

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IBN

Support person present: No

1. My name is IBN. I am known as IBN. My date of birth is 1969. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before boarding school

2. My dad is and my mum is. I have one brother, IBN who is just under two years younger than me.
3. Mum and dad are both from Scotland, but moved to Hong Kong for work and IBN and I were both born there. Dad was in the police and eventually got quite high up. Mum was a primary school teacher at Glenealy Junior School in Hong Kong.
4. I don't really have many childhood memories of life in Hong Kong except that it was very colonial, which I found a little bit difficult. We went to a Protestant church and when I was old enough I started at Glenealy school, where mum taught. IBN later went there too. It was difficult going to school where mum worked. I remember once forging my mum's signature for homework I hadn't done and she obviously found out later and was furious.
5. When dad got holidays they were generally for about six months, so we would come to Scotland for a long period. We did that a couple of times and when we did we lived in Ratho and IBN and I were sent to school there. We were put into a class for a term

or two where we didn't know anybody and then we would go back to Hong Kong and back to Glenealy again. It was quite disruptive.

6. Eventually, when I was about nine, my parents decided to send [IBI] and I to boarding school in Scotland. I was to go first and [IBI] would follow when he was old enough. I think their reasoning was that mum didn't think the secondary school in Hong Kong was very good and also because the Government would partly pay for [IBI] and I to board. I don't think I really had a choice.
7. I'm not sure if they looked at other schools or not, but they decided on Edinburgh Academy. More recently I talked to my mother about why they had chosen there. She told me it was because Latin was taught, however my granny and grandad also lived in Edinburgh and so that gave us a kind of foothold in the city.
8. I went for an interview at the school while I was staying with my grandparents and I sat an entrance exam in Hong Kong. I think I probably got to do that because my mum was a teacher and she was able to set it up so that I was sitting in a room on my own at her school.
9. I'm a bit of a cynic, but it was a fee-paying school and I daresay that if you had the money you probably would have got into the school even if you failed that exam.

Edinburgh Academy

10. Edinburgh Academy consists of a number of buildings situated in different areas of the city. The senior school is on Henderson Row and the junior school is on Arboretum Road.
11. Amongst the buildings on Arboretum Road were several boarding houses called Dundas House, Mackenzie House, Jeffrey House and Scott House. I think they have all since been sold. Dundas House was for the juniors, Mackenzie was a sort of transition from junior into senior school and Jeffrey and Scott were for the seniors. All

the boarders, both junior and senior, ate breakfast and evening meal together in the dining room within the junior school.

12. Mr Ellis was the rector of the senior school and there was also a headmaster for the junior school, but you didn't have much to do with them. I'm not sure what the hierarchy of the school was. I don't recall there being a head boy and prefects in the junior school, but we definitely had them in the senior school. They were called 'ephors', from Greek mythology, however I was never one.
13. There were probably about a couple of hundred boarders altogether, but by far the majority of people at the school were day pupils. I know the school is co-ed now, but when I was there it was only in the last couple of years that there were girls and even then there were only ten or fifteen. I think three or four of them were boarders and they stayed with Mr Ellis, the rector.

Dundas House

14. Dundas House was to the left of the junior prep school and was a building that was, I think, three floors high. As you walked in the front door from Arboretum Road there was a common room and stairs heading up to the dorms on the first floor. One, called 'big dorm', was where all the new boys went and was just a big room with, I think, eight or nine beds in it and not much else. Other doors led into smaller rooms which was for boys as they got a bit older.
15. I'm not sure how many boys were in Dundas House, possibly around twenty or thirty, some of whom were as young as seven or eight and others who were eleven or twelve. Everyone came from a very similar background to me, with parents overseas somewhere. After you moved from big dorm when you were older, you were put in smaller rooms and I think I was in a dorm with three people. One was a boy called [REDACTED], who I've just got back in touch with recently.

16. The housemaster of Dundas House was a man called John Brownlee, who lived there with his wife and son, who was also a pupil in the Academy. I can't remember if there was a matron or a house tutor in Dundas as well.

Routine in Dundas House, Edinburgh Academy

First day in Dundas House

17. I was nine when I started at Edinburgh Academy in September 1971 and went to the junior boarding house, Dundas House.
18. Mum and dad and my granny and grandad went with me when I first arrived. It was made clear to the Academy that my parents were going back to Hong Kong and my grandparents were going to be the point of contact.
19. When we arrived I was told to go into big dorm where I would be sharing with all these other boys. I had only ever shared a room with my brother before and I thought it was kind of exciting sharing with lots of other boys. I talked to my brother recently and he told me he was quite homesick when he went to the Academy, but that feeling went away quite quickly for me. I missed home initially, but then I just got into the routine of things.
20. We were made to feel welcome by Mr Brownlee, but only in the sense that there was a dichotomy between that surface welcome in front of my parents and what he was like when the doors were closed. I've tried to put a lot of my experiences from Dundas House out of my head because, for me, it was a really awful experience. The environment created by Mr Brownlee right from that first day was one that was ruled by fear.

Daily routine

21. In the morning we all had to get ourselves washed and brush our teeth and then get dressed before standing in a line waiting to go to the dining room in the junior prep

school for breakfast. As we stood in line, Mr Brownlee would check each of us to see if we were smartly dressed and that our hair was combed and our teeth brushed. He was fixated on it and if someone wasn't smart enough they would be sent away to go and sort whatever the issue was.

22. Eventually he'd open the door and we'd all turn left and walk in line to the junior school for breakfast. After breakfast the junior kids would go straight to school and the seniors went back to their boarding houses to get their stuff. They would then walk to the senior school on Henderson Row.
23. School would start with assembly every morning before everyone went to class. After school we would do some homework back in the common room in Dundas House and then we always had to go outside to play before dinner. I think we were out for about an hour-and-a-half, or thereabouts. After dinner we would have some time in the common room before going to bed.
24. I'm not sure what time we went to bed, but it was probably about 8:00 pm or 9:00 pm. We all had to get ourselves ready and brush our teeth and then we maybe got half-an-hour to read a book before the lights went out. I was always a reader and when I lived at home in Hong Kong I used to read with a torch in bed, but when it came time for lights out in Dundas House there was no way you could do that.
25. Mr Brownlee made it clear that when we went to bed he expected complete silence. That's very difficult for kids of the age we were, especially in the first few nights, when we were just getting to know each other and making new friends.

