

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Iain LEIGHTON

Support person present: No

1. My name is Iain Gordon Kerr Leighton. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1951. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before boarding school

2. I had the good fortune to be born to the most wonderful parents in Hong Kong. My father, [REDACTED] was a Scot from Elgin in Morayshire who, after the war, wanted to leave the UK and Scotland in particular. He had a rather domineering mother. My father left Scotland as a young man and having been to Sea School he then joined a shipping company and went to Hong Kong in 1946. He used to go up and down to Shanghai.
3. My mother's family were white Russians who had left Russia at the time of the Russian Revolution in 1917. My father met my mother, [REDACTED] in Hong Kong and they married there in 1949. I had a sister [REDACTED] and she was born on [REDACTED] 1956.
4. I had the most wonderful, happy childhood growing up in this environment in the Far East. Until I was five years old my life was immersed in Chinese culture. I was very much aware of the background that my mother had, her family having come from Vladivostok. My mother's parents were alive and her sister was alive. I was acutely aware that I also had German ancestry which I kept very quiet about during my time at boarding school. I was a bit ashamed of that because of the war.

5. I had the most wonderful childhood of sports, running around and swimming. I had a wonderful, loving family. Sports-wise I did very well but I wasn't very good at school. I wasn't sticking to my lessons despite everything that my parents did to try and keep me focused. I had too much on my mind in terms of meeting friends and playing sports.
6. I went to day school in Hong Kong. Hong Kong schools are great schools. I went to a school called Kowloon Junior School from 1956 until June 1962 and then from September 1962 I went to secondary school called King George V School and I went there for seven months until May 1963 when we went on long leave. I was happy at these schools and I was recognized as this great athlete, great runner and great sportsman but I had convinced myself I was as thick as two planks. I had never read a book. There were just too many distractions for a young boy.
7. We had an Amah called Ah Ying. An Amah was a live in Chinese lady who was your family's domestic servant but for most people she was more than that. She was also the children's nanny. If you were the number one son then she really gave you her full attention. It is only really the last few years that I have appreciated the significance of Ah-Ying on my young life. I think she and my mother convinced my father that I was too young and too sensitive to be sent away to boarding school at the age of eight.
8. Within three months of my birth my mother went back to work as a stenographer so until 1955 I was with this dear Chinese lady all the time. I formed a very close bond with the Amah and she was the person that I cried out for when I was hurt. She taught me Chinese and everything else.
9. My childhood was a wonderful blissful happy time with friends and a loving family. I was smothered with love and attention. I was spoiled. Until I went to Morrison's I never had to take out my clothes because they were always laid out for me. My shoes were always cleaned for me. Ah Ying loved me and she was the most wonderful lady who I absolutely adored. My life until I went to Morrison's Academy in September 1963 was surrounded by love, happiness and security. I never had to think about where I was going to have a meal or who was going to look after me.

10. My father left the shipping company in 1950 and joined the Hong Kong Government. They were very good employers because they provided the employee with all sorts of benefits including housing and in particular they paid the cost of their children's education. For many people that meant that boarding school was paid for by the Hong Kong Government.
11. The Hong Kong Government had a very good long-term association with Morrison's Academy, a boarding school in Crieff. I didn't know until I was fifty that the Hong Kong Government paid for all of my fees while I was at Morrison's Academy. One of the reasons I was sent to Morrison's was because of other boys who were already there.
12. I think my father had wanted me to go to Morrison's when I was eight but my mother said that was far too young and I would need to wait until 1963. That was the next time my parents would be coming home on long leave. If you worked for the Hong Kong Government then you had long leave every third year. I suppose from the age of ten I knew that I was destined for boarding school. I wasn't worried about it and I quite looked forward to it in a way.
13. I knew I was going to Boarding school but I wasn't asked if I wanted to go. I never had a choice as to whether or not I wanted to go to Morrison's Academy. My sister was given that choice and she said no. She didn't want to go but she was four and a half years younger than me. She was told that she could go if she wanted to go. The Hong Kong government paid all of the fees except for private travel to a relative for the holidays, your father paid that. All of the fees were paid for up to four children which is a lot of money.
14. I knew there was a school called Gordonstoun near where my dad's mother lived in Elgin and it was considered. Gordonstoun was eight miles away from Elgin. My father thought it might have been a good idea to send me there, however, my mother had heard that the regime at Gordonstoun was very tough with cold showers and stuff. She realized that that environment would not suit a sensitive boy like me who was used to

lovely warm showers and a pampered lifestyle. I had a pampered, spoiled lifestyle but I was not a spoilt brat.

15. My mother knew of other children who were going to Morrison's and I think my mother said that she was happy for me to go to Morrison's because she had heard that it was a good school and I would know some other boys from Hong Kong. She thought I would be more at home there. She said I was not to go before I was eleven and she put her foot down on that.

16. In May 1963 we went on leave for the third time. I knew I was going to Morrison's a few months later. I wasn't nervous, I knew that there were other boys from Hong Kong who were going to be there. However, when I left Ah Ying I was sobbing and I said to her that I would see her when I came out for my holidays in July 1964. She was about 72 then and she had decided to retire. She had worked for us since before I was born. She had told my parents that this was a good time for her to leave because I would have to have a life without her in it. She told them that she didn't want me to know because I was very sensitive and I would have enough on my plate going to boarding school. She asked them to tell me when I came out for my holiday the following year. I didn't know she had left to retire and it was a terrible shock for me the following year. She was as close as a granny could be. She was more than a domestic in our family service, she was part of my family. The bond between she and I was particularly close. That was very hard for me to adjust to. I had no one whose hand I could hold.

17. I had a blissful summer on long leave in 1963 and during that summer we motored down to Crieff, before the school broke up for the summer in July, because I had to meet the headmaster, Mr Quick. He was the best headmaster of any school and I highly respected him. I had my interview with him and I think I was very lucky because I had heard from other boys about something called the eleven plus. I never sat that because of my age and the fact that I was coming from Hong Kong. I was terrified of taking it, if I had to take it. I always thought I was stupid, in fact I am not. I had never buckled down to studying.

18. I remember the interview with the headmaster very well. It was quite exciting because we were coming down to spend a couple of nights in the Crieff area. Our previous neighbors, from when I was a wee boy until the age of five, lived in Crieff. Their son was my good pal when I was five and he was already at Morrison's so I was looking forward to seeing him again.

19. I remember looking up at the school in early July, before the breakup of the school, and it just looked so awesome to me. I saw the boys in shorts, which we all wore in those days, and thinking "crumbs, I'm coming here in September". I met the headmaster's secretary, Miss Muir, who was 4 foot 6 and four foot wide and trying not to laugh because she was a tiny wee round thing. Then I met the headmaster who was six foot six. There was wee Miss Muir and this enormous headmaster who was the rector. I remember looking up at this enormous man wearing his black coat. He was covered in cigarette smoke, he only smoked in his office.

20. I went into his office and my parents were kept outside. I chatted to him and I was pretty relaxed about it. I called him sir because my father had told me to do that all of the time. He said they were looking forward to me coming to the school and he asked me if there was anything that I was looking forward to. I asked him if there would be a chance to play golf and he said that there would because the school had a relationship with Crieff golf club so I would be able to play but that it would just be in the summer months because in the winter I would be playing rugby. I had never played rugby in my life before.

21. I liked him and I wasn't intimidated but I made a mistake. In Hong Kong we had been very influenced by American television and American language. He asked me if I was looking forward to coming and I said "yup". He said to me that we would never hear that word again and that we never use American words at Morrison's Academy. I got a bit frightened then but he was a wonderful headmaster. We may have driven up to the boarding house, Dalmhor, to have a look but I don't remember that.

