

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

LYJ  
[REDACTED]

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is LYJ [REDACTED]. My birth name, and the name I was known as a child, was LYJ [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1953. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

**Life before going into care**

2. My home was in [REDACTED], Cowcaddens, Glasgow, in the old tenement buildings there. I was the youngest of eight. There was [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and me. I had an older brother, [REDACTED]. He died from complications through a brain injury when he was nine or ten. I'm not sure if he might have been the eldest overall.
3. All the girls were in care. Most of the sisters were older than [REDACTED] and me. [REDACTED], the youngest sister, would have been between [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], possibly. I didn't know where the sisters were. I hadn't had any contact with them. I later found out the girls were away at Nazareth House with the nuns being looked after. I never ever saw them during my time at home or all throughout the time that I was in care.
4. The only sister that I did have contact with in that period, before going into care, was [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] had visited our home in [REDACTED] with her boyfriend, who was a sailor. On that one day, unfortunately I decided I was going to nick some bananas

from a shop across the road. [REDACTED] asked me where I'd got the bananas. I told her that I'd nicked them. She beat the living daylights out of me. She pulled my trousers down and beat my backside. That was my one and only contact with [REDACTED].

5. There was myself, and my brothers [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] left at home. [REDACTED] was the oldest. He was six, going on seven, years older than me. [REDACTED]'s two or three years older than me. The brothers, because we had age differences, more often than not had our own friends.
6. My mum was very rarely at home. I later found out that she had an alcohol dependency and drug problem. She'd spend most of her time out with other men. My dad worked as a coalman, delivering coal to the tenements. When he wasn't working, more often he was in the pub. When he didn't have money, he'd be at home. The only fond memory I have is with him, sharing some ha' penny chocolate caramels, as a treat. On very rare occasions when my mum was home, she'd have a scotch pie. Mum'd give me the crust because she'd no teeth and she couldn't eat it.
7. We lived in a room and kitchen in the basement, bottom flat of the tenement. Me and my brothers topped and tailed in a bed. I don't remember ever being washed or having a bath. We didn't have a bath. Clearly I was neglected. I was covered in lice and had worms.
8. Most of my time was spent rummaging around outside in bins looking for food. If I found food, I'd dust it off and eat it. There was very little food at home. I have no memory of actually sitting down in my home, eating a proper meal. I remember seeing turned up pieces of bread, that might have been in the house. There was nothing like a larder full of food. Whatever food me and my brothers had, we shared. We'd bring it back home.
9. There was a set of brothers that lived in the same tenement as I, who used to go out to work in the morning. They'd have a piece, a sandwich, and they'd walk to work. I'd follow them. They'd throw the crust away. It was a big, thick crust. I'd pick the crust up and eat it.

10. In New City Road in Cowcaddens, the grocery shops would put their boxes of apples and oranges out on display. The other way I'd get food was by walking past, grabbing one and I'd run like hell. There was a little Asian shop right across the road from me. They would have Fyffe banana boxes by the wall. When the shopkeeper wasn't looking, I'd be putting my hand in and sneaking a banana out.
11. There was a set of old ladies just across from us who had a second hand furniture shop. They would occasionally, if they were around and opened, give me some biscuits. I think that they could see I was neglected and poor.
12. I have a couple of memories of going to a dining hall. It might have had something to do with social services. There was other lads like myself, who I think were poor. We could have a meal. We'd steal off each other's plates, just nab a potato and eat it because we were quite hungry. On one side was a dining hall and on the other side was a store where you could get some clothes. I remember my dad taking me up there. We got some clothes over a little counter.
13. Generally speaking, it was living by your wits. I'd be with other kids, walking along the walls in the dark nights. A lot of the time we'd spend collecting beer and lemonade bottles and getting thrupence or a penny for them. We'd use that to get something to eat. It wasn't food, just sweets.
14. The house was secured by a big lump of wood that was on the back of the door. We stuck our hand through, grabbed it and pushed it to the side in order to get in. In the house, more often than not, I'd be on my own. In the winter, if my dad had made a fire, I'd be sitting in this one chair we had. In the dark, I'd be watching the shadows dancing. I remember feeling quite frightened, wondering when my dad was going to come home or if anybody else was coming home.
15. I remember starting school in Glasgow at St Joseph's Primary. My first day at school was trauma. My dad took me up there. The doors opened, there was a big lady, a

nun. I'd never seen a nun in my life. She had big, black, flowing robes. I remember screaming and running. Dad chased after me and dragged me back.

16. I didn't go to school regular. I always remember the few times my mum was home. I later found out it was the school board attendance officer shouting through the letterbox, "I know you're in there, Mrs [REDACTED], open the door." My mum would have her hand over my mouth to stop me making any noise. Obviously, I should have been at school and I wasn't.
17. I never saw my mum from when I went into care. She died in 1965 from drugs and alcohol. My mum also had mental health difficulties, that was part of the problem I think. [REDACTED] told me she'd died when he came to visit me. He showed me the death certificate. [REDACTED] told me he'd been approached by her before she died and he hardly recognised her.

#### **Castlemilk Children's Home, Glasgow**

18. On the day I was taken into care, I'd been at school. I was on my way back and I nicked a half pint of milk from a doorstep. I was running home with it, to share with whoever was home with me. There was a big car, an Austin Princess, from the City Chambers outside. I thought, "What's the big, fancy car doing there?" Nobody had cars then.
19. When I got in, there was two big men with trilby hats in the house. They had clothes for me, a pair of shorts, a shirt and shoes. They said, "Do you want to come with us, LYJ?" I says, "Yes." I jumped into the car, which I was excited about. They took me down to John Street social services office. I met my brothers there, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I don't know how they arrived there.

20. The men then put us into a green transit van. There was a man with a uniform on. They drove us to a house called Castlemilk. It was a big children's home in Glasgow. It was very ornate. It was a castle I believe. There was a big, sweeping stairway. We came out the van. Whoever was with us from social services had said that [REDACTED]'s staying in the van to go to do a bit of shopping with the driver. We never seen him again. That was it. He just disappeared. He didn't come back.

21.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

[REDACTED]

22. I'm not too sure how long I was at Castlemilk. Possibly some months. Secondary Institution

23.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

[REDACTED]

### **Gryffe Children's Home, Bridge of Weir**

24. We moved from there to Gryffe Children's Home. I think I was going on six. Shortly after arriving at Gryffe I had a birthday. It transpired that I had my birthday late. They thought I had a birthday in [REDACTED] when in actual fact I was born in [REDACTED].
25. We weren't prepared for any move. Nobody told us where we were going or why we were going. We were just told, "We're going to be taking you somewhere else now." There was no explanation. We were just told, "Get these good clothes on you, you're going somewhere else." We didn't know anything about social workers. Nobody was introduced to us as a social worker.
26. When we first arrived there were girls there as well. The girls lived downstairs. Then they were moved to other homes and it became a single sex boys home. The number of boys there varied but it could be about fifty plus.

