

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

PWA

Support person present: No

1. My name is PWA. My date of birth is 1968. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Robroyston Hospital in Glasgow and lived in Barmulloch before I went into care. I was the youngest of six boys. My mother didn't have any more kids after she had me. I was born with an abnormality of the brain, but it repaired itself. I became a bit crazy because of what happened to me. The next brother, [REDACTED], was four years older than me, then there was [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], who was the oldest. [REDACTED] is nine or ten years older than me. My mum, [REDACTED], had him when she was seventeen. My biological father, although he was never a father to me, was called [REDACTED]. To say that my father was a bad man would be an understatement. He died in 1990, but it's a shame he didn't die when I was born.
3. My mother was totally different. She's like a wallflower. She took a lot of abuse from my father. What my father did to her and what he did to his kids was unbelievable. He was an alcoholic. In those days, men basically treated women the way they wanted. Women were slaves. That's why the jails are now full of abuse. My father would never have been out of the jail if they'd had those laws back then. He used to be taken to the cells for the night and then they'd let him out and he'd become Mr Nasty again. I think that had a big effect on my life. It was hell on earth at Christmas and New Year.

I witnessed him battering my mother a few times. I swore I'd never be like him. I saw what alcohol did and I saw violence in the home.

4. I went to Barmulloch Primary School at the age of four and a half. Because I looked different, people started to try and pick on me. I was alright for the first year, but then I got a different teacher. I'm not sure my teacher would have made any difference though because people just wanted to pick on me. I then became violent because I was being picked on. I was small for my age. I was violent towards the other kids because they were violent towards me. I would spend hours in the corridors of the school. The teachers just didn't know what to do with me.
5. My mother was going into the headmaster, asking why I was always the one getting into trouble when there were two boys fighting. I was the one who was getting the black eyes and everything because of it. That started from the age of about six. I was being picked on but I wasn't being bullied because I fought back. I was a shy, quiet wee boy but when people riled me up I went crazy.
6. I had speech problems, so I became quite frustrated and angry about that. I was just going to the classroom and sitting there because I refused to work, so I stopped going to school for periods of time. The education board or whoever it was told my parents that I had to be educated. They said my parents would be prosecuted unless I went to school.
7. I blame my father for my problems. I feel that if I'd had half a home life and he'd treated me like a son, I might not have developed behavioural problems. He treated all of his sons like dirt. We were just a way for him to get more money from the government to drink. That's all we were to him. I think I'd have had some problems anyway, but it all stems from the home. If you have a good home life, things are easier. Most of my nephews and nieces are fine because they've had a good home life. If they'd had the life that we had, they'd have turned out differently.
8. Before I went to Ladyfield I was going to Yorkhill to see Professor Stone. He said that I was a puzzling case. He couldn't work out what was wrong with me. I can't remember

what he talked to me about. I used to see somebody else, who would have me in to play with the sandpit and things like that. I went there before and after I went to Ladyfield. They also put a cap of wires on my head at Yorkhill Hospital. I don't think it was healthy for me, but I don't know the name of it.

9. I wasn't going to school all the time and I when I was at school, I was sitting in the corridor. That went on for months. One day, one of the teachers said, "Do you not want to be here?" I said, "No." I didn't want to sit in a corridor all day so of course I was going to say that I didn't want to be there. I think the school wanted rid of me because of my violent behaviour and my behaviour in general. I was basically just a pain for them. I didn't go right way, but they carted me down to Ladyfield later on.

Ladyfield West Hospital, Dumfries

10. I was seven years old when I went to Ladyfield. I think the decision was taken in my absence. I don't know who took the decision. In those days, if you stole an apple you were carted off to a place like Ladyfield. My mother and biological father were not told that Ladyfield was a mental institute for kids. My parents' understanding was that I was going to a residential school. A couple of my brothers had attended a residential school during the school holidays, so I was thinking it was a similar thing to that. The word "hospital" was never mentioned to me or my parents. We were told that Ladyfield was a school. It wasn't a school, it was part of Dumfries Royal Infirmary, Crichton, which was right across the road from it.
11. Ladyfield East was for older boys. It was separated from Ladyfield West by a hedge. Ladyfield West was a Greek villa. It was massive. It was quite an impressive building. When you went in the front of the place, the first door on the left was the girls' room. The second door on the left was the TV room. The next door was where the doctor took you in. Diagonally across was the office, where you went in to take your tablets. I also took phone calls from my mother in there. There was a toilet to the right-hand-side of my room. Downstairs in the basement, there was a kitchen and a shower. There was also an upstairs area where you went to see the doctor. The décor was

okay. There were toys upstairs. There was a big portacabin where we went to school, so we never left the grounds, apart from on a Saturday morning when we went to the pictures or when we went swimming in the hospital.

12. I don't know who was in charge of Ladyfield. I do remember an old guy who smoked a pipe and wore a tweed jacket. He seemed to be one of the people who was running the place. He was older, maybe in his sixties or something. He was in the office a lot. Some of the staff wore normal clothes and others wore white jackets. They were all in their thirties or forties. I can remember there being about six or seven members of staff. There was female member of staff who was a sort of nurse, who wore a white jacket as well. There was another guy who wore a white jacket and he was bald and mean. He was well-built. I can't remember names of the staff. I can only really remember faces. The only name I can remember is the cleaner, Sheila. She was the only member of staff who was kind to me. I used to help her and she'd let me sit on her knee. The rest of the staff were horrible. They were maniacs, as far as I'm concerned.

13. There were only about twelve children in Ladyfield, at most. I think all the boys were roundabout the same age as me. I remember, as the days went by, being in there with kids who were crazy. At one point, I read in a book that there was a child in there for killing another child. I don't know if he was in there at the same time as me, but it made me wonder what kind of people I was in amongst. Some of the children there were quite violent and they weren't right in the head. There was one person who went there as a child and stayed there for thirty years. I think he had a [REDACTED] injury. His name was zGDK [REDACTED] and I saw him [REDACTED]. I should never have been sent there. I should have been sent somewhere else before being thrown in with the sharks. I was very confused about it all.

