

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

MTH

Support person present: [REDACTED], wife

1. My name is MTH [REDACTED]. The name I was born with was MTH [REDACTED] MTH [REDACTED]. I changed my name when I was fostered in 1981. I took my foster parents' surname. I just asked my foster parents whether I could use their surname and they agreed. My name was never legally changed. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1968. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Edinburgh. My father was called [REDACTED]. My mother was called [REDACTED]. I don't know whether she was married to my father. If she was she may have been known as [REDACTED]. I don't think she was though. I have one brother and four sisters. [REDACTED] was my older half-sister. She was my sister from my father's first marriage. She is about thirteen years older than me. I am the second oldest. After that, in age order, it is [REDACTED] EHV [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I don't know how many years younger [REDACTED] is than me. EHV [REDACTED] is about one year younger than me. [REDACTED] is about two years younger than me. I have a half-brother who was born to my mother and he is called [REDACTED]. He is younger than [REDACTED]. I don't know how many years younger than me he is.
3. I have no memories of what my life was like before I went into care. However, I learnt in later life a little bit about what happened. My father was a heroin addict. He ended up going to prison for stabbing a man in Edinburgh. He got a life sentence. I don't really know much more about my dad. My mum was young when my dad went

into prison. I don't know how old she was when that happened. I know my mother took drugs because I have learnt in later life that I was a 'crack baby'. I was born an addict because my mother had taken heroin whilst she was pregnant with me.

4. It was my older sister, [REDACTED], who called social services. She told them that my mum wasn't coping with looking after us. That was in about 1970. [REDACTED] would have been about sixteen at that time. That was when me, EHV and [REDACTED] were taken into care. EHV was one and I was two. [REDACTED] was a baby. I'm not sure what happened to [REDACTED]. I think social services just came and took us away. I don't know whether we were in danger or what was going on. Looking back now, based on what happened to me, I would have preferred it if I had stayed with my mum.

Clerwood Children's Home, Costorphine, Edinburgh

5. EHV, [REDACTED] and I ended up in Clerwood in Costorphine in Edinburgh in about 1970. I was in Clerwood on two occasions. I was initially there between the ages of two and six. That means I would have been there initially, approximately between 1970 and 1974. I was then adopted along with EHV by a couple in Glasgow for about a year. We returned to Clerwood when I was about seven. That would have been in about 1975. I left Clerwood with EHV when I was about eight or nine. That would have been in about 1976 or 1977. For me the children's home became a way of life. If you don't know any different, then life just becomes what you know. It becomes normal.
6. Edinburgh Council ran the home. It was boys and girls. I always thought there were a lot of kids in the home. I remember playing in the grounds with easily about ten or fifteen kids. There must have been at least that number in the home. The age range of the kids was babies all the way up to twelve. I can't remember there being many older kids than that. I only remember being with kids older than twelve when I was at my next children's home.

Layout of Clerwood

7. There was a long road up to the house. If you were walking from the main road it would take you about five or ten minutes to get to the front door. The house itself was like a big mansion. It was like something that a millionaire would have. I'm guessing that back in the day it was the sort of building that would have had servants, staff and things like that.
8. When you opened the front door there was a big hallway. It was quite wide. There was one of those old fashioned phones in a wee cupboard without a door. On the right hand side there was a set of stairs that took you up to the children's bedrooms. To the left hand side was a big room which was like a living room. If you walked straight through from the ground floor front door to the back of the house you came to a kitchen and toilets. I think, but I am not sure, there was a room on the ground floor that was the nursery. The first floor was dormitories. That was where my bedroom was. There were more dormitories on the second floor. There was a room which the matron used on the second floor. I think the staff also used that room as an office because there were filing cabinets in there. I can't remember there being any other office in the house.
9. I could be wrong but I am sure there were some staff quarters up on the third floor of the main house. It was like a wee attic bit. I don't know which members of staff lived there. It could be that if the staff were doing a night shift or something they used those quarters. I do remember that there was a bathroom up there.
10. At the back of the house, as you came out of the back door, there was a wee hill. At the bottom of the hill were some tennis courts where we used to play. I remember there was an old donkey that was kept in the field next to the house. There was a wee road that led from the front door of the house. Down that road was a cottage where the manager of the home stayed. Across the road from the cottage was an archway. If you went through the archway you got to an area where the old stables were. Above the old stable building were some rooms. There was a fire escape that allowed you to get up to them.

Staff

11. From reading about the home in adult life, and talking to other people who survived being there, my impression is that people could get a job at Clerwood with no training whatsoever. I think they just employed anybody.
12. I don't know whether Gordon Knott was the manager. I think he was but I can't remember his title. He stayed in the cottage. I'd say he was in his early twenties when I was in the home at the same time as him. Brian McLelland was under him. He was like an assistant manager. The rest of the staff were below Gordon Knott and Brian McLelland. I always presumed that each of those members of staff were allocated certain children because that's what I saw happening in a later home I was at. I'm not 100% sure about that.
13. I don't remember many surnames of the other staff. We mainly just called them by their first names. Jane was my houseparent. She was only about nineteen or twenty when she worked in the home. She probably would have been the person who was in charge of me on a day to day basis. She came from Rannoch. She was very warm and friendly. Looking back I was lucky to have her as my houseparent because she took me away from the home a lot.
14. BFW [REDACTED] was another staff member. He was another houseparent. I remember there was a woman called Ruth. She was a nice woman. There was a woman called Marion. I can't remember her surname. It may be Bell but I'm not 100% sure. I'm pretty sure she still works at Coatbridge College. She was my sister's houseparent. I don't remember her being there when I was there but I later on learnt that she had been there. There was another male house parent who I can't remember the name of.
15. The only people who weren't referred to by their first names were the matron and the cook. We just referred to them as "Matron" and "Cook." We never got to know their first names. The Cook had orange hair. I'm pretty sure that her name was Mrs Turner. That's all I remember about her. There was a chauffeur. I don't remember

his name or anything about him. All I remember is him wearing a suit and a cap and taking us to and from school. I don't remember him interacting with us.

Siblings

16. My sister [REDACTED] was taken out of care by my mother probably about eight months after we went in. I don't remember her from the time I was in care with her. In the end it was just EHV and I who stayed in care together. We stayed together throughout our time in Clerwood and during our adoption for a year in the middle. There were no restrictions on me having any contact with my sister when I was at the home.

Routine at Clerwood

Earliest memories

17. I can't remember much about what happened when we arrived but I have read things since which describe what happened for new arrivals. We were apparently put into a wee room they called the nursery. I do remember being in a room full of cots. I don't know what my first impression would have been.
18. My earliest memories are probably from when I was three or four. I remember thinking that the place was scary. I remember being a late developer when it came to walking. It's possible that my mother's misuse of drugs whilst she was pregnant with me might have contributed to my slow development.

Daily routine

19. Whoever was on duty in the mornings would come into the dorm to get you up. It could be any member of staff. They'd turn the light on and shout "it's time to get up." That was at about 7:00am. You would then go and stand in a wee line outside the bathroom. Everybody got to go to a sink to brush their teeth. After that you went to

get your school uniform or clothes on. After that you went down the stairs for breakfast in the front room. All the boys and girls ate together.

20. If it was a school day you would go to school after breakfast. We used to have a chauffeur who would take us to school and pick us up from school. After being dropped off you were at school all day. You had your lunch at school. When you came home from school you had to change out of your school uniform. You would go up to your room and put on whatever was laid out on your bed. If it was sunny or a nice day you were then allowed out to play in the grounds. If not you played indoors. After that you had dinner. That was always at 5:00pm. I think you got to play after that but it was always inside. After that you got ready for bed. Bedtime was at about 7:00pm. I remember it still being daylight when I went to bed. I suppose, given the age I was back then, that wasn't really that early.
21. There wasn't much change in the routine between winter and summer. There wasn't much change in the routine between weekdays and the weekend. The only difference was that you didn't have school. We just either played inside or outside instead of going to school on those days.

Sleeping arrangements

22. I don't know how old I was when I was moved out of the nursery and into a dormitory. I remember being in my dormitory when I was about four so it could be as young as that. My dormitory was a big room with about eight beds in it. I stayed in that same dormitory throughout my times at Clerwood. I remember it being cold. It was especially cold during the winter time. I guess that it took a while to get heated up because it was such a big room.
23. There were both boys and girls in my dormitory. In my room there were six boys and two girls. We were all young. I don't think there were children older than me when I left at the age of eight. I don't know whether you changed dorms when you were a wee bit older.

24. I remember that, when I was six and had returned back to the home after being adopted by a couple for a year in Glasgow, I was placed back into the same dormitory. It was all the same children apart from [REDACTED]. I don't remember his surname. [REDACTED] replaced the boy who had been in the bed next to me. [REDACTED] is the only kid I remember from the children who shared the room with me. I kept in contact with [REDACTED] after I left Clerwood. He sadly passed away after he left the care system.
25. There were always staff on overnight. I don't remember a specific night-watchman. I'm pretty sure it was just the staff who worked there during the days who did nights. I know Gordon Knott and Brian McLelland worked nights. There was one other male staff member who also did nights but I don't remember his name. After you went to bed you had to be quiet. Staff members would come into the room and tell you to be quiet if you weren't. We were told to be quiet quite a lot. I don't know how they expected children to lie in their beds from 7:00pm in the evening until 7:00am in the morning and not speak to one another.

Washing / bathing

26. We washed every morning using the sinks in the room where the toilets were. If there were showers I don't remember them. There were two baths in one room. That was a different room. Those were the only things in that room. They were big baths. I'm pretty sure you got a bath on a Sunday and a Wednesday. I think bath time was after dinnertime.
27. We would queue for the baths. It was first come first served. Someone else would share the bath with you. It could be a boy or a girl. There was no privacy. There was no privacy any time when you were getting washed or changed. You had to do that in front of the other kids. You couldn't afford to be modest. I guess at that age you didn't think there was anything wrong with that. The water wasn't changed in-between children. You'd just be unlucky if you were the last kid going for your bath.

28. A staff member would supervise you. It was whoever was on duty during that day. I remember that Brian McLelland liked to be around during bath times a lot. The staff member would use a cloth to wash you. After bath time you got dried then went to bed. There was another bath upstairs in the attic in the house. That wasn't generally used by us.

