible memories. People will say to me that there must have been something nice, but I have searched for that and I genuinely can't remember being at peace as a boy or enjoying anything.


Widowers' Children's Home

10. One of the first homes I remember being in is the Widowers' Children's Home in Costorphine. I think I was about four or five. I was there for about six or seven months.

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later


Secondary Institutions - to be published later



12.

Calder Grove Children's Home

Secondary Institutions - to be published later



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Dean Bank Children's Home, Morningside

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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23. There was never any dialogue with children in those days about what was happening. I remember going to several children panels, but I think the panel members had the same attitude, that children weren't involved in the process and the decisions would be made for them.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Instit

I remember discussions at panels about my future and whether I would be going home to my mum and her new husband or staying in care.

The Assessment Centre, Liberton

24. The assessment centre was basically a prison for young boys. I would have been about nine or ten when I was sent there. It was a locked unit so all the staff had big wads of keys, and all the doors were opened and closed behind you just like a prison. The name of the place was 'The Assessment Centre'. It was a big, prefab, single-storey building. It sits right next to the police station at Liberton.
25. I think there were about fifty or sixty boys there. The youngest were about six or seven and the oldest were about fourteen or fifteen. I was put into a wing for youngsters. There were about twenty to twenty-five boys in that wing.
26. I know now that I was only supposed to be in the assessment centre for two or three weeks, as the whole idea was to do an assessment on me. I was actually in there for about ten or eleven months. It seemed to be a place for bad boys. I don't think I should have been placed in there, because I wasn't a bad boy.
27. I can't remember the name of ^{SNR} [REDACTED] His wife lived there too. They were both really nice. ^{SNR} [REDACTED] was Mr ^{MTM} [REDACTED] We called him ^{MTM} [REDACTED] He was a beautiful man. He had a pet sheep. He often did the nightshift. Another staff member I

remember is Mr ^{BFM} [REDACTED] He was a bald-headed abuser that no-one liked. He definitely had authority in the place, so he was probably a team leader. There was also a young guy with short, slick hair. He was kind of muscly. I got the impression from him that he enjoyed the power trip of looking after multiple personalities and imposing that kind of regime on us. I never saw him over-step the mark, though. I think he was quite fair, but he wasn't a rule-bender. Everything to him was either black or white.

28. There were teaching staff as well as residential staff. The teachers would come in from about nine until four and the residential staff would do shifts from about seven until four or three until ten, and also nightshifts.

Routine in the assessment centre

First impressions

29. I don't actually remember my first day there. I do remember some things about my introduction to the place. I remember getting some sort of liquid called 'jungle juice', which was for nits, poured over my head and my hair being combed with a big, steel comb. There were maybe ten boys there, and we were all lined up in this small medical

room completely stripped so they could inspect us. In those days they would hold your genitals in their hand and ask you to cough. That was something I had become accustomed to because it happened at school and in the homes.

Mornings and bedtime

30. The regime was horrific. It was just like the documentaries you see on TV about adult prisons. We would get woken up at half past seven, get washed in the communal showers, and then get dressed in our uniform, which was an overall type thing and plastic Croc type shoes. We had no clothes of our own. The overall was orange or dark red. The older boys wore blue so the different age groups were identifiable.
31. There was a kind of locker room where we got dressed and undressed for bed. It was like a massive wet room where all the communal showers were. That's where our uniforms were kept.
32. After breakfast, we were locked in our rooms again for half an hour. They would gather us all just after nine o'clock and then we'd be handed over to the teaching staff.

33. I slept in a single cell with a window, exactly like you see in prison. It had a big heavy- duty door with a kind of hatch. We were locked in our cells, so you had to ring a bell to go to the toilet. You'd piss the night guy off when you needed the toilet at three in the morning. He'd usually be sleeping and would take ages to come. He was never overly impressed about being disturbed.
34. We would be in the TV room until about seven o'clock at night, and then we'd get milk and plain digestive biscuits, which would come round on a trolley. We also got Horlicks or Ovaltine, probably with bromide in it. Bromide is something they give to prisoners to control sexual urges. I heard some of the other older boys talking about stuff being put in their drinks. They didn't actually say bromide, but that's what they were talking about. I didn't fully understand what they meant at the time because I wasn't at that stage in my development.
35. We had about twenty minutes to have our bedtime snack and then we would go upstairs to the locker room and get ready for bed.

Food/mealtimes

36. We ate our meals in the food hall. We would have toast and marmalade and porridge for breakfast. I think we also got milk. We didn't get cups of tea or anything like that.
37. I remember we always got fish on a Friday. That was a kind of religious thing. It was overcooked and had bones in it. It was horrible. I remember we got tartar sauce as well and I hated that. I would always try to disguise it in the mushy peas. You had to eat all the food. There would definitely be no pudding if you didn't eat your main course. They didn't like waste. The staff had truncheons and they would walk around the dining room as you were eating.

Schooling

38. All the boys in the centre mixed in the communal areas, but we did activities like woodwork, crafts, arithmetic and reading in little classrooms during the day, and we were put into groups for that according to our age.
39. We would have classes in the morning and then have an elevenses break, when we would get some milk and a couple of digestive biscuits in the communal area. It would just be the younger group in

the communal area at this time. We would then go back to class, break for lunch and then it would be the same kind of process again in the afternoon.

40. Religious education was a big part of the structure. We weren't taught to follow a particular religion. It was more about studying the bible and learning about God and Jesus, so it was quite a simplistic thing.

Assessment

41. At the time, I had no clue that I was there to be assessed for anything. The way I saw it was that I was locked up and that was my punishment for experimenting and causing a fire.
42. I cannot remember any dialogue or process of assessment. I only remember the support that I got to get me out of the place, although I might be saying that because I've read it in my file, rather than actually remembering it as a ten or eleven-year-old.

Leisure time

43. The Assessment Centre building was a big square, so there was a square concrete yard in the middle. You went through a fire exit and

into this open space. It wasn't very big. I think there were baseball hoops and football nets in it.

44. We had a communal recreational area where we could watch TV, play table tennis and play with the little games we had made in woodwork. We were always locked in different spaces within the complex. If you were in the recreational area, you would have to get a staff member if you wanted to go to the toilet.
45. The boys that were trusted were allowed to play outside on the swings. I was latterly able to get out with other boys and we would play on the swings and chute, completely unsupervised. Anyone could have come and taken us away, or we could have run away.

Discipline

46. The boys had a lot of what I would call "flakies". It was really just our way of expressing our frustration at something we weren't happy about or something we perceived to be an injustice. The regime in the assessment centre was to shut that down right away, and that involved grown men sitting on the chest of little boys, pinning their arms down with their knees. They would then cart you away and throw you into a padded cell. I was never in the padded

cell, so I didn't actually see it, but I learned about it from some of the other boys.

