

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

PKL

Support person present: No

1. My name is PKL. My date of birth is 1947. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. I was born in Edinburgh and I have one brother, who is two years younger than me. My mother was or but was known as. My father was. Both my parents worked but I do not really have any memories of them or my childhood before I was in care. I know now that my mum ran away with another man after my father came back from Burma where he had been serving in the second world war. Dad has told me that he was a farrier in the army and when he came home he worked with horses in the Co-op delivering milk and also delivering beer for a brewery.
3. When mum left, my dad had to look after me and my brother on his own. He was in a small terraced house, had very little money and had to work. I developed an illness and ended up in Elsie Inglis hospital. I think that was when my dad realised that he couldn't cope looking after us without any support and had no choice but to put me and into care.

### Templedean Children's Home, Haddington

4. I have no idea how my father arranged it but [REDACTED] and I were sent to a girls' home called Templedean in Haddington. I believe I was sent there in 1952 and must have been under five

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

5.

6.

7.

8.

9.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

10.

11.

12.

13.

14.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

15.

16.

17.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

18.

19.

20.

21.

22. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

23.

24.

25.

26.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

27.

28.

29.

30.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

31.

32.

33.

34.

35.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

36.

37.

38.

39.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

40.

41.

### **Leaving Templedean**

42. I would have left Templedean when I was between eight and nine. Secondary Institutions - to

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

43. I think I had always been aware that when I got to a certain age I would be moved on from Templedean. My biggest concern about moving on was leaving my brother [REDACTED] behind. At some point I had an interview with Miss Campbell and she told me that it wouldn't happen but I would have to move on.

### **Redhouse Home, Millhill, Musselburgh.**

44. Redhouse Home was at 95 Millhill, Musselburgh. It was an old Victorian house. It was operated by either the local authority or the church, I am not sure which. In the building

at the bottom was a dining room, furnace, scullery kitchen and a corridor which led to the offices of Mr FSK. In the scullery was an Aga cooker and off the scullery was a big cold cupboard where the supplies were stored. On the other side was a library with a grand piano in it.

45. Down the bottom was the classroom which led to the washrooms, laundry and then outside toilets downstairs. Half way up the stairs was a cupboard for clothes and boots. There was another toilet and then the first, largest dormitory and through that, down some steps, was a smaller dormitory with about six beds. The door from that led to the assistant superintendents quarters. Up the stairs from there was the superintendent's quarters and above that was an area called the attic. The attic consisted of two smaller bedrooms at the top of the house. These were used by the older boys. The whole house was well heated and always felt warm.
46. Outside the building there were gardens to the left with two big apple trees and some allotments. On the right was a small lawn with some flowers. At the back of the house was a large concrete area which was the playground. At the back door were outside toilets. There was a big sandpit and over the wall was the nunnery. There was a big shed full of wood for the boiler and a series of smaller sheds with gardening implements and tools.
47. Mr FSK was the SNR and he was SNR. There were kitchen staff who did the cooking. Mrs Bryce was helped by her husband and there were two other ladies. Mrs Bryce lived in a house to the home. Occasionally a temporary SNR came in but that was after I had been there a couple of years. He was eventually replaced by the permanent SNR SNR called Mr FRT. Mr FRT was ex-navy, I think. He was a small man but was a strict disciplinarian. His quarters were just down from the boys' dormitory.
48. There was one junior assistant who came in, Ronald Smith. He was in his early twenties. He came to help us when we were on holiday at Thorntonloch. He was very

athletic so taught us various sports. He was really good but disappeared after five or six months.

49. There were around thirty boys altogether. The age range was from about five up to fifteen. There was a fairly regular turnover of children. Boys kept running away and we never saw them again. We were often told they had gone to an approved school. There was one girl but she was Mrs FSE's daughter, [REDACTED], but she wasn't really part of the home or had very much to do with us. She was disabled and had polio. Their son [REDACTED] was there too but they were both kept apart from us. Most of the boys had nicknames. Some were disparaging but some were not. Mr FSK always called us by our first names. Mr FSK spent a lot of the time supervising the boys. Mrs FSE spent most of her time doing admin work and supervising the kitchen staff, clothes and the laundry.

