

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FZY  
[REDACTED]

1. My name is FZY [REDACTED]. That was what I was known as officially during my time in care, however, I've also been known as FZY [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] [REDACTED] 1957. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before going into care

2. I was born in Glasgow but I am not quite sure which end. I think it could have been the West End. When we were brought up in care there was no one that we were in contact with who could provide us any reference, or tell us stories, about our parents. I don't remember very much about my parents. The memories that I have of them are very sparse. I have learnt a little bit about them from various documents my siblings have seen over the years. I think my mother's name was [REDACTED] and my father's name was [REDACTED]. I know they were married and, I think, living in Pollockshaws when I was born.
3. I have both full and step brothers and sisters. I've only stayed in contact with the brothers and sisters who I was brought up with. [REDACTED] is my oldest sister. She is about a year older than me. [REDACTED] is my youngest sister. She is a between a year and eighteen months younger than me. My younger brother [REDACTED] is about two years to two and a half years younger than me. My youngest brother, [REDACTED], has sadly passed away now. He was about three to three and a half years younger than me.
4. There was a time in my life when other siblings started appearing from all over the place. The other siblings who appeared out of the woodwork included an older brother called [REDACTED]. I think he is my full brother. He went to America to live. He

made contact with me in the eighties and I went to see him to have a chat. I decided after meeting him that I was happy with the family that I had and that I didn't need more. I didn't want to introduce any further complications. My sister [REDACTED] stayed in contact with [REDACTED] and learnt a little more about the family. Seemingly our mother had two or three families and there were siblings from those relationships. I think there was a further two older sisters. I don't ever remember them being part of the family at any time.

5. My father died when we were very young. I have a feeling, and I have nothing to base this on, that he died after he fell down a big industrial chimney stack. For some reason that has always been in my head as to how he met his demise. We were then taken from our mother and placed into care. I would have been about four or five years old when that happened. That would have been in either 1961 or 1962. Having spoken to my older sister [REDACTED] and others, I have discovered that we were taken into care because our mother couldn't cope after our father's death.
6. I remember little bits and pieces of the day we were taken into care but not a lot. I remember there being social workers and being taken around places in their big cars. I remember that [REDACTED] was still a baby and that he hadn't long been with us.
7. There were a couple of homes in the Glasgow area that we went to before being fostered. I think I was probably with [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] whilst I was at both those places but I can't say that for certain. I don't know whether [REDACTED] was with us or not. What I do remember is that when I did see [REDACTED] he was either four or five and that is a time when I remember the family being put back together again. Sadly, I never really spoke to [REDACTED] about his memories of his earlier time in care before he passed away so I don't know what happened to him. We never got quite that far back when we talked about it.

## Waverley Children's Home, the Glasgow area

8.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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### **Leaving Castlemilk House**

16. There were two social workers who were with us constantly from the time we were fostered and right through to the time we left Quarriers on the first occasion. My sister knew what their titles were but that isn't something I remember. One of them was called Marion MacArthur and the other one was called Miss Richmond. They worked for Glasgow Social Services. Over the years we got to know them quite well because we had quite a lot of contact with them.
  
17. It was Miss Richmond and Marion MacArthur who took us to our foster care placement. That is the first time I remember meeting them. I think the reason we were taken out of Castlemilk, and the other home my brother was in, was because Glasgow City Council had got us a place in foster care where we could all be together again. I think I was about seven years old when we left.
  
18. I remember travelling up to Peterhead by train with the social workers, [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I don't remember having spent any significant time with any of my sisters and brothers in care before then. That was the first time during our time in care that I remember us all being together.

### **Foster care placement with Mr and Mrs [REDACTED], [REDACTED] Peterhead, Aberdeenshire**

19. I was about seven years old when we were first fostered by the [REDACTED]. That would have been in approximately 1964. We must have spent at least two years with the [REDACTED] the first time we stayed with them. I think we left in approximately 1966.
  
20. The [REDACTED] were registered emergency foster parents with The Salvation Army. The wife was called [REDACTED] and the husband was called [REDACTED]. I think we always called them Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] though. I think, when we first went to Peterhead, [REDACTED] worked as a postman. However, he lost that job

towards the end of our first time spent with them. I don't remember us meeting the [REDACTED] before we got to Peterhead. If that happened I don't recall that happening.

*Layout of [REDACTED] Peterhead*

21. The house was a stone's throw away from [REDACTED] in Peterhead and very close to the sea front. It had lots of rooms but only three bedrooms. There was a back yard to the rear of the property.

*Siblings and other children at [REDACTED] Peterhead*

22. I don't remember much about what the relationship was like between myself and my siblings during my time in Peterhead. I don't remember us having a relationship where we would go to the park together or do this or that together. All I remember is being in the house with them and they were just there.
23. The [REDACTED] had an older foster child called [REDACTED]. He was in the merchant navy so he wasn't there all of the time. He would come back every three months or so. It could have been every two or five months. He was old enough to smoke, drink and have his own job so he could have been between about sixteen and eighteen years old when I knew him.
24. From time to time the [REDACTED] had other children staying whilst we were there. Those children would come and go and were definitely only there short term compared to us. There was a young boy called [REDACTED] I don't remember his surname. For some reason we were told not to play with him. There were two young black lads. One was called [REDACTED] but I don't remember the name of the other one. We caught up with them in Quarriers when we were there the first time. I think they were moved straight to Quarriers from the [REDACTED]. I don't think they ever told us why they were moved. There was a young baby called [REDACTED] who we all helped look after and made a fuss of. He didn't stay at the [REDACTED] that long.

## **Routine at [REDACTED] Peterhead**

### *First impressions*

25. My first impression after arriving was that the [REDACTED] FXU-FXW were a nice couple and that I was happy because they had a big yard where we could kick a ball around.

### *Sleeping arrangements*

26. My sisters shared a double bed in a room to themselves. I shared a room with a double bed with [REDACTED] when he was there, and my brothers. I don't remember the routine surrounding bedtimes and mornings. The only thing I remember is the radio being on in the mornings because the [REDACTED] FXU-FXW always listened to the shipping forecast.

### *Washing / bathing*

27. I don't ever remember having a bath at the [REDACTED] FXU-FXW on either time I stayed with them. It was always what they called a "strip wash" in front of a sink.

### *Mealtimes / food*

28. My older sister, [REDACTED], says that it was often the case that we weren't given any breakfast in the mornings. She said that we were dressed then got sent straight off to school. I don't remember that happening but I do remember picking up a friend along the way to school and his mother always having a bread bun with something ready for me because she thought I wasn't getting fed. I remember that happening every single morning I went to pick up that friend on the way to school.
29. We used to be left alone a lot in the house. I remember that there were times when we were so hungry whilst we were alone that my older sister, [REDACTED], would look in the cupboards and try and cook something up for us so we could eat. That would always lead to something happening to her. She would be punished by the



FXU-FXW because they could smell that something had been cooked and we had been eating something that we shouldn't have been. The FXU-FXW just didn't understand that my sister only did that because we were all so hungry.

### *Chores*

30. I don't really remember having to do any chores for the FXU-FXW during the first time we stayed with them. The only thing I remember is being made to roll the carpet up between the beds in the bedroom I was in. I don't know why I had to do that.

### *Clothing*

31. I remember keeping the same clothes on for a long time. You might get a change of underwear and a "strip wash" but your clothes weren't washed for long periods. I remember wearing clothes until the smell became unbearable to other people around me.

### *Possessions / pocket money*

32. We didn't really get anything throughout our time in Peterhead. There was no pocket money, sweets or treats. I remember that if we found a penny sweet or something on the ground when we were out we would just pick it up, unwrap it and eat it. For some reason the FXU-FXW had a sixth sense for that sort of thing. If they saw you had a mark on your face they would be questioning where you had got the sweet from. It was all a bit damned if you do damned if you don't.
33. At some point I was gifted a toy James Bond Aston Martin car. It might have been one of Mr FXU's relations or social services who gave that to me. It wasn't the FXU-FXW who gave me it. I remember being given that quite close to the day I left Peterhead. It might actually have been given to me on the day I left Peterhead itself.

*School*

34. My first memories of going to school come from the first time I was in foster care with the [FXU-FXW]. I always did well at school growing up. Throughout my time at all the schools I went to I was often top of the class. I remember in Peterhead there were two sisters who were bright in my class. I would repeatedly beat them both in marks in class or come second and split them up between first and third.
35. There was a time when I got such a good report at the local school in Peterhead that Mr [FXU] gave me a reward. I remember even back then that that was totally out of the blue and out of character for him to have done that. That was the only time over the time I spent with them that Mr [FXU] showed me any kindness or acknowledgement.

*Leisure time*

36. We would play in the back yard. Sometimes, when we were allowed out, we would go down to the harbour or the coastline and play amongst the rocks in the rock pools.

*Religious instruction*

37. We were forced to attend The Salvation Army. The [FXU-FXW] knew a lot of people there in Peterhead.

*Trips / holidays*

38. We sometimes were taken with the [FXU-FXW] when they went shopping in Aberdeen. They took us all in the back of a mini estate car. I remember us all sitting for two or three hours in the back of the car in the car park waiting for them whilst they did that. We all hated going on those trips because of that.

39. On one occasion they sent my two sisters and I away to what they called "a friend" who lived on a farm. I remember it being quite a big farm. I can't remember the name of the people or what they looked like but they were Scottish. I've no recollection of knowing the people beforehand. The first time we met was when we went to stay with them. Looking back, I don't think the [REDACTED] knew the people. I think we were sent there because the [REDACTED] had gone on holiday. They could have been people who the [REDACTED] had met through The Salvation Army.
40. I remember that it wasn't really a holiday for us. We were just palmed out to these people. The only time we really had contact with the couple who ran the farm was at mealtimes and bedtime. We would wake up and walk around the farmyard all day long then be fed at night. Every day was the same. We were allowed to just roam around. I remember that their son used to drive the car around the farm tracks.

#### *Birthdays / Christmas*

41. Christmas and birthdays were really non-events. I can't remember whether it was the first time or the second time we were staying with the [REDACTED] but I remember them changing the date of my birthday. They did that because one of the other foster children they had staying with them at that time had a birthday on the same day as me. I don't know why that was unacceptable to them but my birthday was changed to [REDACTED]. After that I went on for a big part of my life thinking that was my birthday and not [REDACTED].

#### *Visits*

42. I had no contact with my mother during this time. There were no cards, correspondence or anything like that. I remember after receiving punishments from Mr [REDACTED] I would sit alone for hours on end in my bedroom. I used to dream that my father would come back. I knew he was dead so it was a silly thing to dream of. I remember staring out the window at chimney stacks and thinking about my father. It could be that is where I told myself about how my father passed away rather than it coming from anywhere else.



