

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

ISV

Support person present: No

1. My name is ISV. My date of birth is 1963. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before boarding school

2. I was born in Edinburgh. My parents were immigrants from Mauritius. They decided to come over here for education. My father met my mother over here, I think in the fifties. It's quite a complicated story, in Mauritius, my father's family did not like my mother's family or the other way around. My mother was over here with her two sisters at private school. So, my father met my mother here and was going to marry her. My grandfather on my father's side sent over my father's younger brother to stop it, but he met my mum's next younger sister and they got together. That wasn't the plan. It went one step further, as he sent over another brother to stop those two getting married and he ended up meeting my mum's other sister. So, the three brothers ended up marrying the three sisters.
3. All of them had come over here to study medicine. My grandfather on my mum's side was a doctor. My father always wanted to be a doctor but he never quite made the grades. The next best thing was dentistry. He got a place in Edinburgh, hence we were born there. He did very well through his course in dentistry. My mum's youngest sister, the third one to get married, became a dentist as well. My mum gave up her studies in medicine as children came along. They ended up with six children. My dad's name is very Indian, and my mum's name is

4. We initially grew up in Corstorphine, in Edinburgh. My eldest sister [REDACTED] came first. My father was still down in London at the time, just prior to him going to university in Edinburgh. She was born in 1956. [REDACTED] came a year later when my father had moved to Edinburgh. There was a gap before my elder brother [REDACTED] was born in [REDACTED] 1962, then there's me. Then there is another gap. In these gaps my mum lost babies. I think she lost four. My younger brother [REDACTED] came along in 1967 and then by accident [REDACTED] was born in 1974. So, between the eldest and youngest there is about a generation. Actually, my eldest sister [REDACTED] had a baby before my youngest sister [REDACTED] was born. My nephew is two years older than his auntie.
  
5. [REDACTED] and I briefly went to Corstorphine Hill Primary School, not for long, maybe a year and then we went to Clifton Hall private school. I was somewhere between five and a half and six years old when I went to Clifton Hall. My eldest sister, [REDACTED], went to James Gillespie's and [REDACTED] went to St Margaret's. My brother [REDACTED] and I went to Clifton Hall. [REDACTED] went to Gilsland Park primary school then went to secondary up here in Aberdeen and [REDACTED] went to primary school in Aberdeen. My mum and dad moved to Aberdeen around 1978. I went into a home for a year and went up the year after. My father got a practice up here. I was in a home until I was sixteen until they could legally release me. I had become a ward of the social work and went to Ponton House. I think it was in Magdala Crescent in the west end of Edinburgh.
  
6. [REDACTED] and I were probably a little bit rowdy for little boys when we went to Corstorphine Hill primary school. I think we got on ok. Nothing stands out at all. We didn't get any warning that we were moving school, we were just told. I think we must have visited the school before we started, but there wasn't much time between visiting and starting it. There was no entrance exam to pass prior to starting.
  
7. I did get the opportunity to ask my father why we were being sent to Clifton Hall and it was basically 'keeping up with the Joneses'. One of his best friends in dentistry had sent his children to Dollar Academy. My father got wind of that and thought he should do the same. I don't know why Clifton Hall was chosen but I can imagine it was because it was closer than most to our home. My mum didn't want us to go at all. She was totally against it. Her job was raising her kids and it was devastating for

her that we were going to go away. So I think she has said to my father if he was going to send us away then make it close. Neither of my older sisters had gone to boarding school.

**Clifton Hall School, Newbridge**

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Secondary Institutions - to be published later

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### **Leaving Clifton Hall School, Newbridge**

50. I think we left Clifton Hall because my mum had had enough. Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later

Secondary Institutions - to be published later She wanted us home. So that was that. I think that's where the idea then came for us to go to private school, but as day boys.

