

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FRF

Support person present: Yes

1. My married name is FRF. My birth name was FRF. My name as a child in care at Wilton House, Hawick, was FRF or FRF. My name as a child in foster care was FRF. My date of birth is 1952. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going into care

2. I was born in Hawick. My father and mother were called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I have five brothers and sisters. [REDACTED] is the oldest, she is three years older than me. MTV who I call him MTV is two years older than me. Then it's me, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. As a child, I didn't know anything about my parents. I didn't know why I went into care. I was always led to believe that MTV and I weren't wanted. That's what we were told by Matron at Wilton House.
3. I don't know what age I was when I went into care. My records say I went into care at Wilton House in November 1952, when I was around six months old. I left Wilton House for good when I was twelve years old in 1964. Then, I went into foster care in [REDACTED]. I stayed in foster care until I was eighteen years old. I don't remember what age I was, when some of the events I talk about happened.

Wilton House, Hawick, Scottish Borders

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

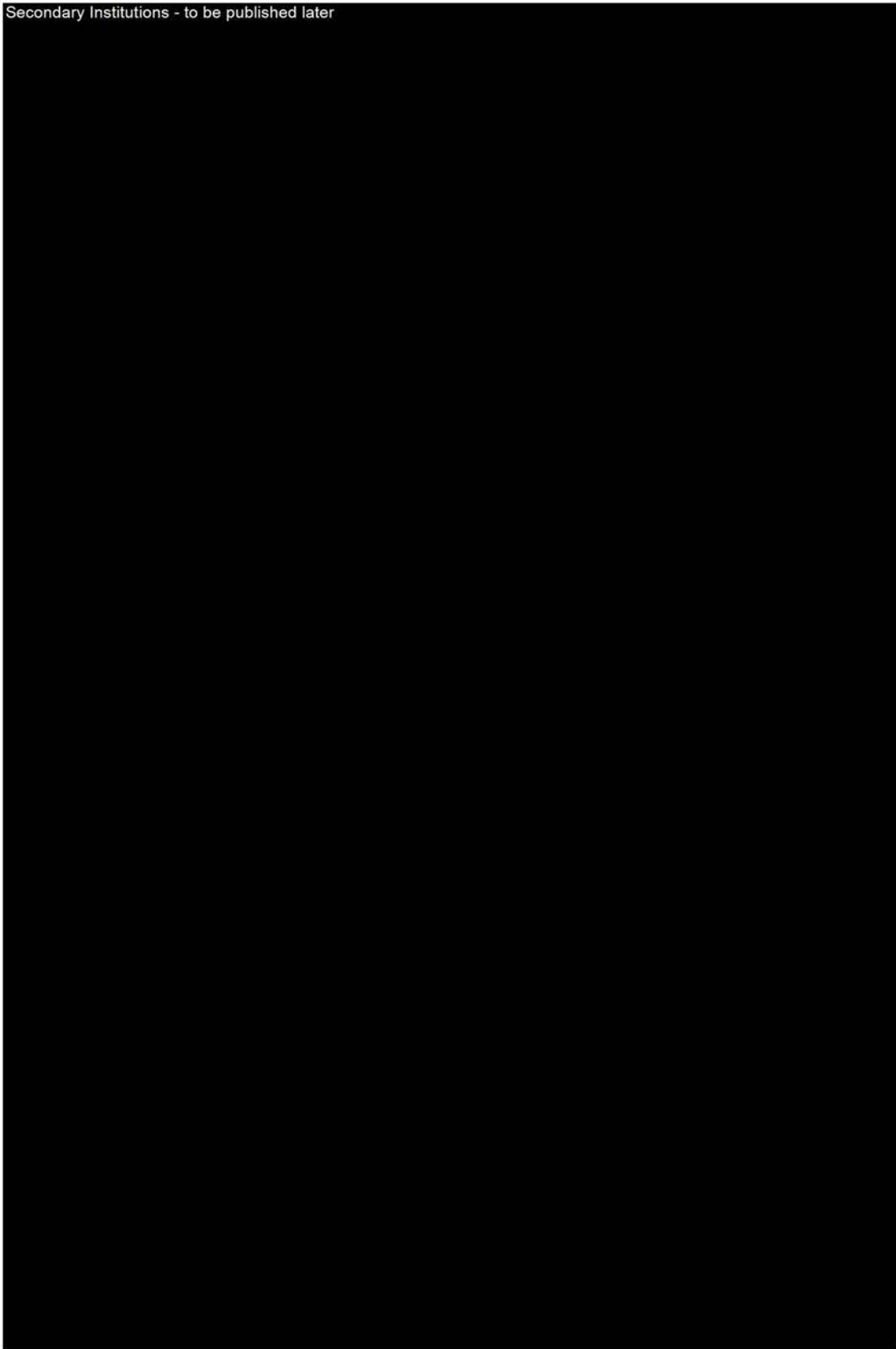
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Leaving Wilton House for the first time

