

# Statement Addendum

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**Client Name:** Colin Anderson  
**Date of Birth:** 03/01/1969  
**Care Setting:** Martha Frew Children's Home  
**Dates:** 1969-1972  
**Persons Involved:** Colin Keeman

## Full Statement

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I was taken into care when I was only three days old. Because I was so young, I do not have clear memories of my earliest years in care. My first real memories are from when I was around four or five years old, when I was placed at Martha Frew Children's Home in Crossford, Dunfermline.

From a very young age, I was treated horribly there, mainly by male members of staff. I was physically abused and terrorised. One staff member in particular, Colin Keeman, was extremely violent towards me. He punched and kicked me regularly. I was only a young child, and I was often left black and blue. He tormented me constantly. Other staff members were involved as well and allowed this abuse to happen, but I will never forget Colin Keeman and what he did to me.

We were left to fend for ourselves in that place. Although we were children, we were not scared of each other—we were scared of the adults who were meant to care for us. I remember children being locked in cupboards and dormitories as punishment. My belongings were taken from me, and I was dragged around by staff, pulled by my neck. I lived in constant fear.

I stayed at Martha Frew for around three years. When I was about seven years old, I was placed with a family in Denay. This family was kind to me, and for a short time I felt safe. Unfortunately, their marriage broke down, and I was returned to the children's home system. I spent another three years there, and then at around the age of ten I was placed back with Martha Frew, at their other house called Touch in Dunfermline.

As soon as I arrived back at Touch, I recognised some of the same staff who had previously abused me. Almost immediately, the abuse started again. Nothing had changed. The staff went straight back to beating me. I was hit and bullied, and they used belts on me. I was left overnight in cupboards as punishment. Staff would lie on top of me to restrain me, using their body weight to overpower me.

One of the main staff members was Edward Giles, who was later murdered for being abusive to his wife. He was extremely violent. He would grab us, pull us, slap us, and punch us down the corridors. This was

routine behaviour.

Food was described as “optional,” but if we were not there on time, we were sent to bed hungry. This was used as another way to control and punish us.

One of the most distressing aspects of my time in care was how staff handled bathing and showering. Staff members assisted us with showers and would watch us while we were naked. This made me feel deeply uncomfortable and violated. It was not normal. It was wrong. Female members of staff were always present during bath and shower times and watched us. At the time, we felt slightly safer with the women because the men were so physically violent, but looking back now, I understand how inappropriate, degrading, and abusive this was. It has stayed with me and affected how I feel about my body and personal boundaries.

Staff tried to keep me isolated from friends and seemed to enjoy creating fear and chaos. We were left for hours at a time, frightened and upset. The other children were never the problem—the staff were. We were all scared of them. We were completely neglected and left to fend for ourselves.

I was a bed-wetter because I was constantly anxious and terrified. Instead of helping me, staff humiliated me. They made me carry my wet sheets to the laundry in front of everyone. They called me “pissy pants,” threw the wet bedding at me, and forced me to lie back in it. I was shamed and degraded for something I could not control. Every night was frightening, and I never felt safe.

This abuse continued for years, until I was around fourteen or fifteen years old. I never had family visits. I was repeatedly told that I was unwanted and that no one would ever come for me. Male staff laughed while telling me this.

At around fourteen or fifteen, I was placed with a community carers family in the area of Fife. There was no abuse there, although there were arguments and struggles. After that, I was on my own.

To this day, I still struggle to talk about what happened to me. I suffer from PTSD and anxiety. I hide it as best I can, but I will never forget the horrific experiences I endured throughout my time in care. I have tried to move on with my life, but I will never be the same person. What happened to me has permanently affected me, and I will never fully trust anyone again.