

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HWD

Support person present: Yes

1. My full name is HWD. My name at birth was HWD. My date of birth is 1965. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before care

2. I was born in Bangour. My mum's maiden name was . She was married to my dad, who was Polish, and was called . I also had a little brother called who was two years younger than me. I had my dad's Polish surname when I was born but my parents split up when I was quite young. I don't remember my dad from childhood. My mum told us that he had died, but that wasn't true. Years later, I found out he was alive, had another family and had changed his name to .
3. My nana and papa, who were my mum's parents, brought me up. I lived with them at in Bathgate. My brother and me went to Balbardie Primary School. I didn't see much of my mum who was busy working in pubs.
4. My mum got married to a man called so my brother and me had our names changed to , and went to live with them in a top floor flat at in Boghall. My brother and I moved school to Boghall Primary School. I was about eight or nine years old at the time. That was when things started to go wrong.

5. My step-dad, [REDACTED] was a big drinker and gambler. He would have parties round the house with people gambling and would lose money all the time. We had Christmases with nothing because of his gambling. He was really physically abusive, and would hit me and [REDACTED] if he thought we ate the wrong way or breathed the wrong way. He would kick our head in if we lost at pool. He would just beat us up for anything at all. He would also beat my mum up and make us watch.
6. We were made to sleep on the floor and weren't allowed to visit my nana or go to her funeral when she died. I found out years later that my nana had reported him to the cruelty people for the way that he treated us so maybe that was why [REDACTED] wouldn't let us see her. I also had a wee sister who was born and died when she was a few months old.
7. We had been Protestant but [REDACTED] was Catholic and he made us change to Catholic. We were baptised and made to change schools and go to St Columba's. I think I have been to every primary school in Bathgate at some point.
8. I became an altar boy at the school chapel after becoming Catholic. The main priest was Father Healy, but there was also a priest called Father LUF [REDACTED] there who would come and get me out of class and take me into his wee room. He would sit me on his lap and give me what he called "God's special cuddles for the new Catholics" where he hugged me and touch my privates. He did this to me a few times. I hated Wednesday and Friday mass because I knew he would come to class and pick one of us to go with him and it was usually me. I was about nine years old at this time.
9. I couldn't tell anybody. I got battered just for speaking in the wrong way at home so I wasn't going to speak about this.
10. One day, Father Healy, who was a great character, walked into the room while Father LUF [REDACTED] had me on his lap and was cuddling me while I was sitting there rigid. Father Healy told me to get out the room so I did, and then I heard shouting between them but I don't know what was said. I never saw LUF [REDACTED] at school again. He was a priest at Bathgate so he maybe just went back there.

11. I saw LUF [REDACTED] years later at mass a few times. I was an adult then and had put it behind me so didn't say anything to him. He passed me and smiled. He went on to become a [REDACTED].
12. [REDACTED] was a total criminal so the police were always round at our house. He was in and out of jail a lot for breaking into places and robbing them. That was the only time we got any peace.
13. We moved from Boghall to Bathgate, to an upstairs downstairs house. I would skive school a lot because I got bullied for being Protestant, even though we had converted to Catholics, so I was getting into fights a lot at school. Then [REDACTED] would batter us for skiving. He battered us for everything. My family members, aunties and uncles would call us the Fenians for converting, so we got it from everywhere. It wore me down.
14. My mum and stepdad had two daughters, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I was about nine years old when they came along. [REDACTED] and me were used as babysitters to look after them all the time after that.

#### **Wallhouse Children's Home, Torphichen**

15. I was in Wallhouse Children's Home in Torphichen a few times. I would only be there for one or two nights. The police or the cruelty man would take me and [REDACTED], usually after [REDACTED] had battered us or because we hadn't been to school. I don't remember anybody ever asking us any questions about why we weren't going to school. Everybody knew what was happening but they just turned a blind eye. I remember a social worker speaking to me sometimes, but I remember it being a social worker for [REDACTED].

16. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

### Going into care

17. I properly went into care when I was in second year at school, when I was about thirteen years old. My social work records say I went into care when I was fifteen years old, but that is wrong.
18. One day when my mum was working at her barmaid job and [REDACTED] was out drinking, [REDACTED] and me were babysitting our little sisters who were about three years old at this point. We took some money from an old purse of my mum's to go to the ice-cream van because our pals were going and as usual we never had any money. When [REDACTED] came home and realised we'd taken it, he went ballistic. He came upstairs and beat the shit out of us and belted us with the buckle end of the belt. He had done it plenty times before but this was something else.
19. [REDACTED] flung [REDACTED] across the room, and [REDACTED] was screaming in agony. I think he'd hurt his ankle. [REDACTED] then went back downstairs. I saw the front door was open so I grabbed [REDACTED] and put him on my back, and ran out the front door. [REDACTED] was screaming behind us but I just ran to my cousin's house. I dropped [REDACTED] at the door, banged the front door and ran away. My social work notes say I was running to my dad's but I wasn't. I didn't even know where my dad was. I was just running and didn't know where to go.
20. The police caught me on Glasgow Road. My social work notes say they got me at my gran's but that's not true. The police officer, Bob White, took me back to the police station at Bathgate. A doctor was called there to see me because I was covered in blood and bruises, and had a broken wrist from [REDACTED]'s beating. [REDACTED] was also there. A social worker from Bathgate called Mrs Logan appeared.



21. I remember being in a wee room and standing on a table with the doctor pointing out my injuries to the police officer. Then my mum came in crying. I remember the police officer, Bob White, asking her if she could see what [REDACTED] had done to me. My mum denied that [REDACTED] had done it. I couldn't believe it. It broke my heart. I just stood there numb and didn't say anything. My mum then left.
22. I don't remember being taken to hospital but I remember my wrist being bandaged up so maybe the doctor did it. [REDACTED] was taken to the hospital and then brought to the police station too. We were there for hours until the early hours of the morning.
23. Another social worker called Sylvia appeared and said she was going to take us to a place on Calder Road in Edinburgh. I think Mrs Logan was maybe replaced because she knew my family. I remember [REDACTED] and me being taken away in a car to the home.

