

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

KJL

Support person present: No

1. My name is KJL. My date of birth is 1961. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before going to Edinburgh Academy

2. I was born in Dover. My father, worked in the paper industry. He'd trained as a chemist and was working with one of the big paper manufacturers. About every two years, he would move paper mill and so we would move with him. My mother, had studied English and Spanish at Edinburgh University. She'd trained as a librarian and had been working as a librarian for the same paper company, which was where they met.
3. I have an older brother, who is just over two years older and I have a younger sister, who is just over two years younger than me. My older brother also went to Edinburgh Academy.
4. We moved about every two years until I was eight. We started living in Deal, then Chorley in Lancashire, then Lytham St Annes, then Beaconsfield before moving up to Edinburgh a few months after my eighth birthday. My mother's family had owned and run a firm that made, amongst other things. It was a family firm and her brother had been running it but wanted to emigrate with his family. My parents took over the firm, which is why we moved up to Edinburgh.

5. One of the decisions my parents faced when we moved up to Edinburgh was about schooling. In England we'd been educated in the state sector when we lived in Beaconsfield. That primary school was the only school I'd been to. My dad's father had gone to Merchiston Castle School in Edinburgh and I'm not sure about my mum's father. My parents were looking at private schooling for us because they believed that it gave a better education, and that was very important to them. I can remember doing an entrance exam for Melville College, as it was called at the time. I must also have done one for the Academy, but I don't remember that. All I can remember is having a conversation with the then-headteacher of the prep school, Mr Britton, and we talked about the Flat Earth society. I think my brother, being older, probably went straight to the senior school and I started in the prep school. I joined in the fourth year, sometime in September 196█.

Edinburgh Academy, Junior School, Arboretum Road, Edinburgh

6. My form teacher when I started in Year 4 was called Mrs Baxter. I think I was in her class for a term and then got moved to another class with Miss KAG █. In Year 5 my form teacher was called Tony Dyer. In sixth year, I think my form teacher was ICG █. He was a very good cricketer, as was Tony Dyer. Fortunately, I avoided the teachers at the prep school who have been in the news.
7. I was a day pupil at the Academy and was never a boarder. My family had all moved to Edinburgh by the time I started there. We lived just over a mile away from the school. In those days we walked unaccompanied to school whatever the weather was. I walked to school in the morning and walked back home in the afternoon.
8. The prep school was a single sex school at the time. It was only towards the end of my time at the Academy that the senior school started to admit girls. In the prep school there were some boys who boarded, but I don't particularly remember any specific boys. We were all mixed together in school classes.

9. We were all put into 'houses' and there were some activities, such as sports, that we did competing as houses. The houses were Cockburn, Kinross, which I was in, Carmichael and Houses for the boarders.
10. There were no prefects in the junior school.

Routine at junior school

First day

11. I don't remember my first day at the junior school.

Uniform

12. The uniform was a blue blazer, shorts, a blue and white diagonally striped tie and a cap.

Mealtimes

13. When it was lunch time I had school dinners. They were ok. I had no strong adverse experiences other than developing a lifelong aversion to processed peas.

Schooling

14. I struggle to recall a typical day in the junior school. From memory we had an assembly at the start of the day and there'd be lessons, then a mid-morning break, lessons, then lunch and lessons again before stopping around three o'clock.
15. In the lunch break, for most of the time we'd go down to the athletic fields in front of the school and play football. The morning break would often be in the playground at the back. Sports would have been across Arboretum Road at the main playing fields, what's called the New Field. We played rugby and cricket.

16. My time at the prep school was not bad. I was clearly very fortunate in that I didn't experience some of what other people have spoken about. I have tried to remember Iain Wares and I cannot remember him at all. I recall John Brownlee only vaguely. The only time I ever dealt with him was once when I tripped over on the way to school and got a bad cut on my knee. When I asked the PE teacher to be excused from gym, John Brownlee was there. He was fine and made a joke about me knocking 'a lump of fish and chips' out of my knee.
17. One negative memory of the prep school is of my first encounter with [REDACTED]. I think we were in the same class when I first started at the school. As we got changed from gym he called me a Sassenach, and not in a friendly way, because of my English accent. I suspect he took against me from the start. I only mention this incident, which might otherwise seem trivial, because of later developments.

Inspections

18. I have no memory of any inspections at the junior school.

Healthcare

19. There was possibly a school nurse or matron, but I don't recall encountering her in any significant way. At senior school we had BCG and TB inoculations. I don't recall anything like that at the junior school.
20. I don't recall any adult at the junior school who offered pastoral care in an official capacity. I think that was left to form teachers. I do remember, just after I had started at the school, that Mrs Baxter asked the other pupils in my class not to say anything when I started to blink a lot. I have no idea why I was doing that, and it didn't last long, but she noticed and took some action.

