

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IQR

Support person present: No

1. My name is IQR. My date of birth is 1975. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Life before school

2. I was born in Edinburgh and lived with my mum and dad and elder sister. My mum's name was and my dad is. My sister's name is, now.
3. We originally lived in before moving to just before I started at Edinburgh Academy. is a tiny little farming village between and, blink and you'll miss it. It had a railway station, a post office and a phone box.
4. It was my mum and dad's decision to send me to Edinburgh Academy. My mum passed away in 2006, I was thirty years old at the time and we didn't really have much of a conversation about why I was sent there. It certainly wasn't my decision. I went to the local school in until the end of primary three. That was called Primary School. It was just a local state school, boys and girls and I was really happy there.
5. When my father was a primary one pupil, he was sent down to boarding school in Norwich. He was sent on a train on his own with a trunk. I think he was only at that

school for a short period of time before being sent to Glasgow Academy. I'm not sure why that was. I don't actually know where my mum went to school, I'm not sure if she went to a fee paying or a state school. Certainly the circles my mum and dad were moving in, everyone sent their kids to private schools. My dad was managing director of thirty odd car dealerships, as was his father, so he was high up in the motor trade.

6. I have no idea why they picked Edinburgh Academy to send me to. They sent my sister to St Margarets, which is also a private school for girls only in Edinburgh.

Edinburgh Academy

7. I started at Edinburgh Academy at the beginning of primary four. That would have been around the end of August, beginning of September 198█. I left the Academy at the end of 199█, aged seventeen. I was a day pupil and never boarded. My sister was also only ever a day pupil.
8. I remember I had to sit an entrance exam and I think I felt I was worthy of going because I had passed the exam.
9. The junior school was in Arboretum Place and was totally separate from the senior school. They were completely different schools and you didn't integrate at all. We didn't even wear the same blazer. You wore a blue blazer in the junior school and had to wear a tweed jacket for the first two terms in senior school and a blazer in the summer. You weren't allowed to wear long trousers in the junior school but could wear them in the senior school. I was in junior school for three years, primary four, five and six. The headmaster was Mr Burnett.
10. I would travel to the school by a mixture of school runs with various other parents from East Lothian. That really was only for primary four and then in primary five and six it was a train and then a bus. The days were pretty long, I was away by 7:00 am and home on the 5:40 pm train getting me home after 6:00 pm. Then I still had an hour and a half of homework to do.

11. The class sizes in the junior school were the same as the senior school, twenty to twenty-five pupils per class and there were four classes in each year. There were three regular classes and one clever class and we all knew which class was the clever one. Their teacher was Mrs White. The other three classes were split equally. I'm not sure if the classes were named after the surname of the teacher or whether it was just A, B, C and D. I was in primary four B and my teacher's name was Mrs Baxter. She was a lovely lady and was definitely preparing us for primary five and six, which was when you were going to be tutored by a male teacher and where you would start to move around the school.
12. When you were in primary four you were taught in your own class. You moved to the music hall or to the gym hall but all our core classes were taught by Mrs Baxter. All the primary three and four teachers were female and all the primary five and six teachers were male. That was just how they did it, it couldn't have been a coincidence. It was like there was a nurturing side and then they were moving you on to adulthood. That would have been the mentality of the school. That may have worked for some people but not for others.
13. I really enjoyed primary four, I had a female teacher, I'd had a female teacher in my old primary, I was doing well. She was caring, comforting and wanted us to do well. I do remember her saying we wouldn't get away with things when there was a male teacher in primary five, that in the next year when certain things happened we couldn't step out of line. I felt there was a lot of preparation as we were moving towards a male teaching environment and that they were going to be taking no nonsense. Mrs Baxter was a really comforting teacher and I don't ever remember her losing her temper. She didn't need to, no one was stepping out of line, we were all quite happy and enjoying ourselves. I think she was saying these things out of kindness, she wasn't trying to threaten us, she was just preparing us.
14. I was aware of corporal punishment when I was in primary four. You would hear chatter around the playground of what was going on in other years. I heard about this clachan, which was a foot long paddle about two inches thick with a flat head on it. This was used for a traditional end of year sports match called the 'Hailes match', which was

played between the two leaving seventh year pupils, the regular pupils and the ephors. That was played between two ends of a building, I'm sure it's been banned now but it was played once a year back then. We heard the teachers had a clachan and if you stepped out of line you would get hit with it either on your hand or on your bum, wherever. You just heard people got hit with stuff, hit with rulers. I saw the clachan being used, I saw people being hit with rulers. Not in primary four, I just heard about it then but I witnessed it in primary five and six.

15. Mr Sneddon was my teacher in primary five. He was older with a white beard and grey hair. He was strict with very little personality, very matter of fact. He was a science teacher, quite methodical and had a temper. From my memory I don't think he ever raised a hand or did anything to anyone but he had a temper which was a real step change from primary four to five. I'd say his temper was reasonable and what I'd expect if someone was messing around. It never felt out of control and I never felt scared. He had a way about him but I would never get nervous or feel sick in his company. I still felt that he wanted me to do well and I was still doing well in primary five.
16. I remember being exposed to a few other teachers in primary five. There was a primary five teacher called Mr [REDACTED]. I remember we heard stories about him losing his temper and using the clachan but I don't remember witnessing that from him, but he wasn't a teacher you would try the patience of. I think Mr [REDACTED] taught me French and I have a memory of being in his class but it's not the same memory I have of being in Mr Brownlee's class.
17. Mr Brownlee taught me geography and English. He was just a monster and was the reason I ended up going to the police.
18. In primary five I think there were some subjects we were going to different teachers for. I think Mr Sneddon taught us maths, English, science and maybe something else. We would go somewhere else for geography and somewhere else for French and somewhere else for Latin. I definitely remember we weren't just in one class and that there was a transition and we were moving around.

