

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

GAM

Support person present: No

1. My name is GAM My date of birth is 1980. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before boarding school

2. I was born in Glasgow and I am the youngest of 5 children to my mother and father and I have 3 brothers and one sister. My sister is the oldest and is 20 years older than me. is 18 years older, 15 years older, then who was 13 years older than me. has passed away. I was brought up by my parents in a little place near Killearn just north of Glasgow and went to Killearn primary school.
3. Because of the age difference between myself and my siblings I felt I was brought up like an only child and with a fifth of the attention. All my siblings before me had gone to boarding schools. and went to Fettes but had a learning disability and hated Fettes. I found out later was bullied and that his life was absolute hell. was his bodyguard at Fettes. went to Eton and he holds the bragging rights of being the boy in Eton ever to be caned.
4. My father was like a little Napoleon who was brought up in a totally Victorian fashion in Helensburgh. For example he didn't have a meal with his parents until he was

fourteen years old when he was deemed worthy of having a meal with his dad. [REDACTED] was a complete Victorian autocrat who had been brought up by nannies. My mum was the daughter of an ambassador of France and her mum was in the French Resistance. My father was a highly successful [REDACTED] and started a lot of the [REDACTED] we have today in Scotland. He relentlessly bullied people, including me who he slapped on the face even up to the age of sixteen.

5. My father had been [REDACTED] at Ardvreck boarding school in Crieff so that would have been a good school for me to go to especially as it was closer to my home. I remember scouting out a few prep schools but I have no idea why Ardvreck wasn't chosen. I am not sure why Croftinloan was chosen for me but I think my father fell in love with the head teacher Mr Maclure at Croftinloan. My father passed away two years ago.

Croftinloan, Pitlochry

6. I started at Croftinloan in [REDACTED] 1987 and I turned eight [REDACTED] later. Mr Maclure was the headmaster and he and his wife were like parent figures at the school. He was tall, had long dark wavy hair, super good looking and was a fundamentally good person. In my opinion they both ran the school really well. It had a real familial homely feel to it and I loved it when the Maclures were there. They left after about a year of me being there.
7. I would guess there were about twenty members of staff and teachers. The teachers taught the usual subjects like English, maths, art and the sciences, and there were other staff like matrons and a nurse. One matron was called Miss Mullen and she was lovely. Other staff from New Zealand came in who were only about eighteen or nineteen to help out or to give them training. The art teacher was Dennis Evans. He was Welsh and was the house master in the senior boys' house.
8. When the Maclures left they were replaced by Mr and Mrs Heuval. They were in their thirties. He was English, wiry, very stern, full of doom and gloom and was the polar

opposite of Mr Maclure. Mrs Heuval was pregnant. After they arrived the school went downhill.

9. Croftinloan was set in massive grounds in Pitlochry. It was a giant red sandstone country house and all the dorms in the main building had the names of Scottish mountains. It had terraced gardens leading to rugby pitches and it also had a massive swimming pool. On the other side were more playing fields and tennis courts.
10. There were many separate buildings some of which were the classrooms. The main building itself was like a mini Gleneagles. Inside there were beautiful carpets and a lavish staircase. As you enter on the right was the staffroom then a huge dining area. At the back of the building were changing rooms for playing sport. Upstairs on the first level were the boys' dorms and at the very top of the house were the girls' dorms. At the very back of the house were some classrooms in separate units a bit like glorified portacabins. In my time there they built an enormous sports hall which converted into a church on Sunday. There was also a senior boys' house and a senior girls' house which were separate buildings. It was like a private house with a couple of bedrooms. Teachers were nominated as house masters of each of these houses.
11. There were approximately one hundred pupils of which roughly fifty would be boys and fifty were girls. The age range was from seven up to thirteen. My first dorm was called Ben Lawers which held about seven or eight boys with single beds. Some of the other dorms had bunk beds. The boys were all around the same age in each dorm. I think I moved dorms each year.

Routine at Croftinloan

Previsit / entrance exam

12. I visited the school before I started and I was shown around the buildings. I never sat an entrance exam before I went which is probably just as well as I wasn't very academic. I believe at that time they were desperate for pupils to join the school and they badly needed the money.

First day

13. I got taken to Croftinloan by my parents. I was in a bit of shock when I was more or less dropped off with my big trunk and left to get on with it and knew I would be there for a month before I would see them again. Looking back I probably thought that going to boarding school would be like Harry Potter at Hogwarts, with midnight snacks and lots of larking about. I quickly learned that I was outwith my safety zone.
14. I was allocated an older pupil and I was to shadow this pupil about the school. They showed me around although they weren't particularly helpful or friendly.
15. Mrs Maclure was like an angel. I cried my eyes out especially in the first week and was inconsolable. She came into the dorm and give me some sort of pastel sweet and then distracted me getting me to think of happy memories at the same time stroking my hair. She did this and soothed me to sleep. She was amazing and I am not sure how I would have managed there without her.

Mornings and bedtime

16. I am not sure when we were woken in the morning but it was probably quite early. I think someone just came into the dorm and told us it was time to get up. We got dressed, made our beds then went down for breakfast. The matron, Miss Mullen checked the beds were made properly and sometimes she would tell you to remake

it. At night time it was early to bed, about seven thirty, and you could read for a while then lights out was around eight o'clock.

Mealtimes/Food

17. There were three meals a day and we all ate together. At breakfast there was cereal and a cooked breakfast every day if you wanted. The only thing they didn't provide was jam so if you wanted jam or peanut butter you had to take in your own jar and it was kept in a cupboard with your name on it. The breakfast room may have been an old theatre because the staff used to be on a raised section like a stage, where they ate, looking down on us making sure we were eating properly. I can't remember much about the food so presume it must have been adequate. The food was served to you so you couldn't pick and choose what you didn't want. I don't recall ever going hungry. I was in the kitchen at some point when I was about twelve and it always appeared clean and tidy.

Washing/bathing

18. I don't remember getting washed in the morning when I got up. We had baths two or three times a week with a very small amount of lukewarm water. I shared a bath with other boys of similar age. After sport we usually showered.

Clothing/uniform

19. The uniform was shorts most of the year, but we could wear corduroys in the winter, polo shirt and jumper. The older boys got to wear 'greys' which were grey trousers. We had little blue jackets for church. At country dancing events we wore kilts, which we also may have worn to church. We were allowed to wear civvies on a Sunday but these were like a uniform too. It was a lumberjack shirt and jeans. Our kit and uniform was stored in a giant drawer under the bed.

