

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

PLG [REDACTED]

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is PLG [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED], 1953. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in the family home, which was [REDACTED] Glasgow at the time. My father's name was [REDACTED] and my mother was [REDACTED]. I have two brothers and two sisters. [REDACTED] was the oldest. He is about seven years older than me. [REDACTED] was four years older. [REDACTED] is about three years younger and [REDACTED] is the youngest. He is about four years younger than me.
3. My dad worked with the post office. He was formerly with the Royal Navy in the Second World War then right into the post office where he was a postman when he was demobbed into civvy street. My mother did little part time jobs. At that time money was very tight. Women needed to work, so she did part time jobs to supplement my dad's wage.
4. I went into care when I was about three and a half to four years old. I can remember some events before going into care. I've always had a very sharp memory. I remember things being very tough financially, but it was a loving, caring family. Everyone pulled for each other always. Everyone knew their responsibilities and obligations to help the family. This was close family members as well as extended family, like aunties and uncles. It was a close knit family and community, who helped

each other. Back then there was a very strong community spirit, especially in the area where I was brought up. Everyone seemed to know each other and look out for each other. They would borrow food and money from each other regularly.

5. My mother [REDACTED] had a nervous breakdown, primarily brought on by financial worry. She had a lot of financial worries that I remember vividly because I was close to her and she took me everywhere with her at that time. I remember the anguish she had at that time. It manifested through debts accumulating, not through any deliberate act. Her behaviour became very agitated and tense all the time, worrying where the next pound would come from. She had to get credit for clothes for us and to put food on the table. This would build up, it would become a vicious circle and inevitably we ran into debt. People like clubmen would come to the door looking for instalments each week. Sometimes we could pay, other times we couldn't.
6. It was the same for food. You would go to the butchers and get food on tick. So whoever was the oldest child, or whoever was in the house at the time would be sent down to get butcher meat. Sometimes you would go down and the butcher would say, "You can't get any, you owe ten and six", or whatever. So the debt would start building up. You would have to go back and impart the bad news on mum. This was crushing on her. It taught me the value of money.
7. The financial situation was causing friction in the marriage. My dad was working all the hours god sends, doing overtime, and it was very physical work. Inevitably it came out that we were owing money and my dad was getting annoyed, thinking everything was paid. This led to rows, which were hard to hide because we lived in a single end. It was a room and kitchen with one bedroom, so there were five of us in one bedroom. Mum and dad slept in the living room. So the arguments spilled over in front of the children. It couldn't be avoided. The local GP, Dr Carr, gave my mum anti-depressants at first and counselling, but it got so bad she had a nervous breakdown. She was admitted to Leverndale Hospital in Crookston, Glasgow. She was sectioned.

8. Due to my mum being admitted to Leverndale, my older sister [REDACTED] and I had to go to the British Sailor Society Children's Home. It's now called Lagarie. It wasn't known as that at the time. Lagarie is an alien to me, it was called the Sailor Society Home. People collected for it in those days. it was very well known. There were little stockings put up in shops and public bars and things and people would contribute. [REDACTED] was still in secondary school and went into what was called a big boy's home. [REDACTED] was just born and had pneumonia. She was admitted to Philipshill Hospital. [REDACTED] wasn't born at that stage.
9. I remember vividly going into the home. It's burned into my sub-conscious. I can't ever forget. I've lived with this all my life. It's not something you can forget. I believe the social work must have been involved, but records seem to have gone missing or have been removed. My dad had a social worker in the post office called Mr Shanks. He was employed by the post office as a social worker. My mum had to meet him on numerous occasions and I would go with her. That was a very traumatic time for her, meeting this person. This was just before she had the breakdown. He was a stern man. These were difficult meetings because he would bring up the impact it was having on my dad and his job, so there was a lot of conflict. He wanted to know what was going on in the family and telling mum how it was affecting dad. This caused the rages in my dad when he found out about the meetings. He didn't want that to happen because he was worried that people he worked with would find out.

The British Sailor Society Children's Home, (Lagarie)

10. It is still a bit of a mystery how we ended up at the Sailor Society Home and I am still trying to get to the bottom of it. My parents took us there. I'm still trying to find out who facilitated the paperwork on that side of it. I have done numerous subject access requests and I've been unable to find out anything about the records.
11. We went to the home by bus. We arrived at this big sort of country place in its own grounds. We'd never seen anything like this before. I didn't know we were going to stay. We thought we were going for a day visit, an outing. My parents had kept this from us until the last minute.