47. Another form of punishment was a wooden strap across the bare bottom. That happened to me. I never actually behaved badly. The place was run under the rule that children should be seen and not heard, so if you were vocal or did anything that was contrary to that sort of regime, you would get punished.
48. All of the staff were able to give punishment whenever they wanted to. Each individual had that power. It wasn't actually that bad. It would be nice to think that some of the adults were just following the protocol. I'm pretty sure if ^{MTM} had to do it, it would be just a little tickle, not a full-on whack.

Visits/inspections

49. My family didn't visit me in the assessment centre. I remember my step-father taking me back to the house for the weekend one time.
50. The teacher Mrs Melville was allowed to come and take me out. We used to go out in her car, and she'd take me to her house. She was a lovely lady who genuinely wanted to be involved in a young life. Secondary

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

51. I must have got a social worker later on in my time in the assessment centre. I remember a man called Mark Hughes or Young. He brokered my move out of there. He was a young, hippy kind of guy. I really took to him. I got the impression from him that he didn't see children as just children, but as human beings. He had one of those old, French Citroen cars. I remember he took me to North Berwick to see Glasclune and the whole roof fell off his car. I am pretty sure that I read in my file that he and someone else were quite vocal about the length of time I had been in the assessment centre.

Abuse at the assessment centre

52. I think Mr ^{BFM} [REDACTED] was an [REDACTED] He was probably in his late forties. He had had an accident and all the nerves in his right hand were damaged, so he couldn't feel any pain in his hand. He loved to take your hand in his and crush it. That was his party trick. He did it just because he could, just because he had the power to behave that way.
53. He would quite often put his man-sized frame up against my tiny body and I would feel him getting an erection. He didn't actually do

anything more physical than that, but it left a big impression on me. I think he might have gone further if I had not left to go to Glasclune. It took him several months to get to the point where he started pressing up against me. Up until then, people had been quite open about wanting to share their bodies with me, so this was a different experience altogether because he wasn't as full-on. I think it had more of an impact on me because he didn't go further. I was then kind of wondering what was wrong with me, which is an odd way to look at it. I didn't see him do anything to other boys but when I think back to what he did to me, I suspect he might have taken it further with other boys.

Leaving the assessment centre

54. I had several visits to Glasclune before I moved there. I remember the Superintendent and his wife said farewell to me, and I left with a plastic bag with my stuff in it. I was then taken to Glasclune by the social worker Mark. I was about ten and a half or eleven.

Glasclune Children's Home, North Berwick

55. Glasclune was a Barnardo's home. It sat at the top of a little hill, overlooking North Berwick. It had a beautiful view out to sea. It was in an incredible setting. You could easily walk from the home into town.
56. I think there would have been about twenty boys and ten to fifteen girls in the home. It was quite a big place. There was a boys' floor, a girls' floor and the top floor was for the young kids, a mixture of boys and girls. The kids ranged in age from very young to about sixteen. There was a room on each floor for a staff member to sleep in.
57. Eric Faulkner was the Superintendent. He was one of the nicest people I have been lucky enough to have had in my life. There were three teams of staff. A woman called Donna Ferrier was one of the team leaders. I think she was the deputy head. ^{QFB} [REDACTED] and a guy called Bill were the other team leaders. I think Bill's surname was Crombie. ^{QFB} [REDACTED] is the one that abused me. He was from Newcastle. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] The rest of the staff were absolutely wonderful human beings who were genuinely

interested in looking after children. This included the cleaners and Mrs Turner, the cook.

58. I was put into ^{QFB} team. The staff members in his team were Colin Rodgers, Katia Cesari , Gail Cunningham, Clunie Connachie and John McDonald. The teams were quite big. The staff in ^{QFB} team were the ones that were principally responsible for my care and wellbeing, but I developed relationships with other staff, as there were usually only two individuals from a team on shift at any given time.
59. My special person was Gail Cunningham. We didn't use the term 'key worker' in those days, but that's what she was. A lot of the staff were only about eighteen or nineteen. ^{QFB} would have been about twenty-three or twenty-four. Most of the staff were hippy types, the kind of people that would naturally want to look after individuals less fortunate than themselves. ^{QFB} of course had other sinister reasons.
60. Eric and his wife Doris Faulkner lived in the attic flat, which was quite close to the youngsters' rooms on the top floor, and there was also a staff flat. The building had three floors and there were quite a lot of compartments off it. There was a staff wing with maybe four or five rooms and a communal sitting room.

Routine at Glasclune

First impressions

61. I remember it was a nice, sunny day when I arrived at Glasclune so it must have been summer. It was a big, beautiful, old building with massive, heavy doors, and there was this beautiful grand piano as you went in the main door.
62. I met Eric Faulkner when I first arrived, which was a real defining moment for me in the sense that that is when my life started, when I started to trust people. Meeting Eric was a completely new experience to me. He had a very different attitude from other people. He was so kind and warm and he had this drive to allow young individuals the freedom to be whoever they wanted to be. I am pretty sure I would have struggled to take it all in in the beginning. I would have been pinching myself and thinking that this couldn't be what happens to children.
63. I think the induction process was with Donna Ferrier. She showed me around the home, focusing on all the nice places like the recreational areas, and she told me about bedtime and that kind of thing. I think it was a Friday afternoon when I arrived. I say that

because that was when they preferred to accept new children to the home, so they would have the weekend to get to know the other kids.

64. The analogy I would use to explain how I felt when I arrived at Glasclune is that it was like passing your driving test at seventeen and someone handing you the keys for a Bentley. I had all this freedom and could do whatever I wanted. There was just so much that I could do, but I didn't know what to do or how to do it. I had lost that ability, so for a few days I was just kind of hanging about. In some ways it was very hard to deal with that amount of freedom and responsibility.

Mornings and bedtime

65. Initially I shared a room with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I think there were no more than four beds in any of the rooms. [REDACTED] was a very close friend of mine. He later committed suicide.
66. I ended up in a room right next to the fire escape and the room where a staff member slept at night. [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and I moved into that room. It was a much better room because it had been divided into four small areas. Although it was still open-

plan, you felt that there was a degree of separation from the other people in the room.

67. The staff member on duty at night was responsible for anything that happened during the night. They would get up at half past six or seven o'clock in the morning and start to wake the kids up. We'd get up, have a shower if we wanted to, get ready for school and go down for breakfast. I often went to bed in my school uniform, so I kind of rolled out of bed fully clothed and ready for school. I must not have liked to get out of bed early.
68. We would all go downstairs and have breakfast and then we'd get a little 'playpiece' for school, which was usually a bit of fruit and a biscuit, or a little bag of sweeties.
69. Bedtime was about nine-thirty or quarter to ten. There was no set time to get up at the weekends. We got up when we woke up.

Mealtimes/food

70. The food was excellent. I could have any breakfast I wanted, but my favourite was a glass of milk and a roll with butter and marmalade.

71. We always had a traditional family lunch around half past twelve on Sundays. We'd get ice cream from Luca's, which was on our doorstep, and make ice cream floats with cream soda. I loved that. Sunday was the only day we were all encouraged to sit down together in the dining room and have lunch. If you didn't want to go for lunch on a Saturday or during the school summer holidays, that was fine. You could just get the cook to make you a sandwich or a bacon or egg roll whenever you felt hungry. It was like a fancy hotel for children.

