

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

FRD

Support person present: No

1. My full name is FRD My date of birth is 1966. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.
2. I was always going to provide a statement about the abuse I sustained at Fettes College after my mum and dad had passed away. I know what they went through a lot to send me to Fettes College, they sacrificed a lot to pay the fees, and I didn't want them feeling guilty, because they had done something wrong, because they didn't.
3. One of my mates sent me an article that was in a newspaper, the Daily Record I believe, which was about the abuse at Fettes College. I thought that if somebody was going to have to go through this, then they shouldn't stand alone, when I knew what had happened. It's for that reason, I'm providing my statement now, and both my parents are, thankfully, alive.

Life before boarding school

4. My dad's job was very demanding and I didn't see very much of him as his job moved him about a lot, as he got promoted. He wanted us to have a stable place to go to school if he had to keep moving, so my brother and I went to Fettes.
5. The first school I went to was a place called Gilsland Park in Spylaw Road, Colinton, Edinburgh. It was a private school, that you go to before junior school. It's now a block of flats. I started there when I was about five years old.

6. It was a small school right on the doorstep of Watson's. The two things I remember are the warm milk at break time and the good rugby pitch they had.
7. I liked rugby, I liked a lot of sport, and in those days academia was irrelevant. It really wasn't an issue, if you messed around in classes or didn't get results, if you could do sports.
8. I remember life was alright before I started at Fettes. I don't remember the decision being made, and it wouldn't have been a decision I was involved in anyway. The fact it was a boarding school, that was probably the biggest thing in its favour. My dad is one of those that makes decisions for you, there isn't really a consultation process. I don't recall exactly how I was told. I would just have been told I was going to Fettes College next week, or something like that.
9. I can't remember if there was any visit to Fettes before starting, I wouldn't have thought so.
10. Fettes didn't ask for an entrance exam. The view was that if you went to Fettes you'd do alright because you're not really paying for education. I know that's what it says on the tin, but what you're really paying for is business contacts. Should you show an ability to do something, the Fettes community has a lot of people in it, that will support you in all sorts of ways.
11. Even now, there's a group of lads I was at Fettes with, that go on holiday every year, and everyone has different contacts and if anyone needs help, it's there. You almost pay for ambition and that network. When you go to Fettes, it's misunderstood that it's a posh school, because it's not a posh school, it's about cash.
12. People who are in the school are people who have got cash at that moment in time. The amusement arcade owners son's all went to Fettes, as did armed forces children and Nigerians and Chinese. There was a mixture of people who had nothing in common, at all, except the fact that their families had enough money to send them there.

Fettes College, Edinburgh

General

13. I imagine my brother went ahead of me, but I can't remember that at all. When I first went I was one of the younger ones, aged about ten. Junior school was up until you were about twelve or thirteen.
14. The junior school is meant to be two years but I was really young for the year and after two years they decided I should go back a year, and I ended up in junior school for three years. You weren't supposed to do that, normally and I was then one of the older ones in my year.
15. I remember Fettes Junior School had one main building, with two floors which was connected to the main house, that was Malcolm House, the headmaster's house. The two floors were straight and parallel with wooden floors. There was boot rooms for kit and stuff like that, at one end, on both floors, and a stone staircase.
16. As you walked into the building, to the left was where you went for morning registration and where all the masters sat on chairs on a little platform. We all sat on the floor in front of them. To the right was stairs that went up to the headmasters study, a kitchen and classrooms. There were classrooms downstairs as well and another little kitchen place.
17. There was no barrier between the junior and senior schools. The junior school sat on the other side of the cricket pitch. To the left of it was Arniston House, which is now a girls' house, and to its right were the squash courts. The running track was behind us and the rugby pitches were beyond that. They were used as hockey pitches in the season. There was also a cross country route that went behind us and through the woods next to Ferry Road.

18. I'm not sure exactly when girls started going to Fettes but I do know that when I went to my first year in senior school, it was co-ed all the way after that. Girls were in the minority, but there was still about fifteen in every year. There was maybe 150 boys in the junior school and about 500 in the senior school.
19. Before houses were made for the girls in the school grounds, the girls stayed in houses out of the school, with people who hosted them. We could therefore go to the girls houses when their hosts weren't in.
20. The senior school was spread across lots of buildings all over the grounds. There was a science block, east and west buildings, each with lots of parts to them, and lots of classrooms. It would take you a long time to work out the geography of the classrooms and where to go.
21. When I first started at Fettes I was a junior day boy and then I moved to weekly boarding. I don't know when that was. I then stayed in boarding house, one of the senior boys houses at the senior school. The junior boarders would all stay with housemasters and their families, that was more or less how it worked.
22. There were dormitories in the houses for the senior boys, Malcolm House, for example, where I was as a senior, had a room set up with three sets of bunk beds. So, six senior boys were living in there.
23. The houses at Fettes were Kimmerghame, Carrington, Moredun, Glencorse, Schoolhouse and Arniston. You wore a tie which depicted which house you were in and you played against the other houses at football, rugby, tug-of-war, everything. Your house really became your home and you looked after the boys who were in your house.
24. My SNR was Mr FTG who was a fabulous individual. He was a really nice man, even though he once gave me the slipper. He was a helpful, positive supportive man.

