

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IDU

1. My name IDU and my date of birth is 1945. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. I was born in Edgware North London. I was the eldest of three boys. My parents are and I had two brothers, who was two years and three months younger than me and who was 4 years and 6 months younger. I no longer have as he was sadly killed in a plane crash in South Asia in 1987. That was devastating for my family.
3. In those days immediately after the war, my first home was with my grandparents in Golders Green. I stayed with them until my parents obtained a flat in Kensington in 1947/48.
4. I went to a state primary school called Westfield Primary in Barnes, London. My mother always went along with my father's decisions. He was a very conventional thinker, a man of his time. England in those days was a very conservative country and given the kind of social mix he had, he was a lawyer, it was a case of 'what do you do with your son's education? You send him to a good public school'. My mother's brother who was a merchant seaman lost his life at sea in the war and had been a pupil at St Pauls, London. It was one of the top public schools in London at the time. A few friends of the family also went there. My parents for whatever reason thought I should go there.

5. There is a preparatory school attached to St Pauls called Collett Court. When I was about seven or eight years old, I was sent there to do the common entrance exam for St Pauls. I remember sitting in this great lecture theatre and having to do some mathematics. My state primary education had not equipped me to the standard in the exam. Of course, I didn't get through the entrance exam and I suspect my parents were bothered and worried and wondered what they were going to do with me.
6. My father, being a lawyer, had quite a large clientele in Scotland due to the type of work he did. At that time Scottish legislation had to go through Westminster and his task was to pilot bills through Parliament for local authorities. He had a friend and fellow solicitor up in Edinburgh who recommended Edinburgh Academy to my father as he had been there as a day pupil, years before.
7. I was a little eight-year-old English boy from a state preparatory school being whisked up to Edinburgh because my father's colleague had said to my father it was a good school. It seemed to be as peremptory as that. I did have to sit an entrance exam and I got in. I had no choice in the matter. At that age you did what your parents said, that was that. Culturally, with the friends my parents had, it didn't seem that exceptional. That said, in hindsight and especially in those days, it was exceptional to go so far away (400 miles).
8. It is difficult to stress the difference between Scotland and England particularly in 1951. Once you were up there, there was no communication back home except to write a letter once a week under supervision. It was a massive separation and dislocation from all I knew and how I lived at home in Barnes, London SW13.

Edinburgh Academy, Henderson Row, Edinburgh

9. In June 1951, when I was eight, I went for a preview to the school and I remember meeting the ^{SNR} Mr ^{IZP} and looking around the grounds. I remember the headmaster saying to me that I would be alright there. I had red hair at the time and he told me that I wouldn't get picked on there and I took it he was making reference to my hair.

10. Because it's a number of years ago now I struggle to remember a few things about the school and boarding houses. I remember more about MacKenzie house so what I describe mostly are my memories of MacKenzie house. I think that was because of the impact MacKenzie house had on me and because I was so young.
11. Edinburgh Academy had four boarding houses all situated on Kinnear Road. MacKenzie house was for the youngest boys. Dundas house was across the road, that was an intermediate house and you were there for a year. Next to MacKenzie was Scott house and Jeffrey house.
12. MacKenzie House was a large building, not very remarkable. It was grey, had three storeys and it was on the edge of Newfield where the sport's grounds were. There were no carpets, just bare floorboards. Everything was rather run down and tatty. The books in the main room had old bound editions of 'Punch' from before the war. It was just very out of date and bleak.
13. I think there were about twenty to thirty children who lived in the house at any one time. I believe the ages were from about eight to eleven. MacKenzie house had dormitories with eight children to a dorm. All of the us were of a similar age in my dorm with the exception of the head of the dorm who was one year older. I remember his name was [REDACTED]. I am unsure of his first name. Hierarchy is everything in these places and he had authority, given to him by staff, as the head of the dorm. [REDACTED] was quite a decent boy. I don't remember him being an important person in the dorm, he would maybe tell us to be quiet say after lights were out but nothing more.
14. The housemaster at MacKenzie house was a teacher called IGT [REDACTED] who had been at the school since the 1920's, he was a [REDACTED] teacher. He lived in quarters in the house with his wife [REDACTED]. There was an assistant house master called IGY [REDACTED]. He had his own room in another part of the house, he was single. IGY [REDACTED] was a [REDACTED] teacher. All of the housemasters and assistants in any of the houses I stayed in were also teachers at the school.

15. At the age of eleven, boys were moved over to Dundas house, it was an intermediate house and I only stayed there for a year. Dundas was luxury compared with MacKenzie house. I remember my time at Dundas House being a fairly happy time. The house was headed up by a Dr Isaacs, he taught history. He was a Welshman, he lived there with his wife and daughter. I remember him being a really nice man. There were very few of us in Dundas, about ten. We shared bedrooms but these were small compared with dormitories. Maybe he was able to give us more time. I remember I was ill at one point; I think I had the flu. That evening he told me he had a couple of visitors for me. He had something to do with Edinburgh Academicals rugby club at that time and he brought in Tommy McClung who was a centre for Scotland in the 1960 and his brother Gilbert who was a trialist for Scotland. It was such a nice thing for him to have done as he knew I was interested in rugby. He knew it would buck me up. I felt that was one occasion where I felt I was cared for in a way. I always remember that bit of consideration. I believe he left not long after I left to be Headmaster at a grammar school in Abergavenny.
16. After Dundas we were moved out to one of two boarding houses Jeffrey or Scott House. I was moved to Scott House. I don't remember much about Scott House. I recall the dormitories in Scott House were quite big. I think there were six to eight boys in them. Again, it was based on age. The housemaster was Mr Hook. I don't recollect any meaningful relationship with him.
17. The boarding houses were about a twenty-five minute walk to the school. We'd walk down from the boarding house, down Arboretum Road through Stockbridge to the back door to the school. We weren't supervised on the walks. You would generally walk with a boy you liked or on your own. I know I was desperate for a bit of friendship so I would usually look for a boy I liked or looked up to. Every now and then the rector, who lived nearby, would stop in his Rover and give us a lift but that wouldn't happen very often. That wasn't supervision, it was a favour.
18. At that time the preparatory school was at Henderson Row but a separate building to the secondary school. There was a gymnasium building and then the main school which fronts onto Henderson Row. The prep school was mainly staffed by women, it