Mealtimes / food

29. We had all our meals in the front room on the ground floor that was like the living room. There was a table at the back. We were allowed to talk to one another during mealtimes. Breakfast was either toast or cereal. I can't remember eating any fried food. If it was a school day we had lunch at school. The main meals at night time were substantial meals. All the meals were cooked by the cook. Looking back it was a good healthy diet. Some of the stuff wasn't nice but I think that was just because you were a child.
30. BFW [REDACTED] forced me to eat food. I remember when I was five years old I wouldn't eat brussel sprouts. It was near to Christmas time. What child likes brussel sprouts? When I refused them BFW [REDACTED] made me stand in the corner of the room facing the wall. I was told that I shouldn't waste food. I was told I would keep on getting the brussel sprouts until I ate them. Those same brussel sprouts were given to me every meal for three days. Each time they were brought to me I refused to eat them. I was fortunate that those three days happened on school days otherwise I wouldn't have got anything to eat at all. I got my school dinners whilst I was there.
31. I started to think that if I didn't eat them I would never get anything else to eat. Eventually I did eat them. BFW [REDACTED] didn't physically force me to eat them. I just ate them myself. I forced them down. When I ate them I was sick. I remember running into a cubicle and throwing them up into a toilet. It put me off brussel sprouts for the rest of my life. I haven't eaten them since. I don't know whether the staff got the message because I was never given brussel sprouts in the home again.

32. I don't remember seeing what happened with me and the brussel sprouts happening with anybody else. I presume the staff did the same with other children. I just don't remember seeing it.
33. Looking back it was all a power thing. BFW just wanted to have a power thing over me. There is no reason to force someone to eat something that they don't want to eat. I should have been given a choice about whether I wanted to eat the brussel sprouts or not. The incident was a bit of a turning point. I think that was when I started to get really scared of the place.

Chores

34. I don't remember having to do chores. That's not to say that we didn't do them it's just I can't remember any cleaning or anything like that. I presume there were cleaners who did that.

Clothing / uniform

35. We wore normal clothes in the home. It was jeans or shorts and t-shirts. We had a uniform for school. I have no idea where the clothes came from. I presume it was the staff who got them. We never got taken out to buy clothes. It was all brought in for us. I do remember that we didn't get an awful lot of new clothes. There was a lot of old stuff. Looking back I think the clothes were all shared. I think we just wore stuff until it was done. We weren't living in luxury that was for sure. I can't recall whether the clothes were washed. They must have done that though.

Travel to and from school

36. There was a chauffeur. He wore a cap and uniform. He had a big black car. It was like a limousine but not one of those big fancy ones you get nowadays. It had two sets of seats. The chauffeur would park his car where the stables were. I remember being in the car and being driven to school by the chauffeur. I remember there being

quite a few children in the car at the same time. Looking back all of that sounds sort of unbelievable but I am sure I am not making it up.

School

37. I went to a school called Foxgrove Primary. It was a Catholic school located near the centre of Costorphine. It was about a fifteen or twenty minute walk from the home. Not all of the kids from the home went to Foxgrove Primary. They definitely didn't all go to the same school I went to. I don't know what other schools they went to. I can only presume that they went to a protestant school.
38. The other kids at school didn't treat the children from the home well. We didn't dress the same as them. It wasn't as if they went out of their way to treat us badly. They just knew we were different. We acted differently. When you're abused you act differently from those who aren't abused.
39. I think school started off as a happy time for me. I then started to get into trouble a lot. I guess I was quite a disruptive kid. Because of that I ended up getting the belt a lot. I reckon I got the belt daily. The teachers did that in a wee wooden annexe that was attached to the school. I got belted much more than any of the other kids. I ended up hating my teachers at Foxgrove Primary. It became a chore to go to school every day.
40. I have looked back on all of that and wondered whether I was belted so much because I was from a children's home. I don't think that was it though. I just think I was disruptive and the teachers didn't know how to control me. I was uncontrollable because my head was messed up. It wasn't really their fault. They were just using the punishment that was available to them.

Religious instruction

41. I can't remember there being any religion in Clerwood. I don't remember prayers or going to chapel or anything like that whilst I was there.

42. I must have come from a Catholic family before I went into care because I got sent to a Catholic school. I remember the school taking us to Mass in the local chapel during the day. I remember that I didn't always go straight back to the home after school. I went to something that was a little bit like a bible study class at Foxgrove Primary. It was a little bit like a Sunday school type of thing. They held that in the dinner hall. You got to learn about Jesus and things like that. I remember going to that quite a lot. It was held near enough every day after school. It could have been something like confirmation classes. I don't really know. I left Catholic school when I was eight so I didn't have my confirmation. I think that, had I stayed on, I would have eventually been confirmed.
43. I was quite religious as a kid. I always had a faith in God. I always prayed. Looking back that was strange considering what I was going through. It's weird because it wasn't as if I was praying for something better because I had nothing to compare my life too. I didn't speak to other kids outside of the children's home about their lives so I didn't know what a better life would be. You just don't go up to one of your pals at school and say "oh I got battered last night what happened to you?" I knew I wanted a mum and dad but that was about it.

Trips / holidays

44. They took us to the zoo a few times. It was convenient because it was just down the road. The only times we went anywhere else was when BFW took us out on walks on a path through the woods. He did that quite regularly. He would take six or seven kids at a time. I think those walks might have still been within the grounds. It wasn't a proper path. It was just made from people using that route so often. The path circled back to the home. It could be that he took us out on those walks to tire us out. I can't remember going on any holidays or going any other places with the home.
45. Jane's parents lived in a wee cottage with a coal fire in Rannoch. Her boyfriend lived nearby. His parents owned the local hotel. Jane used to take EHV and me up to the

cottage a lot. She took us up there at weekends, Christmas time and Easter time. Every time we went up there it seemed to us that it was always covered in snow. I loved it up there. Jane made us feel as if we were part of her family. It was great. It was good to get away. It was a break from the children's home. It felt like a lifeline. There was no sexual or mental abuse up there. I wasn't getting battered.

46. A lot of people might say that it was shocking that someone could have just taken me away from the home for two weeks at a time. However, at the end of the day Jane taking me to Rannoch is what saved me. It stopped me getting abused for two weeks. I don't want to speak for Jane but my impression was that she knew what was going on and wanted to take us away from the situation.

Leisure time

47. Back then there were only three channels on the telly and no computers. Kids had to make up their own entertainment. If you didn't do that then you would be sitting around bored out of your nut. I don't remember going anywhere else other than the grounds to play. There were two big tennis courts at the back where we played. I mostly played with my sister and her pals there. We'd play hide and seek and all that kind of stuff. We just did what kids did.
48. There were toys we could play with. We were all allowed to play with them. I remember that my sister had a wee trike. It had a wee platform on the back. I remember one of us standing on that whilst the other one peddled.

Pocket money / possessions

49. We didn't have any pocket money. You were allowed to keep teddies and things like that. I remember that I had a teddy bear that I took to bed with me. I cuddled that a lot. Later on I had a big teddy clown. Other than that I don't remember having anything to myself. My sister had a trike that was given to her. That was her own trike.

Friends

50. Me and my sister were close and hung around together. I don't remember having many friends in the home. I was quite friendly with a boy called [REDACTED] but that was about it. I can't even remember being close to anybody else. I remember being quite withdrawn and keeping myself to myself in the home.
51. Looking back it was weird that I didn't have many friends in the home. It's not that I didn't have a good relationship with the other kids there it was just that I wasn't close to them. I didn't stay in contact with anyone from Clerwood other than [REDACTED]. It's strange because I am still in touch with people who were my friends in the next home I went to.
52. I never had friends from school come back to the home. That wasn't allowed. I never visited their homes either. That never happened. I don't remember that happening with any of the other children.

Birthdays / Christmas

53. I think birthdays were celebrated but I am not 100% sure. I can't remember having a birthday party or having a cake. I knew when my birthday was. I don't remember seeing other people's birthdays being celebrated.
54. [REDACTED] and I spent Christmases with Jane in Rannoch so I wasn't in Clerwood on Christmas Day. The home did put up a tree though. We did get presents. I remember one time getting a big teddy clown. We were allowed to keep the presents we were given. That clown stayed with me until the day I left. I left it behind when I moved on.
55. Every year, at Christmas time, [REDACTED] GAK [REDACTED] visited the home. He presented a show on television called [REDACTED] which had various cartoons. As far as I am aware that show was on every [REDACTED]. He was like a celebrity to us. He would put on a wee show for the children. I can't remember what the show was

about. All I remember is him sitting on a chair and us sitting in a semi-circle around him.

Visits from family

56. I had no contact with my family whatsoever. My parents and other siblings didn't come to visit me. I didn't even know I had siblings outside of the home at that time. I thought that EHV and I were the only ones. I thought that she was my only family. I saw it as my job, as her big brother, to look after her.
57. Other children did get visits from their family in the home. Some people had their mum visit. I remember a boy called [REDACTED] who had visits from his mum. When people had visits they went into the front room just to the left of the front door. I remember that no one else was allowed in that room whilst people had visitors.

Contact with social workers / Inspections

58. EHV and I had a social worker who was called Tom. We had him from when I was about five. I can't remember Tom's surname. I don't know whether he only had one arm or one hand. He was disabled in his right arm or hand though. He drove a Reliant Robin. Tom came to visit us about once a month. He would see EHV and me in the home. When he saw us in Clerwood the staff weren't around. Sometimes he took us to a café and we'd have juice and a burger or something like that.
59. Tom stopped being our social worker when I was about seven. I remember being upset about that. I remember crying. He was the nicest man ever. He was cool as anything. I liked him. He always made us feel good. He spoke to us as if we were people. It wasn't like an adult talking to a child. He was the only decent person, other than Jane, in my life at that time. Tom was the last social worker we had at Clerwood. We left not long after Tom stopped being our social worker.
60. I can't remember anyone coming in and making formal inspections.

Healthcare

61. The matron was on duty every day. She had a room on the second floor. Matron wore a blue overall type thing. She dealt with all of the medication. If there were people who needed particular types of medication she was the one who gave it to them. You would have to go to her room if you needed that. I remember going to her for medication when I had a cold.
62. There was a boy in the home who, I think, had cerebral palsy. I can't remember his name. He was in one of those old red padded wheelchairs that you used to get. The matron looked after him. Other than that I can't remember much about what the matron did.
63. I think you could be ill and be allowed to stay off school. I think you had to be very ill for that. You had to show signs of being ill. I remember that when I was four or five a lot of the children in the home got dysentery. The whole home had it. We all had sickness and diarrhoea. The whole home was quarantined. I can't remember getting any treatment or anything like that. All I remember is everybody being sick. I learnt that it was dysentery in later life when I spoke to the police. The police said that they had found out it was dysentery from the home's records. They told me that when I spoke to them to provide them with a statement.
64. There was a road that led down from the house towards Glasgow Road. If we had to go to the dentist we had to walk down the road towards Glasgow Road. I don't remember check-ups. I only remember one occasion going to the dentist and that was when I had a tooth pulled out.
65. I remember that when I was about seven I went to the dentist to get a tooth pulled out. I was knocked over in the road by a car on my way. It wasn't serious. The driver just bumped me. I fell down and I got up. I then went back to the home. I was then taken to either a GP or the hospital for a check-up. I can't remember who took me there. They checked me over but I was fine. I ended up having to make a later appointment with the dentist.

Running away

66. I don't think I actually made an attempt to run away from Clerwood. I did think about not wanting to be in the home and running away. I would panic when thinking about where I would go. Where would I go at the age of seven or eight? I was too young. I can't remember anyone else running away.

