

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

HYD

Support person present: No.

1. My name is HYD My date of birth is 1957. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before boarding school

2. I was born in Carlisle, where my father was a G.P. and had his own practice. My mother or was a radiographer at the city general hospital.
3. I am an only child and life in Carlisle was idyllic. I didn't have a grandparent as such, but I had a surrogate granny, , who I spent a lot of time with. It was a rather isolated experience as an only child, but my parents were wonderful to me. I had toys and I remember frequent trips to Scotland. We lived in the city on London Road and I loved Carlisle. I still have a lot of affection for the place.
4. I started school at St Gabriel's Primary, which was Roman Catholic. My parents were both Protestants, but there were no issues around that. It was a good school and I don't have any complaints or recall being unhappy there.
5. I think it was well planned in advance that I would go to Merchiston Castle School in Edinburgh. I think it might have been as far back as 1960 that I was registered to go there.

6. I was given various explanations as to why, but I believe it was because they wanted me to have a Scottish education. My mother once told me it was because I had to go away because I was an only child and my father said that he was forced into it. I think he said that because he was under pressure from his peers. Their social circle was of Scottish medics in Carlisle and I think strong pressure was put on my dad.
7. Carlisle had no reputable private schools, although I think I would have been much happier and much better served at the grammar school there. That, however, was not an option. Instead, in preparation for attending Merchiston, I was sent to Rickerby House Preparatory School when I was eight years old.

Rickerby House Preparatory School, Ecclefechan

8. Rickerby House Preparatory School was at Ecclefechan, a few miles south of Lockerbie and about 30 miles from Carlisle. It was situated in its own grounds, down a long driveway and you could describe the building itself as a baronial hall. It would have been the country seat of some well-to-do aristocrat or businessman at some time.
9. Part of the school was quite palatial, but we very rarely got into that. Where we were was basic, spartan and austere. It was not luxury. I had an aunt [REDACTED] who lived on the Isle of Lewis and who was a matron for a state school residential annex in Stornoway. When I saw the conditions those kids were being kept in by the state it felt like they were living in luxury. I felt cheated and conned, particularly as my parents were paying a lot of money for me to be at Rickerby and Merchiston.
10. Three people [REDACTED] Rickerby House, which was a private business. Two of them were joint [REDACTED] SNR [REDACTED] one was [REDACTED] CHX [REDACTED] and the other was [REDACTED] CFB [REDACTED] CFB [REDACTED]. The other person [REDACTED] the school was [REDACTED] CFB [REDACTED] wife [REDACTED]. I think she wore the trousers and she was quite a fearsome woman. We used to call her [REDACTED]. He was softer but he was capable of cruelty.

11. Amongst the other teaching staff, the only two that were consistently there were John Henry McDonald, who taught French, and Miss Lane, who taught English and drawing. McDonald was not qualified as I remember, but that didn't matter, he was a natural linguist and a good teacher.
12. There was a high turnover of teachers, although very few of them were qualified. I can remember quite a few of them. There was a Mr Hipwell at some point, who was only interested in football and there was Edmund Postlethwaite who taught maths. He was a nice fellow. Another maths teacher was Ted Price, who was a bit eccentric, although he didn't cause any harm to anyone.
13. I also remember Jimmy Chapman, who was a nice fellow but a lousy teacher and John Stonely, who was a solicitor waiting to take up his first appointment, which was typical of this type of school. Teaching posts were for retired servicemen or people from middle class walks of life who weren't yet ready for whatever their main calling was.
14. There was a Mr Baird, Mr Bailey, a South African who ^{CFB} didn't like and who he used to call the 'scruffy vegetarian'. Bailey came from a rich family and was used to just throwing his clothes on the floor for a servant to pick up.
15. There was also ^{CHZ} who was a fairly young teacher and who came from Deal in Kent. He was the worst example of a southern Englishman. He was snobby, sneering and a thoroughly nasty piece of work. Just about every boy hated him, so much so that he was known as ^{CHZ}, which stood for ^{CHZ}.
16. Very few masters resided at the school, if I remember correctly. ^{CFB} and his wife ^{CFB} did so in the palatial part and Miss Lane lived in a cottage at the back, but that was all. ^{CHX} did not, he lived at a village called Waterbeck. McDonald commuted from Carlisle and over the years quite a few of the others lived at a neighbouring farm called Castlebank. We used that farm's fields for sports.

17. In addition to the teaching staff there were quite a few matrons. Sometimes I think we had two in my dormitory. There was Mrs Mitchell, or 'H-Bomb' as we called her, Miss Schofield, Miss Dalziel, Mrs McLuhan, Miss Wybergh, Miss Smith and others. CHZ had the hots for Miss Wybergh and I remember the afternoon she turned him down. You could see what was going on from a hundred yards away.
18. The job of the matron was, I suppose, part domestic and part medic. If you had a cut or something matron would put iodine on it and they also used to do the laundry and would eat with us. Cooking was done by a very large lady called 'Jean the cook'.
19. There were some day boys at the school, but it was mainly residential and it was all boys when I was there. I think they took some girls in the eighties when they were really struggling. I would say there were sixty-five to seventy boys there, ranging in age from eight to thirteen. Possibly about eight of them were day boys. I think they came to and fro on a bus from Carlisle.
20. The school were trying to hammer into us the values of patriotism and pro patria mori, that it is sweet and proper to die for one's country.

Routine at Rickerby House Preparatory School

First day

21. I started at Rickerby House in September 1965. My father drove me there and left me in the hallway where there were other boys. I have never had a feeling like it either before or since. My heart just sank into my feet. I could almost feel it there.
22. I had known for some time that I was going, but I couldn't fathom what had happened. You normally find that the fear of something is worse than the actual event itself, this was the exception.

23. All I can remember of that first day is that around six or eight of us were sent to a dormitory called 'Nightingale'. I remember being in the dormitory and feeling very alone, but I can't remember anything else.

Daily routine

24. All the dormitories were named after heroes of the British Empire. There was 'Nelson', 'Scott', 'Churchill', 'Nightingale', 'Gordon' and others. I think there were about eight boys in each dorm, possibly ten. The top dorm, for the oldest boys, was Scott and each boy progressed through the dorms. You would go through Nightingale first, then Gordon and so on.
25. I would imagine we would get up at seven-thirty in the morning and go for breakfast about eight o'clock. Lessons would have started about nine and we would have lunch about one o'clock. Afternoons during the week were always sport and then there were more lessons before evening meal.
26. In the evening there was 'prep' from seven-thirty till nine o'clock and then bed. There was not a lot of free time during the week, only some in the evenings.

