

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

CBQ

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is CBQ I was born in 1960 and I am currently 56 years of age. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. What I have to say to the inquiry, I think, may come across as trivial compared to other things that the inquiry will no doubt hear about. However, there are various reasons why I feel I must come forward and speak about what happened to me in 2 schools, namely Duncan House School, Moffat and Fettes College, Edinburgh

3. The first reason is that, what happened to me has had such a profound effect on me, both as a child attending those schools and, also into my adult life. The next reason is that I was not beaten because I was a bad child or misbehaved a lot; I didn't. I obeyed the rules; but it didn't stop me from getting beaten on a regular basis simply because both schools used severe corporal punishment as a way of "educating" us. I know some people say, "That's how it was in those days", but this went beyond simple chastisement and for it to be done simply to "educate us" is beyond reason.

4. In addition, I feel it is necessary to speak of what was the clear sexual undertones involved in some of the beatings.

5. My hope is that by coming forward, my evidence will lend support to what others say and, likewise, what they say supports my evidence.

Life before attending Institutions

6. When I was almost 3 years old, my parents emigrated to East Africa. It wasn't permanent; my dad took a job in Uganda and then Kenya. The schooling out there was fine, but my parents wanted better for me.

7. When I was 9, my mum selected Duncan House, which was a preparatory boarding school in Moffat, for me to attend. I was there between January 1969 and July 1973. When I left, it changed its name (back) to St Ninian's, as it was taken over by a new owner.

Duncan House

8. The school had 2 buildings which were joined by "the bridge". There were 60 – 70 boys aged between 8 and 13. I was one of the younger ones when I started the school aged 9, but after that they lowered the age to 6 and that increased the number of boys to 80 or 85. Actually, what happened was that they discovered bunk beds which meant they could increase the number of boys they could take and probably thus increase the profits.

9. All the staff except one or two lived within the 2 buildings. I believe it's now housing/flats for retired RAF personnel.

10. There was our own sports field that we used, at the other side of Moffat.

Routine

11. The morning bell went at 7:05am (8:05 on a Sunday) and you would turn back your bed. At 7:25, you would have prep, which was homework, except on a Sunday; then it would be breakfast at 8:00am.
12. You had to make your bed very precisely or else it was totally stripped which meant you had to make it again which inevitably made you late for something which could lead to a beating.
13. Breakfast usually consisted of peeled plum tomatoes and a piece of bacon or a skinless sausage and beans. Sometimes you got fish fingers for breakfast and I remember one day we had fish fingers for breakfast, fish and chips at lunch time and sardines for supper. On a Sunday you would get a boiled egg for breakfast. Chicken Noodle soup, followed by fresh fruit (one piece!) seemed to be a regular tea.
14. The chapel followed by lessons. There was normally a short break mid-morning during which you did P.E. in your school uniform. I clearly remember doing press ups on the frozen ground when I was only 9. There were no showers after this and you went back to class, after a plastic mug of milk and a biscuit.
15. You would have classes until lunchtime which was at 1:00 pm. The food was fairly meagre. On Fridays, it was always fish and chips for lunch.
16. I think it was on Wednesdays and Saturdays that there were no lessons in the afternoon, so, after Games, there was detention or free time. If it was too wet, you would get sent on a run. If you were caught walking, instead of running, you were sent round again; the Headmaster did love his binoculars.
17. In the evenings you would have tea, more prep, then hobbies. At bedtime there would be a story taken by the Headmaster if you were in the older age group, or by his wife if you were in the younger group. Each boy would take a turn at reading. This would be done in their drawing room then it would be bed and lights out.
18. The dormitories were housed according to age, so almost every academic year, you would move on.

19. On a Sunday you would do Divinity prep and write a letter home to your family. The letters were read by a 'censor' and if you wrote something they didn't like, they simply tore up the draft letter. This of course meant that you simply could not report what was happening in respect of the beatings and how bad things were.