Morrison's Academy, Crieff

22. Dalmhor was the boarding house and it was on Ewanfield Road in Crieff. It was a ten minute walk from the school if you were walking normally. It was just outside the grounds of the Crieff Hydro. There were a lot of very big houses built in Crieff around about 1900 so that people from Edinburgh and Glasgow would come out at weekends to their Crieff homes. The school bought a few of them. The boarding schools were outside the school grounds. Dalmhor was one of the bigger ones. It probably housed about forty pupils from the ages of eight to eighteen. The house looked intimidating from Ewanfield Road. It is a house at the top of a hill which looked foreboding, dark and cold.

23. Dalmhor was an enormous house with a tennis court to the side which adjoined the grounds of Crieff Hydro. When I joined the school in 1963, there were no external new buildings, they started the following year. There was a bungalow built for the housemaster two years later. There were outbuildings behind Dalmhor which would have kept a horse and carriage for the owners about 1900. You had a separate cottage like a mews where the horses and carriage where.

24. You came into the house and there was a hallway where you put your slippers on. There was a cabinet on the right and that's where you put your slippers. A piece of paper with your name on it told you were to put your shoes and coat. On the left you had the big common room where we all did our prep and we all had a locker to put our books in. Then the next room was the dining room and next to the dining room were huge kitchens. I don't think the staff could stay there overnight they just came in the morning. Also on the ground floor there were toilets and the housemaster's study which was where we used to get our pocket money.

25. As you went upstairs you had the dormitories. On the first floor you had the housemaster's living room, two bedrooms and a bathroom. The dormitory for the wee boys who were eight years old was also on that floor. Then you went up to the top floor and there were four bedrooms with about eight boys in each. I went into a top floor

dorm because I was eleven and I shared with boys who were eleven. Every year you went up a dorm.

26. When I went to Morrison's there was a matron who I became very fond of, Mrs McVie, and she was very kind to me. There were certain people who were very kind to me and they were all woman. She was a traditional matron with enormous bosoms. If you were upset then she would hug you so that you were almost suffocated between her enormous bosoms. She retired two years later.
27. A young glamorous lady who was only twenty one came as our matron. She lasted for three months and then I think a nice lady replaced her but I don't remember her name. They were all nice and very friendly and very helpful. The matron was always someone you could go to for a cuddle. Although I liked the housemaster's wife, Mrs [REDACTED] she always looked petrified and she was always looking towards her husband, as if for approval.
28. We had domestic staff, the cook and at least two other ladies. There was one called Mrs McDonald who I was very fond of. All I wanted was a hug and anyone who hugged me became a friend. I was so longing to be hugged because my Scottish granny who I spent half terms with was an atheist, rather grumpy and a non-hugger. I just wanted to be hugged. The enormous cook wasn't very kind and was always eating but Mrs McDonald was a very kind lady.

Routine at Morrison's Academy

First day

29. I remember my first day very clearly. My father drove down with me. My parents and sister were staying in a house they had rented in Lossiemouth and they weren't flying back to Hong Kong until December, just after Christmas. My first Christmas in the UK was with them.

30. My father drove me down and we arrived at Dalmhor. We met the housemaster PDS [REDACTED] for the first time. He was wearing a three piece suit. When I think about it he was only thirty two. He had brill creamed hair and was a thin man whose hands were cold. He said that he wanted me to meet some other boys who I would be sharing a dormitory with. There was a chap called [REDACTED] and another chap called [REDACTED] who I am still very friendly with.
31. I just remember, at that time, you came into the foyer of Dalmhor and you had to take your shoes off and put slippers on. I remember going to the window of the common room where we would do prep and waving goodbye to my father. I didn't cry at all. I remember going to the housemaster and saying that I was used to having a shower at half past six. I asked him where the showers were and where I could get a towel. He had a fit and asked me where I thought I was. He said I wasn't in Hong Kong now and that they didn't have a single shower in the whole of Crieff. I think he made that up. At the time I wondered what I was going to do. He told me that I would have one bath a week. I distinctly remember thinking that was awful. He said that I was going to share the bath with [REDACTED] I wondered who that was and it turned out to be a boy three times my size who would take up the whole bath. I was horrified within half an hour of arriving there. I was thinking that I was going to stink. One of the boys told me that we would be down at the rugby fields more or less every second day and also swimming three times a week and there were showers there. I was told not to worry.
32. I didn't cry that first night but I was very concerned about my mother's birthday a week later. This was around [REDACTED] September and my mother's birthday was on the [REDACTED] so I needed to buy a card. On the second day I was told that I couldn't go into the town until the following Saturday. Four years ago I met the wife of PDS [REDACTED] PDS [REDACTED] who was very kind to me at school. A teacher who I kept in touch with called Mr CFS [REDACTED] arranged for us to meet up in Glasgow. She told me she had been worried about me because I was so lost and everything was so unfamiliar to me. She mentioned that I hadn't known what porridge was or what margarine was. She said I was very agitated because the one thing that was on my mind was giving my mum a birthday card. She asked me if I remembered what happened next but I didn't remember. She reminded that she bought me a card and she posted it for me.

33. When my mother died ten years ago and I was going through her papers and I found it. There is was. I said in the card that I was ok and that I was missing them. I wished her a happy birthday and I said she was not to think about one year ago today when the dog died. My mum always found that very amusing because I reminded her about the dog. We had a Scotty and it had to be put down.

Mornings and bedtime

34. I remember the views from our dormitory towards a place called Comrie in the distance. That is a lovely memory for me because in 1963 you would see the early morning steam train coming through Crieff and going to Comrie. That was a wonderful site and a happy sight for me.
35. I remember some nights were so cold because there were no duvets. The beds were pre-war and if they were First World War beds then they were fifty years old. The springs had sprung and when you got into bed your bottom nearly touched the floor. The blankets were like out of a prison. We had sheets and blankets that had to be folded in a particular way. If you didn't attain that standard of excellence then everything had to be stripped and started again, very much as if you were in the army.
36. There was no heating in these dormitories at all and we had to sleep with the windows open. They were obsessed with keeping windows open so any germs could fly out. I do remember waking up and seeing icicles at the windows. I hated the cold in the winter. The winter of 1963 was so cold, how we didn't freeze to death I don't know. The housemaster, ^{PDS} [REDACTED] had heating in his quarters, that's for sure.
37. Boys always smell, girls don't. You can imagine a dorm full of boys. There were terrible stinks and the lighting of farts to see how long the flame went. When I think about it now, I'm surprised no one was killed.
38. There was the first gong that sounded at seven and that was the gong that told the wee boys that they were to be the first to go to the toilets and wash their faces and so

on. We then took it in turns to go down, one room at a time. Then there was the gong for breakfast at eight in the morning. We would have prayers blessing the food that we were about to eat, we would have our breakfast and then we would clean our teeth.

39. There was often a shoe inspection. It wasn't every morning but once or twice a week we would gather in the hallway, put our shoes on and then the prefects would gather to inspect our shoes. If you weren't up to scratch then you were taken aside and beaten because you weren't doing a good job. You were meant to clean your shoes the night before. PDS [REDACTED] would only do an inspection about once a week and if he found your shoes were scruffy and not cleaned then you were taken out and hit with the slipper. Otherwise it would be the two senior prefects who inspected your shoes. They might tell the housemaster if your shoes were scruffy or you would probably be given lines.

