

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Andrew Mcphee
Date of Birth: 03/01/1964
Care Setting: clark house- 42 molbourne road - largs
Dates: 1966- April 1971
Persons Involved:

Full Statement

I was the youngest of three brothers who were placed into care, and I was frightened from the moment I arrived. This all happened after my mum's boyfriend tried to murder her. That event was extremely traumatic and shocking for me as a child. I didn't fully understand everything that was happening at the time, but I knew something very serious and dangerous had taken place. Following this, I was taken away from my home and placed into Clark House, located at 42 Melbourne Road, Largs.

Clark House housed over 26 children, all living in just two dormitories. From the very beginning, the environment felt overcrowded, unsafe, and frightening. I felt completely out of place and vulnerable. There was no sense of comfort or protection. Instead, it felt like a place where fear and control dominated everything.

While I was there, we were beaten by staff every single day. The abuse was constant and became normalised, even though it should never have been. As a child, I didn't question it because it was all I knew in that environment, but it deeply affected me. There was a gardener who would linger around and behave in ways that made me feel very uncomfortable. At the time, I didn't have the words or understanding to explain it properly—I can only describe it as strange and wrong. I knew something about his behaviour wasn't right, and it left me feeling scared, confused, and ashamed.

There was a staff member called Redina who was extremely violent towards us. She would beat us badly and showed no care, kindness, or compassion. Another staff member I remember is Mr Andrews. The overall treatment we received from staff was harsh, controlling, and cruel. We were treated like we were in the army—constantly shouted at, controlled, and punished for the smallest things. The staff would mentally torment us, deliberately upsetting and intimidating us. This left me in a constant state of anxiety, always on edge, never knowing when something bad was going to happen.

Although food was provided, it was often poor quality and unpleasant. There were also deeply humiliating experiences that have stayed with me for life. One of the worst was being dressed in girls' clothing. This felt degrading, embarrassing, and confusing. At that age, I didn't understand why this was happening, but it made me feel ashamed of myself and deeply uncomfortable in my own identity.

Another thing that has affected me for life was the level of physical abuse I endured. I was beaten and

punched frequently. I remember being badly beaten as a child while I was crying as a baby. Instead of being comforted, I was slapped and punched to keep me quiet. I was often locked away and secluded. Staff would pull my trousers down and slap me on my backside, humiliating me in front of others. This was extremely degrading and has stayed with me ever since.

They would also deliberately embarrass me and my brothers by forcing us to dress in women's clothing and then beating us. We were humiliated and degraded in ways no child should ever experience. I am aware that there is still photographic evidence of this, which makes it even more distressing knowing that those moments were recorded. These memories continue to haunt me to this day and have had a deep psychological impact on me.

In that place, children were expected to be seen and not heard. We had no voice, no protection, and no one to turn to. After a while, I was separated from my two brothers while we were in Clark House. We were not allowed to build or maintain a relationship with each other, and this was extremely painful. Instead of being supported as siblings during such a difficult time, we were isolated from each other. This caused long-term damage to our bond and added to the trauma we were already experiencing.

We were constantly bullied—not only by staff but also by other children. The staff encouraged this behaviour and often played children against one another, creating a hostile and unsafe environment. There was no sense of safety or support. We were left to fend for ourselves in an environment full of fear and aggression.

We lived in a constant state of fear, always in “fight or flight” mode. Punishments were severe and abusive. We were locked in our dormitories as punishment. I remember Mrs Forbes, the matron, who would beat us with belts, slippers, and her hands. The pain from these beatings would last for days. We would be left crying and screaming, but no one ever came to help us. It felt like we were completely invisible and forgotten.

Bathing was another traumatic experience. Staff would supervise us and force us into cold baths, where three or four children had to bathe together at the same time. This was humiliating, degrading, and stripped away any sense of privacy or dignity. It is something I have never been able to forget.

Punishments included being beaten, being made to stand outside in the dark all night, being locked in cupboards, and being verbally and physically abused. The other children in the home were also deeply affected by the environment. We were all traumatised, and this led to frequent fighting and aggression between us. The staff did nothing to protect us—in fact, they encouraged this behaviour, making everything worse.

I was also sexually abused by female staff in this care home. This has had a devastating and lifelong impact on me. This was one of the worst periods of my life, and it has left me with lasting trauma. As a result of everything I experienced, I suffer from symptoms consistent with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, severe anxiety, and depression. I have sleepless nights, nightmares, and I constantly relive what happened to me.

I struggle deeply with trust, especially with women. I have never been able to maintain long-term relationships, and I believe this is directly linked to the sexual abuse and violence I experienced from female staff in the home. The trauma has affected every aspect of my life, including my ability to feel safe, to trust others, and to form meaningful connections.

The impact on my mental health has been profound and ongoing. I live with anxiety, fear, and emotional

distress on a daily basis. The memories of what happened in Clark House do not go away—they continue to affect my thoughts, my sleep, and my overall wellbeing. I often feel like I am still living with the consequences of what happened to me as a child.

Eventually, we were sent back home to our mum and her violent boyfriend—the same environment we had been removed from. We were once again subjected to bullying, beatings, and abuse. The system knew about the risks, yet we were still returned to that situation. This made me feel completely let down and unprotected by the very system that was supposed to keep me safe. We remained there until we were old enough to leave again.

I strongly believe that the system failed me and my brothers completely. We were placed into a care environment where we were abused, neglected, and traumatised, and then returned to an unsafe home where the abuse continued. There was a complete lack of protection, care, and intervention.

The impact of these experiences has been lifelong. I suffer from PTSD, anxiety, and depression. I struggle with trust, particularly with women, and I find it extremely difficult to build or maintain relationships. My life has been shaped by the trauma I experienced, and I continue to deal with the effects every day. The system failed us in every possible way, and the consequences of that failure are something I carry with me for the rest of my life.