

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Robert Neil RUSSELL

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is Robert Neil Russell but am, and have always been, known as Neil. It is a sort of family thing. My father and grandfather were also known by their middle names. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1956. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before boarding school

2. I was born in Budapest, Hungary. My father was in the diplomatic service and this was his first posting as a career diplomat. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] We left Hungary when I was around two and moved to Berne, Switzerland, then in 1961 to London then in 1964 to Afghanistan. These moves followed my father's postings.
3. When we lived in London I went to Golders Hill prep school for around three years. When my mum and dad moved to Afghanistan they were concerned about the level of education facilities there so it was decided that I would live with my paternal grandparents in Edinburgh and then go to boarding school. My grandfather was Victorian but was probably quite loving for a man of his generation but on the other hand was quite an austere chap. My grandmother was very caring and loving and was my childhood rock. She was a continuing presence all through my childhood.
4. I have no idea why Edinburgh Academy was chosen for me. My family had no connection with Edinburgh Academy as far as I am aware. My father was a friend of ICG [REDACTED] through their cricket club. ICG [REDACTED] worked at Edinburgh Academy and

became my housemaster so that could have been the reason why Edinburgh Academy was chosen. I remember doing an entrance examination and must have passed. I don't remember any other preparation or anything else before I started at the school.

Edinburgh Academy preparatory school, Edinburgh

5. Edinburgh Academy prep school was in Arboretum Road. I went to the prep school in 1964 at the age of seven, almost eight. I was too young to board as you have to be nine in that academic year so I was there as a day pupil for my first year. I joined it in PIII (third year) and I was there until PVI (sixth year). After that first year I became a boarder. I don't remember anything about the decision process for me becoming a boarder.

6. I was in MacKenzie House which consisted of around forty five to fifty boys. MacKenzie house was in Kinnear Road almost opposite the junior school. My housemaster was ICG [REDACTED]. The assistant housemaster was ICA [REDACTED] and was much younger than ICG [REDACTED]. ICG [REDACTED] lived in residential quarters with his family and so did the matron. I don't remember her name. ICG [REDACTED]'s wife did some matron duties to cover when the matron was on holiday or not on duty. She was a scary woman and if you did something wrong she would always report back to Mr ICG [REDACTED]. Their son was at the Academy and their daughter was at St George's school for girls which was the sister school to the Academy. I don't remember who the headmaster or headmistress was at the junior school. I only remember that there were a number of female teachers.

7. MacKenzie house had two common rooms downstairs which had a door between them. There was also a TV room, games room and a changing room for sport which had showers in them. Upstairs were two floors of dorms and ICG [REDACTED]'s study was on the top level. There were also study rooms upstairs. I was in a dorm with about ten or twelve other boys aged between nine and ten.

Routine at Edinburgh Academy junior school

First weeks

8. I don't recall my first day at the prep school but I do remember that the first few weeks were terrifying. My class mistress was Miss [ICF]. My grandfather had sharpened my pencils in the old fashioned way with a penknife. Miss [ICF] saw them and told me that it was unacceptable. She threw my pencils across the room and beat my hand with a wooden ruler. She was a scary woman. That is the only significant incident I recall.

Initiation in MacKenzie house

9. There was an 'initiation' done by the older boys on the younger boys which was called 'bog washing'. This was getting your head held down the toilet and pulling the flush. I honestly cannot remember if this happened to me. Another initiation was an 'apple pie bed' which is where the bed sheet is folded over which makes it impossible to get in. This meant that when the bell sounded you couldn't get in your bed so you would get slippers and all sorts of things thrown at you by the other boys. Crucially you wouldn't be in your bed when the duty master came round and so could get beaten.

Mornings and bedtime

10. After my first year as a day pupil I became a boarder. My first few nights in the dorm were grim. The mattresses were made from horse hair and they sat on iron framed beds. They were incredibly uncomfortable.
11. In the morning the first bell would sound at seven o'clock by the house prefects who were called ephors. The boarding house was run by bells. The first bell was the 'wake up' bell then a few minutes later was the 'get up' bell. We got up, then there was another bell when it was time to get washed, clean our teeth and get ready for breakfast. Then there was a bell to indicate it was time to go over to the prep school dining room for breakfast about five minutes away. The bells sounded over roughly a

half hour period. There were no teachers there and the supervision was by the house prefects. There would have been a duty master up and about but not necessarily right there supervising us.

12. At bedtime the housemaster or his deputy would put the dorm lights out. You were allowed to talk for about five minutes until they sounded a hand bell.

Mealtimes/Food

13. We sat at a set table with people from my year group but could sit at any position. Food was generally quite disgusting. Breakfast was okay apart from when it was porridge which was revolting. We often had toast and we were able to have our own jam or spread if we had taken it in. Lunch was usually inedible. Some of the other meals were alright. We had rolls with egg and bacon on a Sunday which was wonderful. After breakfast we went back to the house to get ready to leave for school just after eight o'clock. Lunch and supper were also served in this dining hall.
14. At meal time there was no choice of what you were given. You also didn't have a choice whether you ate it or not. Your plate had to be empty. If you were served food and you didn't like it that was tough but you had to clear your plate.

Washing/bathing

15. There was never any privacy in the showers or baths. They were open and there were no cubicles, curtains or doors. There was no privacy either in the dormitories, in prep, letter writing, sport, or pursuits, not even when you were sleeping.

Clothing/uniform

16. We had different uniforms to wear. We always wore a shirt and tie. In the winter we wore a tweed jacket and in the summer a blazer. In the prep school we wore shorts.

Leisure /prep time

17. We did prep between five and six in the evening before our supper. Prep had to be done in complete silence. After supper we would do the second half of prep. We then watched the TV if we wanted for around an hour or so. You didn't have to watch the television and could do whatever you wanted in that hour.
18. Sunday afternoon was the only free time we had and we could do whatever we wanted as long as it was on the school premises. Every half term there was one half day and another full day where you were given an exeat. It was always on a Sunday and meant you could leave after church or after breakfast. When I was given an exeat I would get the bus to my grandparents.
19. On Saturday we did sport. Usually rugby matches in the morning or cricket all day. In the junior school there was no choice. In the winter afternoons boarders were required to go and watch the first team play rugby. This included away matches so we were bussed out to wherever they were playing. Sometimes when it was somewhere really far away like Glenalmond we got the afternoon off to do what we wanted.