School

72. I went to North Berwick High School. The uniform was usually shorts in the summer and long trousers in the winter.
73. I did attend school, but I hated it purely because of the mindset of the majority of the teachers. The deputy head Mr Brechin, an English teacher called Mrs Couttie, and the woodwork teacher Mr Ward were all lovely people. These were the only people in the whole school that I warmed to and they warmed to me. Everyone else was a pain and I was seen as a pain to them.
74. All the primary schools I had been in seemed to have a different style of doing things, so I was having to catch up all the time when I went to a new one. By the time I got to North Berwick, I couldn't be

bothered with it and I was just a classroom jester. I was quite a bright wee boy but I had no interest in the curriculum. It just wasn't the right environment for me at that time.

75. I got expelled from a number of the classes latterly for playing up. I came away from school without any qualifications, apart from woodwork. I really liked woodwork. Mr Ward was an amazingly gifted man. He would make little clocks and all the intricate bits out of wood. He took an interest in me. The head of the woodwork department was a guy called Mr BFR He was an evil man. Mr BFR the metalwork teacher was also an evil man. They singled me out and treated me really badly.

76. I was singled out because I was in Glasclune. It wasn't because I would speak back to them or that I behaved in a bad way, because I didn't. It was purely because I was in the home and was seen as a bad boy, as were all kids from the home. That's how a lot of people viewed kids in a home. They thought you were there because of being bad. They didn't consider that it might actually have had a lot to do with your mum and dad. So the teachers treated me like I was a bad boy, and that didn't help my education at all.

77. An example of how I was treated at school is when I was at metalwork class. There would be about twenty kids in the class with

four boys at each table. Mr ^{BFR} would visit the three other places at my table and leave me out. I'd be left standing there not knowing what I was doing and he'd completely ignore me. This happened quite a lot. I became agitated about it one day and got expelled from his class. I asked him for help and he ignored me again, so I threw the bit of metal at him and it hit him on the back. He brought the head of department, Mr ^{BFO}, in and he got right into my face telling me never to do that again. He said something I didn't hear and because he thought I was being belligerent when I said, "Eh?" he slapped me and knocked me off my feet. He then took me into a wee room and was poking me in the belly and chest with his finger.

78. I went home and told Eric and he took me with him to the school. The police got involved and the teacher was suspended. Whenever anything like that happened at school, Eric would be off in his car to the school, and would bang his fist on the headmaster's desk and defend you against any accusations. Eric was very vocal because we were stigmatised for being in a home.

79. Another teacher we used to call ^{BFS} whacked me on the face one day. He was an enormous man. We called him ^{BFS} because his [REDACTED]. Again it was because I hadn't heard what he said to me. I had a pencil in my mouth and he whacked me on the face and I fell on the floor. He was suspended too. They were all

suspended purely because of the commotion Eric created, but they were always brought back.

80. The nice teachers had a different way of dealing with difficult children or situations. I was just a wee boy trying to express myself and fit in. Given where I had come from, I didn't quite fit in and couldn't find a way to slot into the school regime. I don't consider anything I did as behaving badly, I was just reacting to the circumstances.
81. I became more of a practical learner. I did quite a lot of woodwork and ended up digging gardens for old people, probably when I was about fifteen. This was part of my school experience. I seemed to do that more than anyone else. I wasn't bothered about it, because I had no interest in learning anything anyway. I got my education within the first three or four years of leaving school. I kind of knuckled down then and wanted to learn things. It was more on my terms then and I didn't have to fit into a structure that didn't suit me.

Clothes

82. I had a clothing allowance and could go down to the shop and buy clothes and put it on the account. We never took advantage of that.

The last thing you wanted to do was go to a shop and get jeans or trainers. We spent more time in the local fruit shop getting a banana or an apple, which we could also put on the account.

Leisure time

83. There was a table tennis table, bikes, a big record player, a full size snooker table, badminton and tennis courts, and a little putting green. It was amazing. It was just like a holiday home. It had absolutely everything and you had the freedom to use it all.
84. I would walk back from school with my friend [REDACTED] The school was only a mile away, so we would get back about ten past four. We would get changed into our playing clothes and we'd have a game of snooker, cycle or do whatever else we wanted to. As I got older, I would be smoking behind the Nissan hut with the other boys. I started smoking when I was about nine or ten because that's what boys in homes did. I'm pretty sure the staff would have smelt the smoke off our breathes. I think it was just an accepted part of life in a children's home.
85. Thursday night was pocket money night. We would all line up outside the office on Thursday and get our 12p pocket money. We'd go into town to spend it. We used to buy a bag of chips. Milky Ways were

favourites too. I don't know why chips seemed to be a bit of a luxury as we were extremely well fed. Your pocket money was yours to spend as you wanted. You didn't need to hand it back if, for example, you had something on at the weekend that you needed money for. There was no want for anything. Getting pocket money was more just part of the structure than a need to have it, although you did need it once you started smoking.

86. I listened to a lot of music and was a big record collector. I had hundreds of albums and I used to make up my own tapes. I loved all of that.
87. I had an amazing relationship with Eric Faulkner. He would take me to his house and I would have dinner there. He was a beautiful human being and never inappropriate in anything he did or said. I don't know if we were close because he felt sorry for me, or because there were elements of my behaviour that might have given the impression that I was struggling with things because of the abuse. Whatever it was, he paid a lot of attention to me and he was just a lovely man.

Religion

88. Although Barnardo's had that reputation of being focused on religious beliefs, there was no religion brought into anything that I did there.

Holidays/trips

89. We had a bright red minibus, which I remember annoyed Eric because it had been donated by Cadbury's Chocolate and "donated by Cadbury's Chocolate" was written on the side. He was quite stroppy about that because it was identifying a group of children in a home and he was really into individuality and really championed us having as good a lifestyle as could possibly be provided. I remember him spending a long time with a heat gun removing those words from the van.
90. In those days, when you got a new vehicle you had to run the engine in, so there was quite a focus on taking the kids out in the minibus. There were loads of trips out. We would go to the East Fortune Market quite a lot on Sundays. We went on trips to Edinburgh and down to Wales. That all kind of relaxed once the engine was running fine. I loved going out in the minibus. I would go for any reason, even

just to go and get fuel. I just loved the fact you were sitting quite high up and you could see everything.

Birthdays and Christmas

91. Birthdays were celebrated but I found that awkward. When you're living at home and it's just you [REDACTED] it's easier to share that experience. For me it was difficult to share it with twenty or thirty other children. There was also a level of inequality in the sense that there would be one child celebrating their birthday and there were all these other children there. I still find it hard to celebrate birthdays and other occasions. I find it hard to know how to behave when people are doing things for me.
92. Christmases were a bit better because everyone was given something, and actually Christmas wasn't as big a deal in the home. You didn't get loads of presents. I don't think it was a financial reason. I think it was because you didn't need anything. There were plenty of toys in the home. You would maybe get the Beano or the Dandy and that was your own little book. That was an amazing present to get.