25. The [redacted] SNR [redacted] was Mr [redacted] CRS [redacted] who was an evil, nasty, horrible individual. He went on to become [redacted] SNR [redacted] at [redacted]. You couldn't engage with Mr [redacted] CRS [redacted] he talked at you and threatened you with almost everything he said. I remember [redacted] [redacted] he said that anyone who used the word spastic would be suspended from the school, from that point forward. It's not a term that's used now, but in 1979, it was still being used, but it was the way he said it, [redacted] and in such a threatening manner. He wasn't an abuser in any way, he was just a very unpleasant individual.
26. I would say the majority of the boys in the junior school were day boys and the flip of that is true of the senior school. Once you are in senior school you have to be a day pupil or a full boarder. There were only about five day pupils in my time, the rest of the school was boarders.
27. Day pupils couldn't really integrate because they missed 50% of what went on so it wasn't a good thing to do.
28. When you became a senior, and joined the senior school, you were called a 'new man', that's what you became. There was a list of things you had to have and one was 42 hankies. You also went from wearing shorts, to wearing a suit every day. At the age of twelve or thirteen, that's a big difference, but the whole point was that you had become a new man, you were a man now.
29. You also became a fag then, which they don't do anymore. That's actually a shame because that's what your mentoring was about. Whilst you are effectively a slave, it didn't really work like that. You become a fag to someone, a person in their last year, and they might get you to make their bed or clean their shoes, that sort of stuff but they then looked after you as well, if you were ever in any trouble.
30. I was a fag for three heads of senior school on the trot in my three years in junior school, and I was head fag, so I was in a good place. They would cover for me in ways, or if I'd been caught smoking by another prefect, my head of school would go and

have a word with them and tell them they wouldn't be taking it any further. Things along those lines.

31. Fettes School was run by the pupils not by the teachers. The teachers were there to educate and referee. You had a hierarchy with school prefects at the top, across the whole school, house prefects beneath them, who were in charge of the people in their house, and beneath them it was just sixth form. I don't remember any kind of hierarchy in the junior school, but there might have been.

Routine at Fettes College

First day

32. Fettes wasn't the sort of place you would get any kind of welcome or anything like that. I don't remember being shown around, by staff or by older boys, there was nothing like that.
33. I think we were given a map and our timetable of our lessons and then we just had to work it out. I think we were teamed up with someone, but I can't remember.

Mornings and bedtime

34. I was into my cross country running at Fettes and when I was in junior school I used to go out for a run, with another boy, every morning before breakfast. I stopped that in senior school.
35. The morning routine in junior school was just to get up and ready, and go to the dining hall for breakfast. The prefects would sometimes chuck a bucket of water over boys to get them up in the morning. After breakfast every house had an assembly, to check everyone was there.

36. In senior school we then went to chapel, and after chapel it was off to our lessons, but I don't remember having chapel in junior school.
37. The dormitory at junior school was very posh compared to what we went to in the senior school. We had a carpet and a bed, that didn't have a big hole in the mattress, as if it had been slept in for hundreds of years.
38. There would have been a lights out but I can't remember when it was or how it all worked. There might have been a head of dorm, who would turn out the lights, even though there was only six of us, and then we were supposed to be quiet.
39. I have little memory of night-time, we were in the headmaster's house, when I was at junior school, so he would have come in to see us, if we'd been talking or making a noise.
40. In your first year of senior school you were put in a little dormitory with about six or seven beds. There was also a prefect staying in that dormitory with you. He would come round and give you a sort of friendly punch at bed time, nothing bad, he was sort of looking after you, there was a bond.
41. After your first year you went to the big upper and the little upper, where all the senior dormitories were. There was fifteen beds down one side of a dorm and fifteen down the other, with a couple at the end. They had pieces of wood, which only came up to about waist height, between the beds. The windows were stuck open all year round. You would get snow on the floor at times. It was needed for ventilation with all the boys in there.
42. It was very noisy and there wasn't any privacy, and of course the usual things would happen, like nicking your bed and dismantling it, so when you came to bed at night there was nothing there.
43. There were boys struggling with homesickness and that type of thing and I think it was dealt with better at senior school, because it was dealt with by the boys, as a unit. On

one hand you didn't want to show a weakness, because it would be exploited, but at the same time, if it was a real weakness, other boys would help them. Initially boys would probably take the piss but once it was realised it was a proper problem then the boys in your own year would be supportive.

44. I remember, in senior school, there was a guy who ran away and went back to London, it was to do with a girl. His mum put him on the train and sent him straight back. He got more stick for coming back than for running away.
45. There was another guy who wouldn't get out of his bed, he refused to get out of bed. They poured water in him and did everything, but he would never get out so eventually his parents had to come and get him.
46. I've met him since and he was doing that because he wanted to be a woman and he was in the wrong place for that. It was a really tough environment for something like that and you would never have known, then one day he just snapped. As I say, I met him up town once and he is now a woman.
47. I don't remember there being anyone you could go to in junior school, if you were struggling with homesickness. There might have been but because it was a day school they might have expected boys to go home and speak to their mum.

Mealtimes/Food

48. I have a memory of walking along the path to the dining hall and it being freezing cold and dark and raining. I was in shorts, with no coat. I think that would have been going to breakfast. One thing I do remember about breakfast was that as head fag I would organise for other boys to bring back things like bacon rolls or milk, for the prefects.
49. When I first went to Fettes you sat at your table and you were served your food, by a master or a prefect. Latterly, it became a buffet. Junior and senior school all ate in the same place, but not necessarily at the same time. I think third and fourth form went in earlier, but I can't remember.

50. At breakfast and lunchtime we ate separately, but I can't really remember the evening meal. I do remember we got buns at 11:00 am. The food was passable, it was alright and you could have as much as you wanted. There was usually two or three options and they even had a salad bar later on, so it was okay.
51. I don't remember seeing any kids having problems eating the food but because there were so many international students they wouldn't necessarily be used to our sort of food. It wouldn't be everyone's cup of tea and if you'd been used to eating noodles, or whatever else, then you weren't going to find that on the menu at Fettes. It was just a typical stodgy type of diet with loads of sticky buns and tea.