50. The names of the boys I can remember are [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED], we called him [REDACTED] because he had funny eyes, [REDACTED] and Robert Black. Robert Black who became the child serial killer was nicknamed Bobby Blue. Nobody liked him because he smelled as he regularly wet the bed and he was ostracized for that. The age range of these boys was quite wide.

### **Routine at Redhouse Home**

#### *First day*

51. I can't actually remember the move from Templedean House in Haddington to Redhouse Home in Musselburgh. I just remember Miss Campbell telling me it was time to move on. I felt quite lost and confused as yet again my life was being turned upside down again. I can't even say whether I went in a private car or a coach. [REDACTED] came with me and I insisted on this.

52. I remember arriving at Redhouse. We went up to the front door and we were met by Mr<sup>FSK</sup>, SNR [REDACTED]. He was over six feet tall with ginger hair. He took [REDACTED] and I into his office and sat us down. He told us that this was our home now and that we should settle in. I was very apprehensive as I didn't know what I was moving in to. We then went to meet his wife, Mrs<sup>FSE</sup> [REDACTED]. She then took us up to a big laundry room where she kitted us out with a whole lot of clothes then showed us to our dorm. I met the other boys for the first time when we were in the washhouse getting ready for bed.

*Mornings and bedtime*

53. I was initially in the biggest dorm then as I got older I moved to the smaller dorm downstairs. We had single beds with blankets and got up between 6:45 and 7:00 in the morning. Mr<sup>FSK</sup> [REDACTED] came in and put the lights on and pulled the covers back of the known skivers. We got washed, dressed, then went for breakfast. Boys who had wet the bed had to go to the end of the queue outside the dining room. Mr<sup>FSK</sup> [REDACTED] would then call us in to the dining room.
54. Bedtime was at half past eight. Just before we went to bed we went to the kitchen and from a biscuit tin we got a slice of buttered bread and a cup of tea. The kitchen ladies often tried to slip us little cakes and things but Mr<sup>FSK</sup> [REDACTED] didn't like it and he was quite rude to them. Once we were in our bed Mr<sup>FSK</sup> [REDACTED] would do a patrol round all the rooms and make sure we were all settled and switch the lights off. He would then retire to his room but did occasionally come out through the night for a patrol to make sure no one was mucking about. If you became unwell through the night there was no one you could go to. You just had to wait until the morning.
55. Everyone went to bed at the same time with the exception of the oldest boy who was sometimes allowed to stay up later and go to the library and read. This was usually if a member of staff had gone out for the evening and you stayed up to let them in the main door. This was where I got my love of reading from.

*Mealtimes/Food*

56. Once a month, when we were waiting in the queue to go into the dining room for breakfast, we would all be given Epsom salts and castor oil to purge us. At mealtimes we sat on bench seats at big long tables. We picked up a plate on the way in and went to the trolley where we got a spoonful of porridge and a jug of milk. It was usually porridge for breakfast. We went back from school for lunch but had to run from primary school and secondary school because it was quite far. Wednesday was called SMT day. That stood for soup, mince and tatties. We didn't get pudding on a Wednesday which suited me as puddings were always milky which I hated.
57. I struggled initially when I went there with the porridge because it was so thick and salty but I got used to it. If you didn't eat your meal because you didn't like it, it was taken into the kitchen and a label put on it and you got it served to you at the next meal. If you didn't eat it on the third occasion you were punished in the laundry. Food was generally quite basic but it was filling. Quite often it was things like stews or macaroni. The kitchen ladies did baking so we often had cake and custard.
58. Mr and Mrs **FSE-FSK** never ate with us. They ate in a room off the kitchen or in their own quarters. The kitchen staff took them food.

