

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

MZK

Support person present: No

1. My name is **MZK**. My date of birth is **1959**. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going to boarding school

2. I was born in India in Upper Assam to loving parents who were both working class Scots. My dad's name is **1921** and my mum's name is **1929**. I have a younger brother **1962** and a younger sister called **1964**.
3. My dad was a prisoner of war in Hong Kong and then Tokyo where he worked as a slave labourer mainly in the Mitsubishi dockyards in Tokyo for 3 years. He used to bring food into the PoW camp for someone we knew as uncle **1962** who was too badly injured to work in the PoW camp. Dad ensured that **1962** survived on scraps of food that he managed to bring back into the camp at great personal risk. **1962** has been a rubber planter in Malaysia and when they were both liberated in **1945**, they remained great friends after the war. **1962** got dad a job interview in London as the same company he worked for in Malaysia needed assistant tea managers in Assam India. Dad began his career in October 1946 for Sime Derby Trading Company which owned the Assam Frontier Tea Company.

4. My dad was only twenty-five and a war veteran and had spent ten years on his own in Assam. He and [REDACTED] would meet up in Scotland when both were on leave and they would go on double dates together in order to find a life partner. My dad met my mum on one of these dates. She went out to India to get married in Calcutta having known Dad for a few months. Both my parents were working class Scots who were then living a very different lifestyle in India. It was mandated that the Manager's bungalow and grounds would be staffed with around a dozen servants. They ended up living together for twenty years in India and all three of their children were born there.
5. They had heard that the Benedictines offered a good education and this was perhaps due to the reputation of Ampleforth School in England and they had no way of investigating the accuracy of that hearsay or the quality of that education. My dad was religious and he lost his own mother early in life and had two older sisters. His father was injured and blinded in WWI and the three children were put into care in Nazareth House in Lasswade. He was in care from the age of six to fifteen. My mum told me in later life of some of the hardships he endured at Nazareth House. He had witnessed as a young boy, a priest and a nun in a compromising position and was put under water to threaten him into silence.
6. After he left care my dad joined the Royal Scots regiment before WWII broke out. He survived the Second World War and we children were aware of his war story and we had that to follow and felt we had to be stoic about missing home and our family when we went to school. It was still painful for my mum and dad to send us away.
7. I was sent away to school first, at the age of eight, and for my brother, later on, at the age of seven-and-a-half. We progressed to travelling alone with British Overseas Air Corporation and were junior jet club members. We had an uncle and aunt in Glenrothes and spent half-terms and Easter with them and flew to India for Christmas and the summer holidays.

Carlekemp Preparatory School, North Berwick

8. When I came to Scotland to board at Carlekemp my mum came with me. I was initially enrolled at a state school, St Paul's, in Glenrothes, for a brief time. Then my mum's sister who lived in the town looked after me and she continued to do that at Easter and half-term.
9. Carlekemp was started in the late 1940s and was closed in 1977. It was a huge building with wings. It was built in a mock-Tudor style. I remember there were carvings around the roof and gargoyles. There was a big circular driveway. It was an imposing building and the actual setting, on the face of it, beautiful. However, the drive from my aunt and uncle's home in Fife became another issue, it was a dreaded event and I had to do it several times every year and each time it made me sick to the stomach. The school was cold and austere and unwelcoming.
10. I was at Carlekemp from the ages of eight to fourteen, from 1967 to 1973. That was a six year period, but there were only five forms at the school. The ages of the other boys were from seven to fourteen. There were around 75 to 90 boys at the school and there were around eight teachers, both lay and monks. There were three school houses, Craigleith, Fidra and Lamb. I was in Craigleith house. We were all given a number which related to the Order of Saint Benedict – I was number [REDACTED] O.S.B. and this number was sewn in to our uniforms.
11. There were prefects. I don't know the process of selection. At Carlekemp boys were respected and promoted if they were academically bright, whereas at Fort Augustus the more sporty a boy was, the more respected he would be.
12. A boy called [REDACTED] was senior prefect when I was in second or third year at Carlekemp. He was a bully and had the power to torture little ones. He would threaten to put boys heads down toilets. Strangely he sucked his thumb through his jersey, but he was also cruel.

13. It was an unhappy day to be told that I had to spend an extra year in the school. There was a climate of fear over the whole place. It was an unhappy cold institution and the slightest bit of warmth from anyone was welcome. But some of that warmth I would discover had another dimension. Sometimes it was ok and other times not at all ok.
14. I have a clear memory of Father [MFA] He was the school [redacted] He was an alcoholic and there was often alcohol on his breath and he was a heavy smoker. He had short grey coarse hair and he was rotund and unfit. His lifestyle didn't do him any good. He must have been aged in his mid-fifties when I was at school. He was high on discipline and had a bad temper. He had the authority to give the strap to boys, which he did quite liberally.
15. Father [MFA] was [redacted] to Father [MFD] who was the [redacted] SNR [redacted]. Father [MFA] taught [redacted] He was a frightening figure, gruff and authoritarian most of the time but he was several degrees warmer than Father [MFD] who was a very cold fish and thin. Father [MFD] looked unwell and quite skeletal in appearance. He had no shade of warmth about him. [redacted]
[redacted]
16. Miss Grego was a lay teacher who lived nearby. She taught Latin and English. Mr [LZU] was the [redacted] teacher and Mr [MXA] taught [redacted] Another teacher was [redacted] MFB [redacted] who was an older man who wore a [redacted] hat, [redacted], smoked a pipe and drove a [redacted] car. He taught [redacted]. He was severe, but more affable than some of the teachers and had some warmth.
17. There were people I stayed away from such Father [MEY] who taught [redacted] to younger boys. He was too warm and bubbly and I didn't like the way he tickled his favourite boys. He made me feel uncomfortable. He had female names for his favourite pet boys.
18. I recall Father [MFC] read from The Hobbit to eight or nine boys in the dorm at bedtime. Father [MFC] was famed for his temper, he was a brute. I remember that he threw board dusters at boys in class and hit them on the head. It

didn't happen to me, but I saw him doing it. I preferred to keep a low profile around him. I saw him lose his rag on the sports field when my friend [REDACTED] accidentally hit him with a cricket ball that he had bowled. He assumed it was deliberate and chased [REDACTED] with the bat but [REDACTED] was too fast for him. Eventually the red mist that had descended on Father [REDACTED] MFC calmed down. He went on to teach younger boys at Fort Augustus but never taught me there, just at Carlekemp. The Carlekemp school closed not long after I left it. I was not surprised and was very glad that it did.

19. Father [REDACTED] MEV was another one I preferred to avoid, he was dour and cold and he also had his favourites and I was content not to be among them. I kept to myself. He taught [REDACTED] to some of the boys, not to me, and he was a fanatical player of [REDACTED]
20. In terms of my friends at school, there was [REDACTED] who is still my best friend today. He was at both Carlekemp and Fort Augustus with me. We were born in the same year, but he was one year below me at Carlekemp. When I had to repeat a year at Carlekemp we were in the same school year and remained so through the final year at Carlekemp and through Fort Augustus.

