

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IAP [REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is IAP [REDACTED]. I was born on the [REDACTED] 1943 in Kilmarnock. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I went into care at Smyllum Park in 1946 aged 3 with my two sisters and my brother. I have little recollection of life before going into care. I did not know my mother or father. I have no knowledge as to why I was put in there in the first place.
3. I had an older brother [REDACTED], who died in Smyllum, aged 6 years. He died only 6 months after we got there. I also have an older sister [REDACTED] who was 10 years old when we went there and a younger sister [REDACTED]

Routine at Smyllum Park Orphanage

First day

4. I have very little recollection of my first days as I was only three years old. I do remember screaming my head off in the nursery. I also remember that sometimes my sister [REDACTED] had to come and console [REDACTED] and myself. That was between 1946 and 1950. There's a bit of a void there. I have little memory from that period.

5. I can only start, chronologically speaking, from when I was seven years old.
6. I was kept apart from my brother and sisters. The girls were always kept apart. Throughout my first years I seldom saw them, they were just a name. There were babies right up to 15 year olds in the orphanage.
7. It was the Daughters of Charity who ran the orphanage, I believe the SNR [redacted] was Sister BAF [redacted]. I think that changed to Sister [redacted] some years later when I was still there but I'm not sure.

Mornings and bedtime

8. Our dormitories were long and cheerless; wooden floors and no curtains. They were what I would call institutional colours; old greens, yellows and browns.
9. Our beds were standard issue from World War 1 and were as hard as nails. There was no decoration and no warmth, just a permanent drabness all around.
10. We were awoken at 7 am by a nun and helper, who stayed in the rooms at the head of the dorm. Nuns tended to sleep in a room at the head of the dorm. There was a hierarchy with the nuns and some kind of regime.
11. Many of us were awake during the night. There was always screaming and a whole range of sounds: talking, kids being sick and the bed-wetting. Lights-out was usually at 8.30 pm but sometimes earlier if there was a feast, celebration or funeral the next morning.
12. Nightmares, screaming and bed-wetting were all reasons for a beating or for being punished during the night. Miss IAQ [redacted], who was a lay person, or a nun would thrash you. I was never thrashed for bed-wetting but I saw many boys being punished for it. I was thrashed, but for being an inquisitive wee boy.

13. In the morning, Sister ^{BAE} would inspect the bed clothes to look for soiled sheets and any boy with soiled sheets would have to stand in the middle of the dorm. Then I or another boy would have to take the soiled sheets to the boy who had wet his bed, and they would be draped over him.
14. Sister ^{BAE} would thrash the boy through the sheets with her big hairbrush. She would hit them all over while the sheet was covering them. There was no rhyme nor reason as to how she beat them. It was probably just down to her mood on the day.
15. The boy was forced to stand in isolation for hours, soiled bedclothes draped over him. It broke our hearts but no one dared approach him. He would be forced to swallow Epsom Salts.
16. The boys who wet their beds would be paraded up and down the breakfast room carrying their wet sheets under their arms. That was always in front of all the other boys. The nuns encouraged us to laugh at them and if you didn't laugh, they would whack you.
17. Tears would be streaming down my face, watching one of my pals getting beaten for bed-wetting.
18. Every night we had the 'Marian Prayers' such as the Rosary. We knelt by our beds and would recite the verses. If we were lucky, it would be cut down to 25 verses and there are 150 in total.

Washing and bathing

19. One of my earliest memories is of a zinc bath with all the boys lined up. The water was stone cold, muddy and dirty and there was red carbolic soap bars. There was Jeyes Fluid put in the bath and I remember it being white and creamy.

