

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IWL

Support person present: No.

1. My name is IWL. My date of birth is 1968. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. My dad is . He was born up north but lived in Edinburgh or abroad all his adult life. My mum is and her maiden name is . She was born in Leith and has also lived in Edinburgh all her life, apart from when my parents lived abroad. My dad is a retired King's Counsel and he was . My mum didn't work after my dad became . She looked after me and my siblings and supported my dad when he worked abroad.
3. I have a big sister, , who will be sixty next year. went to a school called Lansdowne House School, which eventually closed and was absorbed by St. George's School for girls. I have a brother, IBZ, who is three years older than me. He and I went to the Academy from kindergarten to the end of our schooling. IBZ has given evidence to the Inquiry. My little sister, is now 52. She went to St. George's.
4. We lived in the New Town. My mum and dad bought a flat when they moved to Edinburgh in the 1960s. They actually bought the bits of the house and put it back together again over about forty years. They lived abroad for fourteen years, but they kept the house. They're back there now. We always lived in the same place.

5. My father's aunt was a teacher. She was the headmistress of an independent school in the west of Scotland in the sixties. I think that it was on her advice that we were sent to our respective schools. I think that my dad had thought of sending us away. He had gone to a boarding school in England, which was a rugby, fell-running, outdoors, full on kind of school. As far as I understand it, he completely hated it. Out of some misplaced sense of loyalty, he had us down to go there. Although he was an up and coming QC, he wasn't doing well enough to send us there so thankfully we ended up going to a day school in Edinburgh.

The Edinburgh Academy

6. I was four when I first went through the doors of the Academy in 197█. I left in 198█. It didn't feel to me like a boarding school. Although it was a boarding school, my knowledge of the school was going in and out every day. I had best friends who went to cub scouts with me. They went to Broughton High School. I didn't know that there was any difference in people's perception of the school I went to and their school. I was completely oblivious to all of that.

Routine at the Edinburgh Academy

First day

7. I don't remember sitting any entrance exam. I do remember going into kindergarten on my very first day. We had to wear uniform. There was one class and it was in the front room of the now demolished Denham Green on Park Road. I can remember sitting there, surrounded by all these boys, three or four of whom I saw about two weeks ago. We drew pictures and stuff. There can't have been more than ten in the class at kindergarten. I think it was a one class introductory class. I suspect it was a way of getting kids in to tie them into the Academy.

Junior School – Denham Green, Clark Road

8. The next year we went into Primary 1 and I think there were two or three classes. Already, I think we were sort of streamed academically. That was the class that we stayed in until second year of secondary school. I don't know how they did the streaming. I don't remember sitting a test, but there must have been ongoing checks of marks. I remember very little about my three years at Denham Green. I can remember the school. I remember it almost all glowingly because, to my mind, all we did was run around. I'm sure I sat in classrooms and did stuff as well. I actually found lots of my jotters from that time because I haven't thrown any of them away. They are full of silly poems, spelling books and pictures of me at the zoo or pictures of my mum and dad. I don't remember any incident at all. It was a lovely house with what felt like big grounds. We had a sports day.
9. There was an old lady who was always around, who I think was called Mrs Muir. You would go to her if you scraped your knee or something. I can remember at Halloween, she would run around in the trees with a witch's hat on. Mr Burnet was the headmaster of the junior school. He would come to Denham Green once a week from Arboretum. It was like the president had landed. He was this dark figure in a cape who arrived once a week. I'm not conscious of ever speaking to him. There was a headmistress at Denham Green called Mrs Taylor. She was a classic two piece tweed suit old lady. I just remember lots of lovely old ladies. I don't remember there being any men involved at that school at all.
10. For the first year or first couple of weeks I was dropped off at the school by my parents or someone else's parents, who lived nearby. Very quickly, my mum had us going to school on the bus. At least from the age of six, I was going back and forth to Clark Road on the 23 bus. When we moved to Arboretum in Primary 3, I got the 27 to Ferry Road and walked down.
11. The year I was [REDACTED] kindergarten was the year that the Queen visited the school. She went to the senior school and then she went to Arboretum. Those of us at Denham Green walked or were bused up to Arboretum and we stood outside. I remember this

lady in a lime green coat turning up. We were all there. It was very unusual for us to be at the big school. My pal [REDACTED] was a couple of months younger than me. He was the youngest boy in the school so he had to give the Queen flowers.

12. I have very little recollection of being at Denham Green. When it was sold in 1987, I went back and the janitor let me in. I was able to wander round. I remember marvelling at how low the toilets were and how wee the pitch was. I have almost no other recollection of it and then one year, we got the bus to Arboretum instead.

Junior School – Arboretum Road

13. We moved to Arboretum for Primary 3, 4, 5 and 6. It was always known as the prep, which is odd because prep is usually up until thirteen. I wasn't conscious of there being boarders. There must have been, but I think the numbers were dwindling by that time. I was in the same class with the same group of boys. Occasionally a new boy would turn up from somewhere. We spent two years at the front of the school and two years at the back of the school. I had Mrs Atkinson in Primary 3, Mrs KAG [REDACTED] in Primary 4, Mr Dyer in Primary 5 and Mr Brownlee in Primary 6.
14. I didn't really know anything about people's backgrounds. I knew that two boys in my year were adopted, but I didn't know anything else about anybody. I didn't know where they lived. One of my contemporaries died a few years ago. He was from a profoundly difficult and broken family from day one. This was all happening while we were at school and I had absolutely no idea. He was just a bloke in my class. What happened to people outside of school meant nothing to us. We turned up and went to school and that was it. I became further removed by the age of ten, eleven because I wasn't even going to school on Saturday mornings for rugby.
15. The first two years at Arboretum, with Mrs Atkinson and Mrs KAG [REDACTED], felt like the two years before that at Denham Green. We started to move around a bit. There was a science teacher called Mr Sneddon, who had a great Santa Claus beard. Science seemed to mean things exploding and smoke coming out of things. I don't know what we learned. There was a music teacher called Mr Ditcham, who everyone was very

rude about. I think boys were rude about him because he was musical and artistic. There was a guy called Major Ramsay who taught in the pre-fabs. I don't know whether he was a major. He never talked about what made him a major. We went to different classrooms and we did school plays and stuff. There was nothing remarkable about those first two years.

16. The second two years were different. I was taught by male teachers. I felt a little bit more under scrutiny. We had a gym teacher called Mr IDP [REDACTED]. It never struck us as odd that we ran around in a pair of blue shorts and plimsoles in a freezing gym. We'd go out onto the pitches in the summer and do athletics, which involved running around in roughly the same. He was a bit tough. He had a sort of military bearing. He had a pair of big old army boxing gloves. We were encouraged to spar with them, but I don't remember it being to any great level of violence. My sense was that boys quite enjoyed that because we got to lamp somebody with permission. He had a stick that he would tap the floor with to keep people moving as we did obstacle courses round the gym. Beyond that, I don't have any sense at all of him being anything other than old-fashioned and authoritarian. I didn't feel it to be odd, albeit we did all turn up, strip naked and put our shorts on in the same room. There was no sense of barrier or boundary, but I don't remember him ever being there for that.
17. We had a [REDACTED] teacher called Mr IBL [REDACTED] in Primary 6. He was quite a strange guy. He would take school lunch home because he didn't want to buy his own food. He was a sort of odd, bachelor guy. He died the year we left school. He retired and planned to go to South America, but he [REDACTED]. Some people were very rude about him, but he was one of the few teachers who inspired me about travel and the world. Mr Burnet, the headmaster, taught us religious education. It was basically stories of him climbing the Himalayas. I don't think God came into it much at all.
18. We started to do a bit more sport in the last two years at the junior school. There was squash and there was cricket in the summer. My Primary 5 class master was Mr Dyer and cricket was his love. He was known to be tough. Because we were in the top stream, we also knew that we were getting Mr Brownlee in Primary 6. Until a year ago, I had never thought of Mr Brownlee as anything other than tough. People would say,

"Oh, you're getting Mr Brownlee next year." He had this aura of being a guy who was serious. It wasn't that we were scared that something was going to happen, he just had a reputation for being serious. Those two years were a little bit more disciplinarian. Presumably, it was to prepare you for going up to the senior school.

19. When it comes to Mr Brownlee, I genuinely cannot think of anything that makes me think anything other than he had a reputation for being tough, you didn't want to get on the wrong side of him and that was presumably earned somehow. I always thought of him as a tall, imposing figure. I've subsequently seen him and realised that he wasn't, but you just had this image of him. I do have a vague recollection of something being tapped on desks to get us to repeat things. I'm sure that I was careful of trying to keep on the right side of Mr Brownlee, but I don't have any experience of him that was untoward.

Senior School

20. I moved to the senior school at Henderson Row in 1981 so I was just turning twelve. Maybe they brought us there the year before we started to have a look, but I don't really remember that. Basically we turned up in a different place in long trousers instead of shorts. The core people in my class in Primary 1 were the same people in my class in S1, known as the 'Geits'. Presumably that was to help us with the transition. The routine was pretty standard. I walked to school and I think we had to go to our classroom for registration. Everybody then went to the hall. I can't remember whether that was called prayers or assembly. The whole school still fitted into the hall in those days. The Geits sat at the top. There was a kind of balcony, which didn't have a second entrance. We all came in one by one so the guy at the end had one hundred boys between him and the door. In most cases, the rector led the prayers or assembly. We certainly did hymns. At least once a week, I think a teacher came and made us practice hymns.
21. The rector of the senior school was Laurence Ellis for the entirety of my time at the senior school. I think we saw him as a pretty anonymous and distant figure. He seemed very bookish and a bit shy. Occasionally, he would be replaced at the morning

assembly by the senior master, who I think we would now call the deputy rector. His name was Colin Evans. He was a hard smoking chemistry teacher. He was a much more old school teacher. He wasn't severe, but he was very proper and precise. Normally we'd sing a hymn and then be told about things that were happening that day. We'd then all pile out. I think they played the organ to get us out. At the end, before we went out, if Mr Evans got up to talk to us then we knew that something was wrong. It meant that there was a disciplinary issue, for example damage had been found, cigarettes had been found or vandalism had been found.

22. In the 1980s, there seemed to be an ongoing feud with pupils from Broughton High School. We could come out the back door of the school, go over the bridge across the Water of Leith, go up Rocheid Path and then come up between Inverleith Park and the Botanic Gardens. Either at Rocheid Path or backing onto Inverleith Park there would be a confrontation with Broughton. It was like a kind of historic campaign. One time we'd be up and one time they'd be up. One time, the first XV would have picked on someone from Broughton and they would have got bashed. The next time, a little boy in a blazer with two sports bags would have been dragged off the pavement and thumped. I feared going along there on my own. It was unlit with trees and people got jumped along there. There might be three kids from Broughton waiting for you and we were lit up like a Christmas tree with our blue blazers on. There would often be notices from Mr Evans about some infraction.
23. After that, we went off to our first classroom. We were expected to manage ourselves and know where we were supposed to go. We'd go to history, chemistry, physics or whatever subject we had and that was the day. We had first break, lunch and second break. Latterly, I'd stopped going to school lunch. I'd walk home at lunchtime. I did that for about the last three years of school.
24. On Monday there was Combined Cadet Force (CCF) after school. People generally went to school in their CCF uniform. Presumably at least two days a week people walked to the pitches at Arboretum after school. I can only remember going up to Arboretum occasionally in the summer for athletics. Everybody had to do that, but otherwise I don't really remember that walk much because I didn't play rugby. There

were stories of great battles from that walk, which got to me second hand. I do remember being caught by one of the Ephors once, eating something outside the Botanics. Eating in school uniform was against the rules for some inexplicable reason.