Routine at Carlekemp school

First impressions

21. My mum was able to take me to the school for the first day. I remember how bewildering it was to be there at first. I must have been introduced to Father [REDACTED] MFD when I first arrived, but I don't remember that. I have a memory of one of my first teachers, Miss [REDACTED] LZV, an older lady, who taught the youngest pupils. She whacked me hard on the knuckles with her ruler and this was the discipline for the youngest pupils from the start. There was a Matron, Miss O'Donnell who looked after the health and welfare of the youngest boys.

Mornings and bedtime

22. In the morning, we were woken by the sound of a buzzer. I think we woke at 7:30, but I'm not sure. We then had to go through a routine of getting a wash and brushing our teeth. There was not a shower in the morning, we would have a bath or shower in the evening. Then we were off to the refectory for breakfast. Then there would be fifteen minutes of assembly and a prayer in the study hall before classes. Classes would start at 8:45 if I recall.
23. I slept in a dorm room and there were around eight or nine boys in the dorm. I don't know where the monks slept and at night I don't know where they went. There were punishments up to 9 pm in the corridor. Boys were made to kneel on their fingers in the corridor and this could happen if a boy talked out of turn or talked in the dorm. Father [REDACTED] MFA would lurk outside of the dorms to check for any talking after the lights went out. If a boy was heard talking he could be hauled out and taken down to Father [REDACTED] MFA office for punishment. I think lights went out after 9 pm.
24. In the evenings, the older we got the more likely we were to try to listen to the radio with ear plugs to get some music. There would be an occasional midnight feast of sweets when the lights would go on for a brief period of time at midnight so we could get our sweets and then turn the lights out.

Mealtimes / Food

25. We were hungry a lot of the time. So much so that we thought of eating toothpaste to reduce the hunger and I did that once and it didn't work. I once opened a radiator to try to get some hot water for tea. The food was disgusting. We got an iced bun or a rock bun at around 4 pm. We also had our 'tuck' and that was just sweets that we squirrelled away somewhere.
26. Breakfast was cereal and cold milk or porridge. Lunch was disgusting and in the evening I remember meals like baked haddock in a kind of thin, milky sauce. It was very unappetising. We had to finish our food and some boys just couldn't eat it all.

They were not allowed to leave the refectory unless it was eaten. They could be in there for an hour or more eating cold food. Boys would try to hide the food in their pockets if they couldn't consume it. They ended up either eating the food or gagging on it or hiding it.

27. I can picture Father **MFD** who would sit at the top table. He had a special diet and used to peel the skin off tomatoes as he couldn't digest the skin. Miss Grego sat next to him. Father **MFD** would ring a small bell for silence and a prayer before eating. A tinkle from that little bell would bring the refectory to total silence in a couple of seconds. There were masters at the heads of other individual long tables that the boys sat at. I remember Father **MEV** sitting at the end of a table, as well as Father **MEY** and Mr **MFB**. The monks and teachers all ate the same food as the boys.
28. Father **MFA** was the chief cook sometimes. He would get two or three boys to help him and we'd get frozen food out of the freezer. In front of the two or three of us, he would invite us to warm up our iced hands between his legs as according to him that was the warmest place in the body. If you hesitated he would thrust your hands between his legs to get the heat of the thighs. This was under his clothing, on bare flesh and in front of the other boys in that small group. He would get us to do it individually persuading us roughly that it was normal. I fell for that because it was hard to refuse.
29. Otherwise there was a female cook in the kitchen. I can't recall her name. Her son got free education at the school. There was a rumour that she was most distressed by an incident when she was attacked or molested by the gardener and odd jobs man. I can't remember his name, but recall he drove a Renault 4 car and he used to drive me to Edinburgh when I was getting a brace fitted on my teeth and he took me three or four times. He was referred to by the pupils as **LZT**

Washing / bathing

30. There were around twelve baths that were open and public and bathing was supervised by Miss O'Donnell for the youngest boys. Showers were generally taken after sports. The facilities were not good and the showers were often cold. The showers were then supervised by Father MFA or Father MFC who would stand there in silence watching us bathe. I don't know why this was necessary.

Clothing / uniform

31. We wore short trousers above the knee, long stockings and garters to hold them up, and a grey shirt and school tie. We wore either a tweed jacket or a school blazer that was in the school colours of green and blue. We wore sandals. For leisure time we wore a grey jersey with a shirt and tie. There was also sports clothes and this included a sports shirt in your house colours. The clothes were supplied by Aitken and Niven on George Street, Edinburgh.
32. I was kitted out in school uniform for starting school and my hair cut. If it wasn't deemed short enough you got sheared at school with the back of the neck shaved army style. Hair could not touch your shirt collar. There was a butcher in North Berwick who came into the school and sorted out anyone whose hair was too long. It was humiliating getting a bad army haircut. It took me decades to relax in a hairdresser's chair.

School

33. I should have left Carlekemp in summer 1972, but I had to stay to repeat my final year. I developed mumps in the summer or my fifth year during the period when I should have sat the Common Entrance Exam and I was quarantined in the sick bay. Father MFD persuaded my mother that I was young enough and could mature for another year and repeat fifth year. This meant I came back after the summer to repeat fifth year. A devastating prospect for me. I couldn't control my very public grief.

34. Father MFD appointed me [REDACTED] when school started again in September 1972. This meant I was also a [REDACTED]. It lasted for one term only. I was told I couldn't remain [REDACTED] for as long as I was good friends with [REDACTED] who was considered a 'troublemaker' and wasn't compliant with the school rules. He came into Carlekemp at the age of nine or ten and used to question decisions the monks made earning the Headmaster's anger and arousing his vengeful nature. I was told I could not be friends with him and [REDACTED] and I told Father MFD that in that case he would need to appoint another [REDACTED]. The appointment then went to [REDACTED] [REDACTED] for the two terms in 1973. [REDACTED] was another friend of mine at Carlekemp and Fort Augustus.
35. I was academically in the upper half of the class, perhaps in the top six or seven. When I eventually sat the Common Entrance Exam I got an aggregate mark of 64.43%. If you got over 60% in the exam you could choose between going on to Ampleforth or Fort Augustus Abbey School. Ampleforth was more expensive and my friends were going on to Fort Augustus so I also chose to go there.

Religion

36. I had attended church when we lived in India and there it had seemed a warm and nice environment, and it felt like an extension of the family. At Carlekemp it was an obligation and it was compulsory to attend mass every day. The school was ultra-religious. Attending mass felt dour and formal and joyless at Carlekemp. It became just a chore. Even the priests did not seem to enjoy celebrating mass.
37. I skipped mass one day when I was meant to be reading the lesson. My absence was obvious when no one went to the lectern to read. I was hiding somewhere in the school and was in big trouble.
38. I had to attend confession at Carlekemp and that was normally with Father MFA. I kept it anodyne and boring.

39. I once overheard Father [MFD] telling [LRM] that we were being prepared for the afterlife. I thought what about preparing us for this life? It was a religious school and I was asked by Father [MFD] to consider the priesthood as a potential calling as he felt I might have the nature for it. Internally I felt that to be a scary prospect, it was like saying 'you can be one of us' when I hated just being in the presence of these men whom I feared and felt I could not trust.