#### **Calder Grove Children's Home, Edinburgh**

24. I was about thirteen years old when I was taken to Calder Grove Children's Home and [REDACTED] would have been about eleven. I remember the social worker parking the car in the car park and we walked up to the front door. I remember walking into Calder Grove like it was yesterday. [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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58. [REDACTED] was moved back home to my mum's and then I think he was sent to Barnardos and then on to St Ninian's, Falkland, where he was abused. He told me that years later. We didn't have much to do with each other as kids after he was moved from Calder Grove.

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### Leaving Calder Grove

82. After being in Calder Grove for about a year, my social worker came and I thought I was going to a children's panel. She told me to get my stuff. I asked why and she said I was going to Bathgate Children's Home but didn't tell me why.

83. She took me to a panel and then it was decided I was going to Bathgate Children's Home, even though it seemed to have been decided before the panel. I was raging because it was near my mum's house and I didn't want to be near [REDACTED].

84. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

I was then just taken away from there and back to Bathgate with no warning. It made me feel like my life wasn't my own. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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## **Bathgate Children's Home, Bathgate**

85. I was taken by the female social worker from the panel straight to Bathgate Academy High School. She went into the headmaster's office with me and told me to take myself to Bathgate Children's Home after school and that she would be there to meet me. I was fourteen years old or not far off it at the time.

86. I went into the school and into class. It was still the morning when I was dropped off at the school and I was expelled by the afternoon. A teacher tried to give me the belt and I took it off him and gave him it right back so I got expelled.

87. I went from the school to Bathgate Children's Home. The social worker wasn't there

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I was taken to an assessment centre instead.



## **Liberton Assessment Centre**

92. I was taken to the assessment centre and was locked away there. I was either fourteen or almost fourteen years old at this point.
93. It was a place for boys and girls up to the age of sixteen, but we were kept in separate parts. In the boys' area, we were separated into age group so the younger boys, under the age of nine, who were called "The Wombles," slept in a different area.
94. The place was locked down so you couldn't leave. Every door was locked in there so it had to be unlocked to let you through and then locked again behind you. There was a recreation room, which we called "the rec room." There was an outside area, which was enclosed.
95. You were told that you were a criminal and that you were locked up for the good of the community. Staff would say that to you all the time.
96. There were boys in there that were in for being proper criminals. I was just in because I had been a stupid laddie who had ran away.

### *Staff*

97. I don't remember the name of the man in charge. I only saw him a few times and that was just when he was dishing out a punishment. I never saw him otherwise.
98. The staff members I remember are a man who was nicknamed "EWA" the woodwork teacher called Mr HYY and MTM, who wasn't an actual priest or anything, that was just a nickname for him.
99. When I first went in, MTM said he had heard all about me Secondary Institutions - to be published in. He said I better not be there to cause trouble and that they would sort me out.

100. Most of the staff would give you a slap. There were one or two who were alright, including a wee fat guy. You knew you would have an alright time if they were on duty, but I can't remember their names.

#### *Daily routine*

101. We had to wear their clothes that they gave us. It was a uniform of black jogging bottoms, a t-shirt and pants. They had all been worn by other people before, even the pants, which was horrible.
102. We went to a classroom during the day. When we weren't there, we were all crammed into the rec room.
103. The food was absolutely disgusting. The potatoes were full of water. You could go for days without eating because the food was so bad. Boys would be made to go round with these big pots of tea which already had milk and sugar in it so everybody got the same. Some days you would just get water.
104. There were two or three of you in a room at night so you couldn't even sleep alone. Staff would be in and out constantly. You were monitored all the time.

#### *Schooling*

105. We were supposed to get our education in there but we didn't. All the boys between twelve and sixteen years old were in one classroom together with one teacher. No teaching took place. The teacher just sat around drinking coffee. The boys under twelve were grouped together in another class.
106. Sometimes we would have metal work but we didn't actually do anything. We would also have woodwork with Mr HYY but he just sat around smoking most of the time. We did a few bits in his class.

### *Washing/ bathing*

- 107. You were told by whichever member of staff was on duty when you could go for a shower. If you didn't get to go in the morning, you would be told to go in the afternoon.
- 108. You couldn't even go to the toilet or have a shower without privacy. There were no doors on the toilets or showers.

### *Visits*

- 109. I saw a social worker occasionally but not often. It was a running joke when boys came into the home and said they would be out in two weeks, that they wouldn't even see their social worker in two weeks. All the boys made the same joke so I think everyone had the same experience with their social workers and hardly ever saw them.
- 110. Sometimes the police were in. I never saw anybody else from outside coming in to do inspections or anything else.
- 111. I never saw my family at all while I was in there.

### *Running away*

- 112. I tried to run away once. There were big, plastic windows. Me and a few other boys put a window out and threw a mattress out the window and jumped out to land on it, but ended up landing on the grass beside it and cut our legs. We were caught in about two seconds and never got away.
- 113. We were punished by being put in the cells and got a kicking for it.

## **Abuse in Liberton Assessment Centre**

114. There were proper criminal boys in there. There were boys going about carrying chisels which they used as weapons so you had to really watch your back. Some boys, when they were bringing the big pots of tea round at meal times, would smash you in the face with the pot of tea if they didn't like you. I had to look after myself in there as well.
115. The staff just sat around all day, smoking about sixty fags a day. They just sat there and puffed away while shouting and bawling at you. No assessment actually took place.
116. Staff would abuse you physically, sexually and mentally.
117. The staff were really violent in there. We weren't even allowed to look at the staff or they would get angry. They saw that as a threat. They would tell us all the time that we were there because nobody wanted us, and they didn't even want us but they got a pay cheque for it.
118. Most of the time, the staff took you to the rec room to kick the shit out of you. The harder the staff were with me, the harder I tried to be, but the truth was that I was just a frightened kid pretending to be hard.
119. **MTM** was one of the better members of staff because he would listen to you sometimes, but he was really rough and would also drag you around if he thought you needed it.
120. Mr **HYY** was an animal. He was a big guy who smoked like a chimney in class. If he got annoyed with a boy in class, he would say he would sort them out later. He basically couldn't be bothered doing anything in class. Then later, in the rec room, he would punch and kick boys and slam them against the wall. This happened to me. **HYY** was really violent.

