

**Name:** SHIRLEY HALLIDAY

**DOB:** 16/03/1969

**Name of Care Homes.** BARRS, FOSTER CARE, CALDER HOUSE, FLEMINGTON HOUSE.

**Reason for going into care:** Neglect

**Age in care:** Approximately 3 – 18 years of age

**Supplementary Statement**

### **Barrs home in Largs**

I grew up in Largs and attended primary school here, where I was also fostered. I witnessed children being force-fed porridge and either being overfed or starved. I was given two potatoes instead of one and was slapped in the face, then sent to the dormitory for something that wasn't my fault. This happened in front of all the staff and other children. There were around 30 kids in the dining room, all mixed together. I believe I stayed for over a year. The staff would make us physically fight each other for their amusement. I was a bed wetter and would swap bedding with others to avoid punishment. I was hit with a leather slipper, and the staff showed no concern for where they struck, even hitting my face. I experienced this more than ten times, which reflects the physical abuse I endured here. It was all out in the open, with no secrecy. The staff were aware but did nothing to prevent this abuse.

### **Foster Care The Youngs in Viewpark**

The Youngs, my foster family, would sing a song called 'Nobody's child' outside my bedroom door. The foster mother and her daughter, Alison and Lorna, were involved. Alison was a policewoman, but I didn't see much of her. I faced bullying from this foster family. The mother bruised my legs, and I asked social services to help me leave. We played a game called knock down ginger, where we would knock on doors and run away. I got caught, and she punished me by pulling down my underwear in front of my friend and hitting me with a slipper in front of others. I ran away, but she chased me and hit me wherever she could as I fled up the stairs in the house. I was still in primary school, so I was young and small. Being hit by her was a regular occurrence. Her husband turned a blind eye. We went to Blackpool, where Mrs. Young beat me in the hotel for making a comment about her husband. Lorna was in high school, a few years older than me, and the older daughter was in her twenties, but I didn't see much of her. She didn't intervene, while Lorna and her mother Ade bullied me, making me feel unwanted and unloved. It was only Ade who would hit me, and I showed John, her husband, my bruised leg, but it didn't seem to bother him; he didn't do or say anything. I recall going to school one day without wearing a vest, and I got punished for that too. It was a very abusive home, and Lorna never got hit, which showed favouritism. I was scared and terrified of being with the Youngs.

I had a foster family named Porter, but she fell ill with cancer, and I returned to the system. She was nice; the only two places where I didn't experience abuse or neglect were this one and the last family. I had been hit or abused in every other place I had been, so I was always expecting it. So, I ran away from the foster family, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, who lived near Overton close to Carlisle, and they were kind.

### **Calder House Blantyre.**

Calder house in Blantyre, which was run by an ex-army man. My friend and I ran away, but we were caught and taken to the barn, where we were hit with a badminton racket. He would strike us anywhere he could, even on the face. As punishment, we were forced to sit in a hallway for a week, on the floor, without speaking to anyone after we ate. We had to run three miles every time we tried to escape, and the distance would increase to six, nine, etc., regardless of the weather, as a punishment. He was the one who enforced the extreme punishments. They would sprinkle talcum powder on the floor in the hallways to see if anyone would step on it during the night, and we were expected to hold our need for the toilet until morning. They confined me in a playroom where the windows were at the ceiling's height, and they would turn off the lights. I had a lighter with me, and I ignited my trousers to escape and see, as I was neglected.

### **Flemington House (Uddingston)**

I was transferred to Uddingston children's home, where I became pregnant at 17 and was coerced into staying in the hospital with the promise of a TV for my flat. Ed Stanton the individual overseeing this facility was imprisoned for involvement in a paedophile ring, and Peggy, who had a wooden leg. I was placed in a flat without any support, but I gave birth to my child, Stephanie, after turning 18. However, that brought more trauma as I was compelled to sign documents allowing them to take her away.

This pushed me into a deeper spiral, as I had no support and had endured trauma throughout my life in care; I felt utterly alone. I turned to alcohol and have been abusing it since I became homeless. It has affected my relationships, and I struggle. I am an alcoholic and engage in self-harm. I live as a recluse, rarely going out and lacking trust in others. My alcohol use began in Carluke children's home. I relied on alcohol as a means of self-medication to cope with this trauma; it also aids my sleep, although the medication I am on now helps as well, anti-depression drugs in 2011, I was sectioned for swallowing razor blades, and my mental health has been profoundly affected throughout my life. The childcare system shattered me. Multiple border line personality with psychotic tendencies.