Visits/Inspections/reviews

93. The social worker Mark was involved for a time when I was in Glasclune, but then I got another social worker from Barnardo's called Laurie Davidson. I think local authority social work involvement stopped after a review when I was about fourteen. They were probably still updated behind the scenes, but the support was all Barnardo's.
94. I remember Laurie Davidson being quite involved with me. She lived in Livingston. She used to take me away for the weekend. I would go to her house and spend the weekend there with her. We would do nice things. It was nice to get away and feel special. I think the reason behind it was so that she could get a better understanding of me and build a bond with me, and that would help her work out strategies for dealing with me. I liked that hands-on approach.
95. The man in charge of Barnardo's in Scotland, David Pomphrett, would visit about once a month or every two months. He was very approachable and had a good knowledge of the kids. He knew your name and all about you. He was really gentle, very softly spoken and he took time to say things to make sure you understood him. He was a really warm individual and was genuinely into spending a bit of time with you. The majority of the staff were like that. I don't know if

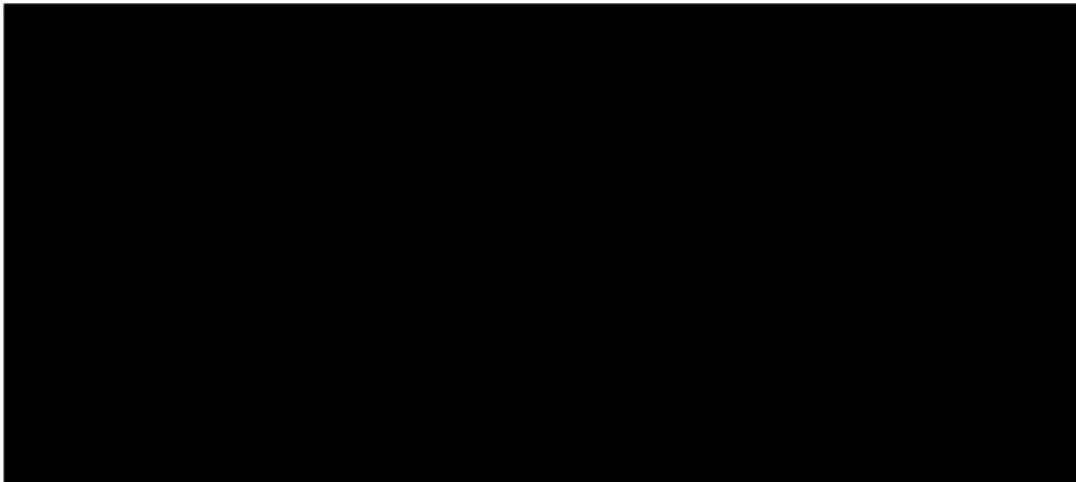
that was a requirement to work for Barnardo's, but it really worked. They weren't just doing a job, they were really engaged in everything they were doing.

96. Reviews to find out how things were going for me took place in the home. I think they were held there because it was a familiar setting for me. There would be about twelve or thirteen people in the room, sitting in chairs set out in a circle. They would all be smoking. Barnardo's was a kind of agent for the local authority, so there would be social work involvement from the local authority as well as from Barnardo's.
97. I was invited to part of the review. There was a ten or fifteen-minute window that I would be invited to, so I would be pre-warned to stay local. That might have been something Eric made sure was included because there was still an attitude then that children wouldn't be consulted on things, even when it was a lovely bunch of adults that were looking after you.
98. The local authority were paying Barnardo's to look after me, so I guess there would have been some politics involved. I can't actually remember, but I imagine part of the reason for the review was for the local authority to find out if Barnardo's were doing a good job.

99. I also went to children's panels. What I remember about these is that there would be a big, high desk with four or five adults sitting at it, and I would be sitting low down looking up at the desk. You would basically be talked about while you sat there. I can't even remember being asked any questions at a panel. I don't think I ever had any understanding as to why I was there. I would just be there as part of the process. In those days, someone could say to me stick your hand up that cow's backside and I would have done it, because that's the level of trust I had in the people in Barnardo's.

Family

100.



101. I didn't see my mum when I was in Glasclune. There was a Thursday night phone call to families. Barnardo's encouraged me to phone my mum once a week. I didn't enjoy it because it wasn't reciprocated. She wouldn't make an effort to phone me, which was fine as I didn't

have that much of a relationship with her at that time. It wasn't like I was missing my mum. I had about ten other mums and fifteen dads in the home, so I had a nice plethora of family members.

Chores

102. We did chores but they were easy. It was a pleasure to do chores because you got to spend time with valuable people in your life. There was no commandment to get something done. I wasn't ever instructed to get the dishes done. I didn't ever mop or sweep a floor. I'd maybe wipe a table top or something like that.

Healthcare

103. We used to see a doctor down in the High Street. Even though there was a different style of looking after kids in Glasclune from what I was used to, it was still very much the case that adults talked for the children, so the doctor would be speaking to the adult rather than me during appointments.
104. I had asthma and had a Ventolin inhaler. Up until I went to Glasclune, I had quite a number of asthma attacks but they reduced while I was there. The sea air did my asthma a lot of good.

105. I don't remember whether we got regular health checks. I think there might have been a yearly review. I didn't sustain any injuries whilst in Glasclune.
106. I started seeing a psychologist called Dr Sheila Woolfe when I was about twelve or thirteen. She was based in a building behind the Sick Children's Hospital in Edinburgh. I was referred to her because of the way I behaved. I had tonnes of energy and was loud, quick and hyperactive all the time. It was difficult for me to relax. I think that was just my coping mechanism.
107. Dr Woolfe put me on Ritalin. I saw a counsellor in later years from Barnardo's to go through my file and she said that it was obvious from reading my file that I had been abused as a child. But back in those days, they didn't know or understand why you were behaving that way. You were hyperactive, so they gave you something to try and calm you down.
108. Dr Woolfe was actually quite a cool individual. I really liked her. I went through a time when I self-harmed in Glasclune. I attempted suicide on several occasions and I remember being amused by a comment she made to me about it. She completely got the way I would think. That helped me to develop a nice kind of trust with her.

109. I cannot remember whether Dr Woolfe talked to me about abuse. I think the assumption was that I was just an angry young man. I didn't even know why I was angry at the time. I think it was seen as a stage I was going through, just the same as teenagers becoming dismissive of their parents. I don't think there was an attempt to explore whether my behaviour was coming from something else. I'm not sure how focused they would have been on actually exploring abuse, because it was quite prevalent in society then and the majority of the children she saw had probably been abused.
110. I read in my file that Eric and Colin Rodgers fought against me being given Ritalin so I was on it for only a short period of time. I think this shows that there were some minds in the 1970s that kind of understood that there was a reason behind children expressing emotions the way I was, and that medication was not the solution. There were associations to the abuse I suffered at home in my file, but there was never any direct dialogue with me about it.