19. I think through the day boarders and day pupils were all treated the same. The boarders who I knew, never spoke of anything outside of what happened during the day. I think Mr Brownlee had finished being a housemaster by the time I knew him.
20. From memory the boarder housemasters there at that time were probably more reasonable teachers. I think they had probably dealt with the likes of Mr Brownlee and other people they had had issues with.
21. I didn't have to sit any exams to get into senior school, it just naturally happened. There was no transition, you didn't get to go round the senior school before you went there.

Senior school

22. We went from primary six straight into first year. There was then seven senior years and that certainly didn't work for me. I was a [REDACTED] baby so I was really young for my year anyway. I would have been ten, going on eleven years old and there were eighteen, nineteen-year-old boys in senior school. I don't really understand the benefit that could ever bring anyone.
23. At senior school I just wanted to disappear. I was terrified. You went from what felt like a protected but scary environment into an almost prison rule, it really did feel like at any point you could be subjected to anything. It just wasn't a nice friendly place at all. It was horrible. You couldn't ask to go to the toilet, you had to ask to go down the hill. Down the hill was where the toilet block was, down at the bottom. The older boys would be smoking in there. You would walk in and get kicked about. You would hopefully get the toilet done and get out of there as fast as you could. It was like a baton passed between years. Those boys would have had it done to them so it was their turn to do it to others. Daily I would be fighting to get away from something. There would be people administering dead arms or dead legs, constantly you were being physically tested, the whole time. It's just how it was.

24. In first year at senior school, you were called a 'geit' and were a target, there was no doubt. You were the youngest in the senior school and you had to get through that year, the next year it would be the new geits turn and not you. Even in the school hall the geits would sit around the top behind a single rail banister, you were definitely on show for everyone.
25. There was corporal punishment that I saw in senior school which was the same as it had been in the prep school (junior school) There would also be the odd ruler being chucked or board duster being thrown, hitting people with them and some stuff by the P.E. teacher that was definitely not on.
26. Senior pupils were called, 'ephors' instead of prefects and were as much a law to themselves as the teachers were. I think you became an ephor based on achievement and I think the head ephor was voted on by the staff and the pupils. They could hand out punishments and make you do certain things.
27. I received a lot of unreasonable punishments. I'd say I was punished by the ephors once or twice a term, nothing more than that. There was a fair responsibility given to those people, that was the culture at the time.
28. That type of punishment stopped when Mr ^{INU} SNR came. I would have been in my fourth year at that time. I think the ephors were still allowed to dish out lines but I think it would be fairly warranted because I'm pretty sure it all started to be monitored.
29. If you were involved in serious bullying type behaviour after Mr ^{INU} came you would be expelled on the spot or suspended, even looking at a geit twice would get you in trouble. There was zero tolerance on bullying. Bully anyone younger or the same age as you and you were going to get expelled. There were troublemakers in our year who were doing things they shouldn't have been doing. Things like fighting, headbutting. It was quite a violent school.

30. When Mr INU stood up at assembly and said he was SNR and told us how he operated, there was no one under any illusions, things were changing big time. I think he was talking about respect for each other. He had come from down south and said this is how he was going to SNR, *"you will respect us and we will respect you."* It just seemed as a kid, I was sitting there thinking, finally, thank God.
31. He wasn't just interested in the elite kids, he would listen to you, he would engage with you. Mr Ellis never so much as looked at you. He just walked past everyone with his head down, away into his office. I can't even remember how Mr Ellis's voice sounded in assembly, he was just so forgettable.
32. Mr INU had a very positive impact on the school in comparison to Mr Ellis who, to my mind, was a bit of a wet blanket. The bully boys could just by-pass him, he really wouldn't want to confront that side of things, that's how it felt. The school ran him rather than the other way round. If Mr Ellis told pupils to get off the grass nobody moved, you absolutely moved if Mr INU told you to. Mr INU had everyone's respect straight away and I think the teachers and the prefects followed his lead for the next three years. I don't remember the SNR, it may have been Mr Meadows but I'm not sure. There were some female teachers at the senior school but not many. There was a lovely English teacher who was Mrs Marsh who I remember clearly.
33. I had gone from being okay, bright enough I would say in primary six to straight bottom set within a year. No one asked me why that was and at that point and I felt one hundred percent written off by the school.
34. I think there was a transition going on between the old school and the new school and I think our year fell right at that point. The school had been everything you've heard about old private schools and it was transitioning across to what was acceptable from what was not.