was SNR [REDACTED] by Mrs ICP [REDACTED] and there was Miss Broad and Miss Telfer that I remember. Miss Broad, who was my teacher, was keen on corporal punishment, she was a stern woman, very intimidating.

19. You started the upper school at twelve in the 'Geits' year, in the main building.
20. In the 1960's they built a new prep school close to Kinnear Road at Arboretum Road. While I never went to that school, I did eat there as the new building's catering facilities replaced those at the boarding houses. I would have been sixteen by that time.
21. I feel it's important to explain that at the age of eight you are completely separated from everything you know, you are feeling apprehensive and very insecure. I was a little boy, easily put down, I didn't know what to do at the boarding house or school. My parents were quite buttoned up, didn't talk about emotional matters so even going to the toilet and having a wash was difficult.
22. I'm not saying people weren't nice to me at the boarding houses, it's just there was no maternal or paternal care from anyone. IFO [REDACTED] the matron was a pleasant woman, she would speak to me quite nicely, but not maternally or affectionately. This was the same with the assistant housemaster IGT [REDACTED]. He was a decent enough man but never put an arm round your shoulder, it was a case of "look after yourself get on with it".

Routine at Edinburgh Academy

First day

23. I went there permanently in September 195 [REDACTED] and my father took me on the train. I remember he took me to MacKenzie House and I vividly remember looking out of the window from the hallway in the house and seeing my father walking away with his bowler hat on and that was it. My first impressions were that it was a very unwelcoming place. It was very bleak and cold. It was only nine years after the war.

Mornings/bedtime

24. Getting up in the morning and going to bed were not happy times for me. Matron would turn the lights out at night and a hand bell woke us up in the morning. We'd get washed, have breakfast and walk to school. We'd be at the school the whole day returning in the late afternoon.

Mealtimes/food

25. Breakfast was in the main dining room at the boarding house. I thought the food was awful. I was used to traditional 1950's home food but up there it was terrible. If you're unhappy, one thing that can be a comfort is food, but not there. I don't remember much about what kind of food we got but I do remember we got this meat pie. We all called it 'beastie pie' because it looked like dead insects between slabs of pastry. It was vile. We also got mutton pies, French toast, sausages and sometimes chips as a treat. It was all horrible.
26. If you didn't eat the food or managed to avoid it you could fill up on bread and jam.
27. Mealtimes were supervised by the matron or the assistant housemaster. I don't recall anything happening if you didn't eat the food apart from one time when I was punished.
28. We had a tuckshop in the playground and we could buy sweets with our meagre pocket money.
29. When our meals moved to the catering facility at the preparatory school, I think the food improved. But in the '60s life in general was improving. I still remember filling up on bread and jam. Thinking back my diet must have been horrendous.

Washing and bathing

30. We washed ourselves in a communal bathroom and toilet area. It was such a contrast to home and cold because there was no heat in those places. It didn't exactly encourage us to be clean.
31. It was the same with bathing as getting dressed. You were given instructions, "There's your clothes, that's where you get washed, that's the chair where you put clothes for next day, you keep all your other stuff there". You'd have your clothes on your chair at your bed space and of course you never could be late so your vest, shirt and pullover were altogether so you could just pull it on in the morning.
32. Matron would supervise the washing at night. We all had to strip off and queue up for the 'dipper'. It wasn't a bath, it was shorter, deep and had a seat at one end. Boys would get in and out of this water so you were getting into the bath water of many other boys. You'd wash and dry yourself down. I was never comfortable being naked in front of everyone and I never got used to it. As a backward boy in terms of physical development, other boys would be looking at you and commenting, it wasn't a very pleasant experience.

Clothing

33. My clothes, including school kit, and very few possessions were transported once a year to Edinburgh in a trunk. My mother had to buy all sorts of clothing and equipment according to the lists that the Academy gave her before I went. We used to have to wear a gabardine navy raincoat, cap, blue and white tie, grey shirt and shorts. It didn't matter what the weather was; we wore shorts in all weather.
34. In rugby and football, we weren't allowed to wear any layer under or over our shirts, no matter how cold the weather. That gives you an idea of the ethos of the place, the rather spartan approach. I guess it was similar to the other private schools in Edinburgh at the time.

35. We had house shoes, which were strange leather things with leather soles and heels which were meant to be for the house only. Bearing in mind I didn't have my mother there saying, 'have you got his, got that'. When I was very young, I would get to school and there were a few times I would be wearing my house shoes. I remember feeling so conscious of feeling the odd one out of not wanting people to see me. I put these mistakes down to being so young and no one really keeping an eye out for me.