Leisure time

20. We had leisure time on a Saturday afternoon after games and on a Sunday after church. Because there were very few pupils there, unless you were completely useless, you were picked to play in the rugby/cricket or hockey team on the Saturday and you couldn't get out of it. Some of the games were away from home at the other team's school. Somehow, despite being terrible, I was in the first rugby team. We lost every game.
21. There was considerable emphasis on sport but I think part of this was to try and keep up with the other schools. Even at the weekends they played games and did cross country running. Practically all our leisure time was outdoors and things would be organised for us to do. I don't recall there being a common room where we could sit. There were no toys or books lying about and I don't recall ever playing any board games. There was a library where you could read if you wanted. I think we were allowed to watch the television on one occasion when some sort of historic event was taking place. On Sunday evening we got to watch a film in the dining room.
22. You could go home from the Saturday afternoon until the Sunday evening if your parents lived close. You could also go with another boy's parents. We played in the fields all the time and made dens in the wood. It was a wonderful place in the first year I was there when Mr and Mrs Maclure were there. When the new hall was built we did stuff in there like country dancing.

Schooling

23. We had some sort of timetable at school but I am not sure how we knew what it was. The classes lasted about forty minutes then at the end we moved on to the next class. There was one teacher per class. Throughout the day there was a mid-morning and afternoon break and we stopped for lunch. I think it was Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturday we had games. Monday's and Fridays were classes all day. On Wednesday we could go skiing to Glenshee in the winter or swimming in the summer. Country dancing was part of the curriculum on Wednesday evening.

24. I had no issues with the actual education part of the school and I was quite good at certain aspects of English like grammar and literature but poor at maths. I thought the education was okay although I was never very academic. By the time I got to Loretto I would say I was close to the same level of knowledge and understanding as other boys who had come from different schools. I didn't get any homework.
25. I got regular report cards from the school every term which were posted directly to my parents.

Healthcare

26. I remember the nurse giving out injections for some reason. I was the only one that cried because it was sore. Rather than giving me any comfort she told me I was pathetic. She was a witch.

Religious instruction

27. Every Sunday we would be taken in a minibus to random local churches probably within a half hour drive. There was one in Dunkeld and one in Blairgowrie. I have no idea what religion these churches were as I am not religious in any way.
28. Mrs Maclure did a religious studies session in one of the dorms on a Sunday evening. We all snuggled up and listened to stories from the bible and we sung a few songs. It felt like I was part of a giant family.
29. There was some religious instruction within the school curriculum taught to us by Mr Hope who looked like Jesus himself. We weren't constantly bombarded with religion.

Work

30. Apart from making my bed I do not recall having to do any other chores or work. I presume there must have been a cleaner there.

Birthdays and Christmas

31. Birthdays were fun. Everyone sang 'Happy birthday' to me and someone made a birthday cake. This was a positive thing. I was always home for Christmas but before we broke up there was a Christmas service to which our parents were invited.

Bed Wetting

32. I am not aware of any boy wetting the bed when I was at Croftinloan so I don't know how they would have dealt with it.

Visitors

33. There must have been parent / teacher meetings and if there was I was never invited to them. I am not sure how or if there was communication at any time between the school and my parents. The only time I recall my parents coming to the school was to drop me off or pick me up at the beginning and end of terms and half terms and on a few other occasions. They probably came once a month to be fair. They would be able to interact with other parents and teachers at these times. Sometimes they just came and took me out for the day. When they did it felt like I was getting a day release from jail.

Prefects

34. There were prefects at Croftinloan. I was a prefect for a while but got demoted after I held a wellington boot to a lightbulb and it melted. Prefects wore a red badge to identify themselves as such. Their main job was to lock up all the different doors and buildings at the end of the day. I am not sure what else was involved in the prefect role which was quite pointless. I don't recall the prefects looking after the younger boys. Prefects were usually in their last year at school.

Discipline

35. I was never punished in any way at Croftinloan, not even made to write out lines. There was no belt or slipper ever used. Mrs Maclure may have reprimanded me for doing something wrong but it would be verbal and she would do it in a very loving way. We were taught to have manners, how to eat properly with your knife and fork. In a way it was a bit like a finishing school. I agreed with all these principles. Mr Heuval gave me a verbal reprimand at some time but it was no great deal.

Running away

36. I ran away once. I might have been about ten and I think it was because I was homesick. I had a pen knife and my intention was to run away and live in the wild for a while. I got to the end of the drive and I was aware that someone had seen me so I just turned round and went back. I was never missed. I think a couple of other boys thought about running away at other times too but they didn't.

Abuse at Croftinloan

37. The only time Mrs Maclure did anything that could have been described as being abusive to me was one time when I couldn't finish the food on my plate. I had some mushrooms left and she made me stay behind after everyone else had gone until I cleared my plate. She never actually forced me but it was a thing about the school that they did not like any sort of waste. There was never any actual physical force feeding but they did not like you leaving any food on your plate and you had to eat it whether you liked it or not. I didn't consider it to be abuse then and still don't to this day, in fact I do the same to my son. There was another time I couldn't eat something so refused to eat it and I kicked up a bit of a fuss. I was made to stand facing the wall for half an hour or so.
38. There was a boy at Croftinloan called [REDACTED] He was the same age as me but he was colossal and had hands the size of lamb shanks. He was basically

the school bully and he was in my dorm. He regularly thumped me when I was passing if I looked at him the wrong way or sometimes it was just because he felt like hitting me. He beat lots of other boys up and there was no rhyme or reason for doing it. He never punched me on the face. It would usually be to my arm or to my thigh to give me a dead arm or dead leg. He was the guy to be scared of. He bullied older boys than him and his bullying continued the whole time I was at Croftinloan.