20. Bathtimes were supervised by nuns and lay people. Lay people were older girls and boys who had been brought up at the orphanage. They were in their twenties or thirties, had learning difficulties and more or less behaved like zombies. They were all cruel, even the lay people, as they just did as they were told by the nuns. They had no training and didn't know any better. They were just used as slaves.
21. As a general rule the bath times were done one dormitory at a time. About fifteen boys were bathed from the junior dorms. They were under seven years. Then as many as thirty boys from the senior dorms, who were aged from seven years up.
22. Those numbers were dependant on the intake at the orphanage, which changed from year to year.
23. I'm not sure how many boys were there in total. History tells us that there were as many as 700 children in the orphanage at any one time.
24. The dormitories were linked to age factor but there were other considerations like mental ability and maturity and intelligence levels.
25. Every Saturday, we were showered in frozen water and our clothes taken for laundry. We only had the two sets of clothes which were labelled with our numbers. I was 'Boy [REDACTED]'. We had to cover our fronts when showering or we would get whacked.
26. There wasn't enough towels, so when you came out the shower you had to stand in the cold, with your hands over your fronts, and wait for a cold wet towel.
27. They had this warped idea about your sexuality and your anatomy. The nuns seemed to see something dirty in it and imply things that weren't in our brains. Only an adult could understand. We knew nothing about sex. If you spoke about or mentioned anything to do with your front, they would just whack you.

28. AHZ [REDACTED] repaired our boots but you were given a new pair every year. By 'new', I mean you searched through the boots from the older boys and found a pair to best fit you. Everything was hand me downs. The boots were all green with mould.
29. We did have our Sunday best uniform but that was just for show when we were in Lanark on Sunday, or at church. We wore the blue orphanage blazer with the badge of St. Mary's on the left breast, grey shorts or trousers, grey socks and then sandals, in the summer, or our 'tackety boots'.

Food / Mealtime

30. Breakfast was the same every day. It was oats but like wallpaper paste, all lumps, just indigestible horrible stuff. It was made in big vats and handed out to the boys by the 'monitors'. The monitors were the older boys who helped at meal times.
31. Boys ate with the boys, girls ate with the girls. There was never any mixing. The girls were in a totally separate area.
32. There was no consideration for any boys that had dietary needs. We were treated like pigs around a trough. We all had to eat the same swill.
33. You had to say your prayers, the knife and fork had to be a certain way, you couldn't sit down until told and you would be force fed if you didn't eat your food.
34. I can't eat fat, even today. It makes me sick and the white, grisly, cheap meat was awful. One day, I was sick in the dining room. I was thrashed for that, then I was force fed my own vomit. Sister BAE [REDACTED] spooned it back into my mouth. Then I had to clean up my own vomit. That happened to many boys.
35. Supper was at 6 pm and we usually had a kind of gruel champ with very thin slices of bread unless you were lucky and got a cudger, an end of loaf. Sometimes we had

steak pie or mince but it was the cheapest meat they could find. Friday was fish day and tapioca and semolina were our standard pudding.

36. Sometimes you could talk but not if bed-wetter's were there walking up and down. If they were being punished, you would be eating or laughing at them. Not through choice, but the nuns encouraged it and if you didn't, you would get whacked.
37. If you didn't eat your food, you were force fed by the nuns. They all beat us. The helpers just did as the nuns instructed.

Leisure time

38. We always went for a walk in Lanark on a Sunday. We wore our best suits to put on a show for the locals. It was always the same route.
39. We still had our chores on a Sunday, but we would also get to play in the yard. It was a square cobbled courtyard. We had one see-saw in the yard. It was that or fighting with the other boys.
40. There was a sand point, like an old well, that I used to yank on and I got whacked for doing that as well. That was it, there was nothing else.
41. BAC [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] He ran the band and organised the football and rounders. He was [REDACTED] well schooled in the art of violence.
42. He would pull down on your left earlobe, then bang the right one with his hand. I was always stung and deeply wounded by his verbal humiliations. He would whack me and call me an 'effin B' as well as his own choice of colloquial abuse.
43. We would play football against a local boys team from Lanark on Sundays. They were BAC [REDACTED] pals and were a lot older than us. They would dish out painful kicks to the shins. That was commonplace in the football games.