Mealtimes/Food

40. At breakfast the first morning I saw this lump of yellow stuff on the table next to a tiny bit of butter that I recognised. The size of the butter was about one and a half times the size of a matchbox so that all went in two seconds when some boys took big chunks out of it. We were left with this yellow stuff. We had butteries which are Scottish rolls from Aberdeen. The boys told me to put the yellow stuff on to my roll. It was horrible tasting and I asked what it was. They told me that it was margarine and it was good for me. I said it was like a lubricant that would go on an engine of a car.
41. It was a Dickensian setting and prayers were said by the housemaster at the start of every meal and then you could chat as long as you weren't very loud. The cook, who was absolutely enormous, would come out carrying a huge metal teapot which she would replenish now and again.
42. I had a hatred of tea leaves and I had been a bit spoilt in Hong Kong. When I came back from school Ah-Ying would bring me tea in a wee silver teapot alongside a wee silver milk jug and a wee silver tea strainer. She would pour my tea through a tea

strainer. I didn't even pour it myself. She would pour the tea and the tea leaves would adhere to the strainer so that you didn't have any in the tea.

43. In Morrison's, on my first morning, all I could see was big chunks coming out of the spout for these other boys. I was not happy about this at all. When she came to me and asked me to put up my cup I told her that I didn't want to be a nuisance but could she bring me a tea strainer. That went down like a lead balloon. She told Mr PDS [REDACTED] that I was being very fussy and that I wanted a tea strainer and then everyone laughed at me. I was given the name Tea Leaves and within two years my name was abbreviated to Leaf and when I go to school for a reunion now I am still called Leaf, not Iain.
44. On a Sunday we had breakfast an hour later, at nine. Church was at eleven. The eggs had been made at seven in the morning so they were like Frisbees by the time we ate them. They were as hard as rubber. A few years later we were given cornflakes but for the first few years it was always porridge. The porridge, you could turn your plate over and nothing would come out. I love porridge now. We never starved but we never had any fruit because that was expensive. You could buy your own on Saturdays. I hated Figs and once a week we had Figs or prunes to make sure our bowels worked well. However, generally the food was good. Scotch pies and baked beans was a delicious meal.
45. High tea was at five and that might be fish cakes and chips then tea and a bun. Half seven was when we had our only break and the cook brought in the huge teapot and some biscuits. We weren't allowed to touch a biscuit until the housemaster had finished reading from the bible and that could go on for ten minutes.

Washing/bathing

46. There was a bathroom upstairs with one bath in it. I had to share during my first year and we had one official bath a week, on a Friday. [REDACTED] who I was to share with, took up most of the bath and that was pretty horrid. It was physically impossible for me to get in a bath with [REDACTED] so I would wait until he came out. That went on until

I went up to the next year. We had a copious amount of hot water so the boiler in the house must have worked. We had radiators in the big bathroom on which to put our towels to dry.

47. You had to be out of the bath in fifteen minutes which was pretty quick. There would be fresh water for the two boys who went in next. There was a bath which you didn't have to share when you got older and when you were a prefect you could have a bath whatever night you wanted.
48. I think sometimes the matron came in to make sure that we weren't fooling around. If there were too many splashing noises or too much noise then one of the prefects came in. PDS [REDACTED] probably came in from time to time to tell us to stop making a din.

Clothing/uniform

49. When I first started, irrespective of your height, you had to wear shorts. That rule was changed about 1967 so that if you were above a certain age then you could wear long trousers. It did look ridiculous because some of the boys were very tall and wearing shorts. It looked crazy. When you were in shorts you were in red stockings up to your knee. You had a very smart blazer and I was very proud of my blazer. There was also a shirt and a school tie. We all wore a raincoat and hat. Even if it was a bonny day you had to wear a raincoat.
50. What I struggle with is that you were given clean clothes on a Saturday and probably two pairs of underpants so you changed your underpants on a Wednesday and a Saturday and you probably had two shirts, two pairs of socks and a vest. It was all to reduce the laundry bill because it was done by a company. They paid a company to collect the laundry, wash it and bring it back. All of our clothes, including socks, had to have your name sewn into it. It was one of the matron's jobs to put everything together. Where her room was there were cubby holes where the clean laundry was put.

Leisure time

51. If you were a boarder then you had to join the Army Corps at a certain age, but not if you were a day boy. That meant you had to dress up in army uniform on a Friday afternoon because there was a parade as if you were in the army. After school there was drill which was headed by Major Meechan who is still alive. He is ninety eight years old and lives in Crieff. He is the only teacher who ever caught on fire. He smoked a pipe and he must have gone out on a break and put his pipe in his pocket not realising that there were still embers in it. During our Latin class one of the boys said "Sir, you're on fire".
52. Major Meechan was in charge of the army corps and it was fun. During the summer months we would go to Cultybraggan, near Comrie. During the war years Cultybraggan was where the German prisoners of war were sent. After the war it became an army camp so we went there. We had firing lessons and we were able to use guns which was fun. Next to the swimming pool at school we had a firing range and we were taught rifle drill. We were taught the basics of being in the army.
53. You were always very proud of your uniform. You were inspected and your boots and brass had to be in top nick. You had to put special green stuff on your belts. You had to polish the silver thing on your beret. It was a good education in taking pride in yourself. That was fun and it wasn't an endurance. Some boys hated it and resented the fact that day pupils didn't have to do it. As a boarder you had to go into the school corps. It was very much encouraged to build character.
54. We had no telephone. We had one newspaper and I enjoyed that. We also had a radio. On Fridays and Saturdays we could watch television in the TV room next to Mr PDS's bathroom. Otherwise it was out of bounds and PDS used it as a sort of study. A Friday and Saturday was nice because we didn't have prep and we could watch television until a certain time.

55. We had playfields outside and what is known as the knock, behind the hotel, and you could go up there for walks. In the winter, during the snow, we were allowed to go there with sledges and that was fun.
56. We were given pocket money which I think was two shillings in those days. We queued up at the housemaster's study to get that. On a Saturday, if you weren't playing rugby, you were allowed into the town. That was the only day of the week that you were allowed into the town. You had to wear your uniform but if you came back from the town you could put on casual clothes. I don't remember what I wore. There was a fruit shop which I liked to go to. You didn't spend your own money, you ordered fruit and took it away and your parents would be billed at the end of term.
57. On Sunday when we went out for walks I liked walking through the Crieff Hydro because there were normal people there. We only dealt with school staff or domestic staff in the house so going through the Hydro was nice.

Trips and holidays

58. I went to stay with my father's mother during holidays.

Schooling

59. Morrison's Academy had a boys' school and a girls' school next to one another but the Governors were the same for both. The schools were separated and we weren't allowed to speak to the girls.
60. You left for school at twenty to nine and you were down there by nine. You went to assembly, the teachers came in wearing their black robes and there was reading from the bible. You had assembly then you had a break at half past ten when milk was provided. Then you went back to class until half past twelve and that was lunch. We had to go back to Dalmhor even if it was pouring of rain. You had to put your hat and coat on and walk back to Dalmhor. You had your lunch and then as soon as you were finished your lunch you had to go back to school. There was no afternoon break and

school finished at half past three. Prep started at six and we were all in the common room. The prefects might have been allowed to use the housemaster's study

61. I repeated a year after my first O-Levels. I got six O-Levels which is pretty good but the headmaster thought I was too young so I repeated a year. As my father always said, it was a good call on the headmaster's part for me to repeat a year. I did very well and in the end I got 30 O-levels in all.
62. Education was important at school. You had to study hard and work hard which I did. There was one point when my parents were convinced that the school reports for me had been substituted for the wrong pupil. I went to Morrison's with school reports from Hong Kong which were pleasing in that I was described as a very happy and pleasant boy but they said that there needed to be significant improvement in my abilities to knuckle down and studies. By 1966, three years after I had started at Morrison's, I was coming first in most subjects apart from arithmetic and mathematics. I was very pleased and very proud but I worked hard and we had to because we had prep every night. My grandmother in Elgin insisted on seeing my school reports before anyone. I was particularly keen to be in her good books because she had a sharp tongue. The school sent my school report to her and then she would forward it to my parents.
63. I have no hesitation in saying that the teaching was to a very high standard. I had the highest respect for some teachers. We had an English teacher called Mr Ryan who sadly died from a heart attack and I was devastated. That was the first time that I experienced someone who I had known dying and I was terribly upset about it. My grammar and spelling have never been great. He used to say to me after we had done an essay that I hadn't done well in terms of spelling or grammar but that I had come top in class for the ability to write a story and to use my imagination.
64. I adored my history teacher who was a wonderful teacher. Mr CDU was wonderful. My art teacher was wonderful. Being at the school I loved but I would trudge back to the boarding school.