20. There was a local G.P. named [REDACTED] (whose son attended the school and whose wife taught me the violin), but you only saw him if you were 'sent' by the [REDACTED] (BNE [REDACTED]). I have no recollection of him carrying out physical examinations. As far as [REDACTED] was concerned, and whilst it didn't happen to me, it was often the case that she would slap the boys around the face. On one occasion she gave a boy called [REDACTED] several slaps in quick succession and when he went straight down and complained to Mr CBN [REDACTED], he got the cane for complaining.

21. I'm fairly sure that [REDACTED] would have seen any marks, especially on the younger boys, as she would wash their hair twice weekly in the bath.

Abuse

22. CBN [REDACTED] was the barrel-chested SNR [REDACTED]. He also mainly taught [REDACTED]

23. Within 2 weeks of starting at the school, I and a boy called CBM [REDACTED] failed a [REDACTED] test. Testing was a frequent thing at the school in [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] CBM [REDACTED] was given 4 of the cane by Mr CBN [REDACTED] and after listening to the awful noise of CBM [REDACTED] getting the cane, I was given the slipper. Afterwards, I actually had to shake hands with Mr CBN [REDACTED] which was something he always insisted on doing after giving a boy a beating. Looking back I find that to be such odd behaviour.

24. Originally, twice a term we were allowed to see our parents on a Sunday. I told my mum (in front of my grandparents in their car) about the swish and she spoke to Mr CBN [REDACTED] about it. He told her that he did not "swish boys for not knowing their [REDACTED]". This was a blatant lie and I felt unable to contradict him; my mother was satisfied with his explanation. He also referred to it as the stick.

25. You have to realise that to us children, these teachers were big and towered over us. In [REDACTED] lessons, I frequently saw Mr CBN [REDACTED] and I was the victim of it myself, pulling small boys from their chair. After placing his foot on the chair, Mr CBN [REDACTED] would throw you over his knee and would smack you relentlessly. Their size may have been the perspective of a child and maybe that, compared to me now, they were not big men, but my recollection is that the teachers were massive.

26. I remember one occasion when a boy called [REDACTED] was thrown back onto his chair so heavily after he had been smacked, that the chair broke, such was the force with which he had been thrown.

27. There were a variety of items kept in The Study for use during the beatings that I'm aware of, but I was not necessarily the victim of them all. There was a slipper, Red Flash tennis shoe, leather soled suede shoe, cane, and a hockey stick, as at one point as I believe he ran out of canes.

28. He would talk about us having "tramlines" on our backsides, but he added that it was nothing for us to worry about as the only people who would see them were the other boys when we were in the showers. Many of the boys had black backsides such were the beatings. I couldn't see my own buttocks, but I'm sure they were the same as everybody else's.

29. Lawrence Gibbon taught English and was the Choir Master. He didn't do anything, other than use his hand and he did not do this very often. I've nothing against him, but he knew what was going on and saw the bruises on our buttocks (even commenting on them), but did nothing about it.

30. The [REDACTED], Mrs CBW [REDACTED] was a frequent spanker and would often spank boys over her knee. I used to go to her for [REDACTED] classes. She tended to teach the very young boys, maybe 6 or 7, and there always seemed to be somebody in her class getting spanked.

31. There was another teacher called CBV [REDACTED] who's middle name may have been CBV [REDACTED] or something like that. He took [REDACTED] which was compulsory for us. I am aware of him being at the school from when I started until about July 1971, so he took me for [REDACTED] for 2 ½ years. The thing I remember most about him was his yellow waistcoat and checked sports jacket. For some strange reason I wept

when I said goodbye to him at the end of his last term; unusually my Aunt [REDACTED] and Uncle [REDACTED] had come to drive me to my grandparents in Glasgow before I flew to Uganda via Heathrow or Gatwick (alone) for the Summer Holidays.

32. As I said earlier, tests in [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] seemed each to occur at least twice a week and one of the things we had to do for [REDACTED] was learn passages which had the [REDACTED] with English underneath. We also had to learn a lot of vocabulary.

