

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KAJ

Support person present: No

1. My name is KAJ. My date of birth is 1962. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before boarding school

2. I was adopted when I was about five or six months old, but I don't know my birth name. I have never made any attempt to find my birth mother because I always thought it would be disrespectful to my adoptive parents.
3. My mum was and my dad was. Mum passed away in 1978, when I was sixteen, and dad passed away in 2003. Mum was a typist and telephonist with British Gas and dad worked for the Inland Revenue. I have no brothers or sisters.
4. We lived at and I had a fantastic home life. It was always a very loving house. Mum and dad's families both knew how much they had wanted a child and my uncles and aunties were always round, fussing over me. I wasn't spoilt, but I was cherished.
5. At the age of five I was sent to Edinburgh Academy as a day pupil. Dad had lived in when he was growing up, just round the corner from the Academy, and he'd had some involvement with boys from the Academy at the Grange Social Club. He always used to tell me about the gentlemen from the Academy who would turn up at the club with their boaters and their striped jackets on. He remembered them playing cricket and helping out and said that they were always pleasant and

always charitable. It was dad's view that every family had to try and improve their children and he always wanted me to be one of the nice gentlemen from the Academy.

6. I remember going to sit a test for the Academy in the headmistress's office at Denham Green a few months or so before I started. I remember getting dressed in the best pair of shorts they could find and getting on a bus with mum and dad. I recall there was a coal fire in the headmistress's office and that the test involved things such as building blocks. I was accepted and mum and dad were really chuffed. They took great delight telling everyone in the family.
7. I started in 196█, when I was five years old, and I remained there throughout my schooling, leaving in 198█ at the age of eighteen.

Edinburgh Academy

8. Edinburgh Academy at that time consisted of a junior school at Denham Green, a prep school, which was on Arboretum Road, between Ferry Road and the Botanic Gardens, and the senior school, which was on Henderson Row.
9. The junior school at Denham Green was a distance away from the rest of the school, down Ferry Road and opposite Heriot's playing grounds. It was a nice Victorian building that had a circular gravel path leading up to big entrance doors at the front.
10. The prep school on Arboretum Road was a 1960s-style concrete building. There was no character to it, unlike Denham Green and the upper school. There were metal gates at the front and a drive that led to a car park-come-playground at the front. Half-a-dozen steps led up to the front door and into the reception hall, from where a set of steps led to the classrooms upstairs. To the right as you came in was the main hall, which had a stage and which is where we would have assembly every morning.
11. There were two years at the prep school, which was for boys between nine and eleven and comprised of both day pupils and boarders. Most were day boys, I'm not sure how many were boarders. We knew that the boarders had more sport and recreation

after school time, but otherwise it was difficult to know in prep school who the boarders were.

12. There were more boys at the prep school there than there had been in Denham Green, although it wasn't massive. I think there were two or three classes of twenty to twenty-five boys per year, so there must have been around one-hundred-and-twenty boys in total.
13. I don't know who the headmaster of the prep school was, but I do remember some of the teachers, either because they had been my class masters, or because of their reputation. There was also a matron who you could go to if you weren't well, but she wasn't somebody you could speak to if you needed to confide in someone. She was quite a foreboding person.
14. The senior, or upper, school was a much bigger building. I have a feeling there were about nine hundred pupils there over the seven years. Consequently, you became more isolated because you would become lost in such a large group.
15. ICH [REDACTED] was the rector of the upper school when I went there at first and [REDACTED] Mr KSZ [REDACTED] ICH [REDACTED], who we referred to as ICH [REDACTED], was a strange character. The story was that he wasn't very well after the Second World War and that he'd got shrapnel in his face, or something like that, but he always looked as though he was half-shut. [REDACTED] Mr KSZ [REDACTED] was a bit soft. He wasn't like ICH [REDACTED] and he believed he was more in line with the boys.
16. When I started, the Academy was an all-boys school, girls only came when I was about sixteen in 1977 or 1978. I didn't want girls and I voiced my opinion to the school that they should have asked us boys first. It was hard enough for us to concentrate at the best of times, but bringing girls into classrooms when we were that age was always going to be too much of a distraction.

Routine at Edinburgh Academy

Denham Green

17. I remember mum and dad taking me for my first day at Denham Green. I was all spick and span in my blue blazer, blue shorts and cap and I bolted in when I saw all the other boys going in. My parents always laughed about it later, because they had a tear in their eyes saying goodbye, but I was happy as Larry. That first day is all a bit of a blur now, but I do remember getting shown around by somebody and there being lots of boys.
18. The majority of the teachers at Denham Green were female. I think I had a couple in my first year there, although I'm not certain. Those first few years were fantastic, though. I grasped maths really quickly because my dad was really interested in it and used to spend some time with me on it. Some of the other kids might have been doing one maths book a week, while I was going through two a day. I got moved up a year for maths, although I was like a sponge with all of the subjects.
19. If any of us ever did anything wrong, the teachers would speak to us about it, rather than chastise us. I don't remember ever being chastised, the teachers dealt with us kindly. They would put an arm round boys who might have been upset for some reason, rather than give them a kick up the backside and tell them to "man up".