51. It all happened very quickly. I think we were told during the last term. I felt great. I was ten years old. We started looking for schools that took day boys. Secondary Institutions - to be published later  
Secondary Institutions - to be published later I think we left Clifton Hall before the holidays. We went to Mauritius for an early holiday. When we came back we went to Edinburgh Academy and had a look around there. I remember we sat exams. I would have failed the maths anyway but I remember my brother and I failed the exams on purpose. We didn't want to go. We had a look around the school but had the impression that we wouldn't like it there. I think we went to Loretto as well and had a look around. I remember the bright red uniform. Fettes was the last one we had a look at. The school was new, well the building was. It looked new, with a new headmaster, new teachers with a new concept. The institution itself was a junior school. So, we settled for Fettes. We didn't have to sit any entrance exam. We were looking forward to it, for the main reason that we weren't boarding.

### **Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

52. We had moved from Corstorphine to Cramond, which was in a new estate. We went to Aitken & Niven again and got all the uniform, rugby kits and

cricket kits, things like that. We felt it was going to be a good change. My father had these dental practices and there was one young man that he trained up to be a dental technician. He was a family friend so my dad got him to give us a lift to school in the mornings and we got a bus home after school.

53. Fettes had forms 1A, 1B, 2A and 2B at the junior school. I think I went into form 2B. It's like a continuation of primary school up to the age of twelve. The hope was that you would just carry on into the main school. The junior school was a separate building but in the same grounds as the main building, which housed the senior school. It was about a five minute walk from the main building.

*First day*

54. I think we went on a Saturday morning as an introduction. We were shown all the amenities and things like that. My brother and I just went on our own. They showed us the shooting ranges and the games hall. My first impressions of Fettes were good. They had all these sports facilities. They had shooting facilities and shooting teams and that sounded exciting. We met all of the teachers and they seemed fine. We moved from class to class for different subjects. Some, like sciences, were in the main school.
55. There were about thirty boys in my year group and about a hundred in the junior school overall. All the junior school were day boys, there were no boarders. We had our lunch with the senior school in the main dining hall. That was a colossal room. It held hundreds of pupils. It was odd, very noisy and busy, but the food was good from what I can remember.
56. My brother boarded for a time during his last year at Fettes. He would have been thirteen and he was in Carrington house. I think my father initially made [REDACTED] a weekly boarder, staying there Monday to Friday and coming home at weekends. At that point me and my brother were starting to go our separate ways. I now know why. Because we were both being abused. We started to fight, but we never spoke to each other about the abuse.

57. In relation to our behaviour, I think we were average, normal boys of that age and acted accordingly. I think my brother came out of Fettes as an extrovert and I came out an extreme introvert. My brother became very bullish, loud and brash. I shied away from everybody and everything. There was no prefect system in the junior school.

### **Abuse at Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

58. We started the academic classes on the Monday after our introduction on the Saturday. In the first week I came across Mr Wares. He hit the ground running. It started off with violence. Hair pulling, nipping and shoving and pushing boys. He taught rugby, which was a real downer, Latin and I think I got him for maths. I think I got him for another subject as well, because I remember doing a geography project and it was for him. I remember being up until four in the morning still doing it, terrified that it wasn't good enough. So I had him pretty much every day of the week throughout my whole time at Fettes.
59. The first time he was violent towards me was in my first week. He pulled my hair. It might have been towards the end of the first week. It became apparent that this wasn't going to be a one off. It was in the classroom. He done it to other boys too, it wasn't just me. I was one of the first ones that he showed violent tendencies towards and I saw him do it to a couple of other boys. It just developed from there.
60. It developed really quite rapidly. It became more violent and then the sexual side started kicking in. By the end of the first term I didn't want to go there anymore. It was just horrendous. The initial feeling that we had, my classmates and I, was that we would tell SNR ██████████, Mr FTG ██████████. We didn't talk about what he done to us in detail, just that we had to do something about him.
61. It was early on when I went to see SNR ██████████. I remember I was late that morning. I was late because I didn't want to come in to school at all. Mr FTG ██████████ was in the cloakroom. I was in tears because I knew I had Mr Wares in the first class and I was late, so I was going to get a hammering. I thought I would take the opportunity to

tell him. He took me through to his office and I said, "Mr Wares is doing bad things. He's a violent man". I remember Mr **FTG** didn't question me or ask me to elaborate on what I said. I got the impression that he knew. His exact words were, "I'm sorry **ISV**, my hands are tied. There's nothing I can do". I was a nine- or ten-year-old boy reaching out and was told that. I had to go back to the class and I got my hair ripped out. I got the impression it was someone else's decision to do anything about Mr Wares, so he couldn't do anything about it without the say so of the powers that be. I don't know who his boss was, but found out later it was Anthony Chenevix-Trench. I knew then that nothing was going to change at that school.