44. I also took part in the boxing, which BAC organised. He always paired up smaller boys against bigger boys, just for sport.

Trips and holidays

45. We did go to a school camp at Aberfoyle or West Linton, for a week in the summer, every year. It was the same regime though. Only some boys went, not all. I don't know how they selected who went. If I didn't get to go I would stay and work at the orphanage.

Chores

46. When I was about eleven years old I became head of our dorm and was in charge of the cleaning. I must have had the qualities the nuns were looking for. However, if the cleaning was not up to the nuns satisfaction, it was me who got thumped.
47. We cleaned the whole dorm and stripped the beds. We would then hang the sheets over the end of the bed.
48. The chores were on a rota from 4 pm after school.
49. We had many daily cleaning chores, everything had to be kept spotless. There was an all-pervading antiseptic smell all the time.
50. Sheets and covers all had to be folded a certain way. Beds were made according to custom and the floors highly polished like mirrors. The nuns spent two days trying to inculcate into our feeble minds, how to make a bed.
51. If boys were physically unable to do any chores, they would do what they could. They would polish stone flags, clean windows and polish boots. The more physically able you were, the more chores you would have to do.

52. I was capable and was a member of the 'heavy squad'. We did more manual work like clearing roads and grass verges within the grounds. We would move plants and rubble. We never wore gloves and our hands were covered with calluses.
53. I remember the toilets were invariably blocked and the boys would be given the job of cleaning them out. They were no gloves or plungers, nothing like that. It was very unhygienic, they were handling faeces with their bare hands.
54. If the sewage overflowed, we had the job of clearing that up. We had no Wellington boots, if it was in the summer we had open sandals, some boys would be barefoot. If your clothes got dirty that was hard chucks, you just had to wear them.

Schooling / Religious Education

55. The school timetable was geared towards religious instruction and what the nuns called Christian values. We had the catechism and prayers daily in class.
56. Some of the nuns were teachers and some other teachers came in from Lanark. They were mostly old spinsters. They had the same lack of humanity and feeling as the nuns. School was very strap happy, they all gave the belt.
57. In class, you had to raise your hand to go to the toilet and sometimes you would not be allowed to go. You would then wet yourself and get the strap.
58. Miss IAR [REDACTED] who we called "IAR [REDACTED]", was a teacher who didn't like me because I was cheeky. I didn't know I was cheeky, I just asked the wrong questions. She gave me a bar of chocolate once for reciting a poem. She also thrashed me for a poem I wrote that she said was impertinent.
59. I remember you were not allowed to be left handed, you would be stopped or thumped for writing with your left hand.

60. Everyone failed their "11 Plus" exams at Smyllum. That would be about fifty boys from my class alone. However, there were no books to study. We had the rudiments of grammar and no vocabulary. It was an indoctrination rather than an education. There were no expectations for us to aspire to anything.
61. The educational diet was terrible, there were no libraries or bookcases filled with knowledge for a child to learn. Books were just kept from us. It simply wasn't an education.
62. Everything was done through the vehicle of religion. We never even experienced the simple childhood pleasure of being read a fairy-tale.
63. School went on until 4 pm but we did stop for lunch. We saluted all the teachers when they entered the room and stood up when they left.
64. I was fourteen and a half when I left that orphanage and I believe I had the mental or academic mind of an eight year old. I had no vocabulary.

Choir

65. I went to choir three or more nights a week. I was not asked to be in the choir, I wanted to be in the band or to be an altar boy. However, I could sing and read Latin so that was that.
66. I spent a great deal of enforced time aspiring to learn the Latin Mass and hymns. Latin to us was like "double-dutch" and was simply incomprehensible.
67. Sister ^{EAA} [REDACTED] was the ^{SNR} [REDACTED] of the school at Smyllum and the choir mistress. She believed our inability to master the rudiments of Latin was because we lacked the mental capacity.
68. It was constant repetition and if we got the wording wrong we were whacked with the strap and threatened with eternal damnation in hell. There was a high expectation as

we needed to learn Latin and music for requiem masses, saint's feasts and nun's funerals.