Bed-wetting

67. After the incident with the brussel sprouts I started wetting the bed a lot. I would have been about five when that started. It went on for about a year. I can remember waking up and the bed being wet on quite a few occasions. They did change your sheets.
68. I can't remember going to the toilet during the night. I can't remember whether there was access to the toilet. I don't know whether the door was shut and 'that was it' when you went to bed. I don't remember there being any rules about using the toilet at night. I think fear might have been part of not wanting to go to the toilet. You were scared of a lot of things. I might have been scared to go to the toilet in case I annoyed a member of staff and got punished.
69. All the kids just wore underwear when they went to bed. I ended up being forced to wear nappies and rubber pant type things. I remember standing with the other kids in our lines for the bathroom in the morning wearing my nappy. That was kind of humiliating. Even when I was five I was embarrassed because the kids around me weren't wearing nappies. I can't remember the other kids making fun of me. I just remember feeling embarrassed. I suppose if everybody had been wearing nappies then it wouldn't have mattered to me. I think the fact that I was the only one made it matter to me.
70. Sometimes you were punished for wetting the bed. They made you stand in a corner facing the wall. I got smacked a few times as well. It was whoever was on duty who decided whether you were punished or not. BFW [REDACTED], Gordon Knott

and Brian McLelland were always the ones who did it. It was whoever was on duty in the morning.

Incident where workman died at Clerwood

71. There was once an accident outside. I was about seven when that happened. There were some men working on scaffolding attached to the home. I don't know whether they were fixing the roof or the side walls or something. There were two men going up some scaffolding. The scaffolding collapsed. One of the men fell off and broke his arm or his leg. The other landed on his head. I think he died instantly.
72. It was a horrible thing to see. I remember we were all outside at the time. The staff brought us all into the home. The police then came round. About six months later the man who survived came back to the home to say "hello" to us all. He told us he was ok.
73. There was no support given to us after the incident. We saw the men falling and being injured. The staff just pulled us inside and kept us there. Nobody asked us whether we were ok. The police came into the home but they never spoke to us. It was never mentioned after that. I don't know whether they thought that not mentioning it would help it all go away for us. It didn't though. I can remember the incident staying in my head. I remember having nightmares about it. Nowadays kids would be offered counselling or something because it was a horrific thing to see.

Discipline and punishment at Clerwood

74. You got punished quite a lot when you were in Clerwood. There were different severities of punishment. It really all depended on the staff member and what mood they were in. A lot of the staff members would either give you a slap or put you in the corner on an individual basis. I had a lot of punishments whilst I was in there. I had slaps on my face, slaps on my bum and slaps on my arm. The punishment could be for anything. I can't remember what specifically you were punished for but I

remember it being for petty things. There were other staff who smacked you but it was BFW, Gordon Knott and Brian McLelland who were the biggest physical abusers.

Abuse at Clerwood – Gordon Knott

75. Gordon Knott abused me both physically and sexually. I'm pretty sure there was mental abuse in there as well. I don't have any feelings towards him. I don't have any hatred towards him. Hatred would be something that would have a grip on my life and I'm never going to let him have a grip on my life again. He was a child abuser. He was a man who wasn't trained. He took advantage of the fact he worked in a children's home.

Sexual abuse

76. For me the abuse probably started when I was three or four. It could have started earlier and I just don't have any recollection of it. My earliest memories are from when he took me to the bathroom in the attic of the main house. Gordon Knott used to take me into the bath with him. He was naked and so was I. It started with him touching me. He was making me feel comfortable with what he was doing. It was always just me and him in the bath. There was nobody else involved. That happened quite a few times. I reckon that happened about once every couple of weeks. It wasn't a daily event. That went on for a while.
77. I didn't realise what was going on at that time. I just thought that was what you did in a bath. It just happened to be a grown man in the bath with me. I never thought it was unusual or strange. I now realise that all of the bath times were him grooming me. At the time when Gordon Knott was taking me for baths someone should have been questioning him why he was doing that.
78. Gordon Knott then started taking me to where the stables were. He was the only staff member who took me there and the only one that was there throughout the

abuse. I would be taken into a room via the fire escape above the stables. The room ran along the full length of the stables. It just looked like an old barn. You could see the beams in the roof running along the length of the room. There were mattresses lain down on the floor.

79. I wasn't the only child taken into the room by Gordon Knott. There were other boys and girls. It was the same group of kids every time. There were about eight of us. EHV was one of the girls and later on [REDACTED] was one of the boys. I don't remember the other ones. I don't know whether I joined a group of children that were already there. I don't know whether the children I met there had gone there for the first time at the same time as me.
80. Gordon Knott would play wrestle with you. He would be in his underwear and so would you. It wasn't like wrestling. It was all gentle so you wouldn't get hurt. Before you knew it he started slipping his hands into your pants. He'd start by groping you. He'd then encourage you to do the same with him. He would take your hand and put it to where he wanted it to be inside his underwear. It wasn't always me he was with. He'd have a turn with everybody.
81. If you weren't partnered with him you would be partnered with one of the other children. He made sure he had a turn with everybody but wasn't concerned who you were partnered up with if you weren't with him. The other person could be a boy or a girl. It was almost as if he was giving us lessons on how to abuse each other. It was like a class to show you how to do it. To begin with there was no more to it than Gordon Knott teaching us how to wrestle and put our hands in each other's pants. There was no sex or anything like that. That all went on for months. It was the same scenario every time. I guess at the start I thought that it was all good. It was better than doing nothing.
82. After a few months Gordon Knott progressed with us. We started doing it all naked. Everybody, including him, had to be naked. It was the same sort of thing. He'd encourage you to touch him if you were with him. If you were with another child he

would encourage you to touch them. It didn't matter whether the person you were partnered with was a boy or a girl.

83. After a while it progressed from there to oral stuff. When he did it he would put the penis of the boy he was wrestling with in his mouth. He'd then encourage the boy to do the same to him. He did that with me. He'd encourage the children who weren't partnered with him to do the same. If you were partnered with a girl he would encourage you to perform oral sex on them. All that went on for a while. It perhaps went on for about two or three weeks. We weren't there every day. It was perhaps once or twice a week. It was mostly at weekend times.
84. It then progressed from oral sex to full penetrative sex. That was with boys and girls. It would be boys penetrating girls and boys penetrating boys. He'd also penetrate the boys and girls. He'd make it seem as if it was a game. He treated it all like it was "just what people do." He'd make it out as if "this is what wrestling is about." Having not wrestled before, how were we to know that that wasn't what wrestling was about? It all continued like that for a while. It wasn't as if it went on for a few months and then it stopped. All that went on for years. It went on until I left there. Even after I left to be adopted and returned it still carried on. It carried on right up until I left to go to Glasclune.
85. Gordon Knott made me have sex with my sister. I was about seven then. It was in the stables in the room where the mattresses were. He told me to do that. He actually put his hand on my back and forced me to lie on her. That was the worst abuse I ever suffered. It's something I will probably never get over. I've got over the rest of it but I will never get over that. It didn't cause any shame then because I didn't know what I was doing. However, it caused me a great deal of shame later on. Of all the abuse that was the thing that killed me inside. It wasn't horrid at the time but horrid after I realised what he had made me do. It's also horrid because of the pain it caused my sister. That's the worst part of it all. That's the part that will always live with me. I will always have negative feelings about that happening.

86. Gordon Knott took me and [EHV] when I was six or seven to somebody's home in Costorphine to abuse me. That would have been in about 1974. [EHV] would have been about five when we were taken there. I don't recall where exactly the house was. I know it was close to the home and it was a normal house rather than a children's home. It was a house that was near [REDACTED]. I am pretty sure it was on a road that had the turnstile gate for [REDACTED] on it. It was a bungalow. The reason I remember that it was a bungalow is that all the other houses around it were big and it looked small next to them.
87. A man and his daughter lived at the house. I'm pretty sure there wasn't anybody else in the house when I went there. My impression was that Gordon Knott knew who the man was. The man was about the same age as him. He might have been a little bit older. I didn't know who the man was or who the girl was. The girl was the same age as me. She was either six or seven. It was the first time I had seen this girl.
88. It was a summer's day. There was a blow up paddling pool at the back full of water. The girl and I had to take our clothes off and jump into the paddling pool. Gordon Knott and this man sat about whilst I played with the girl in the paddling pool. Gordon Knott and this man made me fool about with the girl. We touched each other whilst they sat there and watched. They made me touch her vagina and made us perform oral sex. I was made to fondle this girl whilst [EHV] was sitting there in the pool. After that [EHV] was made to fondle the girl. [EHV] had to do the same things as I did.
89. That happened to me once. I was never taken back to the house or saw the man and his daughter again. However, [EHV] said she was taken back to this house quite a few times. From speaking to [EHV] in later life I have found out that she got taken more places than I was by Gordon Knott. She has told me that she was once taken to the Botanic Gardens in Edinburgh. She met a family there and was taken back to the family's home. Things happened. She told me she was sexually abused but didn't go into the detail of what happened. I learnt that in later life after the court case.

90. Gordon Knott stayed in a little house near the stables. He took me to his house. He abused me there. He penetrated me. The only reason I remember that is because he did that on a rug that was in the shape of a bear. He took me into his house and abused me there several times. All that happened after we returned to Clerwood after being adopted. I don't remember that happening before we were adopted. I don't remember being in that house before then. I didn't think anything about the rug until after the court case. It was then that I discovered that my sister had also been abused by Gordon Knott on that same rug.
91. Staff did come into my room at night. Sometimes you would think that if you closed your eyes tight enough they would just go away. Gordon Knott would come into my room. It wasn't an every night thing but it went on the whole time I was at Clerwood. Sometimes a week would go by and he wouldn't come in. I remember him touching me and [REDACTED]. I remember that the day I came back from being adopted Gordon Knott came into my room and fondled me in my bed. All I remember is him touching me when he came into the room.

Physical and mental abuse

92. When Gordon Knott wanted to punish an individual he would punish the whole home. He'd make it clear that everybody was getting punished for something one child had done. We would all have to line up for him. He would sit there in a chair. One by one we would have to go up to him and pull our pants down. He would then hit each of us in turn on our bums with a piece of wood. The piece of wood was a little bigger than a ruler. It was about two inches wide and half an inch thick. We would all be walking about holding our bums and screaming.
93. There was one occasion, when I was about seven, where Gordon Knott immediately apologised for hitting me after he hit me with his piece of wood. He said that he didn't want to hurt me. He also said that to my sister and one other wee guy. All three of us were children he was sexually abusing. I couldn't work out what that was

about. He was apologising to children for hitting them with a piece of wood but was at the same time sexually abusing them.