Work/chores

40. I didn't have to do chores. I did have to help in the kitchen once and that event I have further described elsewhere in this statement. I didn't help out again. There were people from the local town of North Berwick who did cleaning and the laundry in the school. I can recall two cleaners. One of them was called Kathy I think.

Trips / Holidays

41. We went on a trip to Lindisfarne and one or two other monastic institutions. There were sporting trips to other schools to play them at sports. We went to the beach sometimes and I remember swimming in the Firth of Forth, having been encouraged by Father [MFA] who would supervise the bracingly cold swims.

Leisure time

42. There was compulsory sports of rugby, cricket and hockey, and golf was encouraged at Carlekemp. I was good at golf and won the [redacted] Cup. [redacted] won the [redacted] Cup. I'd played golf in India too, in the holidays.

Personal possessions

43. We had sweets for our late night feasts. We got £2 for the term and that was put into the bank for Father [MFA] to draw out for us to buy sweets. The pocket money was from our parents. We also had tuck boxes and brought sweets in with us when we started term and they would run out. We had a small personal area around our beds

and a locker that remained open for inspection. Privacy was something I felt we didn't have or were not entitled to.

Visits / Inspections

44. [LRM] came to visit Carlekemp. This was considered a great honour. He was the [redacted]. The boys had to line up to kiss [LRM] ring. Father [MFD] himself kissed [LRM] ring and was congratulated on how well he had prepared us for life. That was when Father [MFD] reply that he liked "to think he was preparing us for the afterlife" stayed with me. I thought that was quite strange and not normal, even for a zealot. Father [MFD] had asked me to consider the priesthood and just for a quiet life, I told him I would think about it. In reality there was no chance of me ever joining. After school, Mass would become something one attended for funeral services and nothing more.
45. The English rugby team visited the school on their way to a match in Scotland. School girls who attended Kilgraston school came to visit us and watch the school production of the Passion of Christ. I was playing Christ at the age of twelve or thirteen.
46. My aunt [redacted] and uncle [redacted] picked us up from school at the end of term for the Easter and half-term holidays. They had a child, [redacted] of my sister [redacted] age and we were like his older brothers. Later on, all three of us began to spend holidays with them and cousin [redacted] would come out to India with us for one holiday.
47. School friends came to visit us in our aunt and uncle's house for occasions like birthday parties. We wrote letters home once a week and time was set aside for this. We were encouraged to do this. I don't know if our letters were vetted before they were sent. I was writing cheerful stuff to stop my parents getting worried. It was the same sort of information every week as I didn't want to make them unhappy. My mum wrote to us frequently and dad wrote more occasionally.
48. I'm not aware of any inspections at the school.

Siblings/contact

49. My brother [REDACTED] arrived at Carlekemp when I was entering third year. I think my mum came over from India to travel with him for his first term that started in 1969. He was only seven-and-a-half. That was two years after I had arrived, but he is nearly three calendar years younger than me. He cried a lot and he was very homesick. He acted up in different ways and was crying for attention. I tried to be his elder brother and tell him it would be ok when I secretly knew it wasn't ok. He quickly came to the attention of Father [REDACTED] MFC for not responding with the required deference 'Yes Father. No Father'.
50. At school he was in a different dorm as the boys were divided up in accordance with age. I was in a dorm with boys of my own age and I didn't see much of [REDACTED] and I regret not being able to protect him more. I have apologised to him. He has been very stoic. It was a confusing time for him being away from home and he felt that he must have done something wrong to have been sent away to school and he felt alienated. In reality he was victimised time and again for not responding in the required manner and not cowing down.
51. [REDACTED] couldn't wait to get back to India. I remember the terror at Calcutta airport for both of us when we were going back to school on our own and mum no longer came with us. He was also the middle child who may have felt pushed out by having a younger sister as well as an older brother. [REDACTED] began to attend Kilgraston school in Bridge of Earn from 1972 and a few boys at Carlekemp, like my friend [REDACTED] [REDACTED] had sisters there.

Healthcare

52. The matron was a woman called Miss O'Donnell. She lived in a cottage in the school grounds. She appeared hale and hearty and encouraged us boys to grow up quickly and not cry. It was tough love. Her job was to look after the younger boys and bring a maternal element to the place. She would bathe the very youngest boys. We were vaccinated with jabs by her and if we were ill she offered basic medical care. She and

Mr MFB appeared to get on well and it must have been a lonely place for lay staff. As we had matron there was no doctor required in the school. I went to see a dentist in Edinburgh to get braces fitted to straighten my front teeth.

Running away

53. Carlekemp was in North Berwick and we were not allowed to go into town. I went into the stage props cupboard and found a black wig and a T-shirt and escaped into the town. I went into a local shop and it was obvious I was a pupil from the school. In assembly the next day we were reminded by the school not to go into town. The desire to run away was always in the back of my mind but the penalty for it would be expulsion and that would have been a disaster for my parents, so it remained a dormant fantasy for me but a reality for my brother.

Bed Wetting

54. It never happened to me, but it did to the younger boys. It made me feel sad for them as they were so unsettled and so homesick. I can't recall any humiliation of these boys other than the shame anyone would naturally feel to discover one had wet one's bed.

Discipline

55. The place was psychologically damaging, from the sense of the general injustice of mass punishments. If someone did anything wrong and a name was not discovered or reported, then the entire class or sometimes the entire school had to spend periods of time in silence and contemplation. There was a psychological power the priests exerted with their coldness and austerity. For very young boys or those who became targets, it was a truly frightening place to be.
56. In school, discipline included detention and long periods of silence spent studying for one hour or one and half hours. Punishment could include cancellation of sporting events. We were left to boredom to consider and reflect. We might be punished for talking when we weren't supposed to. If we were too rowdy then the whole class was

disciplined. Either that or just the usual suspects were punished. That was painful to witness the continuous victimisation of resistant pupils who were treated as if they were evil. I was a 'goody-two-shoes' and I generally didn't get disciplined and escaped being victimised.

57. Mr [MFB] issued corporal punishment to me once and I was sent to Father [MFD] office to receive the punishment. I can't remember what for. I got what we called a "twice-three" on one occasion from Father [MFD] with a tawse. This meant being hit three times on each upturned palm. If the aim was poor the tender wrist would bear the brunt – that was very painful. I got twice-six just once and that was at Carlekemp from Father [MFA] using the belt and I can't remember what for. This meant six strikes on both hands.
58. When I was younger I got hit on the flat of my hand with a ruler by Miss [LZV] in class. Sometimes with the narrow edge of the ruler. For older boys, the tawse was used, which was a thick piece of leather with two tongues at the end. Father [MFA] and Father [MFD] were the ones that used the tawse. On one or two occasions I witnesses the use of the strap when there were more than one boy to be strapped. We called it the strap. The cane was not used in my era at the school. The teachers had personal implements and had the authority to administer punishments and no checking with Father [MFD] I didn't see the strap used in class, just the ruler. The strap was administered in the privacy of the [SNR] office or the [] office. If two or three boys were to get the strap they would witness other boys being physically punished or they could hear it from the other side of the door when they were queuing up. Other boys were well aware that physical punishments were used.
59. Mr [LZU] was a [] teacher and one time in class he imposed a strict silence. Someone made a noise and he thought it was me. He hit me hard over the back of the head and it was a full blow on my head. He had taken a full swing at me with his hand. It was a major loss of self-control on his part. He apologised to me privately afterwards and I didn't accept his apology and froze him out and he started to cry.