12. The home was imposing, nothing we were used to. It was quite unsettling. When we came to the entrance and taken in it was quite an unnerving experience meeting the people. There was a nurse at the front reception from my recollection. She was wearing a blue uniform with a bib and a little prim hat. That made me unsettled because it was like a hospital. My older sister was whispering that we were going to be staying here for a while. It was going to be like a holiday. She heard my mum and dad saying that. I was upset and asked, "What about mum and dad, where are they going to be?" She told me it would just be us here for a while. I started crying and clinging to my mum and she told me that it was ok, that I won't be here long. She said that they would pick us up and that I'll be alright, no harm would come to me. She added that it's a nice place and they would take care of us. That's what I remember.

13. The formalities that I can recollect were that it was a reception area and my mum and dad were introducing themselves to the nurse, who was behind like a reception desk. We were led into another room, like a waiting room and the matron came to meet my mum and dad. There was a discussion out with our hearing. My sister was getting unsettled and upset by this time. We were introduced to the matron. I didn't know her name at that time. I found that out later. Her name was Anne Miller. From what I remember of her, she was a big, chunky woman. She was quite imposing and had a dominating sort of personality. I remember thinking, "I don't like this person". I got bad vibes. She was very official. There was no warmth from her. My sister didn't like her immediately either.

14. Mum and dad didn't stay long, telling us they would be back and that we were there for a holiday and not to worry. They said they would be back shortly to see us and that we would be staying here at this place. They left and I was crying. [REDACTED] was trying to help me. She was getting upset too. She had a stronger nature than me. My parents kept looking back. I was calling for them and my dad was pulling at my mum's arm, leading her away. She kept stopping and looking back and I remember hoping that she was going to come back but my dad kept insisting and getting her to

move along. I was really upset and distressed and I couldn't be pacified. At that time we entered the home and there was an immediate feeling of abandonment.

15. The matron and nurse were trying to calm me down, telling me not to make a scene, but I wasn't to be consoled. Abandonment and rejection was what I felt. It's not a feeling I had experienced before. My mum had made us sandwiches and a drink but as soon as they left the matron took them from us.

Routine at British Sailor Society Children's Home. (Laarrie)

First day

16. We were taken down a corridor by the matron and into a dormitory and shown our beds. There were rows and rows of beds with a centre corridor. [REDACTED] and I were in the same dormitory. It was like an army barracks. There were scores of beds. I believe there were other dormitories. It was such a big place. I recall there were other children's belongings and possessions in bedside lockers, but there were no other children there at the time. They were out doing activities.
17. To me it was frightening. I hadn't seen anything like this before. This was an alien environment to what I had experienced in the single end. This upset me even more. I was very sensitive.

Mornings and bedtime

18. We were put down early at night. Frogmarched to our dormitory by a nurse. It was around dusk. I believe we went there in the spring time. It wasn't cold and flowers were out. We were put down and you didn't feel that tired.
19. You were woken up early too, by the nurses. The matron would be patrolling up and down. The nurses came in and shouted. "It's time to get up". It was quite harsh. You were told that the matron would be coming to inspect the dorm so it had to be clean. The nurses seemed to be frightened of the matron. They would snap at us and there

was finger wagging. There was no care in the place. No warmth, no comfort, no nurturing. To me it was a sinister, fearful place for children who weren't with their parents any more. It was run in the style of army barracks.

20. I could do so much with regards to dressing myself and my sister helped with fiddly buttons and things. My sister was in the bed next to me. I remember being very dependent on [REDACTED]. There were other children who had siblings there.