71. I left Wilton House for the first time when I was nine years old, to go to foster care in Airdrie.

Foster Care in Airdrie – Mr and Mrs ██████████

72. I was in foster care in Airdrie with ██████████ from 1961 until 1964, when the foster father died. The man's wife couldn't cope after he died ██████████ and I were sent back to Wilton House.
73. ██████████ and I went to Chapelhall Primary School, in Airdrie. That was fine, until they were teaching you how to knit. I couldn't do it. The teacher kept poking me, saying I was a silly girl, every time I dropped a stitch. It felt like I was getting the same thing at Chapelhall that I got at Wilton Primary School.
74. I only found out that ██████████ and ██████████ were my brother and sister whilst I was in Airdrie ██████████ and I were in the playground at the school. A boy and girl were standing in the playground ██████████ said they were our brother and sister ██████████ and I went back to the place where we were staying. I thought about ██████████ and ██████████ ██████████ started to explain some of it to me.
75. We went back to school the next day. ██████████ and ██████████ were gone. I found out somehow, that one of them had said, to whoever they were fostered with, that they had seen their brother and sister. ██████████ and ██████████ were sent somewhere else. They were told they weren't going to be seeing ██████████ and I again. For whatever reason, the authorities didn't want us to be together. That was the last time I saw ██████████ and ██████████ for many years. ██████████ and I were together and ██████████ and ██████████ were together.

Leaving Foster Care in Airdrie and returning to Wilton House

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Foster Care in [REDACTED], Isle of Bute – FSW-FYC [REDACTED]

81. I went into foster care in [REDACTED] in 1964, when I was twelve years old. I left in 1970, when I was eighteen years old. There was an advert in the paper, the Sunday Pictorial. This was how the foster mother found me for fostering. I called my foster mother FYC [REDACTED] to start with. Later, I called her different names. They were not nice names. I didn't call FSW [REDACTED] dad. My foster parents called me FRF [REDACTED]

82. After my foster parents had seen the advert in the paper, I had a letter from them, telling me about the island. I hadn't seen my foster parents before I went to [REDACTED]. When I asked my foster mother why they had got me, the story she told me was that they lived in a one-bedroom house. The only way they could get another house was if there was a child in the house. That was how they got a new house.
83. My foster father was a painter. My foster mother worked in the hospital, helping in the kitchen. She wasn't a nurse. There were too many people in [REDACTED] who knew my foster parents. If people saw something that they thought should be reported, they would tell the foster parents. When I went home, my foster parents would say that they'd been told something about me and ask what I'd been up to.

Routine in Foster Care

First day

84. The Welfare Officer ran me to the train station. I was put on a train with two strangers. She asked the two strangers to keep their eye on me until we got to [REDACTED]. I had a tiny bag with whatever I had. It wasn't very much. The strangers got off the ferry before me. The foster mother was waiting at the pier at [REDACTED].
85. The first weekend I was there, I was up at 7:00 am. I made the two of them their breakfast and took it into them. I asked if I was to do that again the next day. The answer was no, I didn't make a good enough job of it the first time.

Mornings and bedtime

86. I had my own room but nothing was private. You knew the foster mother had been in the wardrobe and in the drawers, looking. She always checked the bed. If I had an accident, due to having my period, that was horrible. My foster mother left the sheets

on purpose, the cover would back and the sheet would be lying there. I had to wash the sheets.

87. I was always up early. I made my bed. I got stuff out for breakfast. When it was school time, I got myself dressed for school.
88. I was never up late. I was always in bed by 8:00 pm, even at ages fifteen and sixteen. I asked to stay up later in the summer holidays but my foster parents would say no.

General Routine

89. You ate whatever the foster mother made and put down to you. There was no choice. She would go away and shout through, asking if you'd eaten it all up. Most of the time, I tried to eat it all. If I didn't eat it all, I found a way of getting rid of it, without my foster mother knowing. I had school dinners, which gave me a bit of a break.
90. There was a bath. You weren't allowed to lock the bathroom door. Sometimes my foster mother would come in. I didn't like her coming in. One time I told my foster mother that I didn't want her coming in. My foster mother said it was her house and she would come into the bathroom whenever she wanted to. Quite a few times, I'd wait until my foster parents went out and have a bath then.
91. I cleaned dishes and peeled potatoes. I put the dishes away and made sure the kitchen was tidy. I hung out washing. I did the bedroom. I tidied up when my foster parents were at work and hoped they'd be pleased. They never said, "Well done, you did a good job."
92. When I was fourteen, my foster mother took ill. She was taken away in the ambulance in the night. My foster father got me into trouble because I wasn't wakened and ready to go with her. He said I didn't think much of her. People said the better one of the two was him. My foster father could be nasty at times.