69. I could sing the Magnificat, the greeting of the angel to Mary. It was drummed into us. I learnt it all and I didn't understand a word of it.
70. After choir, we would return to the courtyard before supper.

Healthcare

71. I recall seeing a doctor and a dentist now and again but I have no real recollection of anything.
72. I remember being dipped in this blue stuff for head lice and my head being brushed with a steel comb which made my scalp bleed. That was done by nuns who came in from somewhere else, maybe the hospital in Lanark, but they were not from Smyllum.
73. There was an isolation hospital within the grounds but well away from the main building. Maybe it was for children with tuberculosis or other serious conditions. I was never in there.
74. I once climbed the orchard wall to get some apples and I got cuts on my right hand, my chin and above my right eye, from glass that was cemented into the top of the wall.
75. I had tried to stop the bleeding with a dock leaf but I had to go to St. Mary's Hospital in Lanark to get stitches. I was told by Miss ^{IAQ} [REDACTED] to say I had been running in a field and had fallen on broken glass.
76. When I came back from the hospital, Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] took me into her room. She read me the riot act then covered the keyhole on her door so no one could peek through. She hit me with a book on my head, again and again. It hit my bandaged

right hand as I tried to stop her. Then she grabbed my left hand, held it down on the desk and belted that hand.

77. I was paraded in front of the other boys, they always did that. I was thrashed and humiliated for being "out of bounds".
78. In confession, I told Father Carroll I stole apples from the orchard. I told him I had been thrashed by Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED]. I was petrified he might tell Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] but nothing happened. There was no-one else to talk to about being hit, you couldn't tell anyone.
79. Once when I was at the dentist in Lanark, I was chaperoned by a nun or lay person. I punched the dentist because what he was doing was so painful. He removed a tooth without giving me chloroform or anything.

Birthdays and Christmas

80. I have no recollection of any Christmas cards until aged about twelve, when I got my first one. I never received any birthday card. I didn't even know when my birthday was. There was never any talk about mothers and fathers.
81. My first Christmas card had a hankie inside it which said, "from Santa Claus, Kilmarnock" and there was a postal order. The nuns took the postal order away. I think that was 1956 and it happened again in 1957.
82. There was no Christmas tree and we only made paper chain decorations. I did look forward to Christmas but my expectation was very low. I had no idea what Christmas was in a family unit. There were no cards or presents until my last two years. There was a Christmas Day service and I recall a concert.
83. I do remember we got ice cream and jelly but there was no Christmas dinner. I think some boys did get presents but I can't say for sure. I recollect there being three

scooters but I have no idea where they came from. This was towards the end of my time in Smyllum.

84. What I do recall, is that we went to the cinema in the town every year. They closed it for us, to stop anyone running away. It was the same film every year, 'White Christmas', which was a bit incongruous with all the boys and girls getting Christmas presents round the tree.

Visits/Inspections

85. The only visitor I can recollect was my uncle [REDACTED] who came once or twice. He was a [REDACTED] I didn't even know what an uncle was then. I had no education and didn't know what to say to the man.
86. There was always a nun on the front door. She would stand there like a sentinel. There would be two lay helpers assisting the nun. If someone came to visit, the helpers would get Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED], who would come and get you and give you instructions.
87. You would wear your Sunday best but you were not allowed outside the grounds. If it was raining, there was a room you would see them in. Visitors were not allowed near the boys quarters.
88. Sometimes if it was a trusted parent, you might have been allowed to go to Valerio's Café which was just outside the gates. I have no idea how permission was given for that.
89. I think the nuns made it difficult, by design, for visitors.
90. It was the same with letters. A lay person would go and collect the mail from the Post Office. Everything that was for the boys would come to Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] and she would open it up. If there were any nice letters, you wouldn't get them.