Routine at Ladyfield*First day*

14. I went into Ladyfield in [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] 1975. I remember because it was hot weather. I left in [REDACTED] 1976. My parents took me there. I became quite distressed there. It says in my notes that I was showing disturbed behaviour. I think it was the staff that were showing me disturbed behaviour. When I arrived, I was taken around the place and shown my room. My parents were shown around too, but obviously the staff put on the happy face for them. The atmosphere in Ladyfield was terrible. You could cut it with a knife. It wasn't a happy place to be. You didn't hear many people whistling or singing, put it that way.

Mornings and bedtime

15. I shared a room because the place wasn't big enough for me to have my own room. It was a room with three beds in it. I don't remember having any problems with the boys that I shared with, but I can't remember their names. I noticed that they were metal, hospital beds. I don't know how my parents didn't spot that when they were shown around. We all went to bed early, but a lot of the time I was in my bed already because that was my punishment. They never locked the bedroom doors, as far as I can remember.

Washing/bathing

16. The washing facilities were down the stairs. We had one shower and one bath. A member of staff would take us down in the morning and make sure we got washed and brushed our teeth. We would queue up. The staff would help me with that and scrub my back for me.

Clothing

17. We had clothes that we would roll about in. We were always covered in mud. We also had good clothes that we would wear to the pictures and things like that.

Mealtimes / Food

18. There was a dining area in the basement. There was breakfast time, lunch time at around 12 or 12.30 and then tea time was at about five o'clock. I suffered from malnutrition when I was at Ladyfield because they often never fed me. If I was with one of the students or the doctor, that was it, I never got fed. I shouldn't have been with them when it was mealtimes. That happened quite a lot. During the period that I was going for mediation as an adult and I was in contact with Dumfries Royal Infirmary, Barnardo's got involved. I remember walking in and the Barnardo's social worker said she was expecting to see a little boy. I told her that I was 45 or whatever I was. She said that she meant that she'd seen in my notes that I'd suffered from malnutrition.
19. When I did get food, I remember getting tapioca. I can't remember much else. When my parents took me back to Ladyfield, we used to stop at a motorway café. I was always hungry and I used to demolish an adult portion.
20. We had a wee locker downstairs where we used to keep our food. My mum would send me parcels with sweeties and a postal order. One of the boys broke into them and ate everybody's sweeties. I don't know whether he was punished, but we never got our sweeties anyway.

School

21. There weren't many of us to educate, so the school wasn't that big. I think there were a couple of classes. I attended school every day, from 9 o'clock until 3 or 4 o'clock. The teachers were employed by the education authority rather than the hospital. We were taught how to read books. We also had a cookery class on the other side of the building. I think we used to go there on a Friday.

Leisure time

22. Most of Ladyfield was a bad experience, but it wasn't all bad. They used to take us to the pictures on a Saturday morning. It did say in my notes that when I wasn't in the house, I was very little trouble. We were allowed to play on the grounds, unsupervised. There were big grounds with a roundabout, swings and a chute. I spent a lot of time by myself, out on the grounds. I used to play with a stick. I just did my own thing. I've always had to rely upon myself. Even at that age, I didn't depend on anybody to do anything for me. I couldn't communicate with other people. I was shy. As far as I was concerned, if I was in the house I was a target for those animals. That's what the staff were, animals who picked on children.
23. I used to like going swimming at the pool in the hospital grounds. A lot of the times, I'd have to see the doctor at the time I was supposed to go swimming. They must have known I was going swimming. Why couldn't they make it another time? It would have been okay if it had happened once or twice, but it kept happening so I felt like I was being picked on again.

Birthdays and Christmas

24. I think I was at Ladyfield for two Christmases, but I would go home. I don't know how long I got to go home for. We used to get a present from the staff at Christmas time. One year, they gave all the other children a gun apart from me and one other boy. I was given a toy car. I couldn't join in with all the other children because they had guns and I had a car.

Visits / Inspections

25. When I went through the process of mediation with Ladyfield, they told me that there were inspectors who came down. I don't remember that, but I know that because they told me it happened. Nobody ever asked me what I thought about the place.

26. My parents would pick me up to take me home every second weekend. I would go home from the Friday to the Sunday. I had to go back for school on the Monday morning and it was seventy miles from where I lived. My biological father told the staff at Ladyfield that he wouldn't drive me down the A77 in the winter months because of the black ice. He wasn't getting money to bring me down. He was always pushing for money for petrol. I read that in my notes.

Healthcare

27. I was given drugs at Ladyfield. I don't know what drugs they were giving me, but I think they were to calm me down. It was just a case of putting out your hand, taking them in front of the staff and drinking your water. I saw someone who I think was a psychiatrist, but I don't know if that's what he was. I used to lie on a black couch and he would swing a pendulum in front of my face. It was some sort of hypnosis and I used to fall asleep.
28. My speech difficulties were very frustrating. When I was at Ladyfield, I used to go the dental hospital at Sauchiehall Street in Glasgow. They would help me to speak and say different words. There was a lot going on from the age of about six or seven when I left Barmulloch Primary School. I would be going to hospitals, I would be going to doctors. I just got used to it. They didn't know what was wrong with me. My conclusion is that's because there wasn't much up with me. What was wrong was that I had a bad home life, I was bullied at school and I bullied back and then I became more violent when I got to Ladyfield. I was violent to them because they were violent towards me.

Abuse at Ladyfield

Peer abuse/bullying

29. I saw that the staff were better to other kids than they were towards me. There was a boy there called [REDACTED], who was a couple of years older than me. He tried to bully me, but I bullied him back. He did it in front of the staff, but they didn't care. I had

to stand up for myself. When I was getting a doing, the staff didn't intervene. If I was giving someone else a doing, they intervened. I remember I was fighting with a boy. I think he might have said something that I didn't like the day before. I attacked him and we were rustling about on the ground. The staff came down and obviously I was put to bed. He wasn't put to bed. I was marked, but I can't remember where.

