

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

George SCOTT

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is George Ian Scott. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1965. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going to boarding school

2. I was born in Bellshill in Lanarkshire, and nearby Coatbridge is where the family home was, and where I lived when very young, with my parents who were called [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I am the youngest child of three. My oldest sister is called [REDACTED] and she is thirteen years older than me and my other sister also called [REDACTED] BRQ is ten years older than me.
3. My father was Technical Director of a Glasgow paint company called [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] When I was seven or eight I moved with my parents to live in Nairobi, Kenya as my father had a new job with [REDACTED] as their Technical Director for East Africa. Our lives were then split between Nairobi and Coatbridge.
4. I attended an Irish Catholic Missionary school in Nairobi that was run by the Holy Ghost Fathers, an order now, or also, known as the Spiritan Brothers. Generally, this order has, or had, a reputation for brutality and abuse, but I saw none of that in my school. It was called St Mary's and it was an off-shoot of Blackrock College in Dublin. It was considered as a major school in East Africa. At the school, the Holy Ghost Fathers were strict, but fair. It was a fee-paying school and I attended as a day pupil as our family home was nearby.

5. There was a lot of trauma and upheaval in Kenya at the time and we lived with the constant threat of being burgled. There was also a lot going on politically around us, considerable unrest not least of all the effects of the antics of Idi Amin in neighbouring Uganda. The pupil mix at the school at St Mary's was one third European and mainly the children of British ex-pats, one third African and mainly the children of Government officials and one third Asian. Very stereotypically, the Asian pupils were academically top of the class, the British in the middle and the African children bottom. In sporting terms it was different. There was some racism at the school. I suffered racism as a white British person in a recently independent ex-British Empire colony which had recently become a fledgling independent republic. There were bullying incidents with other pupils and sometimes we were beaten up by other pupils. This was primarily due to the fact that Kenyan pupils felt they had to 'punish' British pupils as the 'British were no longer running the country'.

6. My mother came into the school with me one morning to see the Head teacher of the St Mary's junior school. She was annoyed and distressed by one particular series of incidents. The Head teacher, Father Cormac O' Brolchain, was a kindly but firm gentleman and he dealt with the incidents. I had to report them to my mother in order to sort it out and I had a good enough relationship with her that I could tell her. Father Cormac dealt with the situation and the perpetrators received the strap. That was considered proportionate as that was what was done at the time. Nevertheless, the atmosphere and community at St Mary's was overall kindly, productive and constructive. I fared reasonably well in most aspects of the curriculum and extra curriculum. In my second year I won a form prize – Fourth in the year group – 'Endeavour'.

7. My father could be a bit of a snob at times. He had grown up in the East End of Glasgow during the 1930s and the Second World War and had ended up doing well in his career; from humble origins. The seniority related to his work meant he was entitled to get fees paid for private prep school, and senior school, following on from St Mary's. He believed it would be to my advantage to have a private education as he had not. He hoped as a result of a private education that I would do even better than he had. My parents had visited schools in England to see if suitable for me, or if I would be suitable for them. They visited Winchester and hated it. They also visited

Harrow and may have gone to Eton. But I wasn't put on a waiting list for those schools. At the age of eleven I sat the entrance exam but did not get into Glasgow Academy which had also been considered primarily because it was nearer to Coatbridge and regarded as academically good. My mother's preference was for the Academy. The Academy thought that the level of my entrance exam performance was academically OK, but lacked 'maturity'. Then other schools were considered and Fettes in Edinburgh was chosen. It had been chosen for me as my school before I had seen it.

8. I had to pass an exam to get accepted into Fettes and I took that exam in Nairobi in the office of the senior Head teacher at St Mary's. That was in the summer term of 1976 and at the end of my Standard 6 year. The exam paper was then sent over to Fettes. It was the same exam as I sat for Glasgow Academy and had effectively failed. Fettes commented that they thought I was the type of boy they thought they could work with.
9. We made a visit to Fettes shortly before I was meant to start and after it had been decided I was going there for certain. I think that was in summer 1976 when we were in Scotland on leave and I had a personal assessment at Fettes. Then we went back to East Africa for a short time.
10. When I was coming back to Scotland to start school there were travel problems and delays. My father wanted us to sail back to the UK instead of the usual air travel when we left Kenya for the final time. I was meant to start at Fettes Junior School in September 1976. Instead, I remained in Kenya for longer than anticipated. When we eventually left Mombasa we spent three weeks on a troublesome Polish freighter which had been impounded and severely delayed in Dar-es-Salaam. The travel arrangements could not be altered. Dad did his best to teach me some French and some Maths on the ship for the three weeks' crossing, where the crew mutinied and the ship became involved in 'incidents' in the Suez canal and off Gibraltar. Complications had previously arisen in Kenya as my father had to leave [REDACTED] at around the same time. The delayed voyage and these complications cost me a term at school.

11. I could have gone to senior school in Nairobi, but my father came back to Scotland for work for about one year and then he re-located to southern England. Part of his payoff from the paint company in East Africa was that they paid my school fees in a lump sum until I was eighteen. The fees then were around £8,000 in total for my whole time at Fettes. In 1976 this was a large sum of money. Fettes was the most expensive school in the UK at that time. It's possible that the company received a discount for paying the fees upfront. I was aware at the time that [REDACTED] had paid all of my school fees when my father left Nairobi; or believed that they had. However, the Fettes fees increased so much after a short time, that the fund [REDACTED] had established became insufficient after a couple of years and the fees had to be topped up annually, which I believe, amounted to somewhere around an extra £11,000 in total. Also, this is notwithstanding that, particularly at that time, Fettes would be earning considerable interest on the lump sum paid. I am aware that paying all seven years' fees upfront was highly unusual.

Fettes College, Junior and Senior school, Carrington Road, Edinburgh

12. Fettes was an enormous school and then covered around 100 acres in central Edinburgh. It was known for being a microcosm of the Home Counties. The main school building opened in 1870. There were four or five boarding houses round the grounds. There were sports grounds and pitches. Now there is a spa and an indoor sports centre that is open to the public and that didn't exist in my day. Quite a lot of our sporting activity in those days involved running around the grounds, sometimes until we were sick.
13. There was a big gothic Victorian building and four old boarding houses. There is another new one or two now. There was a cricket pavilion, some general pitches, a cinder running track; there was a golf course, rugby pitches, squash courts and changing rooms. Senior school classes were mostly held in the main building and there was a separate science block and a few portakabins for some additional classrooms.

14. The Head teacher ('Head Master') of the Senior School was Anthony Chenevix-Trench. On the surface he was an eminent academic and Head teacher. He was referred to in a headline in The Times Education Supplement (TES) in an article I saw in an archive. He was a commentator of sufficient stature to be quoted in the national press and was a former Head at Eton and Bradfield in Berkshire. Chenevix-Trench died in post in 1979 from a haemorrhage brought on, I believe, through his alcoholism. There is a lot of press and biographical information publically available on Chenevix-Trench. The Head teacher then became Alexander Cameron-Cochrane and most of us thought he was an ok guy. He did try to improve things, but it took a long time to iron out issues in the school such as our awful living conditions, and academic results.
15. Chenevix-Trench was not available for my initial visit and assessment at the school in summer 1976. I saw the Assistant Head, Richard (Dick) Cole-Hamilton, instead. He had spent most of his life in one way or another at Fettes. He seemed a decent, pleasant man. I was shown round the senior school by Cole-Hamilton and had a quick look round the junior school. Cole-Hamilton retired when Chenevix-Trench died. Then Mike Leslie became the new deputy Head, or 'Second Master'. I think there were around fifty teachers in the senior school.
16. I can't remember if I even met the Junior Head on my initial visit. On my visit I probably met [FTF] who was to be my junior Housemaster and was a [redacted] teacher. I understand he died recently.
17. The Junior School was half way up the northern part of the grounds. A former boarding house which was called Malcolm House, and had also been the school medical centre, became the junior school. It had been in existence as a prep school, or the 'Fettes Junior School' for around four years when I started at the school. The junior school had about eighty pupils and had about four or five teachers and some more from the senior school who were only part-time in the junior school.
18. Fettes Junior School did not have its own boarding arrangements so you boarded with families in Edinburgh or in some cases in the private houses of the senior school boarding houses' Housemasters. I was boarded en-famille with [FTF] or [FTF] as he was called by the boys as his nickname, and his wife [redacted]

FTF had a very long nose with a flat bit at the end. It was believed humorously that the flat bit had come from the nose having been pressed up against windows and places it shouldn't be. This was at Moredun House, a senior boarding house, which opens onto Carrington Road. I slept in a small dorm room that was part of the elaborate Housemaster accommodation and made up to look like a school dorm. FTF was paid by the School (or parents) to have lodgers. There were three other boys in that dorm in his house. There were two sets of bunk beds and four desks. We had a small bathroom next to the dorm, which was thankfully for only our use. We ate in the main school dining hall with the seniors, not with FTF or ██████████.