Mealtimes/Food

27. Mealtimes were compulsory and sometimes it could be nice, but in the main the food was awful. It still gives me nightmares just thinking about it. At one level you could say it was an ordinary diet of the time, but some of it was horrible. I have a lifelong aversion to stew, because the stews were so awful. The mince was hit-and-miss and I can remember vegetables being boiled to death. We once had some sausages that were grey/green in colour. They had been boiled and they tasted disgusting.
28. We used to joke about the food and instead of saying Grace we would say "for what we are about to receive, the pigs have just refused".

29. You had to eat everything and I normally could manage to eat it, however that was not the case for everyone. On one occasion we were given what I suppose could be described as a pie, which was made with mince with pastry on top. Chewing the pastry was hard and everyone in the school was having trouble eating it. [REDACTED] CFB [REDACTED] got wind of this and he came into the dining room proclaiming it was "jolly good food and you'll jolly well eat it".
30. I recall one boy in particular had big problems with the food. He was called [REDACTED] [REDACTED] and he came from a farm at Gretna. I think he may have been a dayboy. He just couldn't eat the food.
31. He would be taken to the hallway where all this horrible stuff was in great big vats. He would be forced to stand beside them by Miss Lane and Jean the cook and he had to stay there until he ate it. I remember once that his hand was shaking in terror.
32. I don't know how that resolved itself, but I never heard of anyone being beaten. It was more psychological. We were made to feel very small if we refused to eat.

Washing/bathing

33. I think the washing facilities were fairly basic. I remember there being a bathroom with two baths and I think we got about one bath a week.
34. There were showers as well, but I have only the faintest recollection of using them. I can remember the locker area where we used to change for football and hockey and I would imagine we showered after playing.
35. I don't remember anyone supervising the showers, but the matrons were nearly always there at bathtime. There were no problems with that.

Clothing/uniform

36. Our parents supplied our clothing and uniform. There was an outfitter for the school in Carlisle and my parents took me there. I think there might have been an equivalent shop in Scotland for the Scottish children.
37. All our clothes had name tags on them for identification and they were taken away on a weekly basis to Lakeland Laundries.

Leisure time

38. Television was virtually a no-no, but activities such as clay modelling, making 'Airfix' kits, stamp clubs, coin clubs, chess and billiards were encouraged. I read a lot and was often in the library, which was from a bygone age. There were some good books in there and even at eight years old I was reading Sir Walter Scott.
39. You did however feel very suffocated. Although I wasn't aware of it at the time, I have since learned of a school rule that day boys were not allowed to go to the cinema during term time, even though they would be at home with their parents at the weekends. That was the sort of control that was exerted on us all.
40. Outside there was a large area of rolling green fields to the front of the school, which were used for cricket, CFB's big passion. Those fields led all the way down to a pond where there were swans and a boathouse and there was also a cricket pavilion, which I think still exists. The school sports days were held there.
41. To the back were awful fields where I had my first introduction to football and hockey. We played football in the autumn and hockey in the winter. What was quite disgusting was that those fields were covered in cowpats as they belonged to Castlebank Farm. It wasn't just about getting past the fullback as you dribbled the football, you also had to negotiate the bovine residue. The grass was very rough.
42. We had a lot of free time on a Saturday, there were no lessons at the weekend that I can recall. We used to play 'Japs and commandoes' and 'cowboys and Indians' and

that sort of thing. Sometimes we'd make dens in the rhododendron bushes. We could also have our own little plot of garden to look after in the summer.

43. The correct name for Rickerby House is actually Burnfoot, because it is at the foot of a burn called the Mein. We used to go swimming in that burn at a point where there was actually a whirlpool. I don't recall any incidents when I was at the school, but I later learned that in 1984 a boy called [REDACTED] was killed in that burn.
44. The supervision while I was at Rickerby was non-existent and that sort of thing could have happened at any time. I've heard various rumours as to who was to blame for the [REDACTED] boy drowning.
45. I think possibly the happiest day of my childhood was spent one Saturday when I was about twelve or thirteen, when another boy and I went for a long walk. It was so special because we found a deserted barn full of disused machinery. It was a magical place.
46. On Sundays there was church and in the evening [CFB] [REDACTED] would sometimes read us ghost stories. I remember him reading 'The Hound of the Baskervilles' and some M. R. James ghost stories, which I still have a passion for.

Trips and holidays

47. I can only recall two occasions when we went on a trip. One time in either 1969 or 1970 we had a day trip to Ullswater to celebrate the fact that a boy had won a scholarship. It didn't happen too often, but that was a nice day out.
48. The only other time was one weekend when [CHX] [REDACTED] took some boys up to Burnswark Hill, near Lockerbie. It had been the artillery training centre for the Roman army and you can still see the marks on the ground where the catapults had been. There was a lot of archaeology going on there at the time. I had been the leading history student at the school but I wasn't invited and I felt a bit miffed about that.

School

49. I had a real lust for knowledge and the [REDACTED] lessons were brilliant. CHX [REDACTED] and CFB [REDACTED] were excellent [REDACTED] teachers and I loved the subject, but I would say that education at Rickerby was very patchy. I'm sure a lot of the reason for that was that the school was using amateurs to teach us.
50. In English we were taught homonyms and synonyms and I liked all that. I also loved all the religious knowledge, especially the Old Testament. I enjoyed French for a while and even Latin, but I thought science was very patchy. We had a succession of maths teachers and I'm sure the teacher Jimmy Chapman did his best, but I was never going to be a great maths scholar.
51. My parents were impressed when I would come home at the holidays and 'University Challenge' would be on the TV and I would get questions the students didn't. I went off the boil about the age of twelve though and went into an academic desert until the age of about sixteen.
52. There was however a lot of political loading at Rickerby. CFB [REDACTED] made no bones about the fact that he was a conservative and that there was no other way to think. I think that is wrong. Bias and bigotry should have no place in a school.

Healthcare

53. I don't remember any dentists coming to the school, I think that was generally left to the holidays. I don't remember there being a school doctor either, although I don't recall anything really serious happening.
54. The matrons would deal with any minor injuries. I cut myself once on barbed wire during a cross country run. CFB [REDACTED] told me I would need to get some iodine on it and somebody told me it would hurt, but the Matron managed to find something else

that was not painful. I think that if anything more serious had ever happened they would have had to call in a doctor.

Religious instruction

55. There were daily prayers and the boarders had to go to church at Middlebie Kirk on Sundays. Even at that tender age we used to see through the religious teachings. I think the school classed itself as non-denominational and there was no pushing the Protestant or Catholic religions.
56. When we went to church we would line up with CFB and we were all given a sixpence each before we would walk the two miles to the church. As we gathered CFB would make us read out the dates on the coins and he would give details of some historical event, such as the nationalisation of the coal and iron industries in 1948 and say that they had never been any good since.

Work

57. In summer we had to do grass collecting, but I was excused that because of my hayfever. I don't recall any other chores we had to do.