Bedwetting

21. My first night was catastrophic. I wet the bed. I woke up and I was absolutely soaking. It was the first time I had ever done that. I was really upset because it had never happened to me. [REDACTED] said that they were going to be very angry with me because I had wet the bed. She couldn't understand what I had done. I couldn't either. I called her [REDACTED] and I said, "[REDACTED], I don't know what I've done." I was deeply embarrassed and I was upset and I remember her saying, "You'll need to get out of those clothes". I was in pyjamas that I had brought with me. [REDACTED] was trying to get them off me and change them.
22. A nurse came in and found me and the bed soaking. She told my sister that she would have to tell the matron and she won't be happy, that she didn't like that sort of thing. The matron was summoned and she was angry. She shouted at me, "Look at what you've done. Do you know the work needed to clean that up? The bed will have to be changed and the mattress removed. This is causing us a lot of work". I remember that vividly. She took [REDACTED] and I to her study and raged at us, shouting and swearing. She was like the towering inferno. She said to my sister, "Your brother should know better. He shouldn't be doing that now. This is disgraceful". I couldn't understand why she was so angry.

Mealtimes / Food

23. The food was very basic. It's hard to remember the exact meals but it was basic. We were always hungry. We always felt we weren't getting enough. It was very skimpy. Everybody ate together in the dining hall. You would sit down and the nurses brought it to you on plates and slapped it down in front of you. If you didn't like it you had to eat it because you were so hungry. I remember them snapping at us to eat the food, so you were forcing yourself to eat it.

Washing / bathing

24. I don't recall us being washed. We had to clean ourselves in wash hand basins. There were no baths. There was soap and water. The boys and girls washed together. I can't recall cleaning my teeth at all.

School/Religion/Work

25. I wasn't at school. [REDACTED] wasn't at school there either. There may have been other children at school, I don't know.
26. Religion wasn't a thing in the home to my memory. I didn't have chores to do to my recollection. I think because of my age. I think [REDACTED] had chores. She seemed to be busy all the time and doing things. Basically keeping her side as well as my side clean. I was in there for about four months. I had a locker by my bed that had personal effects, things that you had brought with you, a change of clothes, socks, underwear, pyjamas, that sort of thing. I didn't get pocket money.

Leisure time

27. It's patchy what I remember during the day. There were like activities in the home. It was like a nursery, like a play area and we would have so many toys that we could play with. If it was a decent day we would go outside onto the front lawn and play with activity toys like little pull along trains. or cars and tanks. The girls had dolls and

prams and stuff to play with. We didn't have our own toys. We would play games like hide and seek or 'beever'. which is hopscotch.

28. If you had been in trouble, like wetting the bed, you couldn't play. [REDACTED] and I were isolated in our dormitory regularly, if the matron was really angry with us. Just the two of us, because we were what she called troublemakers. The nurses came in periodically to make sure we were still there. Sometimes we could go out. The reception area was quite open but you weren't really allowed to go there. It was out of bounds.
29. It was a strict regime. You couldn't go beyond boundaries outside the place. If you did you would be shouted at by the nurses, who would then report it to the matron. That happened to us a few times. The nurses would slap you on the leg, arm or head. If you resisted they would drag you in to where you should have been. Then the matron came and summoned us to her study and we would be slapped on the head and arms by her.
30. In her study, the matron had brandy, chocolates and bananas. I remember smelling the alcohol from her breath. When we were summoned in the evening she was drinking the stuff. She drank it a lot. Her face would be beetroot red and her breath was smelling of what my sister told me was brandy. We would be standing or sitting on the sofa. She would keep us there while she was lecturing to us. She would have these rages, then she would subside, then she would lecture us again and get angry again. She couldn't control her temper at all. She drank in the evening. She had a routine and if that routine was upset in any way she would get really angry.

Birthdays/Christmas

31. I can't remember my birthday being celebrated. What I do remember is they had a carousel sort of thing within the home, like hobby horses. That was a special one day sort of holiday event and the matron was there. I can't remember why it was. It was like a local holiday, a local festival sort of thing. There were pictures in a local newspaper and it was on a BBC documentary. That sort of thing aided my memory too. I

think there was a photographer there from the local newspaper. I can't recall birthdays being celebrated.

Trips / Holidays

32. We didn't go any trips while we were at the home.

Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention

33. I had no visitors while I was there and I can't remember anyone having visits. I didn't see any inspections being done.

Healthcare

34. There was no health care there. I'd had bruises and slap marks before from beatings but I never received any medical treatment because there were no witnesses.