33. What particularly sticks in my mind was that we used to go to the swimming baths in Dumfries on a Monday and then laterally on a Friday. The [REDACTED] was always too long to learn and I would try to learn them on my way to/from the Baths. It was never enough time to learn and I have this memory that the routine was swimming, followed by a [REDACTED] test followed by a beating. I also remember Mr CBV [REDACTED] forbidding us from reading letters from home on the bus journey, because "We were not a tuppenny/ha'penny primary school".

34. When I first went there this man CBV [REDACTED] lived in the top of the Dundannion building in which I slept.

35. Mr CBV [REDACTED] would use the boys' changing rooms to beat us. One of his favourite phrases was "lambasting" us. Normally about six or seven of us who had failed our tests, would be sent there for failing to learn these blasted [REDACTED] or [REDACTED]. He would beat us with sandshoes and would use the sandshoes of the bigger boys.

36. There were moveable lockers with pegs we used to hang our sports gear on. The rows of lockers were in an "L" shape. CBV [REDACTED] would line us up in an 'L' and make us bend over, ensuring our heads were down. He would then walk up and down the line of boys smacking us in turn. You would know it was coming to an end for you when you would get 6 or 7 instead of the 1 or 2 he gave out when he began on his first few walks up and down the line of bent over boys.

37. CBV [REDACTED] got moved to a room nearer his classroom in the other (St. Ninan's) building which was at the top of a spiral staircase. I recall one time when a boy called [REDACTED] was in getting punished, and those of us waiting outside in the queue waiting on our own punishment to be dispensed, heard him being struck about 32 times with CBV [REDACTED] Green Flash sandshoe. We would have been about

10 years old at this time. I once got about 24 of his hand (alone) in the changing room.

38. I remember one occasion in the dormitories on a Sunday morning. After lights out, you weren't allowed to talk until the bell went to get you up in the morning.

39. In the dorm next to mine, the dormitory captain was a boy called [REDACTED] who wasn't keeping control of those in his dorm. I had gone to the loo and on the way back I said very briefly something in Swahili (3 words!) which I knew from my time in Africa. CBV [REDACTED] heard the noise being created by the boys in the other dorm and came down and asked what the noise was about. Looking after his own, [REDACTED] said "That was CBQ [REDACTED] and blamed me.

40. So CBV [REDACTED] hauled me from my bed onto the landing between the 4 dormitories and he spanked me hard on my bottom, over my pyjamas, before storming back up to his room.

41. I got back into my bed and then Mr Gibbon, who slept in a room on the floor below, came up and demanded to know what all the banging was about and complaining that he had been woken up.

42. [REDACTED] said, "That was Mr CBV [REDACTED] beating CBQ [REDACTED] Sir" and that was the end of the matter.

43. One thing that did disturb me about this CBV [REDACTED] man was that we always used to get holiday work to do during the holidays. I was in Uganda and there had been an attempt on the President Obote's life (he was shot through the tongue) and that, after a Pantomime, we had all been held up at gunpoint in the street for several hours by the army. My mum wrote a letter to say I had been traumatised by what had happened hence the reason I hadn't done the work I had been allocated to do during the holidays.

44. If you didn't do the work during the holidays you normally did in the term thereafter in the evening instead of doing recreation. You weren't beaten for this.

45. CBV however decided (out of the blue) that he would beat me one evening for not having done his work. I remember after he beat me in his bedroom in Dundannion, he cuddled me. In doing so, my head was close to, and just below, his midriff which I remember thinking at the time was quite odd. He also said he loved me, but it was no worse than all that, although he did say I was not to tell my parents about the fact that I had received a beating for not doing the holiday work.

46. What also seemed odd about him cuddling me, was that it was an unusual show of affection. There was no suggestion to me of him being in a state of arousal but, at that age, that probably wouldn't have meant anything to me. It just seemed strange that he would want to cuddle somebody he had just beaten.