43. We had social workers who came to visit. However, there were long gaps between the visits. When they did visit they would have a chat with us as a collective for fifteen or twenty minutes. Because of that there was really no opportunity to talk about things. The meetings with the social workers were always as a family. I was never alone in the sense of a one to one.

*Running away*

44. I didn't run away during my time in Peterhead.

*Issues surrounding soiling my underwear*

45. One particular thing that I remember from during my time in Peterhead surrounded when you soiled your underwear. If I ever did that I had to either throw away my underwear and explain why they had gone away or I was given a beating from Mr FXU for having done that. There was no room for explaining that you may have done that because you were ill or you were caught short. I was only seven or eight years old so it was something that just happened.

**Abuse during time spent with the FXU-FXW in Peterhead**

46. The FXU-FXW were just cruel people. We were just dragged up. There was no nurturing with these people. They never stood up and let us read to them or anything that a normal parent would do for their children. They were like that when we were in Peterhead and continued to be like that when we were placed with them a second time in Kettering.

FXU

47. I've nothing nice to say about Mr FXU. He was just a horrible nasty beast of a man. There were lots of things that he did that frightened us as kids. I remember

him sending us to the shops on dark nights. On the way back we would see him waiting for us hiding up dark closes. He would jump out and frighten us and we would run away. When we would get back to the house he would ask us what we were shouting at and running away from. He'd go out of his way to frighten us then would question us about why we were frightened when we got home.

48. I remember receiving physical beatings from him a lot. It was usually me taking down our trousers and him smacking my bare bottom. He would make me go into a room, take of my trousers and pants and stand there waiting for him to come in. That was just torture to be made to wait for him coming. He would mostly use his hand to do that but he did have one of those four inch belts that he would occasionally like to take off and use. On other occasions he used a slipper. It all just depended on what mood he was in. It would be more than once when he hit you.
49. He used to like to slap my face as well. When I say slap I mean really slap. The slap would put me on the floor. I remember being hit so hard I would see flashes of light then stars. There was an occasion when he beat me so violently I had so much bruising on my face that I was kept off school. I didn't go back to school until all of the bruising had gone back down again.
50. The reasons he gave me beatings could be for being bad at school or just for being a kid and making mistakes. You didn't have to do too much wrong to lose his favour. I do remember that if we got up too early at weekends there would be beatings and then we would be forced either to go back to sleep or keep quiet. When that happened it was usually a slap.
51. I remember that for some reason one of my jobs was to roll the carpet up in the bedroom between the beds. One night my younger brothers and I were in quite happy spirits. I was skipping and dancing and rolling up the carpet with my feet. My brothers were amused by this and they were laughing. The next thing I remember is my head hitting the wall. Mr FXU had come in, hit me across my head from behind and knocked me across the room. I flew over the bed and into the wall. That sort of thing was pretty normal for Mr FXU during my time in Peterhead.



52. The beatings could be for anything. Usually what happened was that once he finished with his initial angry tirade he would reveal what he really was beating you for. There was never any nurturing. It was always "you have done this so you have to pay the price", "make sure you know how to do it the right way" or "don't do that again." That was the way of things at that time. It was all done by you remembering the beating you received for whatever it was.
53. Both he and Mrs FXW would often make me sit on my room in my bedroom for hours on end as a punishment. Often that was without any food until breakfast time the following day. That was a punishment that was used a lot. They called it "bed without tea." I remember waking up those mornings with a pain in my stomach and a wet mouth. That was probably because my stomach was empty.
54. I don't remember Mr FXU being physically abusive with any of my other siblings. I don't remember any of my brothers, sisters or other foster children receiving the same physical punishments. I do remember them being sent to bed though like I was.

FXW

55. Mrs FXW sometimes indulged herself in beating me but that didn't happen very often. If she beat me it was exactly the same as Mr FXU. It would be a slap around the head or I would be bent over her knee, given the slipper or slapped with her hand over my backside. I don't remember any of my brothers, sisters or other foster children receiving the same physical punishments from either her or Mr FXU
56. Both she and Mr FXU would often make my siblings and I sit on our own room in our bedrooms for hours on end as a punishment. Often that was without any food until breakfast time the following day. That was a punishment that was used a lot. They called it "bed without tea." I remember waking up the following morning with a

pain in my stomach and a wet mouth. That was probably because my stomach was empty.

57. Mrs <sup>FXW</sup> was absolutely aware that Mr <sup>FXU</sup> was beating us. She was the master of using Mr <sup>FXU</sup> as a threat. It was all “wait till Mr <sup>FXU</sup> comes home.” It wasn’t an empty threat that was used to get you to toe the line because the beatings were always carried out. I remember she would make me go up to my room to sweat it out for hours when she said that. I would then only come out when it was deemed fit to come back down or to receive my beating from Mr <sup>FXU</sup>
58. I’m not sure whether Mrs <sup>FXW</sup> was aware of the trips out to Huntley and the abuse I suffered there. She was never in the car during any of those trips. I have no connection in my memories between those trips and her on any of that.

*Unnamed males who resided in Huntley*

59. Mr <sup>FXU</sup> would take me to visit people in a house in Huntley. The house was an old “crofty type” of bungalow. It was [REDACTED]  
I remember that it didn’t take long to get to the house from the [REDACTED] and vice versa. I’ve never ever had any doubts that the house was located anywhere else.
60. The man who owned the house was small, quite well off and had brown to black longish hair. I think he might have been in his mid-thirties. I have the feeling that he had something to do with music. He was always very nice in a different way. He reminded me of the character Uriah Heep from David Copperfield. It was as if he was over the top in his niceness. He was always “I’m going to do this and that”, gesticulating with his hands and touching you. He was smarmy.
61. I remember that the man had massive reel to reel tape recording equipment in his front room. It would have been state of the art equipment for that time. The tapes that I heard when he played them were always high quality music rather than recordings of anything else. It sounded pleasant and rounded rather than being something that sounded as if had been recorded in a baked bean tin.

62. When Mr [REDACTED] took me to Huntley he didn't take me along in a sense that it was just to visit his friends. He took me to the house so people could abuse me. I don't remember whether on the occasions I was taken to the house whether Mr [REDACTED] would drop me off, leave and pick me up later or whether he stayed.
63. To my mind the people he took me to see were all well to do people. It was always men and I was always made a fuss of. There is only one occasion where I actually remember abuse taking place. However, looking back on the number of times I was taken to see people in the house I find it inconceivable that I was only abused on one occasion. It was always sexual abuse and me performing a sexual act on the men. On other occasions I was forced to do other things. I don't think there was ever more than one man present at any one time but there were multiple people over the times I went to the house. It had to have happened more than once. It was as if they had some way of making me not remember or not understand. Alcohol or something else may have been involved. I remember waking up in the mornings in bed and there would be somebody there.
64. I remember distinctly three separate occasions when Mr [REDACTED] took me to the house but it could have been more. I'm not quite sure why only three stand out. It could be that I remember those three occasions especially because they were so traumatic. That could be why they are imprinted in my memory. It could be because on those occasions I never wanted to go. If I said that I didn't want to go to Mr [REDACTED] he'd drive me into the forest, throw me out of the car and drive off. I'd then be stuck in the middle of a forest. I would then try to walk away through the woods but I didn't really know where I was going. I remember being frightened and crying. Mr [REDACTED] would always come back. By the time he would come back I would have cried myself out and he would ask me whether I would now do as I was told. He'd then put me back in the car and take me to the house. It was as if it was then "normal service resumed."



*Unnamed boy who lived on the farm*

65. On the occasion when we were sent to the farm my older sister, [REDACTED] was abused by their son whilst we were. I know that because I saw that happening. I saw her sitting on a guy's knee while he was driving a car. [REDACTED] knickers were off and he was trying to penetrate her. I don't know whether she confided with anyone at the time about what happened. I remember speaking to her about it in adult life but I haven't spoken to her for about thirty years since.

**Reporting of abuse whilst with the [REDACTED] in Peterhead**

66. I do remember once mentioning something to one of the social workers. I don't remember what it was I tried to tell them. I don't think it necessarily would have been about what was happening in Huntly. It really could have been anything that I told them. It could have just been that we weren't receiving something like sweets or something else. The social worker must have told Mr [REDACTED] because after they'd gone I received a physical beating from him. He said something like "you've got plenty to say for yourself when the social workers are here but you've got nothing to say for yourself now." It was that sort of thing.
67. We thought that speaking to the social worker would be private. It could have been the case that that was what we had been previously led to believe. Our experience then, and afterwards, seemed to disprove that. Everything that we told our social workers seemed to always be passed on. We would then get beaten up or punished by whoever was caring for us. It was always because we had had the temerity to speak to the social workers about our carers and we had put them in a bad light.
68. I'm not sure how that all made me feel at the time. I think it resulted in us just sitting in the room when social workers came and not making any complaints. We would just say everything was fine, going well and that we had no problems or issues. We'd always answer questions in a way to make sure we were in favour with the [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

**Leaving the foster care placement with the [REDACTED] in Peterhead**

69. During the time we were staying with the [REDACTED] in Peterhead Mr [REDACTED] lost his job. I remember him saying that we would have to go to Quarriers and we couldn't have any pocket money because of that. That was the reason we were told why we were being sent back to Quarriers.
70. Mr [REDACTED] drove us all in a new car down to a station to meet with our social workers, Marion MacArthur and Miss Richmond. I remember that I took with me my toy James Bond Aston Martin car. That's all I remember taking with me by way of possessions. Marion MacArthur and Miss Richmond then took us down on a train to Glasgow and then to Quarriers. I think I was sure in my own head that I wasn't going to miss the [REDACTED]. Other than that I don't remember what my feelings were about leaving the [REDACTED] that first time.

**Cottage 28, Quarriers, Quarriers Village, Bridge of Weir**

71. We went to Quarriers when I was about eight or nine years old. I was certainly younger than the age of ten because I remember passing my eleven plus after arriving at Quarriers. That would have been in either 1965 or 1966. I spent about a couple of years there the first time I was there. I quite liked my first time spent at Quarriers. I always felt looked after and cared for.
72. The first cottage I was placed in was cottage number 28. I stayed there for the whole time I was in Quarriers on that first occasion. It was a nice big house that provided lots of freedom.