Discipline

111. They dealt with "flakies" the same way in Glasclune as they had done in the Assessment Centre. That was the way they dealt with "flakies" in all the homes in those days. The staff would sit on kids' chest as a method to control them when they were expressing

frustration or anger. You would be lying on your back and they would sit on your chest with their knees on your arms. The more you got sat on, the more painful it was in your arms and then you would react to the pain, so it could go on for half an hour or an hour sometimes. You would be absolutely exhausted by the end of it. That happened to me tonnes of times. QFB did it a lot because of the physical contact involved.

112. There was one occasion when I was making an Airfix model and it was close to bedtime. I had two little bits to do and a staff member called BFO came and took it off me, and told me it was bedtime. He wouldn't allow me to finish it. He put the model in the staff room and I went berserk. It just seemed so unfair to me, given that I was almost finished. I kicked the door in and got it back, which created a massive tantrum, and I ended up being floored by BFO and he sat on me until I calmed down.
113. BFO was a strict disciplinarian. I think there was an element of wickedness in him, but it might just have been the case that for him everything was black and white. It was bedtime, so it didn't matter that I would have taken only another two minutes to finish what I was doing. I don't want to paint BFO as a bad person, but he could be extremely awkward about things and he would create reactions that were totally unnecessary.

114. This method of controlling the kids was usually carried out at night when Eric wasn't around. In all honesty, it was just a flaky so it wasn't a big enough deal to speak to Eric about it. You didn't go and clype. You didn't go and complain about anything. There wasn't a lot to complain about. There were elements of things that you didn't like, but it was just part of everything else that you did like. It wasn't like the abuse where you definitely knew it was uncomfortable, the flaky situations were just part of life. I think if Eric had known about how they handled flakies, he would probably have told them not to do it.
115. I probably got some bruising as a result, but there was no arm up your back or any attempts to hurt you. It wasn't like you were pinned down and then slapped or blown on to antagonise you. I think it was a genuine attempt to calm you down. It was kind of similar to seeing a wee girl or boy in tears and you just want to hug them. It had that sort of tint to it.

Abuse at Glasclune

116. I was sexually abused by ^{QFB} [REDACTED] for about three years. It started when I was twelve.

117. The first time I experienced him being sexually inappropriate towards me was when we were away on a trip. He came into my sleeping bag at night in the tent and was jabbing my back with his erect penis. He ejaculated all over my pyjamas. In those days, pyjamas were nylon so it didn't absorb the semen. The next morning I asked Colin Rodgers to clean my pyjamas and he did that for me.
118. Around teatime that same day, Colin came to me and told me that I was to sleep in the caravan that night. I thought he had caught on to the fact that [QFB] had done this, but he hadn't. He just thought it would be better for me because I was asthmatic.
119. I was woken that night in the caravan with [QFB] performing oral sex on me. I thought he would have been outside in the tents, but he was in charge so he could do what he wanted. I remember trying to get into the foetal position and he was grabbing me and I was shaking and was absolutely terrified. It felt like it went on for hours. I was so sore because I had been trying to curl up so tight. This doesn't seem that bad compared to all the other abuse I suffered, which was brutal and horrendous, but it completely knocks me for six when I think and talk about it. It's also the incident that has had the biggest physical impact on me. It was such a betrayal because I loved [QFB] He was like a father to me. The sleeping bag thing was

more manageable because it wasn't as physical, although he obviously enjoyed what he was doing, but this was the first time that he had ever violated me and had gone that step further.

120. QFB wasn't around when I got up the next day. I had my favourite breakfast and then went for a shower about eleven o'clock. QFB came in and started drying me between my legs, pressing his body against me, and penetrating me with his fingers.

121. QFB carried on abusing me after that, back in Glasclune and also in his parents' house in Newcastle, where he used to take me for the weekend. We shared a double bed there and he would perpetrate his sexual pleasures on me. He would do the same as he had done to me in the tent, and then he'd disappear and come back and I would be woken up with him trying to push his penis into me. On one occasion, my bum was sore for days afterwards and he would spend time rubbing cream on my anus. The way I describe this now is with a bit of anger and frustration. But my mentality as a youngster, although he would inflict pain on me, he would always make it better by caressing me and rubbing cream on me. It really is mind-boggling.

122. It is important to reference the sexual abuse by [REDACTED] when I talk about the abuse by QFB. The abuse perpetrated by [REDACTED] was very brutal, but QFB did it in a very different way and that actually

helped me to get over what [REDACTED] did. It is important to point out that this doesn't in any way justify what QFB did, but the abuse was a very small part of the relationship that I had with him and the other 80% of the relationship was amazing.

123. My relationship with QFB was love, it was cuddles, it was sweeties, it was him taking me out to do things, and I genuinely felt loved by him. But there was this percentage that I hated and was terrified of. I had to put up with the small part that I hated because I so wanted all the other parts, the sweeties, the attention, all of that. Also, it didn't appear to be overly horrible because whatever pain he inflicted, he kind of kissed it all better. I think that's how I would have viewed it as a youngster. I absolutely loved him. He was a really important person to me. I trusted him so much and felt so betrayed. I don't know that I would have felt that level of betrayal then, but it had a huge impact on me and still does.
124. It's only when I look back that I see the magnitude of the whole grooming process. He always ended up with his head between my legs when we were play fighting and he used to let me drive his car across bumpy bits of the road while I was sitting on his knee. It was all just grooming and none of it was about nurturing me or helping me to become a successful adult.

125. I believe that ^{QFB} [REDACTED] abused two other boys, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] but I didn't witness that. He had a very similar relationship with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and none of the females or young girls got the same level of attention from him. Sometimes the three of us would be together in his apartment in the annexe.
126. I later discovered that a number of staff had reported to ^{QFB} [REDACTED] and to Barnardo's that they felt ^{QFB} [REDACTED] behaviour with the boys was inappropriate. They didn't say the behaviour was sexually inappropriate, just inappropriate. He was given a written warning by Barnardo's about inappropriate behaviour towards boys. I also found out that Barnardo's wrote a reference saying that they would never employ him again, so they must have known there was something not good. This was all in the records that the police got from Barnardo's after I reported the abuse.
127. I think it is damning that he was allowed the freedom to take a young individual away to his parents' house when people had identified him as being inappropriate with children. Gail and Katia were two of the staff that said something about his behaviour, but they were only about eighteen or nineteen and were probably powerless to do anything.

Bullying/peer abuse

128. There were a couple of brothers in Glasclune, ^{BFT} [REDACTED] and ^{BFU} [REDACTED] ^{family name} [REDACTED] who were pretty brutal characters and determined to bully younger boys. They forced me to smoke four Capstan Full Strength cigarettes which were unfiltered cigarettes. That was a torturous experience and terrifying because I had an asthma attack. I remember lying on the grass in pain thinking that I was going to die, and they were just laughing at me. That was how they got their kicks.
129. The bullying was all done behind closed doors and you were terrified to say anything to anyone, so the staff didn't get to know about it. It wasn't like you would break down and tell people what was happening. It was just part of being in a home with loads of other boys. If Eric had known about some of the bullying, he probably would have had the boys put into another place because he wouldn't have tolerated it.
130. ^{BFT} [REDACTED] was sexually active with me and violent. This is a grey area for me that I struggle with, as he actually sexually abused me in a very brutal way. It was the same brutal way [REDACTED] had done it and I want retribution. But he was a child himself. He would have been fourteen at the time, which was a year older than me, although

mentally he was probably five years older than me. He was a very imposing fourteen-year-old. He was very well-built and was strong and powerful. I was very thin and quite petite when I was young. My frame certainly wasn't like his or his brother's. They both had a massive influence on my childhood and the torment I've gone through. I imagine they themselves must have gone through some shit to have behaved the way they did.