47. I recall something Mr CBN also used to do. Whilst playing rugby, if he thought you hadn't tried hard enough, he would hit you with a police whistle that he carried attached to a bootlace. He hit you so hard with it that it would leave a perfect raised impression of the whistle on your buttocks. This was extremely painful.

48. To the best of my knowledge Mr CBV and Mr CBN never hit a person on their naked buttocks. It was always over clothing. The thing about CBV was that, when he punished and beat you, he varied whereabouts he struck you. It was often on the buttocks, but he would also hit you near the bottom of your spine and sometimes, because of the way you were bent over, he would actually repeatedly hit your anus. It seemed to me that he was targeting the sensitive area around the anus.

49. Religion wasn't a main part of the education, but religion was bred into you. We did go to the chapel every morning and twice a term would go to an outside Church of Scotland during which we had to sit perfectly still and God help you if you didn't. We would also say grace in Latin before and after meals.

50. We had people who would come in from the village to cook and clean and it may sound strange, but we found these people to be a source of normality for us and almost a source of comfort, as they were always nice to us. Would they have known about the beatings? I don't know. I think it's likely they did, but I fully understand them not reporting it.

51. The Science Master and the Chaplain (who also taught Maths) would also have seen marks on the boys. They didn't beat people, but they would certainly have known what was going on and didn't report it.

52. I think the most I got beaten in any one week would be 4 times. I think this based on having 2 [REDACTED] tests and 2 [REDACTED] tests and not doing well enough in any of them. Like I say, I have no recollection of being beaten for bad behaviour except the occasion when I was wrongly accused by the boys from the other dorm of causing the noise early that Sunday morning.

53. What's interesting now is that nobody ever suggested to me that there was another way to learn. Nobody told me how to learn things by heart. Nobody said you could learn simply by repeating things. Instead, it was "beaten into you". In fact that was the main reason for beatings. It was a rare occasion that somebody was beaten for misbehaving. We tended not to misbehave, because we knew we would be beaten.

54. You could keep the rules so as not to be beaten, but beatings were constant, simply as a tool to so called "educate" us.

55. When CBV [REDACTED] the [REDACTED] teacher left the school the occasions for me to be beaten halved. In addition the new teacher (Lt Cdr Tony Harrison) had a different approach, in as much as he actually educated you.

56. Ironically, I got top grades for [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] in my 'O' Levels and Highers, but you shouldn't have to learn by having it beaten into you.

Bedwetting

57. Bedwetting was a problem at Duncan House. I didn't suffer from it myself. If you wet the bed, you were issued with a rubber sheet and given a half sheet to put over it. One boy I recall was issued with an alarm to try and help him. There was one teacher who used to wake up at least a couple of boys to try and help them but that was the extent of help they ever got. Certainly nobody was referred to a GP or anything like that.

58. There was no punishment for bedwetting other than the embarrassment, and then lack of sympathy from matron.

Report of abuse

59. I never did report the abuse except on the occasion I mentioned when I spoke to my mother and grandparents. There seemed to be an unwritten rule amongst the boys that we didn't talk about the abuse during holidays. I can't explain why, maybe there was a fear of facing further punishment.

60. When we played other schools at sport, we would speak to the boys from those schools and it was obvious that we were not the only school where the beatings took place. I don't recall seeing the tramline marks on them, but the marks on us would have been very obvious to them. The teachers wouldn't be in the showers when we were there, so the teachers from the other schools wouldn't see the marks on us. Mr CBN made a point of entertaining any visitors. Whether this was a deliberate ploy by him to deny visitors any opportunity of observing the marks on the boys' buttocks, I don't know.

61. Your parents put you in these places for a good education, but it was clear that this mistreatment was not unique to our school, though perhaps to a lesser extent than at Duncan House. This was apparent due to lack of obvious markings on the buttocks of visiting boys, in contrast to our own.

62. At the time I didn't view it as mistreatment, I simply assumed that is what happened at school. I know from speaking to others recently that the same thing went on in places like Kenya and Rhodesia.