Bedwetting

26. We had to go to the toilet before we went to bed because we weren't allowed to go again until the next morning. If Mr Brownlee realised someone had gone to the toilet during the night he would come into the dorm and go ballistic. What was terrible about it was that if somebody did go to the toilet, everybody was punished. That then set up

rivalries amongst the boys who would be thinking that a particular boy was always getting them into trouble.

27. Boys also ended up going to the toilet in the room, which would then lead to more punishment. One boy, [REDACTED], went to the toilet at the end of his bed once and when Mr Brownlee found out in the morning we were all, again, punished.
28. I don't recall wetting my bed, but there were definitely some boys who did. I don't know for sure, but I suspect those boys were not wetting their beds before they arrived at Edinburgh Academy. I suspect the culture of fear in Dundas House would have made them wet their beds and, if they did, that would then lead to more punishment.

Washing/bathing

29. I can't remember how often we were expected to bathe and I don't think our washing and bathing was supervised, we were just left to get on with it. I think Dundas House just had baths, whereas Jeffrey, for the seniors, had showers and baths.

Mealtimes/Food

30. All the boarders ate breakfast and dinner in the canteen within the junior prep school. We ate at long tables and we could sit where we wanted, although there was a definite demarcation between the boarding houses.
31. The food was fine and every meal was supervised. There used to be giant boxes of cornflakes, toast and jam and all that kind of stuff for breakfast. I never noticed there being any issues with boys not eating their food, but then my friends and I all ate ours. I wasn't aware of any boys who had eating disorders, but perhaps there was less awareness of that at the time.

Clothing/uniform

32. Everyone had to have a big metal trunk, which was kept under their beds in the dorm and everything you had went into that trunk, including your uniform and your 'mufti', which was what your own clothes were called. We all had to have our own tuck box for sweets as well and that was kept in the trunk too.
33. It was all very regimented in Dundas House. Mr Brownlee was strict about everything, including our uniform, which was grey shorts, grey socks, brown leather sandals, a white shirt, a blue and white diagonally striped tie, and a grey jacket. When you went to the senior school you put on a Harris Tweed jacket instead of the grey one.
34. We had to wear those shorts all the time, regardless of the weather and including when we had to go outside to play after school. We weren't allowed to put long trousers on at any time, even if there was snow on the ground. It was only in later years in Mackenzie and Jeffrey Houses that we were allowed to wear our own clothes, our mufti, in our free time.
35. We had a laundry bag in Dundas House and we would put our dirty clothes in it and somebody, I don't know who, would take care of it.

Schooling

36. I enjoyed junior school and I think my marks were okay. I had just come from Glenealy where my mum was a teacher and if I did anything wrong it was immediately picked up, so in that respect it was quite good to go to a school where nobody knew me.
37. We had sets for each year group depending on your ability and generally I was in the middle set for most things. In some subjects, like maths, for example, I was in the higher sets. More or less every subject had a different teacher and I don't recall any teacher teaching more than one subject. The housemasters also taught, although I don't think Mr Brownlee taught me, other than one class when he sat in and supervised for a teacher who was sick.

Leisure time

38. There was enforced time outside every day at Dundas House after school, however after dinner your time would be your own for a while. I was a big reader and there were books in the common room and also a TV and I remember playing with an 'Action Man', both outside and later in the evening in the common room. You could also play or read in your dorm if you wanted, all the things you would do as a kid.

Trips and holidays

39. I think the closest we got to going on any trips while I was in Dundas House was going to Granton to buy some sweets on a Saturday. I don't recall any other trips or going on any holidays either.

Birthdays and Christmas

40. My granny used to make a really nice pineapple cake for my birthday, which she would bring to the school and drop off for me. I would then share it with the other boys in Dundas House and so, in that respect, birthdays were an okay occasion.
41. I used to go to my mum's sister, my auntie [REDACTED] in St Boswells, at Christmas and at Easter, rather than fly back to my parents in Hong Kong. I only went back to Hong Kong once a year in the summer, because the government would only pay for one return flight a year.

Chores

42. We each had to make our own beds and make sure we did 'hospital corners'. We also had to brush and polish our own shoes and make sure our uniforms were smart. Mr Brownlee was a real stickler for us being turned out well, but I don't recall there being any other chores.

Healthcare

43. I don't recall there being a nurse or a matron in Dundas House and we certainly never had any regular health checks. I don't remember going to the doctor or a dentist either. It's funny, because in the more senior boarding houses there was a sick bay in each. You knew where it was and if you were unwell you could go there and see the matron who lived in the houses, but I have no recollection of there being a sick bay in Dundas.

Religious instruction

44. The school was pretty Protestant and we all had to go to the local parish church on a Sunday, which was on the way to the sweet shop in Granton. We all had to wear our kilts and I ended up in the choir, although I wouldn't say I enjoyed church. It was quite a traditional church with hymns, then the sermon, then more hymns. At that age it was pretty boring and I went because I had to.

Inspections

45. I don't recall there being any formal inspection of the school at any time I was there. I certainly never spoke to any official from outside the school and I wasn't aware of any other student doing so either.

Family contact

46. When [BI] started at the Academy he also went into Dundas House and that meant we were both in there at the same time for about a year. We weren't encouraged to be with each other and we weren't that close, but then I think that was down to our personalities. We didn't dislike each other, we just had different world views.
47. In the summer [BI] and I would go back to Hong Kong for probably about six weeks, or so, but at half terms we didn't. Instead we would go to my auntie [BI]'s or to my grandparents, who were in Corstorphine in Edinburgh. To a nine-year-old that is like a million miles away and is not really somewhere you could get to. We weren't

allowed to go at the weekends, only at fixed times like holidays and it wasn't really set up that they could come and see me at the school.