25. In my second year at Henderson Row, we were streamed into sets for different subjects. I dropped like a stone to set 3 maths, physics and French. My former classmates all stayed in the top sets. They were the guys who became senior Ephors and went off to Oxford and Cambridge. They were naturally a high performing group of people.
26. Suddenly, my world was blown apart in S2. I can remember sitting in classes with people who I must have been in school with for four or five years, but I had never spoken to them. I just didn't know these people at all. It was quite a strange experience. I began to struggle academically, which coincided with the bullying I experienced in the thirds and fourths. I then managed to claw myself back into the top set for a couple of subjects. I can remember being really determined to stay there. My O-grade results were rubbish. My Highers were pretty rubbish as well. I had to beg to be allowed to stay on for the sixth form to do A-levels. Some people left after doing their Highers, but you could stay on for sixth form and do A-levels. Those who were bright enough stayed on to do A-levels and those were the people who went on to Oxford and Cambridge.
27. A lot of my pals were staying on to do A-levels so I wanted to be in that group. I enjoyed history and I enjoyed English, but I think a lot of it was that I wanted to be there and I didn't know what I wanted to do when I left anyway. I got just enough in my A-levels to get into university. I was hanging on for dear life, but it was a different world. A lot of kids left at the end of sixth, which was the equivalent of S5. Others had wandered off or been expelled. The school made me sit Highers as well as A-levels as a kind of safety net.
28. In my last year, I got 2 As and a B in my Highers and 2 Bs and a C in my A-levels. That was enough to get me into St. Andrew's University. I did have a target which I needed to achieve. I needed a B and 2 Cs in my A-levels so I actually exceeded what

I needed, but it was by no means a certainty. I can remember sitting at a table in my house, telling myself that I really needed to spend this month doing this work. I didn't really get any guidance from the school. I think they impressed on me the importance of not messing up and we did prelims, so we had plenty of opportunities to demonstrate our ignorance. On several occasions, they told me and my parents that I wasn't at the right level and it wasn't what they'd recommend for me. That was it. There wasn't any suggestion that I should do a bit more of this or a bit more of that or get a tutor.

29. There was a career's service, but it was some old boy who came and sat in a pre-fab for a day. I think all schools were a bit like that at the time. My big sister was told to be an assistant prison governor. I think they said journalist or lawyer to me. For boys, unless you were a chemist or an engineer, especially in Edinburgh, law went on the list immediately, especially if your dad was a lawyer. I liked writing stories so I think that was why journalist went on the list. An RAF commodore also came to see us. I just liked dressing up and flying planes, but he asked me what my ultimate ambition was. I said I'd like to be an astronaut and he said, "Okay, meeting's over."
30. There wasn't really any sense of being tailored towards your possible future. It was pretty generic. There was the Oxbridge crowd. If you were sitting exams to go to Oxbridge, I think they gave you a bit of assistance. They took us off to Oxford and Cambridge in the fifths and sixths. I remember I went to Oxford and we just got drunk every night. My dad was at the same college in Oxford and I don't think he got drunk once. I got drunk three times in three days. I didn't have a snowball's chance of getting into Oxford, but that was what we all did. There was no connect at all between your academic interests, your academic future and who you would be as an adult.

Knowledge of boarders and boarding houses

31. I didn't know what a boarding school was, but the Academy didn't feel like a boarding school to me. We knew that there were boarders. We knew that there were boarding houses and we knew where they were. In the school, there were divisions or houses for sport and things. There were three and then an extra one called 'Houses'. All the

boarders went into Houses. We knew that a lot of the teachers we knew were tutors in the boarding houses.

32. When I was in my teens, the father of one of my good friends was a teacher at the school. There were no girls until the final years of the school, but we did have a couple of friends who went to St. George's. It was one of them who had a father who taught at the Academy. He was a housemaster in one of the houses on Kinnear Road. It might have been Mackenzie House, but I'm not certain. I went to pick her up to go to the cinema a couple of times. I sat there and had a cup of tea. I'm not conscious that I ever set foot in a boarding house until I visited that friend because she was staying there as a teenager. I'm pretty certain I never set foot in the dormitories or anything like that.
33. I think the boarders were slightly different than the day pupils in that probably half of them were overseas students. We were a white, male, Scottish school. In my year, there were a couple of kids from Nigeria and one from Alaska or somewhere exotic. There were some Scottish kids who, for one reason or another, had ended up at the boarding house. That was about all we knew about them. As a proportion of pupils, it was tiny. I think my year had about eighty pupils in it. Off the top of my head, I could only name about ten boarders in my year at senior school. At least one person from my year gave evidence to the Inquiry. I'm not sure I even knew that he was a boarding student. I wouldn't have known about the life he led when he was at school with me. At junior school, I had no concept of people being boarders at all.
34. I don't think I was differentiated from the boarders by teachers. I don't think they were treated differently by teachers. I wasn't even aware that at least one person in my year was a boarder. I think the overseas people were instinctively treated slightly differently because they were different. There were two African kids in my year. They were the only black people that I knew, full stop. Inevitably, it would have felt different for them. I don't remember that being because they were boarders but just because they were different. They were also put in the division called 'Houses'. Where the boarders went at the weekends and at night just didn't register with me. I should say that I wasn't a sociable kid until the last two years of school. I didn't run around town with kids much.

I wouldn't really have known what people were doing at the weekends and in the evenings.

35. There was probably about a quarter to a third of school life that pretty much passed me by. A lot of people would wander up the road to the playing fields and people would go home. I knew that people would have their tea in the boarding houses and they all did stuff at the weekends. I knew that they were let out and they all went and got drunk somewhere. I knew that world existed, but it was pretty much alien to me. By the time I left school, I think there were only a couple of dozen people in the boarding houses. The junior boarding house had long since stopped. It didn't really impinge on me and I think it impinged less and less because there were fewer of them.

Sport

36. We were allocated houses, called divisions. I think the basic purpose was to create a bit of in-school competition and give you a sense of loyalty. I was in Kinross house because my brother was in Kinross house. It turns out that my brother was in Kinross because my dad's cousins had been at the Academy in the 1950s and they had been in Kinross. It doesn't surprise me at all to know that somebody at the Academy was basically employed to keep a track of who went where forty years ago. Kinross was pretty much always rubbish. Kinross was red, Cockburn was blue, Carmichael was green and Houses was yellow.
37. It was mainly for sports. On sports day, the relay races were always done by division and you got points. Now, I think they have music competitions and spelling bees and that kind of thing. I think there was a board in the hall with the four houses and their points on it. There was a kind of dynastic element to it. There would be certain boys who were fourth or fifth generation at the school. If they happened to have a sporty dad, there was an inbuilt genetic predisposition that one house would always do better than the others. It was a fairly benign thing and just a way of creating a bit of competition.

38. I wasn't sporty. The sports I did were all solitary sports. I think I played my last game of rugby for the school in 1971 or 1972. I must have been ten or eleven. I remember I got sent off because I was being disrespectful. I was being disrespectful by notching the tries that the other team scored in snowballs on the posts. That tells you everything you need to know about the conditions in which we were playing rugby. Nobody had ever taught me what rugby was. My father was a bookish lawyer. I'm not sure that he'd set foot on a rugby pitch since he'd been at school in the thirties. I think a lot of kids went to watch rugby at Raeburn Place or Murrayfield. Although I went to Murrayfield latterly, nobody explained rugby to me in the seventies. I didn't know what I was there to do. I thought that full back was basically goalie and you stood between the posts and tried to stop them. That's what I did but I obviously failed.
39. Because I was said to be showing cheek, I got sent off. It was a moment of very mature clarity for me. It meant that I went into the changing rooms, which were empty. There was still hot water and there wasn't mud all over the floor. I had a shower on my own. There was no malicious element to the communal showers at all, but it was just uncomfortable having a shower with lots of other people. I got to go home half an hour early. It was perfect in every single way. That was literally the last time that I set foot on a rugby pitch. All through senior school, I didn't have that collegiality after school or on Saturday mornings.
40. Sport was just there. In my experience it wasn't overt, it was just part of the world. I don't think anybody really thought about it much at junior school. You played rugby because you did gym and you did maths. It was just one of the things you did. You put on a stripy top, you ran outside and you froze. If you were unlucky, you got hit by a big boy. You then went home and that was it. There wasn't really any question that you played sport at junior school. I can't remember there ever being an element of improvement or reprimand at junior school. It was probably too early to say whether someone was good at it. There were a couple of big kids so they would be given the ball and they'd just sort of trundle along the pitch. I don't think there was any attempt to recognise skill or quality at that stage. I don't think anybody really questioned it.

41. I had something wrong with my heel, a bone spur or something. It meant that I didn't go back to rugby. I just stuck on that for three or four years. After that, the gym teacher at the senior school, Mr IBU [REDACTED], had given up on me. I was a shirker. If I wasn't interested then he wasn't interested. I hadn't played rugby in my early teens so there was never any question of going back to it. I don't know what it was like for the slightly rubbish rugby players, like I would have been, because I wasn't in that world.
42. I had a kind of fallow period in the middle of school when I didn't really hang about with anybody. In the last two or three years of school, I fell back in with the kids who I'd almost started school with, before we were put into sets. When we were put into sets, I dropped like a stone. Before that, we had all been in the same class all the way through. I had a group of pals who became my pals again at fifteen, sixteen and are still my pals now. They were the head boy, the dux of the school, the captain of the first XV, the captain of the first XI, the Pipe Major, the heads of all the houses. It was sickening. I was [REDACTED] shooting team, for which there must have been a competition of maybe about two people. It was a sport which involved lying down in a dark room for half an hour. I never had any sense of the sport thing at all.
43. I don't think we were told that sport was important, it just always was. Part of the rector's speech at the end of the year would be about sporting excellence. He would speak about the cricket team, the rugby team and a few individuals. We had [REDACTED] in our year, who was the British Senior [REDACTED] by the time we finished in 198[REDACTED]. I don't remember there being any brilliant rugby players in our year. I think our year was one of the down years. A couple of years before, they'd had an unbeaten first XV. Our year was not like that at all. There was nobody I could see who had aspirations to play rugby more, but we would see [REDACTED] on the telly. That was my only understanding of what sporting excellence looked like. There were lots of names of people from the school who had ended up playing rugby for Scotland, but I didn't have any sense of elite sport at all.
44. As far as top sports people being treated differently at the school, it was only in the sense that the top kids were the top kids. The head boy or head Ephor was one of the cleverest guys and captain of the second XV and the second XI. The senior Ephors,

his kind of coterie, were [REDACTED] because he was a big name for the school, the captain of the first XI, the captain of the first XV, the Pipe Major. All of them had some kind of sporting role as well. It was inextricably linked to your identity at the school.