65. During the day you went from class to class. You would tend to be with the boys your own age, especially if they were in your boarding house. You could make friends with boys in other houses and I did become friendly with some of them but after the sports in the afternoon you went back to your boarding house and you stayed there. I had about five good friends but because I stayed behind a year my good friends went ahead of me.

Sporting activities

66. Most days there were games after school. You went down to the rugby fields. In front of Dalmhor there was a playing field. As soon as we were finished at school you could go back to the house, put on your play clothes and go out to play football, run around and play games. Then you came back and changed back into your uniform.

Healthcare

67. We had medical inspections once a year which were acutely embarrassing if they were carried out by a female doctor. There was privacy. The school contracted with a local GP to do that. Normally you were seen by old man but his younger daughter, who was around twenty four years old, took over the practice and she started doing these inspections. A young boy's testicles are supposed to drop and you don't know if they have dropped or not. That was quite embarrassing when you were a fourteen year old boy. If any of us were sick, for example with flu, then a doctor would come and I suppose that was national health.
68. I learned as an adult that the headmaster had written to my father expressing concerns about my mental health. I don't remember any concerns being raised with me. I do remember pulling lumps of hair out and I remember my granny asking why I had hair missing. I told her that I must have been worried about something and pulled it out. I remember suffering badly with insomnia. I couldn't sleep and I was worried about things. I wasn't given any help with that. We were near a church and I remember hearing the bells every hour through the night. We were up at half past seven and

sometimes I didn't sleep at all. At that age you just got through things. I was a nervous, sensitive, insecure lad.

Religious instruction

69. The school was Protestant, it wasn't a Catholic school. If you were Catholic then you couldn't attend morning assembly which is absolutely awful. I was acutely aware of two friends who were Catholic who weren't allowed into morning assembly and I remember at that time thinking how awful that discrimination was. I had grown up in Hong Kong, in an environment where there was no racism and I had friends from all over the world. You are not born to be a racist, you are taught to be a racist. We learn from others who are racist. When I came to Morrison's in 1963 one of the boys in the boarding school said to me "I hope you're not Catholic". I had such a shock. One of my closest friends was from a Jewish family. I had never been exposed to any discrimination until that first day at Morrison's when the boy said "I hope you're not Catholic". It was deeply shocking.
70. There was no religious education. You were just shoved into church on Sundays and listened.

Work

71. The domestic staff were employed to clean the house but we boys had jobs to do. Someone cleaned the common room one night a week, someone cleaned the dining room one night a week, someone cleaned the hallway one night a week and so it went on. We cleaned the whole house but these ladies were employed to do the same thing. That always confused me. We were doing work and they were being paid but we weren't.
72. The ritual of bed checking in the morning was very important. If you are going to have any regime then you need to have discipline but in Dalmhor that discipline went beyond what was reasonable. There was the checking of beds by the two most senior prefects

and by the housemaster. Not every day by the housemaster but if you didn't come up to scratch then you would be thrashed.

73. It was a very clean place because we boys cleaned the place all the time. That place was spotlessly clean as if you were in the army. That sort of cleanliness.

Birthdays and Christmas

74. I cried at my grannies because she was an atheist so there was no Christmas tree and no presents. It was much easier for other boys to go home at Christmas to their families. I was the only one that I can remember who went to a granny who was an atheist. There were no phone calls because she didn't have a phone.

75. I was at school on my birthdays. There was nothing special. I would get a card from my family and my friends would say happy birthday but there was no special cake.

Personal possessions

76. Mr ^{PDS} [REDACTED] used to like going through your locker to see what was there. I remember I had a spot on my face and I was upset about this blemish. I was told at the chemist about a product called Clearasil so I bought that. It was confiscated as being unnecessary. You could have books, comics, photos and a hot water bottle in your locker.

77. I remember an incident that upset me involving a theft. I was probably fifteen. Coming back from Hong Kong, my mum's friend had given me twenty pounds which was a lot of money. I kept it in my blazer and one day it had gone. There was an inquiry but we never found out who it was. It was one of the boys in my boarding house, of that there was no doubt.

Bed Wetting

78. [REDACTED] was a bed wetter and he received beatings from the prefects and from PDS [REDACTED] with the slipper. I used to go under my bed and put my hands over my ears. I was covering my ears because I could hear this particular boy, [REDACTED] screaming. I hated his screaming, it was simply awful. There were concerns about my mental health but this was only because my mental health had been effected by what I had seen and witnessed.
79. [REDACTED] was being beaten by the older prefects for wetting the bed. He was beaten weekly, maybe twice a week. It was very frequent. The beatings took place in the dormitory downstairs. Some of the bully prefects went in to check his bed. He would have wet his bed and have to change the sheets. He would have been beaten in front of the other boys and then he would have been given the slipper by the housemaster after that. I'm surprised he didn't jump off a cliff.
80. [REDACTED] was eight years old. His sister was a year older and she was in one of the girls' houses. Their father was a policeman on an island near Fiji. He was commissioner of police. Until coming to Crieff neither of them had ever worn shoes. I felt a fish out of water going to Morrison's and the situation must have been worse from them. I felt so sorry for him but there was nothing I could do.
81. It was talked about openly among the boys and we all knew he was wetting the bed. We older boys would say to ourselves, thank goodness we don't wet the bed. Apart from anything else it was a nuisance for the laundry. We only changed one sheet once a week. You changed your bottom sheet and put your top sheet on the bottom so you only got one fresh sheet a week so this boy was putting strain and additional cost of the laundry because it was one sheet every day.

Visitors

82. The next time I saw my family was the following month on my twelfth birthday. I was very much looking forward to my parents coming down with my sister. They were

staying in a hotel in the centre of Crieff and they were taking me out. My parents took me out and I had to wear my uniform. They came on the Saturday and they were going home the next day but they took me out for tea in the hotel and I was sobbing away.

83. I found arithmetic very hard. I took my lessons and asked for my father's help. I found dealing with pounds, shillings and pence impossible because in Hong Kong we had dollars and cents. I came to this country and had to understand that there not only were there twelve pennies in a shilling and twenty shilling in a pound but you had things like guineas and farthings. I got myself in a terrible stew about it all. I remember now how hard that was.
84. Sports day was always a very happy day but it was a sad day for me because we were allowed out for lunch if a relative could take you out for lunch but I had no one. I was the only one at Dalmhor who had nowhere to go so I would be in the boarding house while everyone else was out with a relative. That was a bit of a sad day. There were great days and there were less great days.
85. Another sad day was speech day which took place shortly before term ended. That was also a day when your family could come and take you out for lunch if they wanted but my family could never do that.