48. In those days it was very expensive to phone Hong Kong and at first you had to book a time to do so. Whenever we did phone it was done with military precision and was either from my grandparents' house or from my aunt's house, there was no way we could have phoned from Dundas House. Everything was under pressure because it was only a three-minute call and [REDACTED] and I would end up only speaking to our parents for about thirty seconds.
49. There were no parents' evening, however the school would send reports to my parents at Christmas, Easter and summer. We would usually talk about them during my summer holidays in Hong Kong. At other times of the year my mum would talk to my granny about them and then granny would talk to [REDACTED] and I. Granny could be quite strict and would tell me if I wasn't doing well in a particular subject that I would need to buck up.
50. I remember the reports arriving in the summer when we were home in Hong Kong. I remember worrying when they came what they would be like and if they were good or not. Some semesters they were good and others they were bad, they tended to fluctuate like that.

Discipline

51. There was corporal punishment at school, but I don't recall there being any other form of discipline in Dundas House, such as taking away pocket money, or anything like that.

Running away

52. I never ran away at any time I was at Edinburgh Academy because the thought never crossed my mind and also because Edinburgh is a big place. I knew how to get from

Dundas House to the school and to Granton where we bought our sweets and got our haircut, but that was about all. That was our world and I wouldn't know where to go.

Abuse while at Dundas House, Edinburgh Academy

John Brownlee

53. In the morning, while we were standing in line as Mr Brownlee inspected us, he used to stand over us and press his knuckle into the nape of our necks. He would really press down and, because he was so tall compared to us young boys, it was incredibly sore.
54. There appeared to be no rationale for why he did this and certain boys seemed to get that more than others. I have since spoken to my brother [REDACTED] who is a bit of an introvert, while I am an extrovert, and I seemed to be on the wrong side of this all the time, whereas [REDACTED] was not. My friend Giles Moffat, who is also an extrovert, also seemed to be picked on all the time. I don't think it was because we were doing anything wrong, I think it was because we were confident and not afraid to express our opinions and perhaps Mr Brownlee had a problem with that. Maybe he wanted to cut us down to size and put us back in our boxes.
55. He would do that thing with his knuckle almost daily as he worked his way down the line of boys. He would never really say anything as he did it, he would just be checking whether we were, in his words, "turned out properly".
56. There are degrees of punishment, perhaps giving a boy lines or giving him detention and that sort of thing, but with Mr Brownlee it always went straight to the top and it was hard physical punishment all the time. All punishments were dealt with the same way by him hitting boys on the backside with a clachan, which is like a big, flat wooden spoon, although sometimes he used a table tennis bat. This would happen once or twice a week and I was hit numerous times like that, whereas my brother [REDACTED] only got it once and across his hand. His fingers could have been broken being hit like that and yet [REDACTED] told me it was for nothing.

57. If boys went to the toilet during the night, or if a boy had wet their bed, everybody got one hit of the clachan. For other punishments, boys would have to go up to Mr Brownlee's study and would get six hits. That happened to me a lot and he really hit me as hard as he could.
58. I remember my friend Giles Moffatt and I being sent upstairs together for 'six of the best', but I have absolutely no recollection what it was for. I've spoken to Giles about it recently and he thought we'd been messing around in the bath, as small boys do, and we'd got some water on the floor. The house was so strict that there was little in the way of misbehaviour going on, but Mr Brownlee would sometimes take a notion that you had done something wrong and that was it.
59. If you were sent upstairs you'd have to wait outside his study and that was really scary because you knew you were going to get hit really hard. At first he hit us on top of our shorts as we leant over his desk, however at some point one of the boys thought it would be a great idea if we all put on several pairs of underpants so that there would be some cushioning. It was a great idea, but it was short lived because Mr Brownlee realised and we all had to take our shorts down after that and he hit us on our bare backsides.
60. Occasionally he would hit you more than six times, it seemed to just depend what sort of mood he was in. He would count the blows out and he would come right back and really follow through. It was so sore to sit down afterwards and you were bruised for days.
61. He would make his anger abundantly clear to you and the other boys and what I thought was terrible was having to wait for your punishment. You might be first in the line outside his study and that was almost less bad because you got it over and done with, but if you were second or third, you were standing outside and you could hear the others getting hit. The door would be open and afterwards you would see them coming out and everybody would be crying. That boy would then have to stand and wait while everybody else was hit. The waiting and having to listen was almost worse.

Bullying

62. I have a vivid memory of Giles being picked up by one of the senior boys and thrown downstairs from the canteen in the junior prep school while we were still in Dundas House. Giles was cocky and exuberant and had said something to this senior boy, who was in the 1st XV rugby team. I can't remember the senior boy's name, but he must have been in his last couple of years and his brother was also in the rugby team. He picked Giles up and threw him downstairs, breaking Giles' arm. I don't know what happened after that and whether any questions were asked about how Giles was injured.

Leaving Dundas House, Edinburgh Academy

63. I think I was in Dundas House for three years before I moved over to Mackenzie, which was on the other side of the road. I don't think there was much, if anything, in the way of preparation for me moving, however I left Dundas House with so much hate for Mr Brownlee.

Mackenzie House, Edinburgh Academy

64. The housemaster of Mackenzie House was ^{IDX} [REDACTED], who lived in his own quarters with his wife. Every housemaster was different and he and his wife were both incredibly nice, caring and compassionate. If you had a problem, you could go and talk to them. There was also a matron and there was a house tutor as well.
65. I don't really have many memories of being in Mackenzie, except that it was less restrictive than Dundas House and we were given more autonomy, possibly because we were getting older. It was a bigger house than Dundas, there were more kids, although not as many as there were in the two senior houses, Jeffrey and Scott.