30. I could hear the boy who I'd been fighting with saying at the door of the dormitory, "Come on and see what I've done to him." The staff member, having been told by one pupil that he had battered another pupil, actually brought him into the bedroom. I don't remember the name of the staff member, but he was a fat guy with dark hair. I wanted to punch the boy again because when I heard that, it angered me. When they opened up the door, I gave them obscenities. I became a very bitter and twisted young man, even more so than before I went in there.
31. I remember being outside playing. I saw one of the boys, shouting my name. It was the same boy who broke into the lockers and ate our sweets. He said, "Watch this." He threw my toy gun out of the window and broke it. I went to tell a member of staff, the older man who wore a tweed jacket and worked in the office. I told a member of staff because I didn't want to attack the other boy. If I did that, I knew I'd be put to my bed again. The member of staff just laughed.

Staff

32. If the staff annoyed me and I was cheeky back to them, they sent me to bed. I spent my days in my bed because that was where they put me. I used to hide from them up the trees, but then they cut the trees down so I couldn't hide from my tormentors. On one occasion, there was a crowd of us at the front of the home. Somebody threw a stone at a staff member's car. It didn't hit it. It wasn't me, but I got the blame. I was picked on. The staff didn't like my face. They even wrote that in my notes. I got put into bed. That was normal. It could happen at any time of day. If I didn't go to my bed, I was dragged there.

33. One of my main tormentors was a member of staff called KZX. I got his name from my notes. He wore ordinary clothes and I think he was in his thirties. He had two or three kids of his own. He was a wee guy and he used to wear big thick glasses. He had a chip on his shoulder and he used to have an attitude problem. He was very sarcastic and he never had a nice word to say to me. I can't remember the kind of things that he would say to me, but it was just unpleasant. It was eighteen months of hell in there.
34. One day, I was ready to go out the main door. I'll always remember it. It was a roasting hot day. KZX said, "You're going to bed." I said that I hadn't done anything, which I hadn't. He dragged me by the neck, from the front door, into my bed. By the time that I was on the bed, I tried to kick him in the face. I was going crazy. I had bruises and marks on my neck where he had dragged me. That was the worst incident. It was quite sore. The bruises were there for days afterwards.
35. I think I was put to my bed for about nine or ten months. It could have been more, it could have been less, but I was in my bed a lot. I wasn't the only one put to my bed. I had to stay in my bed until they told me it was time to get up. The only time I was allowed up was to go to the toilet. I didn't have anything to play with in the bedroom. It was no fun, lying in bed all day when it was a roasting hot, sunny day. That was when I started to bite my finger nails and my toe nails. I was starting to go crazy. I would think about how I hated the place so much.
36. On another occasion, I was fighting with a boy. A female member of staff was breaking up the fight. She had a pair of scissors in her hand. I don't remember what her name was, but I don't know why she broke up a fight with a pair of scissors in her hands. The scissors ended up on my face and I had a superficial wound as a result. That's recorded in my notes.
37. Anything that happened in that school, I got the blame for it. I was picked on from morning, noon, till night. I couldn't open my mouth without them putting me to bed. There was another incident when I was walking by two boys who were in the place. One of them attacked me with a plastic Ninja star and got me in the eye. It gave me

quite a bad black eye. That was for nothing. I went to the hospital for an x-ray. It happened down at the bottom of the woods and I never saw any members of staff nearby. According to a member of staff, I started it and the boy was just sticking up for himself. That's in my notes. Whoever the member of staff was, he or she didn't see anything.

38. I did a prank at school. The teacher wasn't happy. She let me know that she wasn't happy and she tried to hit me. She didn't connect because I moved out of the way. She wasn't very young. I think she was in her forties and she wore glasses. If she had been younger, she probably would have connected with my head and punched my head.
39. I couldn't communicate with people. I was a shy boy. As far as I was concerned, I was being mentally tortured. I was being picked on by so-called adults who were getting paid to look after me. They were getting paid to torture me and other kids. That went on until the day they shut their doors. It went on through the eighties and nineties. Other kids went through it. I'm aware that they ended up with a padded cell in there, but that was after I had left. I'm glad of that because I would've been in it all the time.

Reporting of abuse at Ladyfield

40. I had no way to contact my parents to tell them what was happening. They didn't have a phone. They used to use their neighbour's phone or the callbox round the corner to contact me. However, after the member of staff dragged me by the neck, I still had the bruises when my parents came to pick me up for the weekend. They saw them and asked about them. I told them that the staff member dragged me by the neck. It's noted in my records that my parents asked about the bruises. The staff just gave a lame excuse. They hit them with a story. Adults don't believe that other adults will be cruel to kids.

Leaving Ladyfield

41. It got to the point where I wasn't living, I was just existing. One weekend when I had been at home, I refused to go back to Ladyfield. I was hysterical that night. I went into the car and I refused to get back out. I don't remember any staff coming to try and encourage me to go back in. I can remember my mum saying that I only had another couple of months and then I'd be home for [REDACTED], but I couldn't take it anymore. I never went back. It was [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] 1976 and I was eight years old. My parents phoned Ladyfield and my place was taken. They got a new victim. They sent my stuff up in a box. They didn't want me back. They were quite happy that I left.
42. My mother went over and had a word with the headmaster at Barmulloch Primary School. They gave me another chance there, but the problems persisted. It was the same as it had been before and I was getting into fights, causing bother and out in the corridor for long periods of time.
43. When I was eight or nine years old, I was assaulted by one of the teachers there. The teacher lost the plot. I can't remember what I'd done. She grabbed me by the upper body and shook me against the wall. My head and body were being hit off the wall. She was shouting, "You stupid boy." There was nobody else in the class at the time, as far as I remember. I can't remember her name, but she was probably in her thirties. I never even bothered to tell my parents about that. I just thought that was the way it went. On another occasion, I tried to hit a teacher with a chair. If they wanted to hit me, I'd hit them back. It was just the norm by then, getting battered about, being abused, them abusing me and me abusing them. I didn't see anything wrong with that by then.
44. I was expelled from Barmulloch Primary School and went to Yorkhill. I had been attending Yorkhill Hospital whilst I was at Ladyfield, seeing Professor Stone and another doctor, but they started to actually teach me there, on the children's ward. It was just like a school day and I would go home at 4 o'clock. That went on for a while until they found me a school. I went there when I was nine and a half and I finished my primary schooling there. The staff were fine with me at Yorkhill Hospital. They had

to restrain me a few times, but that was my fault. When I left Thornton, I actually went back to Yorkhill to say hello.