63. When we went home in the holidays, any marks that we had on our bottoms would have disappeared. This was because the last two weeks would have been taken up with exams, getting the results and going over the exam papers. You didn't get beaten for a poor mark in an exam which, and maybe it was coincidence, meant you had no marks on you when you went home.

Fettes College

64. I arrived at Fettes in September 1973. It was/is a Public School in Edinburgh. My Headmaster was Anthony Chenevix-Trench whom, I believe, arrived there from Eton and Shrewsbury. He is now dead.

Routine

65. I got into Fettes by sitting an exam and having an interview. Four of us started there at the same time from Duncan House and our SNR [REDACTED] Mr CBN [REDACTED] took us there for the selection process.

66. When I first went to Fettes, I was in a dormitory of 6, but thereafter we were in rooms that had wooden partitions splitting the room into individual cubicles. These partitions went to shoulder height and then the next year when you moved dormitories, they were above head height.

67. Fettes was an institution and as such you had to have rules. We were split into Houses that would be made up of pupils from each year and you stayed in that House throughout your time there.

Routine

68. We got up by 7:30am and had breakfast from 7.45am. You would have chapel at 8:45am then first lessons from 9:00 'til 11:00 followed by a quick break until 11:30.

69. You would then have a couple of more lessons 'til lunch, then exercise. Games took place in the afternoon except on Wednesday when it was Combined Cadets or, in my case, the Pipe Band and nothing on a Sunday. Sports were usually rugby, cricket and hockey, but in the Summer Term you could do other things (Options) like weightlifting, rock climbing, etc.

70. We would have tea, as in supper, at about 6:00 in the evening then homework from 7:00pm till 9:00pm followed by house prayers. We also had access to snacks and could make toast, etc. after house prayers.

71. At House Prayers we usually sang a hymn, prayed and then normally shook hands with whomever on duty in my house; then perhaps some TV before we went to bed.

72. Bedtimes would be staggered depending on how old you were, with the younger pupils going to bed first.

73. On a Sunday, once you had been to chapel, you had free time and the older pupils were allowed into Edinburgh in the afternoon. At Fettes, we didn't have letter writing on a Sunday mainly because we had a payphone we could use to phone home.

74. During each term you were allowed home on two Sundays as well as half-term. Between this and the telephone there was no real need to write letters to our parents.

Abuse

75. My first encounter with Chenevix-Trench was at the beginning of my second term when he asked to see me as I my first school report that wasn't good as was expected. My House Tutor was CBU [REDACTED] who lived in bachelor accommodation in my boarding house. He taught [REDACTED] at the school, but didn't teach me at that time. Rather, he was responsible for what, I suppose you would call, my pastoral care. For some reason he took great interest in the fact that I was going to see the headmaster. After I had been to the Headmaster, CBU [REDACTED] CBU [REDACTED] wanted to hear every detail.

76. It was a couple of days into the second term in 1974, about 12th January that I went to the headmaster's house which was called "The Lodge" and was attached to the main college building. The older boys, maybe 17 or 18 years of age, were winding me up that the headmaster would drop his trousers and masturbate while boys were bent over his couch. I took this with a pinch of salt.

77. There were 3 or 4 of us who were to attend The Lodge and when we got there we were soon told by Chenevix-Trench to stand away from the door of his study. He was clearly about to cane someone. We all waited in the kitchen, where his wife was listening to the LOUD radio. After a few minutes he called us back to the hallway and we then went into his Study individually.

78. When I went in, he was sitting at his desk. I think he was reading over my report or it's possible I had to bring mine with me. He told me to stand beside him (to his right) and as I stood there he started to touch the back of my thigh at the top,

and and my buttocks. I wouldn't say he fondled my buttocks, caressed them would probably be a better word. He said I should think of him as my grandfather. My immediate thought to that was that my grandfather wouldn't do this to me.