*Washing/bathing*

59. We bathed once a week. Mr **FSK** filled the bath up for us and it was never filled more than the length of his scrubbing brush. If he found the bath had been overfilled he would pull the plug out and let the water out making you wash under the taps. We could shower if we wanted to. There were four showers in a communal area. The showers were cold, occasionally lukewarm, because Mr **FSK** didn't like the steam. Most of the time and every day we had a 'strip wash' which is where you strip down to your pants and wash at the sink. After our evening wash Mr **FSK** checked we were clean. He looked at our hands, elbows, knees and behind the knees then feet. If you weren't clean he slapped you on the head and you had to go round and do it again.

*Clothing/uniform*

60. The clothes we were given were grey shirt, grey jersey and grey trousers. For the first year at secondary it was shorts, thereafter it was trousers, and boots. We had different coloured hand me down blazers and Burberry style raincoat. The only new clothing we got was a hand knitted jumper which came from New Zealand. I don't know what the connection was with the home. Every jumper had a different design. When the box arrived full of jumpers you tried them on and found one that fitted you. You would thereafter recognise your jumper from the design.

*Leisure time*

61. Every evening we had an hour of homework. After that there was a dispensary where any ailments would be dealt with by Mr FSK. After that, unless it was your turn to darn the socks you could go out and kick a football about for half an hour. There were some board games inside that were available if we wanted. A television was donated to the home in my last couple of years. If everything had been done we could watch it for half an hour. There was no choice what we watched.
62. Latterly I became involved in the Air Training Corps which I went to for an hour once every three weeks. With them I went twice and did some flying at Turnhouse. I wasn't in any sports teams. Comics and books were always available and you were encouraged to read. I didn't need much encouragement because I loved reading. The library was quite comprehensive.
63. On a Saturday two boys were selected Mr FSK to go into Musselburgh to the bakery to get a wooden tray of rejected cakes. They were never counted so you could stuff your face on the way back as long as you left enough for the other boys. I did this occasionally but you had to have your wits about you if you came across some of the local lads and had to defend your cakes.
64. We had organised games on a Saturday where we might play cricket or baseball using a fisherman's cork as a ball. Occasionally we played football and Mr FSK refereed.

Quite often it ended a bit chaotic if boys didn't do what Mr FSK wanted. In the afternoon you were allowed to go into Musselburgh for two hours. On Sundays we put on our Sunday clothes and went to church which was a small walk along the river. After that was Sunday School and bible class. Church was compulsory. After lunch we had a long walk. Mr FSK walked with the younger ones and gave us older ones one of a number of routes to follow. We had to follow his route because he would randomly appear and check that we were not taking any short cuts. One of the walks was around two and a half hours.

65. One Saturday a month we went to the Hayweights cinema in Musselburgh and we went along there crocodile style and they let us in for free. Sometimes they gave us a free ice cream too. They were good to us.
66. Once a week, on a Wednesday, it was organised for the St John's Ambulance to come in and they taught us first aid to quite a high level. We were tested every week and they even brought in people to act as casualties. We did practical and oral tests.
67. We did get our own free time there and when we did we kicked a ball about. We had a lot of other toys we could play with. There was a wall outside with grips and it was a challenge to see how far you could climb up it. You weren't allowed to do this so if you were caught it was straight to the laundry for punishment.

#### *Trips and holidays*

68. I don't remember going on any day trips from Redhouse. We did go on holiday and went to Thorntonloch which is the other side of Dunbar. It was an old army camp with corrugated iron huts with concrete floors. When we arrived there we went to the local farm and filled our palliasse, which is a big canvas bag like a mattress cover, and filled it full of straw. We slept on that along with our blankets.
69. The huts were near the beach and we had a great time. Mr FSK had set up a flag system. We were allowed to explore to the far end of the beach and if he wanted us back he would put the flag up which was on the top of the hill. You then had a certain

amount of time to get back. It was more relaxed down there although we still had our cleaning duties to do and the laundry. The first part of the day was all duties. After that we had organised games and then if you had no other duties we could go to the beach. We weren't allowed to go into the sea unless Mr FSK was there and when he was we weren't allowed to go deeper than waist height. We went there for a month.