Birthdays and Christmas

58. We were always home for Christmas and we were allowed a cake at Rickerby if it was our birthday, but I can't remember if there were any other celebrations.

Visits and Inspections

59. I remember an old minister used to visit with his moth and butterfly collection and we frequently got visits from the army and navy careers service. On at least one occasion some government inspectors came. I remember the head honcho was called Mr Clark who spoke with a Scottish accent, but none of the inspectors ever asked how we boys were getting on.

Family contact

60. I think I was a weekly boarder when I first went to Rickerby, so I would go home every weekend, but that changed after my first term. I think my parents had planned to stay in Carlisle but my father packed in his practice and went to work as a government doctor near Liverpool. My parents kept a cottage at Beattock, but the house in Carlisle was sold and we moved to the Liverpool area.
61. For a while my parents would come up and stay there and visit me at Beattock, but as time went by, those visits were less frequent. I think I could easily go a whole term without seeing them.
62. Some people were sympathetic, I think a few of the parents took pity on me. I remember going to the parents of another boy, [REDACTED], one weekend and I used to go to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]'s parents' farm at Gretna a lot. That was just paradise because we could play in the fields and I got the chance to watch the television.
63. We all had to write a letter home on a Sunday, after church I think. Our letters had to be handed in and they were most certainly scrutinised. You couldn't put anything down unless it was really bland. I don't think I was ever told to re-write anything and I don't recall anyone ever having a letter sent back, but we all just knew instinctively what we could and could not write.
64. I don't think the masters read any letters our parents sent us. I don't think they had been opened before I got them. I do recall one time my mother sent me a key in the post after I had lost one, which I was always doing as a child. I remember ^{CFB}[REDACTED] being present and commenting on how well it was wrapped, so I suppose I was being supervised then.

65. We used to get magazines posted in by our parents and my mother always used to put sweets in with my magazines. I always got those sweets, so those communications were certainly not censored.

Personal possessions and pocket money

66. Other than the sixpence we were given on our way to church on a Sunday, we didn't get any pocket money from the school.
67. We had very few personal possessions. We had unlockable bedside cabinets and pilfering of things like pens used to go on. I spoke to one old boy, [REDACTED], recently and he said a pen had been stolen from him. He had been sitting on the toilet when a hand came into the cubicle and took his jacket with the pen in the pocket. He told me he was fairly sure who had done it, but I don't believe it was ever reported.
68. Around 1967/68 I purchased with Christmas tokens three 'Letraset gatefold' art kits from a toy shop in Formby. Each kit had a landscape, which were the moon, the Sahara and Tarzan's jungle and you then applied small figures to these boards, creating your own artwork.
69. I took these items to Rickerby to while away the long evenings of winter. I was told by the sadistic teacher CHZ [REDACTED] that I should not be doing this artwork, but be reading instead. I pointed out that I did read and that the kits claimed to stimulate imagination, which I still believe to be true.
70. I had many happy hours creating these scenarios with astronauts, moon men, Tarzan, animals and a battle between Arabs and the Foreign Legion. I was pleased with my work and sure I had done well and put the boards on display in my dormitory. They proved popular and no objections were raised.
71. Then one day the boards disappeared. Some prospective parents were being shown round the school and one of the Matrons, Miss Schofield, nicknamed 'Big Eye

Battle Axe', had deemed them unsuitable for the visit. She told me when prompted that she had taken them down and given them to Somers, the gardener. I assumed they would be returned.

72. Later I was told by Schofield that Somers had ripped them up. I was upset and dismayed.
73. Those boards were my most valued possessions at the school and I loved them. We had little in the way of home comforts and this incident scarred me. I realised how impotent I was and that authority was callous and uncaring. I would have kept the boards forever, such was my regard for them.
74. Their destruction was so unnecessary. I don't quibble their temporary removal, but their ruination was callous.
75. Likewise at Rickerby there was another similar incident around the same time. We were queueing upstairs for some reason and I began to play dice with another boy on a windowsill. Immediately a Matron stormed over and seized the dice. She said "I'm confiscating those". I don't remember her name. I never got them back. She could have asked me to put them away.
76. These two incidents demonstrate the authoritarian nature of boarding schools and their essential unkindness.

Running away

77. There was never any proper attempt to run away, although I think some boys did run to the gates in their dressing gowns and slippers. They soon came back or were caught. I never heard of any boy being punished for doing so.
78. I do remember some boys digging a tunnel in the gardens to get out, but it was nonsensical because it was too far away from the boundaries. Someone could have easily got killed if the walls of the tunnel had collapsed.

Discipline

79. I was twice beaten by CFB with a slipper on the backside, over my clothing. The first time was when I was in Gordon dormitory and we were all pillow fighting after lights out. Mrs Mitchell came in and caught us and we were all sent down to see CFB and we all got whacked. It wasn't too brutal as I was wearing pyjamas.
80. The other time was after I'd written a vulgar poem about one of the masters, who looked a bit like a posh Wild West sheriff. Somehow the poem got to CFB and again he hit me a few times with the slipper across the backside, over my trousers.
81. We would have been given lines as punishment too, but I don't remember anything about that. I recall a boy called was caught by CHX writing out a poem that I had written and he was given a few lines to do.
82. Another punishment I remember was they would make you stand with your face to the wall. You had to stand with your hands behind your back, because CHX had this theory that you would take your fingernails to the wall or write graffiti. I don't remember that as being too onerous, but it was humiliating.
83. I don't remember ever getting the cane or anybody else getting it, but what I do recall is CFB coming over to a boy in class if he had caught them with their mind wandering. When he did he would twist the boy's nose and I remember having my hair pulled by CHX. Even at the time I thought it was wrong.
84. There was a boy called who was always going on about sex, even though he was only twelve at the time. We were doing scripture and CHX was reading something out about David staring into Bathsheba's eyes when roared out "sex".
85. I said to CHX that was very keen on these things and CHX grabbed by the hair and then me by the hair and put us up against the wall.

Bed Wetting

86. There were a number of bed wetters, but I don't recall them being badly treated, it just seemed to be something that was dealt with. I think I did it once. Sheets were changed and I think boys used to get a rubber sheet, but that's all I recall the staff doing. I think any boy that had wet their bed would get a bit of gyp from their peers, but the majority of boys were quite understanding.
87. I subsequently learned of some incident with a boy long after I had been there who had been put through hell by one of the matrons for wetting his bed. I don't know any more details nor who was involved.
88. On further reflection, I do recall a boy called [REDACTED] was told he stank by a matron, who poured 'TCP' in his bath. He did smell of urine, but this was cruel.