Siblings

91. I went to Smyllum with my older brother [REDACTED] my older sister [REDACTED] and my younger sister [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was about six years old. He died in there after only six months.
92. The death certificate said the principal cause of death was pneumonia but I don't believe that. Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] told all the boys he had eaten a black slug and died.
93. There was no funeral service, no prayers and he was buried like a dog in a spot only known to God.
94. In my twelve years in that orphanage, I do not recall one Requiem Mass being said for the death of a child, yet a departed nun lay in state with flowers and candles and weeping and wailing.
95. My sister [REDACTED] was sometimes asked to come to the nursery and console our sister [REDACTED] and myself when we were crying. That was in our early years, when we were both crying and crying every night.
96. [REDACTED] is still alive but [REDACTED] has since died.
97. I have only met [REDACTED] twice since leaving Smyllum. Once was at her wedding. I didn't even know she was my sister most of the time I was at Smyllum. It's a terrible thing to have no relationship with your sister. I feel deeply about it. The problem was no bonding. We were brought up without any human contact.

Personal Possessions

98. We had no personal possessions, we didn't own anything. We had lockers where we kept our clothing in a regimented special order. There was nothing else we kept.

99. I may have had marbles or chuckies, that we got from other boys' friends or relatives. I may have had some old dog-eared comics. I never had one book.
100. We had very few toys, I don't recollect any of them. If we had any, it would be something we made ourselves like a pea shooter, a bow and arrow or a sling.

Running away

101. When I was about ten, I remember I went into the boiler room where I shouldn't have been. [REDACTED] worked there and I liked him. I sometimes helped him out with the wheelbarrows and the ash. It was out of bounds though, we were not allowed there.
102. Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] who was in charge of the boys, found me in the boiler room. She thumped me with her brush for being out of bounds. That made me decide to run away. I sneaked myself out and into a wooded area near the Cameronian soldiers barracks in Lanark.
103. It was raining and cold and I had no idea where I was going to go or what I was going to do. I suddenly realised I had no concept of the outside world. It was a hopeless situation and I remember the tears running down my face. I just went back to Smyllum and sneaked back through a sash window during the evening.
104. If you ran away, you were paraded in front of the assembly, you got the lecture and you got thrashed. It would be by Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] with a strap, pointer stick or brush. I wasn't caught for running away.

Nature and frequency of abuse at Smyllum Park

105. The number one abuser was Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED]. She had a slow and measured walking pace that didn't even jangle her silver rosary and crucifix. She was the enemy of every boy in the orphanage and I was terrified of her.
106. Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] exploited weakness. She would use one boy to whack another boy. That would give the boy no choice, he would have to do it or he would get whacked.
107. I was mortally afraid of her for the best part of eight years, wracked with anxiety and weak at the knees whenever she approached.
108. She rained down blows on my crumpled body with her boots, belt, pointer stick, ruler or any object to hand. Her favourite, though, was her tortoise shell hair brush which she kept concealed in her blue habit.
109. Most of all she favoured collective punishment. We were marshalled in lines and made to bend and stretch in time to the rhythm of a green frog metronome. She thrashed us across the back of your legs and on your hands while I carrying out that exercise. The remorseless pattern of that brutality was inflicted on every boy. There wasn't a dry eye among us.
110. The casualness of her fierceness was appalling. The endless punishment and suffering and slow psychological and emotional damage caused certain destruction to all the children who succumbed to it.
111. Sister ^{EAA} [REDACTED] was strap-happy and would thrash us regularly for failure to recite Latin.
112. The bed-wetting punishment was on a daily basis. Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] and Miss ^{IAQ} [REDACTED] would terrorise the boys both verbally and physically; reducing them to dehumanised boys, like jelly.

113. In class Miss IAR thrashed me for that cheeky poem I wrote. Then there was Miss AEP who was a horrible woman. She belted many children for impertinence including me.