39. GAQ [REDACTED] was the [REDACTED] teacher and was about forty. He was mostly bald with some white hair. He was the house master of Croft Meunich which was the house I was in. Looking back he obviously took a fancy to me. I now realise and consider him to be a predator.
40. After we had been doing sports he would come into our dormitory about half an hour after lights out and he would tell me to go with him. He never asked anyone else just me. He took me to his study which was tiny. After I undressed, which he must have asked me to do, I lay naked on his bed. He then perched himself on the bed next to me and started rubbing some kind of ointment like 'Deep Heat' into my legs. He never actually touched my genitals but he was working up that way and he definitely touched my bare backside and had visual access to the rest of my body.
41. When he was massaging me he was asking if certain bits were sore, if he was doing it too hard or too soft or if it felt good, just normal stuff. He never said anything about me not telling anyone else or it being our little secret. If he had it may have rung alarm bells with me. He just normalised it so I thought nothing was untoward. He remained fully clothed all the time.
42. I must have been taken to his study between ten to fifteen times and he did the same thing to me every time. It usually lasted about half an hour. I was in my final year so would have been twelve or thirteen. I was still naïve and he probably saw me as being innocent. At the time I may have thought it was strange but didn't think there was anything wrong in what he was doing and probably just thought he was being nice giving me a massage. Looking back I know I was rubbish at rugby so didn't need any kind of massage. I also think what he was doing was grooming me and

building up for other things but they never happened. I remember crystal clear that it didn't go any further and I haven't blanked anything out. I know now that what he did was completely wrong and inappropriate.

43. The other thing ^{GAQ} did was he hung about the showers when the boys were showering and there was no real need for him to be there. It was a big communal shower with around four or five shower heads. He often appeared and chatted to us. One time when I was in the showers he came up behind me and stamped my bare backside with black shoe polish. It was one of those small bottles of liquid polish with a sponge at the end. He put two big black spots of polish on my backside and he thought it was hilarious. There were other boys there when he did it. They just said that was what Mr ^{GAQ} was like.
44. Another time I burnt my backside on a sheet metal radiator when I backed on to it and gave myself a nasty burn. Instead of sending me to sick bay he rubbed some sort of lotion on it. Looking back I had a nasty burn and should probably have seen a doctor.
45. When I was about fifteen I went to a Croftinloan reunion and for some reason when I left ^{GAQ} offered to drive me back to my parent's address. He drove me home then came into the house and came in to my bedroom. He then started to massage my shoulders and I recoiled and asked him what he was doing. He explained that he thought I was 'into it'. I told him I was a heterosexual male and not interested in him. He immediately left the house. I never heard of ^{GAQ} doing anything with any other boy and I never heard from him ever again.
46. Mr Holden the maths teacher was rumoured to be abusive. I heard gossip that he once threw a boy, against a radiator but I didn't actually see him do it. He was fifty or so and was a big muscly guy and had terrible bodily odour.

Reporting of abuse at Croftinloan

47. The school must have been aware of what [REDACTED] was doing to me and lots of other boys. Nothing ever changed and I am not aware of anyone intervening to try and stop him.
48. When I went back in to the dorm after GAQ [REDACTED] had massaged me none of the other boys ever said anything to me or asked what I had been doing. They were probably sleeping. I never said anything to them and I never mentioned what GAQ [REDACTED] did to me to anybody probably because at the time I didn't see anything wrong in what he was doing. It was only years later I couldn't understand why a grown man would do what he did to a twelve year old boy.

Leaving Croftinloan

49. I was at Croftinloan until 1993 and was twelve when I left. I should probably have gone to Gordonstoun but it wasn't even offered to me as an option. Basically my father had spoken to Norman Drummond, who had two children at Croftinloan. Norman was the headmaster of Loretto so he recommended and sweet talked my father into applying for there. I sat the entrance exam for Loretto and passed. I am not sure if I had some sort of interview. Quite a lot of Croftinloanians went to Loretto.
50. I actually left Croftinloan school early and spent six months at a school in France. I stayed with my uncle and I had a good time there. The reason I went to France was because this was my parent's way of making me learn French. They didn't speak any English so I was dumped there in the deep end. I went to a fully French state school and had a great time. I had to learn quickly but it worked. All of my siblings were sent off to French school at some point. It was basically because my mother, who was French, couldn't be bothered teaching us. I think she tried but my father had other ideas so my uncle taught us. I came out speaking fluent French.

Loretto school, Musselburgh

51. Loretto school was divided by a road. On one side of the road was the School house which was a colossal building, and held the dining hall and a very large accommodation block for boys. There was also a large chapel with an enormous organ and loads of other buildings which were the school classes. Further along was what later became the girls' accommodation, Trafalgar house. On the other side of the road were the playing fields and three boys' houses. They were Seton, Pinkie and Hope. There was a tunnel leading to the other side of the road. Seton, Pinkie, Hope and School house all accommodated boys from the age of thirteen up to eighteen.
52. The pupils were divided quite radically into the houses. It was almost like the boys were sorted by their pedigree. Pinkie would be classed as the posh boys' house. The School house would be slightly more elitist. Hope house was for the underdogs. Seton was like the Bronx. Hope house had a reputation for being a bad boys' house but the worst house was Seton. Seton was where the dregs of Loretto were placed and almost felt like the equivalent of a homeless shelter for pupils. Seton and Hope were where boys who didn't have a good blood line, family history or weren't rolling in money were sent.
53. The school headmaster was Norman Drummond but he left after my first year and was replaced by Keith Budge. Under the headmaster were the heads of each house. I would guess there were about 300 pupils. I was the last year of it being all boys. In my second year girls started. [REDACTED]
By the time I left the school the ratio of boys to girls was roughly fifty-fifty.
54. I stayed in Seton house the whole time I was at Loretto. It was a big house and had a housemaster called Hector McLean and an assistant housemaster called Simon Lowe. They were also teachers. Mr Mclean taught Geography and Mr Lowe taught English. In each dorm was a dorm captain who was usually a lower sixth form boy. His job was to look after the younger boys, the scabs.

55. Seton house had a couple of wings and on one side were five dorms and the other were all the studies which were on two floors. In the upper two years boys got their own studies which was like a bedsit with a bed and a desk. Underneath were changing rooms and a common room where there was a television. It looked out onto a vast playing field. I would guess there were between fifty and sixty boys in Seton from thirteen up to eighteen. In the dorm I had a tallboy cupboard where I hung my clothes. I also had a small-boy which was a bedside cabinet and I believe we also had drawers under my bed for storing my kilt and other stuff which needed to be kept flat.

