

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Walter Harvey
Date of Birth: 26/10/1955
Care Setting: ardgare home - helenborough
Dates: 1963
Persons Involved:

Full Statement

I was taken here and placed into care with no empathy or explanation about what was happening to me. I remember feeling completely confused, scared, and deeply upset. From the moment I arrived, I was frightened. The other children were feral, running everywhere, fighting and screaming. The noise alone was overwhelming — they sounded terrified themselves, and that fear immediately impacted me on arrival. There were no interventions from the staff whatsoever. No one tried to calm things down, no one reassured me, and no one explained anything. I was left to deal with it all on my own.

I was bullied daily. The environment was chaotic and unsafe, and I quickly became a target. There was a nurse there called Miss Young, and she is someone I will never forget. She was the only person who showed any kindness. She looked out for us in a way no one else did, and without her, things would have felt even more unbearable. Her small acts of care stood out because of how cruel everything else was.

One of the staff members allowed one of the eldest boys, who was known to be a bully, to dominate and intimidate the rest of us. What he did to me stayed with me for years. I spent around 15 years of my life wanting to find him because of the anger and pain he caused me. That anger consumed me for a long time — it ate away at me and affected how I saw the world and other people.

We were beaten and restrained regularly. I remember trying to protect my brother, and for that, I would be beaten severely — black and blue — while staff would sit and laugh as it was happening. That memory has never left me. The feeling of being powerless, of trying to do the right thing and being punished for it, has had a lasting impact on me.

I couldn't complain or ask for help. The senior matron was extremely nasty. She used bribery and manipulation, and she would lock me in my room and isolate me. She would also starve us, withholding food until children spoke up or gave her information about others. This created an environment of fear, mistrust, and betrayal among us. We were all beaten and bullied daily in that place, both by staff and other children.

I remember suffering from a serious infection — an abscess that ran from under my armpit down towards my waist. Instead of receiving proper medical care, the nurse told me to lift my arm and then slapped me hard, bursting the abscess. There was no doctor present. This happened in front of other children, who watched me scream and cry in pain. Instead of helping me, they laughed. That moment was humiliating, traumatic,

and deeply damaging. It made me feel completely worthless and dehumanised.

We had our own clothes, and I came from a poor family, so I didn't have much. I wore the same clothes every day. The staff didn't help with hygiene, and they did nothing to stop the bullying I faced because of it. This neglect affected me mentally in a very serious way. I felt ashamed, isolated, and completely unsupported.

We were bullied both mentally and physically. There was no entertainment, no comfort, and no sense of safety. I was constantly locked away, beaten, and bullied. I lived in a constant state of fear. This experience severely impacted my mental health, even at that young age. I was there for around eight weeks, during which I was terrorised and deeply affected.

I returned there several times over holidays, including Christmas, for a few weeks at a time. Each time I went back, the abuse continued. I was constantly taken out of my room, beaten, slapped, and had my hair dragged. I was pushed and beaten around the corridors by both staff and other children. These experiences have had a profound and lasting impact on my entire life.

Because of what I went through, I have struggled my whole life to trust people and to build relationships. I kept everything to myself for many years. Growing up, I only spoke to my friend about what happened, and even now, I struggle to talk about it. I have spoken to doctors, but I still suffer to this day with anxiety, depression, PTSD, and anger issues as a direct result of what I experienced.

No one truly understands what I went through or how deeply it has affected me. I have been married a few times, and I continue to struggle in my relationships because of my inability to trust and my ongoing mental health difficulties. The damage this has caused is lifelong.

For me, this is not about money — it is about justice. What happened to me has shaped my entire life in a negative way. I still suffer with my mental health badly to this day. The trauma I experienced in that place has never left me, and it has affected every aspect of my life. I truly feel that this has ruined my life. I still suffer with the anger side of things too ,