Prep School

20. I think I was at Denham Green for four years before moving up to the Prep School in 1971, when I would have been nine years old.
21. In the first year they had to find the level of each boy's intellect and I was higher in some subjects, like maths, geography, history and English. In others, I was lower down and just plodding along, but on the whole I was doing well.
22. Mum would drop me off every day in time for assembly, or morning prayers, which started about 8:45 am and was in the main hall. That lasted for about fifteen minutes

and afterwards we would all head off to our classes, which started at 9:00 am. I think each class lasted for forty minutes and then we'd have five minutes to get to the next one.

23. We got a bottle of milk in the mid-morning break and we all ate lunch in the dining hall. The food was alright, typical school grub. After lunch I think we had two classes, before some sport.
24. There was an emphasis on sport at the Academy and we had regular P.E. I enjoyed the rugby in particular, but I wasn't good at sport in the prep school because I was quite a chubby boy. I think rugby was on a Wednesday afternoon at Newfield, across the road from the prep school.
25. The Academy always wanted to be the best and when I look back now, I thought the bonding with other boys at rugby was good. We competed against other schools at the weekends and at some midweek games as well. If you weren't playing rugby at the weekends or for the midweek games, you didn't have to go and watch, your time was your own.
26. I recall Mr^{KHT} [REDACTED], who taught [REDACTED], was a fine teacher if you wanted to coast. He let us watch TV, he'd build water-powered rockets and he showed us how his car engine worked. We didn't actually sit down with a book and learn much of the time in his class and my parents thought that his class was a bit of a distraction for me.
27. There were regular parents' nights in the prep school and we would each go with our parents and troop round quietly with them. We would sit with them while they spoke to the masters and mistresses, listening to them discuss how each particular lesson was going.
28. There were exhibitions as well. We would do a science or a history project and if you were a senior boy in the prep, you would take the lead in the creation of the project and then all the parents would come to the exhibition of it.

29. I don't recall there being an issue with bullying at prep and, other than my experiences with a couple of the masters, I think prep school was generally okay. I was relatively happy, I enjoyed the activities and I plodded along.

Upper School

30. We were put into divisions when we started in the senior, or upper, school. They were called Carmichael, Kinross, Cockburn and Houses. Houses was for all the boarders, while the day boys were in the other three. Having the divisions gave us a bit of an esprit de corps, or a cap-badge mentality towards sport. I don't think there was an academic side to it, I think the school was trying to encourage internal competition in sport.
31. I would get the bus into school every morning and walk from Hanover Street in central Edinburgh and probably get in about 8:30 am. I think we had to go to form class first to meet up and drop our books off and our form master would take a roll call. After that we would all head off to the assembly hall for morning prayers. ICH [REDACTED], the rector, would be sitting up on the stage and he would be falling asleep, or rubbing his face, perhaps to ease the pain from the shrapnel. He certainly didn't always look as if he was concentrating on us, or concentrating on the prayers and what was being said.
32. Sitting alongside ICH [REDACTED] would be some of the masters and a couple of the senior ephors. The pupils would be ranked out in front, with the geits in the first row, then seconds, then thirds, and all the way back to the seniors. I think it was the R.E master, Reverend Haslett, who usually took the prayers and the song afterwards. There would also be school announcements about what was coming up and the rugby scores would be read out if the teams had been successful the previous Saturday. After assembly, we'd all troop out in a riot, trying to get to our classes on time.

Education in Upper School

33. In the first year, which was known as the 'geits', I think our first lesson was always our form lesson and then we would go to whatever class was on our timetables. I'm not

sure who my form master in geits was, but he was fine. He was a young man with fair hair, possibly called Fenton, or something like that.

34. If you were good at sport, I think you got more of an out for the academic side of things. I still enjoyed some of the lessons, but I wasn't brilliant and I was mainly in the middle or bottom sets other than for one or two subjects. I think my performance was mainly determined by the subject, rather than the teacher.
35. Although the upper school was much bigger, the classes themselves were not and tended to have twenty-three to twenty-five pupils in each. Consequently, if the master was a good one, he would be able to concentrate on the ones who were dipping underneath the targeted level.
36. Some of the masters were good. I had a fantastic teacher for [REDACTED], Mr PJY [REDACTED], who had been a Cambridge or Oxford blue at either boxing or rugby. He was a small, squat guy with a good sense of humour and he was a good educator.
37. Hamish Dawson taught me history in my geits year, third year and the year before my Highers, when I was sixteen or seventeen. He had his ways, but that didn't taint my enjoyment of the subject. I always had [REDACTED] immediately after history and as I would walk into Mr PJY [REDACTED]'s class, he would greet me and asked if had survived okay. He and all the other masters knew exactly what Dawson was like.