94. Looking back, I realise that the reason he was apologising was because I was an important person. I was important to him because he was able to abuse me. Somewhere along the line in his warped mind he probably loved me. It's not love when you beat someone up and rape them. He was just a warped individual.
95. When I was seven I went to see the dentist to have a tooth pulled out. I had previously attempted to go to the dentist before but had been run over on my way. This was the subsequent appointment. The appointment was the first time I remember going to a dentist. When I saw the dentist he put me under to extract the tooth. Whilst I was under I swore. I must have said "fuck" or something.
96. After seeing the dentist I went back up to the home. Out of the blue Gordon Knott punched me full force right in the side of the face. It was the same side that I had had the tooth taken out on. He did that because I had sworn at the dentist's. The only way I knew that I had sworn was because he told me that I swore. I was unconscious at the time I swore. I didn't even have an idea whether I had actually sworn. I remember that I was already sore from getting the tooth out and I was sore again from being punched.

Abuse at Clerwood – other staff members

Brian McLelland

97. Brian McLelland was into girls not boys. It was the girls that he tried to always be around. I didn't have much involvement with him. He didn't have much to do with the boys at all. My impression was that he wasn't sexually interested in the boys. I know he worked nights because that was when he abused children. He would come into my room at night but he would never come near me. He would only go across to the two girls. I think my first memory of that happening was from when I was about

five. He continued doing that until the time that I left. I can remember him doing that in the last few months I was in the home. He never came across to me and [REDACTED] or any of the other boys. That wasn't an every night thing. Sometimes there would be a week and he wouldn't come in.

98. Brian McLelland was around during bath times. I never ever saw him wash the boys whilst they were in the bath. I remember seeing him touching the girls in the bath though. He would wash between their legs and things like that. He wouldn't use a cloth. He would just use his hand. Other than that I never heard of or saw a specific incident involving him being sexually abusive.
99. Brian McLelland only seemed to punish the girls. I think that was because it gave him an opportunity to pull their underwear down. He did that in the big front room. It was a case of the girls lining up, pulling their underwear down and him using his hand to hit them. He did that for stupid things. I remember thinking when I was seven that the only reason he was doing that was to pull children's underwear down. It seems strange to me that I thought that then but I remember thinking that.

[REDACTED] BFW

100. [REDACTED] BFW is the one who sticks out in my mind as being the staff member who did the most violence. He was quite a violent man when it came to punishment. He was the worst staff member. Looking back it was almost as if he enjoyed hitting children. He seemed to take pleasure out of it. He used to smack me across my arms. He used to smack my sister quite a lot as well. I don't think he was targeting just one or two people. Everybody seemed to get it. He definitely hurt a lot of children.
101. One day in about August 1973, when I was about five, [REDACTED] BFW punished me by throwing me up in the air, acting as if he was going to catch me then pulling his hands away so that I hit the floor. It wasn't an accident. He pulled his arms away deliberately. He did that in the front room that was like a living room. I remember my nose was bleeding. I was hurt quite badly. A woman helped me after the

incident. For the life of me I can't remember who the woman was. She held the top of my nose and got stuff to put on my nose. I saw BFW do what he did to me to quite a few other children.

102. We used to go out on walks with BFW. We would go up past where the donkey was and carry on through a nature trail in the woods. I remember BFW was very demanding on these walks. We only had wee legs. We had to run half the time to keep up with him. One day, when I was about six, one of the kids was being slow. They weren't keeping up with us. I can't remember the kid's name. BFW grabbed the boy by his throat. He then started slapping the boy across his face. He slapped the boy four or five times. I remember feeling scared but also thinking "thank god that's not me." There was nothing, as children, we could do. We couldn't stop him from doing what he was doing. It was horrible.

Unknown Male member of staff

103. There was another male staff member who used to come into my room at night. I can't remember his name or who he was. I know he was at court the day I was at court. He was the third person charged for doing things in the home. He didn't abuse me. He did go over to beds. I really can't remember which beds he went over to. I assume he was abusing children but it could be that he wasn't.

Matron

104. I don't know what the council were thinking having a matron in the place. Matron was a really horrible woman. She was not a nice woman. I remember seeing her hold down a boy called [REDACTED] and forcing him to take his tablets. She was holding his nose so that his mouth was open. That must have been when I was six because it happened just after I saw my dad in prison. He gave me some sweeties during that visit and when I saw the incident I was on the way to get those sweeties.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Clerwood

105. Gordon Knott was very good at telling us not to tell people what was happening in the stables. He made a point of saying "this is our secret game" all of the time. I could have gone and spoken to a staff member or my social worker and told them what was happening. However, what stops you is you think "how do I know that these people aren't also involved?" I had no way of knowing whether other staff members were doing what Gordon Knott was doing to other children in the home.
106. I don't think I would have been able to speak to anybody about what was going on whilst I was at Clerwood. I'm sure there are other kids in there who did talk to people but I never did that. I didn't speak about it with any staff member or my social worker. Looking back I just kept my head down and hoped that the pain would go away.
107. I didn't trust anyone. I trusted no one by the age of six. It was a hard thing. I was institutionalised and I didn't know who to turn to. I was scared that if I spoke to someone I might find out that they were involved in it all. I was scared that if I told someone then more bad things would happen. I was scared that if my abuser found out then he would abuse me even more. I was scared that if I told someone they may in turn start abusing me. I was scared that I would be stuck in Clerwood forever.

Staff awareness of abuse in Clerwood

108. In my opinion all the staff knew what was going on. They had to know what was going on. It would've been very hard to do the job without noticing things. I reckon that if a lot of the staff looked back, and were honest with themselves, they would admit that they knew what was going on and that they did nothing to stop it.
109. Back then what was regarded as abuse is different to what is regarded as abuse now. Back then kids were allowed to be smacked. You couldn't do that to a child

now. What someone may view as abuse to them then might not be seen as abuse to someone else. However, even then I think that all the staff must have known that something was wrong. I'm not necessarily saying that they knew that kids were being abused but they must have known something was not right.

110. I presume there were changes in my behaviour whilst I was in Clerwood. The bed-wetting was one thing. Not doing well at school was another. I can't really remember specific things. I don't really know whether you realise your behaviour is changing when you are that young. If there were changes in behaviour then nobody noticed them or talked to me about them.
111. You felt a lot of pain in the home. The pain was either from being raped or being battered. As a kid it was painful and sore. I didn't feel anything else other than I am in pain and I want this pain to stop. I can't recall looking at myself and thinking "oh my God I am dying here." Certainly nobody ever asked me why I was bleeding or whether I had hurt myself after a fall or something. I can't recall anything like that.
112. I'd like to think that there must have been signs. If there were then no one picked up on them or they chose to ignore them. There must have been signs because children at the age of seven and younger were sexually active in the home. Children in the home were having sex with each other. That was separate from what was going on in the stables. It was a learned behaviour. I think things were different back then. People weren't trained to look for signs of abuse.

Female staff member witnessing abuse in about 1975

113. There was one occasion when a female staff member came up to the stables, walked into the room, saw what was happening and told us all to get out. I was seven years old when that happened. It would have been around 1975. It was at least a couple of years after it all started that this woman came into the room. By that time the abuse had been going on for years.

114. I have racked my brains to try and remember who that woman was but I just can't remember. In later life, when Gordon Knott had his trial, the judge put five former female staff members in front of me. For the life of me I couldn't pick which one it was. All I know is that it wasn't Jane because I would have remembered her.
115. After the woman came into the room we all had to leave the room and walk back down to the home. I can't remember whether Gordon Knott came with us or whether he stayed in the stables. Nobody said anything to us when we got back to the house. No one ever asked what had happened. Tom was still my social worker at that point. He never said anything to me.
116. I think that all fed into why we as children didn't want to tell anyone about what was happening. If I had heard of or seen what was happening as an adult the first thing I would have done was phone the police. I'd have at least spoken to the child and asked them what was happening. Back then it felt as if nobody cared. There wasn't even anyone who told me that what was happening was wrong. There was no way of me even knowing whether what was happening was meant to happen.
117. After the woman saw what happened in the stables we weren't allowed to go back there for a while. I can't remember how long that was. It could have been as long as a couple of months. We then started going back to the stables. It all started again. I don't know whether that woman maybe left or something else happened. I have no idea. However, Gordon Knott stayed on.
118. Looking back, I realise that it all stopped because that woman discovered what was happening. However, at the time I didn't realise that. I don't know how she was the first staff member to have come to the stables to check on us after all those years. I don't know whether other staff weren't allowed to come up there or whether they just thought Gordon Knott was just playing with us. It was years before it was all discovered though.

Jane, my houseparent at Clerwood

119. Jane is still alive. I know where she is and where she stays. I have tried to make contact with Jane a few times since leaving care. She just refuses to speak to me. I don't know whether she feels bad for what happened whilst I was in the home. I hope she doesn't blame herself because it wasn't her fault. I'd like to meet her to tell her that I don't blame her. I have tried to convince myself that she didn't know anything about it. However, I don't know how anyone could have worked at Clerwood and not know what was going on.

Marion, my sister's houseparent at Clerwood

120. When I went to Coatbridge College to do my HNC in social care I discovered that Marion, the woman who was EHV's houseparent in Clerwood, was my lecturer. I can't remember Marion's surname. It could have been Bell. I remember a class where she was describing a situation that happened in a children's home and the situation was about me. She didn't use any names but I knew the events she was describing involved me.
121. Marion was talking about an incident where a boy came down some stairs in a home in girls underwear. She didn't name the home specifically but it was clear from the way she was describing things that she was talking about Clerwood and that she had worked there. She talked about the boy wearing the girl's underwear as something that could have been a clue as to a child who was being abused. I remembered that incident from the time I was there because I was the boy she was describing. From the time she was there I don't remember what happened next. I don't know whether she reported it. She didn't mention that she did. It was weird. I had a panic moment. I had to run out of the class.
122. I can't even put into words how horrible I felt that day. It wasn't Marion's fault. She didn't know who I was. She was just using an example to teach people about the sort of abuse that can happen in a children's home. I did go back to Marion later on and told her why I had reacted in the way I had. It was then that she told me that

she had been my sister's houseparent at Clerwood. She remembered me. She was apologetic. It came across to me that she appreciated she had been young and naïve at the time of the incident. I didn't feel any anger towards her. She came across as very frank and honest with me.

Leaving Clerwood the first time

123. The only time I had any contact with my father was when I went to visit him in prison. That was when I was about six years old. I remember being surprised that we even had a dad. I think my dad insisted on having us visit before he would sign the papers which allowed us to be adopted. I don't remember feeling bad or feeling anything when I saw my dad. I just remember seeing this old man with a beard. He looked like Santa Claus. He had a bag of sweeties for us. After the visit we were adopted. Nobody warned us when we were going to Glasgow. It just happened. I am pretty sure that I was adopted with **EHV** and it wasn't just foster care.