Discipline

21. The school was fairly strict in terms of the discipline I encountered. The only teacher I recall using physical punishment was Tony Dyer. He was my form teacher in Year 5. I remember that if he had left the classroom during a class, and you went out of the classroom to change your shoes to get a jump start on break time and you were caught out of the classroom, he gave you a single kick on the backside. As far as I can remember, it was a side-footed kick, so not like some of what I've read in the statements concerning other teachers.
22. The punishment was always administered in the classroom and in front of other boys. Mr Dyer would call the pupil up to the front of the class, give the kick and they'd go back to their seat. It didn't, from my memory, reduce anyone to tears, knock them flat or make them go bright red in the face. I think as a pupil you'd know you'd done something you shouldn't have and that was that. I wasn't ever caught outside the classroom but others were and I learnt pretty quickly from their example. It didn't stop us from doing it but we knew we were taking a risk.
23. The side-footed kick didn't happen often. In my recollection Dyer wasn't the predatory kind of person that I have read about in other statements. While I wouldn't now say that it is an appropriate form of punishment, I have never thought that the way it was administered was abusive.
24. That is the only example I can remember of corporal punishment at prep school. I don't think ICG ever used corporal punishment, and neither of the lady teachers to my recollection used it, and if they did, it was incredibly rare.
25. I also had Norman Jack as a French teacher at the prep school. One particular memory I have of being in his class is that he had something that he called 'La Machine' which was kept in a small storage room behind his desk. 'La Machine' wasn't real but if you had committed a misdemeanour you might be taken by Mr Jack for an encounter with 'La Machine'. I was only taken in to meet 'La Machine' once, together with another pupil. When Mr Jack took us into the room, he closed the door behind us and asked us to make sounds as if we were being scared or frightened. That was it, and we were let out of the storeroom back into the class. It seemed a bit of a game and in my case

was harmless, but other pupils also went in to meet 'La Machine' and I don't know what happened to them in there. I don't remember any conversations amongst the pupils about their encounters with 'La Machine'.

Reflections on Junior School and leaving

26. I was fortunate to be a high achiever academically, winning several class prizes. I think that may have sheltered me from what happened to other pupils. Although there was some name calling, the prep school wasn't too bad. The hardest thing for me was that all of my best friends moved to other schools in Edinburgh or other parts of the country when they finished prep school. I lost touch with them and I think that left me vulnerable to what was to come.
27. After I completed Year 6 in the prep school I started my first year at the senior school.

Edinburgh Academy, Senior School, Henderson Row, Edinburgh

28. I started Year 1 in the senior school and we were called 'Geits'. This was in 197█. In total I did seven years in the senior school.
29. When I started at the senior school the rector was ICH█. He had, I think, at some point been a major in the paratroopers before coming to the school. I just remember him as being a somewhat forbidding figure in his academic gown and I had virtually no contact with him. Towards the end of my time in senior school Laurence Ellis became our rector. He broadened what achievement meant at the school beyond just being academic or sporting.
30. I don't remember if there was a deputy rector when I was at the school. I think that happened later on.

Routine at Senior School

Uniform

31. We started wearing long trousers rather than shorts when we moved into the Geits. During winter and spring, we had a green tweed jacket that we wore with our blue and white tie. In the summer we switched to a blue blazer instead of the tweed jacket. If you were in one of the top school sporting teams, you could wear a special colours sweater and blazer. Senior pupils could also wear a straw boater in summer. In addition to the uniform, you'd also have to have the appropriate sports gear. All in all, the required clothing was expensive and could only be bought in a limited number of shops.

Schooling

32. A typical day in senior school started with a short assembly, at around a quarter to nine. There was some accommodation made for 'conscientious objectors' not to attend assembly. Registration was taken at the beginning of the day, I think before assembly. From memory, the day ran then with two classes, a break, then either two or three classes before lunch, a longer lunch break and finally two classes in the afternoon. Lunch was split into two sittings because the dining hall wasn't big enough to take all of the students in a single setting. We sat at long tables and the food was brought round to the tables by the catering staff.
33. As we were in senior school we moved around between rooms and we didn't have a single teacher for everything. We also started being streamed for different subjects on academic grounds.
34. At the end of school lessons there was a variety of after-school activities. These included the Combined Cadet Force (CCF), a reading class, after-school clubs, (particularly on Fridays) and at least twice a week, sports. If you were in one of the senior school teams, you would have sports three times a week. Sports included the main three of rugby, cricket and athletics, but could also include hockey, tennis, squash and doubtless others. The senior school had courts for Eton fives, but I'm not

sure anyone played it when I was at the senior school. The Academy also had a game which was played occasionally called 'Hailes'. It was a kind of hockey but was played with a tennis ball and using the clacken instead of a hockey stick. This was the 'intended' use of the clacken.