79. I didn't appreciate what he was doing by caressing my buttocks. He then said to me that he had decided not to beat me, but went to great lengths to explain that I could either get 6 of the cane or 12 strokes with a leather strap/dog's lead. He went on to say that if I chose the latter, it would be on my bare bottom and that I would have to remove my trousers and underpants. He also said that he considered my [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] CBN [REDACTED] to be a sadist.

80. He said he wanted to see me bent over the arm of his sofa and made me do that with my face against the cushion, but, as I said, I wasn't beaten.

81. That was my only dealing with the headmaster in that way, as I made sure not to get another unfavourable report.

82. Looking back I find it strange that I even went to the headmaster for something so relatively trivial. I don't understand why my tutor or even my housemaster couldn't have dealt with it; their authority was perhaps 'arked' from above.

83. I pursued Latin as a subject. In my final years, I think there were 4 of us and Chenevix-Trench taught us in the school's Church of Scotland Chaplain's classroom which had been an old science lab. We all sat in the front row and the stench of alcohol at 9 o'clock in the morning was enough to knock you over. I'm led to believe, though didn't hear it myself, that every morning at 8.45, the deputy headmaster would say to Chenevix-Trench, "Good Morning Headmaster, are you fit to take chapel?" such was the extent of his consumption of alcohol.

84. I'm aware that the headmaster caned many a boy. [REDACTED] was one. Another boy had to go to the sanatorium, because the caning he received was so harsh.

85. I've stayed friends with a different teacher who was my Tutor in my later years at the school. When I recently told him of my experience with Chenevix-Trench he said "Oh God, not you as well?". He was clearly aware of what had been

going on and I know he counselled other boys who had been affected by Chenevix-Trench.

86. That reminds of another strange incident with Chenevix-Trench. I was [REDACTED] of the school pipe band and one day we were all dressed in our uniform as it was Founder's Day. Most parents were there for the occasion and Chenevix-Trench came across me and my parents, looked at me in my kilt, etc. and said "God, if I was a woman, I would prostrate myself before him". How strange a thing is that for a headmaster to say to one of his pupils, especially in front of his parents?

87. As far as my parents were concerned Chenevix-Trench could do no wrong. After all, he had come from Eton and Shrewsbury to Edinburgh and had also been tortured by the Japanese during the war and with that sort of C.V., he could simply do no wrong in the eyes of many.

88. My original (house) tutor was CBU [REDACTED] In Summer 1975 I wasn't doing too well in chemistry. I got a "not so good" marking and had to go see CBU [REDACTED] CBU [REDACTED] This was an interim mid-term report.

89. When you were to go to see him, names were put up on a list on a noticeboard with the amount of time you were allocated and you saw him after house prayers. I knew something was wrong because I saw that I had been allocated 10 minutes whereas everybody else was only allocated the normal 5.

90. I went to his rooms and he said he had to cane me for the poor report for Chemistry. He told the other boys waiting to move away and outside the next door. For some reason he then said that I had to get over his knees while he caned me six times. His cane had been originally hidden behind a cushion on his red sofa. At the time I was 15 years old and he wasn't that much older being in his late 20's or early 30's.

91. The whole situation seemed wrong to me. I was reduced to tears, not just because of the pain, but also because of the humiliation of being bent over his knee.

92. Halfway through second half of term I got another "not so good" report in Chemistry. I again knew something was wrong because I again got a 10 minute slot and was first. He refused to shake my hand as we left house prayers as normally

happened. Again CBU put me over his knee and caned me 8 times. This not only hurt physically, but I found it degrading. I was aware that his normal procedure was to bend you over a chair. Lying over his thighs just seemed wrong.

93. It may be irrelevant, but I am now aware that CBU is homosexual and that would fit with my memory of the experiences with him.

94. One of the particularly disturbing aspects of some of the canings was the timing of them. If you got a caning, it was to be carried out by the housemaster in the evening, you would be taken out during prep time and the rest of us could hear the noise of the beating throughout the ground floor of the building. The disturbing part was also that this meant you spent the whole day knowing you were to get a beating that evening which was a horrible feeling.

