

Supplementary Personal Statement

Name: James H Milne

Status - Priority

DOB: 22/07/1957

Case Ref Number - APP121595

Any other known name – No

Mother's Name: Helen Haddow (maiden)

Father's Name: Henry Milne

Siblings: Peter Milne – younger brother

Social Services - Fife social services

Serious criminal conviction in the last 5 years? None

Care Establishments - St Margaret's children home Eli Fife for approx. one year 1970-1972. I was about 13 at the time.

What was the reason – who was involved? Decision through a children's panel?

We were left to fend for ourselves – literally starving. Our dad went to prison and mother left. We weren't getting fed and we were going to neighbors for food. I guess this was reported by them and social services got involved. I remember being taken away in van by social, 2 brothers and myself. For me we were going to get fed.

As a child, I was placed at St Margaret's. It was a big house, dark and scary with hardly any light and my time there was filled with fear and trauma. Being separated from my family was frightening. From the start, the environment was hostile and degrading. I was in a room with 4 other boys, similar age, but bigger than me. They all ganged up on me. I got battered.

The staff arranged fights among the children for their amusement, compelling us to box each other even if we were unwilling. If you declined, they ridiculed you, labeling you a "wimp," ensuring that everyone heard, which made you feel small and ashamed. You are forced to fight bigger boys.

Refusing to fight resulted in punishment: you could be confined indoors while others played outside or lose other minor privileges. The message was unmistakable, fight or face humiliation and exclusion. This was also for their entertainment. Even worse than the forced fights were the conduct of the man who managed the home. We referred to him as "Uncle Dave," and I believe his name was Dave Murphy.

He singled me out when I was alone, never in the presence of others. I felt isolated. Over about eight or nine months, there were three distinct instances when he sexually assaulted me. He grabbed my private parts three times, attempted to kiss my neck, and rubbed my leg. Each time, I pulled away and told him to stop. I made it clear that I wanted nothing to do with him, but he disregarded my wishes and tried again later.

Each incident left me feeling shaken and physically ill. I felt frightened, trapped, and powerless. Knowing he was in charge of the home. I was threatened and had my pocket money stopped. On the few times my grandma came I was so ashamed I couldn't tell her.

I didn't feel safe confiding in any adult. Since he only approached me when we were alone, I also feared that no one would believe me. The mix of forced fighting, public humiliation, and ongoing sexual assaults created a daily atmosphere of fear and shame. I never felt secure in a place where I should have been protected.