35. You could also be doing sports on a Saturday morning. There were frequently rugby or cricket matches on a Saturday morning unless you were in one of the senior teams when it would have been in the afternoon. Very rarely there might have been something on a Sunday. I was involved in some of the after-school clubs. I played [REDACTED] in the school orchestra and I was in the scientific society (which often involved talks from visiting speakers on a Friday afternoon). I occasionally took part (not very well) in debates in the debating society.

Healthcare

36. I don't recall having to visit a nurse other than for my BCG/TB inoculation. If there was a nurse I never went to them for help.
37. In my time at senior school a Chaplain was appointed called Howard Haslett. I don't recall him being there at the start of my time at school. I had no awareness of him being there in any pastoral capacity.
38. To my mind there was no pastoral care set up and I don't remember any pastoral care arrangements ever being communicated to pupils. Even if teachers thought you should go and talk to them, or talk to the Chaplain, that was never communicated. Teaching staff congregated in their staff room during breaks, so I guess I could have contacted the Chaplain there if I'd thought to. However, I never did, and it never occurred to me that the Chaplain was there for that purpose.

Inspections and visits

39. I'm not aware of any inspections happening in the senior school. The only outside visitor I recall is when the Queen came to visit the school in 1974 for the 150th anniversary of the school.

Discipline

40. Although the teaching staff had the primary responsibility for discipline, some responsibility was delegated to the prefects, known as ephors. I have insight into the ephor system having been one.
41. I don't recall lines being given by the teaching staff, but there was definitely corporal punishment. Not every teacher did it. There were plenty of teachers who never did in my experience. Hamish Dawson very definitely did. He was my form teacher in second year.

Prefects

42. The prefects at the academy were called ephors, apparently a term from ancient Greece. They wore a special dark blue tie to distinguish them from other pupils. Ephors were based out of the ephors' room, on the ground floor beneath the staff room for the teachers. Before I became an ephor, ephors seemed remote and forbidding, and certainly not the kind of people you would think of going to with a problem. I never had any sense that ephors and teaching staff managed discipline in an integrated way, with ephors providing 'eyes and ears' for the teaching staff, reporting trouble or identifying pastoral needs that staff might not be aware of. It felt like the teachers delegated responsibility for discipline in breaktimes to the ephors. Maybe there was a teacher on patrol during breaktimes, but I don't recall it.
43. One place where you would regularly encounter ephors was at the tuck shop queue, as ephors were supposed to keep order in the queue for sweets. Often older boys just came and muscled their way in to the front of the queue, and not always very gently. The ephors often just laughed and did nothing. I suppose it was a low grade form of

bullying with the ephors often colluding with their mates, but I always thought it was very wrong.

44. There were two levels of ephors - junior ephors and senior ephors – together with a ‘head ephor’. My memory is a bit hazy on the details, but I think that junior ephors were appointed from pupils in their final public exam year, so SCE Highers (class 6) or A-levels (lower class 7). Many pupils left the school after these exams, but some would stay on into the next academic year, for example to do the Oxbridge entrance exams (entering upper class 7). I think that senior ephors were appointed from amongst the more experienced junior ephors, probably from those who stayed on. The head ephor was appointed from the senior ephor pool.
45. I don’t recall pupils holding elections for ephors. Ephors were appointed by the staff, I think twice a year. [REDACTED] I can recall having some discussions with senior staff about potential junior ephors prior to their appointment. I think the appointment of the head ephor was made by the rector in consultation with his senior staff team.
46. A junior ephor was there to keep an eye on order during breaks. This included policing the tuck shop queue, patrolling round the classrooms or remoter parts of the school like behind the fives courts, or bike sheds, looking out for trouble or pupils smoking (which makes me cringe now). Senior ephors organised rotas, did some patrolling, and kept order in the school hall as the pupils gathered for assemblies.
47. By the time I was appointed as an ephor, ephors did not administer corporal punishment and I am profoundly grateful for that. I am not sure when this was stopped, but certainly before my time. The only sanction ephors had was to give out varying numbers of lines. There was a punishment book in the ephors’ room which was used to record (at least) the physical punishments administered by the ephors. I don’t recall the book ever being looked at by staff as part of monitoring the disciplinary process within the school or the conduct of the ephors.

48. When I became an ephor, I tried to get to know all the pupils by name. I hadn't liked the remoteness of the ephors from the other pupils when I had first come to the school, so I wanted to be able to speak to them on first name terms. That was a personal thing.
49. When I was appointed I felt strongly that ephors should be subject to the same standards of behaviour as everybody else and I certainly hadn't liked the collusion of ephors in allowing older boys to barge into the tuck shop queue when I was younger. In hindsight, the whole ephor system at the time was badly flawed because of the absence of proper training and oversight. I cannot recall any training by staff for the role, and no mentoring or coaching while you were in the role. I cannot recall any explanation being provided of what the role involved, the disciplinary framework, or any escalation process. As far as I can recall, we just had to work it out for ourselves. Even if we were supposedly senior and responsible pupils, such an unsupervised arrangement would never be considered appropriate in my line of work. When I look back on my time as an ephor, the potential for abuse of power is obvious for any pupil who wanted a power trip. Even more so when physical punishment was an option. Personally, I think I could be self-important and I'm sure I sometimes gave out lines for trivial offences, which is a cause of great regret. The whole experience of being an ephor made me thoroughly cynical about giving power to people without proper oversight or a proper system of checks and balances in place. I understand from what I've read that the ephor system has changed and that can only be a good thing.