95. After the time I got 8 strokes from CBU he gave me a report card that had to be marked by my teachers as to my work. I recall that my chemistry teacher, Dr Roger Miles would regularly give me "not so good" marks, which he thought(?) would probably lead to me getting more canings and I just felt he did it for no good reason other than he didn't appear to like me.

96. After I retired from my first career, I got hold of CBU e-mail address and asked him why he had felt it necessary to put me over his knee. He replied that he felt that, by doing it that way, he was only giving me a half-caning and "It worked". Believe me, it didn't seem like a half - caning at the time because I remember having to rub my bottom for many minutes after it. Nor did it work.

97. I don't know if I was actually marked after it because I didn't check and I wasn't going to ask anybody to check for me. I'd be most surprised if I wasn't marked.

98. Another thing I'm aware of is that he used to entertain boys in his room in the evening with his home brew; I wasn't one of his guests for very long. I'm not saying anything else happened, but I find it strange that a grown man would entertain youths in such circumstances.

99. There was a culture at the school to maintain its reputation. I know of at least 2 teachers who were dismissed for inappropriate conduct with pupils, but I

know for fact that they were never dealt with by the police. In fact, not only would they not be dealt with, they were paid off(?) and given references simply to protect the name of the school and therefore allowed to work elsewhere without restriction.

Report of abuse

100. I never did report any of the abuse. It wasn't something I thought about doing. I did try and tell my Granny about the abuse at Duncan House at the end my first Easter Holidays, but I just couldn't bring myself to tell her the whole story and I also wrote to my parents telling them I had a small brain. I don't know why I could not tell all. I don't think any of the boys spoke about it. It's a bit like being the victim of a sexual attack, I think. There's a (perceived?) shame with being a victim of that sort of assault even though it is clearly not your fault. It's just such a breach of your intimacy and there's the thing that you don't want to appear weak by confiding in somebody.

Counselling

101. I have never sought nor felt the need to receive counselling for what happened to me at the 2 schools. I feel I deal with it on my own terms. I am aware that the friend (from Fettes) that I mentioned earlier, took it upon himself to counsel some of the boys. While he did not carry out any of the abuse, I know he was aware of what was going on. I will speak to him and see if he is willing to speak to the Inquiry.

Impact of Abuse

102. One way in which the beatings affected me is that far too often I feel myself going to extreme lengths to seek retribution on anybody that annoys me. I would never act on it, but I plan it meticulously in my mind. I would love now to tower over ^{CBU} today and ask him, just ask, why he did what he did.

103. Truth told, if I was to meet ^{CBV} again I'd want to choke the life out of him. I would never actually do it, but the very strong desire to do so is there.

Lessons to be learned

104. I know the stock answer anybody wants from Inquiries such as this, is that lessons have been learnt and that the same things don't happen again. I know that many things have changed and I think it's unlikely that schools still behave in the way Duncan House and Fettes College did.

105. I'm not naïve and I know abuse still goes on in family homes and other places. If this Inquiry can help people police such activity, then all the better.

106. If everybody did what they are meant to do then, we would be fine and by that I mean report and then follow up any suggestion of abuse on children. However, the people that do carry out abuse tend to be good at hiding it and it's those sort of people who have to be closely looked at.

107. I know that these days people are more likely to speak to children. If somebody had tried to speak to me when I was 10 or 12 years old, I would have told them I was fine. That is certainly one way in which things have perhaps improved.

Records

108. I have never tried to get my records from either school. I think it's highly unlikely that any records from Duncan House ever existed or would have survived as the building lay empty for many years before the RAF took it over. As far as Fettes is concerned, I don't believe any logs of beatings were ever kept though I have been told that when a new headmaster took over he was so concerned at the level of corporal punishment that, thereafter, a teacher almost had to get permission to give a beating. Canings were eventually abolished there, although I don't know if this was because of the Government or maybe some free thinking educationalist arrived there.

109. 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.

CBQ

Signed...

Dated... 7th November 2016