Washing/bathing

52. In the junior school, you were allowed a bath once every two days. You had to share the water with someone else, who had already been in, unless you were lucky and got in first. The bath water was never any more than a couple of inches.
53. In the senior school there were showers, four on one wall, four on another and they faced each other. There was no privacy whatsoever and we even shared showers, now and again, if you were in a hurry. It was just like a rugby clubs shower room, and they were good showers. There were two baths but they were for prefects only.
54. Nobody would have got away with not having a shower. The prefects would tell you if you were smelly, but everyone did shower, and probably more than once a day because we played sport every day.

Clothing/uniform

55. I do remember the clothes we had to wear, they were a bit odd, and that I always got hand me downs. I never got to wear any new stuff.

56. We wore pink socks with a brown top, grey elephant corduroy shorts, a grey polo neck jumper and a grey shirt underneath. I remember taking my uniform in with me and having no civilian clothes. We also had rugby and cricket kit.

Leisure time

57. We played rugby, cricket, hockey and swimming. We didn't play football at the school, but I did play it with my mates most nights, and in the senior school. There was also a nine hole golf course within the grounds as well.
58. The school did go on trips to compete against other schools at sports and there were rugby tours and other trips, to London or skiing. I didn't go on any because my dad couldn't afford any of them. I knew the money wasn't there for that so I didn't ask him. When I was at Fettes, in 1984, it was £6,000 a term and now you're talking about £50,000 a year.
59. The only outlet of freedom I had, other than my mates, was sport, which I loved. The school were happy for boys to continue with everything because you did sport. It was more important to be in the first fifteen at rugby than get an 'A' in English. I suppose there was also a huge outlet, through the sport, to get rid of your aggression.
60. Television wasn't really something that was done. The grounds of the school were full of opportunity and adventure, so we would go off and do something with a few mates. There were some clubs, I remember a film club, but it was for sixth form only.
61. When we were about fifteen we used to escape on a Saturday night which was really dangerous because you had to jump the wall, which was quite high. We would get on a bus and head uptown. When we were younger we would get chips, which was often a sanctioned trip, but as we got older, we would go for a pint in places where bar staff were a bit blind. There was no identity checks in those days anyway.

62. An easier way to get out was to put on your running gear, your tracksuit trousers and a rugby shirt and look as if you were out for a run. Then you would run straight out the front gate and the teachers would think you were going out for a run.
63. We did used to get quite drunk and then have to climb up a rope to get to the fire escape, which then got us back into the building. That was dangerous, and when I was at Fettes, one of the lads died on the way in once. He had been trying to get into School House, which was much harder to get into, and a window came down on his neck.
64. I remember the staff read out the wrong name of the person who had died, because he'd been wearing somebody else's jacket, and it had a different name on it. I think the response was to nail the window shut.
65. Drugs were massive at Fettes, you could go for a fag at break time and boys would be smoking joints and taking speed. Many of the boys were streetwise, they weren't posh, so they knew where everything came from. To be honest, everyone knew where to get drugs in Edinburgh, in the late seventies and early eighties. I hated drugs because I wasn't able to control how my body felt.
66. I think Mr FTG once caught a number of boys with drugs and there were some suspensions for some of the boys. The people that take drugs in that environment are the ones that are going to take drugs, they weren't coerced into taking them. Cash wasn't an issue either, for most people, so they could get what they wanted.
67. We did have girlfriends, there was a big area with lots of bushes, which we hid behind in large groups. The masters once checked the grounds and found as many as seventy boys and girls gathered behind the bushes smoking fags. We actually named a bush, Arthur. I would say though, that generally a blind eye was turned to that sort of thing.

Trips and holidays

68. Some parents paid for their children to stay at Fettes during the holidays as well. I'm not sure what kind of relationship they had with their kids, perhaps they just wanted to get them out the way, as it was only money. I didn't ever stay in the school during holidays.
69. I didn't go home that much during the holidays either. I had a mate and I used to spend a lot of time at his, as his parents were a lot more liberal than mine. I also stayed with a couple of girls, quite often. There would always be a party at some place that all of the kids would head to, for two or three days. I also had some mates and their parents used to go away for a fortnight so we would go there.
70. I also had lots of mates that would come and stay with me at my house for a bit during the holidays. My dad would give us some money for jobs he needed done and we would help him out and then head off to Blackpool for a few days.

Schooling

71. At junior school we moved around classrooms, for different subjects. I remember Mr Minako, who taught French, Mr **FTG** who taught **██████** and Mrs Orchard, who taught History. I once had a bit of a break down with Mrs Orchard. Then there was Dr Wares, the abuser, who was my maths teacher and there must have been a science teacher, but I can't remember.
72. The teachers became the non-teaching staff, so they did things like the refereeing, the cricket and the sports training. There weren't really any extra staff, not that I can recall.
73. Junior school was just Monday to Friday, Saturday morning would be a sporting competition, against another school, at hockey or rugby. I don't remember having prep at junior school, most of the time the boys just went home, but there would have been homework. When I was boarding as a junior we would have done our homework in our bedroom.