19. Fairly early on in my time boarding as a junior at Moredun, the bath panel in the small bathroom adjoining our 'dorm' came loose. I looked behind it as I could see a fair bit of dust and some 'stuff'. Along with the other three in the dorm, we rummaged under the bath and brought out a see-through 'brazierie', some similar ladies' knickers, some tights, a suspender belt, a pair of plastic ladies' breasts and some 'crusty', dirty sheets of hard core pornography. We all laughed. With an adult perspective I can say that none of us at aged eleven in that era understood anything about sexual deviancy or 'kinks' or had seen that level of pornography. We had just about got to the stage of sneaking looks at what we knew as 'scabbers' or 'girlie mags' which were all that were legally available in the UK at the time from the 'top shelf' of newsagents etc and known as 'soft'. These items had nothing to do with us, and our bathroom was not accessible to boys in the senior house. I informed Jo Hutton the matron who came down to the bathroom. She could not contain her amusement and my memories of this fairly early incident are clearer. She proclaimed: "I can't see FTF (she called him that too) parading around the place in these, mind you, I wouldn't put it past old ECD (FTF predecessor), no wonder the boys called him bog climber..." Hutton took the stuff away and we didn't hear anything else about the matter.

20. The SNR was FTG who I thought was decent, but it turns out that he was ineffectual. He taught ██████████. The unofficial deputy Head was Iain Wares who taught Latin and Maths. There was a teacher who taught French called Wladyslaw Mineyko and he was of Polish origin. There was Mr Thompson who seemed like a good bloke and I think he left the school suddenly. This may have been in protest at what was going on. He taught English or History. He left during my time in the school. His

nickname was The Womble. There were rumours, at the time, that a teacher, this might be Thompson, had fallen out with Wares after a fight which had come about as this teacher intervened to assist a pupil Wares was assaulting. I had forgotten about the rumours, but now more clearly remember as another former pupil recounted these on the Radio Scotland programme in 2020, about Fettes, that I was involved in. I had blocked and blanked this, until my memory was prompted by the radio, and slightly previously, by engaging with the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry (SCAI).

21. There was a school secretary called Mrs Porter. Mrs Bardgett was the Geography teacher and her husband taught in the senior school. I liked her and she was a good teacher. Then there was EXM who later on was my Housemaster in senior school. He taught There were also some occasional teachers.
22. By the mid-1970s, the senior school pupil numbers had, after a sparse period, gone up to around 490, allegedly due to the work of Chenevix-Trench, from a starting position of around 400 in 1970. The school had been failing to attract the numbers it needed and, we now know, the school was in financial crisis. There were very few day pupils and they numbered maybe only 10% of the pupils. Most pupils were boarders, particularly in the senior school. Chenevix-Trench had insisted there was prep school to increase the school roll and to bring in further revenue.
23. When I started, there were girls in the sixth form and the school went fully co-educational the year before I left. Chenevix-Trench brought in girls in or around 1970 to increase the pupil numbers and revenue. There were three years in sixth form, called first, second and third year sixth. Third year sixth was for pupils who were sitting Oxbridge exams.
24. There were also matrons in the boarding houses, but they didn't feature much in the academic side of things. There were prefects in senior school, but not in the junior school. There were house prefects and there were school prefects. You could be both. School prefects were supposed to be high academic or sporting achievers (but this was not always the case, favouritism sometimes occurred) and had authority over other boarding houses. House prefects had authority in their own boarding house only.

Routine at Fettes College

First day

25. Because of the problems with my journey to Scotland by ship, I started in the junior school a term later than the others. I think that was January 1977. By then my peers had formed their own groups and thus they perceived they had a reason to pick on me as I was new and I struggled to catch up with them. I was homesick when I got to the school. I'd lived through, and coped with, trauma at, and around, home with some violence around me, but we were overall a close family.
26. There was nothing nurturing or supportive about the school environment at all and the prep school wasn't set up for taking care of children. The prep school had been set up, I now say with an adult perspective, on a 'wing and a prayer' in the old sanatorium in Malcolm House and had just two school year groups and five teachers. There were not many pupils in it, around 80.
27. On the first day at Fettes Junior School, I was told by the Housemaster in a stern voice, not to mess around and keep my nose clean. This was repeated later on at my first senior school assembly and at my first senior School House assembly. I remember I was very scared about my first day in the school. The night before I started at junior school I spent in the dorm in Moredun House which was part of the Housemaster's own house.
28. I was introduced to the other boys in the class as a late comer. There was no effort made to show me round or an induction. I was told I would have to catch up with the other boys and I was never encouraged to catch up. I struggled to catch up in many different ways for those two years in junior school. I was behind academically for much of the time, and an outcast in my peer group as a late arrival who was perceived to be upsetting the existing dynamic.

Mornings and bedtime

29. There was little or no routine or supervision in the junior boarding house. At senior school, in the morning we were woken up by a bell being rung by one of the fags on 'calling' who would be a junior boy. I can't remember the time it would have been rung, but it was probably at 7:30. If you were a junior and you had fagging or 'calling' duties, you'd be up at 7am and sometimes go for morning run before doing fagging duties and you'd miss breakfast most of the time. The morning run was usually a punishment and you'd be watched by the Housemaster on the morning run to make sure you did it.

30. Bed time, or 'lights out', varied between 9:30 and 10:20 at night. It depended on your age. Then lights went out and there was to be no talking and you'd be expected to stay in bed. You'd be punished for going to the toilet during the night. That would normally be by a prefect. The punishments would range from being pushed up against the wall by the collar and told to "piss off back to bed, you little sprog or you'll get your fucking head kicked in" and hung up on a coat peg to effect a 'wedgie' to the groin, or some extra 'calling' or fagging duties, to a run in the morning or actually being punched, pushed over and kicked. There were prefects sleeping in the dorms and prowling about. They stayed up later to 11pm. They were supposed to be in their own rooms. Some of them were aged eighteen.

31. I am well aware of what went on in all the boarding houses, not just mine. Rabbling, mass kickings, hanging up on clothes pegs by pants (wedgie), 'insertions' including broom handles, attempting the 'bar' and being beaten until successfully accomplishing it, all clothes being removed from person and dorm - so having to run around the house naked, bog-washing (particular speciality with School House prefects in the freezing Victorian lavatories - the 'Westies' - and it was relished more by the perpetrators if the toilet had old toilet paper and 'other' liquids and solids, which would be rubbed in again after flushing your head), the punitive PT taken by seventeen and eighteen year olds until you were sick, and more. All unspeakable and mostly ignored by the 'authorities'.

32. In senior school I was in School House. There were around six dorms in there with fifteen to thirty in each dorm. In that house, second year sixth and prefects had their

own study bedrooms, and there were about thirty of those. I changed dorms a few times over my time in senior school, based on age.

Mealtimes / Food

33. We all ate in a big dining room. We were served up terrible food that was no better than slurry. I rarely went to meals, but they were compulsory. I went to the tuck shop and bought Pot Noodles and lived on them for years. Meals, and our attendance at them, were meant to be monitored, but they were not. It was very ineffective. There might have been assigned seats and I'm not sure now. We developed our own areas to sit in.
34. At lunch time, grace was said as the meal was more formal. There would be a Master at each table. Chenevix-Trench would sometimes bumble in. There were pints of beer and a variety of other alcoholic drinks available for the Masters to drink at break time in their common room and at lunch. We'd see them through the large windows in the Masters' common room or out on the balcony of the newly built dining hall. The evening meal was a joke, something like Scotch mutton pies and baked beans or chips.
35. BRQ bought me a Breville Sandwich Toaster in my sixth form so I could have toasties in my study room. It was probably against the rules. I made toasties for nearly everyone. Or, when a bit older, one of us would sneak out after lights out down to Stockbridge to get chips, pizza or Chinese takeout, and illicitly bring it back to school.

Washing / bathing

36. Cold showers as a matter of routine had stopped before I started at the school. They were still sometimes used as a punishment. There were also showers and toilets in an outdoor lean-to building in my day. We shared the showers at 7:30 and took them before breakfast; that was if you weren't doing a morning run or had fagging, 'calling' duties. Teachers were hanging around and checking we weren't smoking. Many of the teachers would do this, including EXM in senior school and I remember a Master called 'Sweaty' Muir, I can't recall his full name, doing this a lot, but not Wares

who didn't hang about the senior showers. He confined his lurking and outbursts to the junior school.

Clothing / uniform

37. We had a school uniform of a tweed sports jacket, shirt and house tie, school sports tie or prefect tie and flannels. There was an option of white flannels, pink and brown blazer, straw boater with ribbon. There was a suit or kilt on Sunday. Saturday evenings and after chapel on Sunday was smart, casual wear and flannels.
38. There was a list of clothes we were expected to purchase from Aitken & Niven and that expense was on top of the school fees. The junior school uniform was grey corduroy shorts, grey shirt and grey woollen jumper. I (or my parents) also had to supply my own books and we spent hundreds of pounds on books and pens. Any school trips were an extra expense.

School

39. After chapel we went to school classrooms. There were lessons from 9am before a morning break and then another lesson and then lunch break. After that there were lessons until around 3:30. Wednesday afternoon was Corps or Combined Cadet Force (CCF) activity day. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons were games. Monday and Friday were all about late lessons and we had classes on Saturday morning too. CCF was obligatory and I was in the RAF section. My father recommended that to me.
40. I actually quite enjoyed CCF, and was in the RAF section which was a bit more 'civilised' than the army section. In fact, the CCF experience was a minor factor in my joining RAF Officer Training in later life. With an adult perspective now, and having been a professional for a short time, I could see then, even as a child, a point to this style of training and behaviour. In contrast, I could not see, and still can't see, the point of the brutal nature in most of the other aspects of life at Fettes.