Abuse at British Sailor Society Children's Home, (Lagarie)

35. After the incident on the first night, when I wet the bed, I couldn't control my bladder. I kept wetting the bed and wetting my clothes. My sister was saying to me before I would go to sleep, "You mustn't wet the bed or she will be really angry with you. We'll be in trouble". It happened, and each time it happened the nurses would get angrier and the matron would fly into bigger rages. She would take me to her study and she started hitting me. She hit me on the ear with her open hand. I was stunned by this. I'd never been hit before, I was shocked. She grabbed me roughly by the scruff of the neck in her study and threw me on the couch.
36. There was only [REDACTED] and I there. [REDACTED] would try to intervene and the matron would push her away. She pointed her finger at my eye saying, "Don't you ever do that again. You'll be punished every single time this happens". I remember her eyes were bulging. I couldn't believe the hostility. I had been changed into dry clothes when this happened. The more she assaulted me and raged at me. the worse it

happened. I remember one occasion my sister threw herself in between the matron and I when she was hitting me. She repeatedly hit me on the head and arms and screamed at me.

37. One time my sister jumped in and the matron grabbed her by the hair and dragged her into this cupboard and locked her in there for a couple of hours. I was taken out of the room and [REDACTED] was still in the cupboard.
38. I can't remember what was happening to the other children. She individualised everyone. She kept it to whoever. This happened every night. The harder I tried to stop it, the more it was happening. I'd waken up and the bed was flooded and my clothes were soaking. I'd be crying because I knew what was coming. It happened every time I wet the bed. The nurses took the sheets away saying, "You've caused us more work". There was no sympathy, no empathy.
39. I remember up to about four nurses. I can't recall their names. I didn't know the matron's name then too. She was only known as matron. We were made to believe it was our fault that we were there and there was no sympathy. It was just cruel and barbaric. Every night and morning it was the same terrifying procedure.
40. The punishments progressed from physical to one time the matron said to my sister, "Because your brother keeps wetting the bed you'll be getting no food today. You're not getting any dinner today or breakfast in the morning." We went the whole day with no food. We were really hungry and asking the nurses for food. They wouldn't give us any. I remember [REDACTED] started stealing food from the matron's office. I don't know how she done it exactly. She was a tower of strength to me in the home. Without her I think I would have died in that home. Under matrons orders we got no food and her word was law in there. The nurses were frightened of her. So, we would go without food for like a day on, day off sort of thing. We did get water. There was a sink in the dorm or the bathroom and you could drink from that.
41. I look back on the treatment I received as abuse. There was corporal punishment in those days, but when it crosses a line where you are getting daily beatings, kicked,

punched and hit over the head with a stool, which I will go into later, it goes way beyond the lines of corporal punishment. It was a brutal environment where anything went. I heard other children being shouted at and being pulled and dragged, but I didn't see anyone being treated like I was by the matron. All the staff were the same in their way. It was like a regime. I don't recall any of them being kind. All I remember is that it was a catalogue of daily abuse through bed wetting. It centred on me because of the bed wetting. The punishments would get worse as time went on. The deprivation and withdrawal of food would get more extreme. The emotional, psychological and physical abuse would heighten all the time.

42. My sister and I ran away one day. The punishments were so harsh, food was being withheld and ██████ said we have to go. She said she would find a way. We tried a couple of times and failed because someone was in the reception area. My sister told me we had to go because the matron hated me and the punishments were getting worse for me.
43. One day there was no-one in the reception area and ██████ told me to run as fast as I could. We ran out, over the lawn and down to the gate, which was open and we got out the grounds ourselves. My sister took me by the hand and we walked down this long road. My next recollection is being at the docks. There were little boats there tied up and we thought we could row one to Glasgow. I was frightened, it was like the sea. We were deliberating whether we should go down and get into a boat. I thought we should try because the home was a hellhole, but ██████ said we better not, we could die, we could drown. She said we had better get back to the home without being seen.
44. We managed to get back. We sneaked along the side of the bushes and waited a while until it eventually went quiet. We darted into the hall but got caught by a nurse, who said it would be reported to the matron. They didn't know we had run away and only found out when we came through the door. We were taken to the study and none of the nurses were allowed in. I was beaten remorselessly by the matron. I was punched and kicked. I remember her saying, "How dare you do this to me". She was screaming and 'F'ing and 'C'ing. She started punching and kicking me. My sister

came in between us and she got beaten too. I remember putting my arm up to protect myself and the matron picked up a wooden stool and hit me over the head with it. I fell to the ground unconscious. I woke up dazed and my head was spinning and so sore. My sister said, "You have a big egg on your head". I was crying. There was a big swelling.