74. We did have exams in junior school, I remember that because the entire class once got lower than 10% in Latin. They then allowed us all to re-sit the Latin exam, with the books, and the average mark was 20%. I don't know if it was us or if it was just too hard.
75. In senior school we also moved around the school for lessons with different teachers. We were divided into sets, Set 1 was for the bright ones, Set 2 was for the semi-bright, Set 3 was boys who were giving it a go and Set 4 was the thickies.
76. We didn't really get a lot of choice when it came to the subjects we had to do in senior school, not like today. I did alright in the subjects where I liked the teachers, so English, History and French, I really liked those.
77. The women teachers were generally much better, and that was because they were younger and much more in touch. Some of the male teachers were just so old, some were in their seventies, and just marking time.
78. The headmaster of the senior school was Cameron Cochrane who was absolutely hopeless. He didn't know who any of the boys were, or their parents, he had no idea. As far as I could see all he did was travel the world doing presentations to business people about the school and what a great place it would be to educate their children.
79. I also remember Chevenix-Trench who was the headmaster of the senior school before Cameron Cochrane. He wasn't right in the head, he was old and slightly blind and he'd been in a Japanese Prisoner of War Camp where he was tortured. However, he was viewed as a friendly person by the boys. He used to come to the swimming baths all the time and throw fifty pence pieces in for the boys to swim down and get.
80. In senior school we had school six days a week, as Saturday was a normal school day. After lunch, between 2:00 pm and 4:30 pm, on every school day except Wednesday, we played sport, usually rugby.

81. We then went to the dining hall for buns at 4:30 pm, followed by lessons until 6:45 pm. We then had prep from 7:00 pm until 9:00 pm, then we had another short assembly, and we were allowed to do something for ourselves until 9:45 pm, usually sneak out the back door for a fag if you could.
82. The prep was supervised in first year and third form, then from fourth form on you had a study room, which you shared with one other boy. You could paint it and decorate it and that was your place to sit and study every night. There wasn't really anyone there to help you with your study, just other boys, who were less likely to help you, on the basis that they wanted to achieve more than you did.
83. The schooling was alright, other than the abuse from Dr Wares, I don't remember anything else that was particularly bad. Some of the teachers would throw wooden blackboard dusters at you, but that was just par for the course. That could hurt.
84. There was a teacher who would get you to come out in front of the class and slap you on the tips of your fingers with a ruler. I can't remember who that was. It would be sore for a bit but it wasn't anything bad.
85. I remember getting a report card that said I was a bit of a bully boy and I remember sitting down and talking about it with my dad. That was not fair and could only have been about me beating up a boy that had beaten up another boy, who was smaller than them.
86. We did get an end of term thing, which each teacher wrote a page on. I think the pages were all put together and sent to the parents. It was just a summary, I don't think there was anything covering discipline. The school just wrote me off as a bad egg. They only concentrated on people that were going to make their school look better.
87. The teaching was appalling, and although I did do O levels I never finished my last year at school. Our year was the worst, academically, in the history of the school. There was actually a big shake up after that because the teaching was so bad and they got rid of a lot of teachers.

88. There was no educational support available, I think the school just thought we were messing about and not working hard enough.
89. My dad was doing the right thing, but I don't think I helped, in his mind, as all he could see was him piling all this cash into this place that was supposed to make me as good as my brother. My brother came out great and I came out less so.
90. Some teachers were really good but some were well past their sell by date. There were even some that were pissed, actually drunk when teaching. CBU [REDACTED] taught [REDACTED] and although he was a really good teacher, he was always reeking of alcohol. That was fairly normal for a public school of that period and it didn't actually make them a bad teacher.
91. Everyone knew who were good teachers and who weren't. You would know if you had any chance of passing something depending on which teacher you got. Likewise you knew which teachers were massive disciplinarians and which were extremely lax.

Healthcare

92. The sickbay was called a sanatorium and I do remember there was a doctor and a really attractive matron who worked there. She was only about twenty five so there was a real drive by boys to get into the sanatorium. I never had any problems that led to me going in there. I don't recall any regular health checks or anything like that.
93. It was an internal hospital type thing, but if you had anything serious you would go to the Western General which was just across the road. I did go to the Western for rugby injuries, I fractured my skull and had a cauliflower ear. There could have been a senior or a master that took you to the hospital, but I can't remember.
94. Mental health and welfare were not things that existed when I was at Fettes. You could always have gone to see the minister but it wasn't something you did.

Religious instruction

95. I wouldn't say Fettes was religious. There was a chapel within the grounds and in senior school we went there every morning, we were in there a lot, but there wasn't a school ethos surrounding religion. We had visits from a Franciscan Friar and we did a few readings and parables from the bible, but a lot of the boys were different nationalities and had different religious backgrounds, Hindu, Muslim, or whatever it might have been.
96. On a Sunday morning we were given the choice, of going to work at the Western General Hospital, which is something I did quite a bit. We would go round the wards asking people if they wanted to go to chapel in the hospital and if they did we would wheel them there. You would be over and done with by eleven in the morning and you then didn't need to go to chapel on a Sunday, which was at night, because you had done your stint in the morning.

Work

97. I can't remember doing any work in junior school but we did in senior school. I was actually head fag after my first year so I was giving the work out. It was my responsibility, so if something wasn't clean or right, it would be me that got the grief.
98. I proportioned the cleaning tasks, like the toilets and the boot rooms. Gardening was a punishment that prefects could hand out, and that was hell. I actually hate gardening now, and I think that's because it was used as a punishment at school. We would pick up all the leaves from the main path, which could take eight hours, so all day on a Sunday. If cleaning jobs weren't done right you would just have to go back and redo them.
99. I can't remember actual cleaning staff but there must have been, for when we weren't there and you couldn't have left it to just the boys as we weren't that good at it. As head fag I would supervise the cleaning jobs and then a prefect would oversee it, and come and look at what we had done.

100. We also did CCF (Combined Cadet Forces) on a Wednesday afternoon, which was an army type thing, and after two years of that you could choose to do two years of community service. I really enjoyed that and it teaches you quite a lot, going to army camps and all that kind of stuff.
101. The community service work could be digging peoples gardens in council estates or helping old ladies by doing washing up for them. We also did work at St. Columba's Hospice, things like more gardening and just helping out in the hospice.
102. I did community service work with a Franciscan Friary in Pilton giving heroin addicts food.