35. There was no one in the school I could have gone to. Mrs Marsh would have been one of the people I could have spoken to but there was no real support offered other than just keep trying. There was no guidance teacher.
36. I would say there was a change in my performance once Mr INU arrived. It sounds stupid but he said he couldn't be everywhere to watch all the rugby games. There were seven senior rugby teams. One day he said it would be great to get a report on how each team was doing. I was captain of the fourth fifteen and I basically wrote a report and handed it in. Unbeknown to me, he read it out at assembly. I was absolutely made up, couldn't believe it, I'd never had any recognition. He actually got hold of me and asked me why I wasn't doing as well as I could be. Him and possibly one other teacher could see that there was potential. It was a bit too later at that point, I had already sat my GCSEs and had been forgotten about.
37. I remember having a careers meeting one year from Mr IDX and he asked me what university I wanted to go to. I said that I didn't think university was for me, that I wasn't really enjoying school so why would I enjoy additional learning. He said maybe a vocational course was maybe a bit more my style. We had woodwork but there was no craft and design, there was nothing to do with your hands. For a school you were paying thousands of pounds a year for, there were no computers. They built a music school instead of a sports ground, one person was doing music. It just felt that it was completely rudderless at that point. I was asked what armed forces I wanted to go into. I just felt that it didn't have anything that was catering for me at all. I don't think I had another careers meeting.
38. The fear of being separated from your group, the fear of getting something wrong, it was just a horrible school. In my last two years at the school there were girls introduced. That was the best thing that I could have hoped for. It changed the dynamic overnight. The dominant boys in your year or the year above, all of a sudden had girls that they had to impress. It was a different dynamic and they didn't know how to be with girls, how to speak to girls. I grew up with an older sister who had friends and my mum. My dad was never there because he was working so I was probably a lot more comfortable in girl's company. For me it was a God send having girls in the year.

39. Everyone softened, everyone had to soften because all of a sudden if three guys were putting a boy in a bin, a girl there would be asking what they were doing. It just didn't happen and they very quickly realised they were being infants rather than grownups. We didn't have many girls in our year, I'd guess at around twelve to fifteen.
40. I don't think much was done to protect the girls either and if they weren't attractive or good at sport then my story would sound nothing compared to what theirs would be. You came to the academy as a girl because we had a really good art school apparently and it was a good law feeder school. It was those types of girls we were getting but if they got there and they didn't quite fit, their lives were made a misery by some boys who were verbally horrible to them.

Routine at Edinburgh Academy

First day

41. Obviously when I arrived at junior school, I hadn't been at the school before. I spoke a bit more Scottish than the kids there. I think my accent is now fairly nondescript because the worst thing you can do at private school is be different. I remember at the start people were saying I spoke funny. The teachers didn't treat me any different when I started. There was no systemic classism although we were definitely starting to be taught that we were different to other kids, that elitism type of teaching. You were crème de la crème, top of the top and you had to act a certain way. I think that started in prep school but more so in senior school.
42. The transition as far as the teaching was concerned was that the school felt a lot bigger. I came from a composite class where there were five boys in my year and nine girls to a school year with ninety boys and no girls. That was a huge change.
43. The classrooms had the proper old school desks that lifted up with the inkwell on the top. We were in rows so never sat with anyone. We were alphabetically seated front to back. If anyone was bad they would be moved to the front of the class. There was

never any group work. Looking back on it, they didn't encourage any positive influences between kids helping each other out. It was definitely sink or swim.

Mornings and bedtime

44. We would start the day in our form class for roll call. At the academy we had a daily assembly, three hymns, two readings and notices every single day. That was how you started every morning. If you missed assembly, say your train was late, you got a punishment. You would have three forty-minute lessons before break and then two further lessons before lunch. Lunch would start off with a benediction in Latin to thank God for the food. There would be another one at the end of lunch before we were free to go.
45. After lunch we had another two classes and the school would close at 3:10 pm. Two days a week we would have to walk as a school up to the prep school where the rugby fields were at Newfield next to Arboretum Place. We would play rugby until about 4:45 pm and then we could go home. I'd be on the 5:40 pm train home. When finishing school at 3:10 pm on the other three days you had to name an activity. That would be forty-five minutes of something and then at 4:00 pm you could go home. That could be art, music or an activity-based thing although those classes were quite hard to get into. If you weren't fast you just had a reading period, which was torture.

Mealtimes/Food

46. Up until Mr INU arrived at the school, lunch would be served in the main hall to all the school at the same time with a teacher at one end and another teacher at the other end. There would be over a thousand kids. We would all sit in a row and the teacher would dish up the food and it would be passed down the row. You would eat what was in front of you then pass your plate back down the row. It would be questioned if you didn't finish what was on your plate. No one ever forced you to eat it but you were given a hard time for it. If you saw something you hated you could ask not to have it but you were rarely listened to.

47. The quality of the food was terrible, beige awful food. Semolina for your pudding, leftovers from the day before for your soup. If someone didn't like you from the top end of the table and saw your food coming, you knew what was going to happen to it. Someone would spit into it or pour pepper in as it was going passed.
48. We got a canteen in our fourth year, where we had a choice and times for lunches. We would take a tray up for our food, a complete step change. I think there were two sittings, first one for up to third years and then fourth to seventh year would be in after. You could sit anywhere and eat in your peer group.

Clothing/uniform

49. In the junior school we had a blue blazer with a grey shirt and a blue and white tie. We had grey shorts, grey socks and black shoes. We had brown indoor sandals we had to change into before going into class. In senior school we had a Harris tweed jacket for Winter and Spring Terms then the same blue blazer in summer term, which was a needless expense in my opinion. In Geits through to fifth year we had to wear grey shirts and grey trousers, sixth to seventh year wore white shirts. Ephors wore a different tie which was mainly blue to be clearly different.

Leisure time

50. In my fourth year we got a tuck shop. Before that you couldn't just go and buy a snack if you were hungry. We weren't allowed off the school property at all during the day. If you wanted to leave you had to have a letter from your mum to say you were going to an appointment. You couldn't get a letter to say you were going to buy something from the local shop. No one left the school, even at sixteen or seventeen.