External Inspections

86. I don't recall any external bodies coming in to inspect the school. However, my friend [REDACTED] has told me that there were inspections. [REDACTED] during the school year of 1969 to 1970 so it may be that he was told about inspections and I was not.
87. I don't remember any inspections from the school either. Once a year, normally before the summer holidays, Mr Quick the headmaster would come to lunch. He would sit at the head table but he only came for lunch, there was no inspection. There was no supervision of PDS [REDACTED]'s post.

Family contact

88. My mother wrote to me and I got her letters on a Monday. My father wrote to me and I got his letters on a Wednesday. My father's letters were eight pages long and I loved getting his letter. My mother's were written on an aerogram and an aerogram is quite small. I was able to open them.
89. When I went to Morrison's at the age of eleven I could write a letter without the housemaster reading it. If you were junior the housemaster read your letters and PDS would often make a boy rewrite a letter because he didn't like what they were saying. Apart from letters you were completely cut off, you couldn't make a phone call. You were on your own.

Discipline

90. I wasn't given any kind of code of conduct when I arrived at the school and it was all a steep learning curve. In my case, practically vertical. I'm not aware of punishments being recorded. I have wondered if the school kept any records of complaints to parents. I doubt it thinking of the early 60s. If they did then they will all be destroyed by now.
91. We weren't allowed any contact with the girls during the school day but you could chat to a girl after school. Even to look at the girls' part of the school was an offence. We didn't know that the girls' could look at us from their building and they used binoculars to do so. I made a lot of money that way as an intermediary. I was well known as the person who could diplomatically tell a boy or a girl that they had been dropped, for which I was given sixpence.
92. I never ran away but others did. ran away one day and overnight. He was brought back the next day. I can't remember the details of it. I had nowhere to run to. I don't know what the consequences were if you ran away.

93. There were occasions when someone was expelled. There was a fourteen year old boy who got a girl pregnant and he was expelled from the school. He wasn't in my year or boarding house.

Prefects / senior pupils

94. Unless you showed me a photograph of the boys who were prefects when I joined in 1963, I couldn't tell you the names of those boys except one. That one was very nice to me and his surname was [REDACTED] and his nickname was [REDACTED]. He was a super guy. On Sundays we would be taken out for walks and he used to take us out for miles in the countryside. He would explain what the trees were and what the flowers were. We taught us about the birds and the bees. That was where we got our sex education from. Not from a teacher but from a laddie who was only seventeen. He was marvellous and I have tried repeatedly, through the school, to find out what happened to him but they have no idea.
95. The extent of the prefect's powers was to give you lines or to write a certain number of words on a given subject, for example you might have to write five hundred words on butterflies. In retrospect writing about a subject wasn't as bad. I didn't mind getting punishments like that because you at least learnt something. If you had to write five hundred lines stating you would not do something again then you learnt nothing and it was absolutely pointless. The prefects weren't authorised to hit you. Prefects didn't have the power to use the slipper on you but you may have got a punch or two from them. The behaviour of the prefects was encouraged by PDS [REDACTED] because they were his eyes and his ears, they fed him information about behaviour generally. He condoned their actions and they condoned his actions.
96. If you were a fag, unless you had done something terribly wrong, your fagmaster wouldn't hit you. He didn't want to because you were doing so many menial tasks. You were washing his rugby kit, you were ironing his rugby kits, and you cleaned his clothes. He gave you thrupence every week from his pocket money as your wages. You didn't want to be on the wrong footing with the person who chose you as their fag. That person chose you and it was a great honour to be a fag. I remember being a fag

to someone who I think was called [REDACTED] He never put a hand on me and he was a very nice man.

97. By 1968 there was another building next to us which was a girls' boarding house but that stopped. One of the boarding houses for boys shut and most of the boys from that house, which consisted mostly of younger boys, moved to Dalmhor number two. It was a separate building about 300 yards behind Dalmhor. I was put in charge as head prefect of that house for the last two years. I made sure the stupid rules about inspecting beds and sheets and listening to doors at night to people chattering away were stopped. It was absolutely banned. I was proud of that. People acted reasonably and used their judgement reasonably. I never had my own fag so fagging must have stopped round about 1968, before I was a prefect.

Abuse at Morrison's Academy, Crieff

PDS [REDACTED]

98. The boarding house was a loveless, cold place where you were frightened of telling a joke or laughing because it would be frowned on by Mr PDS [REDACTED] You couldn't laugh, especially on a Sunday. Many of the teachers had nick names but PDS [REDACTED] PDS [REDACTED] didn't have a nickname.
99. In 1966 my parents had come home again. They came home every three years. They were coming to pick me up for a weekend, shortly before my birthday.
100. Tea invariably involved copious amounts of baked beans and you know what boys are like with baked beans. During the evening prayers someone let rip and it was horrendous. I went into hysterical laughter and couldn't stop but I wasn't the perpetrator of the fart. The housemaster pulled me out by the scruff off my neck. He called me a filthy boy and said that I had been a disgrace. I was fourteen at this time but I was really thrashed. At that age I was allowed to keep my underpants on. I had to bend over and he gave me six very forceful whacks on my bottom with his leather

slipper. One whack is enough. That happened in his study downstairs and to this day it is spoken about by my friends from school. They remember it very clearly. No one owned up to having done the deed but I took the blame. It was a ridiculous situation and I can smile about it now but it has a sting in its tail and that was the thrashing.

101. The exeat for my birthday was cancelled and my parents received a letter a week before my birthday saying that I couldn't be allowed out and that I was a disgrace to myself, the boarding house and the school for the outrageous behaviour on my part. I will never forgive him for that because it was so cruel.
102. I learned from the housemaster that my visit with my parents was cancelled. He told me straight after the thrashing that he was cancelling my exeat. Exeat meant you were allowed out and also could spend the night somewhere. I never saw the letter that was sent to my parents but they told me afterwards. My parents told me that they were sorry that our trip had been cancelled and that they looked forward to speaking to me about the circumstances. I must have told them the truth but I don't remember their reaction. I was very distressed about my exeat being cancelled and there was no one to speak to about that. I may have mentioned it to the matron. I was probably going to be seeing my parents at half term, which was two weeks later. That is probably when I would have told them about this.
103. PDS [REDACTED] was a [REDACTED] teacher and had a belt in class but I don't remember him using that in the boarding house. He only used the slipper in the boarding house. They were beautiful red leather slippers with a leather, hard bottom. I can visualise him polishing up these red slippers. It was quite the weapon and the use of it brought tears to your eyes.
104. The only time I was naughty was in Church. Religion and I are not great bedfellows, although I am a Christian. On Sundays Dalmhor used to go to a church called St Andrew's in Crieff. I was terrible for putting rude words into hymns and then causing the other boys round about me to giggle. If PDS [REDACTED] heard then his slipper made contact with my bottom again.

105. There was a rule that we were not allowed to talk after lights out and PDS loved coming up stairs on tip toe and listening at the doors after light out. The door would swing open and he would ask who was talking. He would say that if no one came forward then we would all be beaten. We had a code of honour so that if you were caught then you admitted it was you and you were taken downstairs. In my case that happened five or six times because I am quite a chatterbox. I was probably taken down half a dozen times and I got PDS's slipper for talking after lights out.
106. Between 1968 and 1970 PDS had gone and there was a new housemaster called CFR who I liked and respected very much. The change of housemaster was hugely beneficial. He was a different character, with a different nature. He had a lovely wife who was approachable. Mrs who I like, was not approachable because she was so frightened of her husband.
107. When he left the school the boarding house suddenly lightened up. The day he left, we were so happy.