93. My foster mother was in hospital for a while. I had to go and visit her. It was just my foster father and I in the house. That was when I stayed out quite a bit. I went anywhere I could sit for hours. I wasn't used to being with a man on my own. Sometimes, the way he acted, I made a point of not being in with him, alone. I didn't like being alone with my foster father.

Leisure time

94. I wasn't allowed friends home to the house. A girl stayed across the road from us who went to school at the same time as me. I was told not to be seen with her. The girl got into trouble one time at school. I had been with her but I hadn't done anything. The girl got hit by her dad and I got sent to bed early. If I was with anybody, I would leave them before I got to the house, so my foster parents wouldn't see me.
95. My foster parents would go out. I was told not to touch the television and to stay in bed. One time, it got the better of me. I switched the television on. I heard their car. I switched the television off, ran upstairs and got into bed. The next thing, the cover was pulled off me. My foster parents said I'd been watching television. I denied it. They said I had been, because the television was still warm.
96. My foster parents had a sheepdog called Laddie. The dog was the best thing I could have had. The dog was beautiful. He would always sit beside me. He was company for me. My foster mother didn't like the thought of me being near the dog. The dog had to be put down. That was a horrible day. It was heart-breaking. The dog was the only friend I had. My foster mother asked why I was crying. She said the dog was just an animal.
97. I went up to the hospital where my foster mother worked. I spent time there seeing the patients. They were older people.
98. I got pocket money now and again. It wasn't a regular thing. Most of time, if I got money, it was from my foster parent's family, my foster parents didn't know. Sometimes, a neighbour across the road gave me money. She said to buy myself

something and not to let my foster parents know. Later, people said that the foster parents had been given money for having me.

Clothing / uniform

99. I was dressed like an old woman. I had to wear silly looking hats. At school, to start off with, I was dressed in school uniform. There was a blazer with a yellow badge. My school skirt was a long, black skirt. Everybody else's skirt was short. I used to haul the skirt up to make it shorter and then lower it when I was going home. I did that until I got found out. I had to wear horrible looking tights. It was the same when I wasn't at school. I thought I'd get something nice to wear. I was given a dress that had been knitted. It looked awful. I was made to put it on and go outside with it on. Everybody was laughing at me.
100. At school, I had to wear boy's shoes. The first time I was allowed to buy shoes myself, I went into the shoe shop. The woman knew me. The woman took me to the girl's shoes. I said to her that I was in the wrong place, I had to wear boy's shoes. The woman didn't think that was right. I didn't buy shoes that day. The next day, my foster mother came with me. She said to the woman I was to get boy's shoes.

School

101. I went to ██████████ Academy when I went into foster care. My foster parents were never happy with my report cards. My report cards were never that good because of the way I was treated. I thought I was a waste of space. If my foster father wasn't in when I got the report card, I had to hand it to my foster mother, unopened. She would say to the foster father, the report wasn't worthwhile looking at, there was nothing good about it. My foster parents never came to anything at school. They didn't go to parents evening.
102. I didn't do well at school. The only things I was good at were English and reading. If I was ever called out to do anything, I froze. When I moved up to ██████████ Academy, I was pulled out to do a sum. I couldn't work it out, it was fractions. The teacher asked

me what school had I gone to. One of the boys said I'd gone to an idiot's school. You got rapped on the knuckles with a duster if you got your sums wrong. I didn't have much fun at [REDACTED] Academy.

103. If I was reported for doing something, I'd get called to the Rector's office and be asked what was going on or get the belt from him. I got on great with the English teacher and the Art teacher, although I wasn't good at drawing. There were a couple of teachers I didn't get on with. It seemed that I was nearest one and the teacher would pick on me.

Bullying at school

104. I got the same thing at [REDACTED] Academy that I'd got at my other two schools. I got pushed down the stairs one day. A girl at school who could stick up for herself, she wasn't a bully, said she wasn't having any of this. The children from school had a place where they met up. This girl would fight with the ones who were bullies. The girl told me I was to meet her at 4 pm and we were going to that place, to get it sorted out. I thought I was to hit the one who was bullying me. I was panicking, shaking like a leaf. The girl said this was what to do and knocked the bully out. The girl said that was it, the bully wouldn't do it again, and she didn't.
105. When I was pushed down the stairs, the school sent for my foster father. He knew the head teacher, the Rector. I was called to the Rector's office. The Rector and my foster father were sitting there, talking and laughing. I was told I had made up the story. This is what the Rector said to the foster father. I hadn't made it up. I had witnesses.
106. The other children would laugh at me and say it must be nice not having a mum and dad. The children would ask what had happened to my mum and dad, if my mum and dad didn't want me or did they die. Children would ask who I was with and say that the foster parents weren't my mum and dad. The children called me stupid. I didn't mix with other children. Certain things, I found hard to do. I couldn't settle. I couldn't wait until I left school.