45. I don't know whether there were people having conversations on rugby pitches, saying, "You're rubbish, you need to try more, you need to run faster, you need to eat more," and that kind of thing. There probably were, but I had completely switched off to that. It says something about the regime, but I suspect it would have been exactly the same at other independent schools, such as Heriots, Stewarts Melville, Watsons or wherever. If I wasn't interested, they weren't interested in me. There was no question of them wondering whether I was good at something else. You did rugby in the winter and cricket in the summer.
46. I was rubbish at cricket. We were put on the small pitch at Raeburn Place. All we did was spend half an hour trying to hit balls onto cars on the main road. I never had that sense of camaraderie of being in a team. I subsequently realised that I missed that and saw that could be fun, but there was no other sport that you could go and do. I had the problem with my heel so I didn't go back to rugby. For a couple of years in the junior school, I sat in a room and did my prep with Mr Brownlee while everyone else did rugby. I then went to Glenogle Baths for two years because they couldn't think of anything else to do with me. They were damned if I was going to go home early.
47. When girls started in the sixth form, it was like a bizarre social experiment. They dropped six girls into a boys' school for their last year of school. Those who hadn't had sisters or girlfriends just weren't wired for that at all. They didn't know what to do with them but they couldn't allow them not to follow the rules like everybody else so they were sent to Glenogle to swim. There were seven of us, six girls and me, going up and down. If I think about it now, it should have been the best days of my life but that's not how my mind worked at that time.
48. I did fencing once, which was another useless sport. Nobody taught us how to fence so there was no sense of improvement. The one thing I ended up being quite good at was cross country running. It was in the last couple of years of school because I started

running on my own. I didn't contribute to my division in any other way, apart from shooting, so I thought I'd run in the cross country. I came [REDACTED] for my division and [REDACTED] overall in the open cross country. I remember coming back over New Field ahead of all the sprinters, hurdlers and rugby players. I'm paraphrasing, but I can remember Mr [REDACTED] saying something like, "Bloody hell, [REDACTED], I didn't know you could run." He'd never asked and I'd never offered to demonstrate.

Combined Cadet Force (CCF)

49. I think that CCF was compulsory for the first two years. There was the RAF, the Navy, the Army and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (REME). They had an old Landrover that sat at the back of the school for REME. People would screw bits off it and screw them back on again. I did that for a couple of weeks and discovered that I wasn't mechanically minded so I went back to the RAF. Most of the CCF involved marching up and down a lot for the first couple of years. The Navy boys then went off to Port Edgar and sailed dinghies. As far as I could see, the Army boys did a lot of marching and a lot of going up hills. They also did a bit of range shooting and went off to camps at places like Catterick.
50. In the RAF, we had books which were literally post World War 2 books about how planes worked. It was more or less how to fly a Spitfire. We'd sit in class and they'd explain the principles of flight and the jet engine. We'd then go out to Turnhouse and they had two little chipmunk planes. Some guy would come out and explain to us what happened. They'd strap an old parachute underneath your bum, which was basically your cushion. You'd climb into this little tin plane and then off you'd go, fifteen year olds. It was insane that they let us do it.
51. I stayed on for two more years in the RAF. I think it was a bit like Scouts and a bit like shooting. I suddenly found other things to do because I'd never been involved in other things. Latterly, I got the sense that it was quite nice to have other things to do. I would be the one who took junior boys out to Turnhouse. I would go with them on the minibus. I'd be drinking coffee and an old pilot would come out and asked me what I was doing. I told him that I was just supervising and he said we should go for a flight. We'd literally

go and muck around in a plane. I've seen Hillend Ski Centre from above, on a loop-the-loop. We used to go over the Forth Bridges. He used to ask me where my mum and dad lived and we'd go over the house. That was fun. There was a bit of discipline in the cadets, but the RAF was not considered to be a terrifying, militaristic operation in our day. To be honest, I think it was seen as being the soft one.

52. We used to go on camps. There'd be maybe one teacher with about twenty kids. We stayed on military bases. It didn't feel odd or weird or particularly disciplinarian. On the RAF camps, we'd go to places and fly planes. I flew over Portsmouth harbour in a Sea King. It was fun and it got you out with a different group of people. We'd go away on these camps for four, five, six, seven days. We went to one in Wiltshire where they had us up on planes with the back open. We'd take our hats off and throw them out. We went round Portsmouth in helicopters. We also went to some barracks down south where we drove armoured personnel carriers. No wonder we enjoyed it.
53. I did a prizegiving at the junior school not so long ago, because of the job I was doing at the time. Somebody at the school had a memory of me as being the only person they knew of who had all three CCF uniforms. I was in the RAF, but you weren't allowed to wear RAF kit for big shooting competitions. I had an Army uniform for shooting competitions. When I went to Portsmouth for a Navy fleet air armed camp, they gave me a Navy uniform. There was a store in one of the classrooms. It just had boots, combat jackets and hats. There was a sergeant major who ran the whole thing and would give you the kit you needed. I had a whole range of kit. I think that was part of me attaching myself to stuff. I was discovering the joys of being part of a gang or a team of some description.

Trips and holidays

54. As well as CCF camps, we went to Blair House up in Glen Doll. We'd go at least once a year and spend a week there. We'd walk up hills in bad weather and probably do geography field trips. They kept us moving at school.

Leisure time

55. In addition to sport and CCF, there was music and choirs and that kind of thing at the school. If you'd wanted to, you could have been kept busy. For two years, I pretty much absented myself from everything.

Peers

56. When I think of the playground in the later years of the junior school, most days what was said would have been actionable now. It was pretty misogynist, pretty homophobic, probably anti-Semitic and certainly racist. I'm pretty sure that most of what we considered to be a joke was probably unprintable. In that respect, I don't feel that the school regime was different than life. As an example, when I left school in 1981, having been at a boys' school all my life, I didn't know a single person who professed to, who we thought was or who was openly gay. This was a school with eighty boys in every year. Clearly, it wasn't the case that nobody was gay but that was the kind of place we were and the time that we were in. It would have been difficult to talk about.
57. At junior school, I had a running battle with another boy in the last year. He was bigger than me, but for some reason I had quite an anger. I do remember grabbing him on one occasion. I ended up with a strip of his shirt in my hand with all the buttons intact. I don't know whether we were properly fighting or play acting. That's my only recollection of any problems with peers at the junior school. I don't think he was picking on me any more than I was picking on him. In corridors and in playgrounds, people would be encouraged to poke at each other but I don't think that anybody was particularly singled out. Maybe they were latterly. Certainly by upper school there were people who were always treated as a bit daft or quiet or odd. I don't know whether anything specific happened to them, but I think they must have had a miserable time at school.
58. When I had the fight in Primary 6, it was probably the first time that I impinged on the consciousness of some of the boys in my year. I didn't do school plays or sport or

music. I didn't rise above at any moment. I wasn't singled out because of that. I think that quite a lot of boys were probably in the same situation as me. We watched the inevitable progress of the Marvel superheroes of the school and everybody else just carried on. There were the bright kids who were always bright and didn't seem to struggle. The guy who was dux of the school was dux of the junior school as well. He had an eight or nine year reign of not finding things difficult, whereas there were bits that I liked and bits that I just couldn't do.

59. My brother was three years above me at school, but I never spoke to him or he never spoke to me. I almost never spoke to people above or below my year group. Maybe people did if they were sporty and people in other years were in the first XV with them. Very occasionally, there would be some sort of passing acknowledgement between me and my brother or one of his friends would laugh at me, but that would be it. I think that I became friends with my brother when we both left school and we became different people. He wouldn't have been someone that I turned to at school. He had a bizarre, slightly gangly group of friends. They weren't really sporty and they weren't really nerdy, they were just a bit odd. They wouldn't have taken on the role of roughing up kids who were picking on me.
60. In my third year at the senior school, some boys made my life hell. In first and second break, I'd hide. I'd go home at lunchtime. Getting towards the second half of school, you could more or less get away with not doing sport at all. I would make excuses or I did shooting. I was in a dark room, under a building somewhere and nobody knew what you were up to. I did the RAF cadets. You were meant to do two years in those days and I stayed on for another two because it gave me something to do.
61. I'd been in the cubs for a long time, even in the junior school. I think it was because I didn't have any outside activities at school. I loved cubs and scouts. If I think about it now, that was probably a replacement. It was a completely different world with different people. We went and played five-a-side football every Friday and that kind of thing. For two years, I basically didn't exist at school. I turned up. I was usually late for assembly and registration. The only time I ever had to pick up a cup which our shooting

team had won, I slept in. That was pretty standard for me. I was really absenting myself and a lot of that was to avoid these boys.

62. I became a pretty detached member of the school. I ended up with nobody. There were then a couple of people who ended up being my friends, who I hadn't known at all. They were also loners and we just sort of gravitated towards each other. It was a strange halfway house. I then clawed my way back into the top set for a couple of subjects and ended up with my old mates, the ones I'd had when I was nine. For the first and possibly only time in my life, I worked. I had the specific goal of getting out of the lower sets and moving up. Suddenly, I was in with a group of friends who were kind, funny and we did daft things at the weekend. I had people to go with and do things with out of school. It might involve drinking a bottle of beer at the top of Arthur's Seat. Equally, it might have involved playing cricket. It was probably the first real friendship that I felt in school. It's a terrible thing, but it was partly academic. It meant that I was in a different crowd of people. The new friends that I made knew that I had a rough time, but they don't particularly know why. They were all doing their own thing at the time anyway.
63. By the end of my O-grade year, I was starting to go to pubs with my friends fairly regularly. I was the second oldest in my year, but I looked about twelve. All my taller, younger friends were sent to the bar. That meant there was a kind of different world that I was in. We used to go to pubs like the Mary Rose in Hanover Street, which was a classic underage drinking place. We would meet people from other schools, like Strathallan and Merchiston. We'd meet girls from St. George's and St. Margaret's. My friends knew all these people because they did things like Scottish country dancing or sport or whatever. I had had absolutely none of that. I remember being asked to a party at the Assembly Rooms. It was Highland dancing and everyone else knew what they were doing. I genuinely had no idea what I was doing. They'd all been part of this world for years and years and going off and having lessons and doing stuff.
64. While they were doing those things, I was watching *Doctor Who* or with the Cubs or the Scouts. I was quite often sitting up the Trossachs with a couple of boys from Oxfangs, drinking lager and eating baked beans. I think cubs saved me a bit. I think

having that outlet of another world was definitely an escape. I loved cub camps. I loved going away for a week and sitting in a tent. Like the RAF, I overstayed my welcome at the Scouts. I did Scouts until I was basically a grown man in a silly little shirt. My mum used to say that I looked like Mussolini because I had so many badges. I'm sure that was displacement. I think I was quite proud that I was doing something my schoolfriends weren't doing. I had this complete other world.