Prefects

108. During the school years 1963 to 1946 and 1964 to 1965 I could not tell you who the prefects at the house, who made our lives a misery, were. I couldn't tell you any names unless I saw a photograph. I think I have blocked that out.
109. When I arrived in September 1963, we all had to put our trunks in one of the outbuildings next to the mews cottage where the matron lived. I was helping stack them one day. There was me and one of the prefects. He told me to get in a laundry basket for fun and to see if I could fit in it. There were just the two of us there. I wondered why he would want me to get in a laundry basket but he said "just do it" so I did and he tied me in it and then he ran off. I started screaming and I think an hour later someone else heard me and came in and undid the straps. It was awful. I don't remember who the prefect was but it would be someone in the sixth year. I couldn't move inside it and I just remember panicking. At least I could breathe because the

basket had slats but it was terribly frightening. It was another junior boy, maybe sixteen, who let me out. I can't remember whether I reported it.

110. I was a tall boy for my age. I was tall at twelve. My father said to me not to let anyone bully me. There was a prefect who decided to bully me one day when I was about twelve years old and he was seventeen. What he didn't know was that I was quite a karate expert, having been taught karate in Hong Kong, and I laid into him. He was away for three weeks in hospital with damaged kidneys. I was protecting myself and it was self-defence. In Hong Kong I was taught at school to defend myself with karate.
111. I was called to the headmaster and told that what had happened was very serious irrespective of me being attacked first. I said to him that my father had told me not to let anyone bully me. That man never bullied me again.
112. I can't remember exactly how the bullying started but what often happened with older prefects was that you would all be in the common room and suddenly two prefects would decide to pick on someone. You would be told to stand up and one of the prefects would hit you on one arm and then the other prefect would hit you on the other arm and you would be asked who hit the hardest. You would be between a rock and a hard place and that was when the physical beatings would happen. If you were a smaller boy then you would stand back because you didn't have the power. There weren't any adults around when they would do that.
113. The years between 1963 and 1967 are what I call the bad years where bullying occurred. The prefects would take it in turn to listen at the dormitory doors after lights out. There was a rule that you couldn't say a word after lights out. If the prefect who was on duty heard a voice then he could demand to know who was talking and he had the authority to give you lines. I don't remember any prefect thrashing anyone physically because of lights out but PDS [REDACTED] did.
114. When I was fourteen I was playing outside of the house in the field and we were looking for a football. There was an older boy who dropped my trousers and tried to do

something to me. I ran out of the bushes. A couple of months later he had left. He had been in the sixth form.

115. Life at the boarding house in those early years, dealing with punishments which you thought were unnecessary, was very hard. To be punished because you were chatting after lights out was ridiculous. In my case, to be punished because I laughed at someone breaking wind during the reading of the bible. You were always fearful that you were going to be hit, especially by one of the older prefects. Someone was going to come up and bully you.
116. On one hand there were these terrible incidents which were upsetting but on the other hand there were occasions that brought me great joy like going out on Sunday walks. The last three years of my life at Morrison's Academy and as a boarder were particularly happy and I was doing well. The beatings had stopped, the terrible assaults by prefects had stopped and I was given responsibility.

Teaching Staff

117. We had one teacher who was a bit of an abuser. I can't remember his name now. In those days the teachers used a leather belt and there were two teachers who used these belts whether you had committed an offence or not on the basis that later in the day you would commit an offence so you might as well be belted now. One of them was Miss ^{FQW} who was the [REDACTED] teacher. She was four foot six and she relished in taking the belt down. She would shout to a boy of over six foot, "Lower your hands laddie". She used the belt with finesse and made an Olympic sport of it. She would take a hop, skip and jump and take the belt down on someone's hand and that really hurt. She brought the belt right to the back of her head and then brought it right down. I got the belt from her and I saw other pupils get the belt. Back in those days the belt was a daily occurrence. Back then it was the norm. If you did something terribly wrong, like being abusive to your teacher then you would be sent to the headmaster, Mr Quick, and you would be given three or four of the strap from him. I never did. I was never an unruly or abusive pupil.

118. The other man was an old [REDACTED] teacher whose name I have forgotten but I think he was zKMR something. He was over sixty when I joined the school. In the [REDACTED] class you sat on little stools and if your legs were exposed he liked to come round and whack them so that the leather strap wrapped around your legs. That was really painful because you were wearing shorts. If you asked what that had been for he would say that it was because later on you would do some mischief and you might as well be punished now. That wasn't fair. That happened to me but not that often. I wasn't really a naughty pupil.

Second Matron

119. The matron who replaced Mrs McVie [REDACTED] had won the Miss Perthshire Dairy Queen title [REDACTED] and she looked like Marilyn Munroe. She lasted three months because she was found in bed with [REDACTED] prefect. He was a nice prefect and very handsome. He got the flu and PDS [REDACTED] found her in the boy's bed which was a bit embarrassing. She said she was helping him get over flu but she was actually teaching him the facts of life. We heard about it from him and it came down the line. He was very proud.
120. We all thought she was great, she was gorgeous. We were all sorry about what had happened because we all liked her. We were told by the housemaster that she had other career opportunities to pursue but she had been sacked. There were no consequences for the prefect and she had to take all the blame. There was no inquiry. I have often wondered what happened to her. She would be about eighty two now.
121. That is my memory of events but I am aware that my friend, [REDACTED] remembers it differently. His recollections is that she left after a short period because she had propositioned a prefect and she was not found in bed with him.

Reporting of abuse at Morrison's Academy

122. If you wanted to speak to someone about the abuse then that would be the matron, Mrs McVie. There were no other staff in the boarding house. The matron was a dear soul and she was about seventy. We all met for breakfast and it was obvious that sometimes she jumped out of bed, into her clothes and came to breakfast because some days her wig was back to front. She had white hair but it was a wig. She was a very nice lady. She was a traditional granny-type who you would go to for a hug and she would give you that hug.
123. The matron was aware of the hitting by the prefects and the use of the slipper by PDS [REDACTED] If you were really sore you would go to the matron to see if she could treat it with a balm. She would ask if the injury had come about as a result of the slipper.
124. I remember speaking to her one day and telling her about my concerns. I was upset about something and I realised that she had nodded off. She was completely asleep. I had been with her for about half an hour and was probably very upset about something and telling her the whole story.
125. Once I was bleeding and I went to her the following morning. PDS [REDACTED] had hit me with the leather slipper and my underpants had been down. That left a mark and I was left bleeding. She was a bit concerned and I think she put germline on the area that I had been hit. I went to her and asked her to have a look because it was hurting me to sit down. She was saying "oh dear". She must have known what was happening occasionally but she would have wanted her salary. She wouldn't have wanted to be fired. She had her accommodation provided free and her meals. She wasn't going to rock the boat.
126. The matrons over the years would have been very well aware of the physical abuse but from their point of view, they had their board and lodging paid. If they were going to rock the boat then that was them out. They wouldn't take any action because they would be thinking about their own position. Mrs McVie was divorced, she didn't have

much of an income and living as she did with board and lodgings free helped her. I don't decry the fact that she wouldn't have gone to the headmaster. There would have been a culture of "keep quiet".

127. I didn't talk about it to my parents and I didn't mention terrible incidents to them even when we were on holiday because they would only worry about me going back to a place where I was terribly unhappy. My mother in particular wouldn't have wanted that and would have been terribly upset. I never wrote to my family when they were in Hong Kong. If there was something upsetting me about abuse at school, more often than not the abuse that I witnessed I didn't mention it because I didn't want my parents to be upset or worried. They were at the other side of the world
128. I never discussed it with my granny who was not the easiest person anyway. We just discussed it amongst ourselves, the boys. We had great friendships and my friendship with [REDACTED] is still very strong. We could discuss anything we wanted to talk about.