121. There were cells in there that staff would drag you to as punishment. It was just a small room. They would chuck you in there if you were fighting with other boys or if they thought you needed to be punished. Any member of staff could decide to put you in the cells. It didn't have to be a decision made by the man in charge. I don't think any record was kept of putting us in the cells.
122. You would be chucked in the cell, get punched and kicked and left there. You got to keep your clothes on. You could be in there for one, two or three nights then you would be let out to go and get your punishment because they didn't see the cells as punishment enough. You would be taken to the man in charge of the place to get your punishment, which was usually to scrub the stairs with a toothbrush, or not allowed to get any time in the rec room, or something similar. That happened to me four or five times and was the only time I ever saw him. I don't even know what his name was because I never saw him any other time.
123. EWA [REDACTED] was just a pervert. He would touch you in the showers all the time. He would grope you and say things like "look at your wee willy," and he would skelp your bare bum as he passed you in the shower. He did that to me and I saw him do it to other boys. He did more than that to other boys but not to me. Everybody was aware of what he was like, including staff. He would also get his own willy out and walk past you saying yours wasn't the size of his. He was a creepy guy.
124. We all knew he was sexually abusing the younger boys, who we called "the wombles." In my opinion, the staff all knew what he was doing. I heard other boys tell staff about EWA [REDACTED] touching them and exposing himself all the time. I told Mr HYY [REDACTED] about it once and he punched me in the face. Another boy told Mr HYY [REDACTED] about EWA [REDACTED] having an erection around the boys, and HYY [REDACTED] made excuses for him saying that all men got erections at the wrong time. It ended up with other staff coming into the room and getting into a fight with the boys.
125. You would tell some staff what was happening but they would just give you a slap.

126. I saw <sup>EWA</sup> years later, working at Theatre. It took all my will power not to approach him.

### **Leaving Liberton Assessment Centre**

127. I was there for about six months or so. When I was about fourteen years old, a social worker came to see me out of the blue and said I was being moved to a place called Ponton House. I asked why and she said it was a hostel type of place that would help me. I was just happy to get out of the assessment centre.

### **Ponton House, Magdala Crescent, Edinburgh**

128. I was taken to Ponton House when I was fourteen years old, and stayed there for about six months. It was just up the road from Haymarket train station, opposite Donaldson's School.

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## Leaving Ponton House

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was told I was being put in a secure unit.

It was the social worker who told me that. I didn't even go to a children's panel. The social worker came to get me and took me to Liberton Assessment Centre, where I would stay until they decided where to put me.

## Liberton Assessment Centre

153. I was put in the locked unit of the assessment centre, where I had two visits from Tam Paton's men. I knew one of them from Tam's house but I didn't know the other. They threatened me to keep my mouth shut about what went on at Tam's house. A male member of Liberton Assessment Centre staff also told me to keep my mouth shut. I don't remember his name. EWA, another staff member, also mentioned Tam so they all knew him or knew about him.

154. A week or so later, my mum came to see me with my step dad and the police. The police questioned me about what happened at Tam Paton's house. I didn't tell them anything because I had been warned by Tam's men. was trying to help the police, asking me questions and pretending to be all pally with me. My mum was crying about what a bad parent she was, which was true.

155. After being in the assessment centre for four weeks, I got a home visit for half a day, which was unheard of there. I think that was because everyone was trying to get me on side so I would tell them stuff about Tam Paton. I was allowed home but I didn't want to stay there so I ran away and was caught by police a few hours later.
156. I was taken to Wellie Farm by a social worker, but they refused to take me. They said that it was because I was too violent and they weren't secure enough. I was just there long enough for the social worker to talk to someone, then I was back in the car and the social worker took me to Dr Guthrie's List D School. I was at Dr Guthrie's for twenty minutes and got into a fight with a guy so I was then taken by the police back to Liberton Assessment Centre.
157. It was then decided that the only place secure enough to take me was Rossie Farm and I was taken there about two weeks later.

#### **Rossie Farm School, Montrose**

158. I was almost fifteen years old when a female social worker took me to Rossie Farm, which was a big white building with a secure, locked building next to it. There were playing fields and gardens, painting and joinery workshops, and an indoor swimming pool in the grounds. There was also the staff village where the staff lived and a big forest behind it.
159. There was a road that was a mile long which joined the main building to the main road. There was another two mile road that went from the main building to the main road but it went past the staff village and staff houses. The town of Montrose was about five miles away.
160. There were about forty to fifty boys in Rossie, aged from about fourteen to sixteen years old. There were boys older than me in there. We slept in dorms with different names, which were named after lochs. There were about eight boys to each dorm. I

was in a room called Kintyre. There was one called Lomond, but I don't remember the other names.

#### *First day*

161. On my first day, my social worker walked me into the building and into an office where I met the man who ran the place, then she left. He told me that I was in there as a punishment.
162. He then took me out of the office and up a staircase, which split and led to the rooms and showers. The rooms for the boys were on the left and the staff rooms were on the right. I was taken up to my room, which had eight beds in it, big windows and a ledge.
163. I was shown a big cupboard with clothes in it because we had to wear uniforms. I can't remember what the uniform was now but all the boys wore the same. Nobody had any of their own things.
164. The man showed me bed blocks, which I had never seen before and told me that was how they made beds in there. Everything had to be folded and set in an exact way and at a certain height. I was shown how clothes had to be folded and kept, even your socks had to be in an exact place. The bedside cabinet had to be kept a certain way and your shoes had to be kept an exact way. I was shown once and told I had two or three days to get it right and after that the whole room would be punished if I didn't do it properly.

#### *Staff*

165. I can't remember the name of SNR [REDACTED] but he was a big guy, kind of balding with brown hair. He was ex-military. All the staff in there were. There was a guy who we called HGO [REDACTED] who I think was SNR [REDACTED].
166. The rooms had a different staff member in charge of them. The guy who was in charge of our room was quite stern and wore tweed. There was a guy called HZV [REDACTED] who

was the P.E. instructor, and a guy called [REDACTED] who was known as [REDACTED] [REDACTED] " There was a member of night staff who we called [REDACTED] and there was another guy as well who was an old pervert. The only decent staff there were the gardener and his wife.

167. A staff member from Rossie mentioned Tam Paton to me when I first went in. He said that he knew I was one of "Tam's boys" and reminded me what I was there for and to keep my mouth shut. He just mentioned it once and not again, but that was enough. I can't remember his name.