62. It was shortly after that, and we are talking early on, in the first term and we all knew how this was developing, and it was developing really fast for all of us. When you had done homework he would get you up to the front of the class with your jotter. He would put his hand up your shorts and nip your buttocks and the inside of your thigh, which is really sensitive, really painful. The one thing that always stood out to me was that he would grind his teeth and you would hear it because he would pull you in close to him and nip your thighs. This was generally when he was marking your homework.
63. We had been attending our classes for maybe eight weeks and it was time to test our knowledge. That's when it all went crazy, when you had an in-class test and you were getting the results. This was a bit later, about the end of the first term to the beginning of second term when we had more tests coming through. This is when he got really sexually violent. When you got a bad mark, especially for me with maths, I was just a target anyway because I couldn't do it, the nipping of your thighs and your buttocks took second, he would grab you by the testicles and squeeze and squeeze until you were almost dropping. I remember after one of these occasions I was scared to go to the toilet because I thought I would pee blood. The pain was excruciating, but he loved it and the more he saw the sheer pain on your face, the more he did it. This was in front of the whole class. He didn't do it to all of the class, just some of us. I got the impression he preferred doing it to taller guys. I was tall, I'd reached my full height by the time I was twelve. He didn't seem to sexually attack the smaller boys so much.

64. During the second term the sexual side of things kicked in more. It was the police that informed me later in life, I had never heard of this term, that I had endured digital rape. Usually it would happen after bad marks in tests, he would digitally rape me and this was consistent and thereon throughout my tenure at the school. Every day that I attended, and I tried to be off as much as I could. I was in a terrible position because I didn't want to let my parents down as they were paying a lot of money for me being there, so I did go. And it was consistent, every week. I was digitally raped and my testicles were squeezed.
65. The sexual abuse happened in the classroom and the corridors. He would catch you in the corridor when he was doing lunch duties, but it was mainly in the classroom. Looking back on it now, I think he enjoyed an audience. He liked it when people were watching. It was weird because when it first started happening there were nervous giggles, but we didn't understand what it was or where this was going. After four weeks there was no sniggering and no giggling. It was just terror because everybody thought, 'It's me next'.
66. When he pulled your hair out, it would be ripped right out your head. I saw him rip out clumps of hair from other boys too. Sometimes I would get a lift home from the family friend that took us in the morning, so I would be in the school waiting and I would hear the cleaners talking to each other. They would pass comments like, "This school is more like a hairdressers than a school". They couldn't understand all the hair lying on the floor.
67. One time Ian Wares almost took things too far with another boy. He lifted him right off the ground by the hair and it gave. He looked shocked and the guy had a bald patch on his head. The boy was screaming and he ran off. As to whether he told his parents, I don't think so. I don't think any of us did. I can't remember the boy's name. It was during lunch time and he was the year below me.
68. My best friend was [REDACTED]. He was an incredibly tall boy. By the age of twelve he was six foot three inches. He got hammered a lot. I felt really bad for him. I was sitting in class one day and a boy called [REDACTED] was sitting next to me. He

was quite an unruly boy and a tough guy. He was talking to someone a few seats along from me and Ian Wares swung around and threw the blackboard duster and it came at us like a bullet. It caught [REDACTED] on the eyebrow and it split it open. It was bleeding. An ambulance was called. I never saw the police. Ian Wares disappeared for a while after that. It felt like he was gone a long time. The whole atmosphere of the school changed. It was a nice place to be. Nobody spoke about it. We were never told anything, never updated.