41. We had prep in the evening and that was supervised by a prefect and they didn't care what you were doing in prep. Sometimes the Housemaster might come round and look over your shoulder.
42. I was in the junior school from January 1977 to September 1978. That was most of two school years, and was meant to be six terms, but I lost a term at the start. I got bad academic advice from the school that was going against what my elder sisters thought as they were both teachers. I had decided I wanted to do science and languages and that was what I was interested in.
43. My Housemaster in senior school, EXM [REDACTED] who we nicknamed EXM [REDACTED] told me at a meeting regarding academic performance and A' level choices the following year, that I was a stupid boy and shouted at me for doing electronics and engineering things and effectively made me do other subjects that I had got the better O' Level results in. My parents had been told that I had early potential for going to Oxford or Cambridge to study. It all seemed to go to pot later on and I developed a fear of the teachers primarily as a result of one particular incident of physical abuse (amongst others) that I describe later in this statement.
44. At the end of Junior School I had to take the Common Entrance Examination to get into senior school. I was twelve or thirteen years of age. The examination was like the Eleven-Plus, but supposedly at a higher level and with more 'traditional' subjects. The paper was marked and that might not have been done objectively as the school may have been motivated to keep me in the school. I know I passed everything, just scraping through. I was relieved to be getting out of the Junior School.
45. My Housemaster for the Junior School didn't like me. That was FTF [REDACTED] or FTF [REDACTED]. On completing the two junior school years, he asked me what senior house I wanted to be in and I said Moredun. He told me I wasn't allowed and not suitable for his senior house and "Moredun was not for me". I think I took badly to how my teacher in Junior School, Iain Wares, had treated me and I withdrew into myself. It took me a long time to deal with it. I felt embarrassed and thought that it was my fault so I never told my family. FTF [REDACTED] rejection made me feel even worse. I felt hurt and felt that the world was against me.

46. I think FTF [REDACTED] knew there were problems in the Junior School and I had been subject to them and he wanted rid of me. He would sometimes mutter to his wife [REDACTED] about the junior school being, something like, “an unsupervised shambles and free-for-all” – or words to that effect. My sister BRQ [REDACTED] had perceived that there was something that did not add up about his behaviour at the time. I was sort of aware of this at the time. Nevertheless, he was happy to receive the financial remuneration for having the juniors in his house.
47. I did quite well in my first year in senior school and won a form prize. Chenevix-Trench wrote in my report that I was someone he would “clearly have to get to know better”. Looking back, I think I was relieved to have left the junior school, and that I saw the senior school, at first, as being a kind of fresh start and hopefully different, improved environment. It did not last long.
48. The culture I remember was that most of the teachers hated the kids, or certainly seemed to. The teachers didn't want to be there, neither did we. There was very little that was nurturing or encouraging. I think there were a few good teachers who cared. I remember there was a good teacher later on called Mark Peel who tried to salvage my A' Level History studies as I'd reached the stage of not caring anymore about my A' Levels.
49. Mark Peel has written a fairly well known biography of Chenevix-Trench, 'The Land of Lost Content'. I now find myself disputing some of what he wrote which has found its way into more generally available information such as Wikipedia, to the point that I recently contacted him by email to seek clarification of his interpretation of Chenevix-Trench's so-called reforms. I did not receive a response.
50. I became heavily into drama. It was extra-curricular. I produced and directed a difficult and serious play in the first year sixth, Arthur Miller's 'Death of a Salesman'. I did well and I was encouraged for that. There was a drama teacher called Andrew Brownridge and he was decent and mild mannered, and consequently everyone thought he must therefore be gay.

Religion

51. After breakfast we all went to the chapel in the morning at 8:40 until 9am and you could smell the sherry and whisky fumes coming from Chenevix-Trench. When he died the lack of fumes at chapel was commented on by the school Masters. Michael Mackintosh-Reid, my A' level English teacher, said to the class that there was "no longer that little waft of sherry as one files into chapel".
52. We all had to go to the school chapel every morning, and chapel or church on a Sunday. The school chapel was big and must have been around the size and capacity of a parish church. Religious services were covered by both Church of Scotland and Church of England. Some Catholic pupils were sent elsewhere for services.
53. There was an Anglican Vicar, David Weekes, [REDACTED] PLZ [REDACTED] General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, known as ECG [REDACTED] or ECG [REDACTED] ECG [REDACTED] who had been [REDACTED] during WWII. Sometimes ECG [REDACTED] would come in to speak to us as he was also the honorary school [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ECG [REDACTED] was known to be close friends with the Royal Family, and was the Queen's [REDACTED]
54. One of ECG [REDACTED] (allegedly believed to be) PLZ [REDACTED] facilitated the release of papers on his death that went into the press and referred to ECG [REDACTED] who allegedly, on three occasions, was treated as an in-patient in hospital for STDs, contracted due to sexual relationships with school pupils at various schools. It is (and was at the time) said that ECG [REDACTED] groomed pupils from 'lesser' schools and in youth clubs, particularly in the Pilton area. Fettes was involved in a youth club called the 'Fet-Lor' club. (Fettes / Loretto). This was for local youngsters as opposed to pupils of the two schools. I was aware of the talk that went round the school about this amongst pupils and I have subsequently often read all about it in the press.

55. I was once invited for tea at [REDACTED] house at The Queen's House on Moray Place. Nothing untoward happened. I was invited once to go up to Perthshire (or near there) to [REDACTED] retreat called [REDACTED] that he had given to the school. That was a country house with a couple of dorms. It was on a weekend trip during school term. The rumours were that Chenevix-Trench and ECG [REDACTED] spent weekends at [REDACTED] together, sometimes with Fettes pupils, and sometimes with young members of the Fet-Lor club. I was aware of these stories but did not witness them together myself. There are subsequent rumours [REDACTED] that ECG [REDACTED] and ECF [REDACTED] were close when ECF [REDACTED] was at Fettes and there were mentions of [REDACTED] visits.

Work/chores

56. There were no formal chores to do as such. You could volunteer to do community activities as part of the Duke of Edinburgh scheme. We would go into older people's home and paint benches, do gardening or sing.

Trips / Holidays

57. We were invited to ECG [REDACTED] ECG [REDACTED] country house retreat in the Highlands, [REDACTED] where we slept in dorms. I was there just once for a weekend. I was later punished for drinking whisky on that weekend by Dick Cole-Hamilton on the orders of Chenevix-Trench.
58. I wasn't into school trips, especially as I feared that Wares would be lurking about. There were also trips to France and skiing trips, but they didn't appeal to me. Conversely, I went on one trip with my sister BRQ [REDACTED] a trip to France she organised at her own school. She was teaching there then and I was roughly her pupils' age. It was, in the final analysis, all good fun. Two of my friends from Fettes came on the trip and all three Fettes pupils enjoyed it immensely and held it in sharp contrast to what we knew about Fettes trips.
59. I went on day trips with the Fettes Junior School to various castles. There were theatre trips. I was in the school choir and I went on trips with them.

60. In the school holidays I went to see my parents in Coatbridge at first, having just left Kenya, before my father moved south to Buckingham, and then to Bangkok, to work.
61. I think there were occasions when a pupil from overseas would have to stay in the boarding house for the school holidays if there had been transport difficulties or family problems. I think a small number of pupils would have lodged in the holidays with a teacher in the private accommodation included in the boarding house. This didn't happen to me.

Leisure time

62. There was very little by way of leisure time. On Saturday afternoon there was sport that we were expected to watch, if we were not actually involved in any inter-school games matches. On a Sunday we went into town and hung around on Princes Street and at the St Andrews shopping centre. We'd be lurking around and that was when we started to smoke usually in Princes Street Gardens.
63. On a school trip to a sports match at Gordonstoun or Glenalmond, we were travelling by coach to spectate. Mike Mackintosh-Reid, who was going to be following the coach in his E-Type Jaguar car, stopped the coach in the school car park and removed a senior girl called [REDACTED] who then travelled with him to the match while waving to us as they overtook. Mackintosh-Reid was later interviewed by the school's Farrago magazine and questioned about this event, as well as his relationship with 6th form girls and 'Lothario' reputation, and commented "I find the 6th form girls 'appealing'".
64. There was once a sixth form dance, in 1982, involving girls from the local St George's School. ^{EXM} [REDACTED] gave us some advice in advance of the dance along the lines of "Don't forget the 'wallflowers', don't just attach yourselves to the 'roses'" and "girls are strange and complex creatures, but put on this earth by God for our amusement". That was just one example of some of the prevalent views in the school at that time.

65. Later on, aged around sixteen or seventeen we'd sneak into pubs and drink. We'd feel 'big' and adult, and it was a welcome relief from being on the Fettes site. There was a lot less traffic around in those days and we'd be watching out for teacher's cars. I was good at remembering the number plates of our teachers' and the Housemasters' cars, so we could hide from, and avoid, them.