Leaving Smyllum Park for St Columba's

114. I remember in 1958, when I was about fifteen, two men came to Smyllum from the Children's Office. Sister EAD gave me a brown bag and told me to put all the clothes from my locker in it.
115. The two men took me away in a car. I remember they asked about the postal orders that had been sent in my Christmas cards. It had been the Children's Office that had sent the cards. I found that out afterwards.
116. I left Smyllum that day with all my worldly goods in a small brown bag. I had no farewells or goodbyes to any of my family or friends.
117. The men took me to a café and I had an ice-cream. I was enjoying myself, enjoying the freedom. We drove to Largs and to a large building. The entrance was a bit like the approach to Smyllum.
118. I sat in a room on my own for four or five hours. The tears were streaming down my face. I didn't know why I was there. I had no idea. Nobody told me anything.

Events at St. Columba's

119. A brother eventually met me and I was taken for some food, then to bed. I was in a room on my own. I did not sleep at all that night.
120. There were other boys there, but they were superior to me and were there through choice. I was imprisoned and was just there to work for them and do all the chores.

121. It seemed to be a brothers' teaching Order. It was run by the Marist Brothers, I think, and was where priests were trained. They wore brown habits and some other different ones as well. It was a cruel place for me.
122. I was taken around the brothers and introduced and told what chores I was to do. I couldn't speak to them. I didn't know what to call them, I had no vocabulary. I just stood there like a zombie.
123. I got up at 6.30 am and cleaned the rooms, brought coffees, cleaned windows, cut grass and did digging. I did everything.
124. There was one morning, after about two months there, I took coffee in for the SNR SNR. I tripped over the rug in his room and spilt his coffee. The SNR, I think he was called Father IAS, went to his drawer and took out this belt. He lashed me twelve times across my back, leaving such painful weal marks. I decided after that that I was leaving, I was running away.

Running away from St Columba's

125. On Wednesdays, they all went for a walk to Largs, which left me alone with an opportunity to run away.
126. I took my same brown bag and ran off. I got the train from Largs to Kilmarnock. I was hoping to find uncle [REDACTED]. I didn't even know his surname so I don't know how I thought I was going to find him.
127. Yet again, I found myself with nowhere to go. I didn't know what to do, but I wasn't going back.
128. I ended up finding a red telephone box in a park and I slept in it for ten nights. I used public toilets to clean myself. That was me until I started running out of money.

129. Then I met a woman on a bench in that park who spoke to me, asking where I was from and if I was alright. This is painful because that woman was so kind to me.
130. I told her I had been in Smyllum, the home in Largs and in the telephone box. She gave me money and told me about an orphanage in Kilmarnock, Nazareth House.
131. I went to Nazareth House and knocked on the door. A nun appeared and I asked to stay as I had nowhere but she just slammed the door on me.
132. I went back to the phone box but the alarm bells had been sounded by the Homes and by the woman who spoke to me. I was curled up in that phone box later that night, when two policemen found me there.
133. I was taken to the police station and the sergeant gave me a big donut and a hot drink. I told him the truth about running away and the beating on my back. He lifted up my shirt and saw the marks.
134. Another home was found for me in Kilmarnock. It was called Peasholm or something. It was totally different, it wasn't a religious order place and had a different regime.
135. I had my own room, it was nice and warm and I would say it was more of a family unit. I found that difficult to cope with as I didn't know what to say. I couldn't communicate with the other children.
136. The Children's Officers found a job for me as a junior working in a shop. I liked that, it was easy and I did as I was told. I just found it difficult relating to the other guys who worked there. I could not relate to people. I could not talk about not having a mum or a dad.
137. After a time at the Kilmarnock orphanage, they asked me about finding a place to stay. It wasn't possible to stay with my uncle [REDACTED] so they asked about adoption. I didn't even know what adoption meant.