### *Schooling*

70. I went to Fisherrrow Primary school then the Burgh Primary school. Secondary school was Musselburgh grammar school. I settled in quite well to Fisherrow but they closed it down not long after I started so I moved to the Burgh primary school, which was closer to the home. I remember the staff were very friendly and they knew we were from a home but there was no big deal made about it. They gave us a red and white tie and I was quite proud to wear it. Occasionally the other children brought up the fact that we were from a home but nothing really that memorable.
71. I then moved on to Musselburgh Grammar. I loved the schooling and only slightly struggled at maths. There were some issues with the other children because they expected you to be tough because you came from a home. I got a few beatings and invariably got the blame for it. In a way this toughened me up a bit. There were some good teachers there who really encouraged me, especially in English and history. Mr Boag the English teacher, Mr Dryburgh, and Mr Napier were all good. We got the belt at school and some of the teachers didn't hold back administering it. Usually I deserved it but sometimes I would say I didn't but I just accepted it. I sat my mock exams at Musselburgh Grammar and did very well. Unfortunately I had to leave Redhouse and the school just after that so didn't get the chance to do any exams. As a result I finished my education with no qualifications.

### *Healthcare*

72. In the afternoon after we had done our homework we would be asked if there were any issues or if anyone was unwell or injured. Mr FSK had a box which must have been some sort of medical box and it had the initials ARP on it and a red cross. I took

that to stand for air raid precautions. I have a feeling that Mr FSK may have been a medical assistant when he was in the army. This box was his dispensary and within were plasters and all sorts of medical stuff. Mr FSK dealt with any minor ailments. If he couldn't deal with it you were seen by the local doctor or taken to the hospital.

73. If you went to Mr FSK and told him you were ill he would always assume that you were skiving. It got to the point that you didn't even bother telling him and just went to school anyway. There was no sympathy from Mr FSK at all. Quite often if you were ill you would be given hot milk and castor oil to purge you.
74. There was no regular dental treatment given but if things went wrong there was a dentist just round the corner where you could get suitable treatment.
75. I had to get a major operation when I was around eleven or twelve on my legs. To this day I do not know exactly what was wrong or how it was identified but I ended up getting metal plates and pins in my feet at the Princess Margaret Rose Hospital in Edinburgh. I was then in full leg length plaster for months and I was sent to recuperate at Astley Ainslie Hospital. I was very well looked after by hospital staff when I was in there. I eventually got plasters from below my knee with rockers on the feet and basically had to learn to walk again back at Redhouse. I was away from Redhouse for around nine months. I got some classroom work when I was at the Astley Ainslie.
76. When I was back at Redhouse I just got back into the way of things even with my plasters on. I still went to school and did all the other things I could. I regularly had to get my plasters changed so a kitchen assistant used to take me to the hospital on the bus.

*Religious instruction*

77. People from the church came into Rehouse fairly regularly but there was no religious teaching or prayers.

*Work*

78. Mr FSK had a rota of chores for the boys. You did that job for a week then moved on to the next one. The chores included setting the tables before the meals or cleaning the pots and the scullery. The downstairs outside toilets needed cleaned and were scrubbed out on a daily basis. The outside play area had to be cleaned and the logs out the back had to be cut with a bow saw. Another chore, after homework, was darning socks. We were given a box of socks with a 'mushroom' and a darning needle and we had to sew the damaged socks. Mrs FSE would check our work and if it wasn't done to her satisfaction she would cut it out and we had to start again. You weren't allowed out until all the socks were done.
79. When I became the oldest boy I looked after the furnace. I got up early, probably 6:15 in the morning whereas the rest of the boys got up at 6:45. I made sure it was lit and got it going. Once it was burning I put the damper on and that heated up the house.