### **Routine at Gryffe Children's Home, Bridge of Weir**

#### *First Day*

27. It was the same green van again. I'm even sure it was the same driver. Me and [REDACTED] were taken to Gryffe. We came into the front entrance. We were taken into the recreation hall. All the lads were sat there. They were sat their dormitory group, on the benches. Mr MKS [REDACTED], SNR [REDACTED] of Gryffe, introduced us, "This is LYJ [REDACTED], this is [REDACTED], they've come to stay with us now." That was it.
28. We were taken up to our various rooms by Mr MKS [REDACTED]. He said, "This is your bedroom" and, "This is your bedroom." We were given socks, sandals, khaki shorts and t-shirts, sloppy joes, we called them. That was a bit like a uniform there. We

were all dressed the same. In the winter we wore a pullover which was like a sea cadet pullover.

*Staff at Gryffe Children's Home*

29. We never knew the staff's first names. They were always, "Mr Gilmour", "Mr **MWN**", "Mr **MWD**" or "Mr **MKU**". The female staff were all called "Nurse", "Nurse Gibson", "Nurse Leckie". There'd be two male members of staff on shift at any one time, along with two female members of staff. There'd always be a night nurse.
30. Mr **MKS** was **SNR**. Then there was Miss Grayson. She wasn't involved directly in my care. She seemed to spend most of her time in the laundry room doing repairs and seeing to the laundry. There was Mrs **RHI**, who was one of the less liked female members of staff. She'd make your life difficult if she could. There was Mrs Gibson, Mrs Leckie, Mr **MWN**, Mr **MKU** and Mr **RFN**. There were a couple of cooks. There was Mr Gilmour. I didn't know his name at the time but it was Andrew. There were a couple of others that I can't remember the names of, that came and went.
31. There was a member of staff called Mr **RFN** who came to the home. He was a really nice man. He didn't stay for long, a matter of months, he was there in the summer one year. I was twelve or thirteen. He was into photography. He took a photo of me, peeping out from behind a tree and gave me a copy of it. I don't know what I did with it, I lost it somewhere.
32. Sadly, Mr **RFN** was sacked by Mr **MKS**. I had the feeling he was one of the good staff, he was a genuine member of staff that was really interested in you. He cared. There were a number of staff who were predisposed to abuse kids. It was almost like a clique. He was a threat to them and they outed him and got rid of him. Mr **RFN** clipped a boy on the side of the head, not hard. Mr **MKS** made a big

song and dance about it, "How dare he hit any of the children!" Mr <sup>RFN</sup> was sacked in front of all of us.

### *Dormitories*

33. I think there was something like ten boys in my dormitory. There was another big dormitory with a similar number and three or four dormitories that took about eight. There was a room at the very end which took another two boys who were older, round about fourteen, fifteen. They'd get the papers in the morning for the Superintendent. The dormitories were age-related. When you were twelve, you went upstairs to another dormitory. You went from short trousers to long trousers. That was like a rite of passage.
34. ██████████ was in the big boys room, he was in a bigger dormitory down the corridor from me. I was in one of the main dormitories for the young lads. It was called Ben Dorain. They were all named, Ben Vrakie, Ben Cruachan. They'd a name plate on them. The dormitories had beds like hospital beds. They were just metal framed beds with white linen sheets and a blue cover. They were all uniform. You had a locker to keep your clothes in.
35. There was a staff room on the same level as us at the far end of the house, opposite the older boys room. That's where the male member of staff would sleep when on sleeping duty. If there were any problems through the night, they were there to be woken up and come and supervise.

### *Mornings and Bedtime*

36. We'd be up at 6 o'clock in the morning. The night nurse, who was a female member of staff, would get us up. We had to make our beds, brush our teeth, wash our face. Then we'd get dressed.

37. We'd go downstairs to the main recreation hall. There was park benches. We all sat in our dormitory group on the bench. Then we'd have to walk up quietly, in our dormitory group, up into the dining room, where we'd have breakfast. After breakfast, it'd be back to the recreation hall to get ready for school.
38. We went to bed at 7 o'clock every evening regardless, summer and winter. The big boys, from age twelve, went to bed at 8.30. Mr <sup>MKS</sup> had his own private flat on the level that we were on. He would come out of his flat and listen to hear of anyone was talking. Mr <sup>MKS</sup> would creep around in his slippers to catch you. You could hear the door open, it was squeaky. If you were caught talking, he'd call you out and give you the belt.
39. The night nurse was responsible for making sure that any boys that wet the bed were woken up through the night, as a strategy to intervene before they wet the bed. They would be woken up to be toileted during the night. Those boys would have a big, heavy duty rubber mat in the middle of the bed to try and save the mattress. There was a couple of occasions that I wet the bed but I wasn't a consistent bed wetter.

#### *Mealtimes / Food*

40. At breakfast, we'd stand behind our chairs and say grace. Then we'd sit down. We'd have porridge in the morning and a cup of tea. We could look at our plates and see what day of the week it was. For instance, Tuesday was always stewed sausages. It was institutionalised.
41. More often than not, by the time we got to our meals, they were cold. You'd stick your fork in it and it'd lift the whole gravy up like a jelly, congealed. It wasn't particularly nice. The luxury for me was cornflakes on a Sunday morning when we came back from church or chapel. We had a bit of bacon then as well.

42. SNR [REDACTED] always had this saying, "You should always leave the table hungry." We were always hungry. Food was used as an opportunity to groom and exploit kids. There was never enough left over for everyone to have seconds, extras. One of the rules was that you had to finish what was on your plate before you could put your hand up for extras. I don't think there was ever anyone overweight in Gryffe.
43. As soon as we'd said grace and the staff said you could start, there was a cacophony of knives and forks. People eating their food as quick as they could so they could put their hands up for extras.
44. At night you'd get a bun and a drink of milk for supper. We had to eat our bun before we could put our hands up for any extras. There was never enough for any of us. Every night was like a begging night. We'd all be on the edge of our benches going, "Sir, sir, sir", like begging for more. Today, I still eat quick. I think it's a legacy from that, all these years.