45. I got no medical treatment at all. There was no health care there. I'd had bruises and slap marks before from beatings but I never received any medical treatment because there were no witnesses. No-one else saw what she was doing. It was always in her study and always out of sight from the other nurses, and when she was drinking.
46. After the assault we were ordered to our beds. I remember going to bed and I couldn't sleep that night because of the pain. I lay on one side then the other, then lay on my back and I eventually got to sleep. I kept feeling the lump on my head, and I was frightened and confused.

Reporting of abuse at the British Sailor Society Children's Home, (Lagarie)

47. After we ran away and I was hit with the stool the lump was there for a number of days. This must have happened near the end of the period we were staying there because I remember my mum and dad came to take us away and they saw it. They were shocked and asked the matron what had happened. She told them I had fallen and hit my head on the side of the sofa. I didn't tell them in front of the matron. They were upset that I hadn't had any medical help. My sister told them what really happened when we left. They took me right to our GP, Dr Harold Carr.

Leaving the British Sailor Society Children's Home, (Lagarie)

48. My parents just turned up at the home, noticed the big lump and were really upset. They took me straight to the GP. My mum had been discharged from Leverndale Hospital. Dr Carr said the injury wasn't accidental and that I had been struck violently with something on my head and he was outraged when ██████ told him what had happened. He said he would report it and have a full investigation and have the

matron dismissed from office. I was hoping to see this in my medical records but they are gone. Missing or removed. I don't know if anyone spoke to my parents again about the incident or investigation. It seemed to be very much hushed up. That's the impression I had in later years.

Life after being in care and impact

49. [REDACTED] was back home when we got home. [REDACTED] was still in hospital. She was there for months. She was pretty poorly. I went home to [REDACTED] Glasgow. That's where we were staying. I didn't go back into a home after this and my family came together. I didn't have a happy family life after being in the home. It was never the same due to the head knock. It caused some damage to my nervous system. I was getting treated by the doctor after that for some kind of nervous debility and inner tensions.
50. I had a very troubled and disrupted childhood. It was difficult to adjust to primary school. When I went I just cried and cried the first few days. It was going back into a regimented environment and reminded me of the home. Any officialdom I had to deal with I couldn't cope. I've always felt there was some kind of brain damage to my nervous system because I was never right after being hit with the stool. My parents and grandparents said, "He's not the same child anymore". I was known for hiding under the bed and not coming out if a stranger came into the room.
51. My bedwetting stopped as soon as I went home and back into the same safe environment. It must have been psychological. I had trouble throughout primary and secondary. I went to Our Lady in St Margaret primary school and Holyrood High School. I had difficulty keeping up with the rest. I was moved from class to class. My mum and dad would speak to teachers to make special arrangements for me. It was a terrible struggle for me. It still continues. It never goes away.
52. I left school and started working in a furniture firm. I was making and delivering furniture. I then got an apprenticeship with Glasgow City Council in horticulture. I worked on the gardening side at the parks department. This was for a long period of

time. Even my work suffered. I found it hard to mix with other people. I always felt at a disadvantage and not at the same level as them. I felt diminished in a lot of ways. It took a long time to come to terms with that. I put all this down to my bad experiences in the British Sailor Society.

53. I thereafter got into security, but I still suffered from this nervous debility when meeting people, cold sweats, shaking and withdrawing from group situations. I became a loner for most of my life. I've had flashbacks and nightmares about these horrors that happened in the home. The abuse, beatings, starvings and being away from my parents at that delicate age and being hit by the stool.
54. I saw a Dr Leslie on 31 July, 2001 as I was examined for early retirement on health grounds as it was affecting my work at Group 4. I brought up my time in the home. He did a psychiatric examination. I had been off work for sixteen months due to an anxiety state dating back to childhood. I have been taking dothienin since 2001. It is an anti-depressant.
55. I was having counselling for months from Margaret Watters. She was based at my GP's surgery, Dr Chita, in Glasgow. She is retired now. We covered all this time when I was abused in the home and the ramifications of that throughout my childhood and into my adulthood. I was referred to her by my GP, Dr Chita. I attended 23 out of 26 sessions. She was a very good listener. She said she linked a lot of it to my bad experiences in my early childhood at the children's home. I found it of great benefit.
56. I have been married to [REDACTED] for 36 years. We have 3 sons, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They are all in their 30's. I have worked in Glasgow most of my life although I was at Sellafield and Carlisle with Group 4. You went where you were told. My sister [REDACTED] passed away three years ago in [REDACTED]. My other siblings are still alive.
57. Throughout all this trauma and abuse the only thing that has sustained me in life is my Christian faith. I've said this to everyone I meet. I've said it to my doctor, I've said