Personal possessions

103. I had nothing personal. If you go to a place like that you own nothing and you learn very quickly that possessions are a weakness. If you have something that is precious to you it will be exploited and used against you. Even your own clothes, you never wore your own clothes or rugby shirts, you just picked up one that was there.
104. I remember a boy in my room who used to fill one of my socks with shaving foam and leave it in my drawer. He did it every day and after about seven or eight days that kind of thing drives you mental. I didn't know it was him at the time and it went on and on and on. He thought it was funny but it really messed with me. So you really didn't want to own anything.
105. We had a tuck shop under the dining hall, which was open quite a lot of the day. It was effectively just a massive sweet shop full of everything that you shouldn't touch.
106. They also had a thing called the tuck box room where there were wooden boxes with padlocks on them. Inside the boxes were your sweets and that was generally for the lower years. They would have keys for their boxes and they could go in there and get their sweets out. I once went in there with a pal and he took a hammer to the top of

one of the boxes and that was him in and away with the sweets from that box. So you did learn that having things like that was a waste of time and nobody kept anything that was precious to them.

107. Even now I haven't got anything that I couldn't leave. I could walk away from my house tomorrow and it wouldn't matter what was left behind, I have no attachments. That definitely stems from my time at Fettes.
108. I didn't get any pocket money, but a lot of the boys did. It came from your parents but you could easily make money. You could sell fags and pornographic magazines, and make quite a lot of money.

Bed Wetting

109. I've no recollection of any bedwetting, not in any of the dormitories I was in.

Visitors

110. They did have a thing called exeat weekends which were once every half term or so when parents could come and take you out and you could stay with them on the Saturday night. I didn't do many with my parents, but I did some.
111. We did have speakers who would come in and share their wisdom on things. Usually it was drugs, particularly in Edinburgh about that time, as the poverty was bad.

International students

112. There were a large number of boys of different nationalities at Fettes. There were boys from South Africa, Australia, America, Nigeria, China and Hong Kong. Some of them couldn't even speak English properly. It would have been much harder for them and they would have had the mickey taken out of them for their nationality.

113. The biggest contingent were probably English and from Yorkshire, which is not only a big county but has a lot of wealthy people from the textile industry. They would put their kids up to Scotland.
114. I remember the Chinese looked after themselves, and nobody got into a fight with them. There weren't that many Chinese in Scotland around that time. We certainly had many nationalities and it must have been more difficult for some people.

External inspections

115. I don't recall ever having any inspections from anyone who came in to the school, there was nothing like that.

Family contact

116. In junior school I would see my parents in the evening, when I was a day boy, but I saw very little of them once I was boarding. I would just see them at weekends.
117. Contact with home was hopeless in senior school. When I came out of Fettes I just did not know my parents. I do now but I didn't know them at all then. I didn't know them as people and that is a very sad thing about boarding schools.
118. I don't think I ever wrote home. There was a call box in each house but I never really called home, and my dad never called me, it wasn't really something that was done. My mum knew that if I phoned her, I wasn't having a good time, she would always ask me what was wrong, so I didn't phone her.
119. It's partially my fault, I guess, because once I was in the system, that was me, seeing friends on holidays and whatever. I then moved on to a job. I didn't experience any time with my dad and all the things he did, I hated.

120. You have to make an enormous effort as a parent and you can only do that if you've got time. My kids all went to day school and I know my kids, whereas my mum and dad didn't know me from Adam.

Sibling Contact if in care

121. If you had a brother, you were given a tag by the school and called it by everyone. The older brother would be called 'Major' and the younger would be called 'Minor'.
122. I got on with my brother and I still do but we are completely different personalities. I remember once when I was in junior school I saw him get walloped in the stomach by a prefect and I attacked the prefect. I don't remember what happened as a result of that.

Discipline

123. Prefects were responsible for some of the discipline. I believe the prefects even had a right to cane as well, although I never saw any of them do it. One of the things they did do was physical punishment, which you would get at 7:00 am. It was held by prefects and if you'd done something wrong, which you usually had, you had to do these exercises outside in your rugby kit, until you were physically sick.
124. That was only in senior school, and it was alright actually, as it would get you fit. We did things like running up hills carrying stones and standing against the wall crouching up and down holding stones, always until you couldn't do any more. You would get that kind of punishment for mocking prefects, that type of thing.
125. I wouldn't have said it was unfair, you knew what you were getting into, so if you took the risk, you knew what could happen, it was alright.
126. I think most of the prefects handled their disciplinary responsibilities fairly, but if they over stepped the mark, they would be dealt with. I can give you an example. I was in the prefects' pantry with another boy, on one occasion, which we were not allowed to

be in. My friend was heating a spoon on the gas ring when this prefect came in and started having a go at us. My pal threw the spoon at the prefect and he caught this white hot spoon with both hands, sticking his hands together. He had to go to hospital for that, but he didn't ever overstep the mark again after that.

127. There was a respect though, and if you were caught for something you would be quite happy to be penalised for doing so. However, if boys were going to bully you and do more than they should then there would be some form of natural justice. It could be a brutal system, but it was relatively fair.
128. Houses did look after houses though and in senior school you fought the system together as a unit. We did everything together, at weekends we were together and we played football and rugby together. We would do things we're not meant to, like climb over the wall and go into town to meet girls. We did everything together and we looked after each other.
129. We were right next to Broughton High School and it was a very tough school. We were the exact opposite to them, in their minds, so we did have fights quite frequently, especially on the chippy run at night and they could get quite nasty.
130. I only got the slipper once, from Mr ^{FTG} in junior school, as I said. He used a Dunlop slipper thing which was bloody bad. He used a cane in senior school, but I was never ever caned by him.
131. I was named by a boy, as having been involved in kicking him when he was on the ground in a fight with another boy. I didn't kick him, but at Fettes you didn't have a voice, so I got clobbered for that.
132. It was in Mr ^{FTG}'s study and he gave me six whacks on the bottom, with his Dunlop slipper. My shorts were up but it made one hell of an imprint. I didn't cry, I went back to class and when I sat down that was it, it was bloody painful. What made it worse was that it was Dr Wares class that I went back to at the time.