Sporting activities in Upper School

38. We started to step up on the levels of sport once we got into the upper school. If you were good enough, you played rugby, if you weren't quite good enough, you played hockey and if you were really garbage, you played football. We would do athletics on Arboretum field and rugby at Newfield on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I had matured early, which had the disadvantage of making me stand out, but which also meant that my puppy fat disappeared and muscles started to appear. My mum told me I grew eleven inches in a year.

39. In the winter there was always a rugby game on a Saturday and in the summer, it was cricket or athletics. I was into my sports by that time, so I was always involved, but if you were a day boy who wasn't playing anything, there was no obligation on you to go and watch.
40. One particular Saturday I was scheduled to be playing cricket in the morning and athletics in the afternoon. IBU [REDACTED], the games master, was in charge of both and I told him I couldn't do both because I wouldn't be able to get home from the cricket match and back in time for the athletics. He offered to my parents that I go to his house for lunch and my parents accepted and so I did. By that time, I was in favour with IBU [REDACTED] because I was good at sport.

Trips and holidays in Upper School

41. We had one or two field trips with different subjects and we also had a couple of holidays. I can't remember when it was, but we went to the Netherlands for a long weekend and stayed with Dutch families. I had a fantastic time. We also went for a weekend in the Highlands and stayed in Blair House, I think it was called. I can't remember who the masters that went with us were.

CCF in Upper School

42. We all had to join the CCF in our second year of the upper school. We could choose between the army, navy, air force, or the pipe band. I picked the army and became heavily involved and worked my way up the ranks. I got to corporal in my second year, sergeant in my third year and then contingent sergeant major, or CSM, in my fourth year and for my last couple of years.
43. We did the CCF on a Monday afternoon for the last period, although it carried on for a little bit longer than the normal school day. Mr RJX [REDACTED] was [REDACTED] and he was [REDACTED] rugby linesman as well. He liked me and I liked him. He got me a few autographs from Murrayfield.

44. We went on trips with the CCF as well. I think I went on three week-long camps to Cultybraggan Camp in Perthshire. Some of the masters went with us, including Mr RJX and others.

Discipline

45. My parents told me at some point while I was at school that before I had started, they had signed something that permitted teachers to punish me. The level of punishment would have been set in the school regulations, although I never actually saw what was written down. If I was ever punished by being beaten with the clacken, I took it as punishment. I did not consider it to have been what I would now call abuse.
46. Several teachers in both the prep school and the upper school used corporal punishment and some treated it as a punishment, some treated it as a pleasure. Most of the time the punishment was six strokes with the clacken across your backside, with your trousers on. There was also a tawse, which I saw but was never subjected to.
47. I was beaten several times with the clacken by different teachers after I had done something wrong. Reverend Haslett gave me the clacken once, but I don't recall what it was for.
48. I recall a time at the end of term when I was sixteen and I was in the school library with other boys when we had a fight with cream that we had saved up from lunch. I happened to be the only one who was stupid enough to stay behind afterwards and a teacher called Mr Harris came in and saw the mess. He told me I was to go to the masters' lodge for a beating with the clacken, but I refused and so I was given five hundred lines and had to clean the library up a bit.
49. I was also suspended for a week for smoking when I was sixteen or seventeen, after my mum died. I thought I might get away with it, because my dad used to leave for work at 7:00 am and I didn't leave for school till 7:30 am. I would get dressed in my uniform and then get changed after he left and go round to a mate's house. I think it was either the Wednesday or the Thursday of that week that dad asked me if I had anything to say to him. The school had told me they would write to my dad, but they

had actually 'phoned, so he had known all along. That was the only time the school ever contacted my parents.