Abuse at The Edinburgh Academy

50. For all that the following paragraphs have negative things to say about my experience at the Academy, I want to say that there were many good, dedicated, teachers at the school. For all that there were failings by individuals and by some of the school systems, I am very grateful for the efforts of the teachers who helped inspire a love of learning in me, particularly in science, that I have to this day.
51. Hamish Dawson was my form teacher in my 2nd year (197█-197█) and was our form's history teacher. I think I was aged between twelve and thirteen. At that time, I think Mr

Dawson was a house master in one of the boarding houses. I'm pretty sure that by this stage I was in the same class as Nicky Campbell. Mr Dawson also played the French Horn in the school orchestra. He could be very funny and affable, and I can remember him drawing cartoons on my homework book of a face with a big nose peering over a wall. He always had a jar of jellybeans, and if something good happened then they could be given out as a reward. I now wonder if it was also a form of grooming.

52. In history classes people would be going across Dawson's knee quite regularly. They would be 'tickled', and it would all be made out to be a piece of fun. I have been horrified to read about what some pupils experienced when they were put over his knee. I don't think I ever paid attention to where Dawson's hands were going. It wasn't possible to see a lot of the time, because of how his desk was positioned, but even if I had seen I'm not sure at that age if I would have understood what was going on. With hindsight, it's striking how obvious things can be hidden in plain sight. By today's standards his behaviour has got red flashing lights all over it.
53. I don't have strong memories of Dawson being particularly angry, but I do remember the fate of one classmate, [REDACTED], who sat at the next desk to me. People were regularly beaten with the clacken in class. It varied from a mild tap to something quite a lot harder. It was always over the trousers in front of the class. I don't know what [REDACTED] had done, but he was hit really, really, hard – a loud 'whack'. He turned beetroot red in the face and was struggling not to cry.
54. Of all the teachers I can think of, Dawson would have been the one who resorted the most to physical punishment. I don't think any of my science teachers did, nor do I think any of my other teachers did. If there was anything, it was very rare and not on the same scale at all. I think I had a lot of the science teachers, particularly in physics and chemistry, in my time at the Academy.
55. In my own personal experience of the teaching staff, there is one specific failing in professional conduct in my fourth (O-level) year which I cannot excuse. By this stage I was suffering from what felt like quite bad acne, which persisted until I left school.

This became the basis for years of very unpleasant and abusive nicknames, and ongoing humiliation, the consequences of which have continued to this day.

56. In my fourth year I used to go for [REDACTED] classes with a well-respected teacher called KKB [REDACTED]. The timing of his classes was such that, when the class finished, we would have to walk through his own form class, who were two years older than we were. They would be crowded outside the classroom, waiting to come in. There were two pupils in particular in his form class who made leaving the classroom a complete nightmare for me. The lead was an accomplished sportsman called [REDACTED] [REDACTED], with an accomplice called [REDACTED]. Every time I left that classroom, day after day, week after week, I had to endure those two making sounds of disgust and revulsion, to and about my face, as I walked past them, with other pupils laughing. Others heard it and could add their own contributions, but these two took the lead. It was hurtful and utterly, utterly, humiliating. I became very good at smiling to pretend it was a joke, but that was all a pretence. Maybe some people were deceived by my act, but it doesn't take much imagination to guess what was really going on inside me. I became good at pretending and inwardly hiding.
57. Every time I left his classroom over that school year, I had to run that gauntlet while KKB [REDACTED] sat inside at his desk. He was the bullies' form teacher, and he must have heard what was happening because they weren't quiet about it, yet every single time he did nothing. I can't excuse that. The bullying was going on a short distance from his desk, but he did absolutely nothing. When I needed to be protected, when he should have intervened to challenge the bullies' behaviour, he completely failed. What was going on was unmissable. He could not possibly have missed their behaviour. The bullies would sometimes even come into the classroom to see why I hadn't come out, because I would find excuses to stay behind.
58. When KKB [REDACTED] died the obituaries were full of his qualities as an [REDACTED] teacher. He may well have been a very good [REDACTED] teacher, but he let me down terribly. He had a chance to intervene in a situation where he must have known what was going on, but he didn't. I felt utterly betrayed and abandoned.