138. I did go from job to job and the Children's Officers moved me in with a distant relative. I don't remember the name or what the relationship was. It may have been a step brother of uncle [REDACTED]
139. It didn't work out well and I didn't stay long. I was treated differently from the rest of the family and my wishes were never given any consideration.
140. The Children's Officers found me another family. I was maybe fifteen or sixteen. I spent all my time in my room. I remember they had two children, who were younger than me. Once again there was no bond with that family. I think they moved to Australia. That ended abruptly as I just walked out.
141. Before leaving that family, I was checking local papers for digs. I eventually found somewhere. I was then working for [REDACTED] who dyed yarn in Kilmarnock. I got that job all by myself.
142. I was sixteen and at an age where I wanted to learn and to educate myself. I had taken night classes in economic organisation. I was primarily self-taught. It was a very difficult educational journey until I was 27.
143. I was beginning to think logically and life was teaching me to survive.

Reporting of abuse at Smyllum Park

144. I did not report anything that happened to me while I was at Smyllum. I did tell Father Carroll about Sister ^{BAE} [REDACTED] hitting me when I had cut myself on the orchard wall but that is it.
145. There was no point as no-one would believe you.

Reporting of abuse at St Columba's

146. When the police found me sleeping in the phone box and I went to the police station, I told the sergeant about being belted and he saw the marks on my back. Nothing came of that though.

Reporting to the police/criminal proceedings

147. I have not made any formal report to the police and there have been no criminal proceedings.

Life after being in care

General

148. I was determined to get an education and primarily self-taught myself. I went from job to job and moved from care to digs.
149. I would go to the library, read books on English grammar, take notes, write sentences and build a vocabulary. I did that when I was in the digs. I had no friends, no associations and no parents.
150. I did an international correspondence course in English followed by a degree in teacher training at the University of Dundee. Then I studied archaeology and history at Glasgow University.
151. I met my first wife, [REDACTED], when I was in [REDACTED]. She was a [REDACTED]. I was about 24 or 25. I lied to her about my background. Not being able to explain that has always been a big burden for me. I was just embarrassed by it.

152. We were married when I was 28. There was nobody on the groom's side at that wedding, other than my best man. All my wife's friends and relations were there and there was nobody there for me. Now that speaks loud and clear.
153. I was married for eighteen years and [REDACTED] is the mother of my son and two daughters.
154. I was diagnosed as having Childhood Trauma when I was teaching in 1997. I suffered from lassitude and stress. It happened when I was outside the school one day. I just couldn't move, I was paralysed. My heart was thumping and I had high blood pressure.
155. My life's essence was drained from me. There was this continual war of attrition and inability to relax. I have excelled educationally, but it was all at a cost personally to me. I burnt myself out and became unable to cope.
156. I did tell the doctor I was in an orphanage but nothing else. I always tried to hide my past. I would create a fictional family. I haven't spoken openly about Smyllum orphanage to anyone until now.
157. I was drinking a lot of the whisky then. I was prescribed a lot of pills for depression and high blood pressure. They were to slow me down. They gave me headaches and made me like a zombie.
158. Another handicap for me was losing my daughter to ovarian cancer when she was only 34. That was about five or six years ago.
159. After my daughter died, I decided I was going to end it all. I just couldn't see any point in carrying on. In fact it was two or three times I decided I was going to go. Something always seemed to distract me, though. Perhaps a guardian angel was looking after me.

160. My son was worried and concerned about me being on my own. He got me to join the Scotsman dating site. That was how I met my second wife, [REDACTED] She came over from Belgium. We are happy together and have much in common.

Impact

161. It was on seeing that Frank Docherty had passed away, that I contacted the Inquiry. Frank and I were in the same dormitory and knew one another in Smyllum. In more recent years he would phone me and ask my opinion from time to time, or I would send him the odd email.
162. I am conscious of my mortality and I have seen too many of my colleagues die before their voices were heard.
163. The worst feeling is the loneliness. I still find it very difficult to talk and to have any empathy with anyone. I was psychologically flawed and had to stick at it and stick at it to get things done.
164. When I was about sixteen and working at the shoe shop, a girl there asked me out three times before I eventually went to the cinema with her. I couldn't talk to her, I didn't know what to say.
165. We also went to a dance at a scout hut. I didn't know what to do. I danced like a piece of cardboard. I remember she kissed me under the mistletoe and I recoiled in horror. That was taboo. Physical contact was too much, I just couldn't cope.
166. This other girl once asked me out and we went with her mother and father to their family home. We were sitting at the table having a meal with her parents. I was all nervous and sweating as I knew what was coming. Her mother asked where I lived. I didn't know how to answer her. I didn't say anything, I just got up and ran out the house.