Sporting activities

51. In prep school we were divided into different levels of rugby. At a boys' school if you weren't clever or weren't good at sport, you were finished. I was aware of that and had to get good at sport quickly. I loved the sport but I wasn't built for it, I wasn't a big

strong guy and was young for my year. Playing rugby, I was never going to be someone who would smash through and score heaps of tries. I already in my mind knew I had to be a kicker. If I was fast and I could kick, it meant that I had a place in society. I loved it, if I could have played touch rugby that would have been even better.

52. If you didn't play rugby at the senior school you were given a little flyaway football and had to stand in a cold field and kick the ball about. You would have no supervision, there was no inclusion for these kids who didn't want to play rugby. There was cricket in the summer until it changed and you could do cricket or athletics. That was encouraged. Rugby was the only winter sport until the new headmaster came in and introduced hockey. There was no football team, nothing else. Our year was the first year that could play tennis, that was in our fourth year at senior school.

CCF (Combined Cadet Force)

53. CCF was something that was compulsory from fourth year. I think you had to do two years mandatory. Absolutely horrendous experience. You had to pick which one you wanted to go into and I applied for the air force. I was interested in aeroplanes but because I wasn't in any of the clever classes, I went straight into the army, no questions asked, access to air force denied, that was just for the clever boys and girls.
54. I was put into the army and every Monday you would have to stand to attention, be paraded and inspected, another way just to give someone a hard time. It was done by some people from within the school but they would also bring in some support from a local regiment. They would pay someone else to scream and shout at you. It was just a horrible experience from start to finish and it was compulsory. You had to go into school wearing full army gear. So I would be on the train, then walking down the road in full gear. It was just another way to look different and feel different from everyone else in society. They would occasionally take us on exercise up to the Pentland Hills or to an overnight stay at an army camp. I just refused. I went on one to the Pentlands and just got verbally abused by this uptight little guy from Dreghorn Barracks. Screaming and shouting at me because I had brought toilet paper and my own tin

opener. I had heard about the issues on the trip so had brought these things along and was helping others and opening their tins. He came along and just went berserk.

55. Other times we were put in the back of lorries, taken to the back of nowhere, dropped off and given a map and a compass and told to get back to a certain point.
56. I refused to go on these trips and ended up stopping wearing the army clothes. I told my mum I had been able to get away with a year off doing it, which I hadn't, I just hated it so much. Every Monday I would be out of school at 3.10 pm and just be happy. I had to do detention every Friday. They would get to a roll call and my name wouldn't be there, there would be no letter excusing me so I would instantly get Friday detention.

Religious instruction

57. We started the day with assembly, three hymns, two readings and that was every day in senior school. Mr Hazlett was our R.E. teacher, he was also the school reverend. Lunch would start off with a benediction in Latin to thank God for the food. There would be another one at the end of lunch before we were free to go.

Family contact

58. In junior school parent evenings went well. Up until incidents in primary six, I was a happy boy and doing relatively well. I wasn't excelling but I definitely wasn't failing in anything and didn't feel out of my depth at that point. There was a definite change midway through primary six and going into the 'geits' which was your first year at senior school.
59. When things started to go wrong for me at senior school, I think my mum went to parents' nights and was more worried about my dad finding out about his investment, what he was paying for and what I was getting out of it. It was pretty much shoved under the rug by my mum, away from my dad.

Prefects / Discipline

60. Senior pupils were call, 'ephors' instead of prefects and they were as much a law to themselves as the teachers were. I think you became an ephor based on achievement and I think the head ephor was voted on by the staff and the pupils. They could hand out punishments and make you do certain things, like take away your breaktime, put you in the ephors room and just have you sit there. You would typically get lines from them, that would be their go to punishment. You would have to take a book of text and copy words out from the book. It would have to be eight words per line and they could dish you out five hundred lines. That would be hours of work. You would have to do the lines by the next day, so you would have to do them at home. They could give you a punishment if you spoke back to them, if they told you to do something and you didn't do it, if there was litter on the ground and you didn't pick it up, even although you hadn't dropped it.

61. I received a lot of unreasonable punishments. I'm not saying all of the ephors were like that because they weren't, but you give some people power at an early age and it doesn't do great things for them or those around them. No one was monitoring the ephors or their punishments. The bin punishment they used was not a recognised punishment, that was just them being bullies. I'd say I was punished by the ephors once or twice a term, nothing more than that. There was a fair responsibility given to those people who rightly or wrongly shouldn't have had that responsibility but that was the culture at the time. Technically ephors could dish out punishment to their own peers, even when in fifth and six year although I don't remember it ever happening but it was possible.

62. I would spend most Fridays on detention for missing CCF and other stuff as well. You would get detention for not having homework done, lines if you forgot a book. I was clearly not happy and my school life and I basically went from punishment to punishment. I still to this day don't think I was a bad kid. I still had really good manners, I wasn't disruptive to other people. I had fun and had a good sense of humour but wasn't giving anyone a hard time.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy

Mr Brownlee

63. Mr Brownlee seemed to be someone that looked for any opportunity to discipline people to the point of it being completely unfair. You tried to keep your head down when in his class but from my own experience I remember asking to go to the bathroom when he had told us that we couldn't. It's not the sort of thing you would ask if you didn't need, I was in a situation where I was either going to wet myself or take whatever punishment was going for asking.