*Pocket money*

80. We were given three pence pocket money every week by Mr FSK. He kept a ledger for this. Sometimes he would stop your pocket money if you had committed any misdemeanours. We went into Musselburgh, usually on Saturday afternoon and spent our money, more often than not in the sweetie shop. When my father visited me before he left he would give me a coin, maybe ten pence. As soon as I went in Mr FSK would take it off me and I never saw it again.

*Birthdays and Christmas*

81. Christmas was celebrated at Redhouse. There was a Christmas tree and we made our own decorations which were put up in the classroom. There were no decorations anywhere else. They put a Christmas dinner on for us. I think it was a very large chicken and a nice pudding. I don't remember ever getting a present from the home.

82. I have fond memories of two organisations who laid on Christmas parties for us 'home boys'. They were the Labour club and the Hearts Supporters' club. They both gave us a present which was second hand or books from the previous year but we didn't care about that. We stuffed our face with food and had a good time. We were made a fuss of at both parties and I was always really appreciative of what they did for us. These were special times.
83. I remember getting a visit from Chief Constable Merrilees. He gave us all a ten shilling note each but as soon as he left that was taken from us and never saw it again. We were told it had gone in our bank but I doubt that was the case.
84. Birthdays weren't celebrated at all at Redhouse.

*Personal possessions*

85. There was a small locker beside our beds for our clothes and our pyjamas. Each boy also had their own box where they could store their personal possessions and all the boxes were locked away with our name on it. My box had toys in it and a little knife which was like a key with a blade on it.

*Visitors*

86. My father visited me maybe once every two or three months just to see how we were. I don't think he had a lot of time on his hands. My mother visited us a couple of times, I assume when she was up here on holiday. We would get taken out to a local café where we would sit and chat then we would get taken back. I never really connected with my mother because I had seen so little of her. I never had a social worker or had any contact with anyone from out-with Redhouse. I felt very alone in there after things started to go badly. I had no support and no one I could turn to for help.
87. The people that used to organise the 'Honest Lad' and 'Honest Lass' and some people from the Rotary club used to visit the home. There were other people who I think

worked for the local authority came too but I thought there was something not quite right about them.

88. Mr FSK was an elder of the Church of Scotland and I feel that the church had something to do with the running of the place because there were people from the church coming in on a fairly regular basis.

*Sibling contact*

89. my brother and I were fairly close when we were at Redhouse. He had his own group of friends too. One time he stuck up and helped me in to win a fight.

*Running away*

90. Some of the boys ran away. If you ran away twice, on the third occasion you were sent away. Boys just kind of disappeared and we were told they had gone to an approved school. I ran away once after an incident. By then I was getting ready to leave anyway. I am aware of the police sometimes bringing boys back who had run away.

*Bed Wetting*

91. In the morning if boys had wet their beds they had to go to the back of the breakfast queue. They had to fill in a book. If any of the boys had three entries in the book for bed wetting then they were told to go through to the laundry where Mr FSK beat them. This didn't happen to me but it was common knowledge. My brother wet the bed. The bed wetters were later all put into the smaller dorm with six beds. They fitted rubber sheets to the beds with aluminium strips on it and if the sheet got wet an alarm went off. It had little effect as by the time the alarm went off the deed had been done and all it did was woke up the other boys. my brother was in there.

## Abuse at Redhouse

92. Secondary Institutions - to be published later Mr FSK was incredibly strict. He was a big man and was very dominant. I am not sure if had been in the army or something to do with the army but he had a very strict routine and was a disciplinarian.
93. I hated rice pudding. If it was served to me I couldn't eat it. When I didn't eat it, it was served to me again at the next meal. If it wasn't eaten after three meals Mr FSK would send me to the laundry room where he would cane me. This happened to me and I saw it happening to other boys with different food. The food wasn't reheated so it was cold. I went to school sometimes with bits of food in my pocket which was my way of getting rid of food from my plate.
94. Mr FSK took boys to the laundry to get beaten. It could have been if you had wet the bed three times or for any other misdemeanour. This could be fighting, arguing, talking back, not eating your food, not doing your chores properly or anything like that. He had a cane which he used in the laundry. It was about three feet long and was the thickness of your finger but was whippier than a normal garden cane. It was like a cane that would be used in basket weaving. He would tell you to bend over and touch your toes and he would whack you six times. If boys ever tried to put newspaper or comics inside their clothes and he noticed he would make you take your pants down and whip your bare backside. It was very sore when he caned you and it left marks.
95. If you were punished in his office he would strap you on the hands with a leather tawse like a teachers belt. It would usually be six strokes. If you were doing something he didn't like sometimes he would just slap you with his open hand across the head. He had huge hands and it felt like he could have knocked your head off. He would sometimes knock you off your feet and leave you with a red sore face. He was very quick to lose his temper. Sometimes he would cane or strap you when you were on your own but at other times he would do it to several of us at the same time in front of each other.