#### *Daily routine*

168. We got woken up at 7:00 am by staff switching lights on, shouting and swearing at us to get up while banging doors. We got up and got showered. Then we went back to the room to make our bed blocks and made sure the room was spotless. We waited until that got checked by staff. If it was ok, we could all go for breakfast. If even one person's wasn't done properly, the whole room got made to stay back and do it again until it was done properly. That would cause anger between the boys. Some people would crack up and react and get sent to the cells for punishment.
169. We then went for breakfast when we were allowed. We were marched everywhere.
170. We would be given jobs to do during the day. We were put in what they called "work parties." There was a painting gang, who just painted the fences and bars on the windows. There was a forestry gang who were just bringing the cut wood from the forest back to the main building. I don't know what they used the wood for. If they trusted you, you would get an axe and get to cut the wood.
171. There was also a kitchen gang. I worked in the kitchens for about two weeks. I was just there to clean and do what I was told. We just got bullied about. They didn't teach us how to cook or anything. It was rotten in there so you didn't even want to eat anything that came out of it.



172. There was also a job working in the shed but the boys from the Lomond dorm got to do that most of the time because it was ok to work there and they were the pets. Other boys would get to work in the sheds the odd day here and there, including me.
173. zGBI would also make you do random things like make you dig big trenches and then get you to fill them in the following week. It was pointless and daft. If you needed to use the toilet when you were working, you had to shout and ask permission from a member of staff, and half the time they would say no.
174. You occasionally got told you would be in the classroom. There was one classroom and you would just be sat in there with boys of all ages. The schooling was a joke and it was obvious the teacher didn't care. I can't remember his name. There was no curriculum and he would tell us to daft things, like baby times tables, if anything. We weren't actually taught anything.
175. It was a very regimented place. When you had to get to bed, you had half an hour before the lights went out at 10:00 pm.
176. There was a pool but I rarely went to it because it was stinking. There was a ping pong table and a telly for any free time we had. We would be supervised by staff during these times because boys would fight amongst themselves.

#### *Food and mealtimes*

177. Everyone ate in the dining room together. The staff sat at a table at the top of the room and watched over the boys. They ate different food from what we got. Theirs was better.
178. The food we got was rank. The only thing I liked was the pizza. You didn't have to eat it if you didn't want to, although certain staff would make you sit there until you ate it even if you were feeling sick, but that only happened sometimes. Most of the time the staff didn't care. Sometimes you could go days without eating. One boy went on hunger strike and the staff didn't even notice until three days later.



### *Religious instruction*

179. There was no effort made to acknowledge anybody's religion. We didn't go to mass or anything, but the guy in charge of my dorm made us sing hymns every single day. On a Sunday, we were all made to stand in the hall and sing hymns. It wasn't religious. It was rubbish.

### *Bath/ shower times*

180. We showered in the morning in the shower block, which was just a big long area with shower heads.
181. The toilet was in the same room with no doors or wall around it so there was no privacy. You had to use the toilet while others were showering and could see you. The staff would walk past you and comment on your body when you were in the shower or make horrible comments if you were using the toilet.

### *Trips and visits*

182. You couldn't use the phone to phone anybody.
183. The social worker visited me about three times in the year and a half that I was there. I can't remember her name but she was a skinny woman. Before she came, staff would tell me not to dare say a word to her about what went on in there or else I would never leave there. The guy in charge or HGO would say that to me.
184. I did tell my social worker about what the staff were doing to us and the regular beatings we got. She didn't seem to care or do anything about it.
185. My mum never visited me the whole time I was there. I got a home visit once which was rare. It was agreed with the social worker that she would meet me at Bathgate. Staff told me I would get the bus to Harthill and could walk to Bathgate from there,

which was about fifteen miles. I ended up getting off the bus and getting a bus to Edinburgh instead. I was caught by the police and taken to Liberton Assessment Centre and then back to Rossie Farm.

186. My social worker came to visit me again after that and she wasn't really interested in what was going on even though the abuse was constant in there. She just told me how upset my mum was that I hadn't gone home for my visit.
187. My step dad had written me a letter about how disappointed he was in me not going home because it had been Bathgate Gala Day. I only got given the letter months later, when I was leaving Rossie.
188. There were never any trips, right until the end of my time there when they started taking us fishing and canoeing. It was an overnight change and it was really weird.

#### **Abuse at Rossie Farm**

189. You couldn't show any weakness in there because the other boys would bully you if you did. I acted the hard man a bit in there because I had to. There were regular fights between the boys. I was also a bit bigger than most other boys so I would stick up for others. I didn't like bullying so I would step in if I saw it happening. My pal, [REDACTED] who was a bit bigger than me, was the same.
190. Most of the time it was the boys against the staff because the staff were worse than the boys and we were all in the same boat.
191. The guy in charge of my room made us sing hymns and stuff, and didn't hit us as much. He would give us the odd slap but he wasn't too bad.
192. One of the punishments was to polish everybody's shoes until you could see your face in them. Another was to clean the big marble staircase with a toothbrush. The staff

would kick you and hit you as they walked past you. Another punishment was to be made to run around the football pitch and keep running until you collapsed.

193. The P.E. teacher, **HZV** was a bully. One time, a boy **██████████** and he stopped moving. **HZV** told me and another boy, Norrie, to go in and get him because he said he wasn't "going in to get the wee bastard." I jumped in to get the boy and I heard another splash and saw that it was Norrie. **HZV** had flung Norrie into the pool knowing fine well that he couldn't swim, so I had to get both of them out. The boy was taken away in an ambulance and I didn't see him again. Someone mentioned seeing him in the closed unit.
194. When I was working in the kitchens, me and another boy dropped some tins. **zGBI** **zGBI** saw it and asked me who the other boy had been who dropped them but I wouldn't say. He made me stand with my arms outstretched in front of me, holding a big, massive tin of beans for ages. It was agony.
195. Rossie Farm was a hell hole of a place and the abuse started as soon as I went in. We got marched everywhere, had to ask permission for everything, including going to the toilet, made to clean and tidy constantly and hit all the time. I was kicked, punched and battered daily. You weren't even allowed to look at the staff in there or you got a slap and they would tell you not to look at them because we were not the same as them, because they considered us to be like shit on their shoes. **HGO** was always kicking and punching boys, including me. He wanted everyone to do what he wanted all the time and was always lashing out.
196. The beatings in there just merged into one another. You would think you were going to die. I saw a wee laddie get battered so badly that I had to jump on top of him to give him a break from the battering. It was just constant.
197. Boys would regularly get injected in the bum if the staff thought they needed calming down. It made you feel instantly woozy. Then you would be put in chained cuffs on your ankles and wrists, and dragged to the cells. This happened every time when I was injected, which was up to about thirty times. It happened to loads of boys because

we would fight back when they battered us. Any member of staff would inject you. I don't know what they were injecting us with at the time, but I found out later from a psychologist that what they were injecting us with in Rossie Farm had been banned even in mental hospitals years before they were using it on us. It makes you wonder where they were getting it from.