Trips and holidays

20. At holiday time I went home. I never went on any school trips.

Schooling

21. The prep school consisted of three divisions, Carmichael, Cockburn and Kinross. There was an assembly in the main hall every morning at 8:50. I am not sure if we stayed in the same class or if we moved from class to class during the day. I have a feeling that in PVI, which is the 6th and last year at the prep school, or possibly in PV, we had specific subject matter. Each year the pupils were streamed from A to D. I was always in the A stream.

22. I did extremely well in my first year at the Academy because it was almost a complete repeat of what I had been taught at Golders Hill prep school in London. I was the top of my year. I should probably have started at the Academy in the 4th year rather than the third year but they wouldn't let me because I was too young. My father joked about me in later life that I peaked academically at seven and went downhill ever since.

Sporting activities

23. School usually finished about three o'clock and then we did sports. We would either be on the playing fields or indoor in the sports hall. There was no choice, you had to participate. After indoor sport we would shower then go back to the boarding house. For outdoor sport we would shower in the boarding house which were next door to the playing fields.

Healthcare

24. There was a matron but I cannot actually remember her. Any dental treatment was arranged privately when I was at home. I could have seen a doctor at the Academy if I was ill. At some point I do remember being weighed and given some sort of medical examination. I got my BCG at school but any other jabs I got privately at home. I needed various injections to travel abroad.

Religious instruction

25. We went to church every week. I wasn't particularly religious and the default church was Presbyterian so I just went along with that. I could have gone to an Episcopal church but I didn't really know the difference so I just went with Presbyterian.

Work

26. Apart from the fatigues which were tasks given to you as a punishment I am not aware of doing any other chores or work around the boarding house.

Birthdays and Christmas

27. Birthdays were a nightmare. I never told anyone it was my birthday but they would know because they would see the cards in my letter box. If I did get a cake it would be stolen, destroyed or tampered with in some way. The last thing would be that the other boys would pick on me in some way or beat me.

Personal possessions

28. After an incident where linseed oil for my cricket bat was poured on my bed I was very cautious what possessions I took back to school with me after I had been home for a break. I liked building models so I sometimes took in kits with me which I would do on a Sunday afternoon. I had a locker where I could keep these. I also had books.

Bed Wetting

29. Bed wetting was an issue for some of the boys. I was thankful that I never wet the bed. I am not sure how the matron or other staff dealt with it. The other boys were brutal to the boys who wet their beds both verbally and physically. They were ostracised, teased and verbally ridiculed. Sometimes they were beaten up by the older boys who punched and kicked them. It didn't happen to me but I saw it happening to other boys.

Visitors/External Inspections

30. I only had two visits from any of my family. The first was when my father gave a lecture on Afghanistan to the prep school. The second was when my father came to watch me play cricket in 1972. I never saw anyone who might have been doing an inspection of the prep school.

Family contact

31. On Sunday morning before church was letter writing. We sat at big long tables and had to write two sides of letter paper or a complete airmail. The letters were taken from

us by the housemaster and they checked we had filled the two sides. I am not sure if he read the letters or not. This was the only contact I had with my parents during term time. I saw my grandparents during my first year when I got home from school and for exeats and half terms during the other years. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Discipline

32. I don't remember very much about the day to day running of the junior school but it was very much that you only spoke when you were spoken to. I remember more about the boarding house but not a lot about the actual school. There were no written rules in relation to conduct within the boarding house. Generally you just picked things up or were told the rules as you went along. It was all adapted behaviour. My mantra was to stay low and not be noticed. There was joviality, ragging and larking about but there was always a climate of terror about being caught because you knew you would be punished. Non-compliance to the bell system in the dorm, untidy bedspace, not showering and being late would also be punished.

Pastoral care/ buddy system

33. Pastoral care was not a concept that was evident in any shape or form. There was nothing like that in place at the Academy.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy junior school.

34. The first few weeks boarding were cold because it was the winter term. Through the night you could hear boys crying. We called it blubbing. Other boys were really cruel and would hit the boys that were upset. There was one boy called [REDACTED]. He cried all the time and was known as [REDACTED]. He was hit for blubbing every term.

35. As soon as the hand bell sounded at night time when you were in bed, the talking had to stop. If you were caught talking, the housemaster or the deputy would give you an instant beating.
36. My father had given me a cricket bat for school. Around my second year of boarding the boys got a hold of my linseed oil and poured it all over my bed sheets. This didn't wash out properly and the matron was never happy with me because she thought I had dirty sheets.
37. There was lots of 'ragging' in the dorm which is mucking about, play fighting or pillow fights. If you were caught you would be beaten. There was lots of violence from the housemaster and his deputy even in the junior school. I had never come across violence like it before. The teachers were violent and the boys were violent. It was just a violent place. There was never any love or affection from anyone. I never knew what nurturing meant until later in my life when I had psychotherapy. It is not a concept I had ever come across.
38. One of the particular incidents at Edinburgh Academy that has haunted me was in junior school. It happened when I was at MacKenzie house and I have worked it out to have been in 1967 when I was ten. I remember what led up to it because someone had done something but I have no idea what it was. The person hadn't owned up so we were all to write a two page essay on how the offender should be punished if detected. We were held back after prep to write this essay. Other boys dared me to write that the offender should have his cock and balls cut off, so I did.
39. I never thought any more about it but a couple of days later I was told to go to ICG's study. I thought I was going to his study to be made a house prefect. I was completely wrong. He had my essay and asked me what I meant by that comment. I was amazed that he had actually read my essay and presumably all the other essays. He then told me to lower my trousers and pants and bend over. He had a clacken but the wooden part at the end which was the shape of a table tennis bat was broken in half so a semi-circle was left. Where it had fractured there was a rough ragged edge. He hit my bare backside and the rough edge lacerated me. He hit me so hard I must

have been in a lot of shock because I remember having to hold on to the desk to pull my pants and trousers up. I could hardly get out the door and thought I was going to collapse.

40. When I went downstairs and back into the dorm, normally there was a bit of a laugh after punishment, but I must have looked very ill because there was total silence. The boys often chatted about it. It might be too strong to say that we supported each other, perhaps it would be more accurate to say there was a group coming together after such a beating. This was partly because it was a different dynamic to a boy on boy beating which was very isolating unless you were part of the gang, which I wasn't. I am aware of other boys being beaten by ICG using the broken clacken.
41. The only other incident from the prep school was at the hands of my teacher IBL. We did a couple of projects for him in the holidays. My projects were on the Red Barron and David Livingstone. I did a really good job on the Red Barron but I was bored with the second. I bought a ladybird book about Livingstone, copied it and cut the pictures out for my project book. He took me aside and asked me if I thought he was stupid and wouldn't notice. He beat me for that with the clacken over my clothes. I think it was just he and I in the classroom.