Birthdays and Christmas

66. There was a Christmas carol service. We broke up quite early in December. Birthdays were not recognised, other than maybe with a sarcastic remark in class. I had mine in the summer holidays at home.

Visits / Inspections

67. My father came to see me in school one annual Founders Day that commemorates the person who founded the school and that was in my first year of doing A' Levels. I was aged sixteen or seventeen. He came with a friend of his who worked in education in a senior role. He also saw the school play; a Brecht play which he thought was very unsuitable and the following year the style of school play was changed.
68. During this visit my father had a rage at the Headmaster, who by then was Cameron-Cochrane, for the awful conditions we were living in that were meant to be 'character building'. He stormed over to the Head Master's Lodge demanding to speak to him. My father told him it was an excuse to extract money from the parents at low cost to the school and was verging on 'a fiddle'. There were wooden partitions between the beds and we used to get splinters in our feet from the bare wooden floors and it was freezing and filthy.
69. Dad told the Head just how appalled he was at this patently obvious attempt at money saving and his son, or anybody else, shouldn't have to live like that. Cameron-Cochrane was trying to improve things from the days of Chenevix-Trench, but it was obvious that he was not able to invest accordingly. As a result of my father's rage I was moved into my own study bedroom the following term, ahead of others who academically probably deserved to be moved before me. I now think that this is another

perhaps more minor example of 'covering up' and 'shutting up'. By this I mean Cameron-Cochrane spoke to EXM ██████ about this and they decided to shut me (and my father) up by moving me to another slightly better room. This was in contrast to them covering up the Wares incident and the so-called incident when I was put into the 'sin bin' but not telling my parents the full nature of the FTF ██████ sin bin. I have given details of these incidents later in this statement.

70. I saw my mother at some half-terms and sometimes she would come up to Edinburgh with BRQ ██████. Sometimes, my oldest sister ██████, and her husband ██████, also came to Founders Day.
71. I remember an inspection when HM Inspectors came to the school. I knew they were inspectors when they came in. I didn't know in advance. I remember there was a male inspector in one of my classes and he had no input into the class. He spoke to the class to tell us he was not planning to participate in the class and his role was to look at what the teacher was doing. He looked at one pupil's work. It was an academic inspection and not about boarding conditions.
72. The teacher being inspected obviously had discipline problems. He was called Sid Brewer and taught Maths. He was a very pleasant, kindly, softly-spoken and mild-mannered man. This was unusual for a Fettes teacher. He also had a high-pitched voice. So, he was unkindly nicknamed 'Castro'. Pupils behaved disgustingly to this man, and I still regret to this day being a part of, or even just being present at, this abuse. Nevertheless, the collective attitude of this class was indicative of the unpleasant and unhealthy culture endemic at Fettes, and was very probably the result of having an opportunity to give the teaching staff a 'taste of their own medicine'.
73. There were events for parents to meet teaching staff, held around once a year, but not often. My sister BRQ ██████ went sometimes in place of my father, and my mother usually attended. BRQ ██████ has told me the school reported at these events that everything was fine, and they will advise me, and I would continue to do my best. I would be sort of present at these meetings as I was hovering around. Some of it was said in front of me and some of it wasn't. BRQ ██████ would see different teachers on different occasions.

Siblings/contact

74. BRQ was in loco parentis at times as she is ten years older than me and our parents were far away. My parents also welcomed her input into my development as an elder sibling, and moreover as a teacher in a similarly structured establishment. After being in Nairobi my father went to work in Bangkok and my mother started to spend more time in the UK.
75. Both of my sisters went into teaching and BRQ in particular saw a lot of me as she was working in the UK. Both of them noticed a general deterioration in me all through my time at Fettes, but particularly around the age of twelve, then again at fifteen. More recently BRQ told me this. BRQ looked at my school photographs and saw a physical deterioration in my appearance. My other sister told me a few years ago that she'd noticed I went downhill and I'd become very unhappy and miserable, and re-iterated this recently.

Healthcare

76. We had a Matron for Moredun House called Jo Hutton. She covered the Junior School pupils in Moredun also. We thought she was like a hippy who, we suspected, liked drinking and smoking fags. Maybe drugs too. There was one Matron for every boarding house. Matron was there to look after minor illnesses and our laundry. For anything more serious we saw the school doctor, Dr Matheson.
77. There was also a sanatorium, or san, in the main school building with a few beds and a couple of resident nurses to take care of any pupils who ended up there. I remember being in san once in my A' Level year when I was stressed and couldn't concentrate.
78. I now know, having received written evidence through my medical records, that I spent ten days in san in 1977 as a result of Wares' assault, which I will relate details of later in this statement. I had completely blanked this memory and am now receiving psychological help to deal with the memory issues relating to this, and other issues and events, largely stemming from that period of time.

79. I've been told by my own GP now, that I was hospitalised at some stage and I believe this may refer to my time in the school san or it may be a spell in the Western General Hospital. I don't, at the moment, have a specific recollection of being in the hospital, but I do remember once waking up and looking out, from the opposite of the usual direction I looked from, at the school building where I thought I was supposed to be, and thus being confused, then relieved.
80. The GP at Fettes was Dr Matheson. I grew to hate games lessons and swimming lessons and I would try to get to see the GP to get out of going to them. This probably relates (I can now say) to my psychological reaction to what Wares had done to me along with other incidents, and in the case of the swimming pool, it was a dismal, dim and outdated place where people would 'lurk'. I remember this particularly, as I had been a good swimmer in Kenya. I'd go to Matron to tell her I had a headache in order to get out of the PE classes or games and she'd tell me to go away and go to school. I remember I would sometimes knock my head with my fists or against the wall in order to get a temperature. Then I would have something to tell Dr Matheson.
81. A pupil I knew at school, [REDACTED], was killed when he climbed into the school building through a window at night time after a Saturday night out in town. It was a massive sash window and he got caught in it, whereupon the old window fell in on him. He was aged eighteen or nineteen and just about to sit the Oxbridge exam. I witnessed the body being taken away by the police and an ambulance. I was fourteen at the time. I was friends with his younger brother [REDACTED]
82. We used to fly out to Bangkok together where our respective parents were then living. My father and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], father, [REDACTED] became friends. They both headed up large companies in Bangkok – [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] respectively and did business with each other. On one occasion, Dad and I went round to the [REDACTED] house in Bangkok. The Oxford and Cambridge exam board had just sent out [REDACTED] high-graded art sculpture he had done for A' level as a memento for his parents. [REDACTED] was grateful to Fettes for organising this, but was still obviously terribly upset about the death of his son.

83. ██████ related to us that the family's trauma had been worsened by the confusion and delay in informing them about ██████ death. ██████ had borrowed a coat from another pupil and it had been assumed, at first, that the body was someone else. Also, ██████ had witnessed the aftermath of the body being discovered and the arrival of the authorities etc, unaware that this was his brother. When we left their house, Dad was at first unable to drive the car due to his distress and sobbing for their distress; and hypothetically imagining himself in the same situation if it had happened to me. We were devastated. All the appropriate authorities failed badly here. The Housemaster, the Headmaster, the Governors, the medics, the police. I also remember that we were never offered any help or counselling at any stage. With an adult perspective now, and within my own professional experience, I can now categorically say that if we, at the Crown Prosecution Service where I worked around ten years later, had presented to us facts and events similar to the above, the initial case review would have been as to whether or not to recommend a charge of manslaughter.

Running away

84. I never ran away, but I was tempted. I was too spineless and shit scared of what would happen and where I would go. Many of my contemporaries discussed running away; I believe there were a couple of 'escapes'. Although unaware of this at the time, there is a ██████ account of ECF ██████'s life at Fettes ██████ ██████. He hated the school and was also rebellious. He ran away from Fettes ██████. I also noted years ago from the Old Fettesian archives that ECF ██████ was moved from Kimmerghame House to the (at the time) newly built Arniston House. It was probably felt that he needed a change of scene within the school to a new and less traditional house. House changes were very rare.

Discipline

85. In the junior school, a Master known as 'Fungi' Murray would send boys to run round the cinder track four times or six times for talking in class or not paying attention. Four laps of the track was a mile. This was instead of getting a bun and milk in the morning break. That particular punishment at break time was issued by teachers, particularly

Murray, but he was otherwise a fair man. The morning run at 7am, typically 2.4 miles around the school grounds' perimeter, could be issued by teachers or prefects, and was largely unsupervised. Occasionally, one of the house Masters would observe out of their study window, to see we didn't 'skive'.