Ephors

50. Boys who were either good at sports or who were academic were elected as prefects, or ephors as they were called at the Academy. If you were in the rugby 1st XV, or cricket 1st XI, or if you were in the athletics team or you were heading for Oxbridge, you would be given an ephorship.
51. Before becoming an ephor, you would have colours awarded to you for some event, or some achievement. As you progressed you got full colours and, most of the time after that, you would step up to becoming an ephor. I got half and full colours, but I don't think they could trust me to be a full ephor.
52. Ephors had different coloured ties and they also wore cricket jumpers with a blue and white stripe around the neck and around the bottom. Their role was general discipline of minor infringements of the school rules, something that wasn't worthy of being taken to the masters.
53. Punishments depended on who the ephor was and who the boy breaking the rules was. If you were caught doing something wrong by an academic ephor and you were a sporting type, you would be punished. If you were a sporting type and caught by a sporting ephor, you would probably just get a ticking off. There was favouritism and I doubt any punishment issued would have been recorded anywhere.
54. Ephors could issue beatings with the clacken and lines. A beating would be administered in the ephors' lodge and would be six strikes across your backside, on top of your trousers, as you leant over a desk. Lines would generally be writing out letters of the alphabet five hundred times, or writing 'I must not do...' several times. Around that time, a games manufacturer brought out a frame that you could put several pens in, which then copied what you were writing several times. It was fantastic.

55. If you had been given lines you would have to go back with them once you'd done them and the ephor would often take great pleasure in ripping them up in front of you once you'd handed them in. I don't know what might have happened if you didn't do the lines, I always did. I was always given them after I had done something wrong. I wasn't an angel and I would have taken the punishment.
56. I was given the clacken once by one of the head ephors, a lad called [REDACTED]. I can't remember what that was for, but I was taken into the ephors' lodge and bent over the huge and ornate, leather-bound table and given six whacks with the clacken across my backside.

Fagging

57. Fagging still existed when I started at Edinburgh Academy. Somebody in their sixth or seventh year would select one of the geits to run for him, which usually involved going to the deli along the road and getting something for him. I knew of it, but I never had to do it.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy

Prep School

Iain Wares

58. Iain Wares was my form master for my first year of prep school and I think he also taught me for maths for two years. When you're a wee boy, you learn what teachers' nicknames are from older boys, perhaps your classmates' big brothers. Wares nickname was 'Weirdo' and, although we didn't know why, we all knew that was what he was known by.
59. Wares classroom was a portacabin up the side of the prep school. His desk was to the side of the door and at the front so that, as we went in, we'd all have to walk past him. Once we all started to experience his classes most boys would try and get to the

back of the room, but he didn't bother, he'd still call us forward whether we were at the front or the back.

60. He would call us forward individually with our maths books and he would get us to stand beside him. We'd have to put the maths book down in front of him, but still hold and turn the pages as he looked at our work and marked it. While you were doing that, he would put his arm around your waist and pull you in. The first time it happened, you didn't think anything of it, but then he would put his hand up the back of your shorts and cup your buttocks. Sometimes his hand would go round the front and rub your testicles, or your penis.
61. I can't say how many times Wares did this, but I do know that every time you were called forward, that's what would happen. He would pick different kids at every class and, although we never discussed it, we knew that one of us or several of us, would be called up to his desk at some point during the lesson. It probably averaged out that each boy was called up to his class about twice a week.
62. Occasionally I would feel ashamed. I can remember standing there one time and looking out at the rest of the class and seeing all the other boys looking at me. In my mind, I knew exactly what they were thinking and all I could do was look out the windows to the left. I could see the sun shining through the blinds and I was trying to concentrate on what was outside, rather than look my classmates in the eye.
63. The rest of the class wouldn't be able to see what Wares was doing to whichever boy he had up because his desk obscured their vision, but we all knew what he was doing. We would see his arm pull the boy in and then his arm would disappear and we could see the boy would be uncomfortable.
64. You could never tell him to stop, because he was a master, an adult, and you didn't question adults. I was only nine years old with no knowledge of sexuality. I was never corporally punished at home and I didn't know whether this was some sort of punishment, or some way of telling me I'd done well. I did try to stop him doing it a couple of times though. I was slightly chubby at that time and I braced myself and spread my legs so that my shorts got tighter, but a nine-year-old can't fight an adult.

If he wanted to do something he would and so all that meant was that he forced his hand in harder.

65. I never had Wares as a rugby master, but I do know of his habit of walking through changing rooms after gym finished. Certain masters would make us have a shower and boys would rush to get their shower and dressed before Wares turned up. Even if he hadn't taken the rugby lesson, he'd still walk round. I saw him walk round looking at boys when I was changing several times. I never saw him do anything other than walk round, although he did used to whip us with towels. He would get a wet towel and flick us as we were heading to or from the showers.
66. He also used to score our jackets with chalk and then batter it off with the chalk duster, for some reason. You'd end up covered in the stuff. I have no idea why he did that, but I do know that he also had a terrible temper. He used to chuck chalk and chalk dusters at boys in his class. I don't know why, but he would grab you by the hair, or behind the ear and drag you up from your desk onto your toes, so that you couldn't go anywhere. He would be furious and his whole face would go purple and all the boys would be scared. He would throw kids around the classroom, throw them against the door, or onto the blackboard. It was uncontrolled violence against minors.
67. I saw boys being chucked all over the room and I was pulled up by my hair, although I wasn't thrown about. He was a sadistic, vicious man and he was indiscriminate in most classes. I never saw him behave like that outside the classroom, although I'm sure it would have happened.
68. Several years later, when I was about seventeen and in the upper school, I was at an athletics match at Fettes when I saw Wares peering through the windows of the changing room, watching boys getting changed. Another lad, [REDACTED], and I chased after him, but by the time we got outside he had disappeared.