Schooling

36. I was quite naughty at the school and would misbehave in class. I was also cheeky. As a little boy, far from home, not fitting in very well. I was backward physically, which makes a huge difference as a teenager. Being self-conscious you have to survive and that's the way I survived by being cheeky, funny and making people laugh. I can remember misbehaving when I could get away with it and not risk a beating. I didn't like maths, I found it difficult and would mess about. I wouldn't do my homework. The teacher whose name I don't recall would get exasperated with me. But that's what you did, you acted out. It was all part of surviving.
37. The actual formal education up to O' levels was very good but thereafter I did not receive the guidance that I needed. My parents probably and mistakenly thought that the school would attend to that. I had to recover in later life which I did quite successfully.
38. My parents didn't take an interest at all in what went on at school and how I was getting on. They didn't know who I was playing rugby or cricket against or what classes I went to except from what was in my school report. That had implications for my education. We took O' levels at the school and I got a good spread of them gaining nine in total. The next exams were Scottish Highers which were required for Scottish Universities or you went on to do A levels. In those days both of those exams were based on a two-year syllabus. I knew I was coming back to England but I first did Highers. My parents didn't have much of a clue what was going on. No one, my parents nor my teachers discussed the exams with me. I was just put in a sixth form to do Highers. I got a couple of Highers but failed one and then the next year

found myself being transferred to do A levels with a result that completely screwed up my immediate future. I got a couple of A levels in one year, I passed them but didn't get good grades. The A level syllabus was put on by the Academy for people like me who would be going to university in England. The whole thing didn't make great educational sense. There was no discussion beforehand. A sensible thing would have been to have the conversation with me to advise me to stick to Highers with a view to going to a Scottish university or alternatively stick to A levels for England but unfortunately there was no plan or structure.

39. I wish I had done more creative stuff at school. I used to like art. There was a teacher called Mr Firth. He was very different, perhaps eccentric. I think he probably got the sack. He gave himself more artistic licence to behave how he wished and every now and again in his class he would lose his temper and start chucking art materials about and swearing. When I look back on it now, I don't blame him. He just couldn't handle it. I did enjoy art and I managed to get an art O' level in six weeks.
40. My parents, especially my dad, were not the type of people to encourage me to take up a hobby or interest. I would like to have done music. One way to get into music was through the pipe band. I put my name down to learn the chanter but I was stopped by IGT [REDACTED] the housemaster in MacKenzie house who said I couldn't do it because I had asthma. I didn't suffer from asthma while in Scotland, I only suffered from it in late summer/autumn when I was home in the south. I would have loved to have learnt the pipes as well. My brother [REDACTED], who we lost, managed to get in the band and he played the drums.
41. Sport was a big part of the culture at the school. I played cricket. Because I was quite a small boy, rugby wasn't for me. Of course I had to play it in the winter as there was no alternative. On Saturday evenings at Mackenzie house, we had to participate in boxing one week and Scottish country dancing (just boys!) the next. I didn't enjoy either.
42. As part of the school curriculum, we had to do compulsory army type training it was called the CCF, the Combined Cadet Force. There was also a military camp boys

went to for the first week of the summer holidays. You had to go to the camp If you were a part of the CCF which meant you only got six weeks holidays. I avoided the camp as best I could and managed to plead seasonal asthma so it meant that I could enjoy the full seven or eight weeks of my summer holidays.

43. I disliked being enrolled as a cadet and having to wear a soldier's uniform every Monday. In those days the kit was made from very rough material. I ended up getting my own khaki shirt because the ones they gave us made you itch for days after wearing it. Unfortunately, that was taken away from me because they noticed it wasn't uniform. On Sunday nights we would all spend the night putting blanco on our belts and gaiters as well as spitting and polishing our boots, brasses and ironing sharp creases on to sleeves and trousers.
44. I went to school on the Monday in this army uniform like a miniature soldier. There was an armoury at the school and you would pick up your rifle. In those days it was a Lee Enfield 303 which was a bolt action rifle. It was the type of weapon which was used in the first and second world wars. Once you had your rifle you would do drill. Peers would be promoted to Corporal, Lance Corporal and Sergeant. You'd have to march around with them drilling you in the courtyard area at the front of the school. We would do silly things to undermine the person who was telling you to march up and down like when we got to a wall all pile onto each other rather than marching on the spot and turning. During the CCF you also had to do courses which included how to strip down a gun, put it back together again and how to crawl around the countryside. You were then examined on it and you'd get a half star for completing part one and another for part two. The stars went on your sleeve. Even now I could do all of the drill with a rifle and present arms.
45. There was also quite a bit of the week that was spent either preparing for or participating in CCF duties, getting this ridiculous uniform in good nick otherwise you were punished, though I'm not sure what the punishment was.

46. I really did dislike the CCF I remember standing on the desk in the classroom one day with my Lee Enfield rifle and hurling it on the ground in anger because I really did hate it.
47. As I got older, say about sixteen, I got the option of joining the RAF section which I did. I joined the RAF purely because it was easier to look after the uniforms.

Homework

48. In MacKenzie house homework was done after the evening meal, it lasted about an hour and a half. We would all sit down together in two rooms. There would be some sort of invigilation overseen by staff. There was support available if you required it.
49. In Scott house I had a bit more personal space for homework. I shared a study room with a smaller group of three boys.