Adoption by couple in Glasgow

The couple who adopted us

124. **EHV** and I were sent to stay with a couple from Glasgow when I was about six. **EHV** would have been about five. It only lasted between nine months and about a year. I have no idea what the names of the man and woman were. They were a nice couple. The man was quite tall, had a beard and rode a motorbike. He was out working most of the time. We only saw him at night. The woman had long blonde hair. I think they were either in their mid-twenties or early thirties. They were a rich well-to-do family who lived in the West End of Glasgow. The couple were quite religious. We had to go to church on a Sunday. That's all I remember about the couple.

Life with the couple

125. I liked it there. They had a beautiful big house. Everybody around that area were nice decent people. They sent us to Glasgow Academy. I think that was a snobby school at that time. We had to wear a wee cap, shorts and blazer. I remember thinking that was quite strange. I thought it was great there. I liked the school.

Social work involvement after being adopted

126. I don't recall there being any involvement with social services when we were in Glasgow. I don't remember seeing a social worker. I don't recall anyone coming to visit us. That's not to say that they didn't, it's just I don't recall that happening.

Discipline, punishment and abuse concerning the couple

127. The couple just didn't have a clue about children. They tried but failed miserably. They couldn't handle us. It was just the women who used to hit us. It was never him. It could be for anything. I can't remember a specific thing. The woman used to smack us or hit us with a wooden spoon for anything we did wrong. She either hit us on the backs of our legs or on our bottoms. It was mostly on legs with the spoon and on our bottoms with her hand. I remember that she once hit **EHV** so hard with the wooden spoon that she snapped it over her leg.
128. We put up with the smacking. It was just what happened back then. I am sure there were loads of kids who had loving caring parents who smacked them. It didn't make it right but that was just the way it was. The abuse I suffered there was no way as bad as the abuse I suffered in Clerwood.

Leaving Glasgow and returning to Clerwood

129. I think it was the couple who instigated us moving back to Edinburgh. I think they just realised that they couldn't cope. Glasgow just didn't work out. When you put in to adopt two children you want two wee angels. You don't want two kids who are going to drive you insane. At the end of the day we were psychologically damaged. Maybe if the couple had known what we had gone through then they might have been able to get a handle on us and cope with us. I don't know.
130. Whilst I was being driven back to Clerwood up the M8 or M74 I noticed a wee black boy in the car in front of us. He was waving back to us out of the back window. When I got back to Clerwood I discovered that the wee black boy was in the bed next to me. That was when I first met [REDACTED].
131. When I got back to Clerwood it was as if I had never been away. It was the same staff and the same people in my room. The only difference was that [REDACTED] was there. The abuse just took off from where it was left off. It was horrendous leaving an abusive children's home to be taken to an abusive adopted home and then to be returned back to the abusive children's home. That was hard.
132. I guess it was when I returned to Clerwood that I really started thinking "this is life and this is how it is going to be." As far as I was concerned that was me there forever. I didn't even know that you could leave care when you were eighteen. We were probably back at Clerwood for about a year and a half before we went to our next home. I was about eight or nine when I moved to North Berwick.

Leaving Clerwood the second time

133. I have no idea why my sister and I were moved out of Clerwood. We were just told that we were moving. I don't remember the day we were told. I have learnt later on that the reason we were moved to Glasclune was because we were being put up for

adoption or to be fostered. I can't remember anything surrounding leaving or the journey to North Berwick.

Glasclune, North Berwick, East Lothian

134. I arrived at Glasclune with my sister when I was eight or nine. EHV would have been either seven or eight. I would say I went there in approximately 1976 or 1977. I was there until about first year of secondary school. I left when I was about twelve. That would have been in about 1980. My experiences at Glasclune were good. For me it was a better home. I didn't get abused. I've got nothing but happy memories from being there. I had a lot of freedom. I remember that I used every bit of that to not be in the house itself.
135. Barnardos ran Glasclune. I think it might have been a place where children went to before they were adopted or fostered. I'd say there were about thirty kids there. They had children right up to the age of sixteen. I think when we arrived me, my sister, a girl called [REDACTED] and a girl called [REDACTED] were the youngest kids there. A little bit later on, when I was ten, a wee boy called [REDACTED], who was five or six, arrived. I think he was the youngest person I saw there.

Layout of Glasclune

136. There were three floors in the house. On the ground floor was the main entrance, a snooker room with a snooker table and the staff office. There was a corridor that led to the other side of the house. On that side were toilets, a kitchen, a sitting room and a bedroom for boys. That was where I slept. The girls' bedrooms were up on the first floor. Also on the first floor was a sitting room with a telly and a couple of couches and a bathroom. The third floor was much smaller. There were three bedrooms. Each bedroom was much smaller than the other bedrooms in the house. They only had two beds in them.

137. The view from the front door was good. The home was on a hill and you could see right across the Forth. The grounds were massive. There was a football park. Outside the home they kept chickens. The hutch looked like it had once been an old air raid shelter. At morning time each of us would take a turn to collect the eggs with a staff member.

Staff

138. All of the staff were friendly to me. They were generally in their twenties or thirties. They all seemed to get on with each other. I don't recall, when I look back, seeing them arguing or disagreeing with each other.
139. BFK [REDACTED] managed the home with his wife. I don't remember his wife's name. They were maybe in their forties or fifties. They were old to me. They were probably the oldest staff members there.
140. Mary Lennox was my houseparent. She had four other kids who were allocated to her. Mary was good. She took time to get to know and understand me. She showed me love. I hadn't had that before. I still talk to Mary today. We still have a good relationship. She recently came to my fiftieth birthday party.

Routine at Glasclune

First day

141. We got to Glasclune about mid-afternoon. I remember being nervous and scared. The only person I knew in there was my sister. I remember they rang a gong for dinner at 5:00pm. After that we had dinner in the dining room.

Daily routine

142. The routine wasn't much different to Clerwood. You still got up, got your breakfast, got washed and then went off to school. When it wasn't a school day I went out. I was allowed to go anywhere I wanted to go. There were no restrictions on where I could go. When you came back after school to the home you were encouraged to do your homework. There was a woman who came into the home to help you with that. After that you were basically allowed to do what you wanted.

Sleeping arrangements

143. I shared a bedroom at the front of the building on the ground floor with six other boys. There were seven beds in my room.

Mealtimes / food

144. They had a gong that someone would whack to let you know it was dinner time. That was usually about 5:00pm. We had our meals all together in the dining room. The room had three big tables in it.

Clothing / uniform

145. We were actually dressed quite smart. The staff would take you out to buy your clothes.

School

146. I went to North Berwick Primary which was a mixed school. I would've been about eight at that time. I was there for Primary 5, 6 and 7. It wasn't a Catholic or a protestant school. Anybody from any religion could go there. I made some friends when I went to North Berwick Primary. I became friendly with a girl called [REDACTED]. I later went on to North Berwick High. That was when I was about eleven.

147. When I was about ten years old I was in Primary 5 in North Berwick Primary. A teacher punched me in the back of my head. The teacher had a ring on her finger. The ring cut me on the back of my head when she did that. I can't remember the name of the teacher. [REDACTED] witnessed the incident. I am still in contact with her to this day. [REDACTED] remembers what happened vividly. She remembers the incident because she was shocked. I remember it because I felt like smashing a chair over the teacher's head for doing that.
148. I can't even remember what I did. I'm sure it didn't warrant being punched in the back of my head. [REDACTED] can't understand why I didn't report what had happened. It was horrific but it wasn't as horrific as some of things I had experienced. Being hit wasn't anything that I wasn't used to. It was just a continuation of what had been going on before. It was just another form of abuse that I had to suffer. And anyway, who would I report it to? What was there to say that if I got moved to another school the same would not just continue to happen? After that incident I had no faith in the education system. I had no trust. I think that was the day that I gave up on education. I clearly remember saying to myself "fuck this."
149. I wouldn't let anyone bully me at school. I think I viewed those who weren't from the home a bit like "them and us." I was quite a violent child. It wasn't something that I intended to be. It was just something that I was. If someone took the piss out of me at that time I would just batter them. I don't blame the kids at school for treating kids from the home differently. I blame their parents. I think that the kids listened to their parents. If a parent tells their child not to hang around with children from the children's home because they're "trouble" then the child is going to think that way. The parent should be open minded and judge people because they are people not because they are from the care system.

Trips / holidays

150. The staff took us on holidays and day trips. I remember being taken to France and Haggerston Castle. We were taken to the Butlins in Pontypridd. I remember going

to Skegness. There were yearly holidays. I remember being at the beach a lot in North Berwick. We also got taken a few times to Murrayfield Ice Rink.

Visiting Clerwood

151. I can remember being taken back to Clerwood for a visit about a year after I left there. That would have been in about 1978 or 1979. I maybe got there about midday and left at about 4:00pm. I have no idea how that came about or why I was taken there. I remember there were still kids there from when I was there. I remember there was a girl I recognised who was called [REDACTED]. She had been there from around about the first time I was in Clerwood. I stood with her on the landing and talked to her. I can't even remember what we talked about. I don't remember anything else specifically other than that. I didn't think anything of it at the time but looking back I don't understand why I was taken back. It was horrific. In adult life I talked with Mary, who was my houseparent in Glasclune, about the visit. I remember her crying because she was so sorry for taking me back.

Friends

152. I had friends within the home. I had quite a few friends. I hung around with [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], and [REDACTED]. I hung around [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I hung around with a boy called James Steele. He changed his first name to Killian in later life.
153. I didn't really hang around with kids from school. I had a lot of acquaintances but I wouldn't really call them friends. [REDACTED] was the only real friend I had from school. I hit it off with her on my first day at school. We've been friends ever since.
154. The home didn't stop you mixing in with friends you had at school. You were allowed to go to friend's houses and they were allowed to come round to the home. There were no issues there. I remember asking Mary whether I could bring [REDACTED] home for dinner and she said that it wasn't a problem. I remember [REDACTED] coming around to the home.

Social work involvement and separation from EHV

155. My social worker when I went to Glasclune was called Margaret. I think her surname was Phillips but I am not sure. Margaret was a social worker from Barnardos who was part of 'Find a Family' who were based on Bath Street in Glasgow. When we got her, that is when they started to try and find families for EHV and I. After Margaret I had a social worker called John McBride. He took over from Margaret just after EHV left in 1979.
156. The Glasclune staff weren't involved in any of the social worker visits. They left us alone when social workers came to visit. Margaret used to take me and my sister to a wee Chinese restaurant in North Berwick. It was mostly the two of us that were taken out. For some reason that stopped after a while. EHV started being taken out by a different social worker and I just went out with Margaret on my own. That started when I was about ten years old.
157. Just before my twelfth birthday Margaret came bouncing into my room. That was in about 1979. I was sitting on my bed. Margaret told me that EHV was being fostered and I had to stay in the home. No explanation whatsoever was given for why we were being separated. Margaret left me in my room with another boy called [REDACTED].
158. I had always thought that they were going to find a family for us both to go to. I never ever thought we would be put with separate families. I only found out that we were going to be placed with separate families the day Margaret told me that we were going to be separated that day in my bedroom.
159. The day when I was told EHV was being taken away from me was by far the worst day of my life. Social services ripped EHV away from me. That is something that I will never ever forgive the social work department for. EHV ended up with a family in Ayr in Ayrshire. After she went I had no contact with her. There were no efforts made by anyone to allow me to keep in contact with EHV. I ended up not seeing her again for another twenty years.