First day

66. I would have been eleven, almost twelve, when I moved into Mackenzie House in 1981. I would have found out what the rules were when I first went there, but I don't really remember much about that day. Where my first day at Dundas House had been really big, moving from Hong Kong and everything else, my first day at Mackenzie was just moving up.

Daily routine in Mackenzie House

67. We slept in dorms in Mackenzie House as well, however they were nothing like big dorm in Dundas House. The school had only just built self-contained wooden structures, like sleeping pods, and that was awesome because now we each had our own space. Each structure had a cupboard with a desk attached to it and a bed above the desk and everyone was really excited about them.

68. Life was more fun in Mackenzie House. We were allowed to stick up posters and things like that in our bed spaces and I remember listening and making mixed tapes with my friend [REDACTED]. There was a big table in the middle of the common room and smaller tables around the outside and in the evening, after we'd finished our homework, [REDACTED] and I used to draw logos and banners, which we used to put up in our bed spaces. That's when I knew I was going to be a graphic designer.

69. There was much more trust in Mackenzie House. We were all expected to know what time we had to leave in the morning to get to the junior school for breakfast and we were left to do so ourselves. Nobody was checking us, which I suppose is what you would expect as we got older. Similarly with washing and bathing, we took more control of those sort of things and looked after ourselves.

70. Unlike in Dundas, in Mackenzie we changed into our mufti before we went out to play, which meant you could put on a pair of trousers, or a woollen jumper. It's one thing going to Granton wearing your school uniform, as we did in Dundas House, but wearing mufti we just looked like any other kid.

71. As with all the senior boarding houses, there was a degree of latitude with regard to what time you could turn your light out at night, but there was also discipline in the senior houses, in the sense that you would have privileges removed if you did something wrong. You might have been intending going out on a Saturday night, but if you committed some misdemeanour you weren't allowed.
72. Things became a bit more roughhouse in the senior years, from Mackenzie House on. People, myself included, were put in cold baths by other boys and there was a bit of rough and tumble, but boys just got on with that kind of thing. Nobody was going ballistic about it, it was all cool, unlike in Dundas House where we just wouldn't have done that.

Schooling

73. I remember starting at the senior school, which was a twenty-minute walk away and for the first few times one of the senior boys would come with us. We used to pass another school called Broughton, which was a comprehensive and that walk always involved a bit of running the gauntlet, because Broughton and Edinburgh Academy pupils didn't get on. It was just inter-school rivalry, there was nothing bad about it. They thought we were snobs and they were probably right and we thought they were ruffians and they probably weren't.
74. I enjoyed the senior school because it was a bit more intellectually challenging and I prefer that, but my performance was a bit mixed. I'd have good years and I'd have bad years. Art in the junior school had involved things like sticking leaves on paper, whereas in the senior school there was a really good Art department. There were sculpture facilities, they had clay and potter's wheels, all of which I really enjoyed. I sort of struggled with the other subjects, such as English and Maths, but Art was encouraged.
75. Apart from a teacher called Hamish Dawson and another called IBP, the staff at the senior school were great. The ceramics teacher was brilliant. Mark Cheverton, my art teacher, was amazing and even the guy teaching physics, Mr

Cohen, was good. He told me not to do Higher physics, because he thought it would be a disaster, however if anybody said something like that to me I was determined to prove them wrong. I eventually got five A's in my Highers, including in physics, because I wanted to prove them wrong. Perhaps it was an intentional ploy of theirs.

Trips and holidays

76. As you moved up in the school you went on trips to a house in the Highlands called Blair House. I used to love going to Blair House because we did all sorts of things like mountaineering and climbing and playing 'Monopoly' in the evening.

Chores

77. We didn't use the term 'fag', but as you got older, your chores would be for somebody else, on the expectation that when you were older somebody else would be doing yours. It tended to be things like polishing shoes and I thought it was a really good idea because I was really looking forward to somebody doing my shoes.
78. We also laundered our own clothes as we got older. There were washing machines in all the senior houses and we were expected to look after that ourselves.

Abuse in Mackenzie House, Edinburgh Academy

Hamish Dawson

79. Hamish Dawson was my form teacher and I think he taught me English as well. Where Mr Brownlee used a clachan to beat us with in Dundas House, Mr Dawson used to hit us with a selection of mahogany sticks that were about two feet long. He did all this amazing calligraphy on them and all the sticks had names such as 'Discombobulation' and things like that. Each stick had a story and hitting us with them was a very performative thing, like part of some theatre, or pantomime.

80. Mr Dawson would choose a boy for no particular reason and then he would ceremoniously select a stick with which to hit them. If he took a fancy to you, you would get that a lot and he definitely took a fancy to me. He never really hit us very hard, however he would put boys on his lap in front of the whole class and tickle them a bit before hitting them across the bottom with whichever stick he had chosen. I can't remember what age I would have been, but it would have happened when I was in my younger years and in Mackenzie House. If it went on after I moved into Jeffrey House, I must only just have moved.
81. It was all very normalised and was kind of framed as a bit of fun. There was a lot of touching and tickling going on while you were on his lap, although it was only ever on top of our clothing. It never really occurred to me at the time, but in retrospect he was clearly enjoying the feeling.
82. The other thing he did was take different boys in his class who were boarders home at the weekend. I went a few times along with two others whose names I can't remember. I think it was usually the Saturday and I don't think it was ever overnight. He would come and pick us up and take us to various places before then taking us to his house, which was somewhere in Edinburgh and not that far away.
83. I remember Mr Dawson taking us to the seaside on the Edinburgh coast and being at a harbour somewhere. While we were there he made us all do a sort of obstacle course, which involved running and wriggling through a red metal hoop that was lying on the ground and attached to the pier. The hoop was quite tight to get through, even though we were still young, and quite a lot of flesh would be exposed. At the time it seemed like it was just a fun game, but looking back I think it was more so that Mr Dawson could watch us and see how our clothes became all dishevelled.
84. Afterwards, we would go back to his house where we would be given some lunch by his wife and he would select one of us to cut the grass with him. He had a ride-on lawnmower and the boy he selected would have to sit in his lap as he drove it up and down the lawn. As this was happening the other boys would be sitting eating lunch

with his wife and I wonder now if Mrs Dawson was aware of what her husband was doing.