Pastoral care

65. There was definitely a culture of supporting the clever ones, the sporty ones and the Oxbridge ones, but I don't think that was exclusive to the Academy at that time. When I absented myself from school life, I think that Mr Orr probably knew. He was a Latin teacher and my class master when I was about fourteen. He probably sensed it. I don't know whether Mr Evans knew. I think he had a charge sheet with various kids that he was keeping an eye on. Nobody ever asked me if anything was wrong. My first set of public exams were O-grades. My results were dreadful and they ought not to have been dreadful. I was never a bright kid, but I was a competent kid. I think that was probably a shock to my parents and me. I then went down a bit further before starting to realise what it was. School was a chore in those days. I turned up and I left when I could and that was it.
66. In terms of pastoral care, there was none. When I was being bullied, it never crossed my mind to go to a teacher. It never crossed my mind to tell somebody. Not because there was some kind of omerta, I just wouldn't have dared. I wasn't afraid that the teacher would do something. I was afraid that the other kids would find out and it would have made my life worse, not better. There was a couple of compassionate teachers. I can remember being on one school trip and I was hating it. I think I was in this kind of difficult moment and I was feeling alone. At some point, I burst into tears. This teacher, who had never taught me, took me aside and spoke to me. He spent half an hour with me and just did what any normal human being would do. I remember that now because it's probably the one example of any pastoral care that anybody showed me in fourteen years of school.

Inspections

67. I'm not aware of there being any external inspections of the school when I was there. I seem to remember people coming round. A couple of people in suits stood at the door or at the back of the classroom for twenty minutes. It may even have been in junior school. It may have happened at the upper school as well, but I don't remember it clearly. We were certainly never told that everybody had to be on their best behaviour because the school inspectors were in. It was never explained to us who the people at the back of the classroom were. They could have been prospective parents.
68. For some reason, the school calls its governors directors. Very occasionally, one of these old codgers came round and we'd probably all stand up. We didn't feel that the outside world impinged on the school at all. It probably only impinged on school speech day, which was called exhibition day. Some old grandee would turn up. It was usually some old boy who had become a politician, a church minister, a surgeon or something like that.

Ephors

69. I wanted to be an Ephor. By the end of school, I wanted recognition and I wanted to be a part of something. The normal school tie was a blue and white striped tie. I think the Ephors wore a predominantly dark blue tie with colours of the divisions or houses in it. You could become an Ephor in the last two years of school. The first group was appointed in the sixths, the equivalent of S5. The rector would put up a list and make people Ephors. It would be the captain of the first XV, the captain of the first XI and all those sorts of people. There was a lot of chat that if you were the son of a director of the school, you would be made an Ephor. I don't think that was actually true, but there was a lot of dynastic stuff like that at the school. By the time that I was a teenager, I was conscious that the Ephors system was a bit off.
70. In the last year of school, they sent letters round everybody else asking if we wanted to apply to be an Ephor. At least it was an attempt to make it a meritocracy or a development thing. That's what I think these things should be, finding someone who

hasn't ever featured and getting something out of them. At least I was asked to apply. I was probably asked because all my mates were Ephors. I applied but I wasn't made one. I don't know who made the final decision. It may have been the Ephors themselves. Every so often somebody would be picked as well, if they won something or did well in a competition. That did annoy me as well because there was a suspicion of favouritism.

71. By the end of school, literally all of my friends were Ephors except me. That probably fed my slight resentment, but I also thought that they got away with murder. I resented the way some of my friends became when they became Ephors. They became quite snotty, quite officious and it really went to them. The Ephors used to have a room in the masters' lodge at the corner of the yard. I was waiting for someone and some wee boy was tripping over his shoelaces, trying to go somewhere. One or two of the Ephors in my year were giving him a hard time for being late, but they were actually just giving him a hard time. They said that he was being cheeky and told him to come with them immediately to the Ephors' room. They gave him two hundred lines or five hundred lines or something ludicrous. I can remember feeling a real sense of injustice. It was probably one of the first times I'd felt like that as a kid. I really thought it was just pure power. The boy had done nothing wrong and anything he said, he said because he was provoked. His weekend was then ruined because he'd have to sit and write lines.
72. The next day, I waited after school until nobody was around and then I went into the Ephors' room. Even for a senior pupil like me, it was definitely not my territory. They had a big book where all the punishments were written. There was no corporal punishment at that stage but they could give out lines. I just scored it out next to that boy's name and initialled it with some kind of anonymous set of initials. I found the boy the next day and told him not to do the lines. I've never told anybody that I did that until today. Even my friends would have been indignant that I'd done that. They would have seen that as somehow undermining the system.
73. Nowadays, I think Ephors are made to be the head of social or the head of a charity and that kind of thing. Then, they were a level of delegated authority. They had to keep people in line, make sure they sat down at assembly and make sure they didn't muck

around at lunch. There was a scrutiny element there. The rest of the time, they just wandered around the yard at breaktime and kept an eye on folk. They would break up fights and stop people throwing things at windows. They would also pull people aside in the street and tell them to stop eating crisps.

74. I think the book that Ephors kept was the teachers allowing them to exercise discipline on their behalf, but needing a little bit of accountability. The system was not sufficiently watertight to stop someone like me breaking into the Ephors' room and scrubbing someone's name out. To the best of my knowledge, there was no oversight of that book by teachers. It might have been used occasionally if questions were raised, but I think the Ephors were pretty much left to their own devices. They weren't allowed to be physical in their punishments as far as I remember, but that's not to say that didn't happen. Certainly a couple of years above me there were some big, pretty uncompromising rugby lads. I wouldn't have been at all surprised if books, gym shoes or a hand were swung. I don't think anybody would have been shocked and appalled by that.

Discipline

75. There was a roll book that we were all given each year. It had the dress code for the school in it as well as all the school rules. Interestingly, it had every teacher's name, address and telephone number in it. Nowadays they would just have pizzas arriving all night, every night. The one that I have is a junior school roll book from 1975 to 1976 and I have provided a copy of that to the Inquiry. The book starts off with the rector and his home address and telephone number then lists all the teachers. It had a list of all the boys, including their division, their birthday and a mark that identified whether you had a family member in the school. If you had a brother, a father or a cousin who had been or was in the school then they somehow knew. It then contained the rules and the dress code, like you had to wear a kilt at the exhibition at the end of the year.
76. The rules were pretty basic. It was a lot of dress code. I'm not sure that they needed to mention smoking. I think everyone knew that we weren't supposed to smoke, but

there was one set of toilets at Henderson Row that stank of cigarettes. There must have been something about general deportment.

77. If you misbehaved at the junior school, you could be sent to see the headmaster, Mr Burnet. I don't know what happened to people who were sent to him, but I'm sure it was nothing out of the ordinary. I know that he didn't have a reputation for hitting people. I don't think it was his way. He was just sufficiently stern and he was the boss. I think boys were probably sent home or, the worst thing in the world, their parents were told. That would have been fear enough. That would have been more of a fear for me, my mum being called rather than anything that a teacher could do.
78. The punishments imposed by Ephors were writing out lines or something like that. They could make people write out parts of the rule book a hundred times or something absurd. I think they may also have been able to make people run around the school yards. To the best of my knowledge, the Ephors never administered any kind of corporal punishment at all. If they came across something more serious, I'm guessing it would be escalated to a teacher, probably Mr Evans.
79. Corporal punishment must still have been happening when I was at the senior school in the early eighties, but I never saw anybody being hit by a clacken in my fourteen years at school. The only time I or anybody in my year put their hands on a clacken was on the last day of school in our last year. The woodwork department had spent a couple of weeks churning out clackens so we all had a bat to play this ball game with. The clacken had no other resonance to me than that. I didn't see them other than that. We didn't have one and the teachers didn't have them on their walls or in their desks. It wasn't an issue. There was a boy in my year whose uncle was Magnus Magnusson. He had written the book called *The Clacken and the Slate* about the history of the Academy. That was the only reason I knew what a clacken was. We thought that it was quite weird, that there was a book just about our school. It was written for the 150th anniversary of the school in 1974, the year the Queen visited.
80. Some of the teachers were just tough in their manner. You wouldn't cross Mr Evans because he had respect. I was called in to see Mr Evans on two occasions. When I

was still sort of hanging around with a group of bullies, he wanted to know if I knew anything about marijuana cigarettes. I remember very clearly that was how he put it. I then realised that was what they had been smoking. One of the boys came from quite an alternative family. He had a brother who supplied him with anything he needed. I was so naïve that I didn't really know. I don't think that was ever proven, but it was true that they had marijuana so he was clearly getting good inside information from somebody. I was also called in to see him when my mum went to the school to report that I was being bullied.

81. A lot of the teachers were completely at the other end of the spectrum and chaotic. There was a man called Mr [BP]. I don't think he was malicious or sadistic. I just think he was a very sad and lost man. I suspect he was probably gay when it was still illegal. There were a lot of teachers who were just chaotic. Until the last two years of school when people were there to learn, there was a lot of disruption in the years below and certainly the bottom sets, where people didn't care. There were a couple of dreary old men who had been there since the Second World War. There were a couple of very young teachers, who we were doing our best to break by being slightly rude. We would try and force a confession of weakness out of them. There was a teacher who locked herself in a cupboard for a whole lesson. She said she wouldn't come out until we apologised.
82. Teachers depended on an ability to be inspiring or an ability to be terrifying. There were teachers that I had who captivated me about things. There were also ones that you knew were tough and you just wouldn't cross them. That toughness was probably twenty years old and from the days of corporal punishment, just as Mr Brownlee's reputation had been passed down from year to year, probably brother to brother. By that stage, it wasn't physical in most cases. It was just reputational. You didn't cross Mr Evans. Some of the other teachers were a bit tough. There was a chemistry teacher who didn't like me just because my brother didn't like chemistry, which is bad teaching. The only teacher who stood out and still implemented some kind of physical discipline was Hamish Dawson. He's the only teacher I can think of who still had any implement or any interest in hitting boys.

83. I don't recall there being a record of punishments imposed by teachers. They would also have given people lines, apart from Hamish Dawson. We could also get detention, which meant staying after school and on rare occasions on a Saturday. I don't think the Ephors could impose detentions. Otherwise, I think that would have been roundly abused. The only two times I got detention it was definitely given to me by a teacher. In those days, it was seen as quite a sanction. It was an invasion of your liberty.
84. More serious things would result in letters to parents, suspension and then expulsion. There were pretty regular suspensions and at least three or four boys in my year who didn't make it to the end of school. They were either expelled or conversations were had that it would be better for them to go somewhere else. Usually, that was for physical violence, vandalism or consistent cheek and bad behaviour. There was a boy a couple of years above me who was really seriously beaten and it made the papers. He lost a spleen or a testicle or something. That was just plain violence. The boys responsible for that were all chucked out of the school. I don't think punishments below suspensions and expulsions were recorded, apart from those imposed by the Ephors.