Reporting of abuse at Edinburgh Academy junior school

42. When ICG beat me with the clacken I can't remember if I went to see matron because of my injuries. I had lacerations and bruising to my backside. I specifically remember the cuts from the ragged edge of the clacken. I never spoke to my parents about it because they would have been in London at that time. Knowing that ICG was a friend of my dad must have affected what I thought about the incident and the connection between them probably stopped me ever talking about anything significant in my life with my father.

Edinburgh Academy senior school

43. I left the junior school in 1968 at the age of eleven. After MacKenzie house the next step was to move into Dundas house. This was the house for the boys in transition from junior school to senior school and was classed as the first year in senior school. The boys were called 'Geits' which is a Gaelic word meaning adolescent boy transitioning into manhood. Hamish Dawson was the housemaster. There were about twelve boys in this house. There were two dorms with about six beds in each. Dundas house was a house where you only spent one year and was full of pubescent boys.
44. After Dundas house were the senior houses called Scott and Jeffrey. There was usually a larger intake at the point of going into these houses which was second year at senior school. You remained in these houses until you left school at around eighteen.
45. Edinburgh Academy senior school was in Henderson Row, Edinburgh. This was around a 25 minute walk from the boarding houses. There were no female teachers initially at the senior school but at one point a woman did join the teaching staff.
46. There were four divisions in the senior school, Carmichael, Cockburn, Kinross and Houses. All the boarding pupils were in Houses. Although there was a horrible environment we all clubbed together against adversity and wanted to beat the other divisions at all costs. When Houses won anything it was massive and a real high. Because less than a quarter of the pupils at the school were boarders we were under numbered. This meant we had to take part in lots of activities we didn't want to do because there was no one else who could do it. The fact the boarders were in a separate division created a difference between boarders and day boys.
47. The first two years in Scott House were in a big dorm. By third year you were in a smaller dorm, and in the fourth you were in a dorm of three. By the fifth and sixth year you had your own study. I think I had my own study in fifth year because I had been there as a boarder the longest and there was a room available.

48. At boarding school everybody has a nickname. Using someone's first name was prima facia evidence of homosexuality. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] The teachers always just referred to me as Russell. I was on a train from London in the summer of 1970 and there were two boys on the train, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] who were also heading back to the Academy. [REDACTED] was in my school year and joined the Academy with me in my first year as a boarder, although he went into Jeffrey house when I went into Scott house. [REDACTED] was a few years older than us. I have no idea what caused this but [REDACTED] thought it would be a good idea to call me 'Breests' as in breasts but with a Scottish accent. I think it was because I was so skinny and didn't have any. This nickname stuck with me. Previously I was called "Goppy" because apparently I went around with my mouth open.

Routine at Edinburgh Academy senior School

Mornings and bedtime

49. The morning and bedtime routine was fundamentally the same going from junior school right through to senior school. The only difference was that as you got older you were allowed to go to bed later.

Mealtimes/Food

50. It was the same in the senior school as the junior school in respect that there was no choice of what food was served to you and your plate had to be empty at the end. There was soup served in the senior school which I called 'fizzy potato soup' and it was disgusting. When plates were being cleared I would spread my soup onto the other plates and stacked them up so it looked like they were all empty.

Leisure time/prep/clubs

51. In my last three years I joined the Combined Cadet Force but I didn't have a choice in this. There was a huge number of other clubs called 'pursuits' but I didn't join any others. They were on a Friday afternoon which was when the orchestra used to practise. I was in the orchestra and played the flute so I was involved with that on Friday afternoons. I was also in the choir until my voice broke.
52. The prefects in the senior house took the prep and they would punish any misdemeanour. They could issue lines or fatigues, not corporal punishment.

Trips and holidays

53. I loved the outward bound trips. There was an outward bound centre called Blair House in Glen Doll and I went there at every opportunity. I also joined the ornithological society, not because I was particularly interested in birds, just because it got me out, sometimes on expeditions. We did an overnight expedition where we were trapping birds in nets and 'ringing' their legs. It was brilliant.

Schooling

54. The pupils were still streamed in the senior school from A to D, as they were in the junior school. I was still in the A stream as I was the whole time at school. The closest pupil to me in Scott House was in the C stream so there was a huge gap. This was another reason why I was picked on and isolated because I was so bright. At fourteen I won a math's prize and I beat a boy who went on to win the school dux prize, got a 'first' at Oxford and went on to earn millions working in the city.
55. The school prided themselves in their classical academia. I was given a good education and it did, I suppose in a roundabout way, what many public schools do best and taught me independence. The Academy was geared a lot towards English universities where pupils needed 'A' levels for admission.

56. There would have been corporal punishment by the classroom teachers during school time in the senior school but I don't have any recollection of anything.

Sporting activities

57. There were lots of physical activities at Edinburgh Academy and it was encouraged as part of their culture and everything revolved around that. I learned to ski at twelve and still ski to this day. You were at a massive advantage if you were sporty. If you weren't sporty you were in the 'B' team and got beaten up by the other boys. Unfortunately I was skinny, tall, probably six foot by the time I left school and weighed under eight stone. My view of myself was that I was a weed. I wasn't particularly strong and didn't excel at any sport. The only thing I especially enjoyed was outward bound activities. It got me away from the school, away from home and out of Edinburgh. I loved it and this was the start of my love for the hills and the outdoors.
58. Throughout the year there was sport which was cricket, rugby and cross country running.

Healthcare

59. In Mackenzie House I spent some time in the sanitorium with measles.
60. I sought medical help was when I broke a finger. I had been fighting and it got stamped on. I was taken to hospital. There was a sort of investigation to find out what happened but I just said that it got trapped in a door. I would never have told anyone what actually happened. Being a 'clipe' would be the worst thing ever, it just wasn't done and it would have made things a whole lot worse.
61. Latterly I was taken to the Western General hospital on a number of occasions with concussion playing rugby. I was also taken there once when I was accidentally hit on the forehead by a cricket ball.