Work/chores

50. We made our own beds in each of the boarding houses I stayed in but I don't recall having to do anything else. I'm sure they would have allocated chores to us but I just can't remember. You had to sort and collect your own laundry and send it away for washing I do remember that.

Leisure time

51. After school, on days when there were not compulsory rugby games, we played board games or went out to Newfield pitches with a rugby ball but I don't remember that much. I do know there wasn't much for us to do and the books in the library were out of date, there were 'Punch' bound comics from the 1930's. No other amusements were provided to us.

52. On a Sunday we had to write a letter to family back home. Everyone sat in the dining room writing them and the house master would supervise. The letters would be handed to him and he would then set out your pocket money. Each week you got a sixpence, thrupenny bit and three pennies. That was a shilling, five pence in today's money. I didn't get any other money sent to me. I don't think the housemaster read the letters.
53. I remember in my first letter I wrote home, which I know my mother, who is now one hundred and four, still has in her loft. I wrote saying the place was horrible and the food was terrible. It was a letter expressing discontent and unhappiness but I never got a reaction about that. I think they got all of these letters. I don't think that initial letter was intercepted but it was more my parents were disinclined to respond to my complaint.
54. My parents were very good in writing letters. I would get one from my dad on a Monday and one from my mum on a Thursday. I also got the odd letter from my grandparents and my gran in particular would often send me Beano and Dandy comics.
55. I don't remember too much about weekends at MacKenzie House. I do remember them later on because you might be selected to play in the rugby team or cricket team and get to travel to different schools on a Saturday morning. I was quite good at cricket at school. The best place I went to was Trinity College, Glenalmond, the setting was so beautiful. To get out of MacKenzie House and to the other places was a very welcome change.

Personal possessions

56. We were allowed to have our own possessions, I never had a lot, but enough. In those days you didn't expect much. I used to keep all of my stuff in a small locker, clothing in a drawer. Anything else would be on a chair by my bed.

Trips and holidays

57. The only initial contact I had with anyone outside of school was with the solicitor who recommended the academy to my father and his family. This solicitor was married and had two children, a boy and a girl. They would invite me to their home at weekends. I found that awkward, it doesn't help they weren't a happy couple and he was a very heavy drinker. They put on, in contrast to the food at the academy, a fantastic Sunday roast. They had a live in cook/housekeeper. I remember I felt I had to eat what was on my plate and I would end up with a painful stomach because I was so full.
58. I always remember I used to look forward to the end of term so much because I was going home, but then I would spend my holidays dreading going back and so they were spoilt in that respect. I would go home for the summer holidays which was eight weeks, the winter which was three weeks and four weeks in spring.
59. Half terms were a problem because half terms for the winter and spring were long weekends and going back to London in those days for that short period of time just wasn't worth it. The school had to work out what to do with me. The house was shut down so there wasn't an option for me to stay. The housemaster would scout around the other boy's parents to see if anyone would take me for the weekend. I can remember spending weekends in beautiful parts of Scotland like Aboyne, Dingwall and Elgin. I wouldn't go to the homes of boys I was particularly fond of, that wasn't the criteria at all. The school and those parents made the decision. I'm not even sure if my parents were consulted or not. You were just told where you were going, I didn't have any say. I become resigned to the fact that others make the rules and decisions about you and that includes your parents. When the system is so all encompassing, as a child you just did as you were told.
60. One particular boy whose house I was sent to was a bully, a horrible boy and I disliked him but I got sent to his house for one of the half-term weekends. His family had a farm on the Black Isle. I remember I was ill there but his mum was very kind to me.

61. I did go to one CCF camp with the RAF in Hampshire when I was seventeen. I remember the food in the NAAFI was better there than in the school. We went up in an aeroplane that time but to my mind it was a complete waste of time I think in all honesty they didn't know what to do with us so took us up in the air for a few hours. There were about thirty boys who went to the camp.

Healthcare

62. The matron in MacKenzie house was IFO she was very nice. She wore a blue nursing type uniform right down to her feet. She also wore a huge white piece of head gear as a nun would. She was in charge of looking after our general welfare and making sure we were in bed on time.

Religious instruction

63. We had to go to church twice on a Sunday, once in the morning and once in the evening. It wasn't great because I didn't like church. We went to the church in Inverleith. It was Church of Scotland, again, something I knew nothing about. We would sit up in the gallery and watch while little cups of communion wine were passed around and listen to fiery sermons. Later on, my parents must have intervened as four or five years later I was transferred over to the St James's Episcopal church in Goldenacre. When I was older, I'd often bunk off evensong and go up town to a café in Edinburgh.
64. We wore kilts to church. I had the Hunting Ross tartan. We had to wear either the kilt or trousers, tweed waist coat, tweed jacket and a Glengarry hat.

Christmas and birthdays

65. I don't recall any birthdays at the school or boarding house.

Visits/inspections

66. There would be inspectors that would come to inspect the Academy. I remember them coming into classes but not speaking to pupils. I'll bet the way one of the teachers, Dawson (see below), taught, changed when the inspectors were in but I cannot say I saw this.
67. There was no supervision of the teachers in their classes. I don't remember any of that. Had there been, I do believe the ways of teaching and the violence, especially from Dawson, would have been different. That said, had the rector been more visible I'm not sure he would want to know of any wrongdoings of his teachers as that would have an effect on his reputation and that of the school.