Abuse at Rickerby House Preparatory School

89. Nasty, snide comments made by adults were common at both Rickerby and Merchiston, where I subsequently went. CFB [REDACTED] described me as 'Ugly' in front of a whole class, which bedevilled me for a decade.
90. CHZ [REDACTED] humiliated me once. I used to go up to visit my aunt [REDACTED] in Stornoway with my parents every year for our summer holidays. One time, in front of the whole class, CHZ [REDACTED] made a mockery of this connection I had and I hated him for it.
91. One day, while I would have been about nine or ten years old, we were doing some assignment in class and I recall CHZ [REDACTED] leaning over the shoulder of the boy to my left, correcting his work. I held up two fingers at him and he went for me. He punched me on the back of my head, full on and with his fists, between three and five times.

92. I was stunned and I can remember being taken to the matron. I wouldn't say I was concussed, but I was in shock. Matron treated me and I remember Miss Lane was horrified by it.
93. I remember there was a bully called [REDACTED]. When he and I were nine years old he was taken to a hut by older boys and held down. He was beaten severely and his face was bright red. Though I hated him, I felt this was a miscarriage of justice.

Reporting of abuse at Rickerby House Preparatory School

94. It was understood that nothing that would embarrass the school would ever be allowed out in the letters we wrote and that undermined our confidence in telling our parents anything orally.
95. After [CHZ] punched me on the back of the head there was some suggestion the police might get involved, but they never did, it was all hushed up as things were in those days.
96. In fact I don't think anything happened at all. [CHZ] remained there, he continued sneering at me and he continued on as normal.

Leaving Rickerby House Preparatory School

97. I left Rickerby in the summer of 1970, just before I turned thirteen. I spent the summer with my parents and started at Merchiston Castle School in Edinburgh in the autumn of that same year.
98. I'd never been to Merchiston before, my parents had never taken me to see it. At that time such considerations didn't apply, it was a different world.

Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh

99. Merchiston Castle School is at Colinton in Edinburgh and at the time I was there the pupils were all boys.
100. The headmaster was Donald James Forbes and the deputy head was Mervyn Sanson Preston, who was like a First World War general and who was also the main history teacher. There were about 330 boys at Merchiston, mostly boarding but with a small proportion of day boys, probably eight to ten.
101. The school was split into five houses and boys progressed through the houses as they got older. The junior house was called Pringle where the housemaster was James Rainy-Brown. He eventually [REDACTED] himself, although that was long after I had left. The next house was Chalmers West, where the housemaster was Bill Donaldson and then there was Chalmers East, where the housemaster was [REDACTED] CDS [REDACTED] CDS [REDACTED] was a paedophile. Next there was Rogerson East where the housemaster was Ken Houston and the final house was Rogerson West, where the housemaster was Brian Thompson. Houston and Thompson were good men.
102. Pringle was smaller than the other houses, I think there were about thirty boys in it and perhaps sixty in each of the others. I think there were four dorms in Pringle and about eight boys in each dorm.
103. In addition to the housemasters there were a number of other masters, who taught various subjects in the school. Amongst those other masters were [REDACTED] BRW [REDACTED] who taught [REDACTED] and lived on the school premises, [REDACTED] BRL [REDACTED], who was [REDACTED], [REDACTED] OZK [REDACTED] who taught [REDACTED], Jim Spalding, who [REDACTED] taught English and the [REDACTED] CDR [REDACTED], who [REDACTED] teach [REDACTED] and to be the school [REDACTED]
104. The school is set in its own grounds and the main block, where the majority of the classrooms were, is the biggest and is the most imposing building. As you entered

the grounds, to the left was the headmaster's house and a little behind it was Pringle and some cottages known as The Cedars, where some of the masters stayed.

105. On the left of the main building was Chalmers block and on the right was Rogerson block. Behind the main building was a house that was known as Gibson, which was a science block and which was also used for other things. Behind that was a rifle range, where we were all meant to do officer training and all that sort of stuff.
106. Around 1973, while I was still at Merchiston, a sports hall was constructed behind Gibson. There was also a swimming pool there and later on some modern houses were built for some of the masters to stay in. All around the grounds were lots of sports pitches.

Routine at Merchiston Castle School

First day

107. One or two of the boys that had been at Rickerby with me also went to Merchiston, but none of them were in the same house as me. They wouldn't have been my choice of friends anyway.
108. I remember quite a bit of my first day, which seemed quite civilised. I drove in with my parents, who overshot the entrance to Pringle and we got to Chalmers West by accident. We were greeted by the teacher, ^{BRL} [REDACTED] who was [REDACTED]. He instructed one of the prefects to get into our car and take us to Pringle.
109. When we arrived at Pringle we met James Rainy-Brown and he spent some time with my parents. They both liked him, and so did I. Rainy-Brown is the only human being in my life that I would consider a saint. My parents left me in my room as I did some unpacking and then drove off. I was very standoffish in those days and I was very nervous and reticent. After they left I met my fellow Pringle boys, but I didn't warm to many of them.

Daily routine

110. I seem to remember that we would be woken about seven-fifteen in the morning and after that there would be another reminder about seven-thirty. I don't remember bed wetting being a problem at Merchiston. We would wash our faces and then have breakfast and after that there would be an assembly in the main school building.
111. At assembly Forbes, the headmaster, would come out with ridiculous pronouncements. We were told to pray for various captains of industry and of the trade unions; he was at least balanced. After assembly, lessons would start and they would go on till about lunchtime.
112. Sometimes there would also be physical education in the morning and in the afternoon in the summer it was cricket and throughout the autumn and winter it was always rugby. Rugby and cricket were compulsory. After that were some more lessons in the late afternoon and then prep in the evening.
113. I think bedtime was ten o'clock and I don't think that changed much as you got older. As television became more important Brian Thompson, the housemaster of Rogerson West, nearly always allowed us to stay up late to watch specific football games. I was quite keen on watching football in those days.
114. On Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, Saturday mornings and after church on Sundays we had what was called 'free time' when we were generally allowed to do as we pleased.
115. Although Saturday mornings were fairly liberal, the school's obsession with rugby thereafter took over. It was ridiculous. We were all dragooned to watch the first fifteen who were treated like gods. Nearly all the prefects would be drawn from the first fifteen.

116. We went all over Edinburgh for the away fixtures and it seemed absurd. We loved it when they played at Glenalmond in Perthshire because the school couldn't insist on us going there. My dad asked years later if we'd ever gone to the National Gallery or some of the other delights of Edinburgh, but we never did. The school's priority was always rugby and cricket.
117. One lad, [REDACTED], was an excellent sportsman and I recall he was to be trialled for the under-16s Scotland team in shotput and yet the school wouldn't let him go. They wanted him to play for the second team in cricket, because they didn't want to lose to whoever. He had the chance of a lifetime to represent Scotland and yet they stopped him.
118. My friend [REDACTED] opted to do cross country running in the summer instead of cricket, at which he was talented. [REDACTED] CDS [REDACTED] called him selfish.