it to the police. It's helped where drugs have failed, where counselling has only just touched the surface. It has revived me. To me it is important, it may be important to other people.

58. It's had impact in a whole spectrum of ways. The negative is always there, to this day. I'm still getting counselling, still on anti-depressants. It never goes away. I don't think it's ever going to go away, but I am motivated to help other people.
59. I was prompted to contact the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry in September last year through organisations like INCAS and Birthlink to help other people.

Reporting of Abuse

60. I spoke to the police on 24 September, 2018. The Chief Executive Officer of the British Sailor Society, Stuart Rivers told me I should report my abuse to the police. I spoke to a PC Elliott at Cathcart Police Station in Glasgow. He took a statement from me. I'm still in touch with him. Recently the police have been in touch with me again. The National Child Investigation Unit, I think. They are based in Aberdeen. They want to interview me again. I had never reported it to the police before this. I have kept it to myself. This interview with the National Child Investigation Unit has taken place in August, 2019.

Records

61. As I mentioned, Stuart Rivers, the CEO of the British Sailor Society got in touch with me asked me about my time in the home. Why I came forward was to help other children in the future, stop other children suffering the abuse and victimisation that [REDACTED] and I endured. That's always been my chief motive. For the checks and balances to be put in place. Stuart Rivers said he wanted a better grasp of what happened at the time, what happened to these children.
62. I asked about my records because that's very important to me, and he said he had conducted a search with all the staff and couldn't find any records going back to that

time. He said they just don't have them. He said at the time that [REDACTED] and I were there it was a Scottish committee that were running the home for the British Sailor Society and they didn't really take it back from the Scottish committee until 1970. He said there was collusion with the social work and the home in relation to records and they went missing. He didn't expand on the collusion. He contacted me on 26 September, 2018. Stuart Rivers of the Sailor Society has since resigned in May, 2019.

63. I had been trying to get my records for some time. I went to my doctors and asked for a copy of my medical records. I saw some but there's eleven years of records missing, including my time at the Sailor Society. I'm disconcerted. I want to know why but they can't give me a logical explanation. My younger sister [REDACTED]'s records are missing for the same period of time. I've been in touch with Future Pathways and Birthlink who are doing searches and they have told me nobody has records for that period. INCAS has told me nobody has got records from Lagarie for that period. I've had to rely on formal sources, people I've spoken to about my past and this abuse.

Lessons to be Learned

64. There should be more regular oversight into these children's homes. There should be more CCTV, audio and recording equipment installed in these places. People should be properly vetted and psychologically tested. There should be regular oversight and more supervision. More accountability and more transparency.

Other information

65. I spoke to my family and news about Lagarie came out in the press and I thought I should come forward. This is why I contacted the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry, to see if I can help rather than bottling it up. I saw the merry-go-round and got the matron's name from the internet. I looked it up. I haven't watched the BBC documentary, it would be too harrowing.

- 66. I've been spoken to by INCAS and Birthlink in relation to the redress scheme but I don't qualify for that criteria. I'm keen to move forward and try and get something done on the official side. If I can contribute then that's what matters to me.
- 67. I had never known the home to be known as Lagarie. It was always the Sailor Society and it seems to me that they are trying to distance themselves from it.
- 68. My sister [REDACTED] and I were victims of criminal and malicious neglect by the matron, Anne Millar. This neglect took the form of punishment and beatings, withholding food, being left in urine soaked pyjamas and bedding all night. Being subjected to emotional and psychological stress and pressures, being made to feel worthless, and ultimately being deprived of necessary and critical medical attention.
- 69. The passage of time has led me to believe more and more that my tormentor, Anne Millar, the matron, was a sadist who enjoyed inflicting pain on others.
- 70. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..... PLG [REDACTED]

Dated 23/9/17