85. I remember at the time thinking it was great fun, but looking back now at the whole context of what Mr Dawson was doing, I realise that it was all very sexual. It always involved an awful lot of him rubbing you and rubbing you against him.

IBP

86. IBP, whose nickname was IBP was a teacher and he too was free with his hands. He was a big guy, whose clothes were always really dirty and when he spoke spittle would spray everywhere. He would come to our desks in class to help us with something and you would have to get up so that he could then sit at your desk. It was difficult for him to do so because he was quite fat, but he would squeeze in and then make you sit on his lap.

87. As you sat on his lap, when he turned to face you and speak to you, your face would be covered with his spittle. It was awful. He would touch you and, although he never put his hands down your trousers or anything like that, it was all very inappropriate.

Bullying

88. There was bullying amongst the boys in Mackenzie House, which continued into my time in Jeffrey House. I went through a really bad phase of it, although I'm not sure if that was while I was in Mackenzie or later on. A guy called just made my life a misery and eventually a lot of other boys started joining in too, which is the way bullying works. One guy starts it and ropes in everybody else because they don't want to become the victim. was an aggressive bully and, although I wasn't aware of it at the time, my brother IBP was going through the same thing at the same time with this same guy.

89. I'd been going to an orthodontist and I had to wear a brace on my teeth, which I hated and I experienced a lot of verbal abuse about that. At night, I would get into bed and

my sheets would have been folded in half so that I would jar my legs. There were other things too, such as being sent to Coventry, which can be very difficult to deal with.

90. I went to the sick bay in Jeffrey House in tears many nights and both Mrs Boyce, who was the housemistress, and the matron there, told me I was just going to have to go back down and sort it out because I couldn't spend my life in the sick bay. I don't know how I knocked it on the head, perhaps I made some alliances with a few of the boys who were picking on me, but eventually I managed to get it sorted.

██████████

91. When my brother ██████████ was about eleven or twelve and while we were both in Mackenzie House, he ended up in a situation whereby another boy sexually assaulted him. It wasn't until ██████████ mentioned it to me a short time ago that I remembered it, because I had totally put it out of my head, possibly as some sort of protection. ██████████ told me that this boy, ██████████ who was much the same age as ██████████, had initially bullied him, but then had raped him. As soon as ██████████'s name was said it all came back to me.

92. ██████████ was the lead boy in bullying ██████████ but there were a whole lot of other boys involved as well. I didn't go into the details of what ██████████ meant by rape when we talked about it more recently, but I know him well enough to know that he wouldn't use that term lightly.

93. I never actually saw what happened at the time, but I found him crying in a bath and asked him why. I took him to Mrs ██████████ IDY the housemistress in Mackenzie House, who was very nice and very supportive and, although I can't remember what she said, she instantly put him into the sick bay and dealt with the situation.

94. After she found out what had happened, Mrs ██████████ IDY instigated some sort of investigation and ██████████'s parents were informed, however our parents never were. ██████████ was given some sort of counselling, but ██████████ was given nothing,

which I know has always upset him. [REDACTED] told me recently that afterwards [REDACTED] had approached him and told [REDACTED] he had really fucked up his life because he had to go for this counselling.

Leaving Mackenzie House, Edinburgh Academy

95. Edinburgh Academy was very traditional so if your grandparent or another relation had gone to the school and been in Jeffrey House, you would go there too. If they had been in Scott House, you would go there. I was put into Jeffrey House, however when it was [REDACTED]'s time to move he got my parents to write a letter because he wanted to go to Scott.
96. [REDACTED] didn't agree with the system that you followed in your predecessors footsteps, he wanted to make his own footsteps and I think we were the first to actually do that. I remember thinking at the time that it wasn't normal, but that's what [REDACTED] wanted and I think it was actually better for us.

Jeffrey House, Edinburgh Academy

97. Jeffrey House was great. The housemaster was Mr Boyce, who also taught French and, like the other housemasters, lived in his own quarters in the building with his wife. I don't think being a housemaster can be easy, but I think Mr Boyce did a good job.
98. I think quite a few kids just came to Edinburgh Academy for the senior years and that's why there were two senior houses. Both Jeffrey and Scott houses probably had about forty boys in them each.
99. We always used to get French kids over to learn English and for some reason Mr Boyce thought I was good at looking after these guys. I enjoyed that and I made friends with a string of French kids who I used to share a room with.
100. Mark Cheverton continued to be my art teacher in my final years and he was like a father figure to me. He was my mentor and he really cared about me. He was quite

religious and went to a different church to the one the school went to, which was in Inverleith. I got permission to go to his church, which was more evangelical and there was more singing that everyone participated in. I got into the church in a big way for about three years, which I think was because Mark was such a big influence on my life.

101. As a very traditional school, Edinburgh Academy expected you to become a doctor or a lawyer, or something like that. If you were an artist, as I and two or three others were, you were considered a bit of a waster. I remember being in the history class in Year Seven with one other lad called ██████████ and nobody else. ██████████ and I used to bunk off every day because all we lived for was to do art. We'd done our Highers and I'd got my A's and I was doing two A-Levels, which were Art and English.
102. We used to go to a rundown warehouse when we bunked off and talked to a tramp there, who would give us whisky out of a bottle he had. Then we would go to the 'Shambles', which was a pub in Stockbridge and, because we were wearing the tweed jackets that senior students wore, we almost didn't look like we were still at school.
103. As far as the teachers were concerned, I think they thought we were a bit of a waste of space and didn't really care what we got up to, even though ██████████ and I did okay ultimately in our art careers. I think Mark Cheverton cared because he was a Christian and never swore, but I remember him saying in my final year "For fuck's sake ██████████ IBN ██████████, when will you pull the finger out?" To me that was really shocking.
104. As you got older your time was much more free and you could go anywhere you wanted, within reason. I went to visit my grandparents in Corstorphine occasionally. The older you got the later you could go out, although initially you had to be back by 8:00 pm.
105. You could go into town on a Saturday and you could go to the cinema as long as you told Mr Boyce what you were doing. I remember telling him a few times I was going to the cinema and instead going to the pub and coming back under the influence of alcohol. Mr Boyce would always be waiting to check we were okay and he would ask

questions about the film, trying to catch us out. He would know we'd been to the pub and nothing was said about it, however it wasn't a free for all, Mr Boyce was controlling it from afar. If you'd been out allegedly to the cinema for one or two nights too many, he would tell us to lay off it for a while.