86. On one occasion, I was rummaging around in a school dustbin and found a letter written to FTG. It was a rejection for his job application to teach at another private school. I told other people about this and FTG found out. He slapped me on the buttocks with a plimsoll. This kind of reprimand was quite usual at the time. I understood at aged twelve that I deserved that within its historical context and it was in contrast to the assault I received from Wares.
87. Some pupils were expelled, normally through drinking or if there was any behaviour that involved fighting and or violence; repeated alcohol or smoking offences. I don't remember a drugs issue whilst I was at the school, although I believe there was in later years. If I had been expelled from Fettes for any reason, or my perceived rebellious behaviour, I don't know if the school would have had to re-pay the fees that had been paid up front.
88. The school didn't have much contact with my family. FTF rang up my mother one time to tell her I had been messing around with the boarding house telephones and just being naughty. I had also worn my Wellington boots in bed one night which seemed to enrage him. I was being 'isolated' for a while as a punishment and he took a dim view of it. He told her I was being put in the 'sin bin', but not the details. FTF told me he was phoning my mother and I was there for the very start of the conversation and I'd had to give him our new phone number in Buckingham.
89. The isolation took the form of me being put in an empty room in his private house for a week, which FTF named the 'sin bin'. There was only a mattress and bed sheets on the floor in the room and a table and chair, and the room was sometimes locked with a key at night. I was only allowed out to go to and from the junior school for lessons, and to and from meals. I was not allowed to speak, or mix with, the other three in the junior dorm even at school or meals. I was extremely upset, embarrassed and confused about this and dared not mention it to anyone due to my distress. I don't

think my family were quite aware of the extent of what was involved in being in the 'sin bin'. I felt worthless and in the wrong. Nevertheless, that was the only time the school ever proactively contacted my family to discuss any form of issue relating to my behaviour or well-being.

90. The cane was used in the Senior School for physical discipline and a plimsoll was used on boys in the Junior School. The plimsoll was used on the boys' buttocks and over their trousers or shorts. Luckily I was never caned by Chenevix-Trench. I was caned in senior school by various other Masters, EXM Peter Coshan (he was the School House junior Housemaster) and Cole-Hamilton, and hit or kicked by prefects. In my experience the school teachers didn't cane pupils and left this to the Housemasters or one of the Heads of the school. They used to call it 'six up' or 'six down' or 'twelve up' or 'twelve down'. The terms 'up' and 'down' referred to whether or not the boys' trousers and underwear would be up or down. I was caned a few times 'up' by EXM for smoking and abuse of nicotine and got three or six up from him for that.
91. Using the belt was a local authority school thing. I got it in the local authority school in Coatbridge for being naughty at primary school. I never received any sort of punishment like that at St Mary's in Nairobi.

Abuse at Fettes College

92. There was a culture of physical and psychological brutality throughout the school from the Head down to your peers. It wasn't a happy, healthy environment to live in.

Iain Wares

93. When I was in the junior school Iain Wares took exception to me. There was an incident when I think I was aged eleven or twelve and I had been at the school for one or two terms. I was in class when some incident occurred. I have no recollection of what, it was something like some transgression regarding homework or 'prep', or possibly talking out of turn. He suddenly grabbed me by the hair and pulled me

backwards off my seat and also grabbed the scruff of my neck and dragged me off my feet several metres along the classroom floor and continued dragging me along the corridor, still by the hair and collar, to a sort of cloak room and games changing room.

94. Then he laid into me with slaps and punches to the forehead, face and all over my body - pushing me, shoving me and shaking me. He held me against the wooden wall by the front of my neck and shirt collar and knocked me against it a few times. He finished his assault by battering me with a rugby boot or a plimsoll. I am reasonably sure that he kicked me on the rear at least once before he left me in that room. I think my shorts were off. I can also remember, before trying to hide in vain by pressing myself up against the wall, that Wares had turned an odd colour – a sort of reddish purple whilst his face twisted and contorted.
95. I was naturally shocked and shaken and my mind went blank, during and just afterwards. I think I actually blacked out. My head hurt. I lost some of my hair and there were bruises. I don't know if I went back to the classroom. The attack had come out of the blue and I could not understand it. I was utterly ashamed and did not want to talk about it. I assumed that whatever it was, I was in the wrong. This was not corporal punishment, this was an assault by the standards of even the 1970s and certainly now.
96. My own Doctor now says I would have needed medical attention. I now know since first contacting the SCAI and from now having reviewed my medical records, that I spent ten days in the school sanatorium as a result of this episode in October 1977. I know I was hospitalised at school at some stage and it is not noted in the medical records as kept by the school at that time. This was at the Western General Hospital in Edinburgh. I can remember, and only have a vague memory, waking up there and looking out over the school from the opposite direction I was used to and being both confused then relieved by this.
97. The records are not terribly clear, but I have been told by my GP that it is fairly obvious that what was going on was being covered up and there is not a full explanation. There are no notes in the records kept by the school san at all of my stay there. There was just the date I went in and the date I left with some routine medical observations. The

records refer to abrasions and bruising, along with nausea, vomiting and high temperature, but are blank from admission to discharge. My current medical practice in Skye is currently looking into this and reviewing the records again.

98. Wares was also sexually abusive towards pupils in a way that was totally humiliating and public. Wares would call you up to his desk at the front of the classroom to go through your homework or your school work. He'd be sitting in the middle of his desk with the blackboard behind him. We could all see what Wares was doing.
99. He'd call out someone to go to his desk so he could talk to them about their work. He'd then sit back in his seat and you'd be standing beside him and he'd slap you on the back of your thigh. We were dressed in shorts. He would slap quite gently, then stroke up and down, and then slap harder and then the other leg. Then he would dwell more up near your rear and then round into the inner thigh and then under your shorts and inside your underwear. This happened to me on quite a few occasions (more than ten), and to many others. I cannot be more specific as (i) forty-three years have passed, and (ii) I blanked a lot of these episodes. I am being treated for unprocessed psychological trauma where a mental block is a typical classic symptom. I do, however, remember certain events, and their general nature.
100. This was done in front of the entire class of about twenty or twenty-five boys. Afterwards, other boys would tease you. We called the teacher 'Bender Wares' and they'd say 'Ha, Bender's got you now. He's on to you now'. If you were considered effeminate you'd be called a fat poof and that was regarded as the biggest insult throughout Fettes and that was humiliating as well. There was an anti-gay culture then in school amongst pupils and amongst teachers. I now realise that there was an endemic and institutionalised culture of homophobia, sexism in the extreme and racism in the school at the time.
101. I was aware of other incidents, but did not always see what happened. I saw the lead-up to various events which 'progressed' out of sight. Wares was renowned for it. Wares was happy to risk feeling up and fondling multiple boys at the front of, and in front of (i.e. in view of), the class. He frequently bashed boys' heads on their desks, pulled hair and twisted ears. His really vicious and more complete assaults were done

out of view of anyone and it stands to reason that an escalation of his usual behaviour would be seen, by him, as risky.

102. His assault on me was not reported to my parents. The notes relating to the ten days' medical treatment in the sanatorium are vague, and even missing, also. BRQ would have been made aware by my parents (who are now deceased) of any incident reported by the school, given her personal role in my time at Fettes, and given her professional role as a teacher in a private school. Forty-three years later, and now retired, she is feeling both considerable anger and distress that no other family member was made aware of what was going on. is now also very distressed about all this when I have asked her about her recollections. This is compounding her own considerable serious current medical problems.
103. Wares had done this routine on me just like this before the violent incident I described earlier. We didn't know how to react to him. I never engaged in any of it. I don't know if the violence happened because I had rejected and was revolted, embarrassed and ashamed of the so-called grooming. As far as I know he lost his head on that occasion. I thought it was my fault and it felt like a cloud hanging over me and I dreaded it happening again and I dreaded the mickey-taking from my mates. I thought when Wares had sexually abused boys in class it was the fault of the boys and in the instance with me that it was my fault. It became normal – particularly as it was so blatant. Another boy I saw Wares touch at his desk was called, I think, That boy was quite loud and out-spoken generally about Wares. I had no idea until quite recently that Wares had behaved violently to quite so many other boys, and for so long.
104. My first impressions of Wares were of a sleazy man. He had wavy blond hair and he had a slow way of speaking. There was a snideness to him and he had an odd way of moving. We knew he was of South African descent and I understand through the police that he is currently a South African national. Wares organised some kind of school camp and I don't know if that was for the CCF or Duke of Edinburgh. I wasn't aware of any bad stories coming out of the camp activities. I learned his nickname was Bender when I was in school and the junior pupils developed the name.

105. I developed a phobia of games lessons. I didn't want to be naked, or undress and be looked at in the school showers. I wanted to shower in private. Wares used to parade around the swimming pool and the changing rooms, as did others. In the press recently there was a reference made to a swimming teacher who was reported regarding his behaviour and this happened some years after my time at the school. I didn't feel comfortable in the company of Masters or other pupils in changing clothes or showering. I felt I wasn't able to shower with others as I was ashamed, but had to. This initially stemmed from what happened to me in Wares' classroom, and then a series of other events. I used to be a keen swimmer in Kenya. I then had an academic and sporting deterioration at Fettes.