64. I asked him and was pulled up to the front of the class where sentence was delivered. My head was put into a cubbyhole in the classroom where we would put our gym kit. It was an open square like zone and he put my head in there and then hit me with the clachan. It was twofold, I obviously got a sore backside but also battered my head off the wood round the cubbyhole. I subsequently wet myself as well just to add insult to injury. I don't think he actually saw that before he sent me out the class. My form class was next door so I was able to get my gym shorts and make do. That was just horrendous and he would get the whole class on his side saying that we knew what the punishment was for asking to go to the bathroom.

65. When you're a kid and probably not the most confident kid anyway, to have that happened to you was just horrendous. I just kind of buried it I suppose a tried not to overly think it because it was quite normal for him to dole out significant punishments so you didn't feel very different. It wasn't until speaking to people in later life and then having your own children, how you would feel if they ever came home and told you that had happened to them.

66. When you knew you had his lesson next and were waiting for him to arrive you just felt terrified the whole time. I felt physically sick going to his classes. When you are in his class, everything is heightened. Any noise or whatever happens you obviously don't want to react in a certain way but it's almost like you can't help it. This time we were sitting in the class in complete silence as always. He almost set conditions that

were unachievable so someone would step out of line. Looking back as an adult, twenty-four boys in a class, how on earth he could expect everyone to be silent all of the time.

67. One day the boy next to me broke wind. Obviously you don't want to laugh and are trying to suppress every single part of you but of course the whole class erupted into laughter. We just couldn't believe anyone could be so stupid to do that. This kid just did it, I don't know why or what possessed him, if it was an accident. Brownlee went absolutely ballistic, slamming things on the desk, telling everyone to shut up, telling us we were all a disgrace.
68. From memory he found out who it was and threw them out of the class. We knew they were for it, if you were thrown out of class that was worse than being dealt with in class because then you were with him on your own and we had heard about people being thrown out of class and essentially being beaten up.
69. I just physically could not stop laughing to the point I was trying to think of the saddest thing I could ever think of and I was still erupting. I think I only laughed once outside when everyone else did out of fear and probably awkwardness. He had a way of moving people, he would come up behind you, I don't even know what he did with his hands but it was extreme pain so you would just go wherever he needed you to go. He would get his knuckle into your shoulder or grab your hair at a really sore point at the back of your neck. I've met policeman in later life and they have shown me holds they've learned and I've thought that's familiar, a real horrible move. He got me in this two-handed grip on the hand or wrist and something in the shoulder and took me out the class making sure it hurt the whole way before throwing me out.
70. Me and the other boy just sat in the corridor in complete and utter terror. At the end of the class the other boys were marched passed and they weren't allowed to look at us.
71. Brownlee again put me in some kind of hold and moved me down so I was bent over and my bum was towards him. Then took three steps and then absolutely launched

his foot into my backside and to the point I fell forward onto my stomach further down the corridor. I'll never forget it. I've never been hit as hard as that in my life and I played rugby all the way through school but was never hit as hard as that.

72. I was so shocked and turned around. The other kid was being put into the same position but he knew what was coming so he half jumped. Brownlee kicked him and the kid went up into the air but Brownlee wasn't satisfied with that so he had to reset him. He got launched as well. I can't remember if another teacher came or someone was going past but it all stopped very quickly and he went back into his room and we left.
73. We were just looking at each other. I couldn't believe what had happened. I think the other boy was [REDACTED] but I really have shut that completely down. I don't know why, I can remember being hit and seeing him hit but I just can't say with certainty who the other boy was.
74. I would have had a bruise but there was no way I was saying anything about it to anyone.
75. My form teacher in primary six was Mr Archdale and he was next door to Mr Brownlee. I'm certain Mr Archdale knew what Mr Brownlee was like, I'm certain every teacher knew what he was like. There was a primary six block from memory which housed two downstairs classes and two upstairs classes. Mr Archdale and Mr Brownlee were on the top floor, Mr ICA [REDACTED] and possibly another teacher were downstairs. There may only have been three classes. If a teacher was shouting in one class, you could hear it in the neighbouring classrooms and in the stairwells and corridors.
76. I would say I've seen Brownlee slamming boys' heads together, saw people being clachaned, hit with a board duster. It would be a monthly or bi-monthly occurrence I would say. That was just one class, he wasn't my form teacher so we would maybe have him three times a week maximum.

77. I never told my parents. Brownlee made sure that if you were going to go home and tell your parents you were already a disgrace, you were conditioned not to say anything and you didn't want to get in trouble again.
78. These are the only two things I can talk about with complete confidence on regarding Mr Brownlee. There were other minor things, knuckles on the head and I can remember being hurt by him on other occasions for menial things like dropping a pen or forgetting a book. Forgetting a book was quite a serious thing and you would be terrified.
79. Mr Burnett, the headmaster in junior school was equally handy with the clachan. What was different about him to Mr Brownlee was there was light and shade with him. There was just no light with Mr Brownlee at all, he was always just absolutely terrifying whereas with Mr Burnett you would get that jovial side of it but if you stepped out of line he would still administer a clachan. I never saw Mr Burnett giving the clachan but from people who got it from him it seemed that it was more so people would be told he had done it rather than to leather someone. Mr Brownlee would leather you.

Mr **IDO**

80. There were no other teachers in the junior school who punished me although I saw people being punished. Mr **IDO** in various guises would punish people, even in the playground he would clip people around the ear. You felt when Mr **IDO** lost his temper you knew he was going to lash out at someone but it tended to be the more troublesome boys that he would get a hold of whereas I genuinely didn't feel like I was a troublemaker.