Visitors

62. My dad occasionally came to watch me play cricket. I couldn't deal with it. I would sit on the other side of the cricket ground away from him. Apart from anything I never played well when he was there. Afterwards I never knew what to say to him and he never knew what to say to me. It was all very awkward. Eventually he would just give up and leave. I wouldn't see him again for another few months.

Running away

63. I never ran away from the Academy although in my final two years I did truant extensively from the boarding house. This is probably another example of my passivity and how I just went along with things and more or less accepted my fate.

Discipline/Fagging/Prefects / senior pupils

64. The prefects, which we referred to as 'ephors', were selected by what is called Buggins turn. This is a civil service term where the next in seniority takes charge when someone departs. This meant the prefect posts went to the boys who had been at the Academy the longest. This was a disaster for me because I had been at the school from a young boy so I was made the head of Scott house. What made it worse for me was because I had no control and had no respect. I couldn't do anything. Prep was a riot because I couldn't control the boys so I got punished.
65. There wasn't personal fagging where a senior boy had an allocated younger boy who did things for him. There were 'fatigues' which were basically punishments issued by the prefects. These 'fatigues' were set by either the housemaster or his assistant or the house prefects and were basically extra duties like cleaning rugby kit, CCF uniforms or something like that. The punishments were either writing out 'lines' or fatigues depending on the severity of the misdemeanour. The worst punishment would be a beating with a 'clacken' usually by the housemaster. The 'clacken' had a long handle the size of a tennis racquet and the head was like a table tennis bat but was all made of wood. The other use of the 'clacken' was in a game called 'Hailes' which

was like hockey but with a tennis ball. The other punishment would be getting belted with a tawse which was a wide leather strap with a split at the end.

66. I have no idea if any record was ever made of any administered punishment. I am not aware of anything being ever passed to my parents and there was never anything on any of my report cards. If they did tell my parents they never let on to me as we never talked about school when I was home, apart from my school reports.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy senior school

67. In the senior school I became good at hiding the 'fizzy potato' soup I didn't like by spreading it between other empty plates. One time when I was around thirteen or fourteen ^{IDR} [REDACTED], a woodwork master, saw me trying to hide the soup so told me to sit next to him and eat the soup. I told him that if I ate the soup I would be sick. He made me eat it and I was sick all over his lap. He sent me to the headmaster and I was beaten by the headmaster ^{ICH} [REDACTED]. He made me lower my trousers and bend over his desk and beat me. I can't remember how many times he hit me or whether he used the clacken or the tawse. This was the only time that he beat me. This was just another example of how I was considered to be a nothing and had no rights.
68. After this incident I often absented myself from lunch so there was never a repeat. I often hid, and in my last year, sometimes sneaked out and went to a nearby chip shop.
69. The biggest difference between junior school and moving into senior school was the level of fear in Dundas house. There were some frightening experiences in MacKenzie house but I don't remember it permeating throughout my whole existence.

Abuse by Hamish Dawson

70. Dundas house was terrifying. Hamish Dawson had a reputation and everybody knew what it was like in Dundas house before they went in. It was just a case of trying to survive until it was time to get out of there and move into Scott or Jeffrey house.

IBP [REDACTED] was the assistant housemaster. He was a paedophile and a homosexual and I believe later took his own life. He never did anything to me but I do recall he was a pathetic individual.

71. Hamish Dawson was a deeply unpleasant man and all the boys were very wary when around him. He had a very explosive temper but on the other hand could be very jocular. Both were very dangerous for different reasons. When he was on duty one of the fears was that you never knew which one was going to come through the door. He was very unpredictable. Even then he could flick between them when he was in the dorm. There is no doubt that he was a paedophile and a sadist, although I didn't know of those terms at that time.
72. If ever you committed a misdemeanour, or if Hamish Dawson thought you had committed a misdemeanour, he would take you into his study where he would beat you. One time I was late in taking the laundry basket down so he beat me. Everyone in the house took a turn in taking the laundry basket containing all the dirty washing downstairs. I can't remember why but I was late in taking it downstairs.
73. Hamish Dawson hit me with a tawse on my bare bottom and on the top of my thighs. I think there were four or five strokes. I was left with severe bruising and weals on my buttocks and thighs to such an extent that it was extremely uncomfortable for me to sit down for about a week. He never beat me again after this incident. I subsequently moved to Scott house and Dawson had no jurisdiction over me there, although he was my form master for a year in the senior school . I kept out his way as much as I could. I know he did this to many of the other boys, regularly.
74. Later on I learned from other students that if something happened in his house and no one owned up to it, everyone in the house was beaten by Hamish Dawson. [REDACTED] was one of them.
75. Hamish Dawson's predilection was to come into the dorm and choose a boy or sometimes two. He would sit on their beds and tickle them or draw on them. It was all

made out to be fun and very jocular. He probably did this to me but for some reason I do not recall it happening. If he did he definitely did not interfere with me in any way.

76. He had two particular favourites that he picked on, or you could call them his victims of choice. They were [REDACTED] who was very immature and [REDACTED] who was very mature. There were many variations of a theme but at its worst he would tell them to lower their pyjama bottoms and open the front of their pyjama top. He then openly played with their balls and penis. I cannot say for sure either way whether he masturbated the boys, because I can't remember, but he was definitely playing with them. Dawson kept his own clothes on. Neither of the boys ever put up a fight but that was because no one would dare take on a master. This would be unthinkable.
77. Hamish Dawson did this regularly and it could happen any night that he was on duty. It must have happened dozens of times when I was in Dundas house. The other boys, including me, were made to sit and watch when he did this. All I could think off at the time was to thank God that it wasn't happening to me. Afterwards there was no chat in the dorm about what had just happened because, with hindsight, we all must have known that it was wrong.

Peer abuse in Scott house

78. By the time I got to Scott house most of the abuse was from the other boys rather than from staff. This was the biggest difference from the previous houses I had been in. The 'ephors' were seventeen or eighteen, of whom some were first fifteen rugby players. They meted out the punishments and the violence, mostly towards the second, third and fourth year pupils. I would have been twelve or thirteen. There was a huge physical difference in build and strength between them and me. The only punishments they were authorised to administer were lines or fatigues but that didn't stop them giving you a beating which could be a good kicking. This happened any time and all the time. It was almost constant. It was an undercurrent that was there all the time.