133. If you did something that was a bit more serious, you could be given a gating card. You then carried it about with you and it had to be signed by a school prefect every fifteen minutes. That was throughout the whole day. It was mainly a housemaster that would give you a gating card but I'm sure prefects could issue them as well.
134. I was only caned once in senior school, by my first housemaster, who didn't like me.
135. I can't even remember what I got caned for but he drew blood on my arse on the second stroke. I got two or three strikes and it was a nightmare. Again that was something that wasn't outlawed in the school, it was part of the agreement that was made when your parents sent you to the school.
136. Caning happened, I wasn't the only one, and I imagine it was fairly regular. Sometimes there was a queue of boys waiting to get the cane. There were a few housemasters who had a reputation as severe disciplinarians. Mr Preston was one and another was EXM who was the housemaster of School House.
137. I didn't feel robbed in that scenario because I knew that if you misbehaved and got caught, that was potentially going to happen to you. I wouldn't say it was wrong, at the time, you do your crime and you pay your price. It was usually for something you never expected to get done for and then you would get away with bad things that were high risk. Things like going uptown after lights out and trying to gain re-entry after experiencing the town, sometimes by climbing ropes.

Bullying

138. The bullying was rife at Fettes, but really, it was nothing worse than you might get in a rugby club. Usually the bullies would get sorted, a bit anyway. If you were an academic and poor at sport, you were going to have a tough few years.
139. There was physical punishment from prefects every day at Fettes. Not just the exercise punishments, and it could even have been my brother, as he was a prefect.

140. The prefects were seventeen and the third and fourth formers were thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, so if there was a problem a lot of the time the punishment would be physical.
141. It is just how it was though, I don't think it was particularly bad. In today's window it would be seen as abusive but it was alright then, I felt it was proportionate and I think most would agree it was fair.
142. If somebody bullied somebody nastily, which did happen, then retribution would happen to that person. So, if a fifth former beat up a third former, which happened, the retribution would come from the prefects on the fifth former.
143. The retribution would come in the form of a beating of some kind, and that really was a daily occurrence. People could get hurt during that but, as I've said, it was no worse than anything you might get on the rugby pitch.
144. There were some nasty things went on. I remember one of the boys getting punched and his kidney burst and he ended up in hospital. There was proper fighting and if you weren't strong physically it was much more difficult to have a pleasant time because you became a target for bullies.
145. At the same time there were enough boys around to recognise and understand, if that was happening, for them to fight the bullies. It wasn't run by the teachers as I have said. I would say that the majority of the time the boys policed the place better than the teachers did. They actually knew what was going on and if someone was being unfairly harmed, the person responsible wouldn't carry on getting away with it because of that.

Abuse at Fettes College

146. Teachers would lose their temper and do things like, throwing the dusters and smacking you with a ruler, which may sound bad, but it wasn't unusual for the period. It just wasn't the same in 1977 as it is today.

147. Dr Wares was the worst, and he was an odd individual because he had a rage in him. His head would go very red and he would shake and shout and pull your hair, throw board dusters at you or bang your head on the table. He did that to me and to other boys in the class, it was like he'd flipped into a different person.
148. He used to always have his hands in his pockets when he was watching the kids at break time. He used to take me into the boot room and talk dirty to me. I don't remember the first time but that happened frequently, during most Maths lessons, and during breaks. He would also encourage me to talk dirty back to him. That chat was in the boot room and sometimes in the playground, but I never saw him take anyone else into the boot room. That was fairly regular for me, right through my time in junior school.
149. At the age of ten or eleven, when a person in authority does that, it was unusual, it was exciting, because you didn't normally get that from a teacher. I didn't know then what I know now, of course, but you didn't think it was wrong, you thought it was good.
150. He would talk about body parts and ejaculation and be all smutty and dirty. He would get particularly excited about ejaculation but I don't ever remember him actually touching me in the boot room, I only ever remember him doing that in the classroom, when there were lots of witnesses.
151. I know boys knew what he was doing, I know I wasn't the only one, as he did it to tons of boys. He would call you up to his desk and as you were getting your book signed he would put his hand up inside your shorts, inside your pants and play with your willy and stuff.
152. You would maybe be at his desk for about two minutes or so and then he would tell you to go back and sit down. I saw him do that all the time, with lots and lots of boys.

153. I don't know whether you were aware it was wrong because, at the time, you didn't think it was a bad thing. It didn't feel wrong, but when you knew it was wrong, it was too late. Nobody ever discussed it but you could see him doing it to other boys.
154. I can't remember when it first started but it went on for a long time. It definitely started when I was a day pupil and it went on right through my time at junior school, every time there was a maths lesson.
155. I think Dr Wares left before I did and I think the staff knew. There was a boy, [REDACTED] who was a bit older than me, started at Fettes, he was a real nutter and Dr Wares tried it on with him in class. I was there and [REDACTED] told him to fuck off. I think [REDACTED] disappeared fairly soon afterwards and then Dr Wares left. I don't remember [REDACTED] surname but he lives in Leith. I could point him out in a school photo, if he's in any.
156. Most of my mates now all know about the abuse by Dr Wares, and some were probably in his classes when it happened. My mates knew I was going to do something about it as well.
157. Dr Wares was the cricket master and an umpire. He wore brown brogues and he often wore elephant corduroy's and a jacket. He looked old, when I was at Fettes, maybe fifty. I thought he would be dead now, but apparently he's not, so I could be wrong with his age or he could be in his nineties now. He lived in a bungalow outside the grounds of the school, on the road that curls around up towards Murrayfield.
158. I am not aware of anything else happening to me at Fettes that I would describe as abuse but it wouldn't surprise me if the Inquiry had a few of the girls that went to Fettes come out the woodwork about how they were treated, early doors.
159. Some of the masters weren't used to girls and although I wasn't present and didn't witness anything I have heard a few things which weren't very pleasant or fair for the girls, who wouldn't have been used to the level of brutality that was the norm there.