*Washing / bathing*

45. As a young kid, up until the age of twelve, you'd get a big bath in the bath upstairs on a Saturday night. We'd share a bath. There'd be three, if not four, in the bath at the same time. There were big, wooden steps that you walked up to get into the bath. It seemed really deep and big. The nurse, the female member of staff, would run the bath. You'd go in and wash yourself and she would supervise that. The nurse would intermittently go out to check the lads in their dormitory and come back and check in on you.
46. As an older boy, there was showers downstairs. You'd have a shower once a week, on a Saturday. You would line up in your dormitories and you'd have to show your underpants. We didn't have fresh pants every day, we only had them once a week. If they were soiled in any way, the staff member would send you into the toilet and get you to wash the underpants underneath the tap. You'd come back out and show the member of staff before they put them in the pile to go outside to be laundered.

47. We'd be given a spoonful of syrup of figs or cod liver oil. We'd be given shampoo on our head before we went into the showers. A male member of staff would supervise us in the showers. We had a toothbrush and toothpaste and the nurse would supervise us cleaning our teeth.

### *School*

48. For the first couple of years, we walked to school from Bridge of Weir to Houston. I went to St Fillan's Primary School. It was something like two and half or three miles. It was a long walk for a little boy. We'd walk in pairs, with a member of staff supervising us, there and back again. Depending on which member of staff was on, they'd always be holding a boy on the left and on the right of them. We had school dinners which was great, I loved school dinners. They were better than what we had in the home.
49. I remember when the weather was bad, when it was raining, we'd be wearing wellingtons. We'd walk and we'd have a red ring around the backs of our legs where the wellingtons would rub. Your legs would be raw with walking. A member of staff would be at the school gate, to walk us back. In later years, they had a bus from Gardiners Garage. It would take us up to school and back.
50. I went from St Fillan's to St Brendan's secondary school in Linwood. We were known as "Gryffies", sometimes in a derogatory way. At St Brendan's, I complained to the headmaster, Mr McGaffney, when he was appointing prefects, that there was nobody from Gryffe appointed. I was saying to him, "That's not fair, Sir." He said, "Ok, you can be a milk monitor." I delivered the milk to the infants, that gave me a bit of responsibility. Even then, I felt a sense of injustice.
51. There was a homework session at the home when you were at secondary school. There was a period a night, I believe it was about an hour, when you could do

homework. There was nobody to help you, the staff never helped you. You were left to do whatever you had to do.

52. At St Brendan's, I had my friends from primary school and I met new friends. We'd play in the playground. Me and my friend [REDACTED], we'd go to the tuck-shop and he always had some money. He'd buy a packet of digestive biscuits and give me half to eat.
53. Mr McHarg, the woodwork teacher, he was a wonderful man. He emigrated to Australia. I always felt a real sense of loss when he left. He gave you a bit of special attention if you were in the home. Not negative, positive. A couple of times I missed the bus and he'd put me in his car and drive me to the home, so I wouldn't get into trouble. He'd drop me off at the gate. I made a bookcase and a lampstand. Anything we made, MKS [REDACTED] would have it. You didn't keep it, he'd just take it. Even baking, like a sponge cake or an apple pie.
54. Nearer the end of my time in Gryffe, I was picked as a reserve for the St Brendan's football team. That enabled me to go out on a Saturday morning to play football. One of my mates, [REDACTED], would meet me outside the gate. We'd jump on the bus and go to wherever we needed to go, maybe Paisley, to the football ground. [REDACTED] would buy me a pie. My friends knew the only time I could go out of the home was if I was part of the team.
55. I left school at the age of fourteen because my oldest sister, [REDACTED], came to see me and offered to give me a home with her in Dublin.

#### *Leisure Time*

56. When we got back from school, we changed into our play clothes. These were our khaki shorts and sandals. We weren't allowed out of the boundary walls of the children's home. We weren't allowed to invite any friends in to the home to spend time with. We weren't allowed to go and spend time with them at the village or at

their homes. It was very separated. The gate wasn't locked. It was always open. It was like, you don't go out the gate. If you went out the gate, you got disciplined. You knew not to go past it.

57. Through the day, regularly as part of the routine, a hand bell would ring. It was a privilege, apparently, for any of the boys to go out and ring the bell. There was no specific time for it. When the bell rang, whatever you were doing outside, playing, climbing trees, we had to make our way to the recreation hall. We had to sit on our benches. We'd have a head count to make sure no-one had run away. If we didn't answer the bell, and we hadn't a good enough reason, then we got the belt. The bell was also rung for lunch and dinnertime.
58. Initially, the driver for the home was the same man who'd put us in care. It was almost like he was my friend, someone special. In the winter, every other week on a Thursday, we'd have a film show. The driver would come and set up the projector in the room. Every other week on a Thursday, we'd go to the swimming baths in Paisley, in Bath Street. Gardiners would put on a double decker bus, we'd all pile in and it'd take us to Paisley. It was just us, the boys from the home. We'd have a good hour in the baths.
59. Saturday afternoons we'd have a bit of television. We could only see the TV at the weekends and it was only on a Saturday. The TV was sitting there, outside the Superintendent's office, on a little coffee table with wheels on it. We would watch Doctor Who. We'd be put to bed, the younger ones, and the older lads would be watching something like Morecombe and Wise.
60. When we were looking to get a bit of television, we'd all have to be sitting quiet and say nothing for ten minutes or so. A member of staff would pick one of the lads and say, "Go and get the television." You'd hear the TV rushing down the corridor. We'd sit on the benches and watch the show.

61. An ice-cream van used to come up to the home on a Saturday afternoon. We got pocket money. Up until you were twelve, you got sixpence. Twelve to fifteen you got a shilling. We could spend our pocket money there, on ice-cream and sweets.
62. On a Sunday you'd go to chapel, to Mass, and the Protestants would go to their church. The member of staff would have an envelope with donations. In the afternoon after chapel, we'd go on a compulsory walk. It would be for about an hour. If it was raining you'd put on your coat and wellingtons. We'd go after our dinner.

### *Chores*

63. On a weekend, we'd get up on a Saturday and do housework. We would put polish down on the lino floors, on our hands and knees. Then, with these big, heavy bumpers, we would bump the floors. Everyone had to do it. You had to pitch in for the room you were in. When I got older, the chores included scrubbing out the showers, toilets and urinals. We'd to scrub the tiles out with a hard brush, carbolic soap and Vim. Then we'd to clean them down with cloths.
64. We had a garden where we grew potatoes, fruit, gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries. The older lads all picked it. We would help in the garden, putting the manure in and whatever. I believe it was shared amongst the other children's homes.
65. If you were working in the house, after you'd finished your meal, we'd go into the scullery area where we'd wash the plates and knives and forks. We had a rota to do the dishes. Any leftover food would go to the pig swill bin outside. In the summer it was not the best job because there were always wasps chasing you around.
66. After you'd done the housework, you were given a reward, like a sandwich with lemon curd. I always remember the nurse on duty, if she went out into the kitchen proper, she would tell us all to whistle until she came back, so she knew we weren't nicking any more bread. We couldn't eat and whistle at the same time.