Prefects

106. Fagging, which was renamed 'calling' or 'LE' – lines equivalent, was a service, under the guise of punishment, that junior boys were expected to offer to sixth form boys and a form of abuse in itself. This involved things like cleaning their shoes, boots or their bedroom, making them coffee and doing their laundry. It was mostly personal stuff. The place was filthy and my mother and oldest sister thought Fettes pupils looked like tramps or 'winos'. I had to do this calling/fagging in my first three years in senior school for a prefect chosen at random. I didn't have to do it in Junior School. I had to fag for different prefects. Fagging for the prefect was a bit like being a batman in the forces. I was never aware of any physical sexual relationships between prefects and their fags.
107. At Fettes what was previously known as fagging had become known as 'calling' or lines equivalent and abbreviated to 'LE'. It was now given as a punishment and given arbitrarily. I have given more details of this later in this statement. Calling or LE (i.e; fagging) could be given by both house and school prefects. The role of prefect was almost like a teacher, but no teaching was involved. They could punish you. They weren't supposed to strike you with a cane or with fists, but they did, or kicked you, or dragged you along the floor, or gave you a wedgie, or sent you on another run, or gave you 'punitive PT' and certainly nearly always were extremely verbally abusive.
108. I now know, and it is biographically attributed to him, that Chenevix-Trench claimed, under the guise of being the 'great reformer' (at Eton and Fettes), to have abolished

personal fagging. This is entirely untrue and becomes a question of 'weasel words' or legal semantics. Fagging was rife at Fettes well into the 1980s, and perhaps beyond. Even after his death, I performed fagging activities as a junior, and administered them as a senior. That was the system. The name and method of apportionment was simply changed. The activity of what had become known as calling or LE had exactly the same net effect, i.e; fagging, as it always had done.

109. A recent (November 2020) article in the press (primarily relating to racism at Fettes) relates to charitable 'slave auctions' where prefects do tasks or services in a role reversal scenario and for charitable donations. This is, on the face of it, a great and laudable idea. What it also illustrates, however, that this is a temporary and (now) unusual return to what, in the bad old days, was the status quo involving name-calling, degradation, personal servitude and racism. I would hope that even mock violence, or lip service to the previously prevailing physical brutality, were not involved.
110. Prefects were allowed to issue things called punitive PT or 'lines equivalent' or LE. Punitive PT or 'LE' were mainly used by prefects rather than teachers. Teachers were supposed to monitor the system and sort of monitored the LE book that recorded it. The Master or 'house tutor' on duty would simply initial the page, with no questions asked. The Housemaster, or the daily visiting duty Master, we think, looked at the sheet which was in a folder of tatty loose pages, known as the 'book'. It was held in the boarding house on a table in the main room in School House. If a prefect told me I had to do punitive PT, or LE the prefect was expected to record it in the book.
111. The prefects would see a younger boy doing something wrong and tell them they'd got 'Fifty', or a 'Hundred'. Fifty was two days LE, and 25 LE was equal to one day's calling, or fagging. 'One hundred' as a punishment was 25 LE x four days. Some mad prefects would order 500 LE which was twenty days. These figures were expected to be recorded in the book in the boarding house and they were not always written accurately in the book. Most of the junior two years, 3rd and 4th forms, and some of 5th spent all term doing calling or LE. I dished out the LE as a prefect later on in my time in the school. The system wasn't explained when I arrived at the school. You just came to learn that was how it was and you had to learn on the job.

112. Fagging had continued as a punishment and it was not then done by a named fag for a named individual. It had continued and was condoned by the Masters. The personal fagging element was not recorded in the book in the boarding house as it was not given to a named individual. In my years one to three in senior school any prefect, whether or house or school prefect, could tell me to polish his shoes, make them coffee, clean their study etc. etc. It was done under the guise of punishment.
113. Prefects were also allowed to issue, and 'supervise' something called 'punitive PT' which meant activities like running up and down very many worn stone stairs from top to bottom and maybe thirty times or so. Then go outside and do one hundred press ups, and other similar stuff and then do a perimeter run, then come back and stand with arms up above the head, or lie down with ankles one foot above the ground, and basically exercise you until you vomited.
114. Punitive PT tended to be in the afternoons or at weekends. I learned during my Officer Training in the RAF later on in life that issuing and monitoring this type of physical activity was meant to be a skilled activity, as it is in the forces. In Fettes there were seventeen year olds who were made prefects by the Headmaster, or Housemaster, and not equipped emotionally, or with training, to issue and 'supervise' these punishments.
115. There was enough knowledge about in the 1970s to know that this was wrong. There were ex-military people at the school and they didn't stop what was physical abuse. We weren't running because we wanted to, or for our physical good and well-being. We were also often forced to do a perimeter run in the early morning when we first got up at 7am.
116. The showers and toilets in West and East Cloisters were outdoors in a glass lean-to. They were known as the Westies and the Easties. Prefects enjoyed sticking your head down one of these sometimes nearly frozen lavatories and flushing the toilet, particularly if the lavatory had been used and was not clean. They would often laugh at "the jobby" or "the shite on your face". This activity was called 'bog-washing'.

117. I got out of PT and games as much as possible and I hated being physically sick and standing around in the cold weather and enduring the comments. I knew the likes of Wares was prowling about and he did tend to go off on one in the changing rooms as he had with me.

Anthony Chenevix-Trench

118. I recall Chenevix-Trench on one occasion at a cricket match with another school. I was the scorer and quite busy. He tottered over to a tree stump nearby, beaming and sat down saying "Hello, my darling". He was very drunk and fell off the tree stump he was lolling on and began rolling about the grass. I was a third-former, so aged thirteen or fourteen at the time. A teacher (Michael Mackintosh-Reid) ordered me to help Chenevix-Trench up, "Scott, help the Headmaster, for goodness sake, can't you see he is unwell!" I was half in fear of him and half in awe, at the time. I was watched by a group of teachers who did nothing. BKL was one of them along with Mackintosh-Reid, I cannot remember the others.
119. I knew he spent time in the 2nd world war, and had been a POW in the far East and had suffered at the hands of Japanese forces including torture and forced labour. He was by the time of the incident I describe an alcoholic. He called everyone 'my darlings' or 'my dears'. At chapel, on school day mornings, at around 8.40 or 8.45 am, Chenevix-Trench would often be unsteady on his feet, swaying about, and slurring his speech. The alcohol fumes would waft around the chapel. The little respect I had for him, I lost. I hated this, and his other, behaviour. Even at thirteen or fourteen, I was disgusted with and by him.
120. In the Junior School, a boy who had been particularly naughty (although I am not aware of what he had done) had to be beaten by him. This was treated as a sensation at the time and was highly unusual. Chenevix-Trench was not usually involved in administering junior school punishment. I saw this boy, I can't remember his name, who had been caned by Chenevix-Trench and I spoke to him. He told me how much pain he was in. The boy had also been given fifty pence by Chenevix-Trench to spend in the tuck shop as 'you took the punishment so well, my dear'. He showed me the fifty

pence piece. That was quite a lot of money to spend on tuck in those days. We were aged around eleven at that time.

121. I was ordered to be punished by the Headmaster for alcohol indiscretion, aged thirteen, at Whiteside the school retreat, but the punishment was given by Dick Cole-Hamilton and I was caned. I have been told that Chenevix-Trench liked to beat the living daylights out of boys and he fiddled with himself, or masturbated at the same time. It was also stated in the press that he did that at his previous schools. He would use expressions like 'old foreskin rubber balls' and I have read, but with no surprise as it is characteristic, that he preferred to give out a good beating (sometimes with his victim nearly naked, and sometimes on his bed with the door locked) than indulge in the 'messy stuff'. It is assumed that he is alluding to penetrative sexual activity.
122. Chenevix-Trench was renowned for caning bare buttocks and he would remove the shorts or trousers and underwear himself and that would mean the punishment was 'twelve down'. Those boys would not be able to sit down afterwards for quite some time. He appeared to gain some gratification from doing that. I know that from boys I have spoken to who had been caned by Chenevix-Trench. I can't remember their names. I can picture one of them and I think he was the boy who was taken away from the school and because his mother complained. He was a local boy with a pronounced Scottish accent which was quite unusual. He was the boy who showed me the fifty pence that Chenevix-Trench had given him.
123. There was a minor thing in Latin, or 'Divinity' (RE) class that the O' Level junior boys got wrong and Chenevix-Trench caned the whole class as a result. I wasn't in the class at the time and I think must have been in san at the time. I was living an 'avoid and evade' existence at school.

EXM

124. There were a couple of other boys who were senior to me, I was in my first year of senior school, and they were standing outside of EXM office in School House. I saw the pain they were in and heard their complaints about how much pain they were

in and they showed me the backs of their legs, or buttocks. As far as I know they were caned for their poor academic results.

125. EXM ██████ caned boys and was a strict individual and what I describe as a 'stentorian' and overbearing, but I don't believe he was abusing his position with giving excessive punishment. I cannot forgive him for his influence on, and his attitude to, the A' Levels I chose to study and in contravention of the advice I was getting from my older sisters and my parents. This was very important to me. EXM ██████, however, was at times verbally abusive over and above physical discipline. Nevertheless, he was at heart more decent than many of his colleagues and I remember him with a degree of respect.