96. Mrs FSE was quite devious. Sometimes she would be very friendly and take you aside and you thought she was speaking to you in confidence and you might blurt out something that you had done or omitted from doing. Invariably she would feed back to Mr FSK anything you said and you would suffer because of it. Mrs FSE often sent you to the laundry if you had done something and Mr FSK would cane you. It was always Mr FSK who dealt out the punishment.
97. It became a fairly regular occurrence for me to get caned in the laundry room. It probably happened once every week. There was rarely a day that went by no one got caned. It was a regular occurrence.
98. There were men who visited the home and they appeared to be drinking buddies of the SNR FRT. I am not sure exactly who they were but I believed they had something to do with the local authority. I am not sure why I thought that. I felt these men had more interest in the boys than they should have and this worried me. There was a boy in the home called [REDACTED], who was twelve or thirteen and was English. We probably made his time at Redhouse very difficult because he was English. [REDACTED] latched on to the SNR FRT and I was told by other younger boys that he was procuring some of the boys for these men who were coming in to Redhouse.
99. These men were coming in to the house at strange times of the day especially when the SNR wasn't there and when FRT was SNR of the house. I was the oldest boy at that time in the house and the younger ones came up to me and told me half-jokingly that one of the strange men was hanging about in the bathroom and was watching the boys.
100. I knew that there was something not quite right about FRT SNR SNR. He spent too long in the showers supervising the boys. I never really thought anything about it initially until the younger boys started to tell me things.
101. Two younger boys came to me and one of them in particular was upset. I can't remember their names. They said that they had been in the office and the visitors had

been trying to touch them up. They were hoping that I could keep these people away from them. I had no authority to do such a thing. I didn't know what to do at the time with what they told me. I was one of the older boys by that time and was about fourteen or fifteen. I approached [REDACTED] who I was sure was the link to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] about this and had it out with him. It ended up we had a bit of a barney. I think approaching him was a mistake and things deteriorated for me after that.

102. After my confrontation with [REDACTED] he must have gone to [REDACTED] and that's when things went bad for me. He started accusing me of things, like stealing and other misdemeanours which I definitely hadn't done. He was spreading these stories amongst the boys. I think this was the start of his attempt to get me out of Redhouse. Mr [REDACTED] was also punishing me for it. No matter how much I told him that I hadn't been responsible for what I was getting punished for he was totally disbelieving of me and I didn't have a leg to stand on.
103. I did not tell Mr [REDACTED] what the younger boys had told me about the visitors trying to touch them up as I didn't have enough information and didn't really know what was going on. In my naivety I didn't know that these sorts of things went on. I was slightly sceptical of these two younger boys, even though they were upset, and I didn't know what to do. I knew something wasn't quite right and something sinister was going on but couldn't quite figure out what it was.
104. I had approached Mr [REDACTED] and I told him I knew what he was up to and that I was going to report him. I hadn't really thought that through and I think now that I made a big mistake.
105. A few days after I had spoken to Mr [REDACTED] I was approached by [REDACTED] who asked me to go up the attic. I went up and an older man and two younger men were there. I was told to sit down and I thought they were going to talk to me about something. [REDACTED] went back downstairs. One of the younger ones slapped me then held me down and the other younger one anally penetrated me. They both did it and it was extremely painful. It must have gone on for half an hour and then they left. The older man just watched. Before they left one of them said that if I reported what had

happened to anyone, my brother would be next. My backside bled for days afterwards but I couldn't tell anyone because there wasn't anyone I could tell.