### *Staff*

73. The system that Quarriers had in the cottages was that they would have a permanent adult who lived in the cottage. The permanent adult was either a single lady or a husband and wife. Those permanent adults were either called the house parent or house parents. Cottage 28 was run by a single lady called Miss [REDACTED] zQAJ
74. Separate from the permanent adult in the cottage was help that would come in on a daily basis. Those helpers were called "Aunties." They would be involved with the day to day running of the cottage. As well as the Aunties there were domestic cleaners who would come in every morning and leave some time before dinner time every day.

### *Siblings and the children in cottage 28*

75. I was split up from some of my siblings because Quarriers didn't have space to place five children together in any one cottage. I think it was only myself and my two younger brothers, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], who stayed in cottage 28 the first time we were there. The girls went to a different cottage. I'm not quite sure which cottage that was. I did have contact with my sisters on some of the days I was at school. That was when I would catch up with them. There were between fifteen and eighteen children in the cottage. All the houses in Quarriers held about that amount.

### **Routine at cottage 28**

#### *First impression*

76. My first impression after arriving at Quarriers was that I was being looked after. I remember being taken to have clothes fitted in the drapery. I remember starting to get given three meals a day. That was a revelation to me at that time. I thought that it was quite a safe place on that first day.

*Daily routine*

77. The daily routine was very strict at Quarriers. At that age you quickly got into a routine. You woke up very early in the morning. You then had breakfast before doing some little jobs that you were allocated either in or out of the house. You then went to school before coming back for dinner. You then went to school in the afternoon before coming back for tea. I remember going to bed very early. It was about seven o'clock.

*Chores*

78. I remember doing a lot of chores at Quarriers but it wasn't forced labour or anything like that. My job at the time I was in cottage 28 was drying dishes after mealtimes.

*School*

79. We all went to a school that was actually within Quarriers village. I carried on doing well at school in much the same way as I had in Peterhead.

*Religious instruction*

80. Throughout my time at Quarriers we went to church three times over the course of a Sunday. The day consisted of morning service between 11:00 am and 12:00 am, Sunday school between 2:00 pm and 3:00 pm and evening service between 6:00 pm and 7:00 pm. The place was very much built around religion. You couldn't help but learn their religion through indoctrination.

*Trips / holidays*

81. I remember that on Saturdays the house could be pretty quiet because people would come to visit the kids and take them out. I didn't have anybody because I had no contact with any other adults really outside of the cottage at all. I remember Miss zQAJ taking me out to Glasgow to see cartoon shows one Saturday afternoon.



That was the only trip outside of Quarriers village that I had during the whole time I was there that first time.

### *Birthdays / Christmas*

82. Christmas and birthdays were non-events. I found out my real birthday during a time I was at Quarriers but I don't recall whether that was the first or the second time I was there. I remember that I was called to the secretary's office to meet with the headmaster. Whilst I was there he asked me whether I was sure that my birthday fell on [REDACTED] and I said I was. Later that day I found out that my birthday fell on the [REDACTED] not the [REDACTED].

### *Visits*

83. Most of the children who were in Quarriers had been placed there from local areas. Because of that they were more likely to have visitors during the weekends. There was no contact with my mother during the first time I was at Quarriers. I never met her until I was an adult and had been in the army for a few years. I would have been eighteen or nineteen by the time I met her. It wasn't a very long meeting and that was the last time that I met her. The [REDACTED] didn't come to visit us during our time in Quarriers the first time. They didn't visit us at any time when we were there.
84. I think that I saw social workers in Quarriers but they weren't from Glasgow City Council. Quarriers had their own social worker teams who worked out of a main office in the village itself. If the house parent needed to liaise with external social workers from the local authorities they would contact them through the in house social work team. I don't remember seeing Glasgow Council social workers during my time at Quarriers on that first occasion but I did see the in house social workers. I think that the next time I saw Glasgow Council social workers after being dropped off in Quarriers, was when we were taken out of Quarriers to go back to stay with the [REDACTED] in about 1968.

### *Running away*



85. I didn't run away from Quarriers during the first time I was there.

**Leaving Quarriers to stay with the [REDACTED] again**

86. I would have been just under eleven years old when I left Quarriers to go and stay with the [REDACTED] a second time. That would have been in approximately 1968. I didn't want to go back to stay with the [REDACTED] because I quite liked staying at Quarriers that first time round. I think the reason that we were sent back to stay with them was because Mr [REDACTED] had found a new job.

87. I remember digging my heels in and making a fuss to both Miss [REDACTED] and one of the social workers from Quarriers that I didn't want to go back to staying with the [REDACTED]. I don't remember the name of the social worker I spoke to. I said to them both that they could let my brothers and sisters go without me and that I just didn't want to go back. They may have asked me why I didn't want to go back to stay with the [REDACTED]. If they did I probably gave a wishy washy reason, they would have noted what I said then told me I was going anyway.

88. Glasgow City Council social services flew us from Glasgow Airport down to an airport in England. I can't remember which airport that was but looking back that was bizarre. I think the reason we were given why we traveling by plane was because they had tried using trains and cars in the past and they had realised that I wasn't a very good traveller. I was sick in cars and things like that. I also didn't like trains.

89. All five of us flew down to England with both Miss Richmond and Marion MacArthur. I don't remember having anything with me on that occasion. I have no recollection of who met us at the airport. I don't know whether the social workers took us back to the [REDACTED] house or whether the [REDACTED] were there to collect us.

**Foster care placement with Mr and Mrs [REDACTED], [REDACTED]  
[REDACTED] Kettering, Northamptonshire**

90. The second time we were with the [REDACTED] I was just under eleven years old. That would have been in about 1968. I must have been ten and near to my eleventh birthday because I remember moving after I sat the eleven plus and before starting secondary school. On that second occasion we were with the [REDACTED] it was for between a year and eighteen months.
91. Mr [REDACTED] had relations who lived in the Northamptonshire area. He and Mrs [REDACTED] had moved down there after he got a job there. The area was a middle class area just outside of Kettering. It was definitely different to the sort of area I remembered growing up in in Glasgow before being taken into care. To me it seemed a pretty affluent area. They had managed to get a large two bedroom bungalow. It was all bungalows on that stretch of road for a long way.

*Siblings and the children at [REDACTED]*

92. The family was together in Kettering. It was myself, [REDACTED], [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Also in the bungalow was the [REDACTED] son, [REDACTED]. He was a couple of years older than my older sister [REDACTED]. He would have been about fourteen. I don't remember him at all from when we were in Peterhead but he was in Kettering when we arrived. Looking back, it is weird that their son suddenly appeared from nowhere. All I can think of is that he must have been adopted or fostered at some point between Peterhead and Kettering.

**Routine at [REDACTED]**

*Sleeping arrangements*

93. Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] had their own bedroom. [REDACTED] slept on a "put down settee" in the lounge. My brothers, sister and I initially all shared a double bed in a

bedroom together. We topped and tailed for a long time until another bed came. When that arrived the girls moved into that and me and my two brothers were left to share the bed. We still topped and tailed. I never did get my own bed during the second time I was staying with the [REDACTED]

*Washing / bathing*

94. I don't really remember ever having a bath. We always strip washed at the sink.

*Mealtimes / food*

95. I think there was still a lack of food at the [REDACTED]. We never ate with the [REDACTED] together. We were always served our food separately in the kitchen. Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had all their meals in the lounge. I remember we used to eat from plastic bowls. On a Sunday they would serve us soup, followed by whatever the main course would be then a sweet all in the same bowl. The bowls were never washed between courses. They used those bowls for everything. It was quite bizarre. If you didn't like anything you were beaten by Mrs [REDACTED] and given a lecture about kids in Africa who would like to eat what we didn't want. We would then be sent to bed without any more food.

*Chores*

96. I remember doing a lot of chores in the house during the second time we stayed with the [REDACTED]

*Clothing / uniform*

97. I remember not having the correct footwear for PE and having to borrow from other pupils in the school who had the same size of feet as me. I also remember not being allowed to wear trousers to school. I had to wear shorts instead. I ended up having to take some trousers from [REDACTED] to avoid the embarrassment of being so old and still wearing shorts to school.



98. I'm not sure whether in Kettering the [FXU-FXW] washed our clothes. I don't remember another dirty underwear incident but I do remember being told that I stank by one of the teachers at school. I think one of the teachers ended up speaking to the [FXU-FXW] because of that.

*Possessions / pocket money / money*

99. We never had anything. I remember because of that things like not having any money for the tuck shop at school or the proper clothes for PE. It did strike me that the [FXU-FXW] did have money. I think there was plenty of money coming in for looking after us but the [FXU-FXW] weren't spending it on us. Mr [FXU] in particular would always have new cars from the garage. He used to take us to the garage window to have a look at the car that would be coming. He would show us that whilst we were standing there not even having sand shoes for school. Looking back, I think Mr [FXU] used the money that was being sent to him to look after us to enrich his own life.

*School*

100. When I first moved down to Kettering I had a small amount of time, maybe up to a year, when I attended a primary school in Barton Seagrave. I was then moved up to a secondary school called Henry Gotch High School in Kettering.
101. I think I did quite well academically at the school I went to in Barton Seagrave. However, I did have some behavioural issues. I remember getting in trouble with a PE teacher for swearing during a football match. It was little things like that. I got the impression that I wasn't liked by a couple of the teachers. I'm not sure why. A lot of it might have been to do with my accent. At that time all five of us spoke with broad Glaswegian accents. I carried that accent for quite a while until it mellowed down into a Northamptonshire accent.

102. When I went to Henry Gotch Academy things improved. I did really well there and really quite liked being there. The teachers liked me and I really enjoyed it. I wasn't really aware how well I was doing and just thought I was a liked student by the teachers. I didn't leave there with any qualifications because I was only about twelve years old when I left but I did do well academically.
103. The [FXU-FXW] would tell me that teachers from my school spoke with them about various things. They would tell me in no uncertain terms when teachers spoke to them. I think they would try and make me feel, after teachers spoke to them, that it was my fault.
104. I remember homework becoming a particular nightmare. Sometimes I was given homework and by the time I got back to the house I had forgotten to do it. I would go into the school the next day and be asked by the teachers why I hadn't done it. That would then get reported back to the [FXU-FXW] and they would then give me a beating. At that age you didn't know to say it was because you forgot or because you didn't know how to do it and needed help.

*Leisure time*

105. I wasn't allowed to join any after school club. It was all those little things that would make a huge difference to a kid growing up that I missed out on.

*Trips / holidays*

106. The [FXU-FXW] didn't take us on any trips or holidays when we were down in Kettering. They never got involved with any out of school things and I was prevented from going on school trips. Not letting me go on those trips was mental cruelty. It was torturous. In the end I was eventually allowed to go on school trips. I don't know how or why that was agreed. I think a teacher may have come to the house and spoken with the [FXU-FXW]. I don't know whether the school maybe decided that they would pay or subsidise me to go on those trips in some way.