59. While the events I've just described happened in my fourth year at senior school, the abusive name-calling had started before then, and by the time I left school I was so sensitised that any reference to spots or acne caused hurt and humiliation. What had been a benign nickname of 'KJL' at the prep school became 'KJL' or 'KJL' at senior school from some, and eventually 'KJL' from younger pupils.
60. The walk from the senior school on Henderson Row to the school sports fields on Arboretum Road was around three quarters of a mile. It took the form of a long, unsupervised, straggle of pupils. It was a great place for bullies to operate. They didn't need to be near you to humiliate you by calling out names. This was when I first came across the word 'KJL', which soon got attached to me. It was the previously mentioned 'KJL' who first gave me that name when I was on the walk up to the sports fields, I think in my first year at the school. My brother was nearby, and 'KJL' said I should ask my brother what 'KJL' was. My brother also had acne, and I can only imagine what my naïvely asking did to him. 'KJL' and friends, of course, thought it was a great laugh. I've never spoken to my brother about this. I suspect we've both tried very hard to leave it behind.
61. Another place where I encountered 'KJL' was going into assembly in my fifth year. The school hall was elliptical in shape, with a gallery above the main seating area. The gallery extended almost the full circumference, broken only by the organ pipes above the main dais, and with a single access point at one end. As a more senior pupil we would sit in the gallery, entering at one end and, in my case, sitting close to the far end of the circumference. 'KJL' would be positioned about the middle of that journey, and every time I would have to go past him. He didn't need to say 'KJL'. He could just hiss – anything with an 'h' sound – and it meant the same. He was having a good laugh, and I would be humiliated publicly once again.
62. 'KJL' and friends weren't the only people who gave me grief. For much of my time at senior school, 'KJL' and his friends also joined in. One instance in particular sticks in my mind, though there must have been many others. It was in fourth year, when my form teacher was a very nice man called Giles Orr. It was during a lunch break, when 'KJL', together with a friend of his called 'KJL' and (I think)

the late [REDACTED] [REDACTED] came up to me. The BBC had used the opening of 'Also Sprach Zarathustra' by Richard Strauss as their theme music for their coverage of the Apollo moon landings. [REDACTED] and friends came right up to me and, humming that music, made as if to land on my face amongst the acne spots and scars. They were laughing in my face as they did it. That, together with name-calling and abuse, was the kind of thing he and his friends would do quite regularly.

63. [REDACTED] was around as well and he also left a very deep mark on me but I cannot pin it down to specific incidents. He was friends with [REDACTED], [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. They were definitely a group of friends at school. Once, shortly after starting to work for [REDACTED], I thought I saw [REDACTED] at my place of work wearing the summer uniform of the senior school. I had a panic attack, and my immediate thought was to run as far away from the place as possible. I would have abandoned my job to get away because I was so terrified of the name-calling starting up again. It wasn't actually [REDACTED] who I saw, but all it took was a superficial resemblance, physically and in clothing, to trigger that response. Therefore, while no single incident involving [REDACTED] comes to mind, I'm in no doubt that he was as involved as the rest. I was very scared of him.
64. In senior school, the bullying behaviour happened most days, in one form or another. It could be from the two groups of boys I've mentioned, but it could also be by others who just picked up on the name-calling and imitated it. In the end, I became paranoid that almost everyone was mocking me, even if they weren't.
65. In terms of getting help from teachers, I didn't know how to do this without it potentially causing even more trouble through some kind of backlash. Instead, I looked for 'safe places' to hide, at least before I became an ephor (though that didn't prevent all the trouble). There would be times when I would hang around at the bottom of the stairs up to the staff room because it was a relatively safe space. People wanting to make fun of me would come looking for me but wouldn't do anything near the staff room. Another place was the library. In hindsight, the fact that I hung around outside the staff room as often as I did should have been a signal to staff that there was something wrong. I'd like to think that teachers are now trained to recognise some of these signs, but they didn't recognise them then.

66. In the end, I took refuge in a kind of fantasy world. I was in Middle Earth long before the Peter Jackson films and as I was closed-off to real relationships I imagined them instead. Both were places to escape to that seemed a lot better and safer than the real world.
67. Going to school became an absolute nightmare for me until the day I left. I was being ground to bits inwardly, and I had to force myself to go in because I knew exactly what I would be encountering. While the people involved and the nature of the name-calling changed over time, I became hyper-sensitive to any perceived rejection, whether to do with spots or anything else that someone might regard as an imperfection. This wasn't just confined to what peers or more senior boys might say or do. Every boy at school, regardless of age, became a potential threat. There were times when I would look at myself in the mirror at home and just want to scrape my face off in disgust. Inevitably there were times when I felt suicidal. However, I could never talk to my parents about what was happening or how I felt. I tried walking around the house looking thoroughly miserable hoping that they would notice and would ask what was wrong, but they didn't spot anything. I was also scared, as many kids would be, that my parents would think the situation was somehow my fault. I have been living with the effects of all this for fifty years and I'm still working through them.
68. I can still remember coming home from school one day and going to my brother's bedroom. I went in with a [REDACTED] and I sat there with it [REDACTED] [REDACTED] contemplating [REDACTED]. In the end I didn't do anything, but I think that was some form of a cry for help. I was possibly aged fifteen at this stage. I never told my mum and dad about these feelings. They were oblivious to them.
69. Even if I'd moved schools, I dreaded that the bullying would follow me from one place to another. A number of years ago I talked to my mother about my experiences, and she said that if they'd known how unhappy I was they would have moved me to another school. However, my fear was that someone at the Academy would say something to someone else at the new school, and the whole bullying experience would start up

again in the new school. That was my dread and nightmare - that wherever I went this would follow me. That dread lasted for many years after I left school.