Abuse at the Edinburgh Academy

Abuse by staff

85. Mr Dyer was my teacher in Primary 5. His way of punishing someone was to basically drop-kick them up the backside. I sat at the front of his class. I can remember a boy called [REDACTED], who had committed some minor infraction. He must have done something, but I don't know whether it was academic, cheek or lateness. It won't have been much because if it had been, he would have been marched off to the headmaster's office. Very occasionally, someone was sent to sit outside Mr Burnet's office to be called in. He had to come out to the front of the class and basically bend over. Mr Dyer sat at an old-fashioned high desk. The door out of the classroom was next to it. [REDACTED] had to bend over with his hands on his knees, pointing at the door. Mr Dyer slipped off his desk and drop-kicked this boy on the backside, like he was trying

to get a ball over the posts from forty yards away. He wasn't a big man, but he put his weight behind it.

86. I was sitting right at the front and I can still to this day see the look on [REDACTED]'s face when that foot made contact. He just burst into tears, which I'm sure he was trying not to do. I don't think I ever felt, "Oh my God, that's awful." I just remember thinking that was hard. I don't know if I ever felt that it was wrong because I don't know that we questioned it. I saw Mr Dyer do that to someone else, but I can't remember who it was. It was known to be his form of punishment. I don't think Mr Dyer ever kicked me. I don't remember any teacher ever laying a finger on me at school. I was always a bit of an observer. I think I was quite good at keeping out of the eyeline of people.
87. In a previous professional role, I came across a corporal punishment file relating to independent schools dating from the eighties. It was long before the Inquiry was announced, but I just thought it might be useful one day. Around the time the Scottish Office was planning to outlaw corporal punishment, my predecessor had written out to all the schools to say that the writing was on the wall for corporal punishment, but could they let them know what their views and official policy on it were. There was correspondence with the schools over a period of about ten years. Most of the schools said that there might be a tawse behind the door, but it wasn't used. A couple of schools said that it was still a sanction. All the girls' schools said that they never used it.
88. I kept those papers, thinking they might have been interesting even for academic or historical reasons. When the Inquiry was called, I thought it might be useful to the legal team. I told the Inquiry team when I met with them and provided the paperwork to them. I also went through it for individual schools named in the Inquiry. I sent those schools the correspondence detailing what their heads had said about corporal punishment in the 1980s. The response from Laurence Ellis for the Academy said something similar to what a lot of heads said, that he thought it was still on the books but he hadn't done it for years.

89. It was only when I sat down to reflect on that that I realised why none of us raised an eyebrow to it. Now, I can see that it was wrong but I can see why none of us raised an eyebrow because he was sanctioned to do it. It was a sufficient sanction that he could just do it there and then in the classroom. There was no, "You have done something wrong, you must wait outside," or, "Come back and see me afterwards and punishment will be delivered." This was just an immediate punishment.
90. It was Primary 5 so [REDACTED] must have been no older than ten or eleven. It made me think, "Wow, that's cold." It really sticks in my mind, even now. I really don't think I ever got hit at school by a teacher. It's possible that I might have been pulled up by my collar or my ear at some point, but if I was it's made no impact on me whatsoever. It wasn't that I went out with a burning sense of injustice. I just thought it was hard. I think that some of the behaviours of other teachers at the junior school might be seen as odd today, but other than Mr Dyer there was nothing else openly violent rather than just a bit tough. There was certainly nothing that I saw that would suggest any unhealthy interest in boys or anything like that.
91. I must have had Mr Dawson for at least one year in the senior school, possibly two. His classroom was at the top of the Donaldson's building. I'd forgotten about his bribery with Jelly Babies and things like that until I heard it again at the Inquiry public hearings. Thinking back, I remember it clear as a bell. We'd be given Jelly Babies if we'd done something good. We were probably getting a bit old to be given Jelly Babies because our essay was good. He was always an odd one. We were undeveloped kids in those days, but I think we all knew that he was odd. We didn't think of it as being in a perverse way, we just thought that he was odd. He did a canal trip where he would hand pick boys to go on this trip. The rest of us would all make jokes that it was some kind of gay coterie, which the chosen boys resented.
92. I think Mr Dawson was teaching history. It might have been English, but I think it was history. His classroom was fun in a way. It was a bit like Mr Burnet teaching RE. In a way, it wasn't RE it was just performative. I can remember Mr Dawson being one of the more energetic and engaged teachers. If you crossed a line with him, sticks would start to happen. The sticks were silly. There was a funny knobbly stick and a curved

stick. There were knobbly canes, just canes, probably an old toy cricket bat, various chair legs. There was probably a clacken or two in there as well. There were 20, 25 of them. We understood that they had been used once and then commemorated some particular person or event. They all had writing on them. Some of them had various names of pupils on them, as well as their own stupid names. People had been made to sign them. Our sense was that they had almost been gifted by grateful pupils. It was almost as if, "This was from a great chap I taught twenty years ago." It was very childish. It might have been funny if you were ten, but it wasn't funny if you were seventeen. There was an odd performative element to the whole thing.

93. Until hearing evidence to the Inquiry, I'd forgotten about Hamish Dawson writing on people and I'd forgotten about him tickling people. I can remember him lifting up a boy's shirt and writing on his back in biro. That's quite a clear memory for me. I think we probably all fell about laughing. We didn't really see the power dynamic in the whole thing. It must have been humiliating for the boy concerned. I must have been a minimum of fourteen at that time, possibly fifteen or sixteen. It was a really odd thing to be doing to boys of that age. I don't think we were emotionally mature enough to actually recognise that at the time. We knew it was odd, but we didn't know why it was odd. We never would have said anything anyway.
94. A friend of mine was a very easy school student. He was very clever and bright. He went to Cambridge and he was sporty. Recently, I talked to him about the Inquiry. To this day, he says that he doesn't like his sons tickling him because of Mr Dawson. He's not the one I would have thought would have any emotional response to anything at the school. He's just not that kind of guy. He was one of the teachers that we joked about as being weird, hence the assumptions about the canal trip. If he hadn't been doing things with sticks and tickling people, we wouldn't have assumed anything.
95. If I was tickled by Hamish Dawson, I don't remember it. I don't remember if I was ever hit by him. There was this constant kind of game of whether you were on the right side of him or the wrong side of him. A lot of it was all kind of performative. He did get you up to his desk and he did write on you. He did give you Jelly Babies. He didn't write on me, but I remember it happening. One time in particular I do remember. A guy

called [REDACTED], for whatever reason, had had enough. He was fifteen or sixteen by this time. He came into the classroom and, while we were waiting for Mr Dawson to turn up, took all of the sticks and put them in the bin.

96. Hamish Dawson was one of those teachers who you thought gave you a bit of leeway. You couldn't be cheeky, but you could probably be a bit fun and he'd quite enjoy that. This was completely beyond the pale. He came in and saw the sticks in the bin. In a quiet anger, he asked who it had been. We all expected that everybody would sit there quietly, like you did for everything in school, and play the game of nobody leaving until someone admitted it. [REDACTED] put his hand straight up and said it was him. Something about him had just had enough of it.
97. Dawson pulled him out to the front of the class. I always sat at the front because I didn't concentrate otherwise. [REDACTED] was looking at me in the face as Mr Dawson was behind him. He got him to bend over. He didn't tap him or swipe him or tickle him. He belted him on the backside with the biggest stick he could find. The stick was like an L-shaped plywood chair leg, about an inch by an inch thick. It was a solid piece of wood. He really, really, really hit him hard. I don't know if he took a run up but he certainly took a big swing at it. I think he just hit him once. You could see the look on [REDACTED]'s face. He was trying to be tough about the whole thing, but he was hurt. He had a look of shock on his face. I don't know if he cried, but he came really close to it which would have been a nightmare for him.
98. I just remember thinking that he had gone out of his way to hurt that guy. It was the look on his face, just like the look on Mr Dyer's face when he hit [REDACTED]. That's why I remember these two incidents. The look on their faces told you, "I'm trying to hurt you and I have succeeded." Hamish Dawson had gone out to hurt [REDACTED] as hard as he could. [REDACTED] sat down quietly. I think he kind of quietly cried. He was already a bit of a rebel who wore his DM boots to school. It was not like him at all. In a rather impressive way, he'd decided it was ridiculous and that Hamish Dawson was doing this to grown boys. Dawson sat down and we got on with the class that day. [REDACTED] wasn't made to sign the stick that day. That wasn't what it had been about at all.

99. That incident must have been in the mid-eighties. I was about fifteen, sixteen. The very fact that a fifteen, sixteen year old took a teacher's property and dumped it in the bin tells you something. I can't remember any other incidents like that with Mr Dawson. Probably 50% of the lessons involved somebody being dragged out at some point for some kind of performative whack. It would be on the backside, over clothing. I don't think I ever saw anybody being hit on their bare backside, even at the junior school. I think Mr Dawson may also have given people Jelly Babies after he'd hit them. I don't think I was ever given a Jelly Baby. I think he was a history teacher and I quite liked history so I may well have been given one. I was certainly never written on or anything like that.
100. When we were at school, Hamish Dawson wasn't really someone we thought of as remarkable. We just thought he was odd. Until about fifteen years ago, when the whole process of looking into allegations of abuse at the Academy started, if I was with friends from school and we ended up talking about school, Hamish Dawson would be one of the people we'd joke about. We saw him as a joke and a silly, nonsensical thing that happened. He was taking pleasure out of it. I used to say that there was no way that man would be a teacher nowadays, long before any allegations of abuse came out. There was no way that kind of performance would be allowed, never mind the sticks and the rewarding and the bare flesh and all that kind of stuff. We didn't have the slightest inclination about the allegations that have come out about him as a house tutor. If we had, there would have been rude things written on his blackboard every time he came into class. People would have been rightly merciless about him.
101. When I started to think about Mr Dawson in recent years, he was clearly in a grey area where he must have known that corporal punishment was on its way out. There must have been discussions in the staffroom. Around that time, Mr Ellis said that it was no longer being used in the school. I can't remember when that note was written, but it will be with Inquiry papers somewhere. It was definitely being used by Hamish Dawson until the mid-1980s. We didn't think, "Wahey, corporal punishment's out." It just became less and less of an issue. At the time, I assumed that was because I was getting older and men hitting what were effectively grown men was an odd thing. That

was one of the odd things about Dawson. He kept it up right until the end of school. Grown men who were bigger than him were still undergoing this slightly odd ritual.

102. Everybody joked about predatory teachers because we were at a boys' school. Possibly with the exception of Hamish Dawson, I don't think that anybody was really in our firing line for that. There were a lot of odd people. There were people who had joined the school in the 1930s so history had happened since they had been in the school. There were broken men from the War. There were people who had never married and everyone speculated why. There were still kids who lived in fairly distant families where one parent wasn't there or they were working overseas. The boarders had pretty much been dumped in Kinnear Road. It was closer to the Second World War then than my schooldays are to me now. There were a lot of slightly odd people. I remember we made jokes about teachers who we thought were weird or gay. We clearly had a sense of people who weren't fitting in.
103. I don't think Dyer and Dawson would be let anywhere near the classroom anymore. Some other names have come up at the Inquiry. Mr IBP [REDACTED]'s name has come up. There was a bit in one of the newspapers about our year's school review. It said that we knew about abuse because we were joking about one of the teachers. [REDACTED] had the video of it. It was our woodwork teacher, Mr IDR [REDACTED]. If I remember rightly, we weren't saying that he was weird in that way. We were just saying that he was kind of lonely and a strange old man. There were lots of strange old men. The article suggested that we were all in the know about what was happening at the school, but that couldn't have been further from the truth. We were at the school after Bill Bain and Iain Wares had left. My brother has very clear memories of people saying, "Don't go to his room at break time, don't go to get your Mars Bar." They knew what was going on.