### *Bed wetting*

198. I wet the bed a couple of times in there because I was constantly scared, and too scared to go to the toilet at night. You had to ask permission to go to the toilet and they would sometimes say no.
199. When you wet the bed, you had to stand outside of your room for ages, with your sheets beside you and look straight ahead. It was just to humiliate you and it worked. They would tell the other boys to call you the "pissy bed one" as they all walked out, encouraging them to make fun of you, and some of the boys would so that caused friction between the boys and led to fights later on.
200. I had to take my own sheets down to the laundry when I wet the bed and left them there for them to be washed. The staff never did anything to help when you wet the bed.

### *The cells*

201. There were padded cells at the back off the building, down a corridor past the gym hall. There were also unpadded cells. There was a wee concrete block in the cell, which was supposed to be a bed and that was it. You would be stripped down to your pants or totally naked and flung in the cells as a punishment. That happened to me a few times.
202. There was no light in the cells, but there was a wee window so you knew when it was daytime and night time. You couldn't get out to go to the toilet or anything so you had to do it in the corner of the cell. Every now and again the staff would come in and

chuck buckets of cold water over you and batter you for doing the toilet. You would sometimes get food but you wouldn't eat it half the time because it would be stinking and the cell would be stinking.

203. You could be in the cell for days. I would have my ankles and wrists in cuffs and chains during the day. You would sit there in silence, naked and shivering. You would be sat there, waiting and not knowing when you would get out. It would be pitch black at night and you could hear wee animals, like badgers, outside. You would just lie there awake and petrified, not knowing what was going to happen next. It was horrible. When you did hear something, you knew it was staff coming to batter you.
204. When you were let out, staff would come in, give you clothes to put on, cuff you and drag you out and take you into the office. You'd still be in bare feet. In the office, you would get shouted at by SNR [REDACTED]. He would ask if you had anything to say, but when you said anything about what happened, he would shout you down and tell you not to say anything about his staff. Then you would get your punishment. The staff would hold your face down to the table, with your arms behind you. There was a knot on the table and your ear had to be on the knot and they would slam your face down on the table until it was on the right spot. Then you would be made to put your hands out wide and hold the table. You would have your trousers and pants pulled down, then SNR [REDACTED] or sometimes HGO [REDACTED] would give you seven or nine strikes of a big, massive, leather belt with a handle. It was a couple of inches wide and split at the end. It was used for punishment and you would get smacked on your bum with it. I got punished with the cells and the belt a few times.
205. One day, when it was my sister's death anniversary, I was quite down about it. I don't know how zGBI [REDACTED] found out but he came over to me as I was digging a hole we'd been told to dig, and he said: "You are that bad, that even your sister died to get away from you." I was holding a shovel and reacted by smacking him with it. I got an absolute kicking from staff that time. Wee [REDACTED] jumped in to try and help but it didn't. I heard the staff shouting "calm him down" and I knew that meant I was getting an injection in my bum.



206. I was injected and I remember feeling woozy and the room spinning. I was then dragged to the cells, stripped and chunked in there. I don't know for how long but it was for days and days. Then I was taken to the office to get my punishment from SNR SNR. I got about twenty of the belt from him that day. I still have faint scars on my lower back from it.
207. After that, I got a kicking from HGO, HZV and other staff. They were punching me, kicking me and stamping on me so badly that I had blood pouring out of my mouth and face, and had a broken arm. I was chunked in the back of a van and had to be taken to hospital after that beating. I don't know which hospital because I was just taken out the van and straight in. The staff told the hospital staff that it was other kids that had done it. I had a foot print on my chest and the doctor said that it was not a child's foot print. My left forearm was broken so it was bandaged and tied up. I was fifteen years old at that time.
208. I was taken to the hospital another time as well after I got battered by staff for fighting. I don't know if it was the same hospital or not.

#### *Sexual abuse*

209. When you showered or used the toilet in the morning, staff would walk past and make fun of you, kick you or touch your private parts, slap your bum and make comments about boy's bodies and size of their private parts. The staff would walk past you and make comments as you tried to use the toilet as well. It was so horrible and degrading.
210. zGBI would come into the shower room and pee at the top end so his urine would run down the room into everyone's feet. He thought it was funny but it wasn't. It was disgusting.
211. Sometimes all the boys in the dorm would be woken at 2 or 3:00 am with the lights going on, and told to stand at the bottom of our beds. The night shift staff, either HZW or the other night staff would then check to see if anyone had an erection. Sometimes they would tell you to drop your trousers and you had to do it. If you had

an erection, they would hit it with a stick. It was really sore. We heard this happened to other dorms too.