160. I'm not saying who, or anything else, but I did hear that a girl who had done something bad was once told to do a handstand in front of her class. The girls wore kilts and that was unfair and humiliating.

Reporting of abuse at Fettes College

161. I did ask about the ruling on the caning I got from Mr Preston. I didn't think it was an appropriate punishment. I was told at the time that my parents had signed up and agreed for me to go to the school and that part of the school rules were that the teachers could cane you. As a result, that was it and I think the cane was outlawed, by law, fairly soon after that anyway.
162. I didn't tell my parents about any punishments I received, because that would mean having to admit that I'd been done for something, and then having to explain what it was I'd been done for, which I hadn't actually done, and I doubt they would have believed me.
163. I didn't tell anyone about the abuse from Dr Wares, there was no point, as no one would have believed me. I say that now, but I don't know what I felt at the time. I feel that at the time I didn't feel it was wrong, I didn't have any sexual experiences to bank on what it was like, as it was one of my first. Now, and shortly after, I knew it was wrong and I was robbed.
164. The only person I could have gone to, to tell, would have been my dad, and I certainly wouldn't have done that.
165. The minister [REDACTED] PLZ [REDACTED] was Norman Drummond who was an ex para-trooper and the first rugby team coach. He was hard as nails, but had a soft side to him as well. He was a lovely man and would have been a person you could have gone to, but you had to know that about him.

166. There was one occasion when I was in my first year of senior school, I was about thirteen or fourteen, when I completely broke down and I was taken in to see the housemistress. I was inconsolable and she was very kind and looked after me for two or three hours. I couldn't say anything to anyone and I didn't say anything to her but I do think she told my parents there was something wrong but that I wouldn't talk about it.
167. I was being asked if I'd made somebody pregnant and all sorts of stuff but I didn't say anything. I was trying to be careful not to tell anybody because it would show a weakness. I didn't say anything to my parents.

Leaving Fettes College

168. I wouldn't say I was provided with anything from Fettes College on the education front. I think they were completely judgemental and incorrect about the way they prepared boys for the world.
169. I think being co-ed it did prepare you for women quite well because up until that point we didn't have a knowledge of women, and then they were friends and classmates. Being in an all-boys school throughout would have been a nightmare coming out of school.
170. My dad decided not to waste the money on another year at Fettes and I was sent to college. That was effectively the end of my academic career.

Life after being in care

171. When I went to college that was a different kettle of fish. It was a different environment, and I was mixed up with day release prisoners and all different types of people. I got on quite well with them but I didn't actually go very often.

172. I remember we were once asked to write an essay and I submitted one I had been given an 'A' for at Fettes and I was told it was rubbish. I then just thought the place was a waste of time and I never bothered going. I walked out and never really went back.
173. I then got a job as a porter. That was an eye opener, to say the least, but I raised enough money to go abroad for about nine months.
174. I then came back and I had always wanted to be a salesman, which may not be high ambition, but I just loved the thought of it. I was working for a magazine, knocking on the doors of businesses trying to get them to buy an ad in the magazine. I'm still selling advertising, effectively.
175. It's a business that's gone from being great fun, with great entertainment and loads of cash, to one that's in a mess. It's all coming to an end very soon. I've done alright out of it, but, if you come off the income wheel and you don't have the flow in again, it can be very difficult.
176. The Covid thing has just changed the world and now I'm too old to go into some things.
177. Fettes just cut you off completely, I went back with a mate of mine, on Founders Day about two or three years after we left. Mr Preston came up to us and said hello to my pal, and asked him how things were going. He then looked at me and just walked off.
178. I did go back again with another friend last year, for the first time ever since that. We were looking at their boarding houses, which you can do, one day a year, and they have all completely changed. They have nice little bedrooms with three beds and they are very nice.
179. Another event I was at, was a drinks do at The Dome, several years ago now. We met a guy called Mr Spens, who was the headmaster at that time, and as soon as we started talking about the abuse that happened, he walked away. It was just general chat but as soon as the word abuse came up, he walked away.

Impact

180. I would say that all of us that have come out of Fettes are pretty dysfunctional, in our own ways, but is that a result of the Fettes machine or of the families behind us, that are creating the revenue flow to have something like that exist.
181. I'm not a man who looks back. You are who you are because of what happened in the past but you put things in boxes or whatever and close the boxes. It never goes away though, it is something that defines the person you are, now.
182. There are bits of me that make me angry because I hate injustice, more so than the normal person, and that's why, in a funny way I remember the bullying incident in the senior school as well.
183. It makes me angry about injustice and I work in a terrible industry for what is injustice and grey, in advertising. It makes me more enraged than I should be, on things that are not really relevant. You need to take a chill pill to look at it differently and sometimes that's really difficult.
184. I feel happy when people don't like me, because it makes me in a place that I'm comfortable with. I get on really well with my team at work, but they know I can be confrontational, which is part of my job, but they know I'm more comfortable when someone is attacking me. It gives me something that's there, to deal with.
185. At the time I doubt I would have said the abuse I suffered at junior school impacted on my education, I would probably have said it's just who I am or whatever. When you get older and wiser and realise what you should have achieved and what should have happened, even in the seventies, I realise I got a raw deal and that makes me angry.
186. My anger was put in a box, ready for when my parents had died, to be able to have my retribution, but that hand has now been forced a little bit, with me speaking to the Inquiry. My thing was not wanting my mum and dad to find out because I know the

financial hardship they went through to get me to go to Fettes and I wasn't what you would call a success.