Routine at Loretto

First day

56. Although I had been in France I started at Loretto on the first day of term. Starting at Loretto was daunting in itself because I was going from a tiny school to a massive senior school where the senior boys were adults. Because [REDACTED] was there it made things even worse. Not only was he in Seton House, he was in the same dorm as me. I don't recall much about my first day, just vaguely recall loads of trunks and unpacking.
57. I remember feeling that going from Croftinloan to Loretto was like going from summer camp to a prisoner of war camp. It was a stark contrast and I felt way out of my depth. It was a huge shock to me.

Mornings and bedtime

58. We woke up about 7:30am but could get up earlier if you wanted to have a shower before breakfast. Breakfast was between 8:00 and 8:30am. After breakfast there was time to go back to the dorm to pick up schoolbooks.

Mealtimes/Food

59. We had roll calls in the common room before meals. Meals were all served in the dining hall in School house. At the beginning of each term there would be a seating plan on the notice board to let you know what table you were to sit at. You could sit where you wanted at breakfast but for the other meals you had to be at your designated table. Each table had a wide age range of pupils. The youngest ones at the tables, the scabs, had to collect and serve the food for the table. There was a timetable made up in advance to identify that person. The older pupils just waited at the table to be served.
60. Food was generally adequate. Nothing stood out as being particularly good or bad. There was a weekly menu published so you could pick and choose what you wanted. If you didn't like any particular food you could avoid it. There was never a shortage of food and I never went hungry. Staff sat at a big dining table set aside for them. Not all the staff ate there and generally patrolled around making sure we behaved. It resembled scenes I had seen in a prison with the guards patrolling between the tables.

Washing/bathing

61. All the boys shared bathrooms. At the beginning it was big open showers but this changed to cubicles half way through my time at Loretto. We could shower before breakfast if we wanted. We were left to look after our own cleanliness and no one checked. We could shower more or less when we wanted. There was a row of baths too where we could bathe if we wanted. It was all open plan so there was little or no privacy.

Clothing/uniform

62. We wore greys most of the time, which consisted of a shirt and a jumper which had to conform to the school. There were no shorts just long grey trousers. Jackets were tweed or red. I chose tweed most of the time. For open day and things like that we

had to wear the red jacket. We wore kilts to church on Sundays and the rest of the time we wore our civvies.

Leisure time

63. We got to watch the television in the common room for half an hour before our evening meal and we could watch it again for a while after prep and before bed. There wasn't a lot of time after everything else for any spare leisure time. There was a common room but it was a thoroughfare so there was no privacy. Apart from in sixth form there was no privacy. In the upper years there was a social club on a Saturday night where you were allowed two beers. There was no organised alternative outdoor activities. You were allowed to go into Musselburgh town but you had to wear the school uniform including the bright red jacket. We became targets from local youths, who were referred by us as skivvies, and there were often confrontations and fights with them. I never got involved in any of this.

Schooling

64. We had two classes from 9:00 until 10:30am, midmorning break then two more classes until lunchtime. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays afternoons we had sport. On Monday and Friday afternoons we had more lessons in the afternoon. On Wednesday afternoon we had the combined cadet force or when you were at the top of the school you could do community service, which generally was working in an old folk's home. We did prep for a couple of hours in the evening in our studies from around 7pm until 9pm. This wasn't supervised and if anyone was making a noise other pupils would give you a telling off.
65. The combined cadet force on Wednesday afternoons wasn't optional. You had to choose one of the services. I chose the navy possibly because of my families background and possibly because the teacher who governed it was Mr Aston who I liked and was a good guy. Most of the other boys chose the army so I was marginalised from them even further. Because fewer boys did it there was more

chance of me getting to a higher rank. I continued doing it in sixth form and didn't take the option of doing community service instead.

66. Every day we had a meeting which was called a 'Double'. It was a giant scheduled meeting with everyone in the school. We would be told if anyone was visiting the school or if a pipe band was coming.
67. Academia was very important at Loretto. Sport wasn't so important because our school was rubbish at almost everything. You had to play sport and you couldn't skive off it. It was obligatory. There was an indoor hall and a swimming pool but swimming wasn't part of the school curriculum. There was no possibility of bunking off educational classes. You had to go to every class. Two hours of prep every night was a long time to be sitting at a desk trying to teach yourself. Quite often we would be set prep in class. We would be told to read a passage and make notes on it. I didn't get any assistance during prep time. There were no teachers there to give any guidance.
68. Some teachers were much better than others. The technical teacher Mr Aston was great and I loved his classes. I still use things he taught me to this day. My English teacher, whose name I can't remember, was great. Other teachers, like my maths teacher, were terrible and I was rubbish at maths so I didn't get on very well with that subject. We followed the English system and did GCSEs and A Levels but you could also do Highers. There was a career's advisor who advised me what subjects I should take for my A levels and what career path I should follow. He was hopeless. I did French, economics and politics and design and technology.
69. I did okay in my GCSE exams and got straight 'B's which was fairly average. By the time I was at the top of the school there were girls and I was distracted as I had a girlfriend who didn't do any work and flunked out of everything. I spent a lot of time with her. Also by that time I was very resentful of the fact that I had to be there and rejected it all. My economics and politics exam paper was returned 'unmarked' because I just wrote complete drivel and wanted out of there. I didn't get any support at this time from any of the teachers. The only people who may have been willing to

help were fellow pupils who ironically were often the ones that gave me punishments.

70. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I didn't get to wear the red and white tie and was stuck wearing the grey tie.

Healthcare

71. There was a nurse at Loretto based in School house who was hopeless, and gave paracetamol regardless of your ailment, from a bee sting to a broken arm. Anything not treatable by paracetamol she would put her hands up and say that she didn't know how to treat it and call for an ambulance. In each house was a matron who might deal with any minor issues if she could. If you were ill there was a sick bay which had a couple of beds in it where you could recuperate there. There was also a local doctor who came in once a week who for some reason loved checking boy's testicles even if it was nothing to do with why they wanted to see the doctor. Going to the dentist just didn't happen. I once went to the optician because I needed glasses but I ended up just going to Musselburgh High Street on my own.

Religious instruction

72. On Wednesdays our school meeting would be held in the chapel and it was a mini mass sort of service and some hymn singing and other stuff. On Sunday we had chapel and everyone had to go. It was obligatory. At other times there was singing practice. I am not and never have been a religious person but was nearly made a prefect of the chapel.