160. When I met with EHV in adult life she told me that her abuse continued after she was fostered. She ended up with a beast of a man who abused her. If EHV ever wants to come forward to speak to the Inquiry that is something that she may wish to talk about.

Inspections

161. I can't remember there being any outside inspectors coming in to make inspections. There could have been but that isn't something that I remember. I don't remember anyone coming in and asking me how I was feeling.

Running away

162. After I was told EHV was being fostered Margaret left me in my room with another boy called [REDACTED]. I just turned around to him and said "that's it mate I'm fucked. I'm getting out of here." I ended up running away with a guy called [REDACTED], a girl called [REDACTED] and two other kids. We went to Ibrox in Glasgow. We found some derelict flats. There were kids playing outside and they showed us how to get inside. For the life of me I don't know why but [REDACTED] then suggested we walk to Glasgow Airport. The police at the airport rounded us up and took us back to Glasclune. I think by the time we got back we were just pleased to be back. We weren't punished or anything.

The fires at Glasclune

163. I was in care at Glasclune when the fires happened. There were two minor fires followed by a major one. The first minor fire was something to do with papers catching light in a bin or something like that. The second happened up the stairs. I was in the house when that happened. I remember seeing the wee boy [REDACTED] running down the stairs when that happened. The third was the major fire. At the time of the major fire I was at a Chinese restaurant in North Berwick with EHV and our social worker. That fire burnt the whole house down. I was initially accused of

starting the fire and had to speak to someone in the office about it. It turned out it was a boy by the name of [REDACTED] who had started it.

164. After the fire we stayed overnight in someone's house. We were then moved to a centre kind of thing. After that we were moved to Balerno for a while. We had to stay in Balerno for what felt like a year but it probably wasn't as long as that. After that we came back to Glasclune. We didn't get to go into the old home though. There was a building on site that we went into. The new home was smaller. I think anyone who'd been at the old home just didn't see the new home as their home. It was just a building to us. The old building felt as if it was a proper home.

Abuse at Glasclune

165. I have heard that some people have said that there was abuse at Glasclune. My friend Killian has said he was abused by a member of staff. I don't know anything about that. It's not something I witnessed or was aware of. I don't remember being physically assaulted by staff members. I certainly wasn't sexually assaulted by anyone.
166. For me, the only thing that they probably did wrong was giving the children too much freedom. It led to you getting bored and starting to do stupid things. Unlike plenty of the older kids in the home, I didn't drink or do drugs. However, I did start stealing. If it wasn't nailed down I would steal it. I never stole things because I needed them I just stole for the sake of stealing. I ended up getting into a lot of trouble with the police.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Glasclune concerning Clerwood

167. I don't know what the staff knew about you before you arrived. I don't know whether Glasclune knew I had been abused. I don't know whether they were given paperwork about you when you arrived. I had never disclosed to anyone that I had

been abused so there would have been no reason for that to have been in my records if they existed or were passed on to Glasclune.

168. The way Mary, my houseparent, spoke to me was to check whether I was alright on a day to day basis. She didn't speak to me in a "can you tell me what happened to you five years ago" kind of way. Nobody asked me whether I had been abused at Clerwood whilst I was at Glasclune. That sort of thing never came up. I suppose there can be many reasons why a child is messed up. It isn't an automatic thing that a child is messed up because he had been abused.

Leaving Glasclune

Time at Glasclune after my sister^{EHV} left

169. I was in Glasclune for another year after being separated from ^{EHV}. I just gave up on everything. I wasn't interested in anything. My last bit of hope had been taken away. I started stealing things. I was arrested on numerous occasions. I battered a guy in a French class at school during my first year at North Berwick High. It was for something stupid. The boy called me "a dick." He just suffered from all of the anger that was inside me. I didn't want to hurt the guy. I just wanted to get the anger out. I ended up being expelled.

Foster placement with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], Coatbridge, North Lanarkshire

170. When ^{EHV} went I just presumed that I was going to stay on at Glasclune. Nobody told me otherwise. I didn't know whether they were looking for a family for me or what was happening. All of sudden, just when I turned twelve, I was told that a family had been found for me. I was told that they lived in Coatbridge. It was John McBride who told me that.

171. The people who ultimately became my foster parents then came to visit me at Glasclune. I spent the day with them. It's strange because at that time I didn't trust anybody. I didn't really have any opinions though. I neither liked nor disliked them. I didn't trust them. At that point I just felt that if I went to stay with them I'd be with them for a couple of months and then I would be back at Glasclune.
172. Later on I was asked whether I would like to spend the weekend with the couple. I agreed to that. I was taken through to their house in Coatbridge. It seemed like a nice house in a nice area. I started to think that they seemed like genuinely nice people. Even then I wasn't sure. Being nice was different from me being able to trust them. After the visit they asked me if I would like to go back again. It was on that visit that they asked whether they could adopt me. That's when I agreed to go and live with them.
173. I went to stay with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] when I was about twelve. That would have been in about 1980. I stayed with them until I was eighteen. That means I would have left when it was about 1986.
174. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were lovely people. They were just beautiful people. They were hard working people. They worked and they saved. They had sound morals. In time I would come to know them as mum and dad. They didn't have any children at the time I was fostered. They did later on though. [REDACTED] was born when I was about fifteen.
175. The intention at the start was that I was going to go there to be adopted. However, after about three months I asked [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] not to adopt me and remain fostering me instead. I felt that if I was adopted by them and they died, or something happened to them, I would have nowhere to go. To me it felt as if they were then quite happy to foster me from then on. I was never formally adopted by [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I was always fostered by them. I've since learnt that [REDACTED] was upset that I didn't want to be adopted.

176. Looking back it was stupid really to be thinking that way. It was a strange way to rationalise things. I guess I just didn't trust them enough at that time to think that they wouldn't abandon me.
177. By the age of twelve I was already wondering whether it would be easier if I wasn't around. I felt that being dead would have being easier than staying alive. It took me a few years to trust [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I did eventually. They helped me. They gave me morals, stability, advice, support and love. They gave me everything that a kid should have. They gave me everything that I needed.
178. I do think that if I hadn't been fostered then I would have taken my own life before I left care. I can't thank [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] enough for what they did for me. I think that the only reason I am here today is because of them. I wish I could turn back time and be born to their family.

Religious instruction and school

179. My religion is now a bit confused because, for some unknown reason, my foster parents put me into a protestant school in Coatbridge. Prior to that I had always thought of myself as Catholic. It's strange because my foster father was a Catholic. I think what happened was that the paperboy they had was a protestant. I think they spoke to him because he knew the schools in the area. I think they wanted him to look after me. I think that is how I ended up in a protestant school.
180. I found the school hard because I was surrounded by Rangers fans. They wore Rangers scarves and sang orange songs. I'd never seen anything like that in my life. It was hard. I had to hide that I was a Catholic. I just went with the flow. I learnt to fit in by mimicking the people around me. Pretending was easy for me because I'd had to adapt to different situations all my life. Inside it was horrid though.

Social work involvement

181. John McBride came to visit me once when I was about thirteen. That was the only time I ever saw social workers during my time at [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]s. He talked to me in my bedroom. He asked how I was doing, how school was and how I was being treated. I told him I wasn't enjoying school. I told him the reasons why I didn't like school. I remember it wasn't a long conversation. It wasn't anything in-depth or anything like that.

Learning of father's death and attempt to contact mother

182. My father ended up passing way in 1985. I was told that by my foster father [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. Looking back I think it was harder for my foster father telling me than me hearing it. I remember him taking me out for a walk. I remember looking at him thinking "what is wrong?" He looked sad. I think he was sad because he had to tell me and he was scared of my reaction. When I was told my dad had died it felt as if my foster father was telling me that a stranger had died. I didn't have any emotions whatsoever. There was no sadness or anything. You can't really have feelings for someone you've only met once in your life. My natural father was a stranger to me. For me the guy who was telling me my father was dead was my real dad.
183. When I was eighteen I went to Edinburgh Social Services to see if I could make contact with my mother. I saw John McBride. He arranged to take me to see my mother. When the day came to be taken to see my mother I walked up to John McBride's car and said "can you take me back to the train station?" John McBride then took me back.
184. I didn't want to be in a situation where I met my mother and didn't like what I saw. I'd been living with a family which had good morals since the age of twelve. I knew my mother was on drugs. I suppose I was probably scared of what I might find. I ended up never visiting her. I've been told since that she died four or five years ago. I don't have any bad feelings about that. I don't regret not seeing her.

Discipline and punishment

185. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were strict but they weren't stricter than any other parents. I think they felt strict because of the liberty I'd had at Glasclune. At the time I didn't appreciate what they were doing but, looking back, I now appreciate it. What they did was fantastic for me. They gave me the stability that I needed. I'd never had that before. They never gave up on me. I know that if I had a kid like me I might have given up.
186. Looking back, [REDACTED] was a saint. I was a law unto myself. I had come from an environment where there had been no boundaries or rules. When I first got there I was either skipping school or stealing. I was fighting all of the time. I got suspended from school pretty much monthly.
187. They never raised their hand to me. [REDACTED]'s mother had hit him. He had come from an abusive household. He used to tell me that he never wanted his children to go through what he had gone through. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] used other methods. They would take away things, use timeouts and ask me to go away and think about what I had done.
188. To begin with I thought it was all nonsense. I'd never had to think about what I had done or cared about what I had done before. However, in time I started to think about my actions and realise that I was hurting other people. I started to realise that I didn't have to hurt other people. As time went on I did things less and less. I came to realise that I didn't need to misbehave any more. I realised that I wasn't under threat and wouldn't be dragged any day back to a children's home.

Leaving foster care

189. I went off the rails again when [REDACTED] was born. That was when I was fifteen. I don't know what happened there. I think my nose got put out of joint. Looking back I think I was worried about whether they would love [REDACTED] more than me because he

was their real child. I became a rogue again. I had a lot going on in my head. I still missed my sister. I think I went like that because I wanted to get attention. I knew that I would get attention through misbehaving from the way I behaved before so I did that again. If you can't be loved then be hated. At least that way you will get attention. I moved out when I was eighteen. I moved down to London.