Mr **IBU**

81. Mr **IBU** was the P.E. teacher. He would definitely take things too far. For example he would chest pass a basketball into someone's face which would be sore. He didn't do it to me but I saw him doing it, noses burst and hearing people being taken out the hall and half thrown down the stairs. The only thing he did to me was when I was

playing rugby and had missed a tackle. He was angry and picked me up off the ground by my armpits and gave me a right talking to. He was a strong little guy.

82. I wouldn't say he was particularly fair to the coloured people in the school. He had quite a streak where that was concerned. We maybe had two or three Asian people in our year, a tiny percentage. This one guy just wasn't good at gym. I don't know if there would have been much difference if he had been white but I think he would have been afforded a bit more leniency. We were trying to run and jump and do a forward somersault in the air and land on the mat. If you landed on your back it was fine but if you landed on your feet then that was the desired effect. It was a big deep mat.
83. Every time this kid ran up he would bail out halfway through and rotate to the side. This infuriated Mr [REDACTED] and he told the kid if he did that again he would kick the mat away. The boy said he was trying but next time he did it Mr [REDACTED] kicked the mat away and the boy landed on the floor on his back. The boy was called [REDACTED].
84. I would say there was a reasonable amount of racism. There was a younger kid, two years below us who wore a turban and everyone would grab at the turban. I can't think of any other teachers treating anyone differently but Mr [REDACTED] definitely did with the Asian boy, it was quite clear he had disdain for this kid.
85. I wasn't really comfortable with what Mr [REDACTED] would do in the changing rooms. He would come in and stand in the shower block when we were all told to shower. He would stand and make eye contact with you. There was never any touching or anything like that but it felt wrong. You definitely felt that he was looking at you. What was his reason for being in there? I just didn't think that was right. All the boys spoke about it and thought it was weird.
86. We weren't allowed to wear boxer shorts under our gym shorts. We were supposed to wear supportive pants. He told us that if we were caught wearing boxer shorts he would make us run round the school yard naked, which was never handed out but the threat was weird. He was the only gym teacher and I think he retired in 199[REDACTED] or 199[REDACTED].

Ephors

87. On my first day or first week at senior school, I was walking through the playground and a tennis ball hit me. You weren't allowed to play with footballs, you had to use a tennis ball to play football. I wasn't even aware there was a game going on. Two ephors picked me up and took me into the ephors room, which was directly underneath the teachers' common room at the corner of the play yard. There were different play areas depending on what age you were.
88. There was a big thing at the school which was being binned. You had the big refuge bin in the corner of your classroom and if your own classmates were doing it to you, you had a relative chance of survival, being able to fight it off and if it happened, typically they would help you out of the bin after it happened. It was a bit of a laugh.
89. When guys are doing it and they are seven or eight years older than you it's not the same. These guys put a chair on a desk and put me on top of that in a bin which was on the chair. They forced my bum into the bin so my feet and arms were pointing up and then left me there for the rest of the break, until the bell went. The whole time people would come in and just be throwing stuff at you, making you wobble so you would maybe fall. I doubt they would have let me fall but you don't know that as a ten or eleven year old kid, you're just terrified. That happened during the first couple of days of me going to senior school.
90. When the bell went we all moved classes at the same time but there was a ridiculous bottleneck that they had between two buildings between Donaldsons and the main school yard which was called the hole in the wall. The hole in the wall would just be populated by the older delinquents. You would go through there and get kicked, pushed over, spat at, all sorts of stuff. There would be teachers walking through there but they would just be minding their own business.

Exams / Leaving Edinburgh Academy

91. I didn't finish my education at the academy, I was held back a year after not achieving enough GCSEs. You needed to get five or more at 'C' grade or higher to progress to the next year. There were so many kids in our year that didn't achieve that. Normally there are one or two a year but for some reason in our year I believe there were maybe twelve to fourteen of us that didn't get five GCSEs. There would have been around ninety-five pupils in our year so quite a large percentage of pupils from a fee-paying school didn't get to a basic level of education that year.
92. I think there were four of us held back which was bizarre. I was thinking, the rule is passing five GCSEs. I may be wrong but the information I got from other people was that they hadn't got five GCSEs either. That's definitely something that is worthwhile checking, how many people achieved five GCSEs in fifth year.
93. I passed two GCSEs in my fifth year. I got one English, because there was English language and English literature, I got one of those and I got Physics. Mrs Marsh was my English teacher who I really liked and Dr Hut was the Physics teacher who knew how to teach me. I remember him saying to me that none of his colleagues thought I was going to pass but that he thought I had enough ability to pass. He set up a plan with me. I hope he went back into the teachers' room and told them. This lost cause just got a 'C' in physics.
94. I was made to re-sit fifth year along with the other three boys even although I believed there were more boys who hadn't achieved the five GCSEs. I had to attend classes with the year below me. My friendship groups were changed immediately and I was put into a different form class. I was instantly labelled. The only time I saw my original year was at breaktime, lunchtime and at sport.
95. I was supposed to stay on for another two years but I only did one. They made me sit five Highers in that year. I didn't pass any. I would have done better if they had given me a more realistic target. I should have been strong in physics, English and maths. I think on paper those would have been my stronger subjects. I think all of them could

have been strong had I been given the correct help. Getting me to sit five Highers in one year was ridiculous. The school made that decision but I can't honestly remember how that conversation went other than it was a quick conversation. I can't remember who that was with but somehow I ended up doing five Highers.