79. The housemaster of Scott house was James Fowlie but he was a very weak ineffective man. He was brilliant at maths but couldn't understand what we didn't understand. He delegated the running of the house to the senior boys but they were probably borderline psychotic or their heads were just mucked up by the system.
80. The 'ephors' took prep which had to be done in complete silence. Breaching the rule of silence would get you punished. If you didn't carry out any house duties properly, if you were late, or kit wasn't cleaned that would be punished. It would usually result in being hit with their hands or kicked. [REDACTED] who was in my year was a big strong bloke and it used to take them a lot to get him subdued. I used to try fighting back, but part by my own self incrimination is that I am not sure if I tried hard enough to defend myself. It was for a long time a period of great shame.
81. By the time the boys got to seventeen or eighteen you could almost do whatever you wanted because the staff had lost control. That was why the senior house was like a riot. It was almost as though responsibility had been devolved to them because staff didn't know how to deal with the most senior boys. Big rugby playing boys weren't to be messed with and they were brought up to be violent. I would imagine some of them will now have their own mental health issues.
82. The two boys who were in charge of my house, [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were terrifying. They were about 6ft 3 and were big and had quite a reputation. They were nuts. They were both house and school prefects. They ran a gang and had younger boys doing the beatings for them although occasionally did it themselves.
83. Senior school wasn't a good place for me and was far more psychologically damaging. From the age of fifteen the mental torture started. At fifteen an older boy [REDACTED] had given me the nickname 'Breests' and it stuck with me. I hated it and it got so bad that around the age of sixteen the senior boys would get everyone in the dining hall to say out loud together "breessssst". I was really embarrassed by this but they all thought it was funny. This also undermined any respect that anybody might have had for me. When I became head of the house I had absolutely no respect and no authority.

84. As an 'ephor' and head of the house I was allocated a place at the head of a table to have my meals. By the time I was seventeen, the lack of respect and effective authority was out of control. I was ostracised for anything that I did and almost got completely 'sent to Coventry'. I got over the physical abuse within a few days but the effect on me of the mental torture has remained with me to this day. By the end I was a wreck.
85. This day I sat at the side away from my seat at the head. Everyone at the table asked me what I was doing so I told them I couldn't do it anymore and had decided to resign. I think this was the point where I started to find a little bit of defiance within me. Part of my defiance was truanting, part of it was resigning as head of house and eventually telling my father to tell the school I had left and sabotaging my Cambridge university entrance.
86. Life became hellish so much so that I started to absent myself from the boarding house. I was there nominally but had nothing to do with the boys in the house. The worst years were between fifteen and seventeen. It was a very difficult, lonely time and was horrific. I started to protect myself by isolating myself away from everyone. This was my way of coping. I wasn't sporty, I was geeky, I was lonely and just wasn't in the 'golden circle'. I was very much alone.
87. I became friendlier with some of the day boys in 1973. I would go out with them and met with some girls from St George's school. We used to meet at Yvonne Turner's house. She was the only woman at the senior school and a biology teacher. Her son was in my year. On Friday nights I would climb out a bathroom window, on Saturday I would skip watching the first fifteen play rugby and on Sunday I would go after church. I never got into trouble for doing this but I wouldn't have cared by then anyway.
88. The peer abuse in the senior school was over a protracted period, probably close to three years. It was far more insidious than the teacher abuse. There was name calling, public shaming, beating up, sabotaging of belongings and total invasion of privacy. Boys would often ransack lockers and steal stuff or even wreck it. Kit might be trashed or your study turned over. Nothing was sacred. Every day when I returned to the dorm

or latterly my study I had a fear of what had been done to my stuff that day. One time I came back to my room and a poster on my wall had been defaced with a felt pen.

89. Each year the older boys left school but they were just replaced by the next layer of bullies below them. These boys might have been the boys who did some of the beatings as instructed by the more senior boys.

Reporting of abuse at Edinburgh Academy senior school

90. Hamish Dawson made an error on the occasion that he beat me on my bare bottom and thighs with the tawse and left me with very visible injuries. He did it the week before half term in the summer of 1969. My parents were in London at the time and I went home to see them. One day I was in the family bathroom and was standing in the bath drying myself when my mum came in. She saw the injuries and she asked me what had happened. I told her then that Hamish Dawson had hit me. I don't remember her asking me anything else about it. All I know is that neither my father nor my mother ever mentioned or spoke about it again. I have no idea if my mother reported this to the school.
91. There is no doubt that my mother would have told my father about the injuries and that Dawson had been responsible. This, along with the sense of betrayal by my father regarding his cricketing friend, ICG [REDACTED] this torpedoed my adult relationship with both my mother and father.
92. The fact that Hamish Dawson lost control like that to cause such injury and the fact he did it so close to half term and not caring shows that there was a culture where nobody was going to do anything anyway.

Leaving Edinburgh Academy.

93. I should have left school when I was seventeen. I blew my 'A' levels and only got a C and two Ds. My father wasn't happy and said this was unacceptable because he wanted me to go to Cambridge university. He sent me back to do another year. Before Christmas in that extra year I submitted my UCCA form and on the grades I already had I was offered places at Edinburgh, Manchester and Leeds universities. I left school at Christmas.
94. For reasons that I can't remember, but probably simply because it was expected of me, I nevertheless sat my Cambridge entrance exam. I remember sitting in the library, watching the CCF doing its drill, feeling totally out of my depth in the written exam. I have no idea how, but I was asked to go to Caius College for an interview. I don't remember specifically deciding to sabotage my interview but I did. When asked by the panel to talk for five minutes about a subject in Natural Sciences that really interested me, I replied "That's easy. Nothing." Not even my father or the Headmaster could recover that.
95. I chose to go to Leeds because nobody else from the Academy was going there. I had to get away from them all. I felt my father was very disappointed in me, going to a red brick university; his phrase. It was ironic as I read Chemical Engineering and Cambridge doesn't have a very good reputation amongst engineers, as you study general sciences for two years. I remember him asking me in my final year about my job with Price Waterhouse. Apparently somebody had congratulated him on me joining such a prestigious company and he didn't know anything about them or accountancy. Maybe he felt a bit better then.
96. I couldn't believe the day had arrived after ten years when I left Scott House. The hellish world that I couldn't get out of was actually going to end. I remember being in a daze. As I left the house for the last time I remember looking back at the crest above the door and swearing that I would never let anyone ever control me in that way ever again. That oath has caused me a lot of trouble in my adult life, particularly in my relationships, as I've been very quick to lose my temper with my partners who I thought

were trying to control me. On reflection I think they were just trying to work out how to live with me.