Reporting of abuse at Edinburgh Academy

106. I think the inability to talk to my parents in Hong Kong meant that I just couldn't raise any issues of abuse or even things that weren't right with them. Often it would be three or four months since I had last spoken to my mum and dad on the phone and by the time I got home to Hong Kong over the summer holidays a whole year had elapsed. I also don't think [B] or I would have spoken much to our parents because we just didn't want to upset them and abuse is not really the sort of thing you wanted to talk about.
107. It also quickly became clear to me that everything was censored. I remember when I was nine and in Dundas House we would all go into the common room to write letters home on a Sunday. No nine-year-old kid wants to write a letter to anybody, however I would sit and write to my parents and then I would go and give it to Mr Brownlee. He would read it and then he would tear it up and say "We're not going to send that to your parents because we don't want to upset them". I would then have to sit and write it again and that would usually happen a couple of times until I would think there was no point in telling the truth. Eventually I would just write that everything was great.
108. Mrs Brownlee never hit anybody, although she was not someone you felt you could go and speak to. I don't see how she could not have known how her husband was punishing us though, because it was so prevalent.
109. Other staff must have known what Mr Dawson was doing because some of the sticks he used were displayed on the wall of his classroom and, to some extent, boys would participate in the pantomime of him choosing one to use. I don't recall any other teacher walking into the classroom while this was going on, but Mr Dawson did nothing to hide what he was doing.

110. It was more obvious to all the boys that what Mr **IBP** was doing was not right and that sitting on his lap was not normal, but I don't think any boy would have gone to another member of staff and told them what he was doing. I certainly never did. It's hard for boys to talk about that kind of thing and there was a general feeling of uncomfortableness amongst the boys, because not only was it obviously sexually motivated, it was also pretty unpleasant. All the boys were aware, but nobody would talk about it and everybody would just hope it wasn't going to be them that day.
111. Even after I found my brother **IBI** so upset I never asked him what had happened. I could see he was hurting and perhaps I should have, but that's a difficult conversation to have with any boy, let alone your brother. It would just be too mortifying.
112. I don't know how Edinburgh Academy got its funding, but I'm sure it must be similar to higher education where foreign students bring in big money. Boarders were paying quite a lot of money and to lose that income would be significant. The school is a business and I wonder how keen they would be to deal properly with anything that was reported.

Leaving Edinburgh Academy

113. I left Edinburgh Academy in 198**█**, when I was eighteen years old.
114. When I left I decided to embrace the positivity my art teacher Mark Cheverton had instilled in me and I applied to Glasgow School of Art. In doing so, I really put everything, including in particular Mr Brownlee, behind me.
115. When I filled the application for Glasgow out I never put a second choice and Mark asked me about that. I told him I didn't have a second choice because, although I knew the School of Art was really difficult to get into, for me it was there and nowhere else. Mark asked me what I was going to do if I didn't get in, but I told him that wasn't an option and I made sure I worked hard and did get in.

116. Mark left the Academy the year I left and he set up Leith School of Art, which was in a church there. Once I wasn't his pupil anymore I sort of became his friend and I helped him and his wife Lottie to get the church ready for the school and for my first two years at Glasgow I went back every summer to help. Unfortunately Mark and Lottie died in a car crash in my third year at Glasgow and I was devastated about that.

Life after Edinburgh Academy

117. I did four years at Glasgow School of Art in Graphic Design and met the lady who became my wife, [REDACTED] who was studying Silversmithing and Jewellery. After graduating, we both applied to do a Masters at the Royal College of Art in London and she got in, however I didn't and I stayed on to do my Master's in Glasgow. It was multi-disciplinary, which I enjoyed and which meant I ended up running a record label later in life.

118. Our Masters were both two years long and we completed them in 1994, during which time [REDACTED] and I used to get the train up and down to see each other. We married that same year and moved to Hillsborough in Northern Ireland, where [REDACTED]'s mum and dad had a house. At the back of the house was a small cottage which they wanted to convert into a workshop, because her dad is a silversmith as well. The plan was that we would do the labour and we could stay for free and in my mind we were going to stay there for a year, however we're still there.

119. We had kids not long after we got married, a son [REDACTED] and a daughter [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] pretty much walked into a job as a lecturer at the [REDACTED]. I also worked at the Art School there as a lecturer, but not till many years later. Ultimately, at that time, I got a job as a graphic designer and moved up the rungs until I became a senior designer, working for a company in Belfast. It was probably around that time that I really started to hit the bottle badly.

120. [REDACTED] was very creative and she was able to do her job and also do her own work, however I was frustrated because, although in some ways my job was quite exciting, it was also very boring. I was designing [REDACTED] for the Royal Mail, but I was designing

by committee and invariably my initial design would be altered and ruined over time by a bunch of old white men.

121. I did a lot of work for Belfast City Council and the BBC, which was all very prestigious, but despite that I never really felt fulfilled. I was paid well, which meant I could drink more and it was only when ██████ told me I had to do something about it that I started a record label. That was great because, amongst other things, we had international distribution and I could travel the world, but that also meant I could get drunk along the way.
122. After I ran the record label I became an artist and through the British Council I toured the world exhibiting. I also wrote a book about ██████, which sold very well and which was adopted as a textbook around the world.