Abuse at Carlekemp

60. Father [REDACTED] MFA supervised the boys in the showers. This was in 1969-73. He supervised me when I was aged eleven to fourteen. He would just stand there watching the boys shower in the communal shower, deciding when the showering was over. He also directed us in the theatrical productions that the school put on for the end of term. Plays such as the Passion play and the Nativity Play. I was in the nativity play when much younger and later I was cast as Jesus in the Passion Play. This was in 1970 or 1971 when I was aged around eleven or twelve. I would also be regularly required to act as altar boy when Father [REDACTED] MFA celebrated Mass. There would usually be two altar boys and the only other names I can recall now were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] who acted as the second altar boy alongside me. Around that time, Father [REDACTED] MFA called me to his office, locked the door and started to talk to me about the subject of love. He was explaining that love can happen between men.
61. I felt extremely awkward. I had been frightened by him locking the door of his study, by putting the snib or the chain on. He then started speaking in hushed warm tones trying to explain to me what love was. I was used to taking direction from him in school plays and serving him as altar boy. At first this seemed like an extension of that. He then exposed himself to me and took my hand and placed it on his erect penis. I quickly felt very embarrassed and ran for the door and unchained it to leave the room. He was calling for me to come back so he could speak to me some more, but I was gone. It was never spoken of again. There had been more than enough strange talk about love for my liking and I certainly wasn't going to speak about it with any monk.
62. It affected me in later in life as I didn't report it to anyone and kept it to myself. I was too ashamed and embarrassed. I also thought wrongly that it had only happened to me. I knew that if he tried to do that again I would be more ready to rebuff him, but fortunately he didn't try. I didn't report Father [REDACTED] MFA and that has been on my conscience as my younger brother did not have such a lucky escape. I do not wish to give any further details about that except to say that my brother and I only spoke about it once when we were both in our thirties when it became clear to me that my abuser had also abused my brother and to a much greater extent than me.

63. My brother and his best friend [REDACTED] led a kind of resistance and endurance against the school and its regime. Their spirits were never broken and they were defiant to a point where they were told by Father [REDACTED] MFD to turn up every morning for twice-six on the hands for seven days in a row for smoking.
64. In the summer of 1972, at the age of ten, my brother [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were publically flogged in the study hall in front of the rest of the school to make an example of them. I wasn't in the school at the time as I was away at a sports event. The public flogging was because they went onto the roof of the school and dangled off the gargoyles. [REDACTED] brother [REDACTED] was also at the school and was scared for them and reported it.
65. Father [REDACTED] MFC would have arranged it so the rest of the school witnessed it. I don't know if any of the other monks were present. Father [REDACTED] MFA might have been. I am not sure if Father [REDACTED] MFC had permission to carry this out from Father [REDACTED] MFD or if he went ahead and just did it himself. The boys' backs were stripped bare and they were flogged with the tawse, a leather strap forked into two strips, on a raised dais by Father [REDACTED] MFC on their bare backs and buttocks. They had bloody marks and bruises on their bodies from their shoulders to buttocks.
66. When I returned to the school and heard what had happened, it was being spoken of by a number of boys who had witnessed it including [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] I went to Father [REDACTED] MFD and called him a bastard to his face for permitting Father [REDACTED] MFC to commit this brutality. In the normal scheme of things I would not swear in front of a priest who were people to be feared and respected. I couldn't do much after the event apart from swear. Nothing happened to me for the swearing. He was shocked and stunned into silence. Father [REDACTED] MFD didn't apologise but neither did he didn't try to excuse the behaviour of Father [REDACTED] MFC He said nothing. I found this unforgivable.
67. I believe Father [REDACTED] MFD could well have been present at the flogging, and didn't carry it out as he wasn't physically strong enough. Father [REDACTED] MFC was much younger and

more physically able to carry out this punishment. I was three years older than [REDACTED] and if I had been at the school would have done whatever I could to have prevented this abuse from happening and I was old enough to have challenged it. I feel it was timed deliberately for when I was not present or nearby.

68. Father [MFC] would grab my brother by the hair in class and punch and kick him. I did not witness that as I was never in the same class as [REDACTED] given that he is three years younger than me. Word got about that [REDACTED] was being dealt with severely. I heard the news from boys in [REDACTED] class and from their older brothers who were in my class. News would often reach me that way. There was a boy in [REDACTED] class called [REDACTED]. His brother, a friend of mine called [REDACTED] would inform me of what had happened to them both as both the [REDACTED] were also friends. Other boys in [REDACTED] class would have seen it happen. Boys like [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were contemporaries of my brother [REDACTED] and could be asked to cross reference this. [REDACTED] did not tell me at the time that this was happening to him in class.
69. [REDACTED] ran away from school that same year, in 1972. He ended up at Gullane golf course when the British Open was being held and the course was crowded. [REDACTED] was found in the crowds and the [REDACTED] teacher Mr [MFB] was dispatched to pick him up.
70. Father [MFD] also tried to break my friend [REDACTED] spirit. [REDACTED] excelled at sports, especially athletics. He [REDACTED] like long jump and sprinting. He also had the ability to give backchat to the monks and was greatly admired by the other boys. Father [MFD] forbade him from playing any sport at all and that came close to breaking his spirit. He allowed [REDACTED] to only do one sport; the cross country run because it was [REDACTED] worst event. Despite all the odds, [REDACTED] sprinted most of the way and won this event to the dismay of the cruel [REDACTED] SNR

Fort Augustus Abbey School, Fort Augustus, Inverness-shire

71. I left Carlekemp in [REDACTED] 1973 and in [REDACTED] of that year I went to Fort Augustus Abbey School and I was finally free of Carlekemp. It was a relief to get away after six long and horrible years. I was now fourteen years old. Fort Augustus was just about survival and it was a pressure cooker environment. The boys at the school were older and there was physical bullying by seniors of younger boys. Prefects were larger and powerful older boys up to the age of eighteen. They played more sport and the more sporty they were, the more authority they had. There were rumours passed down to Carlekemp pupils through older brothers and cousins that it was a very tough place. I had to work out how to survive. Along with a few friends we formed a unit of six or seven of us. My friend [REDACTED] went to Fort Augustus too and about four or five other boys from Carlekemp.
72. Going to Fort Augustus meant a further shopping expedition to Aitken and Niven for school uniform. This included a red blazer with the black Corbie bird on the pocket. On my first day I think I was with my mum. Dad never visited Fort Augustus until the day I left school when he came to pick me up.
73. There were around 100 to 110 boys at the school and I went straight into third year at Fort Augustus, as did all fifth form pupils from Carlekemp. There was just 4th and 5th year boys above us. There were also younger boys already there, as most pupils had not attended Carlekemp. The youngest were aged about 11-12 and went up to the age of 16 and 17. When the Carlekemp final year boys went to Fort Augustus it was normal to go into third year.
74. It was a violent place. There was a psychosis of fear throughout the school. In terms of other boys, the older Fort Augustus boys initiated new boys by capturing them and taking their clothes off them in the snow and abandoning them some distance from the school. It happened to me. I was lucky, a boy called [REDACTED] got hold of me and I managed to up-end him before he could pass me to the other senior boys to take my clothes off and humiliate me. Others did not have such a lucky escape.