Life after Edinburgh Academy

97. I left the Academy in December 1974 when I was eighteen. I stayed at home for a year then went to Leeds university in September 1975. At the university you could spot the people who had been to boarding school and those who didn't a mile off. The non-boarders used to go home at the weekends with their bags of washing for their mums to do. Boarders tended to stay and did all that stuff themselves. I hadn't had a mother figure in my life for thirteen years by that point. I had definitely learned independence and knew how to look after myself.
98. My life has been fuelled by rage. My choices were consciously to do things that my dad knew nothing about so he would never know how well or how badly I was doing. He didn't know anything about engineering or about the corporate world because he was a civil servant, as was his father. After I graduated I went to the city and worked for the accountancy firm Price Waterhouse.
99. I joined Price Waterhouse in 1978 and moved to London. That same year I married a girl who I met at Leeds university. I qualified as a chartered accountant in 1981. There were about 120 students in my year group of which 30 were in the same business year group as me. Only 9 students from that 30 passed and when I told my dad he really played it down. I stayed at Price Waterhouse until 1985 when I left and went into industry but hated it. That same year my daughter was born. In 1986 I re-joined Price Waterhouse where I remained until 1999. I did various roles and had a really good career with them.
100. In 1999 I was appointed as the senior examiner for the Institute of Chartered Accountants where I worked for eight years and also ran my own yacht charter business. In 2010 I set up my own training business which was initially face to face but then became online. I ran that until December 2021 and shut it after I had my last

breakdown in October 2021. I realised I just couldn't do it anymore. I separated from my second wife in 2015 and we divorced in 2018.

101. The pensions I am currently receiving are enough to live off but not enough to pay my rent. I was due to start a new job in a consultative post but as we got nearer my start date I had another serious depressive episode in May 2022.

Impact

102. When I was fourteen my academic performance started to tail off very noticeably. No one seemed to notice or if they did they didn't do anything about it. No one ever asked me why I had dropped from the top of the class. It wasn't until my first year at university that someone took notice. I was heading at that early stage for a comfortable 'third' in my degree when my tutor, Peter Higgs, took me aside and told me that I was bright but that I didn't do any work. Nobody had ever told me before that I was bright or clever. He told me that if I was prepared to work he would continue to be my tutor. If I wasn't, I should stop wasting everyone's time. I agreed that I would work and it was after this point that I learned how to learn. Ever since, all my adult life, I have loved learning. This ability had been crushed out of me at Edinburgh Academy.
103. I consider my adult life to have been in three phases. The first was from leaving the Academy up to 1990. This period was a gradual steady descent to the bottom. I suffered my first depressive episode in the summer of 1975 during my first year at Leeds university, although I didn't know until later that it was depression. I became progressively more mentally unwell and understanding less and less what was happening around me. My first marriage disintegrated and it all led to my first suicide attempt.
104. In spring 1990 I had a breakdown. By that time I had separated from my wife and was going through a divorce. The structure I had built to keep me safe was starting to malfunction and was no longer keeping me safe. I had to get through this on my own and again I felt very isolated. The work pressures in the big city firms were immense.

I was good at what I did so was given tough stuff to do. I ended up working myself into the ground. I couldn't handle it and slowly broke down. My second breakdown was in 1993. It was happening to others at work due to the pressure. I also remarried in 1993. My third breakdown was in 1997 again because of the pressure at work. I had worked for some of the most appalling people in the company. It had never occurred to me that I shouldn't put up with it. Again this is another example of my passivity.

105. The second phase I bumped along the bottom for about twelve years and within that time had two breakdowns and two suicide attempts. In 2002 when at a therapy group I started talking to a young woman. She was a few years older than my daughter and her father had committed suicide. I saw what it had done to her, both in terms of why her love for him wasn't enough to stop him and why he didn't love her enough to save himself. After this I turned my back on suicide as I never wanted to put my daughter through this.
106. The third phase was the next twenty years when I climbed out from the bottom. At the very bottom in around 1996 or 1997 I was asked by a psychoanalyst what life felt like. I remember saying it was like being at the bottom of a very deep well with vertical smooth sides so there was nothing to hold on to and there was no light. Although I thought he was bonkers, with his help I did start to climb out of that well. With further help from other psychotherapists it continued.
107. The incidents of abuse by ICG [REDACTED] and Hamish Dawson have haunted me and tormented my mind throughout my life. There was habitual violence but the beatings and the extremeness of violence displayed by both these men in these two incidents have stayed with me. The one with ICG [REDACTED] was also instrumental or contributory to the break down of my relationship with my father because they were friends. It took me two years of psychotherapy before I was even able to say the name, Hamish Dawson.
108. In the 25 year period after I left school I had a picture of total blackness about my time at Edinburgh Academy. In a male group psychotherapy session in the early 2000s there was a chap there called [REDACTED] He was very quietly spoken but I could tell by

the questions he was asking that he had been at boarding school. He said that he couldn't believe that every single minute about my schooling was black. I seemed to just live off the energy of the anger and rage from this blackness. I exploded and the therapist suggested that I reflect on what he had said. For me I came back with a couple of positive experiences and the whole structure of my life collapsed. I spent the next eighteen years until 2018 trying to rebuild my life.

109. When I was with my grandparents at weekends I used to dread going back to the Academy. Sometimes I felt physically sick. I didn't know at the time if it was because of something I had eaten or if it was anxiety but I know now that it was obviously anxiety. A taxi would come and take me from their house and when we were stopped at traffic lights I prayed for them to get stuck on red. When they turned green I felt that even the traffic lights had let me down.
110. I have always hated birthdays because of what happened at Edinburgh Academy. When I was getting therapy I did a foundation course on transactional analysis and it was suggested by my tutor that I read a book called 'The making of them' by Nick Duffield. In this book the author describes how he met a woman who wanted to find out why her husband sabotaged his own and their children's birthdays. I realised that this could have been about me because I hate my own birthdays. In the past I sometimes didn't turn up when things had been arranged for me for milestone birthdays. The first major one I turned up to as an adult was my sixtieth.
111. Christmases have also been very difficult throughout my life. When my parents went to Afghanistan in 1965 the UK Government would only pay the travel for two holidays a year. I went to see them for Easter and the summer holidays. I spent Christmas 1965 with my grandparents but I don't remember anything about it. Subsequently Christmases at home were always the scenes of terrible rows and I have hated Christmas ever since. From my therapy I understand that as a child I was acting out my anger with my parents for sending me away. As an adult I have never got to grips with the expectation of showing good will at a time when I feel unloved.