*Trips / Holidays*

67. We went to a place called Garlieston House in Galloway for a summer break. I remember being there twice. We shared it with other children from other children's homes, females. It was a big house. The girls were on one side and we were on the other side. We didn't go into Garlieston village.
68. There was one year when I went on an school educational cruise for two weeks. We went to Spain, France and Madeira. I was young, I was still in primary school. I think most of us from Gryffe went. It was great. Two years after that some lads went to Sweden on a trip. The years we didn't go anywhere on holiday, we'd just be in the home out and about in the woods, climbing trees.

*Birthdays and Christmas*

69. We'd have a cake made for us. A sponge cake with icing, hundreds and thousands and candles. They'd sing "Happy Birthday", then the nurse would come along and cut it into pieces. You got the first bit of cake. Then you were allowed to give bits to your mates, then everyone else got the rest. You got a standard box of fudge and a birthday card. Mr RFN used to get a box of chocolates and a birthday card for each boy over and above the fudge from the home.
70. You got a present at Christmas. It was a very minimal present. I remember one year I got some fish that you could fish out with a magnet. It wasn't anything great. Other lads, who were in touch with their parents, which weren't too many, would get presents from their parents.

*Contact with Parents and Siblings*

71. In the early stages of my care at Gryffe, I suffered from recurring nightmares. I used to wake up regular, crying and screaming in my sleep. I used to sleepwalk a lot. [REDACTED], my brother, lived down the corridor from me, as an older boy. Regularly, he'd be beside my bed and saying, "You're alright LYJ, don't worry, you're safe." When we were both at Gryffe, I'd see [REDACTED], when I came back from school.
72. [REDACTED] was at my shoulder. He'd have his own mates in the home. He taught me how to tie my laces, how to tell the time. If there was anyone who was going to be a threat to me, [REDACTED] was always behind me. They'd have him to deal with, my big brother. [REDACTED] left Gryffe at fifteen when I was about nine.
73. There was no contact with my brother [REDACTED]. There was no contact with my sisters, except on one of his leaves from the Army, [REDACTED] brought my sister [REDACTED] up to see me.
74. There was no contact with my mum and dad. I believe if you had kids in care and you were working, your wages could be arrested to contribute to the cost of the care. I was led to believe my dad worked in the black economy to avoid his wages being arrested. He didn't want any contact with officialdom and hence, he'd no contact with his children.

*Visits / Inspections*

75. I didn't have any visitors at Gryffe. I never saw a social worker. There was nobody we could complain to, to say we were unhappy.
76. Nearer the end of my time at Gryffe, [REDACTED] would come up and visit me. He went into the Army, the Royal Engineers. I went to see my dad with [REDACTED] on one of [REDACTED]'s leaves. He was in digs in Drumchapel with a Mrs [REDACTED]. I stayed the weekend in that address. One time, [REDACTED] brought my dad to visit me. I was about

thirteen. My dad promised to come and visit me again. He never turned up. That was the last time I saw my dad.

### *Healthcare*

77. Mrs LYQ was almost like a nurse. If you were ill, she'd be the one who'd give you medicine, take your temperature and see if you were alright. We didn't much see a doctor. I had a bad case of athlete's foot, my toes were stuck together. I kicked the bed and gashed my foot. It went septic. I never saw a doctor then.
78. I had the mumps and one of the female members of staff looked after me. I was sent to school with whooping cough. I was hit on the side of the head with a toy gun and that went septic. I had lock-jaw from it, I think. I remember the priest coming up to see me but I didn't see a doctor.
79. The only times I saw a doctor was in primary school. I had taken the blade out of a pencil sharpener and I was cutting through a toy soldier's leg. The blade slipped and cut my hand. I still have a scar. Sometime after that, someone had thrown a stone over into the sandpit. It hit me in the head and gashed my head badly. I was taken down to the doctor to have my head stitched. We had a dentist that came to the school, the school dental service. That was the only dentist we saw.

### *Running away*

80. On two occasions, I ran away from the home. The first occasion was when I was quite young, in primary school. I think I was seven. I just knew I had to go somewhere, to get away. I think I was gone one, maybe two, days. I remember being something like two nights away from the home. I was on my own, just walking aimlessly. The second night, I remember the police had seen me. It was really early in the morning, seven or eight. They gave chase to me.

81. I was then put in a police cell. They didn't close the door on me. A lovely police lady came in and asked me if I wanted fish and chips. Of course, I said, "Yes" and I wolfed it down. I hadn't eaten for two days. It'd been raining all the time. My hands were white and wrinkly. Eventually Mr **MKS** appeared to pick me up.
82. Mr **MKS** took me back in his car, into the front office. He proceeded to give me the belt. I remember pulling my hands away because it was sore. Mrs **LYQ**, his wife, grabbed a hold of me, wrestled me to the floor and pulled my trousers down. She exposed my backside. Mr **MKS** was whipping me on my buttocks.
83. I was then taken upstairs and put in a cold bath by Mr **MKS**. He called a female member of staff, I'm not too sure who it was. It might have been Mrs **RHI**. She oversaw me in the bath and would intermittently refresh the water to make it cold. I was in a cold bath for, I don't know how long, it seemed eternity. I was shivering.
84. Then I was put in my pyjamas and khaki shorts. I had a week of standing, facing the wall in pyjamas through the day, while the rest of the lads were at school. I was put to my bed, I don't know what time, but it was late. All the big boys had been in their beds for some time and they went to bed at half past eight. I was nodding off when I was standing facing the wall.
85. The second time I ran away I was in the secondary school. I must've been about aged thirteen. I didn't run away anywhere, as such. I stayed in a shed. One of my mates that was not in a home, he was a pal of mine at school, allowed me to use his shed. It wasn't much of a shed, it was leaking like a sieve. I just stayed there, I didn't get any food or anything. He didn't want his parents to know that he was hiding me. I was in there for two days.
86. Again, I was put in a cold bath when I returned to the home. I was given the belt. I had two weeks solid punishment that time. As part of my punishment, **MKS** made me put on a pair of old rugby boots. They had no laces, the leather was all crinkly, it wasn't soft. The boots had studs. I had to run around the yard where we had a

roundabout and a set of swings. I had no socks on, just the rugby boots. The skin of my heel had gone by the end of it.