75. I didn't see much of [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] Father [REDACTED] MMF [REDACTED] I think he taught [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. The Abbott of the monastery was very aloof and I didn't see him. I assumed he was in overall charge, above the headmaster. I was in Lovat house and Father [REDACTED] MRQ [REDACTED] was my housemaster. The other house was called Vaughan and the housemaster was Father [REDACTED] MFG [REDACTED].
76. I recall some teachers and monks. Mr Haines was a lay teacher from the village who taught English and Dave Gavine, known as 'wee Dave', taught Geography. [REDACTED] MIH [REDACTED] MIH [REDACTED] was a [REDACTED] teacher. He was ok, firm but fair minded which made him an exception. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] was a couple of years above me, [REDACTED] was one year above me and [REDACTED] was younger. [REDACTED] was my first girlfriend in my final year there. Some of the teaching staff had daughters at the school as day pupils and it gave us some balance in life. There was also another girl whose name I think was [REDACTED]. There were five girls in total.
77. There was a [REDACTED] teacher from the village [REDACTED] MIG [REDACTED]. He wore his black graduation gown while teaching. Father [REDACTED] MRQ [REDACTED] taught [REDACTED] [REDACTED] MZV [REDACTED] was an [REDACTED] teacher to the younger pupils. Father [REDACTED] MFC [REDACTED] from Carlekemp was there and he taught younger boys but didn't teach me. Harry Bryce was the maths teacher and he was from the local area. Mrs Pottage was from Mauritius and she taught French. She lived in the village [REDACTED]. There were around five priests who were teachers. With regards to staff, I think there were three or four cleaning staff from the village and a female cook and her husband working in the kitchen.

Routine at Fort Augustus Abbey School

First impressions

78. On my first day I think I was with my mum as my dad never came to the school until I was leaving. The first term involved older boys bullying the younger ones. The threat of torture was worse than the torture itself. I remember a young boy, whose surname

I think may have been [REDACTED] (I am not sure) but he was a junior, in 1973 and was being dangled by a prefect outside of a window in the top floor dorm. He was being dangled by his jumper, shirt and tie as a mock hanging. If the prefect let go the boy would have fallen four floors and maybe onto the railings. I recall the feeling of terror of seeing him hanging outside the window.

Mornings and bedtimes

79. We slept in dormitories. I'm not sure what time we woke in the morning or whether a buzzer was used to wake us up. I've blocked out a lot of detail of my unhappy experiences at the school. There were cubicles with bunk beds in them and there were two boys to a cubicle. I changed beds and shifted up to one end of the dorm when I was older. There were some dorms on the ground floor. I hardly saw the junior boys as the third, fourth and fifth form were in one big dorm.
80. The lights went out at a certain time and there was punishment for talking after that. That could be twice-three for being a nuisance after lights out. The dorm was usually patrolled by the prefects but occasionally the housemasters Father [REDACTED] MRQ and Father [REDACTED] MFG

Washing and bathing

81. There were communal showers and baths in a communal area. We bathed in the evenings or after sports. The supervision of showers was ok as far as I knew. It was a priest that used to supervise the showers.

Mealtimes

82. We had breakfast in the refectory which was a common dining room. We had very tasteless unappetising food. Boys didn't want to eat the food. There was not the same fixation on finishing food that there was at Carlekemp. We cleared our own plates and were not made to finish the food. There wasn't a master sitting at the end of every table as there was in Carlekemp. There might be a house master that the head of the

dining room and just the one. Breakfast was bread and not toast. We had a break from school at 12:30 or 12:45 for lunch in the refectory before afternoon classes and then breaking for sports.

School

83. The average class size was around fifteen to eighteen boys. When I moved from Carlekemp to Fort Augustus I felt I was bright in contrast to the Fort Augustus pupils. I think classes started at around 8:45 or 9 am. After lunch there were classes in the afternoon and then we had sports. On one afternoon we had just sports and I think that was Wednesday. We were taught rugby, hockey and cricket by MIH MIH. He was tough, but fair. He was a passionate MIH teacher and was the only one who I felt motivated me to play well. I played full back in the rugby team and also defensive positions in hockey and fielding positions in cricket. I was a defender by nature.
84. I was good at French and Mrs Pottage was a nice lady. I thought I was generally doing badly in terms of results because I was unhappy, and didn't understand that the overall quality of the teaching was very poor. When I later went to Stirling High School I realised what I had been missing in lessons. Subjects like physics and chemistry had moved on and left the knowledge of the Fort Augustus teachers behind in their closed environment. I felt quite quickly that I had got an extremely poor education that was being paid for by my parents. I got two C grades in my Highers and one of them was in English and that was crushing for me. When I was at Carlekemp I'd won a poetry prize. I now work as a scriptwriter and a lyricist and can only conclude that there was a break in the development of my education when I was at Fort Augustus.
85. I spent three years in Fort Augustus mostly depressed. I took O grades there and only passed a few with very average grades with the result that I felt that I was below average intelligence. My self-confidence and previous image of myself as being bright had gone. I was so much in fear of violence and depressed at the injustice meted out to most boys by the house masters. I had such bad results that after I left Fort Augustus, I could not even contemplate university and in desperation thought about

going to a technical college in Falkirk to study woodwork of metal work. I had an interview there, with my parents in attendance, and the head at the tech college looked at my results from both schools and commented that something must have gone badly wrong for me. He advised me to go back to school and re-take my Highers at Stirling High School. We took his advice which turned out to be life-changing.

Leisure

86. Father **MRQ** had a weekly 'social' of tea and toast and a chat in his office. It was attended by a sprinkling of boys from fourth and fifth year. He was known to have a short fuse. He was trying his best to appear warm and friendly and it didn't quite work. The socials he had were otherwise harmless though they never broke down the lack of trust I had in him which stemmed from his fiery temper.
87. We had some free time and some afternoons we could go into the village. We had £5 or £10 pocket money each term. We could have credit in the tuck shop in the school. There were holy days or saints days and this could mean a free afternoon or a whole day. I think there may have been a photography club. There was a sailing club that appealed to the boys in the navy part of the CCF and I wasn't involved in that as I wasn't in the navy cadets. There had been plays put on at Carlekemp, but it didn't happen at Fort Augustus which was not big on the arts or social sciences.
88. I preferred to spend the free time in my three years at the school in the company of my friends and far away from monks and teachers. I'd prefer to go with them up the River Tarff and go fishing with my friends on a Saturday afternoon. **██████████** played guitar and played Rolling Stones songs. It was all a bit hippyish. There were seven of us in our group of friends and the gang included **██████████** who was from the village as his parents owned **██████████** so he didn't have to board at the school. **██████████** was on the periphery of the group. Following the early attack on me by **██████████** we had learned that there was safety in numbers. **██████████** was also in our group as was **██████████**

Combined Cadet Force (CCF)