*Christmas*

107. There was absolutely a difference between the way my siblings and I were treated compared to [REDACTED]. That was especially so during the Christmases that I remember down there. [REDACTED] was given massive presents and we got next to nothing.
108. I remember that Mr [REDACTED] used Christmas to threaten us. He would tell us that if we didn't behave then Santa Claus would only bring us "shunners." Shunners was his word for burnt out coals that had been left in the fire. The first Christmas we were in Kettering he actually did only give us a piece of burnt out coal. I remember him doing that and thinking it was a big joke and us all standing there in tears. He then said he was only kidding then gave us an actual present.

*Visits*

109. I don't remember there being in contact with the social workers we had had in the past during our time in Kettering. I don't remember ever speaking to Miss Richmond or Marion MacArthur whilst I was there. There must have been some sort of connection with Glasgow City Council because after staying with the [REDACTED] we ultimately ended up going back up to Quarriers. We did, however, have social workers visit us from an office in Kettering.
110. When the social workers visited us in Kettering the [REDACTED] were allowed to remain in the room. The social workers treated those meetings as a very casual affair. There was no real opportunity to say anything to social services when they visited. I remember that during those visits the [REDACTED] walked around and spoke to us as if we were part of the family. They would say things to the social workers like one of us was doing well in something. The social workers would then say to us that they heard we were enjoying this or that and doing well here.



*Running away*

111. I ran away from the [REDACTED] towards the end of my time in Kettering. After running away we never returned back to the house.

**Abuse at [REDACTED]**

112. It's hard for me to describe just how big the terror was when we had to go back to stay with the [REDACTED]. It's hard for me to explain just how cruel they were. My second time with the [REDACTED] was a tragedy. It really was an absolute nightmare. To me living with the [REDACTED] again was the same nightmare just in a different place. It was like Peterhead just in a nicer place. It was "normal service resumed." I remember that added onto that was embarrassment and neglect. Because I was older I was more aware of being embarrassed by things. It was a lot of little things that repeatedly knocked my self-esteem.
113. It was a really difficult time with the [REDACTED]. There's lots more that happened than I have said in this statement. It's just too hard to talk about. It would probably add more authenticity to what I am saying but it's just too difficult to set everything out.

[REDACTED]

114. I remember Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] sending me to bed without tea during our time in Kettering but it wasn't as often as it happened in Peterhead. There was a lot of physical abuse from Mr [REDACTED] at Kettering. You just didn't know when the next slap or kick was going to come. All you knew was it was going to come for sure. There were lots of beatings and being sent early to bed without food.
115. The beatings were awful. They were practically every day and left me with permanent scars. Things seemed to just snowball and pick up speed. The only difference in the beatings that I received from Mr [REDACTED] during the time I was in

Kettering was that I was never ever told to stand in a room and bare my bum. The beatings in Kettering were all pretty much instantaneous. It was like what would happen in a school fight. It was more like an attack.

116. I remember that Mr [FXU] had a massive four inch belt that he liked to keep handy. He used that to threaten us with. He wouldn't let go of the belt when he attacked me. He would hit me anywhere he could strike me whilst I was cowering in a corner. I was that scared I would urinate and defecate as he did that to me. I was helpless. The only thing I could do was cower and cover up. I always had bruises and scratches on me from the beatings. The worst beating he gave me fell on the school holidays.
117. I remember on one occasion climbing out of the bedroom window to go into the next door neighbour's orchard because we'd all been sent to bed without something to eat. I made it my job to get the plums so we could eat. We got caught because we left the stones from the plums just outside of the bedroom window. That resulted in us receiving another beating from Mr [FXU]
118. When I left primary school and went to high school I was the only child to wear short trousers. I was made by the [FXU-FXW] to wear short trousers. I remember complaining to them about it and they wouldn't buy me a pair of long trousers. It was such an embarrassment that what I did was pinch a pair of [ ]'s long trousers and leave them on the windowsill outside the window. I remember going out the back gate, down the path, grabbing the trousers then getting changed into them on the bus on the way in to school. I'd change back into my shorts on the bus on the way home at the end of the day.
119. Taking [ ]'s trousers worked ok for a couple of weeks until the [FXU-FXW] went to find the other pair of [ ]'s trousers. They found out that I was putting the trousers on the windowsill on the way back in. When I saw the trousers having been taken off the windowsill I just thought to myself "Oh no, I've been caught." Mr [FXU] then beat me quite badly for being deceitful. [ ]



tried to defend me about the trousers whilst he was attacking me. [REDACTED] then got abused for that.

120. After attempting to report the beatings we were suffering to social workers and not getting anywhere with them I became quite unsettled and disruptive. The beatings after that from Mr FXU [REDACTED] never seemed to stop.
121. There were lots of times Mr FXU [REDACTED] would send me on errands. It was only really years late that my sister told me what he was doing to her whilst I was away on those errands. That was the only reason that he didn't want me around the house. Looking back, I think he saw me as the person who came between him and his offending and he didn't like that very much.
122. I remember one day Mr FXU [REDACTED] asked me to take his bicycle into town to have a repair done to its front wheel. I was told in no uncertain terms not to ride the bike. I was just so excited to have a bike that I rode it with a flat tyre up to the primary school I had left to meet up with some of my old friends during a play time. I then rode it all the way into Kettering to the bicycle shop and all the way back after it had been repaired. When I got back I found Mr FXU [REDACTED] lying with his trousers down his ankles on the fold down couch where [REDACTED] slept. Both my sisters were engaging in sexual acts with him. I'd surprised them. I got given a severe beating by Mr FXU [REDACTED] with a belt for that. He made me sleep in the garden shed for two nights afterwards.

**Reporting of abuse whilst at [REDACTED] / leaving the FXU-FXW [REDACTED] the second time**

123. We had visitors from social workers who were based in Kettering quite often. For whatever reason we managed to get an opportunity to speak to them about what was happening. When we told social services that we were getting beaten, and all the other things, they said that we had "fertile imaginations" and that we liked to make things up. I can't remember the exact terminology they used. After we

reported the beatings Mr FXU must have been told because the beatings seemed to escalate after that.

124. Toward the end of our time in Kettering I caught Mr FXU sexually abusing my older sister, , again. This was a separate occasion to the time I returned with his repaired bike. I threw a saucepan at his head when I found him doing that. All hell broke loose and he attacked me. I ended up running away with .
125. and I were eventually picked up by the police. I'm not sure whether they asked us why we had run away. I have tried to remember a lot more detail about what happened around the time we ran away and ended up back at Quarriers but I can't. What I do remember is that the police handed us back over to social services. We then spoke to social services again. I think, because of the seriousness of the allegations they decided not to send us back to the FXU-FXW .
126. I was then taken and placed in temporary accommodation by social services. My sisters and brothers were taken somewhere else. We were all split up completely. I'm not sure where they went but it could be that they were taken straight up to Quarriers at that point.
127. The temporary accommodation I was taken to was a home in Corby in Northamptonshire. I have no memories surrounding being taken to Corby. I remember the feeling of relief I had when I got to Corby. I remember the love that the carers showed me and feeling looked after for the first time. I think I only stayed there for a month or two. I received no schooling or anything. I just stayed in the home during the day. To my recollection there was never a police investigation around that time.
128. The next thing that I remember is being put back into Quarriers. I was happy about that. I don't remember how I got back up there who took me there. My next recollection is just being in Quarriers village itself.

## **Cottage 20, Quarriers, Quarriers Village, Bridge of Weir**

129. I was either eleven or twelve when I returned back to Quarriers. That would have been in approximately 1968 or 1969. The cottage I was placed when I returned to Quarriers was cottage 20. Cottage 20 was run by a lady called Mrs <sup>QAQ</sup> [REDACTED].

### *Siblings and the other children at cottage 20*

130. When we all got back up to Quarriers we were again split up and put into different houses. I think my brothers went to cottage 34. Quarriers later decided that they were of an age where they could be fostered and eventually both got foster parents. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and I were initially all placed in cottage 20. [REDACTED] left that cottage when I was about fifteen to stay in home for pregnant girls in Helensburgh. She later on got a place outside of Quarriers because she was training to become a nanny. By the time she had left [REDACTED] and I had been placed in cottage 11.
131. There were between fifteen and eighteen children in cottage 20. All the houses in Quarriers held about that amount.

### **Routine at cottage 20**

#### *School*

132. Because I had passed my eleven plus I was entitled to go to a high school outside of Quarriers. I was bussed every day to a school called [REDACTED] High School. I was there for a couple of years before I got caught stealing. Because of that I was expelled and sent back to the school in Quarriers to finish my schooling.

#### *Leisure time*

133. I remember during my time in cottage 20 attending the Life Boys, going to the youth club they had in Quarriers Village and playing football with my friends. I also

remember I used to like to read and would read books at night time under my covers with a torch.

### *Visits*

134. It was exactly the same as the first time I was there. Most of the children who were in Quarriers had been placed there from local areas. Because of that they were more likely to have visitors during the weekends. I remember that on Saturdays the house could be pretty quiet because people would come to visit the kids and take them out. I didn't have anybody so I had no contact with any other adults really outside of the cottage at all.
135. I seem to remember having a lot of contact with a social worker called George Gill during the second time I was at Quarriers. He was the social worker I perhaps had the most contact with the second time I was at Quarriers. He lived in Bridge of Weir but was based in an office complex that was located in Quarriers village. There was a team of secretaries and clerks who also worked there. I remember that the Superintendent, Mr Mortimer, worked in that building alongside about six internal social workers. I remember thinking that George Gill would be the one who would continue to remain in contact with me after I left. In the end, after joining the army, that never really happened.
136. There was a time when George Gill used to take me out to Helensburgh to visit my older sister [REDACTED]. She had got herself pregnant and was placed in an unmarried mother's home in Helensburgh. None of my other siblings were taken out to see her. Those visits seemed to happen quite a lot.

### *Running away*

137. I ran away during the time I was in cottage 20. That was around about the time just before I was moved cottage with my younger sister, [REDACTED]. The reason I ran away was because [REDACTED] and one of her friends had decided to run away. I went to try and find them. When I eventually found them the reason [REDACTED] gave me for her not

wanting to go back was enough for me to decide to run away with her too. It would have been something to do with some sort of punishment or abuse. I don't remember what she told me but it was enough to make me want to join them both. We ended up at the [REDACTED] friend's parents' house. After we arrived there the police were called and we were taken back to Quarriers.

