

Supplementary Statement

Bushyhill Remand Home

Bushy Hill Remand Centre in Cambuslang for a duration of 3 weeks during September and October 1967. We resided in dormitories alongside other boys; I cannot recall whether we had showers, but I believe there were baths available.

During my time there, I experienced considerable abuse, much of which was instigated by the staff, who encouraged violence among the inmates. On one occasion, we must have been conversing and laughing in the dormitory, and two of us were taken out by the staff and brought into the toilet. The staff possessed half a dozen canes, and we were struck on our bodies, primarily on our backsides.

We were allowed outside for exercise once a day, during which we stripped to the waist to play football or engage in similar activities. If the ball went over the fence, all the boys would be lined up against the wall, and we had to run through under the outstretched arms, akin to running the gauntlet. If the inmates did not strike us hard enough on the back, they would come from behind and hit us harder.

I was informed that I was sent there to have reports completed, but I am uncertain how that was accomplished; we played football, ate, were given a cigarette, and then sent to bed around 8 o'clock, with beatings occurring in between. We were required to sit with our arms folded while watching television, which was a highlight as it provided an hour of TV.

I was beaten several times with canes by the night watchmen, as it always happened in the evening. The older inmates were peers, and we were beaten and bruised by many, the wardens did not help and sometimes joined in.

As I was young, I was placed inside a boiler and made to scrub it clean as it was full of oil, if I refused, I was beaten. On one occasion as I missed a bit, I was hit around the head resulting in a bleeding nose.

Wellington Farm School

From this facility, I was transferred to the Approved School. Wellington Farm School in Penicuik, where I spent 18 months at the age of 15. As I mentioned, I was 15, and there was a significant amount of violence in that place, much of which was perpetrated by older boys, as the age range of the inmates was between 15 and 21. I was the youngest person in there.

It presents itself as a farm; however, it was not truly a farm. It contained workshops with joiners, electricians, plumbers, and similar trades. Upon entering an allocation centre, individuals spent time with others who had been allocated for six weeks, where they assessed your education level, after which it was decided which dormitory they would be assigned to. The dormitories were color-coded: one was green, another blue, and another yellow. I seem to remember being in Green

I recall a segregation incident where I encountered some trouble, I was involved in a fight in the dining room and was placed in a type of cell located in a basement beneath the governor's office, where I remained for a day or two. During this time, they deliberated on what actions to

take regarding us. We did not receive any formal education, such as spelling, reading, or writing. Although we were occasionally addressed by educational personnel, we did not take any exams or similar assessments.

The activities primarily involved work within the dormitory, cleaning the dining room, and other related tasks. Basically, we were cleaners, scrubbing showers and toilets. Once admitted to the main dormitory area, individuals were assigned work duties. The individual I entered with attempted to escape, prompting me to follow suit. Not to boast, but I was considered a model prisoner for the initial six months.

However, when my companion attempted to flee, I followed him, resulting in several additional months being added to my sentence. And stripped of all privileges

I was initially set to be released in ten months but ultimately served eighteen months due to this incident. I had reached grade four and was prepared for release, but I was demoted back to grade two, which extended my sentence by seven to eight months.

I vividly remember my friend hanging out of the window when I returned from the restroom; I asked him, 'Where are you going?' He replied, 'I've had enough,' and then he ran away, prompting me to follow him. We managed to escape for one night.

There was a particular individual involved in the abuse, whose name escapes me, but I recall he was responsible for Murray House. This man was a warden for another section. During our time in the Lake District, on a week's holiday as I was rounding a corner wearing my swimming trunks, he approached me, grabbed me by the genitals, and remarked, "Oh, you're well hung" and "you are very well equipped". A significant amount of the violence experienced was instigated by teachers and staff members, this felt scary and frightening to me.

I participated in a plumbing course alongside a gentleman named Mr. Cunningham, who was quite pleasant; his nickname was Cuddles. He was more of a friend than anything else, truly a good person. However, there were numerous minor officers who exhibited a sort of small man syndrome, eager to assert their authority and often barking orders at us. We were required to address them as 'sir' and similar titles. Compensation for our work at the facility was provided in the form of either cigarettes or soap.