Trips / Holidays

107. It was a release when it was the school holidays but I had to be in bed for 7:00 pm. If I was outside, my foster parent would open the window and shout for me to come in. The pals I had then, would start giggling. They would shout up at the bedroom that I'd been sent to bed.
108. I would go out, into the country. I went to Skalpsie Bay. I'd sit in the sand dunes from 8:00 am to 6:00 pm, to keep away from my foster parents.

Birthdays and Christmas

109. On my birthday, I'd be given a card and a wee thing. Then, it would be take off me and put away.
110. One time, when I was thirteen or fourteen years old, my foster mother came downstairs with a big sack full of things. I got quite excited until I realised they were to be shown to me and put away. I got one thing out of the sack. I asked my foster mother why she did that. She never answered me.
111. My foster mother bought me a bracelet when I was fifteen years old. It was lovely. Then, my foster mother looked at the bracelet and said it wasn't mine, it was for some relation. I never got the bracelet.
112. At Christmas, it was the three of us. My foster mother made dinner for us. I still went to bed at the usual time. I bought presents for my foster mother and father. They took my things away.

Religious Instruction

113. My foster mother sent to me to the High Kirk, which is Church of Scotland. My foster mother didn't go to church. My foster parents weren't religious. I had to wear a horrible

hat and long coat to church. When I said I didn't want to go, I'd be told to go. My foster parents had a picture of William of Orange on the wall.

114. The only thing I was good at was the Bible. I read the Bible that much, I won all the prizes at the Sunday School. They would do a competition. I would be hiding, saying, not again. I read from the Bible in church.

Visits / Inspections/ Review of Detention

115. The Welfare Officer from Wilton House, FSP [REDACTED] came to see me at certain times. I never saw anyone else, like a social worker. One time, I asked the Welfare Officer about my brother MTV [REDACTED]. She said that MTV [REDACTED] didn't want to know me. The Welfare Officer said he had been in a car crash and he was so badly hurt, he didn't want me to see him. He hadn't been in a car crash. FSP [REDACTED] fobbed me off about MTV [REDACTED] MTV [REDACTED] was told that I didn't want to see him.
116. The next time the Welfare Officer came to see me, it was to tell me that my dad had died. She said he was killed in a car crash. I burst out crying. The Welfare Officer said she didn't know why I was crying, I didn't even know him. It wasn't true that my dad had been killed in a car crash, it had been suicide.
117. MTV [REDACTED] came to visit me. My foster parents said that was the last I'd see of him, he would never be back. My foster parents tore up the pictures of my brother, MTV [REDACTED]. That made me really upset. They were the only photographs I had. I never forgave them for that. I never saw MTV [REDACTED] again until forty years later.
118. The Welfare Officer's attitude to MTV [REDACTED] was that he was trouble. She was mixing MTV [REDACTED] up with my other brother, [REDACTED] who was in quite a bit of bother. The authorities wanted to keep us apart no matter where we were. When MTV [REDACTED] left Wilton House at age fourteen, to go into the Merchant Navy, he said to me he would be back to see me. MTV [REDACTED] went back into care until he was sixteen or seventeen, at another home. I always thought I would see him. As the years went by, I thought I'd never see him again.

Healthcare

119. When I was fourteen, I didn't know what a period was. I hadn't had a period. The foster mother took me to the doctors and said there was something wrong with me. I felt like a freak, the way she spoke about me to the doctor. The doctor was lovely. He asked the foster mother if she'd told me anything about periods. The foster mother said she had not, why should she? The doctor ordered my foster mother out of the room and told her to wait. The doctor asked me what the problem was but I couldn't speak to him. The doctor didn't tell me anything about periods at the time. I left school at sixteen years old and I still hadn't had a period.
120. The only way I found out about periods was from a farmer's wife who I used to visit. She would put food out for me. One day she noticed that I was very pale and asked what was wrong. I told the farmer's wife that I didn't feel well. I went to the toilet. I noticed blood on my knickers. I thought I was dying. I was taking that long, the farmer's wife came to find me. She explained it all to me. I didn't know how to use sanitary towels.
121. I collapsed regularly at the factory where I worked. I had really bad period pain. The boss sent me home, with one of the girls. The girl couldn't believe it when my foster mother said to take me back to work, she didn't want me in the house. The boss said for me to lie down in the tea room, with a cover, until the pain went away. I lay there until 4:00 pm when work was finished. Every time I collapsed, with period pains, I was always sent back to work by my foster mother. When I didn't feel that good, my foster mother would say that there was nothing wrong with me and send me out the door.
122. I was always lucky with the dentist. He was a nice person. He knew my foster parents.

Work

123. When I was fourteen or fifteen, I started to work in a boarding house, in the summer. I started work to get out of the house and because my foster mother had said it was

time I got a job. I was asked back the next year. I worked in quite a few of the boarding houses and then at the chalets. I loved being out of the road. I got more attention at the boarding house than I did at the foster home. Anytime, when school was off, I would go and help in one of the boarding houses. I had to give my wages to my foster mother.