212. HZW [REDACTED] and the other night watchman would sometimes pull boys out of bed at night and take them downstairs to a room, where they would touch, feel and grope them. I don't remember the name of the other night watchman one but he was a big, fat guy with a horrible, spotty face and wore joggers.
213. I saw these two take boys out of their beds at night and into a room. Everybody knew it was happening. One boy from Fife, whose surname was [REDACTED] told me that they had tried to have sex with him in the night. One boy was getting abused regularly and we could hear him screaming from the room because it was the middle of the night and everything else was silent.
214. They took me out of bed into the room a few times. They got me to strip down, touched and groped me between the legs. They didn't have sex with me, but they would humiliate me. They would try and get me to touch and play with myself while they laughed and said I could do better than that. The spotty faced one would be touching himself at the same time. I protested one night and lost my head. They called another remember of staff in and said I had attacked them, which wasn't true. I was pinned to the floor and then the three of them dragged me down to the cells, face first so my face was banging off every step and covered in blood by the time I was chunked in the cells.
215. When I was taken out the cells a couple of days later and to SNR [REDACTED], I told him what had happened about the sexual abuse. We weren't allowed to talk but I dared to speak out. He called me a liar and shouted at me about how dare I say things like that about his staff. I then got the belt again, just like I did every time I was taken out the cells.
216. Some of the boys in the Lomond House were like the staff pets who got special treatment. They got their meals before us. I think it was because they had given in and let the staff do what they wanted to them. There was a wee boy from Shetland who



had black, curly hair who was getting interfered with regularly. He went from being a good laugh and really bubbly to very quiet and distant. He would just sit silently for hours and play with his hair. He disappeared and we never saw him again, and were told that he had ran away. One or two members of staff like zGBI [REDACTED], made comments about how they had sorted him out and we wouldn't see him again. They were making out like they had killed him. I don't know if they were just trying to scare us. It did petrify us because these guys had so much power over us.

### *Running away*

217. We ran away a few times by climbing out the bedroom window, which was two stories up, and crawling along a four inch wide window ledge and jumping off. A few boys broke their legs doing that. I don't know what happened to them. Staff would just say they had sorted the boy out, and leave us to think the worst. It was all about fear.
218. A couple of staff had Doberman dogs and they would be set on you if you jumped out the window and ran away. A few boys would get bitten and needed to be taken to the doctor.
219. After getting my arm broken, I ran away and was going to go to my mum's but I went to Edinburgh to Tam Paton's house instead, because I had nowhere else to go. I saw a couple of high up people in important jobs at his house and Tam told me to go because he didn't want me hanging about covered in bruises in front of these people. He called the police and told me not to tell them that I had been at his house.
220. I was caught by the police at the end of Tam's road and they took me to Liberton Assessment Centre. I was put in a cell at the assessment centre and I remember hearing MTM [REDACTED]'s voice saying my name and swearing at me. He came and opened the door, and he just looked at me. He stood staring at me for ages because I was covered in bruises and my arm was bandaged up.
221. MTM [REDACTED] shouted for someone to bring me breakfast, which was brought up to me. I was lying on the floor in a ball, shaking. Looking back, I must have been rattling from

coming of whatever Rossie staff were injecting me with. [MTM] sat with me and asked me if I had been taking drugs. I said no and told him about the injections. He asked who gave me the bruises. I told him and he couldn't believe it. He asked me to pull my trousers down, and I did and he saw that I was covered in bruises on my legs. He told me to pull them back up and then he went away.

222. Ages later, I heard [HGO] shouting and coming towards the cell. I was scared and knew I was going to get it. The door to the cell opened and [HGO] [HZV] and another guy from Rossie came in, shouting and screaming and started battering me. Then I heard [MTM]'s voice asking what was going on, and I heard them arguing outside the cell. The Rossie staff were saying I was violent and it was nothing to with him. He was saying that they were three grown men and I was just a fifteen year old laddie. He was really angry with them and confronted them about my injuries and the injections.
223. The Rossie staff shackled my wrists and ankles. [MTM] was telling them there was no need for that, then said I should get something to eat before I left. The Rossie staff said no but [MTM] insisted I would stay and eat before I left so they took me downstairs to get food. The dining hall was packed and noisy but when they took me in and everyone saw me, the place went silent. Then I could hear people whispering that I was the Rossie boy. That was the first time my wife saw me because she was there and remembers seeing me.
224. I was sat at a table myself to eat. I ate and the place was really quiet. I couldn't even look at anybody. Boys who remembered me were walking past me and saying things like "heads up, [HWD]"
225. I had the cuffs put on my wrists and ankles again and was taken out to the car to be taken back to Rossie. As I was leaving [MTM] said to me: "Don't you worry son. You will not be suffering there for much longer."
226. I was then put in the back of the car between [HGO] and [HZV] and driven back. Just before we got to the Tay Bridge, I opened the window and shouted out to someone that they were trying to kidnap me. They battered me and kept twisting my broken arm.

227. I was put in the cells when I got back and I was in there for over a week. Every so often two members of staff would come in and really batter me. It could be zGBI zGBI HGO or others. I also got the belt from SNR when I got out. Then things just carried on.
228. I ran away a few times after that as well. I ran away with Norrie, whose full name was Norman Sinnet, and [REDACTED] We managed to get away and got to Montrose. We tried to break into a car even though none of us could drive. We were caught by the police who took us in the car back to Rossie. We sat in the car and told the police what went on at Rossie Farm and what they were doing to us. They just took us back, left and didn't do anything about it.
229. That time our punishment was to make us stand outside the main door in the rain, in our pyjamas. HZW [REDACTED] would put the lights on when everyone was asleep, he would get the three of us out of bed and drag us downstairs. He would then make us stand in the rain until 3 or 4:00 am, until he told us we could go back in. This went on for months, every time it rained. We would still have to get up in the morning with everyone else so we were knackered.
230. I met a guy from Rossie farm years later and he said he had been in the locked unit and he was glad because he knew we went through hell in the other bit.
231. A few of the boys who were in there with me are dead now, like [REDACTED], who was murdered by his uncle, and [REDACTED] who died with drugs.

### **Leaving Rossie Farm**

232. After months of being there, things just changed one day, out of the blue. The staff started making an effort and the beatings stopped. The place went from being totally regimented to being a bit more relaxed with recreational activities organised for us like football and cricket. This had never happened before.



233. The pool was clean and they were teaching people to swim. [HZV] was taking boys out canoeing. I did it once and it was weird. The classroom teacher who never taught anything was now taking boys fishing and showing us how to make flies. It was really weird. It was still the same staff but they had completely different attitudes. It made us all a bit suspicious to be honest. We were waiting for something bad to happen. Thinking back, I wonder if [MTM] reported them, but I don't know.
234. We would still get the odd kick and punch. It didn't change completely to a nice, rosy place.
235. A few weeks after the staff behaving better, I was told to go into the office one day. I went in and was told by the boss and [HGO] that I was getting a visit and was warned to say nothing or I would be in trouble. I just thought, here we go again, it is starting again. I then went into the dining room and my mum and sister were there. They wanted me home. I didn't want to go home but I wanted out of Rossie Farm.
236. About two weeks later, the social worker, who was still the skinny woman, appeared and went into the office and the next thing I knew, I was being taken away in a car. There was no build up and I never said bye to anybody. It happened really quickly and that was me away from there. The social worker never spoke to me in the car. I just sat looking down. She took me to Liberton Assessment Centre.
237. I was almost sixteen years old when I left Rossie Farm. I felt like I had been degraded as a person after my time there.