Leaving Morrison's Academy

129. Mr Williamson was my history teacher. He said that I was very good at history and at writing history so had I thought about doing history at university? He thought I would be good as a teacher. I wasn't sure that teaching would be right for me, though I loved history and art. I said that I thought that I should study law.

Life after being in boarding school

130. I studied law at university and became a Scottish lawyer. I went to Glasgow and worked for a few years but I wasn't very happy. Then I went back to Hong Kong where my parents were still living. I became a lawyer in a firm there. I wasn't particularly happy being a lawyer in the firm and I decided to come back after four years and become an English lawyer. My career from 1981 has been in the law but working in

industry. I was based in London. I had a few relationships that sadly didn't work out. However, it was a pretty happy time. In the early 2000s the organisation I was working for collapsed and I was made redundant which I was very upset about. I became a consultant and did quite well.

131. In 2009 and 2010 I was helping my mother a lot. My father had cancer and it was a terrible time. Once he passed away I decided to retire. I knew from the age of sixty I would get a couple of good pensions. In 2010 I sold my main home. I moved to Petersfield and rented for a couple of years and that's where I am now. Petersfield is a lovely place in Hampshire. An opportunity came up to buy a flat in an assisted living complex. There are forty of us in these flats and we are all over sixty. My mother died in 2011 and I had been very close to my mum so that was very hard.
132. I thought I would have a quiet retirement and fade away, however, apart from a problem with my ankle, I am very fit and my brain is working better now than it did at Morrison's. I read a lot. I gave up certain sports due to my ankle but I have ordered a tricycle. I lead a happy life.
133. I still paint and I am proud of the fact that one of my paintings is in a museum in Aberdeen. It is on permanent exhibition and it commemorates the First World War. It is in memory of my uncle who was killed in the war. At Morrison's I had to give up art for history. The two things that give me great love in my life are history and art and now I get to do both.
134. My first book was published in January 2021. It is a phenomenal success and it is called "Footprints left in Hong Kong". It is published on Amazon. The second book, which is more related to my time at Morrison's, will be published in May 2021. It is called a "Hong Kong Time Capsule". It does have a bit about the transition for me from a happy loving environment to an environment in a boarding house in Morrison's Academy, which is a bit like something from Dickens. The transition was so traumatic that I know I lost a lot of weight, it was like going from white to black. The first chapter of my second book focuses on the influence that our Amah, Ah Ying, had on my life and the love that she gave me.

135. I was interviewed in January by radio Hong Kong and I was described as a new author and historian which made me smile. To think that this wee boy from Hong Kong who was considered as thick as two planks, now at the age of almost seventy is being recognised as a good author and a good historian. It makes me rather proud and it makes me proud of one or two teachers at Morrison's Academy.
136. In my seventies I am going to have a whole new career, quite different from my legal career. I didn't know that I could write. Writing for me is like drinking a glass of wine, it's no problem it just flows out. A lot of people have said that I should do audio because I have a very pleasant voice to listen to.
137. I am very conscious of having a very English accent, coming from Hong Kong, but I am very proud of my Scottish ancestry. I am very proud of my Scottish background. I am proud of having gone to Morrison's and what I achieved at the school. I won a prize in my sixth year. Despite my legal career, the thing that I am really proud of is having won that prize in my sixth year at Morrison's.
138. I had good friends at Morrison's. I am very saddened that two of them have died. One of them became an alcoholic, another one died of cancer. The third one had a breakdown. There was a chap called [REDACTED] who I had no inkling, and neither did anyone else, that he had mental health issues. He has never had a job. He tried university and had a breakdown. He lives off benefits in Inverness. Every time I hear about him it is all sad news.
139. The school ceased being a boarding school in early 2000. I often wonder why it stopped being a boarding school because it was a very well respected school to send your children to. Hong Kong ceased to be a colony in 1997 so the numbers dwindled off. There were still people in the army sending boys and girls to boarding school but, for some reason, they decided to stop it. I wonder if the school governors thought that they might end up with litigation from people suing them for abuse and they didn't know if the insurance would cover that. They may then have decided that they would be better saying that from a certain date they were no longer a boarding school. They

sold the boarding houses and got money in that way. I wonder if it was because of allegations of historic abuse. I have never heard of sexual abuse allegations at Morrison's and I certainly never heard of that in Dalmhor.

140. I met Mrs [REDACTED] four years ago she confided in me that she had been very unhappy at Dalmhor. She had been frightened of her husband. She said that she was aware of a lot that went on. She told me she would have loved to have stepped in and intervened but she couldn't.

141. When I spoke to Mrs [REDACTED] four years ago I tried to get out from her why her husband was as he was. She said that he was an only child and his father was a [REDACTED] [REDACTED] in the Church of Scotland. However it was not just in the Church of Scotland but in the very right wing of the Church of Scotland. We know it as the Wee Free but I don't know what its legal name was. It was the far right wing of the Church of Scotland and I don't believe it exists anymore. That wing of the Church of Scotland had extreme views. If you were the wife of a man from a family who was a member of the Wee Free Church of Scotland then you couldn't go to a man's funeral, you couldn't put your washing out, you couldn't have sexual relations with your husband on a Sunday and you couldn't use public transport.

142. PDS [REDACTED]'s father beat him every day to drum into his son rules of the Church of Scotland. He was to read for at least an hour from the bible every day. The father was very strict with his son's upbringing. In those days if a son received a beating from his father then he was going to do that to his own son. As far as PDS [REDACTED] was concerned, he would do the same to us to instil in us the fundamental principles of righteousness and goodness. Kindness didn't enter his world but abiding with rules was paramount to him. If you broke those rules then it was a sin. It was like committing a sin under the Ten Commandments. If your bed wasn't made properly then that was worse than adultery and you had to be beaten. To suffer from incontinence and bed wetting was unforgivable.

143. Having found out about his childhood that made me understand his behaviour as a housemaster.

144. I spoke to ^{CFS} [REDACTED] who was the [REDACTED] teacher at Morrison's and who became a very close friend of mine in the last twenty five years. He died two and a half years ago and I was very close to him. I asked him if Dalmhor was considered the worst house to go to as a boarding house in my day and he said yes. He said there was no doubt about it and that if you were in one of the other houses then the last thing you wanted was to be moved to Dalmhor because Dalmhor had a bad reputation. I wasn't aware at the time that Dalmhor had a reputation for cruelty, for unkindness and for very harsh treatment for trivial offences.
145. Mrs McDonald, one of the domestic staff, was a lovely lady. Years later I went back to the school, probably in the late 80s. I went with my parents who had retired from Hong Kong. We went into the public square in Crieff and my father and I had gone to the public toilet where you had to pay. There was an old lady behind the glass screen taking your money and handing out tickets. My father and I walked out of the toilet towards the car and the woman came running out towards the car shouting "Leaf Leighton, do you not remember me". I didn't remember her and then she said "I'm Mrs McDonald". We both cried.

Impact

146. My father died in 2010, he had prostate cancer. Something I was diagnosed with in 2017 but I no longer have. Fortunately they found it very early. I was on radiation and medication and thank god I am fine. Unfortunately my father's cancer was advanced and he had a very tough few years. He was in a hospice about a week before he died and he asked me to forgive him for sending me to Morrison's. I asked him why on earth he wanted to be forgiven because there was nothing to forgive. If I hadn't been to Morrison's and then Aberdeen University then I would never have become a lawyer and would never have been the successful lawyer that I became.
147. He said there was more. He told me the school were worried about my mental health. He had received a couple of letters from the headmaster who was concerned about

stories he had heard about me pulling my hair out, not eating much, having some behavioural problems and finding it difficult to settle down. My father said that he had torn the letters up and never shown them to my mother because he felt that, ultimately, I would settle down and get over these issues.