89. I was quickly aware that on Thursday the school turned into a military academy for the Combined Cadet Force (CCF). That took up a lot of free time. [REDACTED] Father MFG and on Thursdays he turned into MFG He was in his element [REDACTED] barking at us and denigrating us [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
90. Father MFG ordered me to be his batman when I was fifteen years old. It involved cooking and cleaning for him on overnight camping trips to the Highlands. Being his batman was better than being with the other boys who were in small two-man tents. He was in a six-person tent with a portrait of the queen hung up in the tent. It was just Father MFG and me that slept in the tent. I was basically his head cook and bottle washer and ironed his clothes. I wasn't old enough to drive his Land Rover and he managed to do that himself. I made him breakfast of toast, eggs and bacon. When the others went on exercise I stayed behind to clean up and make myself a bacon sandwich, so I got away with a light day. I also slept in a sleeping bag inside the six-man tent as a privilege for being his batman.
91. The boys in the camp ate rations of baked beans from tins that were dated from the 1960s. They were having to open these tins to heat them up and boiled the living daylights out of them to kill any germs. That was an early experience of roughing it at Fort Augustus. I felt awkward not having to endure the same hardships as my friends in the two man tents but tried to pass them a slice of toast or whatever I could.
92. The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders sent officers into the school to drill us and give us small arms training. We were trained by them in using the Bren gun. It was of interest to me because in WWII, my dad was in the Royal Scots, 2nd Battalion. He served in Hong Kong and was a prisoner of war in Japan. I was aware of dad's war stories and enduring more than three years of incarceration and I was inquisitive and wanted to know everything. I was least likely to complain about things at school and I felt I didn't have the right to complain, and certainly not to my dad who had suffered

extreme conditions of torture and hunger and who had made something good out of his life and was paying for me to be there.

93. There were army exercises outside of school. I used a Bren gun like the one my dad had used. Proper soldiers came in to the school to train us and we went to Fort George in Inverness to train there. On one occasion at Fort George I had a Bren gun and I was loading it up with a magazine of wooden blanks. In the sack of balsa wood-tipped bullets there were two live rounds. I made a black-humoured joke with other boys that I could put the two bullets in the gun with Father **MFG** on the other end. Joking aside, I quickly pointed out the mistake to the professional soldiers who were horrified to realise there were live bullets accessible to us.

Work/Chores

94. We sometimes had to do some leaf raking on a Thursday afternoon as punishment. The main chores came as an extension of being in the CCF and earning 'Defaulters' which might mean extra cleaning or moving stones or general physical work in and around the grounds.

Religion

95. Religion was softer in Fort Augustus than at Carlekemp. There were no zealots there. The monks didn't come across as very religious or very serious about their religious lives. It appeared to me that the monastery was a place of shelter for vulnerable Benedictine Monks who didn't fit in to normal civilian life. Apart from Father **MRQ** and Father **MFG** the rest of the monks were in the monastery and not involved in the teaching. These included a monk called Brother **MNS** and **MEZ** **MEZ** who was tall and rangey looking monk who gave Brother Adrian ran the tuck shop.

Healthcare

96. Dr Buchanan was the local doctor and he was on hand for any sporting injuries. I suffer from a lymphatic system problem in the lower right half of my body. It flared up in my final term at Fort Augustus in summer 1975. I got a very bad infection in the skin of my leg. It was obvious, there was a large red rash and my leg was badly swollen below the knee. I was initially sent to my housemaster Father **MRQ** who sent me to my bed in my dorm. The school wouldn't call out the doctor. I was in bed for nearly one week. I had a dangerously high temperature of 104.
97. The school suddenly realised there was a serious problem as I had a very high temperature and called out Dr Buchanan who attended to me and was most disturbed by what he saw. I had a serious skin infection, toxæmia, and boils had started to form on my skin below the knee. It was a staphylococcal infection. He sent for an ambulance and I was taken 23 miles to Raigmore hospital in Inverness. I was put on intravenous antibiotics immediately in order to prevent my leg having to be amputated and that would have been the next step. I spent three weeks in hospital before going back to school.
98. Dr Buchanan was in touch with my parents as he was so appalled by what had happened and that the school had left me so long before calling the doctor. It was unsurprising to me, the school just did not care about us. Father **MRQ** saw me and he thought I was just skiving when there was an obvious problem with my leg. The school gave me nothing to try to make things more comfortable for me. Dr Buchanan would play cricket with us regularly and I was sorry to hear that he had died tragically in a car accident on his way to an emergency, I think in 1977 or 78.

Visits

99. There were prize-giving days at the end of term that family members could attend when they came to collect boys for the holidays. My father collected me when I left the school and we decided to leave before the prize giving ceremony as I had had enough of the place and could not wait to get away from there.

100. I don't recall any official visitors from the church coming to Fort Augustus. I believe Jimmy Savile visited the school at least once or twice when I was there. I might have seen a Rolls Royce in the grounds. Some old boys from the school came back to visit. One was employed by Sky TV, or BskyB, as a newsreader, [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

101. Letter writing was not organised at Fort Augustus. I had the opportunity to write home in my own time. I got letters from my family.

102. My brother [REDACTED] never attended Fort Augustus. After Carlekemp, which he had run away from several times, he was sent to New Park School near St Andrews. It was a schedule D school and I believe he ran away from there too. Then he went on to Strathallen for one year. We were only reunited when we both joined Stirling High School in 1976 on our parent's retirement from India.

103. I never tried running away from Fort Augustus school.

Discipline

104. With regard to discipline in class, it was less of a problem at this school as the boys were older. The teachers for the older boys were mature and tried to treat us as adults. I don't remember discipline issues in class. There was antagonism between the boys from the school and boys from the village and there were fights as a result. The man who ran the local garage, called Jojo, he called us names and wanted to take us on. He was teased by some older boys calling him 'peasant' and he referred to us as 'abbey wogs' a reference to our coming from far flung places overseas.

105. Punishments for offences such as fighting was between four and six of the cane on the backside. That was deemed to be more humiliating to be hit on the backside like a little boy, than on the hands. Father [REDACTED] MRQ used the tawse on any pupil from his house who was to be disciplined. Father [REDACTED] MFG used the tawse on pupils from

Vaughan house. For more serious punishments the boys would be sent to [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] for him to administer the cane.

106. The cane Father [REDACTED] MMF [REDACTED] used was about two and a half feet long and made of bamboo. It was thin and whippy. It left obvious marks on my skin, but didn't draw blood. I was used to seeing cane injuries on other boys and they showed off the weals on their backside and there was some curiosity in how bad other boys' injuries were.
107. Typical punishments were twice-three with the belt or twice-six if you'd really annoyed the monk. Twice-six was regularly given to the usual suspects. The typical punishment of twice-three with the belt if you were caught talking after lights out. The maximum number of strikes of the cane at Fort Augustus was six strokes on the backside. I have no knowledge of punishments being recorded in a punishment book or school reports.
108. The dorms were patrolled by prefects at night and they were feared. Prefects could hit boys with a hockey stick or a sports shoe. They could inflict something called a 'gorgie' on your head, a gorgie being a bunched fist with the middle knuckle sticking out. Prefects didn't use the strap or the cane. That could only be done by a teacher or a monk. Prefects could use their physicality as a threat or flick you with the wet end of a towel.
109. My impression at age fourteen, for my first year there, that it was a bewildering place. Prefects bullied young boys. There was a collective run on playing fields that was supervised by prefects and there was not always a school master present. During these runs, one boy called [REDACTED] inflamed the temper of [REDACTED]. The corner of [REDACTED] eye-brow was cut when [REDACTED] threw a rock at him. [REDACTED] required medical attention and stitches.