124. Later, I worked at the factory that made duffel coats. I worked there for a few years. I earned quite a lot of money that I had to give to my foster mother. It was good working in the factory. That was a good laugh. I enjoyed that. I got on with the older people.

Running away

125. I thought about running away. I knew I wouldn't get very far. If I went to any of the foster parent's relations, I would be sent back.

Abuse in foster care

126. For the first week or so, everything seemed to be quite nice and friendly. Then, it seemed to me that I couldn't do anything right. The foster mother put food on your plate. One time, she put a jelly-like thing on the plate. I didn't want it. I had to sit at the table to eat it. [REDACTED]
 Secondary Institutions - to be published later [REDACTED] Later, I was told I was eating too much and needed to eat less.

127. You didn't know how the foster mother was going to be from one day to the next. My foster parents had a son who had died when he was young. I didn't know him. My foster mother's sister-in-law asked my foster mother one day, why did she take it out on me? She said to my foster mother that my foster mother didn't let me do things and to look at the way my foster mother dressed me.

128. In the living-room, my foster mother had a big mirror. My foster mother would be admiring herself in the mirror, putting her make-up on. She caught me watching her

and asked me why I was watching her. I said I just wanted to know what she was doing. The foster mother said she was making herself look beautiful and that would never happen to me because I was ugly. My foster father walked in and asked why I was crying. My foster mother told him she had told me a few home truths, that I'd never be anything and I'd never amount to anything.

129. After that, the foster home seemed to be not very nice. The foster mother was not maternal. I asked her one time, did she like me. She never answered me. I tried to get closer to her. I thought if I came in and did something for my foster mother, or took something in for her, she might be alright. I bought my foster mother flowers and a box of chocolates and took them in to her. My foster mother asked if I'd done something and that is why I'd brought her chocolates and flowers. She shoved the chocolates and flowers aside. Nothing I did was right, no matter how hard I tried.
130. My foster mother didn't make me feel good. She was always lowering me, in any way she could. My foster mother admired herself. She wore beautiful clothes. I thought about what my foster mother wore and what she made me wear. One day, one of the neighbours was surprised at what I was wearing. That was when I was wearing the knitted dress. The neighbour said she could give me something else to wear. That would have made matters worse. When I did complain to my foster mother, she would say I was ungrateful.
131. Quite often, my foster mother would buy me something and take it off me. I wasn't good enough for whatever she gave me. I was glad. It meant when I left, I had hardly anything to take. My brother, MTV had bought me two things. My foster parents gave the things away to somebody else. It wasn't until years later that this person told me that she'd had some of my things. She put them into a charity place. She hated the thought of having something that should have been mine.
132. My foster parent's wider family were okay at first. I went down to Leeds, where my foster mother's family were. It didn't feel like a holiday. My foster mother was always saying something about me. Her mother was always pulling her aside. She asked my foster mother why she was treating me the way she did. My foster mother's mother

was kind enough. She was the only one who spoke to me on my own. She would make biscuits or a cake for me. After I left foster care, I met my foster mother's mother one time I was in Glasgow with my husband. She asked how I was and handed me some money.

133. My foster mother had two brothers and a sister. They were the same way, they didn't like me at all. They would say I was lucky I had someone to take me. When my foster mother's family came up to see her, I was shoved aside. They would talk away. I was ignored. It was as if I wasn't there.
134. My foster mother said I had to work because I had to pay my foster parents. She got all the money back. When I started work, I had to hand every penny over. My foster mother was like that with her husband. He had to hand his wage packet over. I stole from the foster parents because I didn't have any money to buy sanitary towels. My foster parents reported this to the Welfare Officer. No effort was made by the Welfare Officer to discuss it with me, to find out why I had done this.
135. I had been working for a couple of years when I said to my foster mother that I wasn't giving her any money. I don't know where I got the courage from to do it. I still went out and spent money from my wages on my foster parents. I bought a beautiful present for my foster mother. She asked me what the hell it was. Anything I bought for my foster parents was given to people that I knew. Anything they bought me, was given away to people.
136. A neighbour asked me one time where did I go at night. I said I was going to bed. The neighbour said, she meant where I went out to. I'd never been to a disco. I wasn't allowed. I went out once. I was fifteen years old. I was told I wasn't to go out and I went out. It was the time of the hot pants. The girls in the factory said we were all going to open our wage packets and go to buy hot pants. I said I couldn't. The girls talked me into it. I bought the hot pants, took them home and hid them.
137. We were going out that night. I put the hot pants on and something else on, on top of them. I was going out the door when my foster father put his hands up my skirt. He

said to get the hot pants, "f-ing well off". He said I was not going out like that. As my foster father walked out the door, I called him a 'dirty old b'. I went out and thought I was being smart. Instead of 7:00 pm, I came in at 9:00 pm. It was the latest I'd ever been out. I crept in the door. The light went on. The foster parents said that was the last time I'd ever be out. My foster father never did anything to me, except that once putting his hand up my skirt. After that, if my foster mother wasn't there, I'd get out of the road in case he did something like that again.