87. MKS then took me into the recreation hall in front of all the boys. I had to hop up and down on one leg with the rugby boots on. If I put my leg down, which I did, or stop, he would give me the belt. I can only assume that was as a warning to the rest of them not to run away. Other boys also ran away but I didn't see them get the punishment with the rugby boots. It was only one occasion that happened to me. I had a cold bath that day too.
88. For two weeks I had no pocket money, food deprivation and sleep deprivation. I didn't go to school. I remember my mates at school saying, "Where have you been, LYJ?" At the time, I didn't rationalise it, that what Mr MKS did was so wrong, that the school would see the bruises and raise concerns. I was made to wear short trousers for a week after that, that was another punishment used.

### **Abuse at Gryffe Children's Home**

89. My experience, with a Mr Gilmour, I later found out his first name is Andrew, was when I was maybe or eight or nine. He used to organise some play activities. One of those play activities was to do a treasure hunt in the woods that surrounded the home. Mr Gilmour would hide sweets around trees and bushes or wherever. We would go out and hunt for them, to see if we got a sweet.
90. This particular time, Mr Gilmour asked me to stay back with him in the woods. He asked me to lay back on the ground. He was talking to me, saying something like, "I think you're a really nice little boy, LYJ." The next thing I felt was Mr Gilmour's hand on my crotch, up me, in my shorts. I just stood up and ran away. I was looking for my mates after that. I never thought much more of it.

91. A couple of nights later, when he was duty member of staff, Mr Gilmour came into the bedroom and got me up. It was on the pretext of taking me to the toilet. When Mr Gilmour got me into the toilet, he started to feel down below me. I was saying, "No." Mr Gilmour got his penis out, which was erect, and put my hand on his penis. He started pulling my hand back and forward. I started to cry and was saying, "No." He stopped then and let me go back to my bed.
92. There was a staff bath at the far end of the house which only staff could use. Whenever Mr Gilmour was on nightshift he seemed to have a ritual. You could hear him running the bath and smell the cologne or whatever he was putting on. Then he would go round the bedrooms, I think looking for a boy. After Mr Gilmour did what he did to me, whenever he was on shift, I was really anxious and fearful. Whenever I'd smell him putting the stuff on, I'd be under the blankets. I don't know where it came from, but I had a glove with fur inside and I used to turn that outside in and hold it, as a bit of comfort.
93. When food was being given out, the members of staff who were abusers would prioritise the kids that they were abusing. Those staff would give the kids they were abusing or intending to groom, extras first. The only time I got extra food from Mr Gilmour was at suppertime that time before he tried to abuse me. I never got any extras after that. We kids would say to the kids getting extras, "Oh, you're a sook." For us, "sook" meant you were a preferred kid. There was a suspicion about the kids getting extras.
94. There were certain members of staff, for instance Mr MKU, who was described by some boys as being a bit "funny". There was suspicion that he was an abuser. He would come on shift. We would be sitting, in our dormitories, ready to transition from school to play or to get ready for bed. Mr MKU was always noticeably standing there. He always wore tracksuit bottoms. Some of the lads would giggle because he'd have an erection.
95. The kids didn't talk about the abuse. Kids who were abused, we didn't sit down after any abuse and speak about it. I can only think this was because, invariably, if you

made any sort of allegation against a member of staff, you were not believed. You ended up having punishments.

96. It was Mr **MKS** who gave the punishments. Punishments could be being put in cold baths. You'd be in there for an hour or so. It was a long time. A member of staff would intermittently refresh the cold water. You'd be shivering. You'd then be put in pyjamas and khaki shorts over the top of the pyjamas. You'd be made to stand to face the wall for long periods of time, through the day.
97. A member of staff would come intermittently to see if you were still facing the wall. If not, you'd be punished again with the belt, the tawse. If there was more than one of you undergoing punishment, if you were caught talking to one another, you'd be subjected to the belt again. We'd be put to bed by the night nurse, I suspect it was 11, 12 o'clock at night. Then back up at the normal time.
98. At meals, we'd stand behind our chairs if we were on punishment. We'd only get half the amount of food we'd normally get. We weren't entitled to get any extras.
99. Mr **MKS** had two belts that he had named. "Brown Bess", he rolled up and had in his pocket and "Black Bess", he always had over his shoulder, in his jacket. He used to sometimes stand the belt upright in front of you, as if to say, "If you misbehave, you'll have this." If you were cheeky or ran away, he'd use Brown Bess on you, that was the higher level of punishment. He'd whack you on the legs. That would be in front of the rest of the boys or it would be in his office. It wasn't every week but it could happen at any time. It was regular. There was an anxiety that it could happen at any time. Some members of staff would ask you to remove your sandal and smack you on the backside. That wasn't that regular, it happened to me a couple of times.
100. We didn't go to school when we were on punishment. I can only assume, as an adult, that the reason we didn't go to school was that we were covered in bruises with the belt. I had bruises up my arms, my buttocks and my legs. That was Mr

MKS's strategy, to dole out the punishment and make sure you only went to school when you were in a fit state to go without causing problems.

101. I was aware of other people having bruises all up their arms and their legs. I was aware of others having sleep deprivation and food deprivation, and cold baths. Punishments were standard.. You knew that was what was up in front of you if you ran away, or gave cheek to the members of staff, or were seen to tell lies. It was a very oppressive, unpredictable environment. You didn't have a sense of being safe or cared for.
102. You were made to wear short trousers as a punishment when you were at secondary school. I remember at St Brendan's, going to get into a fight because the lads were making a fool of me. Other sanctions were not to be allowed to watch TV or not to go to the swimming baths. The other thing was not to get your pocket money. You might be sanctioned for two weeks or a month.
103. For the boys who had parents, visits from their parents were sanctionable. If the boys weren't behaving themselves, the home would cancel the visit. Regularly, kids would be told they were not getting a visit that they were expecting the following week. The kids would kick off more. They'd be angry and disappointed.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

104. Just before I left Gryffe, in 1966, there was a big expose about Gryffe. Three lads who'd left at the age of fifteen had gone to the newspapers about the regime. There was an Inquiry in response to that. We had someone come from Glasgow Children's Services to talk to us.
105. The boys were all brought into the front office, which was hallowed territory. We were sat down in front of this nice, blazing fire and given cups of tea and biscuits. We

were asked by this chap, with MKS in attendance, if we were happy and if we had any complaints. We said we were happy and we had no complaints. We were too frightened to say anything.

106. We were never given the opportunity to speak freely, away from the influence of fear and consequences. If we said something we shouldn't have said, we knew it would cause us harm. It was almost like unsaid intimidation. You were always aware of the power adults had over you, the abuse they could perpetrate on you and the consequences they could impose on you.