Peer abuse/bullying

104. Geits and second year were okay for me. I think it was in thirds and fourths, the equivalent of S2 and S3, that things started to get difficult for me. When we moved into sets and out of the class we'd always been in, we fell in with different people. I fell

in with a couple of guys who were terribly respectable boys trying to be very naughty. They played on the edge and smoked and that kind of thing. Through them, there were a few guys who were a little bit more out there. I hung about with them for a couple of terms, maybe a year. At one point, they basically decided that I was too square, boring, unexciting or whatever. They made my life hell for probably a year. I started to absent myself from school as much as possible. I would hide at break and go home at lunchtime. A lot of that was really to avoid those boys.

105. A lot of the bullying was just verbal. They would make fun of me half the time. They would harass me and make fun of me in front of others. There were a couple of times when I got pushed about. They used to try and provoke me into lashing out, a bit like I used to do at junior school. I was long past that by then. At one point, I was pushed into a classroom to have a fight with this kid. I was about fourteen at the time. He was known to be a bit of a rough lad. He was known to be trouble and a scrapper. He wasn't part of the group of bullies, but he was sort of drafted in. The other bullies were present. I can't remember exactly how it was arranged, but they'd decided this thing would happen. I can't remember if I was jumped or pushed into the classroom. I think it caused much hilarity amongst this little group.
106. Before this fight even started, I had to bend over. Something fell. I must have dropped something. He just kicked me when my head was down. He whacked me in my face. I can remember nothing of it except I put my hand to my face and my face was cold. I couldn't see because my eye had shut. Apparently, I left red handprints around the classroom because I was trying to find the door. The boy who kicked me was [REDACTED]. He would have been about the same age as me at the time, roughly fourteen. He's now dead. He lived out in East Lothian. He left school at sixteen and about a year later, I heard that he went through the front windscreen of a Transit van on the A1.
107. I staggered out of the classroom into the playground, bleeding from my face. A couple of years ago, I met a guy who I'd never spoken to at school. I always knew that he was the guy who had grabbed me in the playground and said that I needed to come with him. He then took me to whichever Victorian nurse was at the school. I was then taken to the Western and I got my face sewn up. By then it was purple on one side. Well into

my twenties, I had quite a distinctive scar on my face. I can still feel it now. The doctor said to me at the time that I had been lucky. He said that it could very easily have taken my eye out. The kick just caught me under the cheek bone. I was bent right over and [REDACTED] couldn't see what he was kicking.

108. The injury to my face was part of this bigger thing. It just rumbled on and these people laughed at me. I probably hung around with them for too long and didn't take the message. I should have walked away. I had no other friends. One by one they got suspended and then expelled. I can remember seeing one of them and his friends were mocking him because he'd been expelled. I can distinctly remember that being one of the happiest days of my upper school career, knowing I wasn't going to have to see this guy ever again.
109. The group of bullies had a friend who wasn't really part of their core group. He was trouble and was out of the school within about two years. His name was [REDACTED]. I think he punched Mr [REDACTED] at rugby so he was expelled, but I didn't see that happen. [REDACTED] was dispatched to bully me physically rather than just psychologically. He used to grab me in a headlock and make fun of me and that kind of thing. Having constantly been in trouble at school, [REDACTED] is now a stalwart of the [REDACTED] rugby club. He wears the blazer and the tie, stuff that I would never do.
110. As kids do, I still couldn't recognise that I needed to get as far away from these people as possible, until it was too late. I then did get as far away as possible from school life. If you spoke to anybody from what was fourths so S3, or around that time, I'd be interested if anybody from that time remembered me at all. I suspect that I was pretty much invisible.
111. I don't remember exactly the timeline and the gaps between the injury to my face and this happening, but the bullies would quite often come round to my house and ring the doorbell. I would look out the door and see them laughing at the end of the street. It was quite nasty because it meant that I never had a safe place. When I think about it, I was at home at the weekend, in fear that this was going to happen. If you looked at

my academic results, I'm sure that they struggled at that time. I was a pretty semi-detached member of the school.

112. The ringleader of the bullies was a guy called [REDACTED]. He was a classic ringleader in that he probably did nothing himself. He was one of those people who would laugh at me, but he would never have lifted a finger against me. He was the kind of light around which the rest of them circulated. He had this sort of exotic life. He now works in humanitarian aid. There was another guy called [REDACTED], but I have no idea what happened to him. There was a guy who was sort of in the crowd, but wasn't directly attached the bullies. His name is [REDACTED]. I met him a couple of years ago and he's now a GP. The two mates of mine, who I had been really thick with until they went into that crowd and basically sold me out, were [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] is a respectable man around town nowadays and he'd probably be mortified. [REDACTED] was a really good friend of mine for about a year. He left school and kind of fell out of life altogether. I haven't heard of him for about fifteen years.
113. I'm not sure how much the school was responsible for the bullying that I experienced. I think that they were just mean little boys. There was a lot of verbal bullying and quite a lot of physical stuff. There was quite a lot of pushing around. There was a lot of ridiculing me and humiliating me, either in front of each other or the wider school. It's really hard to say how frequently this was happening because, for at least two terms, I was basically hiding. I would go into the school library, which was not a place any of them frequented. I would sit in there at break times. I don't know whether I read books, but I just hid.

Reporting of abuse whilst at the Edinburgh Academy

114. There were quite a lot of investigations into the incident when [REDACTED] kicked me because there had been blood and hospital treatment and that kind of stuff. My class teacher, Mr Orr, was a kind man. He was a Latin teacher and he was a nice man who wouldn't say boo to a goose. He came to see me at home. I think they knew that something was up. I can remember him standing beside my bed with my mum. My

face was purple and I couldn't see out of one eye. Even then, my sense of it was that he felt it wasn't quite two sides of the same story. I don't think he would have come to our house otherwise. It's the only time that I can ever think of, not compassion, but interest in my welfare being shown. To a certain extent, the chat in my house may have been him making sure that they weren't in trouble as a school. I think I may have been called in to see Mr Evans, the senior master, as well. The school basically said that there had been a fight and someone had got hurt. There was no attribution on either side. The end result, which was clearly a disappointment to me and certainly to my mother, was that no action was taken against either of us.

115. One time, the bullies rang the doorbell at home and I went to answer the door. My mum asked who it was. Something in me must have made her realise what was going on. She basically got me to tell her what had been going on for a year. It was 9:00 pm on a Sunday night and she marched down the road to Henderson Row on the Monday morning. I'm not sure who she spoke to, but I suspect that it might have been Mr Evans. I was called in by a teacher and I was pretty teary. I told them that these guys has been bullying me for about a year. I think it was after the incident when I had been kicked in the face. I was mortified when my mum marched down to the school. I was relieved 24 hours later because there was a sense of release that the whole, awful period was somehow over, although it made me even more lonely for a while. I would never have initiated that moment myself.
116. After my mum complained, at least two of the people who had rang the bell were suspended. I think it probably added to what was a growing charge sheet against a couple of them. Eventually one of them, who was rather slippery, wasn't implicated and two of them were expelled. After my mum reported what was happening to the school, I think the others thought it had been a lot of fuss about nothing and they backed off. The bullying ended anyway, partly because [REDACTED], amongst others, was expelled. There was never any follow-up with me from the school to check how I was doing after that. Once it was done, it was done. It was an issue that needed dealt with and it was dealt with. People were suspended and things were said. I'm sure a couple of parents denied what had been said, as parents do.

117. I think there was a stand-offish attitude to discipline generally at the Academy. I think they thought that boys will be boys and therefore peer on peer stuff was pretty much ignored because boys will do that kind of stuff. The idea that boys might pick on people because they were weak or because they weren't high-profile enough at school just wouldn't really bother them, I don't think.

Leaving school

118. I walked out of school in 1981 on our school speech day with a pal of mine, who I still see. I think we went to Accie's Club at Raeburn Place to have a pint because we were old enough to do so and we didn't know what else to do. Nowadays, you see the school leavers and they're hugging and in tears and it's a big thing. It was so unremarkable to me. I think deep down it just didn't bother me that I'd left. Even though I'd met a good bunch of friends in the last couple of years, the hangover from my upper school time was that I felt I'd had very little from it. I didn't feel that I owed anybody anything from it. I never felt any loyalty towards the school. I felt that I needed to prove myself, by not having been an Ephor and not having excelled at anything. If I'd had achievements to demonstrate after leaving school, I would have been damned sure that the school knew about them.

Life after leaving school

119. I did well enough in my last year at school to get into St. Andrews University. I hadn't given it a moment's thought. I liked St. Andrews because we used to go to the castle as kids and I liked the ice cream. I knew St. Andrews. I'd probably never set foot in Glasgow. My sister was at Aberdeen University so I didn't want to go there. My dad taught at Edinburgh University so I didn't want to go there. It never crossed my mind to go anywhere outside of Scotland. That was about the level of thought that I put into it. I went to study modern history and English literature, but I ended up graduating in Scottish history. That was the more interesting course being taught there at the time.

We didn't really do Scottish history at school, beyond Robert the Bruce and the spider and Mary Queen of Scots getting her head chopped off.

120. After studying Scottish history, I was basically unemployable. To make myself more unemployable, I did a Master's degree in Scottish Studies at Glasgow University. I got down to the last two in a job application for the [REDACTED] Visitors' Centre. That was the biggest job I got close to. I decided that I'd basically educated myself down a blind alley, which again shows just how little understanding I had of who I was and what I was aspiring to be. Nobody had ever said to me at school that I should go and work for an MP for five months or go and work on a newspaper. That would have been the thing to get me to do.
121. When my dad left university, he didn't know what to do. His parents didn't know what to do with him so they sent him to France. He went to live with an old lady after the war and learned French. Because he was a lawyer and he had learned French, he got into European law and was great at it. I thought that was obviously a way of rejigging yourself so I went off to learn a language. I went to a university in Italy. I learned how to speak another language and I can now get by in three others. All of a sudden, I got the joy of learning languages. For some reason, all the Italians wanted to get out of Italy. People I knew in Italy were going to Brussels to be trainees there so I went to Brussels. I'd always liked history, politics and current affairs but nobody had ever talked me through that to the extent of giving me careers advice. I got a place as an intern in the [REDACTED] and off I went.
122. I worked there for a few years before returning to Scotland, where I have worked in policy and global affairs roles. In one role, I was in a meeting with heads of independent schools. I hadn't been referred to as an Academy pupil for thirty years. In the meeting with all the heads, they went round saying who they were. This guy, who I didn't know from Adam, said that he was the rector of the Academy and "we educated [REDACTED] IWL". In one my roles, around 2013, 2014, we knew that there was likely to be an inquiry into abuse at boarding schools. It hadn't been set up, but we knew something was going to come sooner or later. I would speak to the heads about it every term. They were well aware of what was coming.