Mealtimes/Food

119. The food was better than Rickerby, although the masters were encouraged to eat with us and quite often they would be served three courses and not take any of them.
120. Sometimes the food was very good. I used to enjoy haggis, beef olives and the stew wasn't too bad, but we never got anything like a pork chop or gammon, it was the cheapest of stuff. We were getting what people at the poorest level of society would have to eat. Some of the chicken we were given was real rubbish meat. I noticed that it was always the sons of farmers who would eat the really ghastly stuff and in some cases they would go back for second helpings.
121. Boys would top up their diet, but not in the best of ways. A baker's van used to call on a daily basis and I recall a boy called [REDACTED] was always buying eclairs and sausage rolls. One term he spent fifty quid.

122. There was no punishment if you didn't eat what you were given, but if you didn't you just had to go without. Sometimes if I was hungry I would eat other things. I remember eating six packets of crisps all in one go because I didn't fancy any of the food that was served. Another time when I was hard up I ate sugar.

Washing/bathing

123. The washing facilities at Pringle were on the lower level and consisted of sinks and showers. I assume there was a bath, but I can't remember. In the Chalmers and Roberson blocks there were both. The baths were adequate, but the showers were a bit primitive and antique.
124. I don't remember there being any prohibition on bathing when you wanted. I certainly always showered after sport or when I was commanded to do so.
125. I believe that following an inspection the school was criticised ten to fifteen years ago for the distances between the water closets and the dormitories.

Clothing/uniform

126. We had to wear a uniform every day, all the time. Casual clothes were not allowed at all. Blazers were blue and they were ridiculous because they wore out so quickly. Some boys had so many leather patches on their blazers, they would have been better wearing leather jackets. The leather would be ruined on contact with dry cleaning and looked horrible. Unless you were a prefect, you had to wear short trousers, although eventually that got changed.
127. I know the headmaster Forbes was approached at some stage by some prefects about wearing casual clothes at the weekend, but he refused. He was also asked if we could have a disco with a neighbouring girls' school, but that was refused too. He didn't approve of jigging.

Leisure time

128. I remember television was allowed at the weekends and 'Scotsport' was nearly always on. There were always war films on the television on Sundays.
129. Although rugby was the school's obsession, the most popular sport was football and I came to love the game. Rainy-Brown allowed us to wear whatever we liked to play football and we could play in our spare time. When we progressed to Chalmers West under Bill Donaldson the first thing he did was clamp down on us playing football before prep. He was a funny beggar, outwardly pleasant, but with these strange drives.
130. We had our evening meal about six-thirty and prep was at seven-thirty, so we had half-an-hour to play football. Donaldson didn't like it so his first masterstroke was to say that we couldn't play on the grass in front of the house. We could have used the front rugby pitches, which were not far away, but he wouldn't let us. Instead we had to play on the pitches at the back and that reduced the time we had.
131. He also banned us from wearing what we wanted and instead we had to wear the school's away or home colours and we had to have a shower afterwards. He was very keen to stop us playing football and I think the main reason for that was snobbery.
132. I can remember going to Easter Road one Saturday afternoon with another boy when we were meant to be going to rugby. We had smuggled casual clothes into the school and buried them in the woods. We changed into them and caught the bus to the football and never got caught. That was about the only time we wore casual clothes.

Trips and holidays

133. Trips were pretty good in some respects. I remember Rainy-Brown taking a few of us to Loch Leven Castle, which was quite an undertaking with it being in the middle of a loch.

134. There were also quite a lot of visits to theatres, which were encouraged. I remember seeing Ricky Fulton in 'The Apple Cart', by George Bernard Shaw and Alistair Sim in a play that I think was called 'A Private Matter'. He was with Derek Fowlds and I remember Fowlds stripped off completely naked in the play. I also remember seeing 'Anne Frank' at either the Dominion or the Churchill Theatre.
135. We went to cinemas if what was showing was educational or sickly sweet. I remember seeing 'Born Free', 'Waterloo' and 'Young Winston'.
136. We were never taken away overnight, other than once during my first term at Chalmers West, which was during the autumn of 1970. We were forced to go on a hike into the Pentland Hills, although I didn't want to. I think we were taken there by car and we had to stay overnight in tents and cook sausages over a fire. I begged my parents to get me out of going, but they refused and told me it was good for me.
137. On the Sunday we had to march all the way back, I would guess about five miles, with a pack on our backs. I just couldn't do it, I was bushed.

School

138. The whole point of me going to this hellhole was the supposed superiority of the Scottish education system, but when I went to university I realised I was way behind other students that had gone to English public schools. It wasn't really a Scottish school anyway, most of the masters were English.
139. With the benefit of hindsight the education was poor. As far as I know, Forbes was sacked in 1981 because of the decline in the school standards and I don't remember any outstanding teachers. They got through the O-levels well enough, but I was a very poor O-level student. I got six and later two alternative O-levels, so I finished up with eight, but I was very close to failing in three. I only did two Highers, but I got A-grades for both, including a very high one for history.

140. A big grouse that we had was that the education board where the school got its exams from was called Oxford and Cambridge and a rumour went round the school that the exams were tougher than the exams of the joint matriculation board. I don't know if it was true.
141. There was no debating society and, although there was plenty of time for cultural activities, instead we had to watch rugby on a Saturday afternoon. We were way behind English schools when it came to cultural attainments.
142. Such were the ridiculous ideas of some of the teachers that one term when we were due some mock exams, Donaldson banned war comics in the weeks leading up to the them, even in our spare time.
143. A theme of my education is what I would call the 'guinea pig syndrome'. All through my schooling, at various levels, our generation were always the guinea pigs. Forbes pulled a real flanker on us when we were O-level students. He decided that we would take our O-levels two terms early, which would give us two extra terms at A-level.
144. He threw that at us, not at the start of our O-level studies, but not long before the exams. As a consequence I, and I suspect other boys, had to take a Dunkirk-type decision because I realised I wasn't going to get up to speed on all my subjects. I decided I had to forget about three of them and concentrate on six. The A-level results in my year, 1975, were an absolute disaster.
145. Mervyn Sanson Preston, the history teacher and deputy head, was full of all the old colonial stuff and used to make all sorts of bigoted, racist and sexist remarks. He screwed me up beautifully academically. When I think I was about seventeen, CDS told me that he thought I could get into Oxford University early. I had to take one exam paper and if I passed that and passed the interview, I was into Oxford. I decided to have a go and Preston was going to coach me.