Every Sunday morning, we were compelled to undertake a three mile walk to Loan head Church. Attendance was mandatory, irrespective of personal beliefs. Our clothing would be arranged in a large hall, draped over chairs, including our tweed jackets, flannel trousers, shirts, and the tie colour corresponding to our house, and we would dress there, leaving no room for my privacy and dignity. Subsequently, you proceeded to the church and returned.

Throughout the summer, we were taken to local farms for potato picking and grouse beating. You were required to pick potatoes all day, and your performance was evaluated with stars based on your efficiency as a potato picker. This evaluation influenced the amount of money deposited into your account upon your departure. I believe I left with approximately £18, or something similar. You also participated in pheasant beating for the local landlords.

This occurred in Kelso, where we were tasked with chasing birds for them to shoot. It was referred to as approved school training. I distinctly recall inquiring with the policeman, who informed me that I would be released in 2 to 3 weeks or 2 to 3 months, depending on my behaviour. However, upon my arrival, I discovered that the minimum stay was 1 year, with a

maximum of 3 years, and if one did not conform within that time frame, they could be transferred to Borstal or Youth Offending institutions.

My mother and grandmother visited me only once during my entire stay, as my family did not possess a vehicle, making the journey quite distant for them. Additionally, my parents were illiterate, and travelling all the way to Edinburgh would have required them to take 3 or 4 buses, which is why I only saw my mother and grandmother that one time. During my school years, being late would result in corporal punishment; you would receive three strikes with the belt, leaving your arm sore for the entire day. It is a vastly different world now.

Longriggend Borstal

I was 17/18 when I was sent to Longriggend Borstal. On admission, I was told to get changed in a cubicle, I was wearing cufflinks and they forcibly removed them, leaving me with a deep cut on my wrist, which went untreated. I was subjected to verbal, emotional and physical abuse. I was frequently called names. I was slapped and punched by staff members. I spent a lot of that time in solitude, being fearful to connect with any of the other boys imprisoned there. I was very lonely and felt like I was on red alert all the time.

Growing up away from your parents during that era was fraught with violence. Much of my experience left me traumatised, and some of those effects have lingered into my adult life. At times, I exhibited the violent behaviour I received growing up, resembling an iron rod with my own children, striving to prevent them from going astray, perhaps being overly strict due to my past experiences. When my son was 12, he associated with a boy who stole money from his parents. Upon discovering this, although my son was not the one who stole the money, I reacted by striking him with a belt. I spent considerable time regretting that decision.

My son is now 48, and I still reflect on that incident. It did not leave me feeling good, I assure you. Nevertheless, I was determined to ensure that my children did not endure the same suffering I experienced in those places. I believe that individuals often carry forward the behaviours they were raised with; these are learned behaviours.

Even my father would occasionally strike me, giving me a sharp clip around the ear or a kick on the backside. I returned to live with my parents, and this had a detrimental impact on my mental health. I found myself entangled in various troubles over time.

The first job I applied for was as a plumber, and I was hired, but just three or four days later, the employer came to my door and informed me that the position was no longer available. I inquired further, and he remarked, 'Once a dog bites, there's no curing it,' indicating that my past had cost me that job.

The past does not simply fade away. You yearn to move forward and live your life, yet it is particularly challenging in a small village. If any local disturbances occurred, the police would come knocking at your door to inquire about your whereabouts, even if you were not involved. You would find yourself wrongfully accused of matters unrelated to you.

Many individuals were left traumatised by this experience. I encountered others who were there for reasons far less severe than mine. I met a young black boy from Edinburgh who had stolen a cake from a bakery; he was apprehended by the police, taken to court, and received the same sentence as I did, 1 to 3 years in an approved school for care and protection. I felt that the punishment meted out to a 15-year-old boy was grossly unjustified.

I suffer with PTSD and nightmares, the stigma was hard as I was seen as a criminal, I also suffer with anxiety and have taken medication for it for most of my adult life. Relationships have been difficult, and stressful. I've struggled being a parent for a time.