Thornton School, Ayrshire

45. After I refused to go back to Ladyfield, I stayed at home until I went to Thornton School in 1979. Thornton School was run by Barnardo's. I think the decision to send me there was taken by the people at Yorkhill. I remember we were all in a room. They showed me a book about Thornton. I couldn't read very well, but I thought it looked good. They had a horse, they had a football ground, it sounded like a holiday camp. It was a holiday camp compared to Ladyfield. It was Doctor Barnardo's version of Butlin's. Thornton School was the last chance saloon for me. If I hadn't gone there, who knows where I would've ended up. I remember I was quite looking forward to going to Thornton School.
46. Thornton is near Kilmarnock, up in the hills between Crosshill Hospital and Springside. It's now an old folks' home. It was a big building and there were four staff houses and a couple of bungalows. It had been a mansion house, which was demolished and a modern building built on it. The grounds were massive and there was a walled garden within them. There was a football ground and an indoor football place. There was a tennis court, a boat shed and a boat. There was a rope course with ropes, pulleys and swings. It had a gate house at the bottom of the grounds.
47. There was a headmaster and a deputy headmaster. The headmaster's name was Scott. I think that was his second name. He was fair enough. You didn't see him much. The only time you saw him was when you had done something wrong, so it wasn't a good sign. The deputy's name was Roger Bale. He went to work abroad with kids who were being abused. HIW was the science teacher. We didn't see eye to eye. Some of the teachers came from the outside, but a few lived on site in the bungalows and cottages on the grounds. There were staff allocated to the units as well. There were a couple of staff who lived in a flat in the main building.

48. Thornton was split into units. I think there were about eight kids in each unit and about forty kids in the whole school. The kids ranged from aged eleven until leaving at age sixteen. There were some girls in there. One of the girls, [REDACTED], was really nice. She was a tom boy and she always reminded me of the film Gregory's Girl. She was better at football than a lot of the boys. My unit was Arran and the unit across from me was called Mull. There was also Lewis and Iona.
49. The unit above us was run by an ex-army PE instructor, Mike Pennach. He was an older guy and he was as tough as boots. From what I heard, he used to treat the children like army cadets. I think he was in charge of Iona. He was mean and I kept away from him. I didn't really have any dealings with him but I could tell that he was a nut case.
50. I was in a good unit. There were a couple of members of staff for each unit and the units were quite small. I became quite close to a guy called [REDACTED] HJI, who was in charge of my unit. There was a female member of staff called [REDACTED] HJM, but I can't remember her second name. Everybody was happy. It was a happy place to be. I moved up to Lewis when I was a fourteen. It was a better unit than Arran. They'd spent a bit of money on it. You got more privileges and you could come and go as you wanted. I think I got more pocket money there as well.
51. It took me a couple of years to really settle in to Thornton, but I enjoyed it there. The alternative wouldn't have been nice. It was the best I was going to get. I had my off days and my ups and downs, but looking at the full picture it was a good experience.

Routine at Thornton School

First day

52. It took me a while to settle into Thornton. I started on the same day as two other boys. As a welcome to the place, the older boys decided to drag us through the mud,

"Welcome to the school, boys." They never physically hurt us and it only happened once. It was no big deal. It was a kind of initiation into the unit.

Mornings and bedtime

53. There were partitions between our beds. There were two rooms. When I got older, I got a room to myself. We went to our beds at around 9, 9.30. Sometimes we were allowed to stay up a bit later if we were watching "The Professionals" or something like that. The staff would tell us they would let us watch it if we went straight to our beds without any bother afterwards. It was always an incentive to be good. It was the total opposite of Ladyfield.

Mealtimes / Food

54. We all ate meals together. We had our own tables that we sat at. The food was good. I was never hungry. We got mince, chicken, everything. We didn't really get choices, but there was a menu that went up on the board which told you what you were getting all week. I liked Fridays because that was fish and chips.

School

55. We used to get paid for every class we went to at school. I think it was ten pence a class or something like that, but it mounted up if you went to all your classes. I wasn't really into chemistry because the classroom was stinking, but I quite liked art. I also liked the cookery class and history. The history teacher, Fred Orr, was good to me. I was good at woodwork and liked the woodwork teacher, Archie Walker. We only went to class in the morning. We did sports in the afternoon. We took it in turns. Some people would be in the games room one day, then you'd play football the next. We'd play tennis or go canoeing another day. That was why I liked it. It was a pretty easy going place.
56. After school, Mike Pennach used to take us into the indoor football place and teach us how to defend ourselves against someone with a baseball bat. He would also show

us how to defend ourselves from someone with a knife. I probably only did that once or twice because I wasn't really interested in that. Years later, somebody did try to stab me. I did what Mike Pennach had taught me and took the knife off him so he saved me from getting stabbed. I can't remember how to stop a baseball bat, but I remember him swinging it. It probably wasn't the best thing, to show a kid how to swing a baseball bat. He tried to teach us fitness as well.

Leisure time

57. There was an indoor and outdoor football pitch, a boat, tennis courts and a rope course. There was a Landrover and they used to drag us on crates on the beach until that got stopped. There was plenty for us to do. We had a mini bus as well and we used to go out to the pictures and to swimming.
58. After I'd been there for a while they built a games room at the back. It had a snooker table in it. I ended up being quite good at snooker. I could get a century. There was a wee table, but I was also a member of the YMCA in Kilmarnock. One of the teachers, Fred Orr, ran it. I would go there a couple of times a week and play snooker on the full-size table.