P.E. master at prep school

69. The sports master in the prep school was a bit of a sadist. I can't remember his name, although for some reason I think it began with IDP possibly IDP [REDACTED]. I'm pretty

sure he was ex-military and he seemed to be older than the other masters, possibly in his fifties. He was over 6' tall, with grey, unkempt hair and a round, red face. He mostly wore maroon tracksuit bottoms.

70. Every so often he would get boxing gloves out but, rather than teaching us how to box, he would pick certain boys that he would fight and he would just whack them. He probably didn't use his full strength, but he was a master and an adult and the boys he picked tended to be the ones who, like me at that time, weren't good at sport. It was almost as if he was trying to teach us a lesson in how to 'man up'.
71. He would also make us hit each other, although some boys didn't want to. He would shout at those who didn't and tell them that if they didn't put the gloves on, he would. The gloves were huge and for adults and we would be expected to put them on and keep on punching each other until he blew his whistle for us to stop, or until he pulled us apart. I think he would only intervene earlier if a boy was bloodied. Nothing happened if you did get bloodied, though, we weren't sent to the matron or anything like that. I ended up with a bloodied nose from one of the other boys and I know a couple of other boys did too. I was just told to blow it out.
72. One boy, [REDACTED], managed to get a punch in on this master one time. [REDACTED] was a bit of a hero for a while and the whole class roared when he did, but the next thing was he was on his backside with a smashed-in nose.

Mr Brownlee

73. I have since learned of Mr Brownlee's violent behaviour towards other boys, but I wasn't in his class and therefore I wasn't exposed to it as regularly. I have a feeling that he booted me up the backside once, but I'm not certain and I think he booted everybody. I can't recall exactly when or where that might have happened.
74. Brownlee was always in a bad mood and we all knew from speaking to each other that if you were in his class, or even if you came across him in a corridor, you had to behave. Even if you were behaving, you could still ended up getting a smack or

whatever. He didn't seem to need a catalyst. He seemed to go into a rage for the slightest of things. He was off his head. A sociopath.

75. I saw him hit ICD [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], who used to scrap with each other in the classroom. I think Brownlee came in and caught them and he lost the plot altogether. He threw one of them against the radiator and he booted the other in the thigh or the side, I'm not sure which.
76. On another occasion, he grabbed a kid, Neil Douglas, and threw him and really hurt him. I don't know how it came about and I can't remember how I happened to be there at the time, but I remember Brownlee throwing Neil and him hitting either the radiator, or a desk. I remember Neil was on the ground crying, but I don't know if he needed any sort of medical attention afterwards.

Upper School

Hamish Dawson

77. Hamish Dawson was strange, but I can't remember if there was a nickname for him. His reputation was that he was 'off the wall'. Boys who were senior to us would tell us to get to his class early and sit down quickly, make sure we didn't stand out and not answer him back. We knew that if Dawson thought we'd done something wrong, we weren't going to get away with a verbal ticking off, there would be some form of physical punishment. We were told that he would always have his fun by tickling us, then treating us to a sweet and then beating us.
78. Dawson sat at a huge desk, which he had positioned to the left as you walked into his classroom. The desk itself was up on a plinth and also sat on top of bricks or wooden blocks and was therefore about a foot off the ground. Consequently, as you walked into his classroom, he was towering over you.
79. To the side of his desk, Dawson had an old rubbish bin and in it he had a cricket bat, a clacken, a walking stick and a knobbly bit of curly wood like Harry Lauder, the singer and comedian, used to have. The one I really remember though was a 4' length of

4"x2" wood, that had writing all over it, which he called his "swank plank". When we first started in his class, he sat us all down and introduced us to this rubbish bin and told us that if we misbehaved, one of the things in it would come out and we would be taught a lesson.