Abuse at Fort Augustus

110. There was an older boy (fourth form I think) called [REDACTED] and he wanted me to sit at his dining table and wanted to dominate me. I refused. He later attacked me from behind aiming a kick to my face, breaking my nose and knocking me out. I was fifteen

when this happened in the third form, my first year at Fort Augustus in 1974. He was expelled the same day for it. He was known to carry a flick knife and chain on him as weaponry. Chains and knives were not uncommon in the school. The Fathers wouldn't know about this as the weapons were not on display, but they would be on display to other boys so they knew. Two other boys who were my friends and who were protective wanted to attack [REDACTED] because of the assault. One friend was [REDACTED] he was from Brazil, and the other was [REDACTED] who was from Edinburgh. They both wanted to get hold of [REDACTED] but he was expelled before they got the chance.

111. The first my parents heard of me being knocked out was when I arrived home for the holidays and my mum saw my nose had been broken. There had been no x-ray on it or any treatment from the school. A lot of people in the school witnessed the attack in the study hall. I didn't tell my mum how it had come about and I told her it was 'only fractured'.
112. The two boys, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], were good friends. In winter 1974, when I was fifteen, they went out of school along the River Tarff to drink a bottle of vodka. I knew this was their plan, but they didn't return from their outing. As it was getting towards dusk I went looking for them up the river. I found a very distressed [REDACTED] slumped over the inert and unconscious [REDACTED] who had had far too much to drink in the cold weather and passed out. [REDACTED] was crying as he couldn't move [REDACTED]. I discovered later that Father [REDACTED] MRQ had already caught them as he was out driving his jeep. I became aware of this later as [REDACTED] told me Father [REDACTED] MRQ had seen them and had told them to make their own way back to the school [REDACTED] MRQ simply drove away.
113. When I found them, [REDACTED] was hypothermic and clearly in a very bad way. I ran back to Fort Augustus village and knocked on the door of [REDACTED] MIH, the [REDACTED] to tell him that [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] had been drinking and were up the river. He quickly drove to the spot where they were and brought them back. [REDACTED] was put to bed and he didn't wake up until the end of the next day. He received no medical

attention. I think that the next day was the end of term. He was too hung over to move. I didn't see him again until the start of the next term.

114. That night, around midnight or 1 am, Father **MRQ** woke me up and took me to see Father **MMF** and I was accused of being in the know about the drinking. I was flabbergasted. I was the only one of us woken at that time. They were silent on the topic of Father **MRQ** having caught them and abandoning them. I was scapegoated and given four strokes of the cane by Father **MMF** on the backside for knowing about their plan. Father **MMF** told me I could keep my pyjamas on.
115. I was caned along with **[REDACTED]** around 1am. **[REDACTED]** got six strikes and he was expelled and I never saw him again. I had no alcohol on my breath. I was left with a deep sense of injustice. The monks were good at covering up for each other. I couldn't make sense of it of it and neither could **MIH**
116. The sense of injustice stayed with me and on one occasion in the summer of 1975 I snapped. It was my last year there. It was a hot summer. Father **MFG** had decided to punish the CCF for something, I don't know what it was. I think it was not grassing on someone. He made us wear our winter clothes and made us do meaningless physical exercises designed to break us. It went on for an hour or more ending with a pointless relay race using a plastic cup to retrieve water from the swimming pool in order to fill a pail full of water. This involved all three CCF army platoons. Cadets were falling over and feeling dizzy and sick. I pretended to faint and watched the rest of the madness taking place.
117. My platoon came last in the relay race as it was a member short. Father **MFG** then decided that the other two platoons could throw my losing platoon, into the swimming pool in full winter army uniform. Our uniforms, belts and boots were going to be inspected the next day, **MFG** said, and if we failed the inspection we would have to do the same exercises all over again.
118. I decided this was not going to happen and went straight for Father **MFG** By now a mass fight had broken out between the two winning platoons trying to get the losing

platoon members thrown in the pool. I had my strength as I had sat out some of the games. At full sprint I went for Father MFG and head butted him in the chest and he went straight down. The boys stopped fighting each other and descended on him and stripped him of his uniform to his orange underpants, dragged him to the pool and I ended up having to pull boys off him as they were raining kicks on him. We were all out of control and he had pushed us too far. The event was witnessed by the junior's teacher, MZV and MIH both of whom lived in the village. I believe they did not intervene but got into their cars and drove out of the school. I assumed they were afraid they might be next.

119. Boys who were most bullied by Father MFG throughout the year took their revenge. They broke his cane and took his watch that was inscribed with MFG as that was his nickname. Father MFG got his sense of self back and knew he was going in the pool and started roaring at us, but we left him, humiliated in his underwear lying by the pool and we melted away. Nothing happened to me or anyone else for that attack. I passed Father MFG in the corridor the next day and saw that he could barely walk. He did not make eye contact.
120. I think there were about 36-45 CCF boys involved as there were three platoons of 12-15 each. I told my friend a few years ago about this incident but he had missed it as he'd been away at an amateur athletics event. I later met the sister of and she said her younger brother had told her about the CCF session and the attack on Father MFG had admired me for hitting back at a priest who had abused his power to such an extent putting us through extreme physical and psychological torture. This was the one and only event in 9 years of being under Benedictine injustice when we hit back hard. died very young and she recalled shock as no-one had ever attacked a priest. I would say that I was among the meeker guys in the school, but this pressure cooker of a regime had gone too far and boiled over dangerously in the summer of 1975.

Leaving Fort Augustus

121. When I came to leave the school in 1975 at the age of sixteen, my dad was in Scotland. He came to pick me up from school when I was finishing up there for the last time at the end of the year. I had been awarded the cricket fielding cup. I didn't even want to stay for the prize giving. I wanted to think of my name being announced and there being a silence as I wasn't there to get up from my seat to collect it.
122. My dad drove me away from the school and in the car I started to tell him some of the things that had happened there, such as the attack on Father MFG and what led to it. It had not long happened. He said he was sorry that he had sent me to the school. I shared with him the fact I had been caned for saving two boys from possibly perishing in the cold. I described the general regime to him and the attack on Father MFG due to extreme provocation.