96. When the results came out and before I went back to the academy, my recollection is they said that they didn't think I was going to get anything more from the school. I don't think that was ever officially put in a letter or spoken about. They could have asked me to stay on but they had made me feel like a failure the whole time anyway. If they were telling me that I wasn't to be there anymore I wasn't going to be there. I told my mum and dad I would go to college or do something else.

Life after Edinburgh Academy

97. I went to Telford College to do my Highers. I needed help, I didn't need taught. I needed guidance with schoolwork, I didn't know how to get from a point to passing the exam unless someone spent time with me. I thought, if I get my Highers where was I going to go next? I didn't want to go to university, my parents hadn't gone to university and didn't really push me that way so I didn't have any guidance into that. At that point I had accepted that I was stupid and I didn't really want to move forward with further education.
98. I dropped out of college and literally did ad hoc work. I worked in a bar in North Berwick where my friends were from my original school so I reconnected with them.
99. I then got a job within a finance company, I literally started at the bottom and worked my way from the mail room up to a sales job. I then got a job in the motor trade. I worked there for the next twenty years or so and ended up running a dealership. I moved across into oil four and a half years ago and am in business development, sales, relationship building, that sort of thing.

100. My son is dyslexic and has dyspraxia and I'm fairly certain I am, although I've never been tested. I had some learning difficulties to a point but clearly something happened to me in primary six that made me really unhappy as a child. Mr Brownlee had left his mark on me as I came through and I was just terrified of any confrontation or conflict. The school just completely and utterly failed when it came to me.
101. I have stayed in touch with lots of my peers and have a really good friendship group. We had our thirty-year reunion recently. I had severed ties with the academy but you can become this former pupil or member of the academical club they call it. They trace where you live and send out a magazine to you.
102. We have a WhatsApp group with about fifteen or sixteen of us. Of that group seven of us went to the reunion. Out of ninety-five kids in our year and including the seven from our WhatsApp group, only nine people went to the reunion. One of my friends, [REDACTED], thought it would be good for me, to put some current perspective on the school. None of us really had fond memories of the school. He said I should go back down and go round the school again and he would come with me. I went four weeks ago. It's really different. It's really co-ed now. It's just walls but not a lot of that has changed, they've taken away the hole in the wall and there's a huge big space you can walk between. A lot of it looks more like a school and is more child friendly.
103. When we were at the reunion and speaking to other people about it, people who had done really well in life despite not doing particularly well at school, were saying, "*how did we let this carry on*"... "*how was this normalised behaviour?*" None of us could really get our heads round it. There were obviously boys who did very well at school, who fitted that school perfectly, whose parents before them will have fitted it perfectly, who were academic. I just think it was the wrong school for me but I also think the school was wrong. In general, you can't set yourself up to deal with the five percent of people who are going to do great at school anyway. You need to set the school up to cater for everyone and they just didn't. They weren't even close with that.
104. I arrived late for the reunion because I was getting the train down from Aberdeen so everyone had started their tour which meant I had ten minutes or so on my own. The

first place I went was this toilet block at the bottom of the hill. I couldn't see it, it's all gone and I got really upset. I was messaging my wife at the time just saying that I can't believe this isn't here, I can't believe that isn't here, saying some things looked the same but was so much nicer, friendlier and colourful.

105. I walked around with some of my friends but didn't go into any classrooms. We stood in the atrium outside to where their exam halls are now. We walked through a few buildings and back round again. It felt nicer to see it more like a school but it brought back some horrible memories.

Impact

106. My daughter is twenty-four now and my son is nineteen. They went nowhere near a fee-paying school. That may have been partly due to finance but I'm sure my parents would have supported it if I had asked, but I didn't.
107. The main impact for me is that I can't bear confrontation, anything to avoid it. I'll lead with an apology every time and expect it to be my fault. I've spoken to my wife about it, she is one of five siblings so was brought up with confrontation. Loudest is right whether right or wrong with her. She's come from a family with very healthy confrontation. I'm the complete opposite, I'll avoid conflict at all costs and to the point that it's not healthy.
108. I had a difficult manager in business. He was threatened by how well I was doing with my guys. As soon as I went off on holiday he would come in and unravel stuff. He was older and set in his ways, a traditionalist of the motor trade. Everyone should be there all the time, no one should have a life out with the motor trade. I was very much of the mind, happy people sell cars and look after our clients well. He hated that and wanted to ruin it. Of course, instead of fighting for what I believed in, I regressed and went from being the branch manager back to being a salesman. I just wanted out of there. I had worked the whole way up to that position and knew I was good at what I did. I knew I did well with client relationships, people in general, people liked me so I thought

I would take my skills into a less volatile workplace, less of a boys' club. Similar to the academy, the motor trade is male dominated, it's all the stuff I wanted to get away from and I ended up back there.

109. I don't find it like that in the oil industry. I work for a Norwegian company that's completely focused on family. If you are there one minute past four you're asked why. It's exactly how it should be. Happy people perform well.
110. I think my experience at the academy has affected my relationship with my children, but probably in a good way. My son works in the same building as me. It's not that I keep a constant eye on him but I know he does have struggles. I knew there would be another avenue for him rather than school. He didn't perform brilliantly at school but he did get the additional support, unfortunately Covid happened for him at the worst possible time and he was pushed back out of the school when he needed it the most. It's made me a lot more aware that it's not a one suit fits all. He's proved he can disassemble a high-pressure tool and put it back together again.
111. My daughter was the same, she had difficulty moving up to Aberdeen in the middle of her schooling. She's six foot one, slim and blonde and the girls at her new school hated her. I was fully there for her, even although I was working long hours in the motor trade at the time, I was there for her and fully aware my family came before my job.