123. Someone pointed out to me when I changed jobs in the spring that for the past fifteen years, I haven't been "a" something, I've been "the" something. I don't know whether there's something there about a need to have a profile and prove something. I've never wanted to be "a" person in an office.

Thoughts on Boarding Schools

124. I met my wife in Brussels and we were married in Scotland in 1998. We moved here by the time we had two children. I would never send a child of mine to boarding school. We were both doing jobs at one point where we wouldn't have been able to have kids with us. My wife worked for the Red Cross for a while so she was in places like Kosovo, where you wouldn't have had kids. It would never have crossed our minds to send our children to boarding school.
125. People do forget that to have people working for the UN or NATO, you do need to have the potential for their children to have a safe upbringing. I don't have an intellectual objection to boarding at senior school level. I cannot for the life of me understand why people send their kids away at the age of eight. Frankly, not many people do nowadays. In the last decade there has been a death in the numbers of junior boarders. I think people are being put off by the cost. Why would you pay up front at that age if maybe it isn't actually going to make that much difference to the child, unless you have to or unless somebody's subventing you, which the army used to do? There is also the issue of whether it was developmentally right for children of that age.
126. I know quite a few kids who lived in Edinburgh, went to Fettes and asked their parents if they could board at Fettes, even though you could see Fettes from their kitchen windows. They felt that they were missing out on what was happening every evening and every weekend at school. At senior school, I understand that there are still people who live abroad or their families have been disrupted. There are charities down south that take people out of care in London boroughs. Companies pay for them to go to a boarding school. They end up doing amazing things.

127. I can see the pros of boarding school, but it would never have been my choice for my children. I think my wife and I would have asked ourselves why we had children if we weren't going to have them at home? I don't have a philosophical objection to it for senior school age children and I understand it. In a previous professional role, I used to go round boarding schools and the boarding houses looked like fun places. The children seemed to be having a great time. I used to go and speak at Fettes when I worked for [REDACTED]. There would be sixty politics pupils there, voluntarily, on a Tuesday night. They had Michael Howard the next week and Diane Abbot the week before. They were getting an incredible richness of experience. I can understand the benefits of that. If you were a sporty kid, it could be a good thing. I know kids who would do after-school training and strength and conditioning most nights. They'd then come home. On Saturday, they'd play for their team and probably go out afterwards. On Sunday, they'd play for their club. They were effectively boarding and spending a minimum of their time at home. I just don't really understand why you'd send primary school age kids away for school at all, unless it really is force majeure or something or other.

Thoughts on the Edinburgh Academy and impact on peers

128. I think that the Edinburgh Academy should have bitten the bullet before they did and decided that they were not a boarding school. They couldn't give the same level of attention to that side of it as they were putting into the rest. I think the former rector who gave evidence at the Inquiry hearings, Marco Longmore, was the rector who ditched boarding, went fully co-ed and ditched English exams. I think he understood that the Academy needed to be a modern Edinburgh day school and stop pretending that they were lots of other things at the same time.
129. I would never have sent my children to a school that was single sex. There's only one boys' school left in Scotland. In the same way that I can't understand not having your kids at home when they're eight, I can't understand going through to the age of eighteen not speaking to 50% of the population. I think that modernisation of the Academy was overdue by the time Marco Longmore came to it. Boarding must have trickled down and trickled down and trickled down to the point that they should have

just got rid of it several years before they did get rid of it. Apart from anything else, there must have been a growing awareness in the eighties and nineties of the levels of responsibility and pastoral care for pupils involved. It wasn't just an adult who happened to be a French teacher and needed a house for a couple of years. I know that schools did have more awareness of what was being asked of them in that regard. They therefore had to make a clear decision as to whether that was a world they wanted to be in, dealing with different inspectorates and different legislation. I'm quite surprised the Academy kept it going for as long as they did because I think the boarding houses were pretty empty by the time they closed.

130. I'm pretty ambivalent about my time at the Academy. The most negative bits about it, I traditionally laid at the door of the people who made it negative rather than at the door of the school. To be fair to those boys, there was probably more that the school could have done for us slightly 'softer' pupils to make us feel a little bit more looked after. I think that was true of all these schools. It wasn't exclusive to the Academy, although it did have a sort of old school feel to it. We were still basically an urban day school. All of these places were pretty unemotional places. I'm sure that state schools were the same at the time. I think my pals at Broughton High School felt the same way. That side of yourself and your care and welfare was not something that we were told to think about.
131. When I think about schools now, it's very different. Fettes has a 'failure week' where they bring in people to talk about what went wrong in their lives, including parents, teachers and famous people. They talk about going bankrupt, doing something wrong, marriages falling apart and important things to learn from those things. Nothing in schooling in the years when I was there addressed that side of us. I wouldn't have had the machinery to understand why I felt angry about being bullied or indeed perhaps to understand why I was being bullied.
132. There were boys in the secondary school who I felt were kind of bullied most of the time. Jokes were constantly made about them being a bit slow, a bit fat, they had bad skin or a funny accent, whatever it was that awful boys picked on. I went to one school reunion. I was amazed at a couple of the boys who turned up. I remember thinking,

"How can you possibly have enjoyed your school time well enough to bother to come back for this?" All I remembered was them being kind of pilloried. It was at least about 25 years after we had left school. It was odd that I felt sufficient connection to go back to it.

133. There was one boy who was always a bit of an odd-ball at school. He was never treated the same way as everyone else. Other boys fancied his sister. That was the reason that anybody spoke to him. That was indicative of the way things worked. I think he's had a very lonely life. He got in touch with me to say that he was organising a reunion and asked me to help him find people. It was not long before the Inquiry started, so I was quite attuned to it. I said to him that there were probably 50% of people who wouldn't want to hear from him, never mind come to the reunion. Even though he had a miserable time at school, he couldn't quite grasp that people just wouldn't want to come.
134. I got in touch with somebody who is very senior in the armed forces. By one judgement, you could say that he is the most successful boy from our year at school. He did the cadets with me and amazingly it actually stuck. He's really senior in the forces. I got in touch with him and said that we'd all been badgered to ask people to come to this reunion. He just said that there was nothing that could make him come to that. I thought it was really instructive that there was someone who could turn up in his uniform with full chest of medals and gold braid, but nothing on God's earth would get him there. I don't know whether anything happened to him or whether he just had such unwelcome memories of the place that he didn't want to come back.
135. Subsequently, since Inquiry coverage came up and also in the course of my work, I've come across several people like that. They would say that they didn't want to tell me why, but they just would not go to the school. I think my semi-detached time in senior school probably covered the period when people were struggling. I know there were people there at the same time as me who were not happy boys. We didn't think it was each other's business. I'm not sure that the school thought it was their business. Certainly for a day school, I don't think that they understood the concept of pastoral

care. There were people who had a pretty spartan time at school. At least one of those people was a boarder, who I know has given evidence to the Inquiry.

136. I do still think about my time at school. The whole process of the Inquiry has made me think a lot about it. I've had a lot of conversations with people from both sides, some who are much more virulent than I am about the school's level of blame. Partly that's because some of them are older than me and they can remember so and so's mum definitely complained to the school. They're angry about it. Other people say they just didn't see it. I understand that because the whole point about the specific allegations is that they were done by people who were clever enough that people didn't see it.
137. I did send my son and daughter to the Academy. My son was born in 2002 and his name was down for local state primary school. We bought the school sweatshirt and he had everything. When he was about three and a half, someone pointed out that he didn't look at you when he spoke. We'd never had a kid before and we just assumed that was normal. He was referred to a speech and language therapist. He had developed almost a stutter and wouldn't look at people when he talked. The speech and language therapist advised us that wherever he went to school, he would need attention because he would hide. She said that he would become more and more conscious of what he was doing. He needed people to know what it was he was doing and know how to take him out of it. He was diagnosed with disfluency and something else, but I can't remember what they called it. It was a cognitive thing to do with facial prompts.
138. In our local primary school, the Primary 1 class size was 27 children. I was travelling with work. My wife walked down the road to the Edinburgh Academy junior school and went to see the headmistress. I don't think my wife even knew that was where I went to school because I hadn't really talked about it. The headmistress told her that the Primary 1 class size there was twelve. In those days, because of my job, they covered the costs. My son went to the Academy. I was quite resistant when my wife told me where she'd been. It wasn't because I hated the place, but I just thought that it was unremarkable. I also didn't want to get into that tiresome Edinburgh thing of, "Where do your kids go to school?"

139. By the Christmas of Primary 1, they had a show in front of the whole school. There I was, back at that school. It smelt the same, but it was a lot jollier and there were lots of girls. It was a much warmer place than when I had been there. My son stood up with the microphone and spoke to the school. We thought that was pretty good and the school had done well there. The school did listen very carefully to it. They took the advice from the NHS. They worked with him for four or five years at school. By the time he left the junior school to go to the senior school, he was a chatterbox. He was acting and he was doing this and that.
140. My daughter went there as well. Once both children were in the Academy and I left my previous job, it was too late to take them out. It was co-ed and it was a day school. They both had issues at school at times. They went to the school counsellor and they spoke to the school counsellor. They felt great about it and they felt comfortable to talk to us about it. They've both been to university and spoken to the university counsellors. It's entirely normal for them. It's another world.
141. The senior school at the Academy is also a different world than when I was at school. The whole Ephors thing is completely different. My daughter was an Ephor. She's the only member of our family who's ever been an Ephor and is the one who couldn't have been an Ephor thirty years ago. She didn't see the point. She didn't see that it was nice to have been asked. She didn't think that she did anything useful. She went to a few old folks' homes. It was so different from the hierarchical thing that it had been.

Reporting of abuse

142. I've spoken to quite a lot of people in my year about abuse at the Academy, at least one of whom gave really quite bitter, hard evidence to the Inquiry. I think it's striking but not surprising to me how much I didn't notice. Not being sporty, I think I missed an element of discipline and culture there. I resented the fact that I was never given the chance to do certain things, but then I was given the chance to do other things. On reflection, although I was really bitter about being bullied, I'm not sure that it would have been different in another school. I do think that the school has been a bit ham-

fisted in the way that it has treated this issue. I'm aware that schools were advised early on in the Inquiry process that it would be a good time to touch base with their former students and see what happened.

143. I didn't want to be seen as piling in when I hadn't initially identified myself as somebody who had something specific to say. I attended public hearings at the Inquiry and when I listened to evidence relating to the Academy, I knew every corridor and room that they talked about. I knew what they smelt like. I was taught by all the teachers whose names were brought up as alleged abusers, apart from Bill Bain and Wares. I knew certain things had happened or I'd seen individuals do certain kinds of things. If nothing else, I thought my evidence might be useful to corroborate things that had been said by others.
144. My brother gave evidence to the Inquiry and mentioned that I'd experienced some peer-on-peer abuse. It was in the school environment, but I'm not sure that that there was much the school could have done about it until they knew about it. They didn't know about it because I didn't tell them about it. I don't think that it wouldn't have happened in a different school. I've never reported anything that happened to me at school to the police. If I could have done it at the age of fifteen, I would have done. I was really resentful of those boys at the time. I think that it would have been taken a lot more seriously nowadays.