Life after being in boarding school

123. By the time I left school, my parents had bought a property in [REDACTED] in anticipation of leaving India and my dad's retirement. My mum was spending a lot of time there making preparations for their big move from India and back to Scotland. At this time in 1975 during what was called The Emergency, many British Citizens working and living in India were given 24 hours to leave the country. That was later changed to one week and then to twelve months so my parents were able to stay and I was able to travel to India for a final holiday. They returned to live in Scotland in 1976.
124. When my parents came back to Scotland to live, they moved to Stirling and my dad bought a [REDACTED] I would help out in the running of the shop. My mum was [REDACTED] I went to Stirling High School in 1976 and repeated my final school year and I got three B and two C grades in my Highers. Within two weeks in high school I was learning new things, realising that whatever I had been taught me at Fort Augustus was mostly rubbish. The teachers there were not qualified to get boys into university. It was only by sheer good luck in getting the advice of the head of a

technical college that I ended up going back to high school. That one extra year of proper education transformed my life choices. I found that learning in a proper environment became easier and easier and that I was far from stupid as I had assumed I was at Fort Augustus.

125. Stirling High School felt like a holiday camp after Fort Augustus and my confidence in myself returned. I went to Stirling University in 1977 to initially study English and after one term changed to French and then took up studying Spanish and French combined. I left in 1982. I chose courses that meant I had the longest possible study time. I did some amateur dramatics at university and began to relax in that sane and healthy environment.

126. I went onto Napier University to do a Diploma in International Marketing keeping up my languages and focussed on international exports. I went on to win a UK-wide competition run by the [REDACTED] [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I worked with various companies in the export and business world until my late twenties.

127. At the back of my mind I was always wanting to be a writer and I decided to take the plunge and work for free for an American writer so that I could become a writer myself. I eventually went on to write and produce the West End musical version of the novel called [REDACTED] The show closed after the [REDACTED] and I moved to India myself in 2006. I have worked on writing and producing films ever since. I have a film [REDACTED] and I am now involved in a range of projects working between Britain and India.

Impact

128. There was an obvious impact on my education that was disrupted when I was at Fort Augustus and the standard of education there was so poor and the environment so brutal that I lost all confidence in myself. The only positive impact on me has been my

attitude to being in a sink or swim environment. I learnt how to swim but I am aware that so many other boys sank. All this human potential was shattered as were their family's lives. The boy's innocence was robbed and it is a disgusting legacy of the Benedictine Order to have shattered so many lives and relationships between family members. Their oppressive and unjust regime may have bred a few warriors who learned to endure or evade their abuse but at what horrendous cost?

129. There was a huge impact on my own family. My mum and dad constantly worried about my brother [REDACTED] mystified as to why he became so disturbed. We did share some of our experiences with our parents but that was only in our thirties when much damage had been done. The shattering of the trust that parents placed in the Benedictine Order and that children placed in the priests and monks in charge of their wellbeing has life-long consequences. My brother is unable to participate in this process and I remain very angry about that. We cannot blame our parents for sending us away to school to be with people who should not have been allowed to educate or even be near young and vulnerable children. The fact that they abused their positions of trust to such an extent is unforgiveable given the life changing consequences on our future lives.
130. In my testimony I hope to validate the experiences of others who, like my own brother, find it impossible to share their experiences with others. My brother has been too shattered to believe in the sincerity of any authority. He knows I intend to speak to the Inquiry about my own experiences and about the flogging he was subjected to. It was a public event that others should remember and that can hopefully be cross-referenced with the testimony of others. He is too damaged to be a reliable witness himself and I fear the impact on him has been so severe that re-living it would lead him to consider taking his own life. He receives counselling every week now.
131. I'd heard anecdotally that [REDACTED] was working as a painter and decorator after school. That his nerves and confidence had been shattered. He should have excelled and been able to live a happy and fulfilling life. I learned that [REDACTED] went on to take his own life as a result of his experiences and being abused at school and I

feel nothing but anger for the regime that allowed this and made every attempt to cover up for and protect its paedophile priests.

132. With regards to the impact on myself, I feel anger at Father **MMF** for covering up for the negligent actions of Father **MRQ** who himself even went on to become **SNR** of Fort Augustus despite being a loose cannon through his temper and lack of stability or good judgement.
133. I knew my dad's war experiences were much more a test of endurance than my school years. Although I chose stoicism as a path and until now have not given myself the right to complain, I am shattered and could break down at the memory of the boys whose lives were destroyed by the Benedictine's cruel system. I feel so much for **██████████** sister. His life was ruined by the institution and the church. I have spoken with his sister and it's important to her to know that **██████████** had some happy times with us in school. I didn't know what was happening to him at school at the time and I know she holds the monks responsible for his death. As do I.
134. The Catholic Church polices itself. It's claim that there were just a few bad apples rings hollow for me when at Carlekemp, four out of five priests were paedophiles. It was so obviously a dumping ground where the Church allowed troubled and predatory men to have access to innocent boys. Why did the church think it could get away with shuffling them around and not engaging with the State authorities or the police? In my view it is because the Benedictine Order and the Catholic Church think that God's work put them above the law and that the State has no business with it. That is truly unforgiveable and I hope steps are taken to dismantle that very idea not just in Scotland but globally.

Reporting of Abuse

135. I never told my parents the full story and I kept it to myself for decades. The BBC documentary 'Sins of Our Fathers' and films like Spotlight encouraged me to stand up for myself and for others who are unable to even speak of the lasting harm done to

them. I gave a similar statement to the police, as I have given to the Inquiry, a few years ago.

Lessons to be learned and hopes for the Inquiry

136. The relationship between state and church shouldn't be there in politics or in education. Schools like these should be properly licensed and controlled. The self-regulating Catholic Church has to admit its complicity in the covering up of abuse and admit the extent of its own internal findings. In my view it is still covering up. What has come to light so far is the tip of the iceberg. It is a catastrophic problem globally. The schools should be policed independently of the Catholic Church. Countries with knowledge of abuse need to share that knowledge with each other because the church has proven time and again it is not an ally of the state in these matters.

137. I hope the Inquiry uses what power it has at state level and the Scottish parliament should reach out to other parliaments on this enormous problem. The use of sex in the Catholic Church goes back decades and centuries. Its highest ranking predators like [REDACTED] Legionnaires of Christ [REDACTED] APG [REDACTED] who initiated seminarians through sexual abuse, have been protected by Popes. The church's continual sheltering of abusers and non-disclosure of every act known only to its internal officials is criminal and will continue to be a criminal act against children and parents of the world as well as against the laws of state authorities, police and justice systems. I hope the Inquiry and state finds a way of punishing the church for its actions and negligence through some form of reparation for decades of betrayal, cover-ups and damage done. I do not like the attitude of canonical lawyers saying now that they are not responsible because they were not there at the time. There can be no reconciliation between the Catholic Church and its victims through mere apology. The current Pope and previous Popes have been more than aware of the size of the global problem that so many members of its church has inflicted on society. It's devastating that schools in Scotland were dumping grounds for known paedophile priests, just as parishes were in the US and Mexico. If the Vatican has been repeatedly deaf to its own Bishops to excommunicate and out offenders, what hope should we place in it? One small measure in the context of the Scottish enquiry should be for the Benedictine Order to never be allowed to apply for a licence again to educate children. In England where the Benedictines still have schools, I would hope that they would be compelled to re-apply for such permission from the state after having demonstrated that their recruitment procedures and provisions for the health and welfare of children as well as their educational qualifications are of an acceptable standard.

Other information

138. 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.

[REDACTED] MZK

12/09/2019

Signed..... **MZK**

Dated..... *12/09/2019*