Life after leaving care

Work and moving around the UK

190. I moved down to London when I was eighteen. I lived in a place called Elephant and Castle. A pal sorted me out with a labouring job that paid £500 a week. It was good money. To begin with I lived in a squat. I'd never heard of squatting before I moved down there. After six months I was turfed out. I was homeless for three weeks. I then ended up in a bedsit in Tottenham. I stayed there for about a year.
191. I then got homesick and decided to come back up to Scotland. I stayed with a friend in Airdrie until I got my own house. I mostly worked cash in hand jobs when I moved back up to Scotland. I was on and off unemployed for years. I drank heavily. I was in and out of police stations. I spent time in jail. I guess it was after the court case that I decided that I was going to do something with my life. That was in about 1995. It didn't quite work out at first. For the next five years I just pissed around drunk.
192. By 2000 I again decided that that was enough for me. I came off of the drink. I had a long think about what I wanted to do. I knew I wanted to work in a care environment. I decided I wanted to work with homeless people. I then went to college and did an HNC in Social Care. After my HNC I applied to University to do a social work degree. I only lasted a year doing that. University was difficult. We had three kids at that time. I was working night shifts in a garage then spending the days at University. It was hard. It killed me. Fortunately, about the same time I quit university and was offered a job with a housing association in Glasgow. I worked with them in Glasgow and Edinburgh for a while. Then a job with The Salvation

Army came up. I commuted to that job in Edinburgh for a while. My wife, children and I eventually decided to move across to Edinburgh.

Family

193. I met [REDACTED] where I was working in Airdrie. She was a secretary. We got married in 1990. That was twenty nine years ago. We went on to have four kids. [REDACTED] is twenty-eight, [REDACTED] is twenty-six, [REDACTED] is twenty-four and [REDACTED] is twenty. I have one grandchild.
194. Although I didn't see my father again before he died and chose not to pursue meeting my mother I don't regret that. I probably more regret not seeing my half-brother [REDACTED] and my sister [REDACTED] sooner. I could have probably found and met up with them sooner if I had made that visit to see my mother. I have a good relationship with [REDACTED]. We'll go for a pint and things like that.

Impact

195. From the age of twelve right up until when the police chapped on my door, I never really thought about Clerwood. I tried my hardest not to think about it. The only times I thought about it was when I did something stupid and felt embarrassed. That's the only time it seemed to come back.
196. Until I met [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I didn't trust many people. I had trusted Jane and Mary, who were my houseparents, and Tom the Social Worker. The rest of the people who had been involved in my care just happened to be working in the places I was. They didn't mean anything to me. I didn't want to give love out because it had always been thrown back in my face. Everybody had left me in my life. I had a fear of rejection and probably still have that now. I think that fear of not being accepted will always be there.

197. I was an alcoholic. I drank seven days a week. I drank Buckfast and beer. I drank to stop myself thinking about the shit that had happened to me. My drinking was terrible. If I was drunk I didn't think about it. I lost jobs because I went in drunk.
198. I was married in 1990 but I think I really lived my own life up until about the year 2000. I did what I wanted when I wanted. I didn't consider anyone else in the decisions that I made. For [REDACTED] it was a nightmare. I'd come home with cuts and bruises on me. She would have to mop me up. She would have police banging on the door trying to drag me away. I wasn't living a life as a married man or a father. I was living a life as a single man who wanted to go out, get smashed and batter people.
199. When I was fighting people I wasn't thinking about the person I was smashing I was thinking about someone else from my past. I was taking my anger out on them. Without a shadow of a doubt all that came from my time in care. Violence in particular had always been a part of my life. I don't know whether things are different now but when I grew up in care it was a case of learning to fight or being leathered if you didn't. If you didn't know how to look after yourself you would get picked on. You became the bully because you had to do that to survive. I continued with that way of thinking into adulthood. I was like that all the way up to about the year 2000.
200. It was all like a horrible cycle. I was fighting and drinking because of what had happened to me. I couldn't go and speak to people about why I was fighting and drinking in case they judged me for that. I was scared of being judged and someone saying that it was all my fault. Because of that it all just carried on.
201. I find it difficult to show love in case people judge me for that. That isn't good but you can't help yourself. I didn't show much love in any of the relationships I had. I never had girlfriends at school. There was a time when I was confused about my sexuality. I thought that because I had been raped I might be gay. I didn't show love to [REDACTED]. It's only in recent times that I have been able to show my wife and kids love.

202. I remember that my son started going to the Boys Brigade. I remember that I wanted to march down to the hall to check whether the officers had all had disclosure checks. I wanted to know, as a parent, who the people were that I was leaving my child with. That sort of thing went through my head all the time. I had that fear of someone saying that I had allowed my children to be around someone who could abuse them. I didn't want to be blamed for putting my children in a situation with someone who went on to abuse them. I was very protective.
203. I suffer from depression. I initially had a bad doctor who didn't manage to diagnose me. He would just tell me to get on with my life. I remember going to him when I felt suicidal. His answer to me was "we all have days like that MTH" When I was about thirty I changed doctors. I was then diagnosed with depression and seasonal affective disorder. Looking back I have probably had depression and seasonal affective disorder since I was twelve. I remember that when I was with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I would lock myself in the house and wait until summer came again. I would tell [REDACTED] to tell people that I wasn't coming out. I just couldn't get out of bed.
204. Over my life there have been times when I felt bad, suicidal and the whole shebang. I blamed myself for it all. There's no way I would have been able to speak to the Inquiry the way I am now twenty years ago. I don't feel that way anymore. I don't feel bad at all. I still have my moments. I still feel shit sometimes. However, I don't feel the way that I used to. I can't be held responsible for what happened to me as a pre-teen child when I was surrounded by adults who were paid to look after me.

Treatment and support

205. I did get some counselling through my GP. I did that on my own. That was just after the trial. When I went to the sessions I felt as if it made me worse not better. I only went for about two sessions before I stopped it. I think the counsellor didn't help because she cried a lot. I think that was what made things feel worse for me. I was already feeling bad enough without upsetting her.

206. I'm not a member of a survivor group. I have been involved in a group called Swindon Survivor Group. I went to an event through them in Kent in about 1998. There were survivors from all over Britain there. A guy from America, who has written a lot of books on surviving abuse, came across to speak. I can't remember his name. The weekend was good. It didn't feel like a counselling session. It was more like this man telling his story. I got a lot out of it.
207. It took me a long time to get diagnosed but I am now on antidepressants. I also have a SAD lamp which helps. I have made contact with Future Pathways. I feel ok now. I would take counselling now because I feel I am more ready for it. I wasn't a strong person in 1995 when I first tried it. I feel a stronger person in life now. I have a new life with a job and responsibilities. I think I take life more seriously now. Life is a lot better now than it was. I don't have suicidal thoughts and try my hardest not to have any negativity around me.

The police investigation and Gordon Knott's trial

Confiding with [REDACTED] about abuse

208. I swore to myself, when I was twelve, that I wouldn't tell another soul about what happened. The reason I did that was because I wanted to protect my wee sister. In early 1995 [REDACTED] and I were sitting watching a programme about boys who had been sexually abused in a children's home in Wales. I turned around to [REDACTED] and said "that happened to me when I was in a children's home." That was the first time I had ever spoken to anyone about what had happened. I just spurted it all out. We didn't sit down and have a long in depth conversation about it. That's pretty much all I said.

The police investigation and providing a statement

209. A month after first speaking to [REDACTED] about the abuse I had suffered, the police chapped my door. It was out of the blue. The policeman who was at the door asked me if I could call the Children and Families Department in Edinburgh. I initially thought it was about [REDACTED]. I thought something may have happened to her. After a couple attempts of trying to get through I eventually spoke to someone. The guy on the other end of the phone asked me whether I remembered being in Clerwood Children's Home. I instantly said "You must be talking about that bastard Gordon Knott eh?" I knew right away why the police had wanted me to speak with them. It was as if I had been waiting up until then for that moment to happen.
210. I then met the police from the Children and Families Department in Edinburgh at Airdrie police station. I gave a statement. I felt horrible whilst I was giving my statement. The police officer who was initially asking me questions was an older guy in his fifties. He asked me far too much detail. His line of questioning made me think he was a paedophile. He asked me questions like whether I had had an erection whilst I was being abused. I still don't understand why he needed to know things like that. It felt as if the guy was getting off on the things that I was telling him. I was made to feel as if I wasn't even safe being interviewed by the police. The police officer was eventually replaced with someone else.. The next time I was interviewed I was interviewed by a much younger guy. He was sensitive, nice and took his time.
211. It took me the whole day to provide my statement. Back then I was raw. We kept stopping. I was crying a lot. I told them everything I could about me. At the end Ally asked me about what had happened to my sister. At first I didn't say anything. Ally then told me that the police had already spoken to [REDACTED]. I asked him if [REDACTED] had told them "everything." He said she had. It was then that I decided to tell him about what had happened to both me and [REDACTED]. Before then I had been keeping her out of my statement because I didn't want her to be involved. I was protecting her. I didn't know whether [REDACTED] could handle it if I had said something and she hadn't already spoken to the police.

212. After I finished telling them everything the police explained to me what would be happening next. They told me about the trial. They told me that it was coming up and what might be happening next.
213. At the point I gave my statement the trial was due to start only about four months later on. Looking back, I think I was quite far down in terms of the people the police had spoken to. I think they had spoken to quite a lot of people before me. It could be that they had difficulties finding me because I had a different name. [EHV] wouldn't have been able to help the police find me because we had not been in contact with one another. In the end the trial ended up getting delayed. It didn't actually start until, I think, about November 1995.

The trial and conviction of Gordon Knott

214. At the time of the trial I was living in Glasgow. The police would pick me up every morning and bring me through to Edinburgh. I would then spend the day sitting in the witness room. I ended up going back and forth for about a month before I had to give any evidence. We were leaving the house at eight in the morning and not getting home until seven at night. It was monotonous. It was really quite a difficult month. It was horrendous.
215. The trial was the next time I saw [EHV]. About twenty years had passed. The police told me one day that she was going to be there. I ended up meeting up with her in the High Court itself. I was taken into a room and she was sitting there. I knew it was her as soon as I saw her. She still looked like me. That was the most emotional day I had ever had.
216. It was about three weeks before I gave my evidence. I remember shaking like a leaf when I eventually gave my evidence. I kept going after that because I wanted to see him convicted.

217. My whole life changed the day that Gordon Knott got convicted. The courtroom in the High Court is weird. Normally when someone is convicted they take them down some stairs near to where they are standing. In the High Court they are taken up past the public gallery. It's a strange system.
218. It was horrific. He had to walk past me. If it wasn't for my sister being there I think I would've done him in that day. My sister stopped me. She grabbed my arm. I'm quite sure I would have done something if **EHV** hadn't been there. However, watching him get sentenced to sixteen years was quite satisfying. I was overjoyed. There was that positive that came out of it. It's a day I will always remember.