CHV ██████

126. In second year of senior school, when I was aged around fourteen, I witnessed abuse of a boy in the dorm room by CHV ██████ who was nicknamed CHV ██████ and a ██████ Master at the school. He would come into the dorm room and put his hand under the bed clothes of another boy, ██████ and into his own clothes. ██████ had taken to putting rugby socks up his pyjama fronts to prevent CHV ██████ getting any further with his hands.
127. At lights out there would be Masters and prefects doing the rounds to check boys were in bed and settling everyone. They could spend ten minutes in each dormitory just chatting. That was when CHV ██████ put his hands up ██████ pyjama bottoms. I remember hearing CHV ██████ saying "what have you got in here boy?" and "what is it you are fiddling with in there?" I watched him proceed to rummage under ██████ bed covers and try to pull the socks out. ██████ told me afterwards that CHV ██████ was "always doing that". He waved his rolled up thick games socks at me and laughed saying he was CHV ██████-proofing' himself. I think it was ██████ way of dealing with the matter. It didn't happen every night as there were different Masters on different nights.
128. Another memory that has come to me quite recently, CHV ██████ sometimes chose to shower with the junior pupils, aged fourteen to sixteen, in School House. He would be entirely naked. This was regarded as unusual as the Masters had their own

changing and showering facilities. I remember seeing CHV going into the junior School House showers which were directly opposite the Masters' own bathroom and shower. I was not showering myself at the time, but was in the changing rooms upstairs in School House. I clearly remember a group of us being told at prep by one pupil that CHV "as you would expect has a large cock" and as he was leaving the shower room CHV "was getting a hard-on having had a semi for quite a while". I am quite clear on this as great hilarity was caused by this pupil, [REDACTED] who was known as a bit of a wag, as he also said "wouldn't it be funny if such a large man had had a tiny wee one!"

Reporting of abuse at Fettes College

129. Iain Wares' classroom, or our form room, was opposite the school secretary and the SNR [REDACTED]'s office, FTG [REDACTED]. I am a blank on exactly when the assault happened, and after a short while during the episode, my mind also went completely blank. I do remember, after a period of ruminating and 'smarting' that I just realised that something was badly wrong about the whole thing. I went into see FTG [REDACTED] after the assault and told him Wares was out of order and what he had done to me. I found it very difficult. FTG [REDACTED] looked at me and gave me a look that was almost him rolling his eyes and he said he'd have a word with Wares. That was the last I heard of it. I half hoped nothing would be done about it in case I was perceived by my peers as weak or Wares would have a go at me again. I realise now that Chenevix-Trench would have been FTG [REDACTED] line manager
130. Thinking back, I might have been able to approach Mark Peel as he had been so encouraging in my History lessons. He was an approachable, constructive guy. At the time of the Wares incident, I wouldn't have been able to talk to him when it happened as Peel came to the school a few years later when I was in the 6th form. Peel was also regarded initially as impressive as he was directly descended from Sir Robert Peel.
131. I also had a Tutor assigned to me and I can't even recall his name now. At one point I had Sid Brewer as a Tutor and he seemed to be a nice man. He had discipline issues amongst the boys as he had this high pitched voice and they called him very nasty

names. He was my Educational Tutor for a while. But, it was simply a tick box exercise of very little value. We as pupils didn't care about the Tutors and the Tutors didn't care about us. Part of the Tutor's role was to check on how you were getting on in the school.

132. I was effectively not allowed to study the A' levels I wanted to do. I was 'bollocked' very sternly for even asking about subjects that I was more interested in. This frightened me and I shut up. I consider that this had a profound effect on my life and career. I studied the wrong subjects, in fear, and fared fairly badly. This triggered a 'domino effect' or 'downward spiral' of under-achievement under pinning and bringing about a complete lack of confidence or ability to focus and concentrate, or start again. I felt everybody (teachers, peers, friends even relatives) thought I was stupid and worthless and in the wrong. This is why I never discussed or relayed any of this for over forty years.

Leaving Fettes College

133. I left the school in June 1983, just before I turned eighteen. I was relieved to leave the school. My father had recently suffered a stroke when he was living in Bangkok. He had to retire early as it was serious and this was a stressful situation for everyone. I was away from the school and I knew my A' Level results would be appalling. I was dreading my results coming out. In my last year, I'd started to enjoy the school a bit as I was older. I had written off the academic side, particularly as I utterly hated most of what I was studying. I had started to discover girls and I'd discovered socialising.
134. In terms of career advice the senior Housemaster told me that indications were that I would make a good barrister or a hotel manager. This came out of an Independent Schools (ISCO) aptitude test that I did before I left. The aspiration to qualify as a barrister, and as highlighted by the aptitude test, became both a dream and a career goal.

Life after being at Fettes College

135. After leaving Fettes I went off to Stowe School near Buckingham as a day pupil as we lived nearby for a year to do my A' Levels again. I was aged eighteen by then, and the school turned out to be a much more pleasant, productive and constructive place than Fettes. I had not wanted to go to another private school and certainly not as a boarder as I was dreading that thought. I would have preferred to have studied at Aylesbury Technical College for the re-sits myself, but I felt I had to please my father who wanted me to go to Stowe. It turned out to be a much more successful experience. After school I then went to the City of London Polytechnic to do Law with Languages. My Highers results were OK, but my A' Levels were still poor, although improved by Stowe. I pursued my degree and did four years including a great year teaching in France. But, overall I only just scraped by.

136. After graduation I got a job with the Crown Prosecution Service as a 'law clerk' in the Thames Valley area. This was with a view to qualifying as a barrister or maybe solicitor, via further studies and potential promotion to Crown Prosecutor. I loved the legal work, but I continued to have problems with authority. I then worked temporarily for John Lewis and I went on to do officer training in the RAF. I lacked confidence to do some aspects of officer training, but academically I did well, I ended up first in the year intake (or training Squadron) for the academic subjects at Royal Air Force College Cranwell.

137. I did the training (and one posting to MOD, Whitehall) for nearly two years before I suffered an injury and left when money cuts were coming in after the first Gulf War. I had also technically failed officer training in 1992 as I had problems with authority. I understood the chain of command and its necessity, but thought there were those who in certain ways abused it. I won an award which was a result of a vote amongst other cadets at the College. I was popular with contemporaries, peers and those junior in rank. Sometime after that I worked in a large call centre and change management consultancy in Milton Keynes and again began to have difficulties with the more senior management when I was promoted.

138. I was married from 1992 to 2004 and we were happy for a long time. I became a publican in 2000 as by then I wanted the apparent independence of being in business for myself. I became involved in a long running dispute with the landlord, Punch Taverns, and this became increasingly political and led to litigation. This subsequent battle through the courts and legal system had a detrimental effect on me and my behaviour which led to the marriage breaking down. Fettes heightened my sense of injustice and increased my awareness of adversity. I would not give up on the litigation and eventually prevailed. The unjust and abusive system remaining in that sector of the hospitality industry led to me turning up at the UK Parliament wrangling myself into a junior job at Westminster and using that to become one of the non-elected major influences in bringing about corrective commercial legislation in 2015.
139. After my mother died I had some money in inheritance and from the civil litigation compensation from Punch Taverns, and I bought a home on Skye and have lived there for four years. I also spend a lot of time in Buckingham where I am a carer for my oldest sister.

Impact

140. I learned a rebellious streak, or perhaps more accurately a 'non-conformist' tendency, at school and a mistrust of authority. I continue to feel like a child over it. I continue to constantly seek approval and am conscious of my habit of name dropping in conversations. I'm also conscious that I had the potential to do a lot better at school even though I rebelled. I could have done much better in my life afterwards, and I still feel I failed. I have a fear of failure and of criticism. I'm unable to finish anything, procrastinate nearly everything and don't succeed as a consequence. I struggle in many social situations. Earlier in life, prior to Fettes and when very young, I had managed to deal with and cope well with traumatic situations.
141. I struggled with relationships in general. I also struggled with girls and women because of my school experiences. I had a fear of embarrassment and fear of rejection and fear of being inept.

142. My own GP says that she is becoming less able to be objective about me now as she now knows me too well – and knows me on a personal level, although we do not socialise. She has commented that I have problems with authority and she has told me that she firmly believes (subject to a more formal diagnosis) that I have unprocessed psychological trauma, and this trauma colours my relationship with authority, amongst others. This is to be explored in future through counselling, and referral to a psychiatrist. I struggle with other people trying to get things from me in a way that I think is unfair and an abuse of authority and power by other people.
143. I had some alcohol problems later on in life, in phases, and my father had been a heavy drinker. Through the Punch Taverns litigation lasting five years I had suicidal thoughts. They've come back to me on and off at other times. I have a sense of lack of worth that was founded in the culture of Fettes and especially in the beating by Wares. I feel particularly bad about that beating and the negative attitude in the school to my education when I had the potential to do better.
144. Other people in the school were in a position to do something about Wares' behaviour. These included, FTG as SNR Chenevix-Trench as senior Head and the school doctor, Dr Matheson. Also, the so called tutors. I don't know if there was any remit with the prevailing education inspectorate system. Also, the school Governors. There was very little activity by the Procurator Fiscal and Police Scotland, or its predecessor force, when matters did start to be reported.
145. The Governors knew Chenevix-Trench was a can of worms. When he was sacked out of Eton, the Eton board (now as a matter of public record) wrote to the Fettes board of Governors advising against his appointment. The Governors opted instead to 'profit' from the Eton connection. ECF attended the school and witnessed all this horrible culture, and events, a few years before I did. Would he not think to give as then was, the heads-up somehow? We never really saw much of, or heard from, the Governors, other than they would waft around on Founder's Day looking all important.
146. Also, figures, now, or after the event senior figures in the Scottish (perhaps UK) judiciary are aware of what was going on. How much of this went missing in the

'burglary' at the police headquarters, and went on to hamper subsequent investigations?