Trips and holidays

73. We went to Euro-Disney on what was supposed to be a Tech trip. I think it was so we learned how the roller coasters worked but it was just a jolly down to France. I don't remember going on any other trips apart from a classical concert in Edinburgh.

I think some of the school cricket and rugby teams went on different trips, but I didn't. There were other ski trips which I didn't get involved with.

Work

74. There were no official chores that any of the pupils were expected to do. Everything was really done for us and there was no rota. The scabs, the younger boys, had to do fagging for the senior boys and serve food at meal times but that was all.

Birthdays and Christmas

75. Birthdays weren't acknowledged or celebrated in any way. At Christmas we had a Christmas service before we broke up for the break. Parents came to this and there was lots of singing and bagpipe playing. This was all to show off how great the school was before we broke up for the holidays. Apart from this there wasn't a big deal made of Christmas. There was no Christmas party or disco for the pupils.

Personal possessions

76. By the time I got to the top of the school I was allowed to have my own stereo along with my CDs. Apart from that and our own clothes I didn't really have any other personal possessions. Someone did smuggle in a television at one point but that definitely wasn't allowed.

Bed Wetting

77. I am not aware of anyone bedwetting. Had anyone had the misfortune then the ridiculing by the other boys would have been immense.

Visitors

78. Parents could come during term time and take you out for about five hours every Sunday afternoon. They could also come to the chapel on Sundays and to every

sports match we played. My parents did sometimes come and take me out after chapel on Sunday afternoon.

External Inspections

79. I remember outsiders coming to the school and we were forewarned to be on our best behaviour. None of them ever spoke to me.

School contact with parents

80. The school obviously compiled report cards for me each term. Had there been any issue at the school they would have contacted my parents to let them know and discuss it with them.

Discipline

81. Teachers hardly ever punished any of the pupils unless you did something really bad like smoking, having sex or drinking alcohol or taking drugs. The local enforcers of the minor offences were the pupils. They doled out the punishments. There was a sliding scale of punishment. Swearing might warrant giving you 'sides' where you had to write the same sentence out so many times on a side of paper. Slightly more serious offences like smoking may be punished by having to do 'parade'. There was a sliding scale of punishment with the ultimate being expulsion. This was a gym class where you did gym exercises until you were absolutely exhausted. Senior pupils ran this class and there were never any teachers present. Some pupils vomited and some passed out. I was made to do this punishment a couple of times.
82. Without any question the teachers accepted that the pupils enforced the discipline. There was no governance by the school. It was often one of the trio who issued the punishment, either [REDACTED], [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] but several other senior boys took it. They gleefully destroyed lots of junior boys doing this 'parade'. They were masochists and took great pleasure in pushing boys past their limits. It happened every Sunday of the year regardless of the weather. I can't

imagine that any record was made anywhere of any punishment like this. 'Parades' didn't happen as far as I remember when I was in sixth form or maybe it had been outlawed by then. By the time I was a senior, discipline presumably must have been dealt with differently and by then it was done more by the teachers.

Fagging

83. The senior boys were not given one allocated 'fag'. They would just get any junior boy to do something for them. It was random and there was no way you could refuse. 'Fagging' could involve doing things for one of the senior boys like going down to the shops and buying food, pornographic magazines and cigarettes for the older boy. Other things might be to clean their shoes or their combined cadet force boots, make their beds, clean their study or carry their books to school classes. One guy [REDACTED] assigned people to be his fag and I sometimes had to take his books to school.
84. 'Fagging' was only prevalent in my first two years at Loretto. Although Keith Budge the headmaster was ineffective in some aspects of school life but he was anti-bullying, and it almost completely stopped by the time I was in my last year. In fact when I was in my sixth form I asked a junior boy to do something for me and he refused and just laughed in my face.

Running away

85. I ran away one morning when I was about thirteen or fourteen. I got up at six o'clock and got the train back to Glasgow. When I got home to Killearn I begged my parents to take me out of the school. Almost straight away I was put in the car and driven back to the school. For me this was the ultimate betrayal and I felt like a lamb being sent back to the wolves to be slaughtered. This was a massive cry for help by myself and they chose to ignore it. This was the only time I ran away. Back at the school my counterparts made me feel like a wimp for running away. There were no repercussions from the staff for running away. They had no sympathy and no one even asked me why I had run away.

Abuse at Loretto

86. Hierarchy was a key theme at Loretto and it was an extremely hierarchical system amongst staff and pupils which was accepted. Staff members who only held the post of teacher were not highly thought of but if you were a housemaster and a teacher then that was quite different. You were like a prince and all the other teachers were just treated like skivvies.
87. In relation to the pupils anyone who wasn't in sixth form was called scab and were treated like scum. In third form you were a total scab then as you moved up you became less and less of a scab. I consider the hierarchy to have been like what was in the mafia. Anyone who misbehaved wouldn't get a bullet in the head but you would get a good beating.
88. [REDACTED] was evil and he ruined the first three years of my life at Loretto. From day one he started teasing me and was violent. He made my life absolute hell. By the time I got to sixth form I was able to stand up for myself and there were girls so things were diluted a bit. Because [REDACTED] was continuing to bully and hit me, in the hierarchical ladder I was the lowest of the low, the ultimate scab, and this encouraged my own classmates in my year to bully me too. I saw [REDACTED] hit other boys regularly too. He sometimes punched them to the face. There was one time he broke another boy's eye sockets at dinner time. He was an animal.
89. [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were in their fifth form when I started at Loretto. They were the trio from hell and made almost everyone's life at Loretto a misery.
90. On the first or second night I was there the head of our dorm, whose last name was [REDACTED], showed me a hockey stick and it had been taped all over with black and blue tape. He told me that I was going to be that colour by the time he had finished with me. He then played a game and said "Head, Bollocks, or Toes" then he would

whack me with the hockey stick. There was no way you could avoid it and there was no way of protecting myself.