### **Abuse during time at cottage 20**

138. There was nothing by way of nurturing in cottage 20. Nobody was interested. You did what you had to do. You went to school, came back and got on with something else. It was very oppressive. Although you were allowed to go out there was no freedom as such. There was a strict set of rules as to what you could and couldn't do whilst you were out playing. You were given instructions on how to keep clean, when to come back and that sort of thing. Looking back, and comparing the way I was treated at Mrs [REDACTED], I had an easier time there than at the [REDACTED] or the next cottage I went to. It wasn't bad and it wasn't good. It just was what it was.

Mrs [REDACTED]

139. There was no physical abuse at Mrs [REDACTED]. She wasn't a "belter" or a "hitter." The things she did were more psychological. The way she disciplined and punished you was making you stand in a corner. I remember her making me do that and it seeming like I was standing there for hours on end. When you started crying and started looking around she would shout at you. Facing those two walls for a long time and not being able to do anything whilst you could hear everything that was going around you was horrible.
140. Another thing Mrs [REDACTED] used to do is send you to bed early. That was after eating though so that was ok. Sometimes she would punish you by withdrawing privileges. She'd not allow you to go to the youth club, go to the Life Boys or play football with your friends. I remember I used to like to read and would read books at night time



under my covers with a torch. I did that all of time. When Miss<sup>QAQ</sup> caught me doing that my torch and all my books were all taken away from me.

██████████

141. I had a friend called ██████████ who stayed in cottage 42. ██████████ had an adult friend he had been seeing since he was really young. I knew the man as ██████████ ██████████ was less than thirty at the time I first met him because I remember later on attending his thirtieth birthday party. He had no front teeth, slicked back black hair and he never shaved. He lived with his parents and his older sister, ██████████, in an estate called ██████████ in Paisley. The estate was about half an hour away from Quarriers village. It wasn't a very nice place.
142. ██████████ didn't have a role within Quarriers. He was just ██████████'s friend who used to take him out at weekends. He drove a cement wagon for a company as a job. I remember he drove a Ford car called a Zephyr 6. It was a car that had a bench front seat.
143. When ██████████ visited ██████████ I used to join in playing with them. That would have started when I was either eleven or twelve. I remember us playing hide and seek into the twilight hours. If you were in a tree ██████████ would come up to you, put his hand in your shorts and have a grope around and stuff. We used to tell him to beat it.
144. ██████████ later on made approaches to Mrs<sup>QAQ</sup> ██████████ and asked her whether he could take me out because I didn't have any friends. I wasn't asked or anything but Mrs<sup>QAQ</sup> ██████████ agreed to that being fine. Even if I had been asked I would have been happy to go out with them to play. I remember that after that he would take us to his parents' house in ██████████ to stay over at weekends. During the night all three of us would share a bed in one of the bedrooms in ██████████'s parents' house. He would grope ██████████ and I and put his penis between our legs.

145. I think [REDACTED] would stay the whole weekend and I would just stay the Friday night then get taken back the following day. I think that because I always remember being the only one in the car when he took me back to Quarriers. I can't remember how that came to be. On those car trips back to Quarriers [REDACTED] would try all sorts of things before dropping me off. Because his car had a bench for a front seat he would ask me to slide over next to him. There would then be a hand in my trousers. He'd then ask me to do the same thing to him. When we would get back to the cottage [REDACTED] would drop me off with Mrs QAA and tell her what the weekend had been like. He'd say how good I'd been, that I was a great lad and he would be happy to take me out all of the time. All that went on for maybe four or five months every weekend.
146. It all ended one summer night when he stopped in a layby not far away from Quarriers. I think [REDACTED] might have done that because it was too light and he was frightened that someone might see what he was going to do. He took me down into the woods and tried to perform anal sex with me. He ejaculated quickly and then told me to pull my pants up, get back to the car and be quiet and not say anything.

#### **Reporting of abuse whilst in cottage 20 and being placed in cottage 11**

147. After the incident where [REDACTED] stopped in the layby I told Mrs QAA that I didn't want to go out with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] any more. When I said that to Mrs QAA I wasn't questioned about it. She never asked why I didn't want to go out with them anymore. If she had then I would have told her that I didn't like [REDACTED] or what he did. All she said was something like "ok fine." Then it was back to me being alone in the cottage on Saturdays.
148. I then became a bit disruptive with the other kids. Because of that, and because I ran away, I was transferred to another cottage. I was transferred to my new cottage with my sister, [REDACTED]

### **Cottage 11, Quarriers, Quarriers Village, Bridge of Weir**

149. Cottage 11 was the last cottage I was placed in at Quarriers. I was placed there when I was either thirteen or fourteen. That would have been in either 1970 or 1971. I ultimately left there when I was fifteen and two months in [REDACTED] 1972. However, I did return back to visit there during leave until the age of about eighteen.
150. The cottage was run by Mr and Mrs [REDACTED] QDE/QDF. They would have been in their fifties. The [REDACTED] QDE/QDF had a private home which they lived in in Kilmacolm. It was a flat. They used to go and stay there on their days off. They had a daughter called [REDACTED] and son called [REDACTED]. They lived with the [REDACTED] QDE/QDF in their flat in Kilmacolm. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had their own moped so that makes me think they must have been at least over sixteen.

#### *Siblings and the other children at cottage 11*

151. I moved to cottage 11 with my younger sister, [REDACTED]. By that time my brothers had been fostered and [REDACTED] was in a home in Helensburgh. After I left to join the army my younger sister, [REDACTED] remained in cottage 11. There were thirteen or fourteen children in total in cottage 11. I remember that there was a boy called [REDACTED] who stayed in the cottage at the same time I was there.

### **Routine at cottage 11**

#### *Chores*

152. There were always chores to do in cottage 11. It was like being in a prison and being made to do prison work. All the children considered the more senior members of the cottage had to do that. I remember some of the girls being made to polish the floors in the morning. We all would have to help the housekeeper who would come in each day. She would leave at lunchtime.



153. I would have to do the pots and pans after breakfast and lunch. The mornings weren't too bad because it was just a porridge pot. However, at lunchtime there was a lot. There would be thirteen or fourteen persons' dishes to clean. In the evenings I had to polish everybody's shoes in the cottage. That was thirteen or fourteen pairs of shoes to be done. Your cadet uniform had to be spic and span all of the time because Mr QDE was the head at the troop. I remember that one of my jobs was to sweep the gravel in the morning in the yard. I did that every morning before they sent me to pick the papers up. There was no reason why I should have been doing that.

*Leisure time*

154. Because of all the chores you had to do in the cottage there wasn't much leisure time or opportunity to go out and play. The only time there was for anything like that was Army Cadets. Army Cadets was only for those boys who were aged thirteen and over. Mr QDE was the captain and ran the group. I joined that after moving to cottage 11. I had no choice in that and had to join. I don't think you could join them before the age of thirteen so that might explain why I started then.

*Careers advice*

155. Any careers advice that we did get whilst at Quarriers was from teachers or social workers. I remember that the social workers in particular would steer us towards the forces as the first option. There were a lot of boys and girls who left Quarriers who joined the forces.

**Abuse whilst at cottage 11**

156. It was like going back to the FXU-FXW Cottage 11 was an absolute nightmare. In some ways it was even worse than the FXU-FXW because I was of an age where I was able to remember everything.

Mr QDE

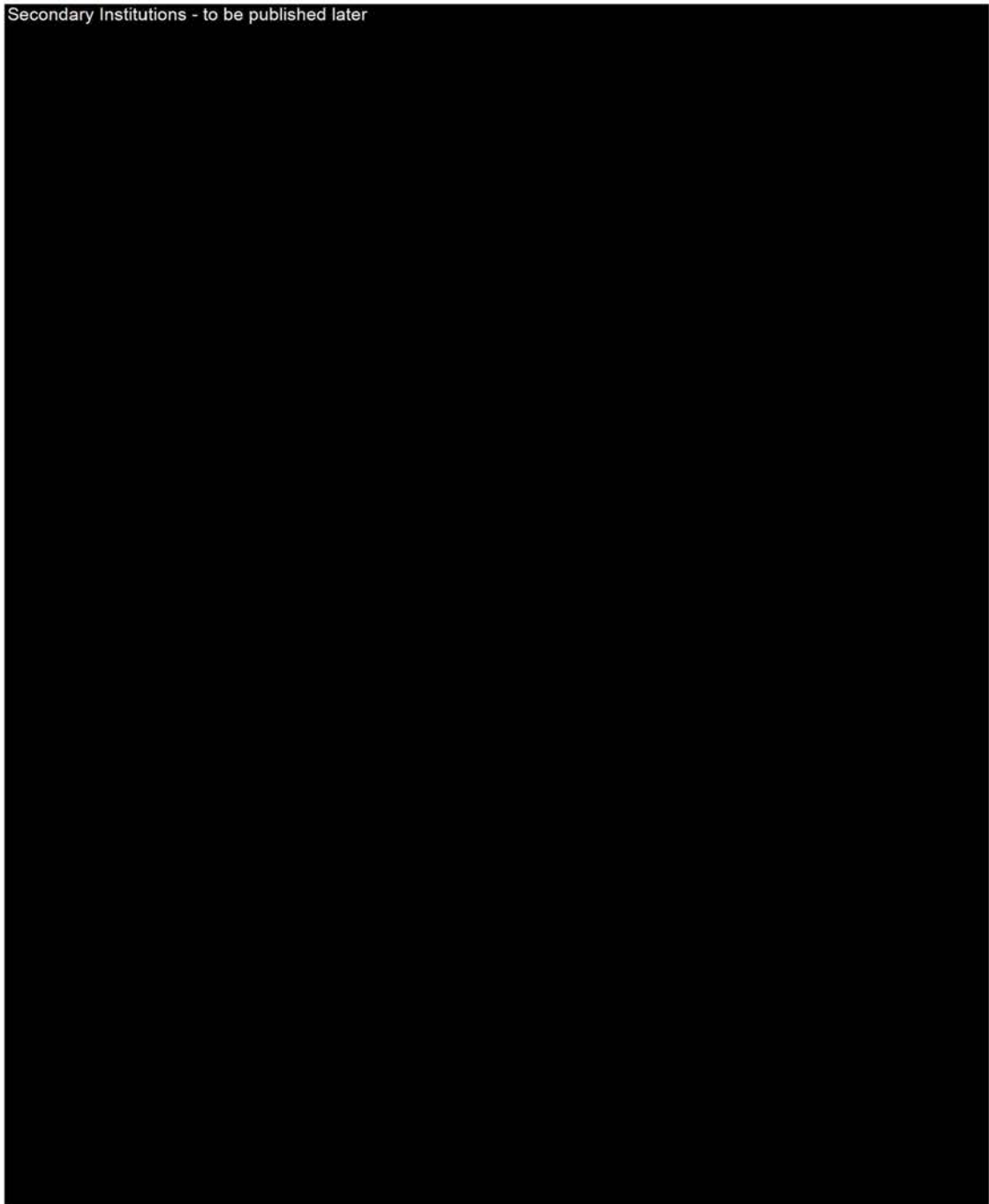
157. Mr QDE was a mean man and a control freak. He reminded me a lot of Mr FXU insomuch as the way he treated you was like torture. I remember Mrs QDF using him in much the same way as Mrs FXW. If you stepped out of line badly during the day she would use him after he got home.
158. It was mostly mental abuse that Mr QDE used but occasionally there was physical abuse. He had a little black stick that he used to use on the odd occasion. I remember that the stick was part of the uniform he wore in the Army Cadets. It was a solid ebony stick. If you misbehaved, and were called downstairs from your bedroom, you would have to face him and his black stick. He used that stick as a form of control. It was used for whatever behaviour he saw as unfit. He would just beat you with it whilst spitting in your face and telling you what you had done wrong.
159. On one occasion I was called in for punishment with another boy called . Mr QDE beat us both so hard that wet himself and defecated. When did that it took me right back to my time with the FXU-FXW. I then tried to fight to get out of the room. Because I had the audacity to try and defend myself Mr QDE then repeatedly whacked me with his stick until the point that I couldn't feel it any more.