112. I have always been bemused by my passivity. I was like that until my therapy in my adult life helped me. This was inbuilt in me at the school. So this meant I never told anyone how unhappy I was there or asked them to take me away. I just took it on the chin because I was desperately trying to fit in. All adults were clearly in collusion so how could you know that if you told someone word wouldn't get back to the school and make it even worse for yourself. There was constant terror. Even recently with my partner we were out for a walk and I was worried I was walking our dogs through a field where we shouldn't have been. She couldn't understand my desire to conform and it was all because I couldn't handle someone shouting and yelling at me to get off their land. This is just an example of what I am like and expect people to be like that all the time.
113. I am not worried about always getting things right but I desperately don't want to do anything wrong. It is almost like a double negative. Getting anything wrong would be a nightmare for me and it sometimes terrifies me. It used to have completely unpredictable consequences like a loss of temper to the extent I smashed things up and destroyed my own possessions and sometimes the possessions of others. I used to throw things against the walls and slam doors until they broke their frames. I once did this in a couple's therapy session and broke the therapy room door.
114. In the latter stages I also used to lose my temper at work when I thought I was being treated badly. I swore at the PW partners on a couple of occasions. This behaviour was unheard of. Nobody answered back to partners. My temper must have been pretty frightening for people.
115. Another impact was running away from situations. I think it was in 1992, I left my house in London and carried on driving until I got to Perpignan. A former teacher from the Academy, Yvonne Turner, lived there and I managed to find her house. The first thing she asked was what I was running away from now. She knew that was what I did because when I ran away from school I often went to her house.

116. 

121. I couldn't cry. If you cried at the Academy you were ridiculed and beaten by the other boys. The first time I actually cried was during my therapy in 2000. The physical pain and tension as it came up my back and into my head was excruciating. My therapist said it was a build up of decades of tears.
122. I struggled with relationships, but on saying that I have always been in a relationship and been married or had a long term girlfriend, at least until the last few years. I have never really understood close relationships. The first genuine close relationship I had was with my baby daughter when she was born. I have always had faith in my relationship with her. Other relationships with people have required a huge amount of work to learn not to distrust them. I have always found relationships with men very difficult. Most of my friends are women although I have been able to develop some very close male relationships and this came about as a result of the male therapy group.
123. I still have a picture of me in my head holding on to my mum's leg and not wanting to let go. I don't know if it ever actually happened but presume this is in relation to me leaving home and the dread of going back to the Academy.
124. In the year that I was home after leaving the Academy I was completely out of control. I had no boundaries in my behaviour and had no sense of responsibility. I had money because I was working but never got into substance abuse and didn't do drugs. This was because it was illegal and I didn't want someone to find out and then have control over me. I had no concerns for anyone else apart from me.
125. It has only been in the last few years that I have been living alone. This was initially a terrifying period for me but is gradually becoming less so. The good thing about being on my own is that I have psychological space because I only have to deal with myself and not with anybody else. Although I hated it I learned a lot about myself, my anxiety, my desperate need for close relationships and my lack of self-care. I know I have behaviourally destructive tendencies. I also learned that I was a workaholic. The combination of me being a work hermit and the restrictions from COVID resulted in me becoming more isolated.

126. One of my destructive tendencies is to book things, pay for them and fail to turn up. I quite deliberately don't try to get refunds because I know I have to be punished for not turning up. Another is to arrange to meet people, not turn and not tell them.
127. In order not to feel, I have always kept a very full diary. As a result for many years I ran my life between fifteen minutes and a day late. When I started suffering breakdowns in the 1990s the list of events in my diary appeared like a huge wave that I could do nothing to stop crushing me. I also felt a perpetual failure at not being able to meet my commitments. It is only recently that I have learned to give myself enough space and not to be frightened of days in which I have nothing planned.
128. I recently got the train up to Edinburgh to meet with the police and it reminded me of my journeys back from London. I had a real deja vu moment and I began to feel quite unwell. I spoke to the member of staff in the buffet car and she said that I didn't look very well. We had a nice conversation which reassured me. When I got to Edinburgh I felt I was going to be physically sick because it came in on Platform 2 which is the same platform I used to arrive on. I was shocked by the toxicity of these events and I could still feel the dread of having to go back to the school. I worked out, because I like dealing with numbers, and calculated that in all the time I was at school I would have had the deep dreaded feeling of going back into that abusive environment over 200 times.

Treatment/support

129. In 1990, following my first suicide attempt, I met the psychiatric profession for the first time and my illness was classified as clinical depression. I have had decades of therapy to manage, amongst other things, my fear of doing something wrong and the fear of being shouted and yelled at. The mental torture I suffered, especially in the last three years at the Academy, have remained with me and I will probably never get over it. I am still in therapy, take medication and do my best to manage my mental health. When I haven't managed it properly I then have to deal with that. I saw a psychotherapist for eighteen years which I consider to be the eighteen years of proper

nurtured childhood I never had as a child. I stopped seeing my psychotherapist in 2018 when she retired. I started seeing another therapist in 2021 and she is also really good.

130. After I had my breakdown in 2021 I was put into the care of Central Bedfordshire Crisis Mental Health Team which is part of the East London Foundation Trust. They have been awesome with me and six weeks later I was discharged from them to my GP and the Community Mental Health Team.
131. In May 2022 I was supposed to be starting a new job in a consultative post but had a serious depressive episode and went back under the care of the Crisis Team for another six or seven weeks and am now in long term care directly with the Community Team. I see a psychiatrist every three months and the community psychiatric nurse every month. I also attend weekly therapy sessions and take my prescribed medication. I expect to be taking the medication for the rest of my life. I have been diagnosed with bipolar tendencies within my depression. By managing the mania side by observations, diaries and therapy I can lessen some of the causes of my depression. I have been doing this since May 2022. My most recent therapy sessions have taught me about 'belonging'. This has given me a better understanding of it and allowed me to think more about managing my self-care.