146. Preston came up with the idea that I should do a mock exam and I did. He obtained a past paper from Cambridge and I had three hours to write four essays. Come the day of the exam, nothing was said to me beforehand. The paper was put in front of me and I was meant to write three essays, not four. I accept I didn't read the paper properly, but I had assumed I would have four essays to write in three hours as I had for the past paper from Cambridge.
147. My essays were obviously diluted in quality and so I blundered and I was eventually told I was unsuccessful. I had an excellent interview and narrowly failed to get in. Preston could have got me an Oxford paper and I could have practised a similar exam, but Preston didn't like Oxford and he wouldn't contact them. Instead he got a paper from Cambridge and it was different. I am in no doubt that it was his bias that screwed up my chances.

Religious instruction

148. There was always a Sunday church service in the morning, but when I first went to Merchiston there was an evening service as well at seven o'clock. After a time there was a rebellion because there was disaffection amongst the senior boys. They didn't want to be going to church twice on a Sunday and it was the era of The Beatles and Led Zeppelin and so they wanted long hair.
149. We young boys were told by the seniors to miss out alternate lines in the hymns because we were going on strike and it was made quite clear that there would be physical reprisals for any boy who refused. It shook the headmaster. Thereafter the Sunday evening service was stopped and we got a more liberal regime on haircuts. There was talk that the ringleaders were marked men, but I don't know what ever happened, if indeed anything.

Work

150. We were obviously responsible for cleaning our own shoes, but there were no chores as such. In my second last term at Merchiston you were invited to do grass collecting, but again I couldn't because of my hayfever.

Birthdays and Christmas

151. I was once allowed by Rainy-Brown to go into Edinburgh on my birthday, so I went in with some friends and we had a knickerbocker glory somewhere. The rest of the time there were no birthday celebrations and we always went home for Christmas.

Visits/Inspections

152. My family never came to visit me at Merchiston, even though, about once a year at Spring half term, my parents would stay in Edinburgh. I wouldn't have wanted them to anyway. The trouble was that if you had parents who were a bit odd looking or who might have been otherwise embarrassing, you would be teased about them. About.
153. I remember when one boy, [REDACTED], who was about thirteen at the time, lost a rugby boot. A junior rugby team had gone to play rugby against another school in the Borders and when he returned, he only had one boot. His father came to visit him at the school and demanded a kit inspection, as if his son was in the army. When he saw there was only one rugby boot he went ballistic and lambasted his son in front of the other kids.
154. The poor boy was reduced to tears and we immediately nicknamed the father [REDACTED] and teased the boy mercilessly about it. To add insult to injury, a couple of days later the boot turned up in the post after the Borders school found it and sent it on.
155. I don't remember ever seeing any school inspectors come and I certainly never spoke to anyone, but there were school inspections. I remember there being

comments on the academic side of the school in a report, although I don't think they paid much attention to the boarding facilities.

Personal possessions/pocket money

156. We were never flush for cash, that was for sure, although some boys with rich parents were. We would get some money at the start of the term from our parents and we were also given some pocket money by the school every week. I think we got something like three shillings and sixpence a week. I remember Rainy-Brown used to dish it out at Pringle, although he didn't approve because he thought it was just going to be frittered away on sweets.

Running away

157. I often thought about running away, once I was so unhappy I thought about ringing the Samaritans. I did leave early at the end of one Christmas term, before we were all supposed to go to a carol service. I skipped the service to get an early evening train home. When I returned the following term Thompson asked me if I'd enjoyed the carol service. He obviously knew I hadn't been there but he didn't do anything about it.

Fagging

158. There was still fagging at Merchiston Castle when I went there at first. I was very lucky because I was fagged to a prefect called [REDACTED] who told me he didn't need me, which was delightful. I remember others had some duties to do for prefects they were fagged to, but I think it was mainly to do with cleaning shoes. I can't speak for those other boys and I don't know if there was any more than that.

Discipline

159. Discipline was ferocious at Merchiston, although I shouldn't think it was recorded anywhere. We might be beaten with a leather tawse, as I was on several occasions,

but the common punishments were lines, which were called 'blue papers'. Blue papers were special paper that you had to write essays on if you'd done something naughty.

160. I think I was tawsed twice by ^{BRW} [REDACTED] which was a joke: a literal slap on the wrist.
161. I was tawsed once by Brian Thompson for smoking in Rogerson West. Thompson never came into the bathroom as a rule, so it was a safe place to smoke. One night [REDACTED] myself and others were bathing. I was smoking and [REDACTED], who was house captain, was very drunk on whisky. This prompted Thompson to enter the room as [REDACTED] was most noisy. Thompson caught me red-handed but said nothing of the noise. He knew, or ought to have known, that [REDACTED] was drunk. I was tawsed moderately and had to put scarves on my wrist before-hand. There was a story a boy had suffered blood vessel damage during a tawsing.
162. I also heard Thompson caught [REDACTED] drinking in the latter's study but covered it up to save [REDACTED] House Captaincy. Granted I was guilty of smoking, but this was favouritism. My parents were informed. I suspect [REDACTED] weren't.
163. Thompson also failed to control discipline in the bottom north dormitory at night. This contained the more loutish elements. Noise and rowdy behaviour made sleep difficult. Once a pupil called [REDACTED] hurled a shoe at [REDACTED], cutting his lip. [REDACTED] was upset, but as [REDACTED] was in the first XV, he behaved as he liked.
164. There was also another punishment called 'fehlers', which I think might have just been in Chalmers West, where Donaldson was the housemaster. I think fehlers entailed us doing some tasks, although I can't remember what they were.
165. I came a cropper with Rainy-Brown on one occasion, although I don't bear him any malice. This was the first occasion I was beaten with the tawse. I was in the dormitory at Pringle House one evening, near ten o'clock and just before lights out. I

was at the end of one row of beds and the bed next to me was occupied by a farmer's son called [REDACTED].

166. There was a common sidelight between us for his use and mine and that night I was exhausted for some reason. [REDACTED] who was a bible basher, was using the light when a prefect called [REDACTED] came in to supervise lights out and told me to switch it off. I refused because I wasn't using it although I knew there would be trouble.
167. The next afternoon after sport, Rainy-Brown told me he wanted to see me. I was given no chance to present a defence, he simply pointed out that I had disobeyed a prefect and told me he was going to have to beat me. He whacked me three times on each hand and it was painful.
168. I was in great distress afterwards, crying like a lamb and I can remember him picking me up and putting me on a bed and nursing me. There was nothing untoward and I suppose I had grounds for a grudge against him, but it was [REDACTED] that set me up for it. He knew what he was doing.
169. The second time I got the tawse was when I was in Chalmers West with Mr BRL [REDACTED]. Every weekday after breakfast we'd all get together in a big common room and they'd have a roll call. To the best of my knowledge, when they read out my name I would always answer straight away and I did so on this occasion as well. If I didn't hear, it wasn't through impertinence or insubordination.
170. At the end of this roll call, three names were called out including mine and we were marched upstairs to BRL [REDACTED] room. He asked us what the purpose of the roll call was and told us he was going to have to teach us a lesson for not responding when my name was called out. He hit us all twice across each hand with the tawse, which was somewhat insignificant, but it's not so much the physical pain that annoys me, it is the fact that it was so unjustified. I hadn't done anything wrong.