187. I am one of those people who have a bar, that I want to do better than my dad. Unfortunately he set the bar really high and it's been really hard. I have mates who have done really well, and we've talked about that. They say that if their kids have no chance of achieving better than them then their kids will have a really tough struggle in life to find out what's their purpose. What will they do because they are always going to be worse than their dad and feel a failure as a result.
188. It's really important that they can treat their kids to show that it's not about failure and that wealth is only one measurement, and there are many other measurements in life that are far more valuable than wealth. It's great saying that but very hard to understand it.
189. Of all the wealthy people I know, and I know quite a lot, there's not one of them I know that's happy. There is this huge other goal which should be much greater and bigger than money but you are consistently pushed to think that money is the ultimate goal.
190. That was a massive drive at Fettes College, that's almost what parents were buying, a training pitch for people to go on to try and achieve what other people were used to, as the norm. So if it was normal to drink champagne and have strawberries on a rug in August and then go to the horse racing, and the Grand Prix, that becomes your normal life and if you can't achieve that, then you've made an arse of it. It's a two edged sword because on one hand it's right to give people ambition but on the other hand you're destroying people who are never going to be able to achieve that.
191. It's really quite hard, and if you make enough money for your kids to do nothing then they become real arses, because they have no value for work, or money, or anything. They can then treat other humans in a terrible fashion because they have money, even though they've never earned it. It's all so sad, but that is our society.

192. There were boys at Fettes who had no idea of the value of money and would swap a Rolex watch for ten fags. The fags meant more to them at the time than the watch, which meant nothing. They, generally, weren't very nice people, so it was fine to exploit them.
193. I haven't actually had very good health in my life. I don't really like women getting too close to me either. I've been married for twenty six years and my wife is a fabulous women, in so many way, but she isn't an affectionate woman. That's actually helpful to me, well I say that, because I feel I would like to have an affectionate woman, but I don't think I'd be very good with one, I don't think I'd manage. Throughout my life though, that's something I've craved but I haven't had but it's because I have chosen not to have it.
194. If I died I know my wife would be fine carrying on, she would manage and be able to get on with it. I haven't got a relationship with somebody that could be described as the love of my life who wants to be close to me, because that could cause issues in the relationship, with me not wanting to be close to them.
195. I do find myself thinking about my experiences at Fettes. I relate them to my everyday life and I have a very vivid memory. It's not going to go away. What have I done about it, I've thrown myself into my work, I've tried to be with my family and I've tried not to be the things that I know are wrong.
196. I feel I'm a terrible parent. I try, but it's difficult. As a parent, I haven't been able to give any of my children advice on school. I was awful at school, and to be fair, so was their mother, she is not dissimilar to me in many ways.
197. I question whether or not I was a good dad. Was I more angry and aggressive as a father than I should have been? Probably. I didn't do corporal punishment, but it doesn't need to be physical to be wrong, if you're shouting that can be just as bad. It's perhaps a bit too late for me now, I don't know.

Treatment/support

198. I haven't had any kind of treatment or support for anything related to my abuse.

Reporting of Abuse

199. This is the first time I have reported anything, apart from talking about it with my mates. I haven't reported anything to the school; I wouldn't know who to speak to.
200. My mates understand and although it didn't happen to them, they were there and they know the environment. I did break down once, on a trip, but they knew, so they were alright.
201. I would like the police to know about the abuse I suffered, and if they wanted to pursue the person, then that's up to them. I would progress things if they contacted me. I know the person that did it, I know what he did and how he did it. I have a photographic memory and one thing that isn't helpful is that I can picture everything like it was yesterday.

Records

202. I don't have any records or report cards or correspondence from Fettes. I only have some pictures from the sports teams I was in, both in junior and senior school. I can't think of anything else, but it would have gone to my mum and dad, not me.

Lessons to be Learned

203. I obviously would have changed the junior school bit but I don't think I would have changed the senior school bit. I enjoyed that, even though it could be a very unpleasant place to be a lot of the time.
204. It created lows that you will never reach again and strips you of ego, to a certain extent, as a man. Ego is an awful thing for blokes and you couldn't have one in Fettes, it would have been beaten out of you.

205. It also stripped you of the material things that are not necessary, and created lifelong friends who knew what you knew, if you can understand what I mean by that. I have a group of friends and we still share all our ups and downs, because they are my day to day family.
206. In relation to the junior school, I would say that when you are of that age in that period, you were not treated as a little human and I think that is something I would change. They actually have a lot more nuance and understanding.
207. I don't think that's helped me because I'm bad at understanding that about other people now. You sort of end up teaching how you were taught, in terms of a lack of respect sometimes. Although there was some respect in the senior school, between the boys and with some of the masters.
208. I didn't have the money to send my children to boarding school but if I had I would probably have sent them to a day school, so I could enjoy them growing up with me. I missed that, so I thought I would find a nice place to live, that had a really good state school.
209. I'm not very balanced because of the section of society I was brought up in and I wanted my kids to understand people from all sections of society. I hope it never happens again and I hope, that if he is still alive, Dr Wares gets his comeuppance. If he isn't then his family should know who he was.

Other information

210. 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.

FRD

Signed..

Dated.....

17 - 11 - 20