*Unnamed males in charge of the army cadet troops*

160. We went away with the army cadets on summer camps on two occasions. On both occasions Mr QDE went with us. That would have been over the course of two summers. I would have been about thirteen and fourteen years old when I went on those camps. I don't know whether all the other children in the other troops on those camps were from "normal" backgrounds or whether they were all from children's homes and approved schools. I'm just not sure about that but I do know that some of the other children were children from care backgrounds.

161. The first camp we went to was in Barry Buddin Training Camp. That was a camp near Dundee. We would have gone there in the summer of 1970. That camp was completely unremarkable. There was nothing untoward happened. It was just a two week boys' holiday but with uniforms, army drills and all that kind of stuff.

162.



Secondary Institutions - to be published later

163.

164.

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

165.

166.

167.

*John Porteous*

168. Mr <sup>QDE</sup> [REDACTED] was friends with a house parent called John Porteous. Both the <sup>QDE/QDF</sup> [REDACTED] were church wardens. [REDACTED] and I, because of that, were tasked with going to ring the church bells at the church in Quarriers every Sunday morning. John Porteous would have his hands up your trouser legs as you were sitting on a high stool waiting to ring the church bells. He would fiddle about. It was just horrible and awkward. About fifteen or twenty years later I discovered that John Porteous had been caught by somebody and had confessed bits and pieces. I remember it was all over the Scottish papers and the press nicknamed him "The Beast in the



Belfry.” I didn’t know about any of that until about ten years ago because I lived in England and had no access to Scottish news.

FXV

169. Mr QDE had a friend called FXV. He was a lay minister for the Church. He worked at Quarriers as a relief minister when the resident minister was on holiday. FXV was in his late twenties or early thirties. He was slightly overweight and had dark hair. He was a homosexual.
170. Mr QDE had me meet with FXV. They felt that because I had nobody to take me out on Saturdays I needed somebody to befriend me and take me out. FXV almost exactly mirrored the behaviour of. He’d take me out in his car. He would speak to me during those car trips. It was all, what I would call, “sex talk.” He’d talk about what he had read or what he knew people did during sexual intercourse. I think that when he started talking like that he was really just “testing the water” with me.
171. I remember on one occasion he took me and another boy who I was friends with out. The boy’s name was. I was big buddies with between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. FXV took us to a new year’s party at Mr QDE flat in Kilmacolm. Mr QDE had given him the keys to the flat so he knew that FXV was taking us there. He probably knew what FXV was like. When we arrived we discovered that there was nobody there other than myself and FXV. FXV got us drunk on whisky then slept with us both in the same bed. I was so drunk that I passed out but I do remember FXV before I passed out, trying on some shenanigans. I remember waking up in a drunken haze that night a few times. Each time he was either groping me or had his penis between my legs. I don’t know what happened to because we never spoke about it.
172. A few weeks later I said to Mr QDE that I didn’t want to be taken out by FXV again. When I said that to him he said something like “oh well he’s going



down to Leeds anyway.” At that time I was fifteen and two months old. I know that because that was about the time when I joined the Boys’ Service with the British Army. I joined up in [REDACTED] 1972.

173. When I was fifteen and a half I had been with the Boys’ Service for about three months. I had been doing training and other bits and pieces with them. At that point I was sent home on leave. As Quarriers were still my guardians I expected that I would have to go back to Quarriers village. However, I was instructed by Quarriers that I had to go to Leeds instead. I was told that I had to go and stay for a week with [REDACTED] FXV
174. I don’t know the exact reason why I wasn’t allowed to go back to Quarriers but there’s something makes me think that it was because the [REDACTED] QDE/QDF had either retired or someone had brought them to book and they’d got sacked. I don’t think they would have been close to retirement age so it might not have been that. In truth I don’t know what happened for certain because I have never found out. Quarriers wouldn’t have known that [REDACTED] FXV was a paedophile and was abusive because I never spoke about it. I think, to be fair to Quarriers, they probably wouldn’t have known what they were sending me back to. I don’t know what their options would have been for sending me somewhere else though.
175. I didn’t really want to go down to Leeds because I knew [REDACTED] FXV was a paedophile. I had joined the boy’s service with another chap from Quarriers called [REDACTED] QDE/QDF. He had been in a different cottage to me when we joined up. He was about six months older than me. In the end they said he could go with me. I remember that [REDACTED] QDE/QDF and I travelled down to Leeds by train. When we arrived we were met by [REDACTED] FXV at Leeds station.
176. The whole time I was down in Leeds it was a case of trying to dodge [REDACTED] FXV all of the time. We tried not to drink whisky with him and things like that. He tried to do things but failed. I think that was because I had [REDACTED] QDE/QDF for protection and he had me. I shared a bedroom with [REDACTED] QDE/QDF. [REDACTED] FXV tried his best to

get each of us alone but he couldn't. He didn't get the opportunity to make his move. In the end I managed to survive that one.

177. Three months later on at about the end of 1972 I got another period of leave. On that occasion I got to go back to Quarriers. When I got back I discovered there were new house parents in cottage 11. They were called Mr and Mrs Cowison. I continued to go back there during leave until I turned eighteen.

### **Leaving Quarriers**

178. [REDACTED] was slightly older than me. Because of that he got to leave Quarriers a little before me. When he left it was decided that he would go and live in accommodation in Glasgow provided by Quarriers. It was a place in a fairly rough housing estate. I visited [REDACTED] at his house towards the end of my time at Quarriers. When I saw him I could see that he was struggling.
179. During those visits [REDACTED] and I talked about joining the armed forces. We both felt that that would be a good thing to do. I think we could both see the writing on the wall and didn't want to stay in one of these houses in Glasgow for any length of time. To me that was just a horrible option. That's how I decided that when I left school I would join up. [REDACTED] joined before me. He initially wanted to join the navy because his brother was there but ended up joining the Royal Artillery.
180. I joined the Boys' Service at the age of fifteen and two months in [REDACTED] 1972. I was one of the last age groups who could leave school at the age of fifteen. When I left to join the army I had enough money to get to the bus station in Glasgow and that was it. Nobody came to see me off or anything. I had to do everything on my own.
181. I hated my time in the army and tried to get out of the Boys' Service twice. However, I wasn't allowed to leave. I don't know how all that decision process took place. I never found out who it was that the army were speaking to surrounding all of that.

The Boys' Service had to have what they called appropriate adults in place during my time there because I was under the age of sixteen. At the time I just assumed that it was someone at Quarriers. It could have been George Gill who was my appropriate adult. He was an internal social worker who worked at Quarriers that I had spent time with during my time there.

### **Life after leaving care**

182. I got married whilst I was seventeen and still in the army to a girl called [REDACTED]. There was a lot of fighting during my first marriage to [REDACTED]. I lost all trust and faith. I was away from home a lot and she wanted to be young again. That's why the marriage fell apart. We were just too young for marriage.
183. I joined the parachute regiment in the army when I was eighteen years old. I stayed there until I was either twenty two or twenty three in 1981. I purchased my discharge papers during a time when I was seeing active service in Northern Ireland. I stayed down in England after leaving the army. I did lots of things after that. I initially set myself up as a window cleaner before becoming a security guard.
184. I then got married again. She was a nurse located in the North East of England and I moved there to be with her. When I moved up to Newcastle Upon Tyne I got into sales for various companies. I did that right up until about 1998 or 1999. I worked in the car trade for further six years after that and was involved in running down a few dealerships in the Newcastle area. That wasn't a very nice job to do because I always knew that I would end up losing my job.
185. My marriage to my second wife only lasted a couple of years. I couldn't make that one work either. I then spent seven or eight years without a partner before I met [REDACTED]. She went on to become the mother of my son, [REDACTED]. I've never been able to consolidate my feelings about how people who work hard manage to, at the same time, have families. When I found myself in that situation I panicked. I'd gone a long way. I'd bought a house, got on the property ladder and found myself with a

good job. I was doing quite well in terms of making a life for myself. However, then I lost my job and started going through another divorce.

186. It wasn't an amicable divorce. My ex-wife insisted on staying on in the house with my son. I've spoken to some of my wife's friends and they have said that they've always felt sorry for me because I didn't deserve what happened to me. They say that it had always been a plan of [REDACTED]s to find someone to use to get a good life and property. Unfortunately, I was the one who fell for it. I'm not the only man who has experienced that in life.
187. After the divorce I felt that I was out in the cold again. I had no money from savings or anything like that. I had no back up, not even from myself. The rug got pulled from beneath my feet. I had nobody to talk to about what was happening or fall back on. That frightened me and I felt pretty desperate. I then had a breakdown of some sort. I never got treated for it. I just "walked it off" and the pain gradually eased. I was lucky enough to have a friend who worked for a housing association and I managed to get somewhere to live through him.
188. When the dust settled from the divorce and access to [REDACTED] was sorted out I left the company I was working for in the car trade and opened a shop in [REDACTED] near Gateshead. The shop sold provisions and fruit and veg. I saw the shop as a way I could both provide a service for people and get company. There were no big money or life decisions to make in doing that and I thought I would enjoy growing that business.
189. I then met the woman who would become my wife for the next eighteen years, [REDACTED]. She was about fourteen years younger than me. We were together for about three years before we got married. [REDACTED] had cystic fibrosis and I became her full time carer. I felt peace for the first time whilst I was married to [REDACTED]. She had an outlook on life because she knew her illness was terminal. We provided each other with a lot of comfort. She just wanted to live life without any grief or hassles. She sadly passed away about five and a half years ago.