138. Another time, I went away to my foster mother's parents, in England. I was a fan of The Beatles. I had pictures of The Beatles on the wall in my bedroom. My foster father took it all off and put flowers up.
139. I felt that I was not a part of the family. My foster parents went to bingo one night, when my foster mother's mum and her grand-daughter were up. My foster father came in, he was all happy, he'd won at the bingo. My foster father gave my foster mother money and he handed money to the grand-daughter. The mum asked where mine was. My foster father said I was getting bugged all. I got nothing. I was left out. He didn't want to give me anything.
140. One night, I went to use the bathroom downstairs. I heard my foster parents arguing. I was scared to move in case they heard me. I heard my foster father say to send me back to the home, he didn't want me in the first place and that was the best place for me. I went up the stairs and cried.
141. There was no love from my foster mother. A neighbour was in one night when I went up to bed. I said goodnight to my foster mother but didn't get an answer. The neighbour asked my foster mother, did she ever talk to me or do things with me.
142. I had met my future husband when I was seventeen years old, at the disco I had gone to with the girls from the factory. I didn't like him at first. The first time my foster parents saw my husband, they said he was a jail bird. They ran him down, saying he wouldn't amount to anything. My foster parents didn't have anything nice to say about my

husband. My husband came to door for me one time. He brought flowers and chocolates for my foster mother. She flung them aside.

143. My future husband always wanted to take my hand when we were out. I wouldn't allow it. I knew there were that many folk, who would tell my foster parents. My foster parents saw us holding hands once. When I got home, my foster mother called me a 'dirty so-and-so'. She said if she saw me holding hands with a boy again, I'd be in trouble. Years before, my foster parents had brought their friend's son into the house. They asked me if I'd like to go out with him. They brought him over a few times. Every time he came over, we moved further away from each other. My foster mother said nobody would have me anyway.

Leaving foster care

144. One day, I decided I wanted off the island. Most nights I'd be crying. I couldn't take it anymore. I was fed up living with my foster mother. I thought the sooner I could get out of the foster home, the better. I'd no money. I met my foster mother's sister-in-law. She asked if I'd anywhere to go. I said I could go to my future husband's sisters. She handed me an envelope with money in it. My future husband said he wasn't forcing me to leave the island. He didn't want to split me up from my foster parents. I left my foster parents when I was eighteen years old.
145. My future husband and I stayed at my husband's sisters, in separate beds, in Glasgow. My foster parents sent a policeman after me, he was my foster father's nephew. The policeman came up to Glasgow. The policeman said he was there to take me back to the foster parents. I was that naïve, I asked what I was to go back for. My brother-in-law said the policeman couldn't take me away and, if I didn't want to go back, I would stay with them. The policeman turned to me and said I'd end up a prostitute. My brother-in-law told the policeman to get out.

146. Not long after that, we went back to my foster parents to get my stuff. My foster mother wasn't in. They wouldn't allow my sister-in-law in the house. My foster father let me in to see what there was. There was hardly anything, only about three items.

Life after being in care

147. My husband and I worked in hotels on the mainland. We got married. I was 19 years old and my husband was 21 years old. We didn't have much money. I worked in one hotel and my husband worked in another. When we got married, we went back to the hotel I was working in. It looked deserted. In the bar, there were drinks set up and music playing. We were taken down to the big function room by my boss. The lights went on and all the staff were there. The tables were all done and there was a wedding cake. The staff had raised money for us. The boss gave us the best room in the house, for getting married. They were really good to us.
148. My husband and I came back to [REDACTED] It was the only place I could think of going. There was no place else where I could settle. We stayed in a caravan. My foster mother came up to the caravan. She brought a pram for me. I thought she was being nice to me. My foster mother came back to the caravan the following morning. She took the pram back.
149. When I had my first son, I went to my foster parents to see if my foster mother would talk to me. I thought, surely they would be different, there was a child involved. I was willing to say, "There's your grandson." My foster mother took me into the kitchen. It was really hard. My son started crying. My husband went to pick him up. My foster mother told my husband to get his hands off the baby. My husband stood up and said he wasn't taking any more of it but I could stay. If my husband was going, my son and I were going too. I never went back to my foster parents after that. When I met people in the street, they told me my foster parents had asked them to have nothing to do with my husband and I. Some people stopped speaking to me, others didn't.

150. When my son was older and we saw my foster mother in the street, my son would smile at her. My foster mother would walk by. Someone said to her he was her grandson. She replied that 'it' was nothing to do with her. Later, my husband and I rented a house. It was just along the road from where I'd stayed with my foster parents. I could be hanging out the washing and my foster mother would come along the road. When my foster mother saw me, she would turn away.
151. I worked as a cleaner for fourteen years for an old lady. The old lady said that the first time I went to her house, I was terrified. She was like a mother to me. The lady said to me one day that I was like the daughter she never had. She never had a family. The lady loved my son and daughter. It was great for the fourteen years I was with her. I got on well with the lady's niece and brother. They were a nice family. When the lady died, I thought I'm not going to the funeral, I'm not family or anything like that. The lady's niece asked me to come to the funeral, she said I was the lady's family. The lady left me money, a tea-set that had always been special to me, and some other things, when she died.