91. There were other games the older boys made you play in the dorms. One was called the Space Invaders game. Basically they would make you stand with your back against a wall. You had to then put your arms out to the side and do star-jumps whilst they threw shoes and boots at you. The other game was making you run the gauntlet which was running down the centre of the dorm and you got whacked on both sides by pillows. Another one was being locked in a trunk. That never happened to me but saw it happening to others. Sometimes they would lift the trunk up onto tall bits of furniture and push it off.
92. Sometimes when you were in your bed through the night another boy or boys would tip up your bed. One minute you would be sound asleep and the next minute you would be vertical until you fell out your bed. There was often no reason for doing it, just completely random. I think it was called 'bed heading' or something along those lines.
93. If you disrespected or were rude to an older boy you were called arrogant. The older boy would then get everyone else to gang up on you and teach you a lesson. That would be a whole gang of boys and it would be like a mouse being chased by monsters.
94. I remember crystal clear in my first week of arriving at Loretto two dorm captains started walking along the corridor either side on me. One was called [REDACTED] and had the nickname [REDACTED] and the other one was Italian. His name was [REDACTED] [REDACTED] They started to play a game with me and were getting me to pass messages mostly insulting from one to the other. It turned nasty along the lines that if I didn't pass the message on I would get beaten. It was like an initiation. I knew I was in a lose lose situation. I was kicked and punched to the body. This was a regular occurrence at Loretto. I never got hit to the face so there was nothing visible to be seen afterwards.

95. In my first three years there was rarely a day went by that I wasn't hit, punched or beaten up by the senior boys. It happened virtually every day. It wasn't always the same small group of senior boys. Sometimes it was from a completely random senior who would thump you when you were passing for no reason. It was relentless and it made me so unhappy. I know it wasn't just me. It happened to most of the junior boys.
96. One time I saw a boy called [REDACTED] being taped to a chair, a gorilla mask was put on him then he was pushed down a set of stairs. He could quite easily have been killed and the fact he didn't break his neck was a miracle. I can't remember who it was that did this to him.
97. At the end of mealtime one of the senior boys, and I think it could have been [REDACTED] made me take a whole tray of hot beans and pour it over another student. I did it because I was completely brainwashed and knew that I would be punished if I didn't do it. I did as I was told and the boy, whose name I believe was [REDACTED], went ballistic. He jumped out his seat and grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and dragged me out of the dining hall in full view of all the other pupils and staff present with my heels getting dragged along the ground.
98. He dragged me all the way to the toilets by the scruff of my neck, where he flushed my head down the toilet. This was in full view of all the other pupils. This was called 'bog washing' and it was revolting and dangerous. His reaction was extreme and I remember it like it happened yesterday. [REDACTED] was in the same house and year as the 'trio' who made my life hell.
99. I think it was [REDACTED] who was also, on another occasion, locked in a room and he was there for such a long time that he had to climb out the window to escape. The abuse was relentless especially in that first year.
100. The girls at Loretto had an unbelievably awful time. The dining hall was colossal and at the end of the meal there was an allocated plate invigilator, who was almost always a female. Her job was to supervise the putting away of the plates. I

remember the senior boys would force the junior boys to grope the female's backside and breasts in front of the entire school. I never had to do this but saw others being made to do it on numerous occasions. There was one girl who was well endowed with a large chest and she was felt up by a thirteen year old. No teacher stopped it from happening or did anything afterwards. She was about seventeen and was humiliated in front of everyone.

101. Another incident was with a girl who started at the school in lower sixth form. She was a newcomer to the school. I was in lower or upper sixth form. She must have been given a position of responsibility and this day she was standing up in front of the entire school making a speech of some description. For some reason there were no teachers present. Everyone picked up single portions of jam in little plastic containers like you may get at a café, then started throwing them at her. She was barraged with hundreds of portions of jam raining down on her. I was in shock and disbelief and am proud to say I didn't do it. I was friendly with this girl so was horrified to see it happening to her.
102. There were repercussions after this jam throwing incident and a number of pupils were seriously told off or were punished by the teachers, although no one got expelled.
103. If a female pupil dared to approach one of the boys' houses within a radius of about three hundred metres the guys would go running out and physically pick up the girl and take her into the house. Other boys would fill a bath with cold water and she would be put, fully clothed, into the bath. I know for definite this happened to a seventeen year old girl who I knew because I saw it happening. It happened many times to other girls.
104. Simon Lowe who was the assistant housemaster of Seton house was pathetic. He was bullied by the pupils. I remember him coming into the dorm and the boys humiliated him. He was physically small and he allowed himself to be taunted by young boys. He witnessed a lot of the bullying and the abuse and he just sat back and did nothing. He let them get away with far too much.

105. I would say that I probably witnessed far more abuse than I was personally subjected to but I would say that rarely a day went past that I wasn't hit or bruised in some way.
106. The abuse of the younger boys was extremely prevalent in my first year under the headmaster Norman Drummond because he was absolutely hopeless. He consciously turned a blind eye to the abuse and condoned and was complicit to what went on. In some respects I think what he did was criminal, far more than just hopeless. When Keith Budge started things slowly got better for the younger ones and by the time I was in my last year it had all been done away with. Had I beaten anyone up I would have been expelled. At one point I accidentally knocked out a junior boy and I was very close to being expelled until it became evident to them it had been a complete accident.

Reporting of abuse at Loretto

107. The headmaster at the school was initially Mr Norman Drummond but he left after a year. He was a dinosaur and turned a blind eye to everything that was going on at Loretto. In my eyes unbelievable behaviour and atrocities were committed and he chose not to see them. Fagging went on and he condoned it. He was replaced by Mr Keith Budge who in some respects was very neutral about most things and his role was quite meaningless but he did resolve the bullying issue.
108. Hector McLean, my housemaster, was the only ray of light in my whole time at Loretto. He was a fundamentally fair and good person. The slight caveat to this is that he would have known about the abuse that was going on and he could have stopped it. He would have been the only person I could have told about the abuse. I didn't because it was so rife and he must have already known. The fear of being caught grassing also prevented me from saying anything.
109. When I poured the tray of beans over the other pupil and I was dragged out of the dining hall, everyone there would have heard the commotion and seen me getting dragged out. This includes the staff although I can't remember what members of staff

were there that day. They didn't try and stop him, nor speak to me afterwards to find out what was going on.