131. For me, it would be nice if they realised as adults what they had done to me and came to me to apologise, but because that hasn't happened, what I'm left with is anger. When I see ^{BFT} name on Facebook, I am always gritting my teeth. I kind of want to expose him, but then I think he had his own stuff to deal with and maybe he's changed. I don't want to be responsible for any torment in his life, but he did play a devastating role in my childhood in Glasclune.

Leaving Glasclune

132. I left Glasclune in 1980 when I was sixteen. I wasn't ready for the big bad world. I had been institutionalised by the lifestyle and hadn't been taught any skills to equip me for adulthood. I didn't know how to manage money, buy food or any of that kind of stuff.

133. I was kind of evacuated to a supported Barnardo's flat in Edinburgh. Fostering and adopting were becoming quite popular at that time, so a lot of the younger kids had moved out and there was this massive house that had only about twelve children left in it. Also, at that time there were fewer children coming into homes as they were going into smaller units or being fostered. It therefore wasn't economically viable to keep the place open.

Life after being in Glasclune

134. The flat was in Shandwick Place in the West End of Edinburgh. I was there with my friend [REDACTED] and a girl from Glasclune called [REDACTED] AAX [REDACTED] AAX Three other young people I hadn't met before also lived with us.
135. A Community Service Volunteer (CSV) lived in the flat with us. I don't know if a CSV was just a Barnardo's thing. They were young as well. They had their own jobs and lives but in exchange for living there for free, they had to teach us life skills when they were around at night and make sure we were okay. Essentially, you were left to your own devices but the CSV would help you with benefit claims and that sort of thing. I was still involved with Barnardo's

headquarters and had Barnardo's social work support while I lived there.

136. I ended up getting in with the wrong crowd and got into a lot of trouble with the police. I fell out with my friends because I used to feel guilty and I'd phone the police to tell them what I'd done, and I'd give back what was stolen. I went to court and even the judge was amazed at how honest I had been. I was given community service and it was one of the best things that ever happened to me. I got involved with Gorgie and Dalry social work department and I helped decorate houses of people that had disabilities. It was brilliant.
137. The community service order was about 100 hours, but I ended up doing it for a couple of years because I really felt involved and attached to something that was excellent. That's when I started to experience a bit more responsibility as a young adult, and then I started to develop my talent in music.
138. Barnardo's bought me my first piano. I was still in the supported accommodation, and I remember coming back and there was this upright piano in my bedroom. I couldn't believe it. I had kind of dabbled a wee bit in the piano in Glasclune, but this one was mine. It was amazing. I started to play the piano and then got very heavily into music.

139. I took up the drums and the social work department I was doing the community service with gave me a drum kit that had been found lying in an attic. I became a drummer in a band and got in with other musicians and started learning other instruments. I took up the bass guitar and saxophone. I got really focused on music and, although I didn't excel on any one instrument, I was quite quickly able to play anything that I wanted to play to a very good standard. The expression of music became very important to me.
140. From that time onwards there was no more inappropriate sexual behaviour towards me, because I then had control over all of that kind of stuff.

Reporting of abuse

141. The only reason this all came out was because I got access to my Barnardo's file after a change in the law in 2000. Once I was granted access, I was designated a counsellor from Barnardo's to go through my file with me. I had been provided with all these leaflets and information before I went to see the counsellor, but I hadn't read any of it. I was in the waiting room and I opened the envelope and this bright yellow piece of paper fell out. It said, "Have you

ever been abused in care?". Up until that point, I had not recognised that what QFB had done was abuse.

142. I then went into my session and expressed to the lady what had happened with QFB. I was communicating it to her by describing images, rather than articulating it, and it became quite graphic.
143. The next thing I knew the police were at the door wanting to interview me. I hadn't been told by the counsellor that this was part of the process. I then spent three days with the police going over all the elements of what QFB had done. It was all recorded and documented. The police office was in Musselburgh. They had a unit there for sex crimes which was like a little flat.
144. After that, I would phone the police or drop them a letter every six months or so and they'd tell me that they were still investigating. They told me that Barnardo's were being awkward about releasing information, when in fact it turned out that they had been co-operative and had supplied the police with quite a lot of documents. At the time, I had no reason to doubt what the police were telling me and I assumed that that was how long the process took. For ten years they lied to me and led me to believe that they were investigating it, but they were doing absolutely nothing.

145. QFB was an ex-police officer, so he had left the police to go and work at Glasclune. He clearly decided to become involved with children to groom them. With the police taking so long to investigate, I now wonder if there was some element of brotherhood involved.
146. Eventually, I had had enough and I wrote to the Scottish Office asking for permission to have Strathclyde Police investigate it because I had lost faith in Lothian and Borders. I was then invited to a meeting by the Chief Superintendent at Fettes. There had obviously been some dialogue between the Scottish Office and Fettes.
147. I met with a Detective Inspector at Fettes called Kenny Gray. He was a really nice guy. He took over the investigation and got the ball rolling again. I could tell that Kenny Gray felt disgraced by what had happened and he told me that they would do what was required to get my confidence in the police back. Within six months, the two police officers that had dealt with the case initially were sacked. The investigation was carried out properly after Kenny Gray got involved.
148. One of the things the original investigating officers said to me all along was that they couldn't find QFB anywhere in the country. There was no record of him. I managed to sit down at the computer one

night and find out everything about his life on Google. I found out the other children's homes he had worked in, the fact he had married and had a twelve-year-old daughter, that he was teaching table tennis in a sports centre, everything about his life just from Google. I collated all of that and sent it to the officers involved in the new investigation. I think they were truly embarrassed considering the resources they had.

149. The police officer who took all the statements from me the second time around said it was the first case she had been involved in where such a level of detail was provided. I had been able to describe smells and body parts, and she said that the level of detail I had provided would make the case easy to prosecute.

150. I was told by the police that ^{QFB} [REDACTED] was interviewed several times with legal representation present and his answer to everything was "no comment".

151. He was charged with three offences of rape and two sexual assaults. There wasn't enough evidence on all the other things I had told the police, so they focused on those five elements.

152. I wasn't prepared for the level of anger that came as a result of him being charged by the police. After all the years of fighting, it was

validated, and I didn't have to persuade anyone any more. My fight was over, but it felt almost as though I had lost the battle, because I had got so used to the fight. Once there was no fight to be had, I didn't know what to do and then I just felt really angry.