Relationship with staff

59. I became friends with some of the staff. When you're friendly with someone, you don't want to upset them. They were treating us with respect and they were getting respect back. I remember Liz Boland. She was a nice woman and I was quite fond of her. She used to give me massages and she would try and teach me the piano, but I could never pick it up. I remember my art teacher, Joan Black. I had a good relationship with her.
60. I felt at ease with the staff. Even after school, Joan Black used to take me back to her house. She lived in Kilmarnock with her husband. I would go there for dinner and she would drop me back at the school. Some of the other staff did that too. They told me to feel free to talk to them if I had any concerns.

61. The staff treated me with respect, apart from a member of staff called Diane. She told me that when I grew up, I would be a pervert and a flasher with a plastic mac. I was probably talking dirty or something. I was very immature and I wasn't very intelligent. She wasn't attached to my unit. She said that to me in the dining hall. I'm 51 and I've never had a conviction or done anything like that. She said that in front of everybody. It was lunchtime. The other staff would have heard her. I still feel annoyed about that. I'd like to meet her and ask her why she said that to a child. I'd like her to take that back.

Peers

62. I was friends with the two boys who started on the same day as me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was a bit older than us. [REDACTED] was quite a clever boy. He had gone stir crazy when he learned that his mum and dad were actually his gran and grandpa. His biological mum had been quite young when she had him.
63. I didn't speak to a lot of the other kids there. I had no confidence. I had problems with the other kids because I couldn't interact with people. People tormented me at Thornton, but it wasn't physical. I made a boat and another pupil drilled holes in it. I saw it sinking and I wondered what I'd done. I pulled it out and saw the holes. I took my bike there and somebody slashed the tyres. In hindsight, I should have just used the school bikes but I wanted my own one. People would steal your clothes as well. You had to really keep an eye on things. It wasn't just me that happened to.

Trips / Holidays

64. We used to go mountaineering and abseiling. When I was fifteen, the school sent me on an outward bound course at Ullswater. I think it was £300 at the time. I was only the third person in the history of the school who completed the course. It was an endurance course. You would get up in the morning and go for a run. You would jump off the end of the jetty and go swimming. There were obstacle courses and you would go canoeing. When I was walking out of Thornton, a couple of the boys said I'd never

do it and I'd be back. That was the reason I completed it. I kept hearing their words and that kept me going, even when I wanted to give up.

Visits / Inspections

65. I had a social worker when I was at Thornton. I think his name was Cameron McVicar. I don't really like social workers. I think a lot of social workers have a lot to answer for, but he was good. He helped my mum as well. I saw Cameron McVicar for a couple of years, on and off. It wasn't just me that he would come to see. He would take us out for the day.
66. I used to write to my parents every week. I got to go home every two weeks on the Friday, returning to the school on the Sunday. We weren't allowed to travel by ourselves until we were fourteen so I travelled with other boys. One time, the train was pulling into a station and one of my friends kicked my other friend off the train. He went rolling across the platform. The police came up to my door and told my parents they knew it wasn't me, but they wanted to know what had happened. I told them I never saw my friend kicking my other friend off the train. I didn't see him do it but I know he had done it because he told me. That was just the way we were with each other. The school gave us a cake on our birthdays. On one occasion, I had my birthday cake with me on the train and the other boys were trying to throw it out of the window.

Healthcare

67. There was a doctor, who I'd seen previously. He would come up to the school and take bloods from me. We would talk about things. If you wanted to talk about something, the staff would also sit you down and talk to you.

Work experience

68. I worked in a cash and carry. I didn't fancy that. I ended up working in a wood yard. I should have picked working at a vet's because I love animals. They would get you work experience wherever you wanted.

Discipline

69. If you did something wrong, you were punished. If you were caught up at night, you were given so many laps around the football pitch. It was fair enough, as they couldn't have pupils running about the grounds at all over the night. You could be doing the laps in the middle of the night, it could be earlier. It just depended when you got caught.
70. There were rules. If you broke them, you got into trouble. We had a grading system. If you were a good boy, you were given a certain grade. You were then were allowed to go out a certain number of times a week and you could leave the grounds. The onus was on being good. If you were good, you were given privileges. If you were bad, your privileges were taken away.
71. I saw members of staff getting things thrown at them at Thornton but they didn't react. We were all sitting having lunch one day. One of the girls picked up her dessert and hit a staff member in the head with it. He just laughed, scraped it off his head and put it back on the tray. If that had happened at Ladyfield, that girl would have been dragged out and battered.
72. Children were sometimes restrained but they weren't physically hurt. There was a staff member there who was very placid, PDB [REDACTED]. I knew him really well when I was at Thornton. He was like a hippie and very easy going. After I left, a boy said that he tried to strangle him. He just made it up. Barnardo's hired a lawyer and defended him and he was cleared, quite rightly so.
73. We were lucky. We used to play football against Kerelaw Residential School. There were some wild boys there. They were older than us. One day, a person who had been to our school was playing for them. He let the ball drop. The Kerelaw staff made him pick up the ball at the end of the game and run round the football park so many times. They never took any nonsense there.

Abuse at Thornton School

74. IDG [REDACTED] was a team leader. He had an office. We put our money in there and things like that. If you needed to know something, like when you were going home and how long you were going home for, you could go and ask him. He was a bully. I thought he was alright when I first met him, but when I got to know him I realised that he wasn't. Nobody ever got out of their bed when he was on duty. The kids were terrified of him. They knew better than to mess around with him. He could be a crazy man. He didn't take any prisoners. If you did anything, he would be on top of you like a tonne of bricks.
75. They used to take us on holiday twice a year at Thornton School. I didn't want to go because I didn't like IDG [REDACTED]. I was twelve or thirteen and I told him I didn't want to go. He was a big strong man. He used to cut down the trees. He was used to lifting up big trees so a wee boy wouldn't be anything to him. He didn't try to speak to me. Right away, he grabbed me by the throat and threw me from the back of the mini bus right to the front, into the seat. I didn't have time to think. If I'd known he was going to do that, I would've ran away. I never went on holiday with him again, that was for sure.
76. I don't remember whether I had any injuries, but I was distressed. The whole mini bus was there. Two of my pals saw what happened, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. There was a staff member present when IDG [REDACTED] did that to me. I can remember her face. Her name was Angela, but I never really spoke to her.
77. On another occasion, when I was also twelve or thirteen, two boys threw bricks at IDG [REDACTED]'s beehive. He was angry and I could understand why he was angry. The beehive was in the walled garden. I had a part of the garden to myself, but I lost it because of this. IDG [REDACTED] grabbed a hold of me and threw me against the wall. I just slumped down. It was in the corridor where the classrooms were so other children must have seen or heard it happen. He asked who had done it and I told him that I hadn't done it. I didn't tell him anything because I'm not a grass. One of the other pupils came and told him who it was. IDG [REDACTED] knew it wasn't me at that point, but I still lost my part of the garden. He was meant to be a Christian.