110. The teachers at the school must have seen or at least been aware of the young boys being made to grope the older girls at mealtimes. I would have hoped that if a teacher had seen it happening they would have stepped in but I never saw a teacher do this. In general the teachers must have known about most of the abuse that was going on because it was so rife and so blatant. It would have been impossible for them not to have seen what was going on. Not only were they aware they probably condoned it. The mentality was that if it didn't kill you it made you stronger.
111. Being a 'grass' at Loretto would have made things even worse from the other boys. The teachers didn't need 'grasses' because the abuse was so blatant. The house masters who were living under the same roof as us would have witnessed almost everything but did nothing about it.
112. My father was well aware of my strife at boarding school and turned a blind eye to it. He was aware of every detail of what was happening at Loretto. As far as I am aware he never reported what I told him to anyone in authority. Initially I don't think he actually believed that the bullying was any worse than when he was at boarding school. When he was there the bullying was so trivial. He just told me to 'man-up' and deal with it. He said he was paying a lot of money for me to have the privilege and that I would enjoy it and come out stronger and a better person. He didn't realise this bred a bitterness, resentment and dislike of my own flesh and blood in my dad.
113. At some point he must have taken cognisance of the fact that Seton house was a dreadful place to be and I asked him if he wasn't going to take me away from Loretto could he at least get me to move house. He must have done something because after a while things were happening to get me moved to School house which was equivalent to a gents house in Mayfair and it would have revolutionised my life.
114. My only issue was that this would have meant removing someone from School house into Seton house and this would probably have got me into deeper trouble

with my school comrades and more grief from my own allies. I never got moved and it may have been that I refused because of the potential ructions. I don't think I would have been accepted into the School house anyway and would always have been seen as the homeless shelter boy from Seton house.

115. By the time I was in my fifth or sixth form I did some research and found some alternative schools I could have gone to and suggested them to my parents. Nothing ever changed and I remained at Loretto.

Leaving Loretto

116. I didn't do as well as I should have in my exams in my last year. I left school at the end of term and was happy to leave.

Life after boarding school

117. I have had many different jobs since I left boarding school. I was a ski instructor for a couple of seasons, and also a diving instructor. I have been a chef at various restaurants and at one point had my own restaurant. I started getting involved in developing and renovating property and now have a property development business in London. I am also on the verge of starting an interior design business in France. Motor bikes are an enormous passion of mine and I built this into a business. I am a helicopter pilot so do some flying at times. I am perfectly happy and successful in what I do. The main thing for me is that I am not tied to an office working office hours. I delegate a lot of work so that I can spend a lot of time with my family and do things I want to do.
118. I married in 2010 and from that relationship we have one son. We divorced around 2014 but remarried in 2018.

Impact

119. After I left Croftinloan I went to a school in France for six months where everything was perfectly normal and there was no abuse. This was the best time I had in my educational career. Because of this there was a massive contrast with Croftinloan and Loretto. I had gone from a dark place in Croftinloan to a much better place in France and then back to absolute hell at Loretto.
120. I think the first night at Loretto to a certain extent guided me down a different path for the rest of my life. That first gesture by [REDACTED] who teased and bullied changed everyone's perception of me and showed me as being targetable, weak and naïve and opened the doors for them to join in.
121. Because of the way I was treated by my parents before and when I was in boarding school it has made me a completely different person to them. It completely changed my decision making process. If I have a decision to make about my son, I think what my father would have chosen to do, and I will do the polar opposite because what my father would have chosen would have been cold and callous. My father never told me that he loved me or showed me any love and affection. I am completely the opposite with my son and I tell him all the time that I love him. It is an important thing for a child growing up and I never had it from my father, just like he never had it from his father.
122. I don't trust anyone. I had one failed relationship after another after I left school. These relationships didn't last because there was no trust. This was romantic relationships and with friends. I often questioned people's motives for wanting to be with me. I questioned whether I was worthy of being in such a relationship and why that person wanted to be with me. I always felt they had ulterior motives so had difficulty making friends. I settled with my first girlfriend, probably for too long and it stagnated because I had such low self esteem. I went out with her and I had so little belief in myself that I couldn't break up with her, despite the fact we were completely different. I was worried I would never be able to get another girlfriend. I had a very low opinion of myself.

123. Some of the impacts didn't rear their heads until years after I left boarding school. The biggest one was the perception of rejection. I felt abandoned by my cohorts and by the staff and everybody else after the time that my head was flushed down the toilet. I felt abandoned by my parents for being sent to boarding school in the first place.
124. The result of my feelings of being rejected was that my wife split me in 2013 because we were constantly bickering as I was perceiving rejection in virtually everything she did. I was convinced that she was rejecting me and was going to abandon me. We divorced but after seeking therapy we have since got back together again and have remarried.
125. I think that if I hadn't gone to boarding school and gone to a regular day school I would probably have done better at school and gone on to university. I left with all B's in my GCSEs and two 'D' passes in my A levels. I blame the career advisor Mr Elder who couldn't be bothered taking an interest and treating me as an individual. He should have identified the skills I had and suggested a better career path. Had I been living at home, my father, who was a very successful businessman, could probably have given me better guidance. I feel that I left school with a very poor education and everything I have learned was after I left. In a way I feel I shouldn't have bothered going to school. I was just biding my time until it was time for me to leave. It was like a prison sentence for me.
126. I have spoken to other former pupils from Loretto, called Old Lorettoians, and they have had the same feelings as me. They resent their parents and have feelings of being pushed down and rejected.
127. I was hit nearly every day and whilst the bruises healed the mental impact was massive. I never fully believed in myself and was always questioning my decisions.
128. I was speaking to friends recently and we were chatting about former pupils at Loretto. Despite the reputation of Loretto we could not think of any individual who have gone on to become a super successful or super wealthy individual. There are

no really successful lawyers, doctors, engineers or accountants. Loretto just seems to breed a lot of mediocrity and people who are simply surviving through life.

129. I can't say that I suffer from flashbacks relating to my time at boarding school. I do sometimes have thoughts going through my head along the lines that something wrong had happened to me before and convince myself that it might happen again. I worry that I might be abandoned, rejected or lost and unloved.
130. My son, who is only six, has already been to four different schools because we are desperate to find the school that fits him best. Like me I have recognised that he is not particularly academic and is going to be more practical. He has settled into school now, which we think is the best one for him. He loves the teachers and they love him. This school is on the verge of closing down and I am so desperate for my son to continue going there that along with two other sets of parents we are renting a nearby property, fitting it out and taking on all the staff apart from the head teacher. In doing so we are saving his school. This is the polar opposite of what my own parents would have done. I don't want my son to be moulded, I want him to be himself and be educated naturally. I want him to be in a happy environment where he will learn.