70. All I needed was for people to be nice. There could well have been people at the Academy who would have been good friends, but out of fear I cut myself off from them. I ended up distancing myself from everyone, withdrawing further and further into myself. On the outside I might have appeared very successful, but inwardly I was heading for trouble.
71. In many ways I did very well at the school, finishing [REDACTED] and with a scholarship to Queens' college, Cambridge. I was also [REDACTED] ephor (prefect), played rugby in the [REDACTED] and cricket for the [REDACTED]. However, this picture of outward success was far from the whole story.

Leaving the Edinburgh Academy

72. I could have left the school in 197[REDACTED] after my Oxbridge entrance exams, but I stayed on for the rest of the academic year. This was probably a mistake. I did it ostensibly because I wanted to play cricket, but I now wonder if I wasn't also too scared to go anywhere else.
73. I left the school after the end of year prize-giving assembly. This was a big occasion with a visiting guest of honour. Speeches were made and prizes awarded. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]. The then [REDACTED] was the guest of honour, and I remember him making a special speech [REDACTED] saying what a privilege it was [REDACTED]. I know it made my parents very happy to be there. They had had a difficult year after having to sell the family firm, and my mother told me that this was a bright spot in a very dark year for them. The ceremony concluded with the school song, Floreat Academia. Looking back on my experience at the school I'm torn between pride at what I accomplished and that it helped my parents, gratitude towards those who had helped me, but also "what a load of crap" because of the bullying and the institutional failings that made it worse.

Life after being at the Edinburgh Academy

74. I started at Cambridge university in the October after I left the Academy to do a Chemical Engineering degree. This started with two years of what is called Natural Sciences, after which I moved into Chemical Engineering, which is my profession. In 1983 I joined what was then called [REDACTED], a large multinational company which no longer exists. I joined at Billingham in Teesside in NE England. I worked on Teesside, moving between [REDACTED] sites, for almost fifteen years before joining [REDACTED] and moving north to Grangemouth. I worked there until the end of 2011, during which time the site was divested, before rejoining [REDACTED] at the start of 2012. I still work with them and expect to retire from them in about a year. All in all, after a very difficult start to my working life, I am now very happy with how things have ended up for me professionally. That said, it has involved periods of great struggles with my mental health, which continue to an extent to this day.
75. In 1992 I married my wife [REDACTED] on Teesside, and we have two adult daughters. I'm very thankful to say we're still together. We are a very close family and over time that has had a positive healing effect on the damage done in the earlier part of my life.
76. I have had no desire whatsoever to be in touch with the Academy. I couldn't get far enough away from it, and for many years I couldn't get far enough away from Scotland. I had no desire to come back, least of all to Edinburgh. However, changes at work, my wife's strong wish to move back north of the border, and the locations where our parents and other family members lived, led me to apply for a job at Grangemouth. We came back to Scotland in mid-1998, and the experience has been much better than I feared.

Impact

77. One of the most lasting impacts of the bullying at school was that it turned my natural competitiveness into a vicious, self-hating, perfectionism. Constant name-calling and humiliation filled me with disgust at myself and made me believe that I needed to be perfect in every way. If I wasn't perfect, even in a minor way, people would be justified

in rejecting me. Even now I cringe when I think about this and the viciousness of the thoughts in my mind. The emotional reaction was so strong that it outweighed any positive experiences that I might have had, and it took a huge amount of emotional energy to control. With hindsight, I can see now that this is the result at a psychological level of having my threat response system dialled up to maximum for so long. At the time, I just had to do my best to live with it.

78. When I started at university, I thought it was an opportunity to put all my school experience behind me and make a fresh start. However, Cambridge is a competitive place, and I quickly transferred all my fears of rejection onto those around me. I had been awarded a 1-year entrance scholarship to Queens' College and I soon realised that it wouldn't be renewed if I didn't get a first in my year-end exams. My fear of rejection and humiliation if I lost the scholarship brought back my perfectionism with a vengeance.
79. Every year of fear-driven success ratcheted up the pressure I put on myself. I simply couldn't allow myself to fail. In the end I kept going for long enough to get a First for my degree, but that was followed by a collapse in my post-graduate year. The pressure of having to be perfect was too much for me and I went into a state of increasing emotional and volitional shut down. My emotions were in deep freeze, and I found it very hard to make and stick to decisions. Studying for my post-grad year was very difficult. This state continued for maybe 3 or 4 years, only gradually lifting.
80. After making it to the end of my post-grad year, I went into the working environment of [REDACTED]. Not unreasonably, because [REDACTED] had sponsored me through university, they expected a person they could give work to and who would deliver results. Instead, they got me in a state where I hardly had any initiative, and my perfectionism took me into a mental world plagued by thoughts of nihilism and solipsism, where I doubted absolutely everything. I would often wake up in the night seized by awful self-rejecting thoughts. I know that dealing with existential thoughts is part of growing up, but I am sure that the intensity and viciousness of my thoughts is largely down to my experiences at school. Looking back, I'm amazed that [REDACTED] continued to employ me, but over the course of a few years I was finally able to make some personal progress and