Visitors

68. My parents very rarely visited me at school. I was furthest away from home in those early years than perhaps any other pupil at the school. I'd get a visit if my dad happened to be up on business but they would never visit for the sake of visiting.
69. My uncle, who was a salesman, visited quite a bit. He would often be in Scotland for his work and he would pop in and take me out. It was always good to see him, I was very fond of him.
70. The half term issue resolved itself after my brothers arrived. [REDACTED] joined the school three years after I did and [REDACTED] five years after me. When there were two or three of us at school my mother would come up to Edinburgh and my mum would book a bed and breakfast in Canonmills or Goldenacre and we'd all go and stay there. A big treat was to go to a tearoom, Mackies, in Princes Street and have a meal.

Siblings

71. Things did change when my brothers arrived. There was real connection with home and I could walk to school with them on some days. If there was some sort of family anxiety or something else going on at home, we could talk about it together at school and that made a big difference.

Bedwetting/toilet issues

72. On first arriving at boarding school, I felt very self-conscious coming from a repressed middle class English family. Going to the toilet was a problem for me, it started in the first few weeks of preparatory school. I can remember realising I was soiling myself in class. I could smell it. I could feel it. I remember feeling humiliated, frightened and scared and I just had to live like that for the day. That didn't last long but I remember it very vividly.
73. If only there had been some kind of sensitive personal care, pastoral care, call it what you like. These things could have been avoided particularly for someone like me who had come from four hundred miles away, who knew nothing about Scotland before he went there, aged only eight years old.

Discipline

74. In the school and in the boarding house the teachers would often give "lines". They would also give you a punishment where you had to draw a map of a country and you had to put a hundred name places on it.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy

Peer abuse

75. I remember on one of my first nights at the boarding house, matron had switched the lights out. It was cold, we were in our iron beds, floorboards were bare and boys were chatting. I said "hi kids" or something like that and that was enough to unleash an invective which was just horrendous. I would have spoken in a London accent and I don't think they had heard such an accent before. Their interest was sudden hostile curiosity. It was one of put down and derision and that's how it all started.

76. I was a small boy and the violence that I remember involved frequent individual one-on-one bullying with others watching on. I remember one particular ritual called "tunnels". There were eight beds in two rows on either side of the dormitory. One of the initiation ceremonies was to pick on somebody and get them to crawl along the wooden floor under the beds around the whole room. As they went around the room each boy would have a weapon, say a long rugby sock filled with other socks. This item was commonly known as a 'tattie bonker' in child speak. It was packed with the socks and as someone appeared between the beds they would be hit. It happened to me quite soon after I arrived at the school. I still remember which dormitory where it took place in. I only remember it was an event, I don't know how many times it happened to me.

77. You always knew that if things were going wrong and when you were under threat, the option of going through the tunnels was open to others. I participated in it, I did it, I stood on the beds and hit someone. That's the awful thing with bullying, you become complicit and I think it's that complicity that can play on your conscience as you grow up, even more than having been bullied yourself.

78. If we wanted to pick on somebody and it happened to me. A trick was, we'd pull the under sheet over the top sheet on the bed and if somebody got into bed they couldn't get properly into bed. Just another petty humiliation which boys took part in and subjected each other to.

79. I remember on another occasion, when I was about eight or nine a boy urinated on my bed. He sat astride my bed and just pissed. That really upset me. Not just the urinating, that's a horrible thing anyway but one bit of individuality that we did have was that we could have a top rug on our beds. Mine was from my uncle who was a travelling salesman. It was a nice tartan blanket. I didn't know how to deal with it when it happened, I don't remember telling staff, I think I just let it dry.
80. The other thing that happened was being on your bed and people would pile on top of you. They would pull the covers and blankets over you and you were suffocated under the blankets. That was frightening and horrible. I remember it happened to me at night-time but I don't remember if it happened to anyone else, I don't doubt it did. It was astonishing that all this and probably much more could take place without any intervention by staff. Saying that, all of these things happened at night and probably when everyone thought staff were not about. I'm not aware of staff knowing or intervening.
81. Throughout my schooling career much authority was delegated to senior or older pupils. As a result, senior boys would pick you up on something if you were out of order and arbitrarily punish you. I don't remember any demarcation between staff and pupil sanctions. I don't know how it all started and I don't know what the guidelines were as to who punished who for what. The system just allowed it. You soon sussed it out as you were in survival mode.
82. The prefects who were based in the school were called ephors and there were about eight ephors in the school. They were the top dogs. You also had the senior ephor who was head of the school, a boy probably going to Oxford and most certainly part of the first fifteen rugby team. The ephors had their own common room. If you had done something wrong and it could fit within the jurisdiction, so to speak, then they would hit you with a clacken. At the same time, senior boys, including myself were both hit by and hit others with the clacken. When you got hit by the clacken you would put your head under the table, stick your bottom up and someone would take a run up and hit you with the clacken. You might get the clacken for say being

cheeky, not obeying the rules. It could have been anything. I am unsure of the offences which merited being hit by a prefect as opposed to being hit by the teachers. Another boarding school punishment enforced by the ephors, was being forced to go for a run in the Inverleith area around Fettes. This had to take place, whatever the weather, before breakfast.