78. Those were the only two violent incidents by staff in five years, although a member of staff called ^{PBW} challenged one of my friends, to a fight. It was where they kept all the camping equipment. was thirteen or fourteen at the time. I didn't see ^{IDG} being violent towards any other pupils. I know there was a couple of occasions when pupils pulled knives out on each other and he did step in. The knife was dropped quick enough. He was a bit heavy handed, but if someone did something to you he would step in and say it wasn't on. I still think he was a bully and all the kids, including me, were terrified of him. We just knew that we couldn't mess about with him and that he was very, very strict.
79. I was stabbed on the back at Thornton. It was a boy from Arran unit but I don't remember who it was. I was about twelve or thirteen. He stabbed me with a lightbulb. I didn't tell the staff and I didn't receive any medical treatment. I still have a scar on my back. Another boy, threw a garden fork at me, but missed because I was moving quickly. It brushed behind me. Another pupil from Arran unit, had a big kitchen knife. He tried to stab me in one of the bedrooms when I was thirteen. I don't know why. I wasn't doing anything. He tried to slash me across the belly. I went outside the unit, out of his way. He was at the window, telling me he was going to stab me. I was in fear of my life.
80. There was an incident when a boy called made two other boys do something to each other sexually. was a Glasgow boy. He was fourteen or fifteen. He wasn't at the school for very long. It was up in Iona unit. told us to come up and see something. He made a boy give another boy oral sex. Those two boys were younger than him and very timid. I just went away. I didn't want anything to do with it. I never told the staff because was quite violent. It came out anyway and he was instantly expelled, although he had the option to come back to school as a day pupil. He didn't come back because it was probably too far to travel from Glasgow. I don't know whether what he did was reported to the police, but he should have been charged for that.

Reporting of Abuse at Thornton

81. I went to a member of staff called Peter Douglas after [REDACTED] tried to stab me. I got on alright with Peter Douglas, but he turned around and said that he didn't believe me. He got [REDACTED] in and sat us down together. I had to retract the allegation. After that, [REDACTED] didn't try to attack me again.
82. I did say to a member of staff, HJI [REDACTED], that IDG [REDACTED] was heavy handed. I told him about what happened on the mini bus. HJI [REDACTED] staff said, "If he hit you hard, you'd be in the hospital," or words to that effect. He did hit us, but he made sure it wasn't hard enough that you'd need to go to the hospital. I didn't really think anything of what happened and I didn't tell any other members of staff or my parents. I was happy enough at Thornton and that was it.

Leaving Thornton School

83. I had a good experience with Barnardo's. It's only because I had more good experiences than bad that I don't complain about Barnardo's, but they need to get their staff in order. I used to go back after I had left because I had such a good time. I was there for five years and it was my home. I was devastated when I had to leave. I stayed with relatives for three or four months after I left. I then went into a homeless unit. Although I went to visit Thornton after I left, I didn't really keep in touch with any former pupils. I remember a member of staff saying that I'd be better off making new pals. He was right because some of these guys don't change.

Life after being in care

84. I had another social worker called Norma Lynch after I left Thornton. Most people were given one year of after-care but I got two. She was based in an office in Elmbank Street in Charing Cross, so I used to go down there. Norma was quite helpful. I would see her once every three or four weeks. She would take me places and help me to fill

out forms. She helped me to get my own flat and helped me buy things for the flat. It was unusual for somebody my age to get a house at that time. My mum worked in a shop near my flat so she was able to keep an eye on me. I was in that flat for 22 years. I was alright, but I still had a lot of problems. Norma told me that I was one of the success stories from Thornton. That told me how bad the others were.

85. I never really got on with my life. I never had a mentor. I never had anybody to tell me what was right and wrong. When I'm left to my own devices, I don't know what to do. I need support. I had that at Thornton. When you suddenly come out, it's not the same, even with the after-care.
86. I was a very angry young man. I was bitter about a lot of things. I was frustrated. I went through a depression and sat in my flat for years. I've seen doctors, psychologists, psychiatrists. I didn't find any of that helpful. It was hard being bald as a teenager. People didn't want to talk to me. It doesn't bother me now, but it did then.
87. I wasn't fit to work. I couldn't get on with people. I couldn't read or write. All I could do was write my name. I went to a course at the Templeton Business Centre, but I only lasted about two weeks. People were making fun of me. I ended up nearly fighting with them and I realised I didn't want to be there. I did the Youth Training Scheme, but I was just sitting in a classroom. I wasn't being trained for anything. It was like being back at school.
88. I went for a big operation when I was 21 to repair my mouth. They took a big bit of bone from my hip and put it into my mouth because I had a hole there. That had caused my speech difficulties when I was younger. My bad speech caused me to become very frustrated because people didn't understand what I was saying. I had the operation at Canniesburn Hospital and I told the surgeon some of the things that had happened to me. He said he had a son and he helped me and told me not to worry about it. Although I felt better after the operation, it left me with a scar which disappointed me. One of the other doctors had told me that I wouldn't be left with a scar.

89. The turning point in my life was when a friend told me about his clairvoyant. I went and spoke to her when I was 21. For the first time in my life, I had met somebody who actually knew how I was feeling. She told me a lot of things and changed my whole life. She told me what I was going to do and she told me not to be side tracked by people. I still suffered from depression, but I travelled the world. I saw the clairvoyant for about twenty years, but then she lost her gift.