153. A few months later, in 2012, I got a letter from the Procurator Fiscal which basically said that they didn't feel it was appropriate to take any further action. All those months of giving statements and police investigation and that's all it said. I had given all that detail, yet there was no explanation as to why they thought it would be inappropriate to prosecute. There was just that one sentence. It was a pitiful letter with no human element to it at all. I feel that I was very badly let down by the prosecution service and so were the police, because they did a sterling job the second time round.

154. I spoke to one of the investigators in Kenny Gray's team after I got the letter from the PF. I can't remember his name. He was the one that went out and gathered all the evidence. He was a good researcher for the police. I said to him I was really sorry that he too had been let down by the prosecution service, and he told me to contact him again if anything else came to light.

155. I didn't contact the prosecution service for an explanation for their decision. I was so angry, and I decided to bide my time and do it a

different way. I started exposing QFB on social media. I've done some colourful digital art around historic abuse in general, and the attitudes of organisations such as the prosecution service and Barnardo's.

156. A girl from the home, BFA, contacted me recently, having seen some of the stuff on Facebook. She had been like a sister to me when I was there. I think she was feeling guilty and thought she should have put two and two together. She said she saw me on the boys' landing one time outside the staff room and I was shaking and was really scared. This was after another incident of sexual abuse that QFB had perpetrated on me in that small staff room. I had completely forgotten about the incident until she mentioned it to me. I haven't yet reported this to the police.
157. I have always wanted the whole process to be fair and based on the criminal element of what QFB has done. One of the things I said to the police was that I felt the ten years they delayed was unfair on QFB because it had given me ten years extra to articulate what actually happened. It gave me ten more years of anger to add to the pot and ten years more life experience to change the way I expressed it. If they had done it properly at the time, they would have had a much truer reflection in real time rather than all the anger.

Impact

158. I had blanked out a lot of the instances of the abuse. It had all been locked away and then it came out and I started remembering things. This was about twenty years ago. I was getting flashbacks and I couldn't understand what was happening. I was in tears on the Thursday night and it went on through to the Monday. I thought I was having a nervous breakdown. I went to my GP and explained to him what was happening and I got a quick appointment at the Royal Edinburgh Hospital. I learned later that when children experience the level of trauma I had, it's often hidden away until they are emotionally ready to deal with it. I wasn't aware of that at the time, so I thought I was losing my mind.
159. I saw a psychologist called Roslyn and that was the first time I ever had a conversation with a psychologist about sexual abuse. I saw her for about a year. She was actually just a soundboard. In the whole hour-long sessions I had with her every week, she would just say one or two comments and then sit back and it would all come out. That was a brilliant experience. She created a nice, safe environment for me away from my home for it to come out and to help me to understand it. It's good to do this away from your home as, although

it's your own space and you feel safe there, you don't want to bring any of this in there.

160. I have gone into the difference between the violent and brutal abuse and the kind of loving abuse, and it is right to say that the loving abuse has had much more of a detrimental psychological effect on me than [REDACTED] abuse. [REDACTED] was always a bastard and was always brutal, so that is not a big deal to me.
161. I've been seeing a therapist for the last few months through the River Centre. She has been excellent. She has been looking at doing Eye Movement and Desensitization and Reprocessing (EMDR) with me. With EMDR, they need to focus on a particular part to get the therapy working and they've been struggling to nail it down on a particular section for me because of the complex set of circumstances of the abuse. So EMDR might not be right for me.
162. One of the struggles I've had, and the therapist referenced this within a couple of weeks, is that I always struggled to be in a loving relationship, to accept love from someone and to properly love someone. That was the case until my wife [REDACTED] came along.
163. Basically what the therapist is saying is that [REDACTED] is the first person I have loved since [REDACTED] QFB and what has happened is that the

wires have got crossed to the point that there's a physiological reaction in me that goes back to being terrified, to that moment in the bed with ^{QFB} where I was shaking. Any time that [REDACTED] and I are trying to be intimate or get close, I have this physiological reaction where I just want to rip my face off. It's such a violent reaction and it happens within milliseconds. My face gets immediately hot and I have no control over it.

164. [REDACTED] is incredibly understanding about all of this but that is the damage it's done. It's done far more damage to me than anything else in my life. He has created absolute devastation in my life. I got to a point where I've found someone that I absolutely love and want to be with, then this happens. This is very difficult for me because I am a very positive person even in the face of adversity and deprivation, and I am someone that examines my behaviour a lot and can usually control the way I think about things. My mindset is that no-one that affected me in the past should be given the space to do so in the future, but I have absolutely no control over this. That's why I wanted to see if EMDR could help, but there's this whole background of other stuff that's coming out that's making the EMDR therapy difficult.

165. I've had night terrors since I've started opening up about the abuse. That's been happening for about four months. It's completely off

the wall stuff. I didn't think I would be capable of thinking some of the things that are coming into my head. I wake up absolutely petrified at three and four in the morning and I have to get up and put all the lights on, check everywhere and try and get my head space right. I'm now suffering from sleep deprivation.

166. I suffered from ulcerative colitis for many years. Canadian research out carried in 2016 shows three and half times the incidence of ulcerative colitis in people who have been sexually abused, compared to the rest of the population. My colon was removed in 1990. For a year, I had a bag on my side and then I got reconstructive surgery where they made an internal pouch made out of my small intestine, which is essentially a pocket where faeces is stored until I go to the toilet. This has become infected many times, as a direct result of stress, and I have been hospitalised on several occasions. On one occasion, I was ill for seven months. This was directly related to the PF deciding to not prosecute QFB

167. I find it very difficult to deal with betrayal. I can completely take people out of my life if I feel betrayed by them. I find this easy to do even if they have been in my life for years. I remember my step-father calling me 'boy' when he was taking me home for a visit from the assessment centre one day. I really objected to it and I hated him after that. My relationship with him from then on was

disastrous, just because of that one comment. I don't understand why it had such a massive impact on me. I have examined this a lot as an adult. The comment must have triggered something, and he must have been someone I trusted, and I saw it as a betrayal of my trust. I continue to this day to react like this if someone betrays my trust.

168. As a granddad, I would love to have that interaction with my grandchildren where I felt comfortable about helping them to go to the toilet or changing a nappy. I feel uncomfortable with this because of my background. Also, even although I know none of my family would ever think anything like that of me, it's at the back of my mind that they know I was abused and I'm wondering what they're thinking.

Other treatment and support

169. I've kind of shied away from support until recently when I was referred to the River Centre. I've found it very difficult to be on the same level as a lot of people whose roles are to support you, because I think very differently to them. I think outside and inside the box. They generally don't listen to me or try to understand who I am, and they choose to go down a route that's familiar to them, rather than trying to come up with a solution for the individual.

They think that everyone fits into this little cubby hole and that's all they can offer you. I've been quite wary of psychologists because I don't think it's the right process for everyone, and I've found my own way to deal with most things, and that is listening to myself, understanding myself and liking myself. For a long time, I didn't like who I was. I love myself now and that makes things easier.