#### **Reporting abuse at Rossie Farm**

238. I told my social worker when she visited about what was happening and that we were getting beaten up really badly. Nothing changed.

239. I also told the police about the abuse when they caught me, [REDACTED] and Norrie when we ran away. The three of us told them in the police car. They never said or did anything to help.
240. <sup>MTM</sup> [REDACTED] saw my injuries when I was taken to Liberton Assessment Centre. He even confronted the Rossie Farm staff about the beatings and the injections when they came to get me. I don't know if he reported it or done something about it, but the staff at Rossie started behaving better after that.

### **Liberton Assessment Centre**

241. My social worker took me to Liberton Assessment Centre. I was just shy of turning sixteen years old at the time.
242. I spoke to <sup>MTM</sup> [REDACTED] when I went in. I can't remember anything about being there that time. I just remember keeping myself to myself.

### **Leaving care**

243. The social worker came to see me after I had been there for three or four weeks and I was told that I would get a home visit. I had made a set of steps and a table while I was there, so I took the steps and the table to take home to my mum's house.
244. The social worker didn't take me to my mum's but to a children's panel in the church on the precinct in Bathgate. At the panel, I was told that was me out of care and I was free to go. This was around my sixteenth birthday.
245. I was standing outside the panel and the police arrived. They said they had a report that I had stolen a set of steps and a table from Liberton Assessment Centre and I was going back to the station. I was just standing there wondering what was happening. I had given up the fight by that point. My step dad was the one who stepped in and said

I hadn't stolen them, I had made them and they were in the social worker's car. He pointed out that they were big things and I hadn't just snuck them out in my pocket.

246. After that, I just remember walking up the road to go home with my mum while my step dad went to the pub. It was really surreal. That was me. Chucked out the system and just left to it at sixteen years old.

### **Life back at home**

247. I was home with my mum and step dad and three sisters again. I was so institutionalised that when my mum went out the house one day, I stood in the hall bursting for the toilet but I didn't go until she came back and I asked her permission. I would need to switch the hall light on at night because I was scared of the dark.
248. My brother came back as well but it wasn't the same between us because we'd been apart for years.
249. Things went back to the way they had been at home. Back to me just babysitting and [REDACTED] being abusive. Things between [REDACTED] and me were not good and they just got worse. We clashed a lot. I hated him and needed to get out of the house before I hurt him because I really wanted to.
250. I was still trying to do my boxing as well. I got a wee job in the farm. I also went to a community centre in Bathgate and helped out with the kids in a play scheme, which I loved doing.
251. All the boys I had known before I went into care had moved on and I didn't fit in. I tried but I couldn't. I ended up getting into fights and getting into trouble with the police. I would find myself catching the bus to Dundee or Edinburgh to see pals there.
252. I had been home for about six months and got involved with violence and drugs. I was getting lifted for assaults and I would get into fights with the police as well. I just didn't

care anymore. I was charged for robbing a pub, which I hadn't done but my problem was that I just clammed up and didn't speak up when the police tried to talk to me. I would get fines and wouldn't pay them.

253. I was taken to Saughton, an adult prison, on remand. I was there a few times. I would get out and get arrested again and put back in. I got charged and convicted for an assault. I ended up in a young offenders institution and then a detention centre.
254. When I was out and home, [REDACTED] would be my pal one day, taking me to the pub and calling me his laddie, and then fall out with me the next. Then I wouldn't be let in the house so I would be staying with one aunty or another on their couch until I was arrested again. I was going off the rails.
255. My family had enough of me by the time I was seventeen and a half, and I was sleeping on the streets. I was coming through to Edinburgh and sleeping in Princes Street Gardens and hanging about there, and that was when Tam Paton saw me as he was driving past. He said he had heard that I had been kicking about and offered me to stay at his house, which I did. I knew at the time I didn't want to but I had nowhere else to go and it was cold, I had no clothes, no food and no money.

### **Saughton Prison**

256. I was seventeen years old the first time I was put in Saughton. I was in put in a cell with two bunk beds and there were three other guys in there. One guy who had murdered somebody. The guy in the bunk above me used to piss himself. I was just a young laddie. It was scary.
257. There was a piss pot in the corner, which needed to be emptied and guys would chuck it on each other. It was disgusting. There was no toilet so we used to go to the toilet on a newspaper and fling it out the window, which we called "shit bombs" in there.



258. There was no care in there and the staff weren't interested in you. We were locked up for 23 hours in the day so there isn't much else to tell about the place.

### **Glenochil Young Offenders Institution**

259. I was in Glenochil a couple of times when I was seventeen years old. The longest stretch I did in there was a few months.
260. There were different gangs in Glenochil depending on if you were from Glasgow, Edinburgh, Fife or wherever and there was a lot of bullying and violence. I kept myself to myself but a couple of boys in there took a dislike to me and wanted to stab me. I don't know why. I ended up locking myself in my cell to stay safe. The staff in there didn't care either.
261. I was completely alone by this point as I had no family to speak of, no social worker and I didn't know what I would do or where I would go when I got out.

### **Life as an adult**

262. I fell out with my mum and [REDACTED] so was staying with other relatives on their couches. I was drinking and taking any drugs I could find, and I was really violent by this point so I ended up on the streets. I got a few beatings because of my mouth. I had basically turned into something I wasn't.
263. My family turned my back on me and Tam Paton was all I had so I ended up going back there and stayed involved with violence and drugs. I ended up working for Tam for years. I did a couple of wee spells in and out of prison as an adult. I think Tam pulled strings to keep me out of prison with his high up contacts. He himself was caught red handed with a lot of drugs a lot of times and nothing ever happened to him and nothing really happened to the guys who worked for him.