Impact

90. All my life, I've thought about why the staff at Ladyfield treated me the way that they did. I've tried to see it from their point of view. One of the answers I've come up with is that they didn't care because we were there. If I was a good boy, I would be at a normal school and not there. We were just bad boys and we were there to be punished.
91. I've still to this day got an eating disorder because of what happened to me at Ladyfield. People think I'm greedy. I'm not greedy, but I have to eat because in my brain, if I don't eat something I don't know when I'll next get to eat. I know that's not the case but I still think that it's because I missed so many meals in Ladyfield. I was hungry all the time there.
92. One of my family members mentioned Ladyfield to me. It seemed to trigger something in my mind. I started to ask why I was there. As I got older, I realised that the people there shouldn't have been doing what they did. When I become interested in something, I like to get right into it and know everything about it. Then it became an obsession for me because I wanted to know everything. I would remember the hospital beds and realise that it wasn't a school. I asked myself what that place was? It was a Nazi camp for children. The only thing they didn't do was sexually abuse me.
93. When I was put to my bed at Ladyfield, I really started to hate mankind. I really started to hate people. I don't like people in general. I'm not a people person. People are bad. I can't love anybody. I have no love. That died when I was at Ladyfield. Being in there changed my whole outlook. It made me stop caring. When you care, you get hurt. In

a place like Ladyfield, you can't show your feelings because you do get hurt, emotionally and physically. I've never managed to hold down a relationship for that reason. I feel empty. There's nothing there. That's why I like animals. Animals kill to survive but the human race kills for sport. I don't like watching the TV or reading the papers. I rarely read the internet news because it's all bad news.

94. I can't interact with people. I've never been able to work because I can't talk to people. I'm antisocial. I can't be in a room with crowds. If I don't know people well, I need to leave. I don't like people irritating me and I'm easily irritated, especially when people insult me for no reason. If people annoy me, I'll annoy them back and they don't like it. Cheeky people who want to pick on me for nothing open up old doors and I start remembering things that people have done to me. I decide not to take it, then I become abusive and then they blame me for it. It also works quite well for me if I just ignore people who have annoyed me, rather than being abusive. That seems to annoy them more than being abusive towards them. My doctor once said to me, "Why don't we put you on a desert island?" That sounded good to me. I just need people to leave me alone. I've always been by myself, from the days that I sat in the corridors at primary school until now.
95. I'm very shy. I'm used to rejection. I've always been rejected and I know how to deal with that. It's when somebody says yes to me that I have a problem. That's what Ladyfield made me feel, unwanted, unloved, worthless and useless. By the time I got to Barnardo's it was too late. They tried to repair the damage but I was beyond repair.
96. I don't like being told what to do. I know where I want to go in life. I don't need other people messing me about, sheep or shadows. The only thing I can't buy or get in life is the one thing that I've craved my whole life, from when I was a boy. Love is the only thing that I've ever wanted. It's not going to happen. I've accepted that.
97. Some people don't want to talk about their experiences of abuse. Maybe they've got on with their lives. I had to stop telling my mother things about Ladyfield because it was making her upset. She said she didn't want to know anymore. I consider myself

to be one of the luckier ones because I wasn't sexually abused. I honestly don't think I could have talked about that.

98. I suffer from depression. I've had suicidal thoughts. I've tried to kill myself a couple of times. I didn't see any life. I thought I'd be in my flat until the day I died. It was like being in a prison for me. I'd gone from having forty or fifty acres of land and lots of things that I could do all day to being in a wee tiny flat. I don't like being indoors.
99. None of the doctors, psychiatrists and psychologists that I've seen have helped me. I told them about my experiences in Ladyfield. The clairvoyant was really good at one point. When I felt really bad, I used to go to her because she was the one person who could help me. I was still seeing a doctor and psychologist, but the clairvoyant was the only one who really knew me. There's nothing the doctors can do for me. I've been everywhere. The last one that I saw was about three years ago, Doctor Marks at Stobhill Hospital. He gave me a letter saying, "This man can't be helped." I don't receive any help now because there's nothing that can be done for me. I'm beyond help so why waste anybody else's time? What they did to me in Ladyfield destroyed me. They destroyed my soul and they destroyed the love that I would have had for people.

Reporting of Abuse

Dumfries Royal Infirmary

100. I read about the guy who set up Ladyfield. His name was Rodgers and he'd been in the Royal Navy. He was a pioneer. He only died five or six years ago. I wish I'd found out who he was years ago because I would have written him a letter or gone to speak to him, to ask him whether he knew what was actually going on in there.
101. Six or seven years ago, I phoned the hospital in Dumfries and said that I wanted to make a complaint. They asked me to come down to Dumfries for mediation. I saw Angus Cameron, who was quite high up at the hospital. I had been down three or four

times before the mediation. I would tell him things and he would say that they had never happened and that they had done some fantastic things at Ladyfield. He was basically calling me a liar. He had never worked there so I told him that I was there and it was a concentration camp for kids. I had a letter from my mother, stating that she didn't know that Ladyfield was an asylum for kids. He didn't even read the full letter.

102. There were other people present at the mediation, people who worked with Angus Cameron. The woman who did the mediation was his friend. I just went by myself. I wanted him to do something. Angus Cameron tried to get the better of me verbally, but I left him for dead. He didn't like that somebody he saw as inferior to him took him down. I kept my cool and I didn't shout at him. He lost his cool. He also said that he didn't know why I was complaining because I hadn't been sexually assaulted. After he said that, I shut off the meeting. He also told me that I would probably never get closure on all this.
103. I reported that the teacher had tried to punch me when I was at Ladyfield. Because she was employed by the education authority, they said that it was nothing to do with them. They told me I would have to see the education authority. The teacher was working at Ladyfield, so it did have something to do with them. They told me that they didn't know who KZX was, but they could tell me where his brother worked in the hospital and who he was.
104. I saw two other hospital bosses as well as Angus Cameron. I then saw the chairman. I complained to him about Angus Cameron and he said that he'd have a word with him. Angus Cameron thought he was the chairman. He told me that he didn't have a boss. I hit him with questions and he couldn't answer them. He didn't want to answer them. As far as he was concerned, I was just a liar. I told Angus Cameron that I thought he was a liar. I suggested that we take lie detector tests, but I was told that wasn't appropriate. Why would I make up a story all those years later?
105. I went to see Cameron Fyfe and he said that he couldn't help me because it was so long ago. The hospital said that they couldn't find any wrong doing in my case. They

told me that I was the first one to complain about Ladyfield. It was brushed under the carpet. They fobbed me off. I didn't have much hope that they would do anything anyway. I know the way these establishments work and they just cover things up. They're still doing it to this day with various things.