83. There were also junior ephors and there were about twenty of them and they would also have some enforcement roles. If they saw your cap on squint, they would punish you. It didn't matter how trivial. Most boys were made junior ephors at some point but I don't recall ever being one.
84. The ephors didn't operate in the boarding school, you had your head of boarding house and he would have assistants, I can't recall what they were called. The head of house would decide who to punish within the house for transgression of rules. They could also hit you with the clacken.
85. I was never a prefect but did have some authority in Scott house when I was there from thirteen to eighteen years old.
86. The 'fagging' system was another reinforcement of arbitrary authority that was everywhere. When you arrived at Scott house you were a junior and you would be allocated to someone to undertake chores for them. You became a fag. You had to undertake things like cleaning their shoes. If you didn't comply with that you would be punished. I think everyone had to go through that but I cannot be certain. Of course, as you got older you would be 'fagged' for. The staff did not have any involvement in fagging, except to sanction it.
87. I experienced a lot of hostility at the school because I was perceived as English, there was a lot of anti-English sentiment. I can't remember exactly but there was a lot of banter on the lead up to international rugby games ('Five Nations'). It was sometimes very nasty, scathing stuff. Luckily for me, the international soccer would generally be on during holidays at home so that was fine. The Calcutta Cup match between England and Scotland was the last match of the five nations tournament. I

used to dread it. If Scotland had ever won, I'd be in for a very hard time. I used to pray that England would win, I didn't actually care but it was self-preservation. If you look at the dates from 195█ to 196█ you will see that Scotland never beat England, thank God, for my own survival.

88. One of my contemporaries was Hugh Padley. Hugh is sadly no longer with us. He became a successful businessman and wrote a book titled 'The Joys of Entrepreneurship' in which he refers to bullying at The Edinburgh Academy. I did not experience what he wrote about and I was shocked when I read it, but I recommend the Inquiry examine his comments.

Teacher/Housemaster abuse

89. Corporal punishment was, sadly, part of the culture. That was what you got and it was an everyday reality. I'm pretty sure almost all of the teachers in the school used violence. The favourite weapons were slippers, shoes of various descriptions, the tawse and the clacken which was a long flat wooden spoon, which we used to play the school game hailes. The tawse was only used in school I don't recall it being used in the boarding houses. It may be that my recollection of exactly what went on at the school involving teachers is flawed. It's either because I've forgotten or because I've re imagined something so it's difficult for me. All I can do is describe an overall culture and one or two incidents which are more vivid.
90. In MacKenzie house the housemaster ^{IGT}█ would punish you with a slipper if you had done something more serious. He referred to his slipper as 'snickersnee', I don't know why.
91. The assistant housemaster, ^{IGY}█, the assistant housemaster at MacKenzie House did most of the beating. If he heard you talking after lights out you would be marched up a narrow staircase to his study and I can remember being hit, the first time was a real shock. I cried the first time but I never cried again. That was just for talking after dark. In those days Teddy boys were beginning to come on the scene and they wore shoes called 'bumpers' or 'bungees'. He had a pair and that's what he

used. All I can remember is being hit with these things and going back with my backside being really hot and I could feel the ridges from the sole of those shoes on my bum. You'd get hit once or twice over your pyjamas. I'm not sure how many times it happened to me but it certainly happened within the first few weeks, which was a shock.

92. IGY was a likeable man and relatively young. My opinion was he did what the culture of the place expected of him. At other times he would have us up in his study and play records to us. These were the early days of rock and roll and he had an electric gramophone. We'd all traipse up there as a special treat and listen to these vinyl records of say Elvis. It sounds rather pathetic and patronising but in those days it was good. I never thought he was malicious.
93. The history teacher was Mr H.D Dawson or 'Doughey Dawson' as he was known. I have no idea why. He was a very violent individual. He is the one mentioned by Nicky Campbell in his statements. Bearing in mind Campbell is ten years younger than me, Dawson must have carried out his violence for many years.
94. Dawson was an awful, shocking man. He was a vindictive bastard, that's all I can describe him as. He was a sadist and he went beyond everything that anyone else did, taking violence to another level. My recollection is that he would use violence or the threat of it in every single class. At the time I simply had the feeling that Dawson took a dislike to me. Since then, I suspect that others felt the same. He would either ignore me or lash out violently.
95. I was good at history and I liked it and I had been promoted into Dawson's class as it was a higher streamed class than the one that I had been in previously. I was eleven or twelve when I was in his class. Dawson had a high desk with a lift up top where he would keep all his implements of punishment. He had names for them all, I can't quite remember what they were now. He had a tawse, a clacken, a shoe. The thing with Dawson was he *wanted* to hit people, others did it perhaps reluctantly. What I didn't understand was the arbitrariness of Dawson. He had this justification that he created to manufacture a cause for violent punishment. It was copying. He'd prowl

up and down between desks and if he saw a copying mistake, he hit you. People make copying mistakes all of the time. He would write at a rate of knots on a rolling blackboard then roll it quickly round. If you missed paragraphs of what he had written, each word was a copying mistake, that's an awful lot of copying mistakes. Each copying mistake would merit a blow perhaps on the back of the head, or hand with a ruler or some other weapon. I got them all. Tens of missing words or copying mistakes resulted in blows from the tawse on the bottom. There was no question he was rushing through in order to create a situation where mistakes would be made. He was doing it intentionally. He hit everybody.