### Leaving Gryffe Children's Home

107. It was 1963. I was ten. I was called from primary school to the home. Mr MKS came to the school and said, "I need to have LYJ back in the home." I went back with him. Mr MKS took me to the front office. There was a rather portly man with bright, rosy cheeks in the office. He spoke funny. It was the Hebridean dialect.
108. MKS said to me, "Would you like to go and stay with this man, LYJ?" I went, "Yes, Sir!" I didn't know any better. "Yes, Sir" was, "I want to get out of here." The man's name was Mr JDP. He said, "Can you stand up for me, LYJ, and turn round?" I stood up and turned round. I remember Mr JDP slapping the backs of my thighs and saying, "You're a strong lad, LYJ. You'll do lad." I never thought anything of that at the time. I was glad to say, "I'd like to go and live with you," even though I didn't know Mr JDP from Adam.
109. There was no preparation for leaving Gryffe. There was a man who appeared to take me on a plane to [REDACTED]. Then he got straight back on the plane and went back.

**Life in Foster Care – Mr JDP [REDACTED] – [REDACTED]**

110. I started foster care with Mr JDP [REDACTED] in 1963. My experience overall was that I was a useful resource for them to support their little regime there, their little empire. There was an older boy there who was fostered called [REDACTED] and there was an older girl named [REDACTED] who was adopted by the family. I was fed and watered, that was the long and the short of it. I was a boy from Glasgow on this island, with no electricity, and everyone speaking a strange language, Gaelic.
111. [REDACTED] and I shared the same room, the same bed. He was five years older than me. He had his own friends that he spent time with. We only came together at night to crash out.
112. The family owned a grocery business and fancy goods shop in [REDACTED] [REDACTED] worked in the shop. The Caledonian MacBrayne ferry would come every week, twice a week. It brought in the stores for the shop. Amongst all the general supplies, there'd be fifty gallon drums of diesel and paraffin. I had to push the drums up the quay, over the hill and along to the house. Everyone was using paraffin lamps, there was no electricity. The few people on the island, and we were one, that had a diesel generator, would have diesel for power.
113. We went to chapel every Sunday. I didn't want to continue to be an altar boy and Mr and Mrs JDP/JDQ [REDACTED] put me to bed without any food for two days, to try to convince me to continue on. It was soon after I said that I didn't want to be an altar boy, that I was sent back to Gryffe.
114. I was returned to the home largely because I'd be fighting quite regularly with the other boys because they'd be calling me a "homer". This was at school and in the town. Because it was quite a small island, everyone knew everyone else's business and they knew who was from a children's home. I was just seen as a bit of a bad lot.

115. There was nothing in the way of cuddles or reassurance. There was no warmth, no love. I didn't miss that because I'd never had it. I just happened to be an extra pair of hands.

### **Life after Foster Care**

116. A man came and got me in [REDACTED] and accompanied me on the plane to Glasgow. I went to Castlemilk Children's Home first. I was there for a very short period of time, almost a year. Then I went back to Gryffe.
117. I left Gryffe when I was fourteen in 1967, when my sister [REDACTED] came to get me. I didn't really know her as a sister. We went to her home in Dublin. There was no leaving care plan, no support. It was sink or swim.

### **Life after being in care**

118. In Ireland, at that time, you could leave school at the age of fourteen. I got a job as a bar boy in a lounge bar off [REDACTED] in Dublin. I did that for a few months. Then I got a new job as a commis chef in a restaurant. I stayed in Dublin for just over a year.
119. At fifteen, I elected to come over to Scotland and join the boy soldiers. I went to stay at the digs run by Mrs [REDACTED], that my dad had been in, in Drumchapel, Glasgow. I never saw [REDACTED] after that. Whilst I was there, Mrs [REDACTED] told me that my sister, [REDACTED] was in Gateside Prison. I went off to Gateside Prison and chapped the

door and asked to be allowed to see my sister. They let me in and let me see [REDACTED].

120. Mrs [REDACTED] needed money from me for my food and board. The only place I knew was John Street social services, so I went down and told them I owed a month's rent, £30 or something. They gave me the £30. That was the only help I got from social services.
121. When I was seventeen, I left the boy soldiers and I went into my regiment, the [REDACTED]. I was an orderly [REDACTED] and I had access to my Army records. I looked at my records, as you do, it said, "We'll give him six months. He'll either only last six months or he'll be a credit to it." I ended up being a credit to it. I went on to volunteer for the [REDACTED]. I passed my [REDACTED] course first time. I went into [REDACTED]. I volunteered for the [REDACTED]. I did alright.
122. I was in the services for just over seven years. I came out in 1975. I'd done three tours of Ireland. I had got married when I was 21. I was due to do my [REDACTED] selection. My wife at the time said she didn't want me to continue in the military because she worried about me not coming back from Ireland. My mates from my platoon had been shot in the head in Ireland. My wife gave me an ultimatum, that if I went into the [REDACTED], we might as well call it a day. So I came out of the Army.
123. I settled in Penicuik, outside Edinburgh. I got a job with Securicor. Then I got a driving job with children's services. I then went down the Bilston Glen Pit as [REDACTED] for about eighteen months. Me and my wife decided to call it a day. I went walkabout for about eighteen months on the Continent. I went to Spain, France, Italy and up to Germany. I decided in Germany that I needed to come back and do something with my life.
124. I arrived in London, homeless. I had all my camping gear and a stove. I befriended homeless people and fed them. I slept in a toilet in a garage for just under eight months. The lad who worked there let me stay. I enrolled into Pitfield College under the "21 hour rule". If you were unemployed you could study for 21 hours and the

courses were paid for by the state. I did A level Sociology, A level Government and Political Studies and O Level English Language.

125. Following a disagreement with another student, I disclosed to a girl at college that I was living in a toilet and was homeless. She was taken aback. She said, "Why don't you come and stay with me, [LYJ]? My boyfriend's at City University studying Economics. I'm sure he wouldn't mind giving you a place just to crash out on the floor." I spent the last two months of college there.
126. I finished my course and hitch-hiked to Edinburgh. I was homeless in Edinburgh. I tried to get some benefits. They couldn't find my records. I'd no benefits for three months. I went to the benefits office and challenged them. They called the police. The police said if I didn't leave they'd arrest me. I said, "Arrest me, I've got nothing anyway." They arrested me on the Friday and there was a giro cheque in the homeless centre for me on the Monday. I went to court and they fined me £5 for breach of the peace.
127. I was still homeless in Edinburgh when I enrolled with the Open University. It was 1980. I used the address of a friend. I was living in a tent. I was in Edinburgh for about two years. I did three credits. I did a full credit in Social Sciences Foundation Course. The following year, I did a second level. I'd go to the National Library in Edinburgh because I was an undergraduate. I'd go in there to do my study. I had three full credits to get into university to do my social work later. Then my brother, [REDACTED], got in touch with me and I went to work with him as a [REDACTED] on the oil rigs, offshore.
128. I got a job working in residential care in Faversham. It was working with difficult kids. I was homeless then too, living in a tent. My employers gave me accommodation when they found out. I was a senior residential social worker there. Then I went over to work for [REDACTED], Children and Family Services, in Gloucester as a residential social worker. They asked me to come down to Wales to help my now wife, [REDACTED]. We married in 2000.