264. I was working in Edinburgh but Bathgate was my getaway and I would go back and stay with pals and got back into boxing again. One day, I met my now wife in Bathgate and we got married. I was nineteen years old and she was sixteen and also out of care. We had nothing. Tam hated it when I got married but I was getting older and starting to do what I wanted. He would offer me a wee job here and there and chuck me a couple of quid.
265. My wife and I had five kids. We had come from nothing and we had nothing and everything we built, we built ourselves. We took out a Provident loan so I could get my HGV driving license, and then I became a truck driver. My wife wanted to become a nurse so she started studying again. I would come off a night shift, take kids to school, drive her to college and sleep in the truck for a while. There were times we didn't eat so the kids could eat. We have struggled with money our entire lives but I am really proud of everything my wife has done and achieved.
266. I was working and I did what I had to do to get by and keep my kids out of trouble. We bought a house and my kids grew up with a normal life in a normal family. They got smacked when they were wee and grounded, but I never battered them. They tell me now that they thought I was a soft touch when they were wee. They have turned out well. My son is a nurse and I have grandkids.
267. When I was driving trucks, I was sent to Rossie. I was shaking and nearly crashed my truck as I was driving up. I had to park up and cry before I went in and I was a grown man by then. The building I had been in and the workshops had been flattened. The secure unit was the only building still standing.
268. A guy walked over and it was the gardener. He said to me: "You're HWD" and I said I was, and he started crying and said he wished his wife was alive to see me. When I went in, the same guy was still in charge. He looked at me but didn't speak to me. I know he recognised me. zGBI was there as well and I don't know how I kept my temper and didn't react. He still made me so angry.

269. At one point, I was messing about with drugs again. I got caught and was sentenced to eight years and served just under four of those.
270. The court ordered a social work report before sentencing me. When I was speaking to the social worker who was doing the report, I recognised him and said to him that I knew him. He hung his head and said I didn't know him. I said that I did, and said all that was in the past. He had been the social worker who had been involved with me when I left Rossie Farm. I don't know how he even done his report because I hardly spoke to him.
271. My lawyer decided to get a psychologist report done on me. The psychologist asked me a few questions then asked if I was in care and in a secure unit. I said I had been in Rossie Farm. He asked me if I was known as 'HWD' I said that I was. He had written a report about Rossie Farm when I had been there. He had included in the report everything about us being injected, the abuse and that SNR it was a sociopath. His report had been ignored. I knew he was telling the truth about this because he said he had heard that when a boy was getting a kicking from a member of staff, I had jumped on top of the boy to protect him, and that was a true story. Working with that psychologist got the ball rolling with me. I accepted what I had done and I took the court punishment, but I decided I was going to do something with my time in jail.
272. I trained and worked with the Samaritans while I was in jail. I would sit with people in their cells and speak to them and hear their stories, which were really difficult to hear, but it made me look at people differently. Before, I would look at drug users and just think that they were junkies but I started looking at them differently after hearing their stories. They would thank me after and say it was just good to get it off their chest and I then thought that I need to get my story out as well. It has made me feel better getting it out.

## Impact

273. I don't seem to remember any Christmases, even now. I seem to blank them out. I don't know if that is because I never celebrated any all the time that I was in care.
274. The last proper schooling I got was when I was in third year at Wester Hailes. I didn't have much of an education after that. I didn't get any qualifications. I got into criminal activity to make money when I got out of care and dabbled in crimes to get by when having a proper legitimate job wasn't enough to get my kids what they needed. I am not proud of it but I had to get by.
275. It took me years to get over my experiences. For years after coming out of care, I couldn't even go to the toilet without asking for permission. I have always been scared of the dark after being locked in the cells for days in Rossie Farm. It was so scary and in complete darkness, it still freaks me out. I still have scars from the beltings I got in there.
276. I struggle to look people in the eye when talking to them because you weren't supposed to look staff in the eye in Liberton Assessment Centre or Rossie Farm because they saw that as threatening, and you'd end up getting a beating for it.

277. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

278.

279.



I served a long prison sentence as an adult because of involvement with drugs.

280. I was groomed by Tam and he ended up being in my life for years, until he died, because I had nobody else by the time I left care because I was so messed up. My kids even called him Uncle Tam, which was really weird for me. I went to Tam's funeral and I was so relieved that the connection with him was finally over. I realised after he died that he had had a hold over me all those years and I felt really stupid for letting it happen.
281. I look at junkies and criminals who do bad things and I can see that their experiences have made them like that, and then to realise I was also part of that ,was hard for me to accept. My wife and kids have suffered because of my mood swings over the years. I also used to hurt myself [REDACTED]. My friends and family suffered because I would drink and fight with anyone if I thought they were being cheeky to me. I had a lot of violent thoughts. I got into a lot of fights and it wasn't the real me. My time in care and direct experiences from that, is what led me to acting like that. Even now, certain smells and sounds will trigger strong emotional or angry reactions.
282. There are a lot of people who suffered more than me and guys in care who have taken their own lives. I think about my time in care all the time, even now. It always has, and sometimes still does, take me to dark places. They are horrible memories. I don't think I would be alive now if it wasn't for my wife. I think I would have harmed someone else or killed myself if it wasn't for her.

283.

284. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

## **Records**

285. My lawyers got my social work records but they are a lot of rubbish. They say that I went into Calder Grove when I was fifteen and a half, when I was actually thirteen years old. They have also redacted it all apart from bits that talk about me being bad.
286. There are no social work records or medical records for a big gap in my time in care. It is really weird and scary.
287. Before I went to jail on the drugs charge in 2013, my wife and I were thinking of going to Australia so an in depth search was done of our records. I had been in jail and everything as a teenager by this time but they found nothing at all on me, yet they came back with a charge of breach of the peace for my wife from when she was thirteen years old. I think Tam Paton had all of my criminal activity wiped using his high up contacts. I saw judges, police, and high up members from the prison service all attend parties at Tam Paton's house. I was introduced to them when I was there as an adult. I think someone somewhere had cleared my records. When I was sent to prison in 2013, they had to create a new prison number for me because they had no previous record on me. It was so bizarre.

### Lessons to be Learned

288. I think it is good that people are listening to people who suffered in care and this is well overdue. I am hoping that speaking out is really going to change things and not just be a government exercise like many others.
289. Even the good members of staff who saw the abuse and spoke about it at the time weren't listened to.
290. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed... .....

Dated... 2/9/22.....