96. Even by the standards of the Academy in those days he should have been sacked. It makes me angry that he got away with it. I believe he's dead now. He also shattered my confidence in academic work. Because I was pretty near the bottom of his class I got demoted to a lower stream for the following year. I then went to PDL Ford's class, he was a very pleasant man. I went to the top of Ford's class without any bother. I eventually succeeded in passing history at 'O' level, Higher, and A level despite the awful year in Dawson's class.
97. The teachers all wore gowns. I'm not even sure if it is true, but I have some recollection that there is a part on a master's gown which is hollow and you can fill it with stuff and swing it around and hit with it. I'm pretty sure I recall Dawson doing that.
98. There were one or two masters at the school where there was an undercurrent of violence which enforced obedience. There were also one or two others who were feared because of their use of the tawse.
99. One of them was Mr [REDACTED] he had the nickname [REDACTED], he never taught me. Whether he used the tawse as rumoured or it was a fairy tale, I do not know. But he was renowned for his viscous and frequent use of the tawse. I never saw him use it, I just heard. Even if it was just a rumour and not true it still reflected the culture of the school.

100. Another one was IGE [REDACTED], IGE [REDACTED] he was called. His initials were IGE [REDACTED], he taught [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] and he taught me. He was a fearsome man, well over six feet tall, extremely athletic, he had a growling voice, he played cricket for [REDACTED]. He had this growling persona and you knew if you were going to get tawsed by IGE [REDACTED] and I probably did, it was going to be vicious and going to really hurt. I say I probably did because I can't quite remember. The trouble is, when the punishment and violence is part of the norm, you don't remember it any more than what you had for breakfast three days ago.
101. I don't think these masters, IGF [REDACTED] and IGE [REDACTED] were particularly bad. They didn't go past what was the norm, excessive though it was, it was just that you knew if they administered it, it would be very unpleasant. You feared it. I think it was that fear that had something to do with the culture of the school and re-enforced it.
102. When you held out your hand for the tawse what you dreaded most was it hitting your wrist.
103. One of the times in the dining room in McKenzie House we were having the 'beastie pie'. I was at the end of the table and my task was to gather the plates that day. Every time a plate came down to me, I would scrape some of my leftover dinner onto one of the other boys' plates and I piled the plates up and squashed it down. I did it with about a dozen plates. Matron had unfortunately been watching and she scraped all of the bits of all of the food onto my plate and when the boys had left the dining room, she made me stay and eat that food. It was such a humiliation and it was foul in the first place, but to get the pile and eat it all, was terrible.
104. While I was in the CCF there was a man, IDV [REDACTED], who was part of the school in some way but he had some connection to the military as well. It was the days when long hair was coming in and I can remember he pulled my hair asking what it was and rather angrily telling me to get it cut.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Edinburgh Academy

105. After thirteen weeks of my first term, I returned home for Christmas for a three-week break and I can remember the day before I was due to go back, I threw a tantrum, screaming and shouting at my parents that it was horrible and I didn't want to go back. There was never any question I would get my way, nor was there any acknowledgement from my parents that I was having a bad time. Their opinion probably would have been I was lucky to be going to a school like that. I went back and never complained again, there was no point.
106. I didn't feel I could tell anyone about anything that was going on at school. If you did you knew you would not be taken seriously. I'd have been frightened, I guess. I don't remember thinking it through like that but I just didn't tell.
107. Of course, according to the culture at that time the violence at the school was unquestioned in general. If any of us had a sense of injustice it would have been pointless to complain and would only make matters worse. Complaining to parents was unlikely as one hardly wanted to relive those moments when back at home for the holidays. In any event, awareness of the unacceptable nature of the culture was absent as a result of general acceptance at the time. I remember two boys running away and ending up in London. I didn't dare do that and admired them for doing so.

Leaving Edinburgh Academy

108. I left school at eighteen having passed nine O' levels, two Highers and English and history A level and a general paper. There was no vocational guidance as to what I would do on leaving school. My father showed little interest in what the Academy was able to deliver or what suited me. I always felt that my parents were of the opinion they paid the money and expected everything to be taken care of.

Life after Edinburgh Academy

109. Six months after leaving school my father had been speaking with his friends and discussing what they did with their privileged children and he told me I should go to university in France for a bit. The next thing, I found myself on the way to Besancon to brush up on my French. My behaviour there was appalling, it was almost as if I couldn't cope with the freedom. People talk about being disinhibited, I compare it with football fans that go to a country abroad and don't think the rules apply to them. I would get drunk in a bar, shout the odds and I'd get into trouble, not in the criminal way, but with the university authorities. I completely wasted my time there.
110. I then went to the college of law in London but I did not enjoy it. I dropped out and was in limbo but needed money.
111. I then walked onto a building site and asked if there were any jobs. I became a building labourer for a bit. They obviously thought I was a bit different so they then gave me a driving job.
112. It was around that time, when I was about twenty that I met my wife [REDACTED]. She was doing au pair work in a house near to ours. We fell in love. It was a time when it was difficult for people from other countries to get work permits in the UK. There was no way we could stay together and work, unless we married.
113. My wife is from the Netherlands and came from our equivalent of a council housing estate. The family atmosphere when I first met them despite the shock of me turning up and us wanting to marry was very warm and welcoming. We all sat in the living room with beers and coffees, they didn't speak much English but I felt a warmth and acceptance there which I had not experienced before.
114. We got married in Haarlem, neither of my parents were there. We returned to London and I got a job in a book shop and that sparked intellectual curiosity within me.