167. That happened every time. I couldn't make relationships with any girl. They had their friends and their families and lived with their mums and dads. I had to say I was in an orphanage.
168. It was such a deeply hurtful and embarrassing position for me to be in. I could not relate to that at all. There was this loneliness and I didn't know what to do or who to go to for solace or comfort or whatever.
169. That included just making friends. It was always something that was very difficult. I had no-one in the world that I could speak to, to share something with, as I am speaking to you today.
170. It's been like that with girls all my life. I'm not used to being hugged or kissed or held or whatever. I have never trusted anyone and that comes from the orphanage. I cannot bond with anyone and having any kind of romantic relationship is so difficult.
171. One thing about it all, was that I came out top in educational psychology: the learning theories and deprivation of children. I knew all about that because I was living it.
172. The orphanage did not prepare me for life outside. I stuck at it. I had a doggedness to prove things wrong; a self-determination and resilience.
173. People, by association, would get very wrong ideas about me and tar me with the wrong brush. I was determined to succeed.
174. The cost was so much to me. I still have reactions to this day. I scream in my sleep, my wife will tell you. Sometimes if my wife comes up behind me, I'll cower as if I'm expecting a nun to whack me on the head. It's as if I'm mentally wired to do certain things.
175. It is surely the biggest handicap in any life. Why was I dumped in an orphanage aged three? How do you explain that? Whenever conversation got to families I would digress, or leave, I couldn't speak of it.

176. My problem is mental. Whilst I am good with people, it's all humour and silly talk. It's to mask and hide my weakness. I'm deeply flawed and very sensitive to anything on the television or wherever. In fact, I don't even have a television anymore.
177. I can become very upset as I get an instant recall about something untoward that has happened in my past. The association, for example, when my daughter died, that was a terrible time.
178. The orphanage definitely affected my family life. I tried to give my family more than I had but it's difficult when you have no experience or knowledge. I was full of self-doubt and inferiority. I was possibly too stoical. I was unable to tell my wife anything.
179. I have had no counselling or treatment. I could not open up to a stranger. I have told my son some of the past now, but not all.
180. I have no faith in religion. I cannot have any faith in a God that could allow so much to happen to all those children. Food, shelter and dogma, that is all that was provided by that orphanage.
181. I have always struggled to deal with people in authority. As a teacher, I could relate to the children. I was one of them, after being brought up with all the boys, it was easy.
182. I just couldn't have the same relationship with teachers or authority figures. They were an anathema to me because they represented all that was bad in my life. I do not genuflect to authority or tug my forelock. I am an independent, free thinking guy.

Records

183. I have no records other than the photographs I have shown you. I have made no attempt to obtain any records.

Other information*Hopes for the Inquiry*

184. I would just like to see some justice. Not through financial reward, but through restitution and honesty. There has been a cry in the wilderness for too long.
185. Other countries have models that get it right. There has been a great injustice to these children. It's not right that people have been shown not to be worth anything.

Recommendations

186. A child should not be left alone. There needs to be balance and checks.
187. There needs to be highly qualified people overseeing such children. People with all the appropriate skills.
188. Throughout my twelve years in the home I was never hugged or held by a nun or any female member of staff. I never sat on anyone's lap, never held an adults hand and was never read to.
189. A nun can never be a satisfactory substitute for a mother. They are totally devoid of a true mothering instinct. They are incapable of providing warmth, love, compassion and a safe and loving environment that a child needs to thrive in.
190. The child must be put first as nothing is too good for them. It's all about the wellbeing of the child.
191. 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.

IAP

Signed...

Dated...

12th September 2017.