106. The two younger men would have been in their twenties. One was smaller and stocky and was slightly balding. He was the main instigator. The other was slightly younger and appeared to be getting led by the other one. I think the older man was the connection to FRT [REDACTED]. I think FRT [REDACTED] must have told them that I was going to report what was going on at the home and this was their way to get at me.

### **Reporting of abuse at Redhouse**

107. A couple of days later after the incident in the attic I tried to tell the SNR [REDACTED], Mr FSK [REDACTED]. I couldn't tell him what these men had actually done to me but I told Mr FSK [REDACTED] what I thought was going on with Mr FRT [REDACTED]. I told him that Mr FRT [REDACTED] was allowing men into the house when he wasn't there and that these men had an interest in the boys. I told him that it just didn't feel right. Mr FSK [REDACTED] wouldn't listen to me and told me that I was a bad boy and shouldn't be saying these things. He then lost his temper and ranted at me then beat me with his open hands slapping me about a bit. He told me that I was a liar and he didn't want children like me at Redhouse and he said I had to leave the home.

### **Leaving Redhouse**

108. Mr FSK [REDACTED] made arrangements for me to leave and told me my bag had been packed and I was going to Ponton House in Edinburgh. I would still have been fifteen. I asked what was going to happen about school and he told me that I had left school and wasn't going back. I got taken to Ponton House where I was dumped. Ponton House was a halfway house for boys possibly who didn't have homes to go to. I was only there a few days.

109. I didn't know where my father lived so I told the manager of Ponton House my situation. After a couple of days the manager managed to get my father's address from Redhouse. He was living not that far away from me so I walked there and I told my dad that I had been put out of Redhouse and that he needed to get [REDACTED] out of there. I told him I was being thrown out for being a disruptive influence. He was angry with me but I didn't want to tell him what had really happened to me. I told him it was dangerous and that [REDACTED] wouldn't be safe and would get bullied by the other boys. I never told my dad about the threats the men had made that [REDACTED] was next.

### **Life back home with dad**

110. I stayed with dad after that and didn't go back into care. Dad got [REDACTED] out of Redhouse within a few days and we were looked after by an aunt for a couple of days. Dad was still working at the brewery. [REDACTED] was twelve and went to Darroch secondary school so he carried on staying with my dad and I stayed at my dad's flat with him. Eventually my dad got a flat in [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and I both moved with him.

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

111. My dad found me a job in the building trade but I didn't settle. The men thought I was weird because I was completely different to any other apprentices they had had. I found it extremely difficult and bounced from one area to the next.

112. I applied and was accepted for the marines then subsequently transferred to the Royal Navy. I was in the services for thirty nine years. In the navy I continued studying English and naval history and managed to get my commission and became a naval officer. I progressed through the ranks and finished my career as a high ranking officer. When I left the services I became self-employed but to be honest the business became too big and I had to give it up. I am still employed and working on an estate.

113. I married in 1971 and we have our own children and grandchildren.

## Impact

114. In a way my time in care has had a positive impact on my life in respect that it has toughened me up. When I was in the services I was always told not to volunteer for anything. I volunteered for everything. Some of my senior officers thought this showed leadership qualities but I think it actually showed that I was a reckless person.
115. I found basic training in the services simple because of the regimentation in the home. Other boys struggled and I helped some of them through it because of my experiences.
116. Educationally I suffered because there were a lot of things I wanted to do and I was left disappointed that I left school without any qualifications. If I had qualifications and if I had continued in my education I could have gone even further in my career. As it was I thoroughly enjoyed my job and possibly didn't hold me back because I used the services to further my education.
117. I know that if I hadn't closed that door in my life and moved on, I could have struggled and quite easily ended up on a different road in life and ultimately prison, like some of my contemporaries. I have heard about some who have gone to prison and others who have died from drug overdoses. Others have been fairly successful.
118. For the first few years after I left Redhouse I often thought about my time in care and I had flashbacks. In the services there were a lot of gay people, and although it was illegal it was tolerated. Initially, because of what happened to me at the end of my time in care at Redhouse, I struggled to accept this. It wasn't until I became friends with some gay people that I realised it wasn't them that had a problem, it was me. I had to learn to deal with it.
119. I dare say being in care has affected my relationship with my brother [REDACTED]. I am not sure whether it has been negative or not. He has fallen out with me recently but this was over a family issue.