69. A Mr <sup>EXM</sup> [REDACTED] Wares [REDACTED]. We never got any warning but at some point he came back. On his return he was probably the man he should have been all along. He was remarkably polite, considerate and caring, but it didn't last long. I think this was in my second year there. He couldn't contain that beast within him. It didn't take him long to get back to his old ways of being horrible, ripping hair and nipping.
70. Quite a few of our teachers were from the main school. Mrs Orchard taught history. She sticks out for me, but her hands were also tied. She knew what was going on but there was nothing she could do. She walked in once and caught him red-handed. He had one of the pupils by the hair and she said, "What the hell do you think you're doing?". He let go and they both left the room. There were words exchanged outside, then he came back into the class. This was before Mr Wares took his leave of absence.
71. One lunch time my brother was doing homework at a desk. I was just walking past the door of form three and there was my brother getting shaken like a rag doll by Wares. [REDACTED] was a big guy, and quite heavy, he was in the front row of the rugby team. He was short but stocky. I burst into tears and had to run, seeing my brother like that, getting that treatment, shaken and his head being banged off the desk two or three times. That image will never leave me. It broke my heart. It changed my view on humanity as a whole. Nothing made sense. It was bad enough seeing your classmates, your colleagues getting it, but when I saw my brother getting it, who's older than me, and generally the one who protected me, that all flew out the window. I was on my own and the world was a much scarier place.

72. On the rugby field he used to have a heavy string on his whistle and he would whip you around the back of your legs and that really stung. It was a good opportunity for him to show his macho masculinity. He could throw his weight around. He would tackle you like a Scotland first fifteen and totally knock the wind out of you. He was about five foot eleven inches tall and very muscular. He was solid. I had started enjoying rugby and I didn't get him all the time. Sometimes it would be Mr FTG and he would referee the match. Those games were great. My brother was in the first fifteen for the junior school and I was in the second fifteen. We would travel away to Gordonstoun and Merchiston, schools like that. I eventually stopped going because Wares appeared to be there more. I still had to go when we got rugby during term time and he got more violent towards me because I wouldn't play for the team. It didn't matter if you were six or sixteen, he would have still come at you. Nothing deterred him, he was fearless.
73. Ian Wares called me a 'nigger' a few times while I was at Fettes. He whispered it in my ear in the classroom. He said I didn't belong at that school because people of my colour don't have the intelligence and social status for that kind of school. He never called me it out loud, always quietly in my ear.
74. I never spoke to anyone and I never went to a doctor, but at times my testicles were twice the size they should have been. My brother and I never spoke of the abuse that we both suffered. My parents would have seen things but we wouldn't tell and they couldn't fathom things out. They might have had an idea that bad things were happening because they knew it was something to do with school, but I don't know if they thought it was maybe bullying by another pupil or whatever.
75. When I look back, one thing I questioned about myself, with him touching me that way, I questioned my sexuality. I didn't know whether that was normal, being touched by a man that way. Time took care of that, and circumstances I suppose. Girls started to appear and that's the route that I took. Looking back though, I don't know. Back then homosexuality was taboo. It wasn't accepted at all, but I could have stepped that way as a result of his actions.

76. I bunked off school a few times. It affected my entire schooling. I gave up because I couldn't do it. I think the only subject I excelled in was English because it came naturally to me. I didn't have to learn it, I had an affinity with it. It's a shame because I never used that English skill to write down what happened to me. I probably could have described it very well, but it was a no-go area. Education dwindled away for me. It was never going to be an important part of my life. Getting A grades and impressing my mum and dad was never going to happen. All of it I put down to what happened with Wares, the violence and the sexual violence.

### **Reporting abuse**

77. My mum died at the age of forty-nine, when I was nineteen. She died of alcoholism. I think she started drinking when we went to Clifton Hall. It broke her heart. I think if I told her what happened at Fettes she would have died younger. I had tried to tell the headmaster but he said there was nothing he could do.
78. I wasn't the only one who tried to put forward a complaint. I can't remember his name, but a boy told his parents and they came into the school. I remember seeing them there. So they put a complaint in about Mr Wares, but I guess it was swept under the carpet. Nothing was done and that boy left the school. I don't know what the outcome of the parent's complaint was. He was the year above me.