Finding my birth family

152. I had tried quite a few things to find my family myself. I always said I'd never see them again. I had always visualised meeting up on the television programme, 'Surprise, Surprise', which found lost relatives. I wrote to the programme. **MTV** told me later he would never have gone on the programme.
153. My daughter helped find my family. My daughter found my sister **██████████** first, then my mum. When my daughter phoned to say she had found my mum, I put the phone down. I thought, oh no, this is not happening. I had always been told my mother was dead or didn't want to know us.
154. When my sister, **██████████** visited me, she brought me a picture of **MTV**. She gave me a pile of photographs with her and **██████████** and some other children. There was a picture

of my dad in the Army. I didn't recognise him. I've put the photo in a frame in my living-room.

155. When my daughter found [MTV] that knocked me for six. We spoke on the phone, then he came to see me. That didn't go the way we wanted it to go. [REDACTED] had arrived. We hadn't all seen each other since the day at school in Airdrie. We went to the pier to meet [MTV] I couldn't see [MTV] and [REDACTED] pointed him out. I said that wasn't him, [MTV] had black hair, [MTV] now had grey hair. When I saw [MTV] I couldn't move. He threw his arms around me. He didn't hug me first intentionally, we were brought up with one another. His wife, [REDACTED] gave me a hug. Then [MTV] hugged [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] wasn't happy because it was me [MTV] hugged first.
156. [MTV] brought me a huge teddy bear. [MTV] said to me that we never had anything like that and he was buying me it now. I've still got the teddy bear. I'll not part with it. [MTV] says it's as if we've never been apart. When he phoned me the first time, he said it was as if I was in the next room.
157. I've been to see [MTV] in Darlington and he has been up at us. [MTV] and my husband have hit it off together. They have a good laugh. [REDACTED] and I have hit it off. I couldn't ask for a nicer sister-in-law. We've been back in touch for fifteen years. We try to be in touch as much as we can. [MTV] wife has noticed that [MTV] and I have the same mannerisms.
158. One night, I got a phone call. The voice said, [MTV] here." I knew it wasn't [MTV] It was my brother [REDACTED], trying to make out he was [MTV] I couldn't get any relationship with [REDACTED]
159. I got four years with my mum. I was grateful for that. [MTV] said I would get a shock when I first met her. My husband and I, and [MTV] and his wife, went to see her. I couldn't get out of the car. My husband persuaded me to go to the house. I was looking at the ground. My mum said hello. I looked up. I thought I was looking at myself. I had vowed to say a lot to mum and to ask her why we had been put in the home. I couldn't say a word. When I saw how badly off my mum was, I couldn't say anything. She had nothing. [MTV] told me he had been the same.

160. One night, my mum phoned me and asked how I was doing. I said, "I'm fine, mum." It just came right out. I thought, I maybe shouldn't have said that. My mum sounded so happy on the phone because I'd called her mum. My mum was good to my husband. She sent up a big jar of sweets for him.
161. After I met my mum for the first time, I went back home and bought her something. I sent it down to her. I found out, when she died, it hadn't been opened. She had never been bought anything by her other family, she had five other children. I went to my mum's funeral. I thought we'd be sitting up at the back, hidden away. We were told to go down the front. I sat next to [MTV] That was the hardest time of my life. I wish I could have spent time with my dad. It wasn't meant to be. [MTV] took me to where my dad is buried.

Impact

162. Being in the home was regimental. I never felt safe. I never looked at anyone. I always kept my head down because I was scared of getting into trouble. I hid to get away from it all. When I walk down the street in [REDACTED], I don't hold my head up. I don't want anybody to see me. [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later
[REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later My foster parents made it worse.
163. I never learned to socialise with other people. I still struggle with that today. I don't have friends as I was never shown how to communicate with people. I was never allowed to have an opinion.
164. I feel I haven't done anything with my life. I'd like to have done more things, if I'd had more confidence. I sometimes think, what could I have been? I might have had a career but I was put down everywhere I went. I didn't do well at school at all. It was the same at every school I was at. I didn't have friends at school. Everyone knew you came from a home, living on an island especially. Everybody knows everything here.