deliver some worthwhile results for them. I didn't have any significant professional support over this time because I was too scared of criticism or rejection by a therapist. Instead, I just had to claw my way out of the mental pit I was in through sheer determination, but also benefitting from joining a friendly team at work and developing long-lasting friendships (though I haven't told many friends about my school experiences).

81. Despite my progress at work, I still had severe struggles with my mental health. I remember one occasion very vividly. It was a few years after I had started work. I had bought my own house by this stage. I had just got home from work when I was seized by terrible, vicious, self-hating thoughts. I had to hide every [REDACTED] in the kitchen out of reach on top of the kitchen cupboards because I felt such pressure to self-harm. I fled into the car and drove several miles to the house of a couple I knew, where I just collapsed sobbing into the wife's arms. I can remember saying to them that all I had ever wanted was for people to love me. I know that this was about my experience at school. My emotional state at that time was just hell, but I had to pick myself up and carry on.
82. For a long time, my experience at school left me unable to trust anyone over anything remotely important. I couldn't trust men and I was terrified of rejection by women (it didn't help going to a single sex school). I sometimes think I have must have seemed a bit weird when I first went to university. I had little confidence and could be very awkward socially. Although over time I developed some long-lasting friendships, at first it could take all of my courage to knock on someone's door and not run away. I only very recently realised that my first subconscious thoughts in many situations have often been: Am I going to get hurt? Who can protect me? Am I safe? This script has been playing in the background for fifty years. In almost every situation where I could possibly be vulnerable or get hurt, I realise I have been protecting myself by maintaining a kind of emotional armoured shell where any negative emotion gets blocked out. It's all driven by a basic sense of insecurity and terror of being humiliated or rejected. It's exhausting to sustain this.

83. I suspect I've blanked out a lot of specific events at school. On the few occasions in the past when I have spoken to a friend or professional about the events described in this statement, I have done so in a very dispassionate way with my emotions tightly controlled. One of the reasons I have for wanting to talk about my experiences now, so long after the event, is to seek some kind of resolution for them. My school experiences and their consequences have dogged me for years, and while they are less powerful now than they used to be, they still form a kind of emotional undercurrent to my life, and I would really like to be rid of their effects. I don't want to go on living with them if I don't have to.
84. I doubt that my experience at school was unique. I was struck by Nicky Campbell's use of the word 'feral' in describing how he was at school. I want in this statement to give some sense of what it was like to be on the wrong end of someone being 'feral' and the lasting impact it could have. It was a very unpleasant place to be.
85. I have only recently started to realise that terms such as 'trauma', 'PTSD', 'abuse' or 'triggering' might apply to me and the effects of my experiences at school. Until recently I've just seen my mental health (not that I'd thought to use that term) as being something that I just needed to deal with and work through as best I could. I think I am still inwardly often in a heightened 'threat mode', and while I have made some progress, I still find it very hard to be kind or compassionate to myself.
86. I'm not looking to gain anything through this Inquiry and I'm not wanting to impact anybody else's life or career. It has been strange over the years to encounter some of those who caused me such misery through their professional lives, whether [REDACTED] and the late [REDACTED] through their [REDACTED], or [REDACTED] through his [REDACTED]. I understand that their lives were badly affected by their time at the Academy, and perhaps that played a part in their treatment of me. However, my life was also made hell by them, and I think it is important for me to be able to say that, without wanting to do anything more than that.
87. I first became aware of the Inquiry when I heard Nicky Campbell talking about it, perhaps two years ago. I hadn't heard of it before then, and I had never been aware

that Iain Glen had said anything publicly about his experiences. I thought at the time of contacting Nicky to ask if we could have a conversation, but in the end I decided not to. I just thought it wasn't the right time. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