Impact

123. If I think back, it's probably what Mr Brownlee did that affected me most. I think it affected my self-esteem, my self-belief and my sense of self-worth. It made me doubt myself. I've always been trying to escape stuff in my head and it's hard for me to talk about my abuse of alcohol because I feel a lot of shame. I wasn't a very good husband because of my drinking and my self-doubt and I trace a lot of that back to what happened at Edinburgh Academy. I did a lot of my drinking to try and escape and I actually thought that I would lose my family until five years ago when I decided to stop altogether.
124. Despite the successes I have had with my work, I really suffer from imposter syndrome, whether that was as a graphic designer or as somebody running a record label, or when I was exhibiting my art around the world. Objectively I can look at the success of my book about ██████ and think it's a great thing, but in my brain I don't think like that at all and I have thoughts that my successes are just chance.
125. I don't want to blame it all on the school because it's much more complicated than that, but I think much of my lack of self-esteem can be traced back to my early years

at Edinburgh Academy and to Mr Brownlee. In contrast to those feelings instilled in me by Mr Brownlee, Mark Cheverton, my art teacher, breathed confidence into me.

126. I think, however, that in some respects Mr Dawson's behaviour was more difficult to deal with than Mr Brownlee's. Mr Brownlee was violent and took corporal punishment way past where it was acceptable, but his behaviour didn't make me question my sexuality. I found it very difficult to deal with what Mr Dawson and Mr ^{IBP} had been doing. I'm not gay, but that sort of stuff really messes with your head. I remember after Mr Dawson brought us back from his house to the school thinking on the one hand that it had been really kind of him to do that, but then years later knowing that he definitely had an ulterior motive.
127. I've told my wife ^{IBP} tiny bits of what happened at Edinburgh Academy, but I haven't really gone into the depths of it. We'd known each other as students for a long time and she was a good friend and almost an agony aunt for me before I eventually asked her out. After she agreed, she told me that at one point she thought I was gay, which, for me, was awful. I wondered if I had been made gay by these guys and that really stuck with me, although I've never told her that.
128. I know that Hamish Dawson is dead and there's nothing that can be done, but just the thought of him and what he did really makes my skin crawl. I've never talked about what he did because it disgusts me and I suppose I feel ashamed, even though I know it wasn't my fault. I know that there is a lot I have put out of my mind.
129. I'm not the sort of person who would normally have a conversation about what happened to me at Edinburgh Academy. I don't have many best friends. The closest I have come to having a best friend is the chap I wrote my ^{IBP} book with, but I never told him anything. I wouldn't know where to start and I'm not sure I would trust him with it. I would worry that he might tell someone else.
130. With Mr Brownlee I feel anger, but with Mr Dawson and Mr ^{IBP} I feel a lot of shame. I wonder if I had been sending out signals, or something. My brother ^{IBP} has told me he too feels ashamed about what happened to him and rationally I know

that he shouldn't and that I shouldn't, but I think it's difficult to separate where you are now from where you were then. It's hard to put yourself back in the body of a child when you're a middle-aged man and it's easier to tell somebody else, like my brother, to look at it logically than it is to do so myself.

131. On [REDACTED] 2013 and on one other occasion, both during the time I was drinking heavily, I tried to kill myself. I was in a really bad place and set up a blog called [REDACTED] and wrote a post about how I was feeling called [REDACTED]. In my mind, my brain is like a computer and [REDACTED], which I have tattooed on my arm, stands for [REDACTED]. It is what you type into a computer when it's totally died and you're running out of options, but you want to make it come back to life.
132. I put a link to my blog on 'Twitter' and as a consequence of that I got shortlisted for an award for raising the profile of mental health amongst technology practitioners. I didn't win it, but it was amazing to have been shortlisted for such an award.
133. My son knew about the blog and I thought my daughter did too because it had been on the Web for years and so I sent her the link after she asked me about something. She hadn't been aware of it and she read it right in the middle of the pandemic while she was studying at Glasgow. It was an absolute disaster and she was on the phone saying that she felt the same mental health problems I had.
134. [REDACTED] and I have never really had a close relationship, but as his brother it was awful to hear him say "essentially I was raped", when we talked about what happened recently. The whole experience of talking about the abuse we suffered has, however, brought us closer together. We've supported each other and I know what happened to him in Mackenzie House has affected him really badly. He is gay and I think it forced him to confront his sexuality at quite a young age and it put a lot of doubt into his mind.
135. Inevitably, being sent to Edinburgh Academy had an effect on my relationship with my parents. [REDACTED] moved to Hong Kong while he was studying and did part of his degree there and so got a bit closer to our mum and dad. I think that provided an opportunity

to reset the relationship he had with our parents, but I never had that. I never saw them at all until 1997 when they moved back to Scotland and would only talk to them on the phone occasionally for two or three minutes at a time. My mum still treats me like I'm nine years old and I find that really difficult to deal with, although I know she can't help it.

136. I know that [BI] hasn't told mum about his rape, but we have spoken to her more recently about some of the things that happened. I know that she feels tremendous guilt for sending us there.

Treatment/support

137. I have been seeing a cognitive behavioural therapist for about seven years and it has been the best money I have ever spent. I really wanted to try and get to the bottom of my imposter syndrome, my lack of self-belief and why I was drinking. She has been miraculous and has really helped me turn my life in a very different direction.
138. A lot of the school stuff came up and she has helped me to deal with a lot of things. I think if [BI] had been given some sort of support or some counselling at the time he was attacked by [REDACTED] it could have helped him deal with a lot of things too.
139. I have asked my therapist if she thought I had been burying stuff deep in my subconscious. I told her about how my memories of what happened to [BI] only came back when I remembered [REDACTED]'s name, however she didn't think so.

Reporting of Abuse

140. After I contacted the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry I was contacted by a lady called Joanne from the police in Scotland about three weeks later. They were going to come over to Northern Ireland, however Joanne has told me they are not allowed as it is considered too dangerous and so I have yet to give a statement, but I'm definitely going ahead with that.