129. I wanted to do my training in therapeutic child care. ■■■ said to me to come down to Wales and work for her and she would put me through the social work course. I worked for the child care team in Bargoed as a family support worker. Then I put myself through university. ■■■ supported me to do that, it was two years at Cardiff University. I got my social work qualification, worked in the field and then, after that, was a qualified social worker. I graduated in 2002 and retired in 2016.

### **Impact**

130. I had nothing to compare my life to. When I was taken away from my dad, all I knew was neglect and poverty. I had never experienced anything else to gauge it against. I didn't know that if you felt frightened or vulnerable that your parents would be around to reassure you that everything's going to be ok.

131. At Gryffe, I learned not to get close to adults, particularly men. I knew if I was to hold a member of staff's hand, there was a chance I might be abused again. I was always aloof. Gryffe lacked warmth, it lacked fairness, it lacked justice. We were there to be seen but not heard. What was more important was, the needs of the institution had to be met rather than the needs of us, as individual children. It was all about keeping order, the need to be respected, the need to be in control. It was the methods used to realise that which were harmful to us as individuals and had its mark on us as adults.

132. I didn't do particularly well at school. When I should have been doing decimals and algebra, I was doing long division and multiplication. I was way behind in my school work. I didn't pass my 11 plus in the primary school. I don't think living in a regime of fear and anxiety helped me to focus on my schoolwork.

133. When I left care, I didn't have the social skills to enable me to navigate life, to make safe attachments and connections to people. It manifested itself later, when I

transitioned into the army, about how untrusting I was of adults and of authority. I was hyper-sensitive to injustice and the misuse of authority. I over-reacted when that happened. The army had a hard time with me. It didn't matter what the army threw at me, I had built up a resistance to punishment. Nothing would be as bad as the abuse in Gryffe.

134. As a boy soldier, when I was fifteen, sixteen, I was subject to close arrest. For eighteen months, I had days of detention, solitary confinement and no pay, no privileges, no choices. If I felt they were being unfair I'd go for them. I was fearless. I was seen as a bad lot, someone who wouldn't come to heel.
135. I didn't want anyone to know I was different from them and I had a care background. I knew I was different. I wasn't consciously ashamed of my care background. I just didn't want anybody to know I didn't have anyone to go to. On my leave, I'd give false addresses and camp out in the summer. If I could afford it, I'd have bed and breakfast. When I came back from leave, the lads would be talking about what they did with their brothers and sisters and I'd make up stories to fit in. I'd go to the toilet when it was mail call and on parents days there was no-one there for me.
136. In later years, my brother [REDACTED] told me he had a phone call from the Colonel saying, "We don't know what else to do with your young brother LYJ here because anything we do has no effect on him." [REDACTED] said, "The harder you come to LYJ, the stronger and harder he'll come back at you. You probably don't realise he's had a care background. He's had a terrible experience in care, so you're going to have to change your approach in how you deal with LYJ or you're going to have to follow through and discharge him."
137. In my last six months, the Army changed their approach. By coincidence, I had a change of company commander. When I got into trouble, I'd be told to go down to close arrest and the sergeant would say, "Pick a cell, LYJ and make us a cup of tea. Sit down, do you want to have a chat? Let's have a chat. If you're not ready for a chat, no problem. Leave your cell door open." The Army was further

institutionalisation but you had sense of belonging. There was authority, structure and routine.

138. After I left the Army and had been working as a driver for children's services, I went for an interview for a job as a house-father, a residential social worker. I thought it'd be brownie points to say I had a care background. As soon as I said that, the chap who was interviewing me told me then and there, that they didn't employ anybody who had a care background as a carer. I just accepted it at the time.
139. I don't dwell on it, but I wonder about the kind of life I could have had, and whether my life would have been easier, if I hadn't had the disadvantages which I inherited as a consequence of being in care. My life could've been different.
140. I think I made a reasonably good social worker. I certainly put myself out there on behalf of any young person I was responsible for. I certainly pushed buttons when I felt they needed to be pushed, in order to make sure the kids were looked after, to the point I was persona non grata a lot of the time. I was a thorn in people's side. I did my best for any families whose kids I was responsible for.
141. I'd like to think I'm one of the survivors who has surmounted their disadvantages, by qualifying at university and working as a professional in the field of social work. I functioned within my role as a social worker to be fairly successful, even although I had the baggage of the child within.

#### *Support and counselling*

142. My workload as a social worker in child protection was unmanageable. I was working days, nights and weekends. I was being bullied at work. My wife, [REDACTED], was very unwell and I was her carer. It started to take its toll and I became unwell. I was

having nightmares and insomnia, I was bad tempered. The doctor put me on two sets of antidepressants and sent me for cognitive behavioural therapy.

143. I've been having support from Future Pathways. I'm engaging with Doctor Robertson, a clinical psychologist. I've been with her for six months. I feel I can share with her. She has diagnosed me with Avoidance Attachment Disorder. It's a form of defence strategy to keep myself safe.

*Relationship with Siblings*

144. In Gryffe, I was aware of my brothers [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] but not of my sisters. I just knew that I had sisters but I'd never met them, apart from the one time when I met [REDACTED] when I was five. I was split up from my brothers and sisters then released from care at the age of fourteen with no sense of where anyone was or how to contact them.
145. When I came out of care, I was so busy trying to survive that there was very little time to be able to look for my brothers and sisters. I would have had to have been motivated to look for them. That would only have been possible if I'd had a sense of what family meant and what family should be. My brothers and sisters would have had to have a value to me. They would only have had a value to me if they'd been in my life. My brothers and sisters did not have a shared history with me.
146. I changed my name by deed poll in 1990. The reason why I changed my name was because I'd fallen out with my older brother [REDACTED]. We had found each other and had been working together, [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] had his own [REDACTED] company. He was less than fair with me. He decided he wasn't going to pay me for some reason. We had a fall out in the middle of London. I told him to stuff it. I didn't want to meet him in any eventuality. For instance, if I found myself unemployed, I didn't want to meet him in the same unemployment queue. That was the sole reason why I changed my name.

