

## Supplementary - Personal Statement

Name: David Condron

Status - Priority

DOB: 13/08/1955

Case Ref Number – APP512299

Any other known name – No

Mother's Name: Marion Condron (maiden) Hannah

Father's Name: William Condron

Siblings: Margaret Condron 21/07/1947, Janet (13/08/1955), John Condron (Deceased), William Condron, James Condron

Social Services - East Kilbride Social Work/Council

Serious criminal conviction in the last 5 years? None

Care Establishments - Wood Dean House Children's Home - 1968/1971  
aged approx.13

**Reason for being placed into care** - Mother suffered a brain haemorrhage - wasn't well enough to look after him and father was never present.

### **Personal Statement**

I, David Condron, was placed into care alongside my brother John due to my mother's poor health, which resulted in her frequent hospitalisations. Our father was absent throughout our childhood, leaving us without anyone to care for us. My oldest sister Margaret was the one who looked after us she is 8 years older. It became too much for her.

Miss Ross, a representative from the social work department of East Kilbride district council, comes to mind. I recall one evening when I was at home with my brother, sisters, and two of my aunts, Agnes and Sadie, Miss Ross, with the assistance of my aunts, forcibly took both my brother and me to her car, and we were driven to Blantyre, where the home was located.

Upon our arrival, we were escorted into an office by a woman named Miss Yates. She's the matron – she was in charge. She was very strict, with grey hair and glasses, and she outlined the home's rules and regulations,

instructing us on how to behave. We were warned that failure to comply would result in punishment, including slaps to the head. She was scary.

There were also two kind women, Miss Main and a lady named Cathy from Lanark, but I immediately sensed that Miss Yates would make my life difficult. She took a dislike to John and me. This was overwhelming. I felt empty being taken away from the rest of our family.

John and I were taken to a room with 2 beds and a chair. We learnt that we would be attending St. Joseph a school in Blantyre. This was nearby. We were given uniforms and would attend school each day, return for lunch and then went back. There were no other activities when we were back at the home.

Every Sunday, we were compelled to attend St. Vincent Church. We would be picked up and taken there, only to be returned afterward. I had no interest in faith and did not wish to go. We were given 10 pence to contribute to the collection plate, but I would often skip church and spend the money at the shops instead.

Upon our return, we would be slapped on the side of the head, sent to our room, and told to stay there. At times, we would receive slaps to the head, and on rare occasions, we were told to get out of her sight.

For showers, we were required to strip naked and walk down the corridor while the staff observed us, which made me feel very uncomfortable. Afterward, we would have to walk back down the corridor to get dressed again. Bath towels were placed around us.

Every day, after attending St. Joseph's primary school and subsequently John Ogilvie high school, my brother and I were required to return home from school. On some days, it was just the two of us, but I was always the one returning home daily. On one specific occasion, I was served macaroni and cheese, which I found unpalatable, resulting in me hardly consuming it. I went back to school and was again presented with the same portion for dinner, which I refused to eat once more. Consequently, I went without food for three consecutive days as they insisted, I try to eat it.

Eventually, I concealed the food in my pocket and disposed of it outside. Since that incident, I have never eaten macaroni and cheese again, nor have I touched spaghetti bolognese. John Ogilvie high school was far away

we were forced to return to the home for lunch. We had to walk both ways. Most days, I would skip lunch because I had to return to school, which was quite a distance away, and I did not want to be late, as this would prevent me from playing with my friends in the playground.

We were compelled to perform household chores, such as washing the dishes, vacuuming, and tidying up. Although we were promised pocket money for our efforts, we were never actually given any, as there was always an excuse, such as our shoes being dirty. Any minor things would see our pocket moneys taken away. As a result, we ended up doing additional chores, like mowing the lawn and walking dogs, for random strangers in their homes to earn some pocket money. The home was even aware or didn't care.

For whatever reason I was placed in a foster home that was intended to be a temporary arrangement for a few weeks in Pollock, but I only stayed for one night. I informed them that I would return to my own home if that was the situation. Subsequently, I was taken back to the home.

One particular thing stood out for me, we were often threatened with being sent to other homes, particularly one in Strathaven (Dunaven House Children's Home), which had a notorious reputation for the physical and sexual abuse of its residents over the years. This constant threat instilled a deep sense of fear in me.

I had relatives who lived nearby, yet we were never permitted to visit them. I ran away from home twice due to the constant emotional and physical abuse we experienced. The first time I escaped, I went to Easterhouse, and the second time I reached Lanark. On both occasions, I was apprehended by the police, and during the interviews, I explained the reasons for my flight, citing the abuse from Miss Yates. However, no action was taken, and we were returned to the home. Upon our return, we faced further beatings from Miss Yates, followed by being sent to our rooms.

Our pocket money was confiscated, my food was rationed as part of our punishment and I was stripped of privileges, forced to undertake additional chores such as gardening, even in inclement weather. This continued for the following month, while the second instance lasted two months. My time there was characterised by fear, being slapped or punishment, and the looming threat of being sent to Dunaven.

Once I turned 16, I was finally able to return home. My brother had been allowed to leave the year prior, which I believe was due to Miss Yates developing a particular aversion to me, and this was her method of exerting control.

I left care a very angry person. I had a strong distrust to anything or anyone in authority resulting in me getting into trouble with police. I had no respect for the Police. They were never anything serious, and I became a heavy drinker.

As children we didn't do anything wrong. Our mother was sick and unable to look after us. Being taken away from our other siblings was devastating. I wouldn't want that for any family and then be treated like that. John and I shared that experience and when he passed away that affected me a lot.