88. After many years of burying them and trying to put them behind me, my school experiences all started coming back to mind again with the publicity about the Inquiry. I started reading some of the statements to the Inquiry and they reminded me of pupils and teachers I'd completely forgotten about. Someone has described the Academy as being 'a cesspit of sadism and violence'. To include my experience, the description would need to be 'a cesspit of sadism, violence and bullying'. My experience of the impact of bullying of pupils by other pupils is also an important part of the abuse that went on at the school, overlooked by some of the staff, and permitted by the school culture and ethos. I thought it was important for the Inquiry to hear about this part of the story to give a fuller picture of what went on. I also read comments in some statements about the ephor system, and I thought I could also contribute there to the Inquiry. That is why, after some delay and reflection, I decided to make contact.
89. In the late 1980s I had a little psychological support on Teesside. I wouldn't say it went very well, perhaps because I wasn't ready to receive the help. I never wanted to go on medication, even though at that time I was probably quite depressed. Instead, I relied on willpower and introspective self-analysis to get through. Even though my progress to date has been slow, and has sometimes felt very difficult, it never occurred to me until recently to get professional help. I kept my struggles very largely to myself. It helps that mental health is now talked about much more openly at work, and that started me thinking that getting some professional support through work before I retire might be a good idea. With other experiences of mental health issues in my family, I finally approached the mental health support service at work after my first conversation with the Inquiry. I have now started receiving specialist psychological support, and that is proving very helpful. I am finally starting to get a better idea of what has been going on in my mind and why for the last fifty years, and I am learning some techniques to help me direct my thought processes in a more constructive way.

Records

90. I don't have any records from my time at the Academy.

Lessons to be Learned

91. First, although it's not connected with my personal experience, I think that the process of staff moving from one establishment to another must include an expectation of complete transparency regarding safeguarding concerns. It is possible that this is already addressed by the disclosure process.
92. Secondly, I think there has to be a confidential way for a pupil to be able to say, in good faith, that they or someone they know is being bullied or that they are struggling with an issue, because there was no system when I was at school: no Childline, no nothing. Pupils must be reminded about such a system and encouraged to use it without feeling ashamed. If a pupil raises a concern about the behaviour of another pupil, there must be a clear non-retaliation policy in place. We have such a policy at work, and it is used. Retaliation against a complainant is treated as a very serious disciplinary offence. Teaching staff also need to be trained to be aware of, and act upon, signs of potential bullying. I doubt that any such training was given when I was at school.
93. Thirdly, there is an issue of institutional memory that needs to be addressed. My professional field of work is what is called Process Safety – the prevention of major accidents, particularly in the oil and petrochemical industry. From that industrial history, one of the biggest challenges facing organisations is how they learn from others, and how they learn from their own history. As the late Professor Trevor Kletz, former Professor of Chemical Engineering at Loughborough University and one of the founders of my discipline, said: "Organisations have no memory". Therefore, the challenge for an organisation like The Edinburgh Academy is to keep the memory of

what has happened there and of this Inquiry live, against a tendency to say that these events lie in the past and the organisation should just 'move on'.

94. Based on how we try to keep the memory of past incidents alive in my company, I think it is very important for organisations like The Edinburgh Academy to have a 'day of remembering' every year when abuse and bullying are the main topic of conversation. As an organisation, they can remind themselves of what happened over many years and why; they could hear from some of those affected; they could remind everyone of the systems and processes that have been put in place to prevent recurrence; they could remind everyone of the standards of conduct they expect and why upholding them is so important; and they could remind everyone of the importance of remaining vigilant. A process of active remembering is important, because without it memories will fade, the sense of urgency will be lost and the school will gradually forget.
95. Finally, I think there are important lessons for governance. The school's senior leadership team need to be clear about the processes that are in place to prevent future abuse and actively monitor them. It cannot be enough for a school senior leadership team to say in the future that they 'didn't know'. The challenge must always be 'why not?' The school board must also take personal ownership of safeguarding and must take an active role in holding the school leadership to account. They cannot be passive, waiting for the next OFSTED inspection. The board should be knowledgeable, informed, and safeguarding should be an item on every board meeting. In my own industry, the so-called 'Baker Panel Report' set out expectations for company boards to hold expertise in Process Safety. Something similar should apply here for safeguarding.
96. I'm not suggesting that the current staff or Board at the Academy need to feel responsible for historic events they have no personal accountability for. However, they need to recognise that the events covered by this Inquiry are part of their institutional story and, going forward, will be part of what they do and why they do it. The Academy, and other schools, need to take this seriously and they cannot allow themselves to forget.

Hopes for the Inquiry

97. I think the Inquiry is serving an important role by shining a light on what went on behind closed doors. Acknowledging the truth is an essential first step in trying to improve and deliver change. I don't for a minute think that the victims who have given evidence to the Inquiry are 'snowflakes'. I think that's rubbish and the kind of thing that abusers say to keep the abused quiet.
98. Personally, the last thing I want is anybody going after the likes of [REDACTED], [REDACTED] [REDACTED], the late [REDACTED], or anyone else based on what I have submitted in my statement. I really do not want that. I don't underestimate their own experiences at the Academy or their impact on them. However, my experience at their hands is just a fact and part of the bigger picture of what went on at the school.

Other information

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

Signed..... KJL [REDACTED]

Dated..... 26 April 2024