141. I've also been in touch with a solicitor called Kim Leslie from Digby Brown, but I'm not sure if I'm going to go ahead with a compensation claim. I had spoken to my friend from school Giles Moffat and he said he had been in touch with them and had found it very useful, but I'm not sure it's worth saddling myself with that.
142. Kim told me there might be a case against Mr Brownlee because he is still alive, but she said Edinburgh Academy would have a strong case with regard to Mr Dawson and Mr ^{IBP} because they are both dead and can't defend themselves. I believe that Mr ^{IBP} committed suicide, but I don't know what the circumstances were or when that happened.
143. I have been back to Edinburgh Academy once for a remembrance ceremony for my art teacher Mark Cheverton, but I have never spoken to anyone from the school about what happened to me.
144. Since I have spoken to my mum about some of the things that happened she told me about a conversation she had when ^{IBI} left with the wife of one of the teachers, Mrs Cook. Mrs Cook expressed her strongly held opinion that she would not have sent her children to Dundas House because of what she knew about it. Their conversation was cut short, my mum said, when Mr Cook came over and told his wife to be quiet.

Media Coverage concerning abuse at Edinburgh Academy

145. I looked at the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry website about a year ago and I was really depressed. I didn't even get out of my bed for Christmas. I couldn't find any mention of Edinburgh Academy and I thought that was odd, given my experiences and the experiences of my brother ^{IBI} and other friends. Part of me had thought I should contact the Inquiry and when Nicky Campbell went public about his experiences on Radio 5, I saw that as my opportunity. It had been eating away at me for a long time.
146. My parents obviously found out about what happened at the Academy as a consequence of Nicky Campbell going on the radio and my mum feels terrible. She has asked me why ^{IBI} and I didn't tell her at the time, because she and my dad would

have taken us out of there, but that opportunity had never arisen. She almost felt that Mr Brownlee taking down our shorts was sexual, but it wasn't. It was about inflicting the most pain.

147. A 'WhatsApp' group called 'EA Survivors' was created, but I left it after three or four days because I didn't think it was good for me. I would wake up in the morning and there would be fifteen messages and I would feel I would have to read them all. I was also worried that everyone's stories would be influencing everyone else's. I didn't want somebody else's story in my brain, because I have enough in there already.
148. I was actually contacted by a lad who had been at Edinburgh Academy with me called [REDACTED], although I couldn't remember who he was at first. It was only after I spoke to my mum that she reminded me he was one of the boys that had been bullying me at the same time [REDACTED] had.

Records

149. I have a lot of my school reports, which my mum, being a teacher, kept. Amongst them are Mr Brownlee's reports as housemaster of Dundas House and it's really weird what he writes. His comments are all along the lines of my being an 'integrated member of the house', 'confident and outgoing', 'always smartly dressed' and that sort of thing. The reality of how he felt, from how he treated me and other boys, was something quite different.
150. I doubt Mr Brownlee would have recorded the punishments he meted out on all of us. There were often multiple boys being hit at the same time and he was punishing people so often that he would find it difficult, if not impossible, to do so.
151. When I look back at those reports, everybody would write one side about me and they were fairly generic comments that weren't really very helpful. The reports my Art teacher, Mark Cheverton, wrote were far more full, however. He would write to the edge of both sides of the page because he wanted to get as much information in them as he could to help me as much as possible.

Lessons to be learned

152. Kids who are in a boarding school environment are not capable of expressing whether there is anything wrong. I believe that it's only a few years after leaving that you can really articulate your experience and so perhaps asking people who have recently left to reflect back on their time and what could be better should be considered. What I and many other boys along with me experienced might not still be going on, but I'm sure there will be many things that could be improved.
153. It could be a good idea to send social workers into a school, however I'm possibly a bit cynical about that. Schools are always aware when they are to be inspected and everything is made ready in advance and I worry that everything would be sanitised before a visit by a social worker and they would not see the true picture.
154. Visits would have to be unannounced, but even then I'm not sure what difference that would make. If I think about if that had happened at Dundas House, Mr Brownlee would have been able to point out how smartly dressed all the kids were and none of us would say anything because we would be too scared.
155. When Hamish Dawson retired he sold all his sticks to raise money for charity and I remember at the time wanting to buy one. In my mind at the time it would have been a nice thing to have and that's how warped the whole thing was. His behaviour was so normalised that I didn't see his motives for what they truly were. Fortunately I don't think I had enough pocket money to buy a stick and now I look back and thank God I didn't.
156. I know that before I started at Edinburgh Academy Mr Dawson had been a housemaster and I know he used to take boys on trips, but that had all been curtailed. I was told by someone he had been made to step down because he had been found with a briefcase full of pornography while he was still a housemaster. I thought it was a bit weird that despite that he was still permitted to take boys home as he did with us. How could that happen if Edinburgh Academy knew what he had done in the past?

To me there should have been a heightened awareness of what he was doing and I feel that was a dereliction of their duty.

157. The school had a duty of care, but they sadly put their reputation and subsequent profit above that and I think that is shameful. [IBI] and I have talked about whether it would make a difference if Edinburgh Academy issued an apology, however I feel it's too easy for organisations to simply acknowledge failings. It's a different story if you then ask them to financially recompense people whose lives may have been seriously damaged.
158. I have found the whole process of contacting and dealing with the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry to be very helpful. I have found all my contact with everyone who works at the Inquiry has been very positive. It is clear to me that it is more than just a job for those people.
159. [IBI] sent me a message that he was finding the whole process very stressful and that he genuinely thought the Inquiry would consider what happened to him as trivial. This is a man who was raped by one of his peers and he worried that it would be trivial. I replied that I too thought my contribution was trivial, but it's not. I would regard my experiences as much less than [IBI]'s, but I think it's interesting that two people should have such similar thoughts.

Other information

160. 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... [Redacted Signature]

Dated... 9 December, 2022