147. Looking back, it is clear to me, and those that know me professionally, that my career – as have other aspects of my life – shows the deep imprint of my ill-treatment at Fettes. That imprint has been permanent up to now. In short, this manifests itself in my erratic career path. The key features of this have been as follows, I have held a variety of different jobs in different industries, none very highly paid, and none developing into any logical development of career.
148. There is a clear pattern to my career: zigzagging from one job to the next; each path, though started and performed (as I see with hindsight) well, even excellently, ends in a full stop, without developing on to the next higher stage. I have been involved in high profile roles, sometimes in senior positions, but an inbuilt negativity has resulted in me 'talking myself out of' them, or convincing myself that I was doing the wrong thing and could not achieve the right thing.
149. I feel now that at each key moment in my career, I somehow could not manage to put a final stamp on success achieved. This meant that, though academically and in working relationship with people I was supervising, I was successful, my brain somehow refused to finish off/polish off my success. This in turn meant I could never raise my income levels to anything significant, or even properly qualify.
150. In short, I have been prevented from access to a career, likely to have been as a barrister or solicitor, as was indicated by the career aptitude report at the end of my time at Fettes. As an educational "stable", an expensive top school, Fettes would have been a passport to sustained career success. But I have not been psychologically able to pursue that career. Professionals of this ilk have often said I have shown the potential and a latent aptitude to be a competent, and high achieving, legal professional.
151. I have had a number of sessions of counselling from a planned series of six (now increased) with a counsellor on Skye who has also told me I have unprocessed psychological trauma. She believes there is a direct link to events in my childhood at

Fettes. This is a course of counselling organised by a charity and is not through the NHS.

152. For most of my adult life I have had a very unpleasant recurring dream; or more accurately nightmare. It happens in phases and when it happens it is very vivid and realistic. It nevertheless occurs quite regularly and is ongoing. I am still at Fettes and I am still studying for A' levels. The same staff are there, the surroundings are as they were in the 1970s and 1980s. However, it always takes place around whatever events are current at the time of the dream. Sometimes my deceased parents, sisters, ex-wife are at the school. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] ECF [REDACTED] is still doing his A' levels [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I always forget to study for the exams and they are the following day. I always fail. It is like an ongoing form of purgatory and Groundhog Day – tinged with Hell. Without fail, when I wake up, it takes me some time to realise that I am not still at the school and then relief begins to set in. I usually feel unwell, upset and soaked in sweat. My counsellor has stated to me that this is very likely to relate to the unprocessed psychological trauma and is effectively a flashback. She feels there is a psychological, perhaps physical injury. She and my current GP are in the process, at time of writing, of making an urgent referral for formal, specialist diagnosis and treatment.

Reporting of abuse after leaving school

153. In the early 2000s it surfaced that [REDACTED] FTG [REDACTED] guided by Chenevix-Trench at the time, knew of early complaints about brutality by Iain Wares, and told Wares to go away for 'a month to sort his head out'. Wares then went back to teaching at Fettes, then in South Africa.
154. Around 2002 – 2005, there were further complaints made to the police about similar (and possibly the same) events at the school and no action was taken. There were suggestions that it was tied up with things going missing previously at Fettes Police Station, then the HQ of Lothian & Borders police. Hypothetically, if a complaint was made and evidence handed to the Procurator Fiscal, the personnel file for Wares might

have been in the police station. Perhaps there would be complaints like mine, or even a reference to my events, against Wares in that file. In 2002 I hadn't made my own complaint to the police.

155. In early 2020 I was visiting BRQ and I saw a piece on TV about Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry (SCAI), and boarding schools were mentioned and in particular the article focussed on Fettes and Gordonstoun. I spoke to BRQ about the culture of bullying and brutality from the outset to the end, and from the Head at the top, and down to my peers at the bottom. I had thought the culture was all about physical bullying, but afterwards I realised it was about sexual and psychological abuse too. It also caused me, for the first time in over 40 years, to recall more vividly my personal experiences at the time. I rang the Inquiry and I later rang the police also. The TV programme had been an epiphany for me and a lot of memories came flooding back. I rang the police, I think, in January 2020.
156. I gave a statement to police based in the Highlands. I also dealt with a DC McNeish from Fettes Police Station who has passed it to Operation Forseti. It was the first time I had reported matters to the police. The police have told me they are considering extradition proceedings and matters are now with the Procurator Fiscal. However, the police are not, to-date, able to give any meaningful update. I didn't realise it was a police matter, even when I worked for the CPS. It hadn't occurred to me to consider my own situation to the extent that I was missing the proverbial 'elephant in the room'. However, having made a complaint now, ongoing progress and liaison is woeful. Police Scotland and the Procurator Fiscals' inept attention to detail and contemptuous attitude and ineffective, laughable progress is nothing short of scandalous, and the Inquiry must note this. I will raise this with the appropriate channels, within the appropriate organisations. It is not good enough to complacently, and frequently, trot out the caveat 'it's confidential, it's under investigation still'. In this context, this is being used to hide sheer inept, negligent incompetence.
157. I have a civil case against Fettes College and Thompson's solicitors of Glasgow are representing me. I am in the process of giving them a civil witness statement. In May 2020, Radio Scotland contacted me as arranged by Thompsons and an interview for broadcast was set up as an awareness-raising exercise to get others to come forward

and contact them and the SCAI. I also gave an account to a journalist from the Daily Record. I was struck by the similarities in experiences of the other two men whose stories were featured on the same programme, and on one previous broadcast. Our experiences were very closely corroborating each other.

158. When I heard the first story broadcast on Radio Scotland, I was convinced it was my story I was hearing, it was strikingly similar, when in fact it was another man's account. My lawyer from Thompson's also thought it was my story on the radio. They were told by the programme producers that it was someone else's story. One of the men used a pseudonym James and I was known as Brian, and there was a third man who was featured. We don't know each other and haven't spoken since leaving the Junior School. It was said in the Radio Scotland interviews that Wares was sent away for a month to sort himself out. I understand, also from one of the other men interviewed on the radio, that Wares is in his eighties and still tutoring children in South Africa. I have also discovered references to him and his wife on-line at a bowls and cricket club on the Western Cape.
159. I was also featured anonymously in articles in the Daily Record, Daily Mail, The Times, BBC online, The Sun, and Edinburgh Evening News, about abuse at Fettes College. I did not approach, or make myself or situation known, to the media or press.
160. I think the way the Procurator Fiscal has handled previous complaints against Wares and other events has not been at all good. I am not happy, as previously explained, with them or the way Police Scotland has handled the current complaints against Wares, and my experience with them has not been as good as with the police in Northampton where I used to live, or in the Thames Valley where I worked for the Crown Prosecution Service, effectively for the Police.

Records

161. I have never applied to Fettes to obtain my school records. I am afraid that Fettes will suppress things. I don't know if Fettes will have retained any of my records. I may still have some of my school reports and I will look for them. I also have access to some

school year photographs that I intend to look at further and they may jog my memory for some names. I am content to make them available to the Inquiry if required, along with my medical records.

162. I have requested disclosure of my NHS medical records and that process took some time due to staff shortages and the COVID situation. When I have finished reviewing my records, which is ongoing, I may want to re-visit some aspects of my account of my time at Fettes.

Lessons to be Learned

163. I understand from my reading of Old Fettesian publications, and a recent conversation with the current Head of Fettes that pastoral care and the culture at Fettes seems much improved now. There are safeguarding officers now. There was no-one I felt I could have spoken to at school about how I was feeling.

Hopes for the Inquiry


164. I hope that the Inquiry will recommend and then bring about better police investigations, better court processes and better legislation in place for people who were abused as children along with more accountability and rational and even formulaic decision-making. There must be more accountable and completely independent inspections of private schools and not just into the academic standards, but also to look into the living conditions and moral influences that can exist in the boarding houses.
165. Also, the schools should be held accountable for and compensate (and maybe not just purely financially) for the deficiencies in their students' education that has life-long implications for them. A large proportion of the Governors at the school have always been Old Fettesians and their primary focus and concern appears to be keeping up appearances and their own reputations. I now understand that just as there was a

especially appointed medical officer on the board, another Governor is meant to be responsible for the junior school. If so, where were they in my time of need?

166. I currently have little faith in anything really changing much as there were already welfare support officers in place in 2015 when the slave auctions were going on and the current Head herself was deputy Head at that time and had worked at the school since 1996. If the school really cared about facing up to its past it would have contacted all former pupils who had been in contact with Wares, (and perhaps others). This has evidently and effectively happened at other similar educational establishments. It would go beyond a repeated and bland exhortation to contact the SCAI. At the moment, it seems that Fettes hopes that as few people as possible will come forward and the main concern is to find former pupils who will provide glowing reports of their time at Fettes. I fear that Helen Harrison has been put in place to present a front of Fettes being a caring, progressive place, when in fact the major control still lies with the Governors and perhaps outside, vested and malevolent influences.

Other information

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

Signed..........

Dated..... 02 December 2020