165. Throughout my life, I wished I had never been here. I had thoughts of ending my life. Life has been a struggle. There was no thought or care given to help me learn how to cope with life after care. Many a time, I think about where I would be in life if I had stayed in Wilton House and been chucked out from there.
166. The thing that affects me most, is the separation from my siblings, specifically my brother [MTV]. The Welfare Officer told me he didn't want to see me. I found out later that was a lie. I can never forgive them for this. [MTV] missed out on my family growing up. I never got to see him getting married. I don't like when I see [MTV] and I have to say goodbye. We're trying to make up for lost time, which you never can do. I'm angry at that.
167. I didn't know [REDACTED] [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] I knew nothing about them. I've not been able to have the relationship I would have liked to have with them. I blame the authorities for that. If we'd been told about our other siblings, maybe things would have been better, if we'd got to know them more. It would have been nice to be in their company, in the home. [REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later
[REDACTED] Secondary Institutions - to be published later
[REDACTED] Secondary Institu When my grand-children call me 'gran', I think about my grandparents. I imagine what they would have been like.
168. It's not just my life, it's my brother's and sister's lives. They've had a hard life. We missed out on a lot. At one time, [MTV] and I thought it was just him and I. I had grandparents, aunts and uncles. We found out that we have loads of cousins too. Our cousins have said it was well known that [MTV] and I would be seen marching down the street in Hawick. I've met two of my cousins. I'm in touch with another cousin on Facebook. It's a lovely feeling. It's amazing because they all say I look like the family. Unfortunately, I did not find out about all my family until it was too late.
169. I had never seen a picture of me when I was young. I didn't see one until I was in my fifties. When my children were growing up, my son used to ask me why I didn't have any pictures. We were never allowed any pictures. Later, my daughter and I got some

photos from a lady from the home. When I saw the pictures, I thought I looked like a boy, with the haircut and dungarees I had on.

170. When I went into foster care in [REDACTED], I saw kids the same age as me who had a mum and dad. That upset me, not having a mum and dad and not being able to say what they were like. There was always something missing. When I met my husband, I wasn't envious. He had his mum but not his dad.
171. I don't know why I didn't leave foster care before I did. I was frightened and I had nobody to turn to. If it hadn't been for a relation of my foster father, who said I shouldn't have to put up with it, why didn't I leave, I probably wouldn't have put up with it. If that relation had had the room, she would have taken me in. I can't look in a mirror as I am reminded of my foster mother calling me ugly. I never felt loved by my foster parents. I often wonder why they were foster parents and why the home felt they were suitable to be parents.
172. After I had left the foster family, their family appeared one day. I was at the bank in [REDACTED]. They were pointing at me, saying that was me. I gave them a look and they turned away. I was glad I was able to face up to them.
173. I asked my husband why he wanted to be with me. He said because he loved me. Nobody had ever loved me before. We are 48 years married. I had four children. I lost one child. I have nine grand-children. My foster parents said the marriage would never work out. I have a great family but I feel as if I'm not good enough.
174. When my husband and I were first married, my husband asked the minister to christen my son. My foster parents stepped in and said there was no way the minister could do that because my son was a Catholic. He wasn't. The minister said he couldn't christen my child.
175. I was in the library in [REDACTED] someone tapped me on the shoulder and asked if I was going to my dad's funeral. It was my foster father's funeral. I said I'd be a hypocrite if I did. I didn't go. I never called him 'Dad'.

176. I think about my time in care a lot. Sometimes I wake up crying, thinking about things that happened. I always had a fear of the curtains being closed at night. I won't forget my time in care, it will always be there. No matter how hard I try, there's always something there, when I switch on the television or when there's a film I'm going to watch.

Treatment/Support

177. The only time I spoke about my time in care, was when I took a nervous breakdown. That was a long time ago. My doctor was a lovely woman. I was sent to a psychologist. The first time, I couldn't speak. I sat for an hour and never said a word. I went back the next week and let certain things out. I told the psychologist about the home. She said that had caused a lot of it. Speaking to the psychologist was difficult at the time. I just have to get on with it.

178. There are some things I haven't told my husband. I don't think he understands. I told a friend certain things. She listened to me. My friend said if I needed her, she was there. I don't want to burden anybody else. I've kept it mainly to myself.

Revisit to Wilton House

179.  Secondary Institutions - to be published later

180. 

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

181.

Records

182. My daughter tried to get my records for me. The archivist at Hawick Heritage Centre found what we have. The social work department could not find the records.
183. The records show there were times that I was out of the home. I wonder if I was back with my parents. I don't know the answer to that. A comment has been made that the home sent me somewhere because they didn't have enough cots. That's when I was a baby. It says in my records that I was boarded out to a [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] in the Scottish borders when I was a baby for a few months.

Lessons to be Learned

184. I don't want what happened to me and the others to happen to kids nowadays. I like to think care won't be like the way it was, for me and the other children. Children should have someone to talk to. We were only children, we were human beings. We weren't treated like human beings.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later I don't know if it would easier nowadays to open up.

185. There wasn't enough done, especially when it came to time to leave the home. When you were a certain age, you were out. There wasn't enough support.

186. 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... FRF [Redacted Signature]

Dated... 21 - 08 - 19