190. Since [REDACTED] passed away I have had some physical conditions that have resulted in me needing to have two major operations in hospital. That has meant that I haven't worked in the past four years. My recovery is due to end soon and I will have to find another way of supporting myself. I'm happy enough though. I'm happy living on my own with my dog. To me that's a great life.

*My relationship with my son*

191. My son was about eighteen months old when things started to go wrong in a big way. During the separation he witnessed what was going on between myself and my ex-wife. When he was about ten years old he ran away from my ex-wife's and came to stay with me. He then ran away from me and couldn't go back to my ex-wife's.

192. At that point social services had no other option than to place my son in care. I protested to them about that and asked them to return him to me. It was then that I discovered that years previously a judge had made an award that care and custody should solely lay with my wife and that that was nothing to do with me. After being in care for a short period of time he returned back to my ex-wife's. I appreciate that social services were correct in law but losing my son had a big effect on me.

193. Since then I haven't really had any contact with him. He's spoken to me the odd time and visited on one occasion when I was with [REDACTED]. Sadly, when he visited he was under the influence of drugs. I couldn't get down the stairs to see him because at that time I was bed bound with a cracked rib. In the last six months or so he has come looking for me again. We're talking again and getting on better now. Things are slowly coming on. Before lockdown we went out exercising together a couple of times a week and the relationship was getting built back up again. Although we're not "bosom buddies" we will get round to talking about what happened around about the time I split from his mother. I'll tell him who was influencing how his life developed and I will tell him in no uncertain terms that it was social services.

## Impact

194. My upbringing has had an effect on just about everything that I have ever done. I left care when I was fifteen years old. That part of my life was less than a quarter of my life and I am still thinking about it. That 25% of my life still has a huge impact on the other 75% of my life. I have nowhere to go. I have various ways of looking at things. Something I say a lot is "it is what it is." That is a mantra of mine that I use quite a lot.
195. I was on my own and had nobody to talk to then and have had nobody to speak to since about what happened. I've never had anybody to speak to or be an advocate for me. I've never had a confidant or a confessor. I've never had a shoulder to lean on or cry on. I had nobody to ask what the right thing to do was or steer me in the right direction. There was no appropriate adult who could help me with that. All the big decisions I have ever had to make in life have had to be made alone.
196. Even when I do find people to speak to I find it awkward when they are nice to me, feel sorry for me or are rude to me. I think that because of my experiences there's a lot of places where I should have emotions and reactions like normal people but I don't.
197. I have in the past suffered from flashbacks. When I get thoughts they don't last very long. I do think about something from my time in care every day. Your memories soften over time however you still do think about things. I'm afraid they're never fond memories.
198. Prior to meeting [REDACTED] I was a pretty angry person. I wouldn't show my anger outwardly but inside I was angry with everything. It was all bottled up inside me. I didn't really think it had affected my mental health until after [REDACTED] died. A couple of years after that I was sectioned for a short period of time. After that I sought help and started speaking to an organisation called Talking Matters. It was then that I realised all the things that I had suppressed and bottled up. I realised that I had had

mental breakdowns in the past, suffered from depression and not really done anything about it.

199. I have suffered a lot through my life with anger issues relating to reports in the press or news about paedophiles. I couldn't control my emotions when I saw that. Fortunately, in the past it wasn't reported so much. It's only since the nineties that people like social services have been put in the spotlight for things that shouldn't have happened. I think since then it has been more acceptable for people to talk about abuses of children in care, paedophiles and the Catholic Church. Since then it's seemed like the floodgates have opened and there has been a torrent. I wasn't predisposed to hearing about that thing. It became like Chinese water torture to me. I couldn't get away from it and that caused a lot of depression in the past and still does now. I'm never going to get away from that.
200. Another trigger I have are charities asking for money. That depresses me. That's especially the case with children's charities. Those charities have been asking for the same things since I was a child and nobody has ever sorted those things out. That makes me angry. To me, everybody who is involved in charity work are on a hamster wheel going round and round. Nobody has ever found a cure or an answer. As I have got older I've realised that charities are just employers and companies and that has made things make a bit more sense to me.
201. One of the things about being brought up the way I was is that I lost contact with my brothers, sisters and other relatives. My experiences in care have definitely had an impact on my relationship with my siblings. I didn't know whether in care or since leaving care what a brother and sister relationship should be like. I have had no model to base that on. It could be that the relationships I have, and had, are the same as everybody else but I have my doubts about that. Families have little squabbles but we've always been estranged from one another for some reason or another. When there are arguments between us we just don't make up and it goes on for years and years. I would have liked to have had things turn out differently but they haven't so it is a case of just getting on with it.

202. I have no real contact with most of my siblings. The only person by way of siblings who speaks to me is [REDACTED]. When I bought my first house in Newcastle I brought [REDACTED] and her three boys down from Drumchapel. [REDACTED] was on her own and her young boys were getting into trouble. They stayed with me until they eventually got a house. Then [REDACTED] and I had a massive fallout after I met [REDACTED]. They didn't get on together. I then didn't see her for about twenty years. It's only been in the last couple of years that we have been back in contact again. We now speak on average once every fortnight or so.
203. It is embarrassing and shameful to talk about how things have worked out between myself and my siblings and how we have all ended up. I think that is a legacy of the way in which I was brought up. I can't say for certain but I think that is a knock on effect from what happened in care.
204. There has definitely been an impact on the relationships I have had with my wives and partners over the years. There have been a lot of things I have done wrong in relationships because I didn't know how to trust people. I didn't know that then but realise that now. I think that was what I was like right up until I met [REDACTED]. I was a hopeless romantic. I just couldn't get it together until I met her. Since [REDACTED] passed away I have had no interest or desire to seek a partner. I have quite a few friends and neighbours and we look out for each other but I'm not interested in meeting someone new.
205. I do think that my time in care has impacted on me educationally. I'm not terribly well educated. There has always been a big gap in terms of education between myself and those around me. When I left Scotland to go and live in Kettering the English kids were ahead of me. Because of that I missed out on a lot of things. However, I was considered to be a very good student. I remember that when I joined the army we had to attend an education department because we were under sixteen. Two days a week we went to that and carried on our education up to O Level. I can't say exactly how that went. In adult working life many of the roles I have had were advertised for candidates who were educated to a university graduate level. That was always what was advertised when those roles became available. I don't know



whether that is just a sign of the times and that is what employers prefer but I have ended up with those roles. I don't know how much of how I feel about my education is me wishing I'd had a better education growing up and how much of it is me thinking I am cleverer than I really am.

206. My experiences of religion both in foster care and at Quarriers have massively impacted the way I view religion now. When I joined the army I found myself indoctrinated into the religion that I had been taught at Quarriers. There were things that happened with the other kids in the Boys' Service because of the way I had been indoctrinated. I was quite judgemental and that didn't endear me to the other guys I was in the army with. I remember that later on, when in active service in Northern Ireland, I still had ideas of religion and fairness in the back of my mind and started to question that. It was only then that I started realising that the religion I had been indoctrinated with was just not how the world was panning out for me. That was part of why I ultimately left the forces.
207. After leaving the forces I didn't have time for religion until my son was born. At that point I decided to revisit the relationship I had with religion going back to my time at Quarriers. When I went to churches I discovered that churches by that time were places that were either dying, dead or vibrant but in a different type of religion to my own. I also found them to be totally judgemental. There was no place for me there unless I followed their own particular path. I found I also had trouble consolidating my own views with religions who said that homosexuality wasn't right or the way forward. I wasn't prepared to disown people I knew who were gay, in particular my younger brother [REDACTED]
208. Over the years since leaving care there have been fights with my religion and seeking religious instruction. Currently, privately, I give the odd nod but I am more spiritual than religious. I now realise how stifling The Salvation Army and Scottish Presbyterianism was for me growing up. It's not for me.
209. One of the feelings I quite like is when I used to be sent on my own to my bedroom, maybe for the whole day, by the [REDACTED] FXU-FXW. I like being in solitude. I enjoy the

company of people but I can live quite happily for extended periods of time without any human contact. I'm not sure whether that is a good thing or a bad thing. People say "no man is an island", we're not meant to be alone and that everybody needs company at some point. However, I love my solitary existence. If I could afford it I'd move to somewhere remote and live where there wasn't a lot of other people. I'm quite happy with my life the way it is. I'm happy that I don't effect anyone else's lives.

### **Impact on my siblings**

██████████

210. ██████████ was left on her own at Quarriers after I left because my brothers had been fostered and ██████████ had left to train as a nanny. I used to see her when I came back on to Quarriers on leave. To this day ██████████ can't get over the fact that she was left on her own. She has a mental block there. She has what she perceives as mental health issues from being left on her own at Quarriers. She had those feelings even though I don't think there was ever any real big bond between her, myself and my siblings during our time in care together. It is really sad that she carries that around a lot of the time. However, I appreciate that it's up to her, rather than anyone else, to say what sort of reaction other people should have to that.

██████████

211. ██████████ had great problems when he came out of foster care. He was gay and died of complications connected with contracting Aids. They just didn't have the treatments to slow it down then. He finally passed away with skin cancer.

██████████

212. ██████████ has been in an out of the prison system from that age of sixteen onwards. At one stage I brought him and his family down from Glasgow. They stayed with me for a while. I remember my nieces and nephews were absolutely brilliant. We remained

close until they were in their early twenties. Sadly, [REDACTED] continued on his path of being in and out of jail over the years. He found it hard, in particular, to cope with the loss of [REDACTED] I used to look after him and provide him with money. I realise now that he used me quite a lot.

213. [REDACTED] now lives in Shrewsbury and is addicted to drugs. He's a diagnosed schizophrenic and has trouble with his heart. Those troubles started about four years ago. He doesn't want to speak to me and hasn't spoken in a while. I think that's just the way he is. If he wants something then he makes contact and we're the best people in the world. Now he has benefits it's all "I'm alright Jack." That hurts a bit. I wish those things were different but they're not. I have to say to myself "it's just the way it is."

[REDACTED]

214. I haven't seen [REDACTED] for over thirty years. We met briefly to go to my youngest brother, [REDACTED]'s, funeral in Manchester. There has been no attempt at reconciliation between either of us since then.