### **Leaving Fettes College, Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh**

79. Secondary Institutions - to be published later  
Secondary Institutions - to be published later I think overall at Fettes my academic record dropped radically.
80. I think concerns were raised by my parents but nothing was done about it, and nothing could be done, as Mr FTG told me. I think the school was in a very awkward position because they couldn't explain why my grades were going down, but I think they knew. I think that's why my parents eventually pulled us from the school, well I asked my mum to get me out, although I didn't tell her why. Ultimately it

was my father's decision as he thought he was wasting his money. I was about twelve years old when I left. I think my brother stayed on as a weekly boarder for a bit longer than me, but he didn't have Mr Wares then. He was badly affected and he didn't last long before my father pulled him out of there too. I have no positive memories of my time at Fettes whatsoever.

81. After I was pulled out of Fettes I was meant to attend a state school, Craigmount High School. I didn't go because of what Ian Wares did to me. Specifically because of that. Because I didn't go, social services got involved and that's why I was taken away from the parental home at fourteen and half or fifteen years of age.
82. I went to Craigmount on the odd days, here and there. After coming out of Fettes, I found the education system abhorrent. I found it extremely hard to be around teachers and just being in that environment. I think the school must have contacted the social services because I was bunking off a lot and as a result they got involved. The bad thing was my younger sister was very small and my mum was drinking heavily and social services didn't concentrate on my mother's drinking. They were more concerned with getting me out of the family home, as I was regarded as extremely vulnerable. They put me in Ponton House Children's Home.
83. Mr Tripney was the social worker. I don't remember speaking to him a lot. I might have mentioned abuse to him, but I don't recall it. He would come round to the house, take me away for a coffee and chat about the home situation. I remember being very tearful at the time. I guess what he saw was what he based his actions on. So I was very weepy and he thought it would be best for me to reside in Ponton House and go to school from there. The idea was that I would still attend Craigmount from there, but I didn't for that whole year, and there was nobody at Ponton House to make me go.

#### **Ponton House Children's Home, Magdala Crescent, Edinburgh**

84. Going to Ponton House didn't work. It didn't serve me well. It was quite a rough place. I think I got about a week's notice before I went there, it was very quick. I was

made a ward of the state, so the social work had control over my welfare. My parents were horrified. They must have had their own opinions of how this happened.

85. My mum was drinking a lot, they were in a bad place, my father had closed his surgeries in Edinburgh and Fife and they were in transition. My father pretty much lost everything. That's how they ended up in Aberdeen. My father had made a trip to Mauritius. My parents and my grandparents were quite wealthy, and they owned quite a lot of land in Mauritius. Both sides, my father's and my mother's. So my father had gone over to sell property, my mums especially. It involved seven sugar cane factories and swathes of sugar cane land. Mauritius being the place that it is, the lawyers got my dad round and he signed for the sale but he missed out about four zeros'. He had lost millions and he came back a broken man. He lost everything over here as well as a result. The family was in a mess.
86. Ponton House was the home for some unfortunate boys. Some quite vulnerable boys and some that were just bad, stealing cars, joyriding, breaking into houses, things like that. I was asked to go along, but said it wasn't my cup of tea. It was all boys, aged between thirteen and eighteen. There were about twenty there in total. The food was minimal there, but enough to survive.
87. The staff there were young men, social work staff. They were lovely guys. I remember while I was there they got a new guy in. His name was John, he was in his early twenties, tall and slim. He said to me, "ISV what the hell are you doing in a place like this? This place isn't for you". I remember his comments and wondered, how did I end up there. It stuck out to me. They really didn't have much to offer in terms of support. I think the basis of it was preparing you for adulthood and independent living, but a lot of the guys weren't job hunting, they were doing other things.