170. I had been offered support from the In Care Survivors group, but they were just dragging me backwards. They thought it was okay to tell me that I needed to be angry, taking me back years and years. It was the most damaging thing ever. The woman was so backwards, it was unbelievable. She couldn't understand that I didn't need to be patted on the back and told, "There, there". She had no understanding at all about who I was as an adult. I ended up putting in a complaint. The only reason I contacted the group was because I wanted financial support to take a civil action against Barnardo's, and you had to be associated with the welfare element to do that. I now intend to instruct lawyers to raise a civil action.

171. The lady I am seeing at the River Centre is a psychologist. She has a good way of working. She is a very good listener and she comes back with some amazing things that I had never even thought about. It's obvious that she is actually listening to what I am saying, and she speaks to me about what she's thinking, which I really like. That's

what works for me. She focuses on who I am as an individual, rather than trying to deliver a specific programme that can't be deviated from. Also, she doesn't allow her own life experiences to cloud anything that we talk about in that room for an hour. It's all centred round what I am actually there for.

172. I find it difficult to talk about certain things because I worry about people taking ownership of what's happened to me, which then causes them distress. So I tend not to talk about the particulars of the abuse because I don't want people to have it in their heads. It is easier for me to write it down. I can be much more specific about the abuse, and I can do it in a creative way that helps me, rather than worrying about the people I'm telling it to. I also find it difficult to trust some of the people who are meant to be supporting you, because often they aren't honest or open at the beginning, whereas I am very open and very honest about the things I say to people.

173. Also, I don't really like to talk about the components of abuse because I have a very strong character and it is difficult to show people that underbelly. The abuse is something that certainly wouldn't happen to me now and it wouldn't happen to anyone I know because I would intervene and prevent it.

Other action taken

174. I cannot criticise any of the care methods that were used in Glasclune, so I would have supported Barnardo's for the rest of my life despite having been sexually abused. I had a huge belief in their system. However, as soon as they learned about the sexual abuse, the doors were slammed shut in my face.
175. I wrote a really nice letter to a lady in Barnardo's headquarters in London, explaining who I was and what had happened to me. They had set up a department to deal with this kind of thing, but their stance was to admit nothing and close the door on any accusations that came in. I didn't even get a response from them. As a former resident of their organisation, I was very surprised at how quickly they closed all contact. They didn't want to know and everything was brushed under the carpet.
176. Glasclune held a reunion some years ago. I took the opportunity at that time to make contact with a number of the staff to tell them what had happened with QFB. I know that QFB had planned to attend the reunion, because I had tracked him down and I then got an email from him about the reunion. I've still got the email.

177. The staff were all very hurt when I told them what had happened to me. I was then upset that I had affected their lives by telling them something they had been a part of, albeit indirectly, had been so destructive for me. This is what happens when I am honest about the abuse. I end up feeling bad for others. I wasn't prepared for their reaction, but I wanted to tell them in my way to make sure they understood that I knew they would have done something if they had known what was happening to me.

Records

178. I wanted to get my records because I didn't have an identity. I knew nothing about my childhood. It had all been erased from my memory. I had been fighting Barnardo's for access to my file for a long time and was always refused. It was only after a change in legislation that I was allowed access to my file.

179. I was designated this counsellor lady because they didn't just suddenly hand your file to you. It had to be done through a process where they had involvement so they could ensure that third party information was removed, and they could explain things to you. The counsellor was quite old and very nice, but she was in tears when she read back to me what I had told her about QFB I then felt guilty

that I had upset this older lady and I felt bad about it for a long time.

180. There was some local authority stuff in my file, but I think a lot of the local authority records either got burnt in a fire or were destroyed. I was really disappointed with what was in my file. The content lacked any insight into my personality. There were no photographs of me and nothing was documented about, for example, what I had done on a particular day, what I enjoyed doing, how I got on with other children, what my first day at school was like, or how I had done at school. It was all just adult sentences about things that didn't really relate a lot to me as a child. It was a report rather than a collection of information about a young life. I had expected to learn about me from my file, like I was reading a book about myself. In a normal family, there's photos around the house and this whole history of stories and tales about children growing up. None of that exists for me. I remember one statement that was written by a staff member which said, "This boy is as thick as two short planks and will amount to nothing".

181. When I read the reports written by the psychologist Dr Woolfe, the impression I got was that the way she wrote about me did not relate to how I remember the relationship between us. What she wrote

isn't cutting, but it's different to how I remember it. I understand why that would be the case.

Lessons learned

182. I think organisations responsible for children in care should record information in childrens' files which will be helpful for them to have when they grow up. I understand that organisations need to record certain information for their own purposes, but it also important to think about what individuals will want to know about themselves. I attended a fostering and adoption conference with Barnardo's and spoke there about how important this is. Getting my file and learning that it was just a method of reporting certain things was hugely disappointing for me.
183. I think it's very difficult to know what someone's true intentions are towards children, so it is important that staff and other people coming into contact with children in care are aware of what is appropriate contact and behaviour. When I was in Glasclune, some of the female members of staff would come in when I was standing naked in the shower. I also remember staff would take their jeans off and just have their underwear on when we were all out sunbathing. Things were much freer then so that wasn't a big deal. I

would be horrified if that happened now. I think you can get too overloaded with the wrong impressions of, for example, what a child sitting on Santa Claus or a priest's knee might mean, but I do think it's right that there is focus now on what is and what is not appropriate.

184. I think protecting children has a much higher importance now that it ever would have done in the 1970s and 1980s, but that also means that people will be much more secretive about how they perpetrate any potential crime against a child. I think the more you put in place to prevent it, the more people will be hungry to find a way around it. I think it would be quite difficult with a lot of the regulations that are in place now for an individual to have access to a child for any length of time in the same way someone had access to me. I think people will therefore look to use technology as a way of getting access to children from a distance. I think that is a good way for people to hide what their intentions are. Anything you want can be recorded on a phone or camera.

185. I also think that children need to be aware of what is normal in terms of appropriate behaviour towards them by adults. Children are being taught this in many schools now, but some schools won't do it for religious reasons. It's an argument for taking religion out of education. One of my infant grandchildren will pull her underwear

right down and expose herself. I tell her that she can't do that in front of adults and explain to her about the situations, such as when she's with her parents, when she can do it comfortably. This is the kind of attitude that adults should endorse.

186. I am aware in the Disclosure Scotland process that there is a delay in updating relevant important information and this could expose children and vulnerable adults. This is something that needs to be addressed.

Other information

187. I have my own arguments with Barnardo's now but I want to highlight just how much my life changed for the better when I got to Glasclune. I can't thank enough the ones who were involved in that process, because it completely transformed a young miserable life into something that started to mean something. It helped to create an identity for me, otherwise I just don't know what would have happened to me. It was such a magical place and the idea that children should be allowed to have the space to develop into whoever they were going to be was fully endorsed.

188. QFB [REDACTED] of course had a hidden agenda, but 95% of the staff were just incredible individuals and were there because they genuinely cared about children.
189. 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

[REDACTED]

Dated

02072018