147. I last saw [REDACTED] nineteen years ago, in 1999. He'd got a car and ran up debts of £70 000 in my name without telling me. I had a house of my own and he had a girlfriend with kids who was homeless. I vacated my house for them and said, "Make sure the mortgage is paid". He didn't pay the mortgage and it was repossessed.
148. [REDACTED] my sister died in London from a drugs overdose. I had spent some significant time, on my leaves from the Army, looking for her. The last possible success I had in tracing her, I went to the police in Manchester. The police said they knew of [REDACTED] but they couldn't give me any information about her unless she wanted that shared. Shortly after I'd spoken to the police, the orderly officer came to my home in Oxfords in Edinburgh. The orderly officer said the police had been in touch to say that [REDACTED] was found dead in Camden Town. That was hard for me to take because I'd actively tried to trace her.
149. I found out information about my other sisters. [REDACTED] died a number of years ago, in hospital with septicaemia. [REDACTED] is still alive and lives in Sligo. I just located her last year. She is 75. [REDACTED] is in a care home on Rothsey on the Isle of Bute, with alzheimer's and schizophrenia. She is 70 odd. We saw her last year. [REDACTED] is somewhere in Glasgow. I'm trying to get Birthlink to help trace him.

## **Reporting of Abuse**

### *Criminal Proceedings*

150. I don't remember ever giving a formal statement to anyone to say Andrew Gilmour abused me. However in 1966, when I was sixteen and in the boy soldiers, a police officer appeared in the company lines in the Sergeant Major's office asking to see me. The Sergeant Major was asking me what I'd done wrong. I said, "I've not done anything wrong, Sir."

151. The police officer gave me a subpoena to appear at Paisley Sheriff Court. When I read Gilmour's name, suddenly I was confronted with my abuser. Up until that point, I was very guarded and not sharing with anyone that I had a care background. At that moment, I didn't feel that I could share in that public forum. They were good enough, and sensitive enough, to say, "We'll pop you through to see the Major." The Major was a lovely fella, he was Black Watch. I just shared with him, what the subpoena meant, what it represented. He said to me, "Go up and attend court. Say what you need to say [REDACTED] and then come back down."
152. I went to Paisley Sheriff Court. I did see Gilmour on the day. He was standing in the public area as you go into the court. I never spoke to him. He saw me, he glanced at me and turned away. I was there in my uniform. I gave evidence. I said he had abused me and the way he'd abused me. I gave my general experience in care in terms of emotional and psychological abuse, food and sleep deprivation. I left the court and returned back to Kent to the barracks. I never heard anything after that, whether he'd been convicted, any outcome.

### **Records**

153. In 2000 I contacted Glasgow Corporation, as it was at the time, to try to recover my social work records. They said there is no record pertaining to me. What they sent me turned out to be [REDACTED]'s record. It was a heavily redacted bit of information. Future Pathways wrote back to social services and they sent me another copy which was a little bit less redacted. It still wasn't about me. I contacted the social services responsible for the Highland regions and the Hebrides. They got back to me saying there was no record of me being in foster care in [REDACTED]. It smacks of a cover up, when there was a statutory duty for local authority services to maintain records for children who were in local authority care.

154. In trying to find [REDACTED], my wife [REDACTED] contacted Quarriers Village, Bridge of Weir, as we didn't know where he'd gone. Quarriers said to try the Mitchell Library in Glasgow, which we'd already done and had been told there were no records. Quarriers said to try the Library again. When I tried again at the Library they said the file was with the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry.
155. I've tried to find records about my attending at Paisley Sheriff Court but I've been told there are no records. The court's response was that only if any accused had challenged any evidence given in the court, would there be a requirement for the court to keep an official record and lodge it. The court said, the fact that this person didn't challenge anything you had to say, then there wouldn't be any official recording kept.
156. I've just got my military records. There were two letters from [REDACTED] to the Army, saying she hadn't seen me since I was five, asking them to put her in touch with me. The Army wrote back to her saying they'd no knowledge of me but the letters are in my records. [REDACTED] wrote in 1977, I'd been out of the Army for two years but I was still subject to the reserve Army, so they knew where I was. The Army never bothered to get in touch with me to say my sister was looking for me.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

157. In the field as a social worker, and in residential care in particular, one of the mantras is that you need to keep yourself safe as a member of staff. Don't be having any physical contact with the kids. Don't cuddle them in any way, shape or form because that can be misconstrued or you can face an allegation of abuse. I've always had a difficulty with that because of my own experience of the absence of that contact and how important it is, when it's given in the right way.

158. I know that local authorities can't force parents to keep in touch with their kids but they should at least be given the opportunity to try to stay in touch. I think local authorities should safeguard and promote the sibling groups of young people placed in their care, whether that be in separate or shared placements. There will be extreme situations where that's not appropriate, I understand that. Local authorities should ensure that the impact of being in care is minimised by promoting a healthy attachment and sense of identity and family, for the future of those young people as adults.
159. Local authorities must ensure that the people that are employed to work with vulnerable children are appropriate people to do that.

#### **Other information**

160. There was a failure on the part of the local authorities in managing and overseeing these institutions. The local authorities are culpable for not ensuring that their duty of care was carried out in accordance with what was expected of them, when they took on the duty of care and responsibility for vulnerable children in need. It was very much "out of sight, out of mind".
161. The local authority failed in its duty of care to safeguard my family relationships. They could have said, as advocates for me, "LYJ, we will ensure that you continue to have meaningful, consistent and appropriate contact with your siblings." They could have promoted the sense of family and attachments of my sibling group. You could then enter the jetstream of life, not disadvantaged, like other families in the sense of having that support network. That was denied me and many other young people.
162. When I went for a job as a residential social worker and was told, "We don't take people from a care background", that was a form of admission that the care system, leading up to that time, was known to have many short comings. It showed they

thought there were risks in what young people had experienced in care and what they might bring along as adults, as a legacy. I hope that, following on from the Inquiry, social work practise will be better informed, so as not to make the mistakes of the past again.

- 163. I know from research that there was a statutory requirement for institutions to record any disciplinary measures and any punitive regimes, and that they had to be appropriate. That record, I would assume, would be checked as part of the monitoring system of these institutions.
  
- 164. Andrew Gilmour was a Boys Brigade Officer. He'd worn his uniform a couple of times in the time I was at Gryffe. Two years ago, I found a newspaper article about him. He'd exposed himself to two young boys and tried to get them to masturbate him. The incident was twenty years ago and well after I'd gone to Paisley Sheriff Court to share my concerns about him. He was found guilty of offences against the two young boys and sentenced to two years custodial sentence.
  
- 165. I know now that there are many kids who were subjected to abuse by Gilmour. I know another survivor, [REDACTED]. Many of my contemporaries from Gryffe have served custodial sentences, I think as a result of their experiences in care.
  
- 166. 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..... LYJ.....

Dated..... *18th April 2018*.....