Impact

145. I know I got a fairly decent, broad education for the time. There were a couple of history and English teachers whose company I enjoyed and who made me think about stuff. I'm sure we got a bit more attention than we might otherwise have got. They took us to the theatre and sport. They took us to the schoolboys' enclosure at Murrayfield. There was lots of stuff going on. I went to Iceland twice with the school. There were a lot of things that made me feel that there was a lot to be done in the world. Equally, I do feel that it was a kind of dispassionate world. I don't know whether I blame the school or whether it was a sign of the times. I think not having girls was part of the

problem. There was no sense of who we were. I've thought about it a lot. The bullying that I had was quite intense and nobody, in my year or anywhere else, ever felt they had the ability to step in. They must have known. Nobody at the school seemed to review everybody's yearly performance and think, "He's been a bit quiet this year." That wouldn't happen these days.

146. If I'm with friends or distant acquaintances from school, the dynamic between us is still the same. You never really get out of that cycle of who's up and who's down, who's the joker of the pack and who's the dominant one. I think that's particularly true of single sex schools. I think that probably coloured my experiences of after-school as much as anything else.
147. For about ten or fifteen years after leaving school, I hated the group of people who had bullied me. If I had met [REDACTED] any time up until the age of about thirty, I would have been incredibly angry. Whether I would have been violently angry towards him, I don't know. Even then, I probably wouldn't have felt secure enough to do anything to him. In my head, I rehearsed a hundred times the conversation that I would have with him. I've never spoken to the two that had been my friends and then left me. I think that at least one of them felt a bit guilty about it afterwards, but I've never sought them out. I hated them for a long time.
148. My wife works in humanitarian aid and [REDACTED] also works in that area. He was the ringleader of the group who used to bully me. She told me that he'd been in touch, wanting to speak about our work, and I said that I wouldn't speak to him. It was as if what happened forty years ago would affect his professional life now. I think he probably has no idea who I am.
149. At times, there was a level of what I was feeling that would have been classified as a mental health issue. I was an angry boy. I was angry with myself and the world, not with individuals, except for the boys who bullied me. Even after I left university, I still could have told you their names. I still would have crossed the road to avoid them or accelerated my car towards them. I didn't, but I felt real anger towards them decades later.

150. There have been times when I've wondered why I respond to certain things in the way that I do. I think it does have something to do with proving a point in some way or another. I think that it does go back to school. I had to get help and medical treatment for panic and depression type things six or seven years ago. One of the things they discussed then was a type of therapy. It kind of verged into these areas, but never really got that far. I've always thought when I read things like alumnus magazines from schools and universities that something slightly nags me about them. I think deep down there is something that kind of makes me either annoyed that I'm not in them or annoyed that they show an interest in some things and not in others.
151. When I think back over my adult life, I have had a lot of ups and downs. It probably started at school because I think I was showing extremes of emotion in a way that lots of other kids weren't because of what was going on. It's a pattern I recognised in myself at university. There were times when I'd get in a black mood and disappear for a couple of days. I'd never attribute it to any one thing. I think there are bits about my time at the Academy that affected me. Although I was quite unremarkable about the school when I left and thought that I'd never set foot in the place again, it was my formative years. Things that happened to me at university may have been slights or mistakes or idiocies, but it didn't bother me. The things that happened at school bother me still.

Records

152. I used to get asked to school events at the Academy. At one of these events, I bumped into the school archivist. I asked him if they'd be interested in fourteen years of exercise books because otherwise they were going in the bin. He said that they were a perfect snapshot of how people learned forty years ago. I gave them all to the school archivist. At the same time, I came across a roll book from my time at the school. It's form 197█ to 197█.
153. My dad is the kind of person who will have kept all my school reports, but I don't have them. I haven't looked at them to see if there is a downward turn when I started being bullied. I haven't applied to the school for any other records. I would assume that

there's nothing in them of interest. My junior school records would probably say that I can draw a nice picture of the Queen. I think my senior school reports would probably say that I wasn't trying hard enough. They were little booklets that came home once every term. I seem to remember that there were quite a lot of difficult conversations at home when reports from the school were received. They basically said that I wasn't pulling my weight. Nobody will have made that connection between me basically opting out of school and what was happening to me.

Lessons to be learned

154. If I ever ran a school, I don't think I'd have such a system as prefects. But if there was such a system, I'd want to look at the people who have potential but are just not the people who get picked out. In a previous professional role, I used to go around a lot of schools just to get a feel for them. I can remember going to Fettes and meeting the head afterwards. She asked who had shown me around. I told her who it was and it had been a cheeky kid. He was up in front of her on a regular basis. As a result, I had a brilliant school tour. I didn't get the head boy and the head girl with lapels full of badges. I had a boy saying, "That's my brother, I hate him. That's where I do maths. I hate maths." The school knew fine well that he'd say whatever came into his head. That's what schools can do to pupils. They can give people a chance.
155. I'd never send my kids to boarding school unless I had to. I certainly wouldn't send a kid below the age of thirteen to board. However, I have a far bigger problem with single sex schools than I do with boarding schools. Maybe girls' schools are different and I know that they interact with people a lot more than they did in our day, but I just find the whole concept of learning about the world without half the world there to be an odd one.
156. In one sense, you can't stop abuse happening in the future. There will be people who will do this kind of stuff. They will find ways of carrying out abuse, whether that be in sports clubs, boy scouts, street corners or whatever it is, just as it happens within families. It's about how institutions test themselves and are tested by others to

constantly think about the different ways that they need to respond to this. You see it with social media. In some cases, schools have responded very well to social media and in other cases they've kind of given up and decided there's nothing they can do about it. That is bullying in its lightest sense, its abuse in its heaviest sense.

157. You've got to be constantly vigilant and not just say that the modern world is a difficult place. It was always difficult. If I think of Chevenix-Trench, who ended up as the head of Fettes and whose name was mentioned a lot at the Inquiry, that man was tortured by the Japanese for three years and had his eye taken out. The one thing that should never have happened was him being given overall pastoral responsibility for boys in a residential capacity. What do you think his views of discipline were going to be like? Schools have got to be constantly vigilant and they've got to constantly test themselves. Head teachers have to test themselves, governors have to test themselves, gap year students have to test themselves.
158. I know that when schools started doing child protection training, it was originally for senior management. They ended up having to do it for students and for governors, even though governors were never left alone unsupervised in rooms. Every generation doesn't understand what abuse means to the next generation. In the same way, there are things that I've heard about school ten years or twenty years above me that bear no comparison to my experiences at school. I could talk about my school experiences and people ten or twenty years younger than me, including my children, would go, "Oh my God, that's appalling." Just as we joked about things in schoolyards which are just inconceivable and make me cringe, there will be things that my children will look back at in forty years' time and ask themselves how they ever did that.
159. You'll never stop those people for whom the motivation to abuse is there. Although the days of fearing men in raincoats hanging around swing-parks are gone, it's actually much worse nowadays because motivations like that are fed at home, online in a way that they could never have been catered for in the past. Equally, 90% of the stuff that I heard about at school could not have happened in my children's time. The children would have said they were not having it and told somebody or tweeted it or gone to

Childline. Things are different now, but I think that peer-on-peer bullying is probably worse than when I was at school. It's so much more sophisticated and unpleasant.

160. I would never say and I hope that no school ever says that abuse can't happen now. Of course it can happen. In that one third of a child's day to day life that the school looks after, they need to make sure that they've thought of everything. They do map children's behaviour and emotional development in a way that was never done for us at school, but they will be missing things that won't be missed in ten years' time. They need to be constantly vigilant, but when you say things like that people think it's too difficult, they can't do it and they shouldn't do it. It's no more difficult than it ever was, you just have to keep up to speed. When my children started as school, they were talking about Wi-Fi and devices in schools. We had schools saying that they switched off the Wi-Fi network. In the time my children were at school, that game had completely gone. Now, they're realising that school kids have got more computing power in their pockets than the schools do so why not just use it?
161. I wouldn't have had any engagement with independent schools if I had thought that any of them didn't take allegations of abuse seriously. There were moments before the Inquiry started when I had to think about that and whether I was being honest with myself, but I could not have done that with a conscience. Money, politics and arguments about the rights and wrongs of the independent sector aside, I used to say to them that something like this would shut their school down in a week and it should. If they had an allegation on Friday that they didn't deal with and it was in the papers on a Sunday, they'd be shut by the following Friday. Parents would walk and nobody would ever forgive the school for it.
162. I saw a level of anger at the Inquiry hearings for the Academy that I didn't really see for the Inquiry hearings relating to other boarding schools. I think it was because the school had come latterly and it hadn't come out voluntarily. That's the way it should be. That anger exists. People are prepared, amazingly and graciously, to sit there and say, "I've got nothing else to say, just tell me that it can't happen now." I used to speak to people who had something they felt they needed to talk to a school about, but they didn't know what to do. I had no training for that. The first question we asked was what

they would like to happen. Most of them just said they wanted to know that it couldn't happen now. They often didn't want to speak to the school or, in most cases, the police. They definitely didn't want to be on the front page of the *Daily Record*. In most cases, they didn't want money. It was more just people saying that it had nagged away at them and they needed to know that they weren't letting something pass by their silence.

163. Personally, I think that there are other actors involved that need to get their act together. If you go back to the beginning, there was utter chaos between the government, the Inspectorate, the General Teaching Council and the Care Inspectorate. They didn't know who the independent sector well. They didn't know how many children there were. They didn't know how many teachers were unregistered. The sector cultivated that by saying that they should be left alone and autonomous. Clearly, it's not autonomous now. There are all sorts of conditions that schools rightly have to meet. If that's the case, the sector needs to be taken seriously and they need to understand how it works. It's not good enough for civil servants to sit there and go, "Well, I don't actually know."
164. What does the Registrar of Independent Schools do? The person in the role used to change every six months. Now, the same guy has been there for years but he is on his own as the regulatory burden builds and builds. I don't think it's fair on any sector, not just boarding schools, to say that they need to be gold standard at everything, but they're not going to be policed to the same level as everyone else, but we will come down on you like a tonne of bricks if something goes wrong. If anything can be changed then I think it's that.
165. I wouldn't have dealt with any of the school heads if I had thought for a minute that they didn't take the allegations of abuse seriously. For example, I can think of one head will be a changed man forever after the experience of taking his school through the Inquiry. I think he was profoundly changed by that. In that respect, I don't fear for the sector's response. We would have educational psychologists in schools. Local authorities had wards of children who were off school long-term. In some local authority areas, they'd walk past the child who went to an independent school. They'd

say that they'd opted out of education. They hadn't opted out of mental health care, of the Child and Adolescent Mental Health Service and the NHS. That's the kind of mindset that you have to get past. Irrespective of the choice and funding of education, the pastoral care has to be the same. I'm not convinced that it is.

166. 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.

IWL

Signed...

Dated.....

13/12/2023.