171. I once struck a harmless boy called [REDACTED] when at Chalmers West. Bill Donaldson found out and congratulated me. His only criticism was "don't make so much noise". I suppose he regarded this as manliness and character building.
172. I once 'cocked a snook' at the system when I wore a rugby shirt in the evening, which was a First XV privilege. Though no action was taken, one prefect was badly shaken by this insult and another argued that I should be beaten. The school bred conformist sheep, unable to think for themselves at times.

Abuse at Merchiston Castle School

173. One Saturday afternoon during my first term at Merchiston, the first fifteen rugby game was cancelled and Rainy-Brown decreed that we should all go for what he called a 'scamper'. Rainy-Brown loved cross country running and so we all had to go on a run outside the school grounds.
174. I was not good at running and ended up at the back of the pack. As I was coming out of a disused railway tunnel, a guy in a motorbike helmet came up to me and asked me if I'd seen some boys. The next thing I knew, he had me pinned up against a wall and he put his hand up my sports shorts. He told me I "had a nice little cock" as he fondled it. I thought I was going to be killed.
175. Notwithstanding that, my time at Merchiston was pretty hellish. A lot of the trouble came from Bill Donaldson, the housemaster at Chalmers West, who cast me down and took a dislike to me. I was always getting into trouble for silly things such as having dirty shoes or a button missing, or whatever. I think one term I had a total of twenty punishments, thirteen of which were blue papers and the rest were fehlers. There were no beatings however.
176. After spending my first three terms at Pringle with Rainy-Brown I went to Chalmers West with Bill Donaldson. By rights I should have then had three terms there, but I didn't, instead I was moved early to Chalmers East.

177. What really hacked Donaldson off was a missing football that my dad had given me, which had been signed by various famous players. We used to kick that football around before rugby practice until I had to abandon the ball to go for a run one day. When I got back it was missing and Donaldson had to find it. He treated me as if it was my fault and told me I was to be moved to Chalmers East.
178. I begged him not to because I knew about [CDS] being a disciplinarian and also because the people who teased and bullied me in the classroom and the sports field were going to get night time access to me as well. My appeals were ignored and I was sent to Chalmers East where things got doubly worse.
179. I was seeing these other boys who didn't like me twenty-four hours a day. I was being hit occasionally by them for no reason, I was getting teased constantly and unjustified insults were made about my parents.
180. One of the advantages of the school was that we had the swimming pool, which was paradise for me. I loved swimming, but after I moved to Chalmers West I started getting ducked under the water regularly. One of the older, stronger boys would jump in the water beside me and push me under the water. I thought about fighting with him, but I thought that it could be even worse if they got the better of me. This went on right under the nose of the swimming master Ian Lemmon and yet he did nothing about it.
181. Beating was quite common, although generally within the limits of what was tolerable at the time. There were, however, some that went over the top. I'm talking about severe pain.
182. Perhaps the worst offender was the school [redacted] the [CDR] [redacted] [CDR] who was known as [CDR] [redacted]. What really caused a lot of waves was his beating of people with the tawse, which were so severe they stuck out even then, never mind what people would think of it now.

183. Every year there was a highland ball and prior to it we would practice dancing with girls from another school, possibly St Leonards or St George's, in the main assembly hall. A corridor led from that hall to various boys' studies and one year two boys invited some girls to their studies for coffee. I can't remember the boys' names, but they were older, possibly eighteen or so. I don't think there was any suggestion anything untoward had happened, it had been purely social.
184. CDR [REDACTED] found out about this and he went to town on those boys with his tawse. They were so savagely beaten that CDR [REDACTED] reduced them to tears. It was so bad that a group of [REDACTED] boys sent a small [REDACTED] to CDR [REDACTED] and told him he had to cut it out, he had gone too far. To his credit CDR [REDACTED] did calm down a bit, although there always remained a hint of menace about him.
185. An absolutely disgusting thing happened in the [REDACTED] class once, when I would have been about fifteen or sixteen. I remember there were about six of us round a table in one [REDACTED] class and on my right was a boy called [REDACTED] and on my left was a farmer's son called [REDACTED]
186. We were given exercises to do by the [REDACTED] master BRW [REDACTED] and he came round looking over our shoulders, checking our work. Suddenly I was dug in the right side of my ribs by [REDACTED] who told me to look over. I looked and saw BRW [REDACTED] standing over [REDACTED] shoulder and I think he was actually stroking the boy's shoulder. I could clearly see that as he did, BRW [REDACTED] had an erection.
187. CDS [REDACTED] was a paedophile and a cane man. When you got beaten by CDS [REDACTED], he would give you a good feel on the backside, allegedly to make sure he hadn't hurt you. He had opportunities to cane me, but he declined.
188. CDS [REDACTED] was a keen Christian and he was always trying to save our souls from sin. I recall being in Chalmers East and some other boys and I were talking about masturbation. One of the boys reported this to CDS [REDACTED] and I was quizzed about it. He asked me how often I did it and other such questions, including about the incident whereby I had been indecently assaulted outside the school in my first term.

189. He asked me if there was anything unusual about my private parts and reported to the doctor that I was getting sexually aroused by other boys in the shower. He accused me of having an erection, but that wasn't what I'd told him, he was twisting my words.
190. CDS [REDACTED] had a thing about pretty boys and he had a crush on one boy called [REDACTED]. One day, although I wasn't there, I heard that [REDACTED] and a couple of other boys were at the perimeter of the school, where there was a hedge separating the school grounds from a side road. Some girls walked by along the side road and words of a pleasant nature were exchanged between the boys and girls.
191. Word of this got back to CDS [REDACTED] and he put out an amnesty appeal to us all, endeavouring to establish the identity of the boys. He insisted there would be no punishment, but instead, when he found out that [REDACTED] had been one of the boys, [REDACTED] was given a beating. I never actually saw this, I just heard about it, but in giving [REDACTED] that beating he then had a cast iron excuse to feel his backside.
192. Another boy called [REDACTED] maintained that his father, who was a doctor, wrote to the headmaster complaining about CDS [REDACTED] behaviour. [REDACTED] claimed that his father had asked what CDS [REDACTED] interest in boys' backsides was. I don't know what, if anything, ever happened as a consequence.
193. I also had an experience with CDS [REDACTED] which you couldn't call discipline, but which you could call pseudo-first aid, when he put his hands up my shorts after I had a football injury. This would have been about 1973 or 1974, when I would have been sixteen or seventeen.
194. I was shoulder-charged as I was playing and pulled something in my groin so I hobbled off the field. As I stood on the side of the high bank that surrounded the pitch, a boy shouted a warning that CDS [REDACTED] was approaching. I think I must have known what was coming because he was notorious for walking around football fields, fondling boys who were off with injuries on the pretext it was a medical examination.