Reporting of Abuse

132. I met a couple of people fairly recently who had been day pupils and I told them some of what I had experienced at Edinburgh Academy. They had no idea what life was like or what I was going through as a boarder. One was Nicky Campbell, the broadcaster, and when I told him he just sat there with his mouth open and couldn't believe it. He suggested that I should report my experiences to the police and to the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry.
133. I have spoken to [REDACTED] who also came through the Academy, albeit a few years after me, but he does not appear to be as affected as I am, or at least doesn't admit to it. We talk a lot and I think he would have been honest with me and told me if he

was. The crucial difference between us was that he was part of a gang so wasn't isolated or alone like I was. He did say that there were 'loners' in his year who were picked off and were targeted.

134. I have given a statement to the police, operation Treefrog, about my time at the Academy. They were unrelenting in their questioning and the amount of forensic detail they required of the violence and the injuries I found quite disturbing. They told me that both ICG and Dawson were dead so there would not be any investigation but a crime file had been created and my statement may provide background for any further enquiries or prosecutions.

Records

135. After my father died in 2005 I looked through my reports from school. I wanted to see if there was any indication of what had happened to me at school. The only thing that was apparent was my positions in the annual exams going down each year from being in the top five in the class to the middle of the class over a period of around three years. From my file there is nothing to indicate any communication or discussion between the school and my father. All that was in the file were reports and bills.
136. I have never tried to get any further records from the school. I am not interested in getting anything like this.

Compensation

137. Nicky Campbell put me in touch with a firm of lawyers. My understanding on the basis of the advice I have been given so far is that, at the moment, under Scottish law, my sort of case faces a very high evidential hurdle because both of my abusers are dead. There is a case going through the court of appeal but because Scottish law is codified and not case law the judges have less discretion. On those grounds Digby Brown declined to pursue my case. Subsequently I contacted Thornton's as they have won a

case against Aberlour Prep school where the abuser had died. They have agreed to review the information available and will let me know some time later in 2023 whether I have an actionable case. If they decline to take on my case I will make an application to the Criminal Injuries Compensation Authority to get some compensation. I believe I am eligible.

138. In my head I am after peace and reconciliation and if someone wants to offer me a cheque along the way then I will accept it.

Lessons to be learned / Hopes for the Inquiry

139. When I met Barry Welsh, the current headmaster at Edinburgh Academy I asked him if there was any way I could help the children at the school. I wondered if I could give some input to the senior pupils based on my experiences of mental health issues in adult life. I have no idea how this would be facilitated but I feel passionately that my experiences should not go to waste. My opinion is that I should not have survived the 1990s and should have died, but I didn't. My daughter and a bit of luck got me through along with an amazing network of support which I never even knew was there. If I can enhance the Academy's education provision in psychology either in student safeguarding aspect or in the specifics learning about psychology. I am still awaiting a response from Barry Welsh.
140. Barry Welsh also said that the school would pick up on children who were isolated but I am not sure they would. I was very good at disguising it and that was how I learned to keep myself safe. Staff need to be able to see behind this mask.
141. I was given a great education in many subjects at school but I received no education about life, none at all. The question is whether this is the role of the school to do this or not. There should be something in place, especially for students with learning difficulties or behavioural disorders to get them ready for life.

142. Barry Welsh alerted me to the fact, which I believe is correct, that under the safeguarding rules, if a child talks to an authoritative person about issues then the safeguarding person is obliged to report it. I think there must be somebody who a child can speak to in confidentiality. I am not saying that I personally would have, or could have, spoken to such a person but there was no one like this available. If there was someone with a demonstrable code of confidentiality then children are more likely to confide in them.
143. I hope that the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry will, at its conclusion, publish a best practice document which must be taken cognisance of and complied with. If it is just a list of recommendations, which are non-binding, then the establishments may or may not implement these recommendations which means things may or may not change.

Other information

144. We were often shown a film on Saturday evenings over in the prep school. One time when I was somewhere between eleven and thirteen they showed us the 'Lord of the flies'. I never knew if it was ironic because even at that I age I thought the whole thing could have been based on us at Edinburgh Academy. What it did for me was reinforce the fact that there was nobody there on the side of the young boys and nobody was coming to save us. I have never watched the film again nor read the book and I don't want to. It was way too close and accurate.
145. I made peace with my father and mother just before they died. My father died in 2005 and my mother in 2013 so there is no unfinished business in that respect. I never spoke to my parents about the abuse at Edinburgh Academy.
146. I visited the senior school in 2003 at the time I made peace with my dad. At that time I only stood outside the building.
147. After meeting with Nicky Campbell I wrote to Edinburgh Academy and I told them I had been at the school and had suffered physical abuse from Hamish Dawson and

asked what they were going to do for people like me. Barry Welsh, the headmaster telephoned me and we agreed that I would go see him and he asked if I wanted to see round the school. I wasn't sure but when I met him he showed me and my friend round.

148. Barry Welsh said something more or less along the lines that we deserved an unreserved apology and that they regretted what had happened. I told him that I was on a journey of peace and reconciliation with the Academy as an institution. It was the only way I was going to enjoy the last part of my life. Every time he said he wasn't at the school when the abuse happened, it really annoyed me. I told him that I just wanted to know that the school does now look after its pupils, that there are safeguards and see if it felt like it was a happy place.
149. Most places during the visit I was okay but there were three times I felt a bit wobbly. The first was when I was outside the dining room where I had been sick on IDR IDR the library where I sat my Cambridge entrance exam, and the main hall for some reason. I was relatively okay when I saw the boarding houses although we only looked at them from the outside. When I saw the playing fields this was the most emotional I got and I had a real moment of reflection about my father. I was sad at the thought of him sitting at the other side of the cricket pitch. Although we didn't see eye to eye we didn't dislike each other and it brought back unpleasant memories and I felt chronically sad. I know I need to go back to make peace with everything about the Academy.
150. I hate the spineless apology given by Edinburgh Academy saying that it was a long time ago and that they weren't there at that time so weren't responsible, and that their regime today wouldn't allow things like that to happen now. There was no acknowledgement of anything apart from a meaningless 'sorry'. At least Fettes college had given a straight unconditional apology.
151. I have written a book which is currently in draft format. It is titled 'The great(est) mis-selling scandal'. The book is all about adulthood which was supposed to be brilliant but certainly wasn't for me although it has been more recently. Maybe it has been brilliant all the time for others.

152. Because of my experiences at Edinburgh Academy there is absolutely no way that I would ever send my children to any boarding school. I have never understood why any parent would do that to their child.

153. 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..... 

Dated..... 18 | 1 | 23