### **Treatment and support**

215. When I had my first breakdown I never got treated for it. I just "walked it off" and the pain gradually eased. I have since learned from therapists it was likely that my brain wasn't filing everything away around that time and I that I probably had a bit of a malfunction. I didn't know that that was what was happening back then and, looking back, didn't do anything about it.
216. A couple of years ago, about two years after [REDACTED] died, I was sectioned for thirty days. During that period I managed to speak to a solicitor and they managed to get me out within ten days of being sectioned. There's been a lot of debate since as to whether I should have been there or not. I came out with a drug called Quetiapine. I have taken that before I go to bed for the last two years. It's a suppressant that acts

like a chemical cosh for me. It suppresses my mood. I've gone from being a pretty vibrant "go getter" type to a laissez faire "put it off until tomorrow" kind of person. I find that horrible and I hate it but there's not a lot I can do about that. I have had ongoing support from GP regarding my medication. I haven't seen my GP in a while because of the pandemic. It's something I'll sort out eventually

217. I decided to formally try and seek some help about a year after [REDACTED] passed away. That was about four and a half years ago. At that stage things had started to get on top of me and I was at a low ebb. I wanted some help to cope with some of the things that had happened to me in the past. It was on my mind and I was having flashbacks. I was suffering replays and all sorts of things were happening.
218. Talking Matters are based in Northumberland. There wasn't a referral made. I just decided that it was time to get some help and look after myself. They have provided me with counselling. I have talked about the abuse I suffered at some length. I spent a couple of years initially meeting with a counsellor fortnightly then monthly. I have talked through a lot of what I have said in this statement with them. Despite my initial apprehensions Talking Matters have really provided me with support. I had my reservations in speaking with them because I realised I would have to relay to someone things that were deeply personal. I still am in many ways but they have helped.
219. It was difficult for me to talk about my experiences in care with Talking Matters because it was such a short period of time and so much happened within that short period of time. So much happened to me between the ages of five and fifteen. My team at Talking Matters have helped me with the anger that I have all bottled up inside me. We have worked on some of the negative triggers that affect me like the reporting of child abuse in the media. We covered quite a lot of ground. I have found my counselling beneficial. I've learnt from my counselling that my brain files things in the wrong places and I can manage that. When I used to look back I used to look back as the young vulnerable child. Now when I look back, I look back with an adult head on. Things have the same outcome but in a different way.



220. I have an open ended situation with Talking Matters where I can make contact with them again if I need them. I might do that after the pandemic goes and we are returned to some sort of reality. It's good to know that I have that sort of back up there. Knowing that someone else knows and they are not going to be judgemental about it or feel sorry for me really helps.

### **Reporting of abuse after leaving care**

221. I didn't tell any of my wives what happened during my time in care. I have thought about the reason for not telling ██████ in particular. Firstly, I think it was because of the shame I felt. Secondly, it was because I didn't want her to go through those emotions. Rightly or wrongly that was my thinking. Since she's passed away I've regretted not telling her. I think that's when and how the process of seeking help started. Really it was only three years later before I was sitting in front of a counsellor opening up about what had happened.

222. I've never sought an apology or compensation from Glasgow City Council or from Quarriers. I'd love to speak to someone from Glasgow social services who knows even a little bit about where we were.

223. I have never reported any of the abuse I suffered as a child to the police in adult life. I have had no contact with the police whatsoever since leaving Quarriers to join the army. I've never been in a police station my whole life other than to give a statement after speaking to The Inquiry. I guess growing up I just didn't have the mind-set where I could have reported what was happening. As a child I never thought to myself "I'm in trouble, this is wrong, I should contact the police." That just never crossed my mind at all. It was never on my radar that contacting them might result in me getting some help. The feeling was always "keep my mouth shut or else."

### **Visiting Quarriers in adult life**

224. I have visited Quarriers village in adult life a few times. There was one occasion when we I was on holiday with my son on the West Coast of Scotland when I took him there to show him around. Quite a lot of the houses have been turned into offices for Glasgow social services and other companies. The park where we played as children has been turned into a massive housing estate. The area around the school, where I have fond memories, has been turned into an executive estate.
225. Lots of things went through my mind the times when I was there. I remember feeling as if I have been stuck in a time warp somewhere in my life. I could see that life had moved on whilst I'd been away and that maybe there was something that I was getting wrong.

### **Records**

226. I haven't tried to obtain my records from either Glasgow City Council, Quarriers or Northamptonshire County Council. It has been on my list to do for a long time. For my own peace of mind I will one day try and request my records. I do have an interest in seeing what they say about me.
227. My sister, [REDACTED] has tried to find out more about what happened whilst we were with the [REDACTED] in Kettering. She has been in contact with Northamptonshire County Council but has not managed to get hold of any care records from them. Apparently there is no record of us having ever been there. She has however managed to recover some care records via, I think, the police down there. Of what she has recovered there is the odd thing but those things are written down in pencil and faded. It's all just bits of paper. There hasn't been anything backed up on computers, a machine or anything like that.
228. [REDACTED] saw something in amongst the records she has obtained that said that Mrs [REDACTED] had said that the children, referring to us, were so badly behaved that it

was like we were possessed by the devil. I suppose that provides an insight into what Mrs FXW thought of us. To her we were an unruly bunch of demonic children. When told me that I couldn't help but wondering whether that was what caused them to be so violent towards us. Mrs FXW saying that is not only a horrible thing to say about children but also ironic when I think back to the way they both treated us.

229. Another thing has found out was that Mr FXU had had a foster child in care who had made allegations of abuse against him during a time when they were staying in Peterhead. I'm not sure where she discovered that information. She said that from what she discovered all the child's allegations were totally dismissed. All Mr FXU ended up with was something like an official reprimand and was allowed to carry on fostering.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

230. I don't know whether things haven't already been done to overcome the sort of things that I experienced in care. I am aware that children do now get believed and do now get quite well looked after in care. I think that a lot of the things that happened to me would never happen now because we have moved along so much. However, if children have been taken into care and still experience the things that I did then we really have learned nothing. Children should be nurtured and encouraged rather than slapped down, hidden away and punished. Children should be allowed to have their own minds. I know that happened in the past and I hope that doesn't happen now.

### *Thoughts on time at Quarriers*

231. I used to spend a lot of time at the church at Quarriers during my time there. I remember that one of the things that struck me, and still strikes me to this day, is that William Quarrier and his wife are buried in the church graveyard but in a dark corner. These people did such great things at the start when nobody else was doing

anything for disadvantaged kids and there they were buried in amongst their own creation. Yet there they were being largely ignored in the corner of that graveyard.

232. Life in Quarriers was nothing like life in the real world. One of the things that I particularly enjoyed from both the times that I was at Quarriers was the other children. Having friends and access to the open and the openness of the grounds was refreshing. I remember playing football all night and never seeing any traffic. I have good memories from that part of it. I think that for a child who was not in care, and in a normal family, it would have been a fantastic place to have been brought up.
233. I know that Quarriers changed their regime for children who were leaving because I heard about that. I think they changed it because there were some kids who were leaving and ending up committing suicide. Those kids had left Quarriers, ended up in sink estates in Glasgow and found themselves in a situation where they couldn't cope. I think that Quarriers, because of that, started putting children who were of leaving age into what they called a hostel. From that hostel they could go to college or get day jobs. They were essentially gently weaned away from the very secluded life they had at Quarriers. Looking back, I was lucky that I didn't have to live like some of the other people who left Quarriers and ended up in those estates.

#### *Social services*

234. If I have one hatred in my life it is social services. I appreciate that that's irrational because I do know that they do good work. However, when things go wrong with them they can go spectacularly wrong. It's young people's lives they are dealing with and, in my experience, they don't listen. I think that even the things that were heard when we said them to social workers were probably forgotten by the time they had left the room. There was never any follow up saying he or she said this and we're going to look into things. If there had been then they may have noticed that the people caring for us had a history of abuse. They might have received information from the police or whatever and learnt that there was some truth in what we were saying.



235. They should have gone around things in a different way and spoken to children in a more sympathetic way. I know that they do that more now. They have special rooms to speak with children and have special methods. Back then you were treated like a “cheeky wee upstart.” Children weren’t there to be believed. Looking back, the social workers I encountered were essentially Victorian people with Victorian attitudes.
236. I have never had a good experience speaking with social services in adult life. I had dealings with social services through the courts surrounding getting access to [REDACTED] and my step daughter and it wasn’t a positive experience. I don’t know how much of this is my own imagination or thoughts but I believe men are their own worst enemy when it comes to social services, abuse, partners and children. From what I can see from someone standing on the outside, male parents who want to look after children have to fight against this image of being “the bogey man” type who wants to abuse his family and get drunk.
237. My experience as a male adult with social services is that you are labelled with those things solely because you are male. I’m not sure whether that was the case as a child in care but it certainly is the case as an adult. I find that very hard to handle and deal with. It’s led to me taking a female partner with me when dealing with social services in adult life so that I had support and a witness to what was discussed. I felt that some of the ladies in positions of power in social services are nowadays over exuberant in their hatred for male kind. I have been left feeling that social services nowadays are top heavy with people who are like that.
238. I have never felt that the fact that I was a child in care has had an impact on how social services have interacted with me as a parent in adult life. It may well have and maybe that came across when I was speaking to them.

*Financial rewards for fostering children*

239. I think that some of the financial rewards for fostering children are too high. I think that leads to carers and foster parents volunteering for financial gain rather than

anything else. I don't know how that could be solved because I don't know how else children could be looked after.

**Hopes for the Inquiry**

240. I've always wanted to learn more in particular about what happened around Mr FXU and when he was reprimanded for child molestation in Peterhead. If that happened before we as a family were sent to stay with him then why were we sent to stay up there? Even if there was a question mark there that should never have been allowed. That has always pained me. It hangs over me a lot of the time. If someone had been doing their job properly things might have been avoided.

241. Our lives could have been so much different if we hadn't been returned to the FXU-FXW to live with them in Kettering. I'm absolutely sure that as a family we made huge protestations before we were returned to the FXU-FXW I don't know why we were not listened to then and I think there were massive failings on Glasgow social services part there. I would like to get to the bottom of that.

242. I'm helping the Inquiry because hopefully the information I have provided through this statement will allow someone to say this is what happened, this is what is happening and this is what should happen in the future. I would like to think that my statement will help in some way to make sure children now and in the future don't get treated in the same way as I was. I am sure that this Inquiry would never have been set up if there wasn't the hope of being a positive outcome. I am sure that when I read the report I will smile and say "thank God for that."

243. 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..... FZY .....

Dated..... 30 March 2021 .....