Interaction with Edinburgh Social Services after the trial and The Edinburgh Inquiry into Abuse and Protection of Children in Care

Interaction with head of Edinburgh Social Services

219. After the trial I phoned a man called McQueen. He was the Director of Social Services. At that time he worked at Shrubhill. It would have been about January 1996 when I called him. Every time I phoned him I was told that he couldn't speak to me because he was in a meeting. I pulled a fast one. I told him that I would be at his door with the BBC in five minutes if he didn't speak to me. Two minutes later he phoned me. Suddenly he wasn't in one of his meetings.
220. When I spoke to McQueen I said to him "all I want out of you is an apology." He told me that he couldn't give me one because if he said sorry Edinburgh Council would be legally accepting responsibility for what happened to me. I couldn't understand. Gordon Knott had been prosecuted and he was in jail. As far as I was concerned it was stated fact that what had happened had happened. I didn't get anything out of him. I didn't get a letter or anything. I asked for forgiveness from Edinburgh Council and I was told outright "no." Looking back it was pretty naïve of me to be expecting an apology.

The Edinburgh Inquiry into Abuse and Protection of Children in Care

221. An internal inquiry was set up by Edinburgh Council after the trial in 1996. It was set up by a judge. It was a man but I can't remember his name. He sat on the panel with two other people. Cathy Jamieson was one of the people on the panel. She was an MP at that time. I can't remember the name of the other woman on the panel.
222. I was phoned by the inquiry and asked whether I would like to speak to the panel. I decided to go along. I met with the panel in the City Chambers. The panel sat there and asked me questions. They asked me about the same sort of things I have spoken about in this statement. It was maybe not as in-depth.
223. There was a report but it was short. It was all "Child A said" this and "Child B said" that. There were parts that said things like "there is no substantial evidence to prove that this happened to Child A or Child B." It came across to me that they didn't believe people. It left me thinking that there was no point in it all. I can't remember what the conclusion of the report was.
224. I just think it was a white wash. The inquiry was a farce. I am a total believer that if you set up an inquiry you don't make the organization who is responsible for the abuse in charge of it. To me it defeats the purpose. You have to make it independent. It all felt to me like a process for Edinburgh Council to save face. They were just doing it to show that they were doing something. Nothing ultimately came of it. As far as I know, no new laws were created to make children's lives better.

Attempts to gain compensation*Award of criminal injuries compensation*

225. Shortly after the trial I applied for and was awarded criminal injuries compensation. I got £14,000. I should have got £17,000 but they took £3,000 off me because I had a

criminal record. I don't understand that because I didn't have a criminal record when I was abused. I found that absolutely ridiculous.

Civil action against Edinburgh City Council

226. After my attempts to get an apology and answer from Edinburgh City Council I came to realise that the only way I can get a response was through raising a claim or action for compensation. In about 1995 I heard about a lawyer in Scotland who may be able to help me. I went to him and told him that I wanted to sue Edinburgh Council. He charged me £2,000. When that money ran out he asked for more. I couldn't afford to take things any further because I was unemployed at the time so I just left it.
227. Unbeknownst to me, leaving things at that time meant my claim became time barred after three years. I didn't realise that. I just thought that I could raise some money again and have another go. However, I left it three years and that was me.
228. I then heard about the law changing in England concerning abuse claims and time bar. I decided that I would go down to England and see whether I could raise the claim again down there. I went down to Cambridge with EHV to raise a claim. I was advised by a solicitor down there that they could take the claim on but they would need to come up to Scotland to pursue it. He also said my claim would still be time barred.
229. The law in Scotland has now changed. I learnt about that from the news. For me a time bar should never have been in place for things like child abuse claims. I do get that it should be there for some things but certainly not that. Thompsons in Glasgow has taken my case on. I am currently suing Edinburgh Council.
230. No matter what they give me it will ever make up for them robbing me of my sister. I will never get the time back I have lost when I could have been with my sister. Twenty years were lost because some daft social worker thought it would be a good idea. Of course the money would help me but it's not about that. All I want is for

Edinburgh Council to accept responsibility for what they did to children back then. They were the ones who took children into care. They were the ones who employed any lunatic who wanted to come along to look after children. For me that is unforgiveable.

Records

Recollection of record keeping whilst in care

231. I don't know whether there was a record of the punishments that were given out at Clerwood. I don't remember seeing a punishment book. If staff were writing things down I don't remember seeing that. When you're a child you're not looking to see those things are done after you're punished. You're too busy nursing whatever it is they have done to you.
232. I don't remember any records or paperwork being kept by anyone anywhere I was in care. I can't recall any of my social workers taking notes or anything like that when they visited. I can't remember them sitting and writing things down. I don't remember them even having a pen and paper with them.

Attempts to recover records

233. I tried to get hold of my records after the trial. I phoned the office at Shrubhill where Edinburgh Council's Social Work Department was based. They told me I could have access to them over the phone. I then applied for my records by post. Sometime later someone called me up to tell me that they had got my records. As it happened the person who called me was someone I knew. She told me that my records consisted of one page and asked me whether I wanted it. I said "yes" expecting that she would post my records to me. However, she then just read me out the one page. All I remember is that the one page she read out said something on it like "MTH [REDACTED] shows an unusual attraction to male men." She then said that she thought it was a bit convenient that this was the only page that had been kept.

234. I don't think that the woman I spoke to was making things up. I genuinely think that there was only one page. My guess is that my records were burnt so that I wouldn't be able to sue the local authorities. That's just my own opinion as to what happened.
235. I don't know how far my lawyers have got with getting my records. I know that they have got hold of the police report and my medical records. I don't know what else they have managed to get.

Lessons to be Learned

General comments on abuse

236. The abuse just becomes routine. It's not as if you accept it or you don't. It just becomes part of your life. There was nothing you could do to change things. As far as I was concerned I thought that what was happening to me was happening to every other child in Britain. You have nothing to compare what is happening to you to.
237. You don't rationalise it and say "this shouldn't happen." You don't stop and think "this guy is abusing me" when you are a kid. You just think "this guy is an absolute bastard." The whole time I was in Clerwood I was scared. You were scared to do something that might annoy somebody. You were scared that you did something that might lead to you getting battered from a member of staff. When someone does something to you it does make you think that if they could do that then they could do anything to you. I suppose that was where the fear came from.
238. There were no choices in my life. Everything was decided for me. Abuse follows you around. Once you have been abused it becomes easier for others to abuse you. There is something within you that abusers recognise. I think that children become multiple abuse victims because they are made to think that what is happening to

them is normal. If another member of staff had come to Clerwood and started abusing me I would have just thought that this is just what happens.

239. Looking back, and I realise it's a strange thing to think about, I have asked myself whether it was better being battered or it was better being raped. I know that ultimately you don't get anything off either but sometimes you can strangely feel something. Sometimes you feel as if you are getting something off a sexual abuser because it is as if they love you. It is different from someone who punches you in the face or drops you on your head. At the end of the day though a child shouldn't ever be placed in a situation where they think is it better to be raped or is it better to be battered.

The lack of inspection and monitoring of staff at Clerwood

240. The problem with Clerwood was that I don't think it was checked by people. If it was checked then there had to be a lot of lying going on by the people who worked there. Nowadays you would have the Care Commission coming in but during my time there I don't remember anyone like that.

Communication with children in care

241. Nobody ever spoke to me in Clerwood and said "if someone touches you inappropriately come and speak to an adult." Nobody ever said that whilst I was in care. Then again, back then I expect that nobody would have said that in a family home never mind a children's home. It wasn't a conversation that people had with children. Nowadays things are different. That's a conversation that people might have with children.
242. I could be wrong but there was certainly no one who asked me how I was getting on. In fact, throughout my whole time in care I was only asked what my life was like once. That was a social worker. I just don't think asking children how they were getting on was thought about back then. I might have opened up if there had been

an outside person who had spoken to me about what was going on in Clerwood. Who knows? I guess we'll never know now.

Views on adults who worked in the child care environment when I was in care

243. Looking back at what the staff were like, I would say that they weren't caring or loving people. I don't think Councils were looking for anything much out of their prospective employees then. They were not looking for people that actually cared. They were just looking for people to fill the vacancies so that the kids weren't actually looking after themselves. I think that, back then, working in a children's home was seen as a chore. I don't think it was seen as a good career option. I imagine it was a job that didn't pay a great wage.
244. For me you should want to go into child care because you are a kind caring person and you want to help children progress in their lives. It shouldn't be a job for people who think "it's just a job, I'll do it until something better comes along." People who think like that shouldn't be doing those jobs.
245. I know people were suspected of doing things and they were given references by the home to go elsewhere. I learnt that from listening to the evidence during Gordon Knott's trial. I discovered that Gordon Knott was suspected of abuse and got a reference to move to another children's home. He went on to do exactly the same thing in that new children's home. I find that horrific. I can't even put into words how sick that makes me feel. They could've stopped him but they chose not to.

Separation from EHV by social services

246. EHV was the only flesh and blood that I knew existed. It is beyond me how social services could do that to two children whose only people in the world were each other. I don't know how they could ever argue that it was justifiable for them to have done that. It was something they could have avoided and they chose not to do that. It is beyond me how I ever survived that. It took me thirty years to get over what social services did to me. They robbed me of my sister. I can never get those years

back when I didn't see her. I have been able to handle all the abuse I have suffered. However, that is something I'll never be able to get over. It's something that I've nearly ended my life over.

Support from police and others during and after Gordon Knott's trial

247. I was offered no support whatsoever by anyone during the trial. It was horrible. After I was dropped off each time after attending court, it was "see you later." That was it. There was no "here's a number for a counselling service" or even someone asking "are you ok?" There was nothing like that. I felt as if I had just been dropped like a sack of tatties.
248. At the time I probably didn't notice that so much but looking back I realise that it was a terrible way to be treating people like me. We were vulnerable adults who had gone through a terrible time. I think, looking forward, if people like me are going to be put through something like that they should be offered some form of counselling or support.

Hopes for the Inquiry

249. If there is no one going in making checks and speaking to the children and the workers individually then the staff can do what they want. If that isn't done then things will continue to go wrong because nobody is held accountable. There wasn't any accountability in the seventies and before. People were allowed to do what they wanted. They didn't have to answer to anybody. Without accountability, abuse will happen. With accountability and checks abuse may still happen but at least it will get captured earlier on.
250. Back when I was in care I know that is what happened. I know of people who were placed back in the children's homes or foster homes straight after they reported things to the police. Why would anyone go to the police if that is what happens to them? I want proper legislation for children to allow them to have a voice and speak

up without fear. I would like, where a child declares abuse, for that child to be immediately placed somewhere safe. That should be done so they are not in the same place as the abuser.

- 251. I think things are a bit different now. If I was a child in a children's home now and reported what happened I think the member of staff who abused me would be suspended pending an investigation. I don't think that happened back then.

- 252. All I want from the Inquiry is to make children safe, make sure that checks are in place and make sure that there is accountability. If you are not held accountable then you have the power to abuse the people you are paid to look after. If you have someone from the outside coming in and asking the child what their life is like, what a good day and a bad day looks like you might get some honesty from the child. You might get children who will speak. That might lead to people being held responsible for their actions. There was no one making those checks when I was in care.

- 253. 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.. MTH

Dated.....18/4/2019.....