80. Within the first week or so, I came into Dawson's class too rapidly and the door swung open and bashed the bottom of his desk. He called me over to his desk, brought out the swank plank, bent me over his lap and pulled my shirt up. He then said something like "acres and acres of tickly, pink, boy-flesh" and started tickling me underneath my shorts.
81. I'm not sure if his hand went down the back of my shorts and round or down the front, but his hand was touching my genitals, under my pants. I can't remember if he was masturbating me. He was holding me down so that I couldn't move and I was laughing because he was tickling me at the same time, but I was also trying to get off his lap. When he finished having his fun, he gave me a 'Jelly Bean' or something like that and then he beat me with his swank plank.
82. He didn't swing right back with the swank plank, but he hit me three or four times on top of my shorts as I bent over a table to the side of his desk. I was up a height and round from behind his desk, so the whole class would be able to see me as Dawson beat me.
83. After beating me with the swank plank, he made me sign it and say "thank you" to him. After that I was sent back to my chair and he got on with the lesson. I felt belittled and really annoyed. I was eleven by this time and I could accept corporal punishment with the clack, but I knew to be beaten like that was wrong.
84. His nickname for me was KAJ as in a large, thick-skinned animal. I don't know if that was because I withstood his beatings without showing that I was upset. I was, but I wouldn't show it because nobody likes to be shown up in front of their mates in the classroom. He tickled me a lot, but he only had his hands down my shorts on that first occasion. I was hit with the swank plank several more times though and after each I had to mark it in Roman numerals next to my signature.

85. This happened to other boys regularly as well. Probably two or three boys would be called up to his desk for a tickle and a beating every lesson and we probably had three history lessons every week. There was always something, although I never needed medical attention. It wouldn't always be with the swank plank, it might be with any of the implements he had. Sometimes he hit you with the Harry Lauder walking stick and that would hurt like hell if one of the knobbly bits got you in the lower back or the coccyx.
86. He continued his beatings in later years, when I had him in third year, but there wasn't so much tickling, or putting boys over his lap. I think he was more interested in younger boys and he tended to use the clacken when we were older.
87. Sometime when I was in my second year, an older boy called [REDACTED], who like me was a sprinter, told me some of the stuff he knew Dawson had done. He told me that some of the senior boys decided that, because nobody was doing anything about Dawson, they would take it upon themselves to do something. He said that somebody had bought a hardcore homosexual magazine and had put it in Dawson's bag and got someone to report to the rector that the bag had fallen open and this magazine had been seen. I know that within a couple of weeks or so Dawson was hauled up in front of the rector, but I don't know what then happened.

Bullying

88. I was bullied and picked on a little bit in the first year or so of upper school by the other boys in my year because I had matured early. Boys would take the mickey out of me or would pull the towel away from me in the showers, having a laugh at me. The final joke was that I was bigger than them though and so it didn't last long.
89. There was a group of boys in that first year who would pick on others. It was mainly name calling, pushing and shoving and that sort of thing, however once I developed, I think I became one of the bullies. I didn't physically bully anyone, but I did verbally. After what Wares and Dawson had done, I began to feel that I was weak and I didn't want to be seen that way. I felt I had let them do what they wanted and I began to

think that the only way to survive was by not letting your defences down and not letting anybody get to you.

90. Some of the masters were very weak and they allowed the bullies to run their classes. Reverend Haslett was a former rugby player at some Irish school and a boy could be knocking seven shades out of another in the corner of his classroom, but he would just ignore it and tell everybody to sit down. If you were a “rigger bugger” as he would say, and as I became, he would just let you get on with whatever you might have been doing.

91. Boys might be shoving desks into other boys and that sort of thing. One time a lad called [REDACTED] got a chunk of hair pulled out and he had a soft patch on his scalp afterwards. I think Haslett sent him to see one of the nurses, but nothing happened otherwise.

92. Other masters would turn a blind eye as well. One was a [REDACTED] teacher called IBP [REDACTED], whose nickname was IBP [REDACTED]. He was a huge man who could hardly move, he was so fat. He would let us all run wild in his class. He would come in and boys would be pushing each other around, fuelled with testosterone and he wouldn't do anything.

IBP [REDACTED]

93. One boy who used to run wild in IBP [REDACTED]'s [REDACTED] class was a boy called [REDACTED]. He and I were probably the most disruptive ones in his class. IBP [REDACTED] used to take pleasure out of touching [REDACTED] and feeling his legs and that sort of thing. I only saw him do this to [REDACTED] and I don't know if he touched his genitals, but I saw him stroke [REDACTED]'s leg several times.

94. IBP [REDACTED] would squeeze into the seat at the desk next to [REDACTED], so one time [REDACTED] unscrewed all the screws before he did so. When IBP [REDACTED] sat down, the whole thing collapsed into bits and he ended up on his backside. IBP [REDACTED] went mental, but [REDACTED], who was a huge bloke, just ignored him.