120. All my family think that I am very secretive and a bit of a loner. They are probably right. I have been told I am not easy to get to know. My wife thinks I should open up a bit more. I am not sure if this has anything to do with my time in care or I adapted this as it was part and parcel of the job I was doing. Because I was dealing with classified information one of the expressions in my job was "see all, hear all, say nothing". I think the job I was in suited my personality because I was like that.
121. I have always found it difficult to make friends. In all my time in the services I have made only four close friends. Lots of people have had contact with me but unless I know people intimately I tend to mistrust them.
122. After reading through my statement I am content that it is factually correct but would like to emphasise how helpless and alone I felt when in care. What hasn't come over is the constant atmosphere of fear and the intimidation and my constant feeling of utter helplessness. I was raped and I didn't even know what that meant then. I had no idea what was going on or what was happening. There was absolutely no one I could turn to. There was no friendly face or friendly voice anywhere.

### **Treatment/support**

123. I never sought any professional help to close the door or deal with any issues I may have had. I couldn't because I suspected the services needed people to be leaders who showed strength, ability, professionalism and toughness. I probably had the wrong attitude that counselling would soften me so I felt I had to suck it up and get on with it. Ultimately this worked for me.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

124. I have never told anyone about my experiences in care, not even my wife. I decided I had to close the door completely and get on with my life.

## **Records**

125. I have never applied to get my records. I didn't even know I could.

## **Lessons to be Learned**

126. The reason I have opened up about my experiences, which I have found very difficult and have never done so before, is because I find it extremely difficult in this day and age to accept that things that I experienced could still be going on. If my giving of this information to the Inquiry stops it from happening to any other child then it will be worth it.
127. I hope that by me coming forward it will have some impact for children in care in the future. Children shouldn't just be dumped in care and left to get on with it. People who are looking after these children must have some empathy with the children and not just be doing it for a job.
128. My biggest hope for this Inquiry is that people start to listen to children. Not everything they say should be taken for granted, but talk to them and listen to what they have to say. Build up a rapport and trust. If a child is troublesome then find out why they are like that. It is important to talk to children. Get them on their own and find out what their ambitions are in life and what concerns they have. Find out what they want to do in the future. It is so important to establish a rapport and trust and maintain that. This should be someone independent and not connected to the home. I didn't have anyone like that. If there had been someone there like that when I was in care this would have made a big difference to me and my later life

## **Other information**

129. After I had left Redhouse I was still concerned for one of the boys, [REDACTED], who was around my age. I knew he was having trouble at school. About four months after I had

left I went back down to Redhouse because I wanted to check on him. I went to the back playground and I was speaking to him. He told me that Mr FRT had been arrested and there had been a case. also told me that if I came back Mr FSK wanted to speak to me. I didn't really want to speak to him but he knew I was there so I went to see him. He was quite contrite but I couldn't help feeling angry with him. I am not sure why he wanted to speak to me but I could see that he was just a shell of who he had been. I felt he had no power in the situation and it had all been taken out of his hands. That was it and I left. I know nothing about what happened in the court case.

130. As an adult, after I got married I went back to Templedean just to have a look. I was passing and just wanted to see if it looked like I remembered it. It was, although everything seemed much smaller. By that time it was a private house and I knocked on the door. I explained to the lady that I had been there as a child Secondary Institutions - to be published later

131. 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..... PKL

Dated..... 16 December 2020