### *Survival*

88. I had to fight a bit to survive there. There was one boy in there, he was a bit smaller than me, and when I was playing pool one day I drew my cue back and it went close

to his face but didn't hit him. He kicked the legs away from me then hit me over the back with a pool cue. I told him I was sorry, but he started picking on me a bit after that. He called me a 'nigger'. I can't remember his name. He came at me another couple of times and on one occasion I managed to get him in a strangle hold and I kept hold of him until he realised he had to give up. Other people saw this and they left me alone. You had to stand your ground otherwise you would get knocked over. I find it confusing as to the purpose of the place. It seemed to me that you were putting a group of young guys together to teach each other how to do bad things.

89. I didn't really go to school at all while I was there. I just wandered around town to pass the time until my sixteenth birthday. It was a year of nothingness in my life really. The year at Ponton House marked the period of my life in Edinburgh. I couldn't wait to get out and on my sixteenth birthday I left there. My mum and dad came down from Aberdeen and picked me up.

#### **Life after boarding school and care**

90. When I moved up to Aberdeen there was [REDACTED], myself, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] with my mum and dad in the house. They had got a house out in Cults in Aberdeen. Dad enrolled me for Cults Academy. Although I was sixteen he was determined that I got some sort of education. He was determined that I became a dentist really. I hadn't even sat 'O' Grades or anything like that.
91. It was great, a new start, new city, everything new. I was out of Ponton House, I was with my family again. By this time my mum was suffering through her drinking. She was becoming ill.
92. I went to Cults, probably for the first term and then the old feelings came back, teachers and bad things. As a result I stopped going to school. A teacher from the school used to come and pick me up, Mr Wood, and that failed. So my education fell through. My father was really starting to lose his patience with me in terms of not attending school. Incidentally my brother [REDACTED] went to college and studied computing. He did very well, it suited him and he excelled in it. So he had found his niche in life.

He knew what he wanted to do, although dad always wanted him to be a dentist as well.

93. I stopped going to school and my dad would try to encourage me, as a result I spent a lot of time going to the dental surgery with him. He trained me to be a dental assistant. I was generally helping him out around the practice. It was ok, I found it interesting. I knew why my father was doing it, but I couldn't see myself doing it because I would never be able to attain the grades to get into university. It's probably the most peaceful time I had with my father because I was learning his trade.
94. When I was seventeen I met a girl called [REDACTED], who had moved up from England to our neighbourhood. That was me, I went my own way. Things were just muddling along and then her mother committed suicide very suddenly. She overdosed [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. That pushed me and [REDACTED] together. She asked me to marry her and I thought, why not. So we were married. I was eighteen years old. Shortly after that my mum died.
95. I got a job working for Oddbins and moved into a bedsit with [REDACTED]. I guess we weren't for each other and it didn't last long. She asked me to leave. I think looking back now it was because I didn't show any affection or love. I didn't show anything really. So the marriage failed miserably. There was no screaming and shouting, we both realised we didn't love each other. That was in less than a year.
96. I had numerous other jobs but couldn't hold on to any of them. I must have lost the place where I'd been living and I moved back in with my dad just briefly. Of course, he had no time for me then. I remember dad and I going down to visit my brother [REDACTED] who was at Dundee University doing Dentistry. My dad left me to go back to Aberdeen on his own and I ended up going back down to Edinburgh again. I think this was around 1986 or '87.
97. I thought I'd have another go at education, so I went to college in Edinburgh, doing maths, physics and English. It didn't last, but I met a girl at the college and she also asked me to marry her. So I did. The same thing happened, I didn't show my love for

her and that went pear shaped and failed miserably. That flew out of the window after about a year and I ended up back in Aberdeen again. Once again I had jobs here and there and didn't hold them down.