106. It got to the point where I started to think that I was the only one who complained. The hospital was adamant that it didn't happen, "Are you sure? A member of staff would never swear at you, a member of staff would never do that." Then they couldn't find

KZX

107. Those people in Dumfries will never destroy my life. I want them to know that. They tried and they almost succeeded. If I had gone down to Dumfries Royal Infirmary and they had said, "Mr PWA, we know what happened here, we're sorry about that. There's nothing we can do about it. It was a long time ago," I would have accepted that. Instead, they called me a dirty liar and, as far as I'm concerned, Angus Cameron abused me by what he said to me that day. The rest of them abused me by covering it up. They're just as bad as the abusers as far as I'm concerned.

Police

108. I complained to the police at the same time as making my complaint to the hospital. I attended the police station in Dumfries. When I made a complaint to the police, the first thing the police officer said was that he wouldn't knock on any doors to appease me. His name was Jim, but I don't know his surname. I bit my tongue and waited to see where things went. I provided a statement to the officer and went right into everything. I don't think they made any further investigations. He had basically told me right away that he wasn't going to do anything. Later on, I spoke to him on the phone and I told him that I was going to complain about him. He said, "Don't swear at me." I hadn't sworn at him. I asked him whether the call was being recorded. I started to wind him up.
109. I looked on the internet and managed to get contact details for a guy whose first or second name was Robin, who was in charge of abuse investigations in the Dumfries

Police. I had a conversation with him over the phone. He told me that he was told not to investigate Ladyfield any further. He told me that KZX [REDACTED] was now dead. At least he had the decency to tell me the truth. I thought my ears were going to fall off. I couldn't believe it. I thought I'd finally found the right guy, but he had been told not to investigate.

110. I met two senior police officers at Baird Street Police Station in Glasgow. They were dealing with the complaint I had made about Jim and his investigation and had come up from Dumfries. I asked the female officer a question. I can't remember what the question was, but it was a simple question. She said that she was confused. It was a waste of my time. They had no intention to do anything about it. It was too much paperwork, so they just threw it under the carpet again. As far as I'm concerned, the police are liars and they cover up crime. Some of them are worse than the criminals of Glasgow.
111. After that, I just thought the game was up. There was never a proper investigation. I'd tried my best. I did it all through the proper channels. I did everything right. I never lost my cool with the police once. I never threatened anybody, I never hit anybody, I never shouted or swore at anybody. It still came out the same way. They couldn't care less.

Records

112. I saw a psychologist about my notes when I was about nineteen. She had my records from Dumfries. She said it came across that I was a frightened boy. I got my records around the same time that I made my complaint about Ladyfield, six or seven years ago. I phoned up the hospital and they sent them to me. I've seen the notes that they wrote at Ladyfield. They even slagged my mum. They said that my mother was "overweight and untidy". My mother was not overweight. Nobody was overweight in the seventies. I wondered what that was all about and who had written that. Somebody had written in my notes that I had "unlikeable features". I can't help the way that I was born. That's what they were actually writing down and saying, so what were they

actually doing? They didn't care. They were a law unto themselves. They never thought that it would come to the forefront and people would be investigating it.

113. Some parts of my records were blanked out. I don't know why. I asked the hospital about that. They gave a reason why but I don't know why you'd blank something out unless you didn't want someone to see something. I don't know what was wrong. I got rid of my records years ago because I thought I'd reached the end of the road. I think getting my records opened up a lot of doors in my brain that I should have kept shut. Now I want to know and I want the truth. I would've been better off not knowing, but it's done now.

Lessons to be Learned

114. I wouldn't say a bad word against Barnardo's because it was mostly good. To be honest, I spent the happiest years of my life there. To say that the rest of my days have been depressing is an understatement. The only thing that's kept me going is my sense of humour. I tend to laugh things off. Although Thornton was a good place, there were a few members of staff with a bad attitude.
115. If the staff at Ladyfield had all been kind, like Sheila, I think I would have got on better with them. Instead, they wound me up and annoyed me so I would give them verbal abuse. I think there should be more monitoring of staff. They shouldn't tell them when they're coming. They need to see what kind of people the staff are, what kind of background they have. My mother worked for the council. They could tell her everything about her life before she started caring for any children. They need more checks on the person like that because some people are not suited to working with children. In my experience, there were bad people at Ladyfield and they were getting away with it.

Hopes for the Inquiry

116. Ladyfield didn't shut until the late nineties. I've seen things on the internet about kids being locked in the toilets half the night or being battered. The biggest problem with all these places is that a lot of people don't want to talk about it. If people don't talk about it and they don't say that something is going wrong, people just think that it must have been alright.
117. I don't know how you can stop abuse, but maybe there should be a hotline, a phone line that people can call and say what's happening. A lot of people don't want to because they view it as grassing. I know a guy who worked in an old folks' home. He reported another member of staff for hitting a patient. He was black balled because of it. That's what happens. A lot of people don't want to come forward to the Inquiry. If they've got families, they might not want their partner to know how bad it was or even that they were in a place like that. It can put a lot of people off, knowing that you've been in a mental institution.
118. It took them years to get the Inquiry up and running. That was them trying to white wash it all again, but they couldn't. I don't know how many millions the Inquiry is costing, but people have got to be answered. I hope that anybody who has done wrong to me or anybody else is held to account.
119. 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.

PWA

Signed.....

Dated.....

13 11 2019