IBU

95. IBU, who was known as IBU was the gym master in the upper school and he didn't like unsporty kids. I wasn't sporty for the first half of the geits and he picked on me. Later on that year, after I had matured, I became like a God to him because I could run and I could tackle on the rugby pitch.
96. He could be quite vicious and he once punished me, although I don't know what the reason was, or whether I had done something wrong or not. He had a little room under the gym, next to the weights room and he took me in there and battered my backside with a cricket bat two or three times on top of my shorts. It was sore as hell, although I didn't have any lasting injury.
97. We always did gym in blue shorts and a vest and IBU would always make sure that we weren't wearing our underwear underneath. He would either pull our shorts down or pull them out so that he could see and make sure. I don't know if it was a cleanliness issue, or if he'd been told to do it, or if it was simply that he wanted to see boys' private parts, but he did that regularly to everyone, including to me, and if you still had your pants on, he would make you take them off.
98. The showers were like a corridor, no wider than two or three feet, with shower heads all the way along and wooden-slatted floors. IBU would stand at the end and make sure that boys did actually have a shower. I think he was wanting to make sure that we were clean for the next class, but from where he was standing, he would be able to see all the boys naked. I knew at the time he shouldn't have been there and I think we all tended to shower with our front facing away from him.

ICM

99. ICM, the ICM, was rough. I remember he lost the plot totally with my best mate once. I've spoken to my friend about this and he asked that I not say his name, however ICM once struck him with a metre ruler. ICM made him put his hand on the desk, with his palm facing up and he bent the metre ruler back as far as possible, before letting it go.

100. It really rapped my friend right across the palm of his hand and ICM just smiled and told him he should have moved his hand. Afterwards it swelled right up, but I don't think my friend went for any medical attention.

Reporting of abuse at Edinburgh Academy

101. I think Wares behaviour was what turned me away from maths, because I just didn't enjoy it afterwards. I never told my parents anything about Wares and consequently they jumped to the conclusion that it was KHT, my teacher in prep school, who stopped me having an interest in learning. Actually it had been Wares, because he had frightened me so much. I was more concerned about what was happening to me than I was about learning.
102. We boys never discussed what Wares was doing, because we didn't know it was wrong. We were only nine years old and all we might say to each other was that he was "being weirdo again", or "he was touching me". Only one boy, Kim Wolfe-Murray, who was quite vocal, did stand up against Wares and he walked away. We knew that our parents had sent us to a good school and for all we knew this might have been part of the education system. Consequently, I never mentioned what was happening to my parents, or to any member of staff. Like everyone else, I just sucked it up and got on with it.
103. I also always had the attitude that I didn't want to disappoint my parents, particularly my dad, by telling them that the school he held in such high esteem was full of paedophiles and sadists. I didn't want to go home and tell them that I had been beaten for something Dawson might have thought I'd done, even though it might have been something entirely innocent.
104. In subsequent years, when Dawson was again my history teacher in third year, I had more confidence and was able to stand up to him. I swore at him once in third year, after I had again banged the door as I entered his class slightly late and he called me up to his desk. He told me to bend over, but I refused and he went puce.

105. I think Mr KSZ was SNR by that time and I was hauled in front of him for disobeying a master. He questioned me in the Masters' Lodge and I explained what had happened. I told him I was prepared to take a beating with the clacken if I had done something wrong, but I told him that I wasn't prepared to be tickled, given a sweet and then beaten by Dawson with one of his implements. I don't recall KSZ reacting much to what I was telling him and instead I was sent away. Nothing more was said and nothing got sent back to my parents.
106. There was nobody I was aware of who had a responsibility for pastoral care, other than Reverend Haslett, but all he was interested in talking about was drinking and rugby. I think the only master I could possibly have talked to was Mr PJY, my teacher, but by that time both Dawson and Wares were in the past for me.

Leaving Edinburgh Academy

107. I left Edinburgh Academy in 1981, when I was eighteen. The school had us sit both the Scottish and the English exams and when I left, I had eight O-Grades, eight O-Levels and one Higher in history.
108. Before I left, I had a careers meeting with one of the masters and I told him I was interested in the military, the ministry or being a mercenary. I don't remember who the careers master was, but it was very poorly done. I don't think he was qualified, I think he had just drawn the short straw. I don't think he had even been one of my masters and therefore wouldn't really have known me. I think that if you weren't going to go to university you were placed in the too difficult box and I was never bright enough to get all the results I would need.
109. I decided to join the army and sorted out getting in myself. My dad took me to one of the recruitment seminars and I thought I would do better as an officer and so I applied. I went for a regular commission board assessment and was accepted before I actually left school and I went to Sandhurst a few months after I left.