195. I was doing my best to cover up my injury, but he was onto me like a greyhound on a hare and told me to sit down, so I did. He put his hand inside my shorts and I had nothing on underneath except the athletic support. As he did, one of his fingers briefly touched my penis. His examination did no good whatsoever, instead all he did was tell me to go and see matron, who couldn't do anything about it anyway.
196. OZK [REDACTED] who came to the school about 1972, was an [REDACTED] teacher and he was a time bomb. He had been at Cambridge and was obviously homosexual, but also a Catholic and you couldn't be both in those days. I was quite a good friend of OZK [REDACTED] and after I'd left the school he stayed at my parent's house. There was never any suggestion of any sexual impropriety though.
197. After I left the school, I got a letter from my friend [REDACTED] who told me that there had apparently been some incident on the school grounds between OZK [REDACTED] and a pupil. I don't know quite what it was other than that it was a homosexual act of some sort.
198. I heard that OZK [REDACTED] was caught in the act by some prefects or senior pupils and they kicked merry hell out of him for it. They then dragged him to the headmaster's house and he was sacked on the spot. I later asked another [REDACTED] teacher who I was also friendly with, [REDACTED] what OZK [REDACTED] had actually done, but he refused to tell me. All he would say was "What he did was vile".
199. Despite that, I believe that OZK [REDACTED] went on to become a prominent member of a group called [REDACTED] which was for Roman Catholics who were trying to get the rules changed regarding homosexuality.

Reporting of abuse at Merchiston Castle School

200. Reporting the abuse I was subjected to and that I saw other boys being subjected to was not an option. The CDR [REDACTED] was supposed to be the person I

could go to if I had problems, but he was part of the problem so I could never have done that.

201. I did report the guy in the motorbike helmet indecently assaulting me straight away and the police were called. I told them what had happened, but they couldn't find the guy and I never heard any more about it.
202. Before I went to school my father warned me that there was going to be bullying, but that there was nothing he could do about it. I later mentioned getting ducked in the swimming pool to him and he was outraged by that, but I begged him not to contact the school because I thought there would be reprisals against me if he did. It shouldn't have come to that. It was Lemmon's job to supervise the swimming and yet he did nothing about it.

Leaving Merchiston Castle School

203. I could have left Merchiston in July 1975, but I actually left in December 1975, when I was eighteen, after I had completed an additional term to go to Oxbridge, although I failed to get in.

Life after boarding school

204. I immediately signed on the dole after leaving school and didn't get any work until April, when I got a job as a cellar man, pending going to university. I went to Leeds University from 1976 to 1979 and got a third-class degree in law. I studied for another year at Leeds Polytechnic and started as a trainee solicitor in 1980.
205. I qualified in February 1984 and worked for the same firm for fourteen years. I was a partner from 1986 and left in 1994 to set up my own firm. I had my own firm for ten years before I packed it in to care for my dad who passed away in 2016.

206. I never married and I never had any children.

Impact

207. My experiences at Rickerby and Merchiston have caused significant psychological scars. I have not had nightmares, but I do have a mania for privacy. I don't like people getting too close to me and I suppose I can be a bit prickly.

208. Being made to eat food that is disgusting leaves scars. To this day I try to find excuses not to go out for meals. If I'm invited somewhere for a meal I will refuse because I'm terrified of getting something I don't like.

209. I think that only now, perhaps a little late in the day, I am coming to terms with what is called a 'Madonna-whore' complex. It is not something I chose to have, but it is true of a lot of former public schoolboys. Men with this complex find one woman who they idolise, as I did, and she becomes their Madonna. She is put on a pedestal and worshiped and all other women are whores, to be treated with contempt.

210. I put my Madonna-whore complex down to the education I had, although it has perhaps been exacerbated by living in Yorkshire afterwards. There are a lot of horrible women in Yorkshire. When you grow up separated from women and your masters are talking in bigoted, racist and sexist ways, it affects you. Perhaps I bear some of the blame, but that sort of culture does not help.

211. I believe I could have achieved more if I'd gone to Oxford and I think I didn't get a fair shake at doing so because of Preston's stupidity. Bearing in mind Merchiston was a private school and my parents were paying for special attention, Preston couldn't even be bothered to get me a representative paper for the Oxford entrance exam because of his own petty prejudices and snobbery.

212. Throughout my life I have always been a natural target for bullies and bullying leaves scars as well. In my thirties I had a reputation for being a confrontational person

when perhaps I was trying to over-compensate. I think that I was of a mind that I may have been got the better of once, but it wasn't going to happen again. I have never fought a battle of aggression, anything I have always done has always been defensive and yet I always seemed to be the one getting into trouble.

Reporting of Abuse

213. I have twice spoken to the police about the abuse I suffered. The first time was in 1970 with the tunnel incident and the man in the motorbike helmet and the other time was possibly around 2014.
214. I decided to report the ^{CDS} [REDACTED] thing where he put his hand up my shorts at the side of the football pitch and an officer called PC Kirwan came to see me from Merseyside Police and took an initial statement to get the ball rolling. After that, two officers came down from Edinburgh to speak to me. One of them was a lady called DC Rai and the other was a male, but I can't remember his name.
215. As far as I remember they couldn't find any witnesses to support what I was saying, even though there must have been loads of people there at the time. They told me there was no corroboration and that they had found ^{CDS} [REDACTED] but that he was 'no replying' their questions. I was told it was unlikely to proceed further unless new evidence was found.

Records

216. I have never had any inclination to obtain my records although there are two things I would like to find out more about. Before I went away to school I was asked by a specialist doctor in the presence of my father to walk across the carpet. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the specialist shaking his head at my father and my father's head sank in despair. To this day I haven't screwed up the courage to find out what that was about.

217. I think it's the same with my school records. I wonder if it will be recorded that I'm homosexual because of CDS twisting my words when I told him about being in the shower.

Lessons to be Learned/Hopes for the Inquiry

218. I think the big lesson to be learned is that there must be a complaints channel for children and parents must get more involved. The seedy, unsavoury types must be weeded out and prevented from crossing the thresholds of boarding schools in the first place. I would also hope that people like CDS are put behind bars where they belong.

219. I want future generations to get a better deal than I did and I hope a lot can be learned by the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry. I hope that proper rules will be put in place and pupils will be kindly treated and get a good deal both in the classroom and on the sports field.

Other information

220. 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.....
HYD

Dated..... 24 XI 2020 A.D.