Treatment/support

112. When my granny passed away, I was close to her and I asked about counselling but I never followed it up. Clearly I need to, I know that. It's the cost I suppose and if you wait for it on the NHS it will take forever. I had no idea how affected I was with everything until I started talking about Edinburgh Academy. Today's been another indicator, I thought I was able to talk about it without getting upset but I'm not.
113. Recently I think about my time at the academy daily. Before that I probably tried not to consciously think about it.

Reporting of Abuse

114. I had a conversation with my parents before my mum died. I had a brilliant bond with my mum, she probably overly protected me from my dad, maybe she should have let him know how I was doing at school. It turns out my dad had a horrible experience at his school. He had been sent to a boarding school hundreds of miles away with his trunk on an overnight train. He ended up down there as the only Scottish boy in the school and his life was made hell.
115. I've spoken to him about Mr Brownlee who was actually a member of his golf club. If he had had any idea of what went on he would have done something about it. My dad's full of anger and full of regret. He had a similar teacher who he has told me about and he's just gutted that I had the same.
116. There have obviously been some allegations made against the school. The police sent out a letter to people who had either been named or who were of our year. I'm not sure what the criteria was but I didn't get a letter.
117. My friend █████ got one. He knew I had had a tough time because I had spoken to him about it. █████ said maybe I should look into it. It stated the name of an operation. I can't remember what it was, something 'tree'. This letter came out to █████ and he handed it on to me. █████ must have been named by someone who had come forward to the police. I contacted the police and made a statement against Mr Brownlee. That would have been about two and a half months ago. I got in touch with a police officer named in the letter down at Fettes. They then got in touch with the child crime unit up here in Aberdeen and sent two officers over to Westhill Police Station where I met with them and gave a statement over two days.
118. I've had a letter from the justice department saying they are still considering evidence against John Brownlee. I've had two letters from them just keeping me abreast of what's going on.

Records

119. I don't have any school records.

Lessons to be Learned

120. Hopefully the school has learned that you can't give power to pupils who haven't been trained. If there is smoke about a teacher, go and see if there is a fire for Christ's sake. I understand that we live in a society where you can stop the job and say something now and something has to happen. It just felt that they were aware of the violent and unacceptable conduct/abuse by staff and by senior pupils to younger pupils and they just didn't do anything about it. It was widely discussed by everyone at the school who had been given the clachan or been struck with an object. We spoke of which teachers were to be feared, so I'm sure the teachers would have been aware of this as well.
121. There wouldn't have been one teacher at that school who wouldn't have known Mr Brownlee's reputation, that wouldn't have known Mr **IBU**'s reputation. Someone just needed to be brave enough and say this isn't working.
122. I felt that at the time the teachers were perhaps fearful of speaking out especially when Mr Ellis was in charge as I doubt they would have been listened to or perhaps they would have been seen as being soft. It is hard to speak up when you see something that is not acceptable, which I can relate to as it has taken me over thirty years to speak about things that happened to me.
123. It felt normalised by the school that this type of behaviour was, '*just how it was*' and therefore would just be the same for you. It would probably have done the teacher a favour by others speaking out and have taken him out of that situation. To do what the academy did, give people a glowing reference and send them onto another school was wrong. Since leaving the school I have read that Edinburgh Academy gave a reference to a teacher who was known to them as an abuser to move the problem on. This was rather than expose themselves and have the law deal with the teacher and

the school take the negative press. This isn't something I can vouch for or that I witnessed, it is only something I have read since leaving the school. I am not sure of the teacher in question. The school needed to be brave, if there was a problem, they should have communicated it to everyone and have sorted it out.

124. In my mind, I don't think seven senior school years is a sensible thing. I think six is a push. You look at the English structure and they have four years and then an upper form college. We seem to be stuck and say it's always been done like this so we'll just leave it. We need to be able to look at different ways to educate people who don't fit in that perfect box of knowing how to read and write, study and perform well in an exam. They might be terrible in real life situations. I found that I am a leader. I found that in sport because I could inspire people to do better than they thought they could, but the minute I went back to the classroom, I was battered back down again. They should have encouraged that.
125. An all-male school is totally wrong. There is no place for it in society and I was glad to see the academy is co-ed now.
126. I think we could have benefitted from a guidance teacher, someone we could go to and speak to. We did have Mr Hazlett who was our R.E. teacher. He was also the school reverend. He made it clear you could go to him with any problems. He was always warm and friendly but I don't think there was ever anything specific that you could go and chat to him about. He would never check in on you but you did feel you could go to him. It was just that the culture was normalised, people getting beatings, punishments, it was all normalised. My kids maybe saw one fight when they were at school, we were living in fight club, there were constant battles.
127. I think they need to integrate the prep school into the senior school so people know what they are going into. The access week my kids had before they went to the senior school was really important. Even having buddies from the older years to younger years would have been helpful.

128. Also regular career advice with proper options. Just because your parents are wealthy enough to send you to a private school doesn't mean you want to go to Oxford, Cambridge or St Andrews.

Other information

129. 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..... IQR [Redacted Signature]

Dated..... 15 August 2023