Life after Edinburgh Academy

110. I served three years in the army, before I then got into security. I started off doing shop security and then a couple of mates from the army contacted me and I got into close protection with a private firm. I worked in that field for six or seven years before I smashed my knee up playing rugby and left and got into the pub trade.
111. I worked in some terrible pubs around London, before meeting my wife and deciding to leave and joining the Metropolitan Police. I have worked with the police for twenty-eight years now. My wife and I married in 1996 and we have one son.

Impact

112. My whole attitude towards respecting the masters changed as a result of what Wares did to me and that affected my performance in the upper school. I had been good at maths in Denham Green, but after prep school I just didn't take an interest. I moved away from respect, guidance and learning to self-preservation. Not opening up, not asking questions and not approaching masters because I didn't know what might happen.
113. I think I became a harder and less approachable a person through going to the Academy. I think I put defensive screens up and didn't progress my own potential because I didn't want to open up to some of the masters. I didn't know that only a minority of them were paedophiles or sadists. I put up barriers because I didn't know who I could trust.
114. I think putting up those barriers also meant that I was harder and less tolerant of the weaker boys at school. I think I might have turned the boys who were less sporting into victims and now my way is to try and protect the weakest.
115. After I left school and before I joined the Met, my experiences probably continued to affect how I viewed people in authority. I have never been tempted to abuse drugs or alcohol, but I did have some disciplinary issues, although nothing too major.

116. After we had our son, we decided to become foster parents and have now fostered children for about fifteen years. I knew that I could protect those children because I knew what those children had gone through after what had happened to me. I had more of an awareness and so I was better able to protect them. I have a great relationship with my own son and I think I was similarly protective of him too.
117. Previously, I only really used to think about my time at the Academy if I saw some of the ex-pupils playing rugby, although I have been thinking more about it recently. I had put everything in a box and I never used to dwell on it and always thought that the school itself had meant well. If I had stayed in Edinburgh, I would have sent my son to the Academy because I thought the whole ethos of the school was good.

Treatment/support

118. I have never had any treatment or counselling. When I met my wife, I told her that the school had a couple of teachers who would touch boys, but I didn't go into details. She has asked whether I thought I might benefit from some counselling, but I didn't think I would.

Reporting of Abuse

119. I was of the belief that Iain Wares must have been dead and I was surprised when I heard Nicky Campbell's podcast 'In Dark Corners' to discover that he wasn't. After finding out Wares was still alive, I decided to report what had happened to me to the police. My parents had both passed away by then and so I had nobody that I felt I needed to protect from hearing what had happened.
120. In August 2022, I contacted Police Scotland, but because I am down in London, it was going to be a bit difficult so I spoke to the Child Abuse Investigation Team at Brixton. Within an hour or so of me contacting them they sent a DS and a DC over, who took me to Brixton and I gave a video interview over four hours, or so. I gave a statement about Wares and about Dawson, but I didn't mention anything else at that time.

121. Brixton sent everything to Police Scotland and now, every couple of months, I get a letter from the Procurator Fiscal, updating me. I have also had a couple of calls from detectives in Police Scotland, although I'm not sure whether Wares has been charged with assaulting me.
122. I had possibly the longest phone conversation I have ever had with Nicky Campbell after I had spoken with Police Scotland. He phoned me after somebody else had been in touch with him and mentioned me. He tried to encourage me to join the 'Facebook' and 'WhatsApp' groups, but that wasn't for me. Nicky also put me in touch with a member of the 'Panorama' team, who I spoke to for several hours.
123. Nicky also encouraged me to contact a firm of solicitors, so I did and I am now pursuing a claim for compensation from the Academy. I don't recall the name of the firm.

Records

124. I have looked for my old report cards, but I can't find anything. I know that my parents had kept them, but I'm not sure where they might be. I wasn't aware you could ask the school for anything they might have and I have not done so.

Lessons to be Learned

125. All masters are responsible for the wellbeing of their charges and if one sees, or believes, something is going on, they should have the backbone to report it.
126. What sickens me is why the Academy took on Wares after he had spent several months in a psychiatric unit for, on his own admission, being attracted to boys. The school should have known about this treatment and should have checked into it. Any school, or any establishment such as the Scouts, or the Guides, or whatever, shouldn't let somebody like that anywhere near boys or girls, but to add insult to injury, the Academy let him go to another school, Fettes.

127. There need to be closer, proper checks of anyone who wants to work in a school. Anyone who is open and honest doesn't mind being checked and being done so rigorously.

128. Despite my initial reservations, I think the addition of girls to the Academy has diluted the possibility of abuse such as I suffered reoccurring. I understand there is more pastoral care now.

Other information

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

Signed... 

Dated... 07/03/24