98. When I was twenty-eight or twenty-nine I thought I'd have one last go at college. I went to Aberdeen college and did an ONC in Engineering, but I separately did maths from the beginning. I had a fantastic maths teacher, she took me from one plus one up to engineering calculus. What a revelation that was for me. So I did that and the ONC as well as the HNC then went on to Robert Gordon University and got my degree in 1999.
99. My dad had been in Mauritius and I then looked after him when he returned. He had a quadruple by-pass. That was for eighteen years. It was a challenge. The first ten years were the hardest because he despised me for not being successful and not becoming a dentist, but the last eight years we were inseparable as friends. It was a bizarre thing because I never thought things would end up that way.
100. The year before he died, in 2015, I told my dad what had happened to me at Fettes. He was angry, very angry at me and at Ian Wares. I told him that if I had said to him at the time that Ian Wares was abusing me he would have said that was a hell of an excuse for not achieving at school, so I knew I couldn't tell him. My dad died in [REDACTED] 2016. So he knew before he passed. It brought us much closer than I ever thought we could be. I just wish I could have had my understanding father of 2015 in 1975. He had a look that said, 'Now I know why you didn't fulfil my dreams', because he had built his practices for his kids to take over from him. If he hadn't retired when my mum died he would have got his OBE because his services to dentistry in the Lothians and Fife was so prolific. He was one year short. He had a patient base of just short of a million. He employed fourteen dentists. I would have loved to have honoured him, but it was never going to be.
101. I think there was about two years left on the mortgage when my father passed away and he left me the flat because my brothers and sister had very little to do with his care over those eighteen years. They didn't question his will. I had to pay the

mortgage and I got a job at Aberdeen airport and I've been there ever since. This is the longest that I have ever held a job. I do enjoy it. The company is based in Inverness and they run the company like a family. I think I will stay here for as long as I work because they believed in me. They saw my potential, so I would like to serve them well. I do my best.

### **Impact**

102. The abuse from Ian Wares ruined my childhood profoundly. I didn't enjoy growing up. It wasn't a pleasurable experience. Growing up for me was a challenge of how to react, how to function. It was a struggle. School to me was an abhorrent place after Ian Wares.
103. Here I am at the age of sixty, alone. These schools have not only professionally affected me, domestically and every other aspect of my life has been affected. I link the damage caused to me as responsible for not being able to show emotions in relationships. I find it difficult to express love, I find it difficult to be physical, hugging people and things like that. It shows, people notice. So it has affected every aspect of my life. I lead a rather solitary life, as I have all my life. I always wondered if I'd been given the chance to become a father, what kind of father would I have made. That I will never know.
104. I have flashbacks and nightmares about the abuse, more so since going to the police which brought it all back. I am on a list for counselling, I am just waiting to hear. As to whether it helps or not, time will tell. I haven't had any counselling in the past. I believe I've probably been depressed for most of my life without even realising it. It's just me thinking that this is the way life is. I haven't mixed in big circles of friends. I've cried every week of my life on my own. I still do and always will. Not with self-pity, more disappointment really. This life never suited me. I'm on thirty milligrams of Mirtazapine now.
105. Between myself and my brother, when we came out of that school we came out fighting. We fought a lot and I guess it was a private fight. My family never knew. My

brother and I were always very close at one time. But after both of us were subjected to Ian Wares that all flew out of the window. I've always felt like I've kept this dirty secret from my family and didn't tell any of them. I've told them now, what's left of my family. I carried around a guilt, I had this thing going on in my head that I couldn't share with them. My sisters knew something was wrong, but I never told them.

106. It's had a major impact on my self-esteem. I never felt worthy, going through all the jobs I've had and not being able to function normally. It's like hopping from one disaster to another. That's the way my life has felt to me. I've been carrying a burden and I always will. If I was asked if I could live again what would I change, I would say I don't want to come back for the fear of this happening again. Once is more than enough.

### **Treatment/support**

107. My brother [REDACTED]'s passing pushed me over the edge, so I am on anti-depressants now. I think they are helping. I haven't had any support. I have an old friend called [REDACTED]. She has been a friend for over twenty years and been a tower of strength. I've told her about the abuse. I have told my bosses and they have been incredibly supportive.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

108. After my father died, other people were popping up and it was in the media about Fettes and there were allegations. It was mainly the Daily Mail, and I started seeing these snippets. I thought it couldn't be who I thought it was, but as the reports came in from the papers more frequently I felt it must be about Ian Wares. About three years ago, around Christmas time, I called the police and they sent an officer round. The opening question from the officer was asking me if I could name the man that abused me. I told him that it was a Mr Wares and he told me that it was the same name that he had. My heart sank, it could have been Mr Chenevix-Trench, it could have been someone else, but it wasn't.