148. I had been complaining that I had dreadful insomnia which is true and anxiety. When I look back at it now, I was suffering from acute anxiety but that condition was not known about at that time. It came as a surprise that he had never shown my mother the letters. He said that if he had then my mother would have insisted that I came back to Hong Kong so he decided to use his judgement and not show her. He said he deeply regretted that. I told him there was nothing to forgive. What happened, happened and I would not be where I am today if it were not for Morrison's.
149. The treatment [REDACTED] received had an enormous impact on me. I had never witnessed such cruelty before and I have never witnessed such cruelty again which is why I have been affected very badly. If I knew that [REDACTED] who I felt so sorry for, had led a happy life and was not mentally scarred by this then that would help me have closure. However, if I never have closure then I never have closure. No one knows what happened to him which I find extraordinary. If I only knew that he was happily married and a grandfather. If I knew the abuse never formed part of his life then I would be happy.
150. I know there were unhappy years in the boarding house in Morrison's but that has never dominated my life. Being at Morrison's and being at Dalmhor did not cause me huge problems in later life. I'm the sort of person who looks for the positive side in things. If there was a black side then I need to leave that in the past but I did learn from it. I learnt to always be kind to others and to animals. PDS [REDACTED] hated dogs and I am a great dog lover. If parents came and they had a dog then it wasn't allowed in the house, I thought that was mean-spirited and I can't stand mean-spirited people. Or people who are off the spectrum because they have such extreme views about things. I can't stand racism.

151. I am a well-rounded person and I'm not introverted. I'm a happy contented person. I have been in a relationship for eight years and we have a son who is ten but doesn't live in this country. They live in Prague and we just can't see one another but we speak every day. In some respects I think I became very independent. I have always been very independent in that I think that I have a challenge, that I am going to get over and what doesn't kill me will be stronger. I have always adopted that attitude. Whatever challenge you have, that doesn't kill you, you will come through a stronger person. Morrison's made me a much stronger person.
152. In terms of character building, if you have been through a few knocks in your life then you are going to be moulded whether you like it or not. It is up to you whether you go down a route that turns a negative into a positive. It's up to you if you overcome mental health issues. We all talk about mental health issues now but back then you never spoke about these things because you were embarrassed. I came through that ordeal in Dalmhor as a stronger person, not someone who was pummelled into submission.
153. I have never taken abuse from anyone, certainly after school. I am known for giving as good as I get with my tongue. I won't put up with any nonsense from anyone and I never have done at work. Bullying happens in all sorts of environments including girls' school and in the work environment. I was sexually molested in my first ever job by a powerful woman in the organisation. I was horrified. She was about sixty and I was twenty one or twenty two. When I was sexually abused at work I couldn't handle that situation and I never told anyone.
154. The last occasion that I went to Crieff was for a reunion before Covid and I remember someone coming up to me who was bald and fat. I thought how on earth could I recognise someone after all that time. He said he recognised me and he wanted to thank me for being a very nice prefect. I am remembered for stopping these ridiculous procedures and rituals among the prefects. I am glad that I am remembered for that and as someone who was fair and would listen.
155. I am disappointed in many of my friends who do not want to give evidence to the Inquiry. They say there were unhappy years that they want to forget because they

have moved on with their families and don't want to think about it. I think it's good for me to help the inquiry. I'm sorry that PDS doesn't come out of this well but that's a fact. I can't hide the fact that his character was very complex which came from his own upbringing.

156. There were some boys from my dormitory who want nothing to do with the school and will go nowhere near the school or Crieff. I like going to Crieff and I love going to my school. The school have received a few copies of my first book. The pupil who is considered in history to be showing the best potential will receive a signed copy of my book and will do for the rest of my life.
157. I don't think about my time at Morrison's very often. Deliberately I never thought about certain years. I vividly remember my life from the ages of three until eleven and then I deliberately blanked out certain bad times at Dalmhor. The school was great. I was able to tell my father that there was nothing for him to forgive and I think it was important for him to hear that.
158. More than the beatings and the abuse from prefects, I was anxious about learning about UK currency. Sometimes I have nightmares about those things still. I am in a class and I am about to do an exam on a subject that I know nothing about.
159. I have an abhorrence of putting slippers on. I know that some people put slippers on as soon as they go into a house but I hate and deplore it. It brings back horrible memories of Dalmhor to me but I don't criticise others who do it. My sister lives in Switzerland. If you go and see her friends then you have to sit down and take your shoes off. I hate it because it brings back such horrible memories for me.
160. I'm proud to be a Morrisonian and it does mean a lot to me to be someone connected to the school. Some boys want nothing to do with the school now but my attitude is that what happened, happened. Those who were involved are dead now, PDS is dead. What sort of career he had at Loretto in Edinburgh I don't know. I don't know if he was a housemaster there. As a Christian would I forgive his cruelty towards me? I am sorry, no. I should, as a Christian, say yes but I can't.

Reporting of Abuse

161. The only person I ever talked to was the current headmaster of Morrison's, Gareth Edwards. He has become a friend of mine. He has a copy of my book. He is moving to an Edinburgh school in June. He has been so helpful with the Inquiry. He keeps us posted and he asks if the school can do anything to help. He has done a superb job of making sure that if anyone wanted to contact the Inquiry and give a statement of any kind then they had the full support of the school. The school does nothing to suppress anyone coming forward.
162. He asked me if there was any sexual abuse and I said no but I told him about the incident when I was fourteen and an older boy dropped my trousers and tried to do something to me. Gareth said that he had to tell the police that and he asked me what the boy's name was but I don't know that. It lasted seconds. The police contacted me and we had a chat. They asked me if I definitely didn't remember his name and I told them I definitely don't. I didn't report it at the time, I was too frightened.
163. I had mentioned to Gareth before that I had been badly affected by the physical abuse in Dalmhor between 1963 and 1967, especially witnessing the abuse of others. Gareth suggested that I make contact with the Inquiry and if anything he encouraged me.

Records


164. I have never requested my records. I have my school reports and that's fine. If there were records that said they were concerned about my mental health then I don't think I would like to read that.

Lessons to be Learned

165. Sometimes I have been asked, if I was wealthy enough, would I send a child to boarding school. I would if it was in the child's best interests and if the child wanted to go. If my adopted son wanted to go to boarding school and I had the money to send him then that would be fine but I would want to know that the school was regularly inspected, that the boarding house was regularly inspected and that the pupils had the ability to voice concerns about any matters.
166. I would like to see more accountability and more focus on the fact that mental health issues are nothing to be ashamed of. As a child I obviously suffered from anxiety. The schools nowadays have special people in roles as counsellors and we never had that at Morrison's. There should have been someone who you could go to talk to about something that was bothering you but we never had that. I'm sure that schools where there are boarding houses have specially trained people.
167. I wish we had had been taught domestic science to learn how to cook. The girls were taught that but we weren't.
168. I think we underestimate the power of social media on young people these days. The schools have to move with the times and educate children about social media. If you compared my time at Morrison's in the sixties with what the school was like in the nineteen twenties then very little would have changed in forty years. I think schools now are very different and it is all digital.

Other information

169. I have no objection to my witness statement being published as part of the evidence to the Inquiry. I believe the facts stated in this witness statement are true.

Signed..........

Dated..... 29 April 2021