115. [REDACTED] saw an advert for recruits to the Probation Service so I applied. I think the Home Office interviewers were intrigued with me and my background and I got some strange questions at the interview. I got the job and then trained in social work at a Polytechnic in High Wycombe. I left with a social work and probation qualification.
116. By my late twenties I found my interest in social studies and then did a diploma in Sociology at London University. I then went on to do a master's degree in criminology gaining a distinction. All of this made up for a lot of which I had felt I had missed out in my earlier life.
117. I became a father in 1971 when I had the first of two daughters. From the outset I was determined that my own children would never leave home for their schooling. It was never something I would consider and it's the same with my brother. I regained a lot of my own childhood perhaps vicariously through my children whether it was through music, arts or sheer physical affection. We had a very happy family time.
118. I worked in the probation service for many years ending up in a senior managerial role until reorganisation of structures made me redundant at fifty-six. I took six months off, retrained and joined the [REDACTED] Society as a care worker eventually managing a local branch. They in turn were restructured and by this time I was in my mid-sixties so I retired.
119. My wife and I encouraged each other through the years as my wife achieved 'A' levels, a degree in sociology and finally a post graduate qualification. Things became much improved once I got my education and career sorted. I worked hard but I found something I really enjoyed which made all of the difference.

Reporting of abuse

120. I have never reported the abuse I suffered at the school to anyone.

Impact

121. The impact of my education has affected me in a number of ways. My confidence was seriously damaged by Dawson and I never felt confident in an education setting because of him. I had had a very privileged upbringing some would say, being sent away to a private school. I then met ██████'s family. Her brother came from a different background and he had all these books around his room, he was an educational psychologist and very able and I was very conscious that he had none of the advantages that I had. It made me think why could I not do better? It made me feel inferior and I often looked up to others who had achieved more and appeared to have had less advantage than me. That was an uncomfortable feeling. Once married and having education later in life made the difference.
122. I became a probation officer and I believe my time at the Academy, combined with subsequent experiences and my marriage have left me feeling quite hostile to much authority. It's not the hierarchy, its where power lies in traditions, establishments, clubs and networks that I am pretty disdainful of. My schooling must have had a lasting effect on me, having experienced the nonsense of rules and ritual, singing school songs in Latin and dressing up in army uniform as a child. I'm not a traditionalist.
123. I think my choice of career and what it represented to me is quite important. Being a probation officer was not about punishing and belittling it was about the importance of personal relationships and rehabilitation. I've also been very involved in penal reform in England. Institutional violence is in many ways a curse.
124. My wife is an atheist and I'm pretty close to that myself. I have no time at all for organised religion like the Church of England. I identified quite closely with the Quaker movement and I went to meetings for a while. My thoughts on religion have little to do with my experience at school. I wasn't hostile to the church; I was hostile about having to go to church twice a day on Sundays because that was the rule.

125. In terms of how often I think about my experiences at the school, recently it's been quite a lot due to the publicity around it and my contact with the Inquiry. It's not something I think about every day. I have no contacts from the school, I never joined the old boys' club. I have no friends from there so I've been pretty detached from the place.
126. I have never had any counselling or anything like that as a result of being at the school. Talking to the Inquiry is the closest I've come to it. Meeting my wife and bringing up my daughters has given me so much. As for school, I endured what it was, I wasn't sexually abused, I wasn't physically abused as badly as many. I just experienced a closed, rule bound, quite violent, spartan subculture in an institution which was unaccountable for what it was doing to people and didn't care.
127. There were some aspects of being up there that were good. It has not put me off going to Edinburgh!

Records

128. I have never sought out any kind of records from my time at the school. My mum has my reports from school but it's not something I wanted to revisit. I may read them when she dies.

Lessons to be learned

129. I look at my education and if someone had taken an interest in me as a person it could have been so much more different. I see the brochures of private schools and note that they are very good at selling their schools on the back of extracurricular activities that they can offer. Of course, they have so much money compared with state schools. When I went to the Edinburgh Academy, I don't remember anyone picking up on my interests or showing me encouragement. I put that down to my parents who weren't interested in encouraging me to do other things, music, art or whatever. At school there was no one person who would sit me down and speak to

me about things. You need some guidance, to encourage the best in you to achieve. I never got encouragement on a one-to-one basis.

130. Pastoral care could have been so important. But that simply was not available at that time at the Edinburgh Academy.
131. The Academy was a school which exercised arbitrary authority whether through staff or pupils. Pupils became involved in the punishment culture that existed. That should never have happened.
132. Public/private schools need to be properly accountable. I've always railed against private education, especially boarding. It re-enforces class prejudice. It perpetuates elites when there are probably other more talented people who could do the jobs better and are more in touch with ordinary people. I realise it has to exist in some form or other. The structure we have is not necessary and it certainly reinforces social division.

Hopes for the Inquiry

133. I came to the inquiry on the back of the publicity around Nicky Campbell and the fact he stated he could not unsee what he had seen. I feel very strongly about closed institutions and lack of accountability and the abuse that results from it. Today, we see that time and time again. Closed institutions, not just schools, with blurred or blocked lines of accountability and lacking transparency, damage those to whom they owe a duty of care. Where people are moved on like the teacher in the podcast 'In Dark Corners', abuse is perpetuated. That man sexually abused pupils at Fettes and it was him that Nicky Campbell refers to as being the one at the Edinburgh Academy that carried out the abuse there. My hope is the Inquiry may be able to impact on things like that.
134. 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.

IDU 

Signed.....

21 February 2023

Dated.....