109. Another appointment was made for me to give a statement. The officer was quite understanding but it was very detailed. It was quite brutal in many ways. I spoke to them over two appointments for around ten hours in total. It was the first time I'd gone into that level of detail about the abuse I suffered. I hadn't really told my father too much detail, just enough for him to get the picture. After giving my statement I was hurt. It really affected me. It took its toll.
110. I've had a number of letters from the Crown Office. They are all very disappointing and say the same thing, they are no further forward, delay after delay. I think Wares is due in court in October, but he has tried to delay that one too. The last letter from the Crown Office said not to be surprised if it gets delayed again.
111. After I had spoken to the police I contacted Thompson's solicitors. It was the police that said I should think about it. I gave a statement to them and that ball has been batted back and forward and last month they informed me that the school's insurers have offered me £80,000. I have declined this offer. I think Thompson's get in touch with an employment specialist and I'll have to give a statement to them and then they re-present it to the insurers, an assignation of what I've lost in earnings as a result of the school's damage against me.

## **Records**

112. I did get school reports from Fettes, but we had a house fire and everything from Fettes was destroyed or else I would have had them here. I remember reading them, they were little booklets tied with a bit of string. Long, rectangular booklets, very ornate. It had a pages with each of your subjects and the teachers comments for those subjects and your overall mark. I do remember Ian Wares writing, not for maths because I was useless at that, I always bombed out, I think it was for Latin or something, "If **ISV** would only come out of his shell he would have so much potential". I remember this and thought, you are the one who put me in my shell. I thought he was trying to send a message to my parents, subliminally. It was horrible reading those reports.

## **Lessons to be Learned**

113. It's hard enough to believe that these schools are like clubs and they have cliques and deal with things their own way. There has to be more vetting and transparency and mandatory reporting. Transparency for all things that go on in these schools. When I told SNR [REDACTED] of what was happening I thought he was going to pick up the phone and call the police. That didn't happen and that surprised me. That's what should have happened. It should be mandatory to hand it over to the appropriate authorities. Not self-diagnose and self-fix. They tried that with this man and it didn't work. I don't think they are qualified to treat paedophiles and violent men. It's outwith their skill set.
114. I think these schools should be monitored. Not just by their board but monitored in a much deeper sense. There were no external inspections of either school when I was there. At the end of one of the school terms, I remember Tony Blair, who was head boy, saying, "Now chaps, let's keep all of this school stuff in the school". He was never abused, he was talking about the drugs and bad behaviour and stuff like that. Sometimes I was wondering if he was talking about Mr Chenevix-Trench and the things he did. So he meant, do not go home and blab to your parents. When you go to one of these institutions it becomes ingrained in your psyche, your thought process.
115. Over the years I have had long bouts of despair and short bouts of anger, then back to despair. That usually coincided with losing jobs. So it will never go away. If I had my way I would close Fettes down. There will be safe places now, but how can you be sure. They are so tight knit, closed and stubborn. They are defiant. That air of superiority they have can be quite intimidating. I don't think Fettes have even acknowledged it, I don't think they believed it happened. It definitely happened.

## **Hopes for the Inquiry**

116. I would like some acknowledgement. I would like people to know that these things happened and the long-term effects of what it can do to your children if they are

subjected to this kind of treatment. I want parents to be aware. Be careful of what you wish for your children. It can be whipped away from you in a second. I will always be contemptuous of these institutions, no matter how well they deliver today, what they did yesterday was just abhorrent. It was disgusting, it was criminal and it was illegal. Even their corporal punishment was brutal. You shouldn't treat any human being like that. Their form of education was through fear. It was all based on fear, and that kept you on the straight and narrow. I guess I will always be looking over my shoulder until the end of days.

**Other information**

- 117. 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... 16/10/23 .....