Positive impact

131. At Croftinloan I did a lot of skiing and swimming and I now swim every day and became a ski instructor. These principles instilled in me at that early age at Croftinloan were positive and have stuck with me. Because of this I have developed a great love of the outdoors.
132. I cannot think of any positive experiences from Loretto. Other pupils who played team sports and were good at it, or those who played in the pipe band had great trips and got to see the world. I was confined to the school. The only positive thing I left the school with was a couple of friends who I occasionally keep in touch with. There was no resounding positivity gained from my time at the school.

Treatment/support

133. After my wife split up with me in 2013 I sought therapy and all sorts of help to make myself better. I was in a very dark place. I had therapy for over two years which I got privately. The CBT therapist who I initially used in London basically saved my life in the twelve weeks I saw him. He brought me back from the brink of unthinkable things to relative normality. I then tried another random therapist who made me try lots of different weird things. I then went to a regular psychotherapist and I have been speaking with her ever since. I am still in contact with her but less and less recently as I have less need.
134. I don't think my mental issues are ever going to go away. I think I am going to be stuck with them for the rest of my life. In 2013 the therapist who I saw in London said I had a possible personality disorder and was chronically depressed. No other accredited person has ever diagnosed me with anything other than that I was suffering from depression. The CBT therapist tried to sort only the problem that is on the surface. They don't try and dig deeper to try and find out the root cause. My current accredited therapist however went into incredible detail and went back to my own birth and even earlier looking at possible genetic issues. I talked to her a lot about school and how it affected me and a lot about my parents who didn't try and save me.
135. I think the school had knocked me down and down and it took a long time to build myself back up again into being a better person. It took a long time but my thought processes are much better now. The negativity and disbelief I had in myself has been greatly reduced but it never completely goes away. I still question myself all the time.
136. It also had an effect on my professional life. I haven't got the career that my parents would have loved me to have. I can't say I am a doctor or an accountant or a lawyer. I have had many jobs and have been perfectly happy in everything I have done. Had I gone to another school, possibly even just been in a different house like School house in Loretto then things may have been totally different. Had my parents not

ignored me and had I not perceived all the rejection that I felt then I could have been a different person.

Reporting of Abuse

137. I have never contacted the police to report anything that happened to me. When I first contacted the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry I mentioned the incident with GAQ GAQ and was asked if I wanted to report it to the police. I said I would and the police have been in touch with me.

Records

138. I have never tried to get any records from Loretto. The only form of records I have are my old school report cards. These all just show that I was average in my academia. I wasn't amazing at anything nor exceptionally bad. I was just medium at everything and almost invisible apart from to the senior boys who bullied me.

Lessons to be learned

139. I feel let down most by my parents who ignored my cries for help. When my father died I barely cried at his funeral and didn't have any sympathy for him. I was more upset when the family home was sold. I also feel massively let down by the people who were supposed to be protecting me. The teacher's main responsibility, more so than providing education, was to ensure the safety and wellbeing of every child. They failed in this primary task in respect that they didn't keep every child safe, alive and mentally and physically healthy.
140. The school staff should have been parenting us but they weren't. They expected us to look after and fend for ourselves and that was how we would learn. I think they then lost control of their own disciplinary processes. They left it to the senior pupils to

keep us in line and to educate us in life to a certain extent. I think they condoned the practise but it is unbelievable if they knew the extent of the violence and beatings that they would do nothing about it. The easiest way I can put it is that the staff lit the fuse that they then lost control of. Staff who were aware of the abuse should have intervened and stopped it. Teachers should have recognised that children don't run away for no reason. They should try and find out what the issues are.


141. I feel that the bragging rights for the parents of having sent their child to whatever boarding school, was far more important and outweighed the educational outcome or the child's wellbeing. The system is flawed in respect that the parents are more interested in the public perception than in the wellbeing and education of the children. Having attended a school like Loretto brought me into a public school club where the first question anyone asked was what school did I go to and this was to establish if I was in their club or not. If I had said Dunoon Grammar I would have been shown the door. Because I went to Loretto I was classed as one of them. It was almost like a networking club.
142. Seventeen and eighteen year old boys should not be responsible for enforcing discipline at Loretto. They shouldn't be in charge of anything at that time of their life. Their hormones are going haywire having just gone through puberty and are full of testosterone. Discipline and punishment without doubt is the responsibility of teachers.
143. I can't actually believe that boarding schools still exist. There are some people who are perfectly suited to boarding school and there are some family situations where boarding school is the only option. In general I don't agree with them, they are not good for the children. There are people who can't have children yet some people who have children send them off to boarding school. I am not sure why these people have children in the first place. I would never send my son to boarding school under any circumstances.

Hopes for the Inquiry

144. Norman Drummond who was the head at Loretto when I was there should be dealt with in some way for what he allowed to happen at Loretto. It bothers me that he is walking carefree on this earth when he has damaged so many boys. Something should happen to ^{GAQ} [REDACTED] from Croftinloan.
145. In a way I don't really blame the senior boys who abused me at Loretto because they were just part of the machine that was allowed to exist by the hierarchy. They were probably bullied when they were juniors and it just ran on and continued. I wouldn't mind if [REDACTED] was sent a letter so he knew how much grief he has caused.
146. I know that things have changed over the years and there is far more recognition of red flags and what to do at the early signs of abuse to nip things in the bud, but there must be more that can be done. Children running away now would be taken aside and asked why they were running away and what could be done to help them.
147. It would be good if there was an environment where the child felt comfortable and able to speak their mind about any issues. A child should be able to go to a teacher and express any concerns.
148. I would like to think now there was more awareness amongst children about what is right and what is wrong. The children have to be educated and it drilled into them about what is acceptable behaviour. They should also be given a safe way of telling someone if they think something is wrong. I didn't know what was happening to me at Croftinloan was wrong but if I had been educated and if there had been anyone I could have told I would have.
149. In this day and age It is perfectly conceivable that there should an 'App' for mobile telephones where children can report abuse. They can do this anonymously and they could send copies of text messages or relevant video footage. This should be monitored by an independent invigilator and linked to the police.

Other information

150. Croftinloan was the sort of school I would have sent my son to as a day pupil but not as a boarder. It was a nice school.
151. 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.....
31 May 2022

Dated.....