

Statement Addendum

Client Name: Graham Tarbett
Date of Birth: 27/01/1969
Care Setting: St Mary's, Kenmore
Dates: 1982-1982
Persons Involved: Mr Mass

Full Statement

I was then placed in St Mary's, Kenmore, in the secure unit (Ogilvie Wing) for a few weeks, just before Christmas. This place felt like a prison. I was badly bullied, singled out, and called horrible names. We were locked in at night and made to exercise in the snow. The mental abuse here was severe, and I was often secluded. By this point, I had lost all hope.

I was briefly returned to live with my dad and granny, but this did not last. I was then placed in The Dale School, Forthly, where the sexual abuse began. A staff member known as Mr Mass sexually abused me. I will never forget his face. He touched my legs and body in sexual ways, often in front of other children while we were watching television. He groped other children as well and asked us to do sexual things to him. He would put his hands between my legs and tell me it was a "massage." I knew this was wrong, but I felt trapped and powerless. Based on the beatings and abuse I had

already experienced in other places, I was terrified that speaking out would lead to more violence.

After a few weeks, I could not take it

anymore. I told my dad and ran away to my granny's. I was later picked up and taken straight to Balgowen, Kipton, Dundee, where I stayed for over a year. While there, the abuse continued. Ron Evan and Major Trainor, who was a major in the army, would beat me daily. They punched and kicked me, pushed me around, and encouraged other children to turn against each other for their entertainment. They verbally abused me, calling me a "bastard," "piece of shit," and telling me I was worthless. When they beat me black and blue, they would laugh and say they could do whatever they wanted to me. Over time, I started to believe what they said about me.

I was often forced to go to bed hungry if I did not like the food provided. I was locked in the dormitory for one or two days at a time with no entertainment, no company, and sometimes no meals at all. On some occasions, we were not given breakfast. I was forced to attend chapel every weekend. While it felt like a chore, it was also the only time I experienced any sense of normality. I witnessed other children being beaten as well. By this point, I was older and more aware, but the abuse had become a constant part of my life. I had no education, no support, and no one ever explained basic hygiene or cared for my wellbeing.