

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

Jenny PEARSON

Support person present: No

1. My name is Jenny Mary Pearson. I find it really hard to say it, but my name up until I went to school was Jennifer Dawson. I was christened Jennifer, but I'm not Jennifer. I have vivid memories of the intonation used when my mother shouted, "Jennifer". I had my name legally changed to Jenny on my passport because I couldn't stand it anymore. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1958. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. My father's name was Hamish Davidson Dawson and he was born in Glasgow on [REDACTED] 1927. My mother's name was Sheena Helen Crawford Dawson, maiden name Bruce. She was born on [REDACTED] 1929. They were married on 8 August 1953. I have an elder sister, but I have been estranged from her for more than twenty years. Her name is [REDACTED] and she was born on [REDACTED] 1955.
3. I have provided the Inquiry with a copy of my father's CV. I was not aware that he attended the High School of Glasgow, but knew about Gordonstoun School, where he was a boarder. Before he went to Oxford University, he did National Service with the Royal Engineers. From what I've been able to piece together, during that time he taught a bit in Switzerland. His CV states that he taught foreign pupils maths and history and English and history in Switzerland. He didn't go to Oxford until 1949, after he had completed his National Service. My understanding is that his first proper job,

in a sense, was at the Edinburgh Academy. I think that's confirmed by his CV. He was appointed in 1953 and remained there until his retirement in 1983.

4. My mother was a PE teacher. I don't know what she did before moving to Edinburgh, but she was brought up in Cheltenham. My maternal grandfather had been sent down, from John Brown's in Glasgow, to Cheltenham as a naval architect during the War. My mother met my father at Glenmore Lodge, an outdoor activities centre. She was at college at the time and my father was an instructor there. I know that she taught at St. Denis' School in Edinburgh, which became St. Denis and Cranley and is now closed. She later worked in a clothes shop but I don't think she taught again after my sister was born. I think St. Denis' was the only school that she taught in.
5. My mother never taught at Edinburgh Academy. She became the housemaster's wife when we moved into a boarding house, which was an unpaid position. She was quite hands-on when we lived in Dundas House. She worked in the clothes shop by the time we were living in Mackenzie House, which was for the last five years of my father's tenure as a housemaster. She continued to work there when my parents moved to [REDACTED] which was my paternal grandmother's house and was left to my father and his brother. They moved there around 1979, 1980 while my father was still teaching at the Academy. He was no longer a housemaster and I don't know why that ended. He didn't get the senior housemaster position, which I know was a bone of contention. Beyond that I have no idea why he stopped being a housemaster, but my parents went straight from Mackenzie House to [REDACTED]
6. Before my father was appointed as a housemaster, we lived at [REDACTED] in Morningside, which is where I was born. We moved to Dundas House in 1965 when I was seven. My sister and I were schooled at St. George's School for Girls in Edinburgh. I went to St. Hilary's Nursery for a year and then St. George's from 1963 until 1976. I left home in 1976 when my parents lived in Mackenzie House. I went to Dunfermline College of Physical Education.
7. I had no knowledge that my father faced any allegations of abuse from his time at Edinburgh Academy until the broadcast of BBC journalist Nicky Campbell's podcast, *Different*, on 27 July 2022. Since that time, I have had contact with Nicky Campbell and a number of other former pupils who were taught by my father. I have received

written narratives from some of those former pupils, a number of which detail abuse they experienced at the hands of my father. I appeared as a guest on the *Different* podcast on 22 February 2023 in an episode entitled, 'Despite'.

Living in Dundas House, Edinburgh Academy

8. We definitely moved to Dundas House during the summer holidays. My father must have been appointed at the end of an academic year. I remember helping the matron prepare for the start of term in September. It must have been the end of Primary 3 for me. We remained there for seven years before moving to Mackenzie House in 1974. When we lived at the Academy, it was an all-boys' school. By the time my father left, I'm pretty sure that there were girls in the sixth form. I don't know the dates of the school going co-ed.
9. I can remember Dundas House vividly. There was a garden that went all the way around the house. I only ever went to the side and the back. I never went to the other side because it felt too scary, as I thought the boys might be in it. The front wasn't really a garden that you could play in because it was up steps. It was a big, huge house. I always used the back door which was also the side door. I didn't like going in through the front door. Off to the left of the back door were what we called the back premises. It had a stone floor and it was where my sister did her homework. There was a cupboard off that. All I can remember about that cupboard was that it was where I kept my hamster, who was called Hamish. To the right of that back, side door was our living room. It had a very small kitchen off it. From the living room there was the back stairs. At the top of the back stairs was a loo and then the bedroom that my sister and I shared. That bedroom overlooked the side of the house. We were told that had been the servants' quarters.
10. If you went out of our living room door, which I tried not to do, there was a big hall that led up to the front door. If you came in the front door, my father's study was off to the left. It overlooked the front garden. There was then the boot room or cloakroom, which was solely for the jurisdiction of the boys. The message was that we didn't go there. Next to that was the pantry. It was where the boys' tuck tins were kept and where they

had their evening snack each night. There was a hatch adjoining that room and our living room. You could always hear the boys when they were in the pantry. You could be watching telly in our living room and it was like being next to a playground or classroom. An intercom system was put in from the living room up to the drawing room (so that my mother did not have to go through the house) to call us down. She also used it to check that you were doing your piano practice.

11. On the right hand side as you came in the front door there was what was called the boys' common room. It was where they did their homework after school. There was also a piano in there. They had activities and games in there so sometimes the tables were cleared away. Opposite our living room door there was an L-shaped corridor, at the end of which was something called the prep room. I think the head boy and maybe one other boy would do their prep there, out of the way of the masses in the common room.
12. Underneath the stairs, which was the last door on the ground floor, there was a cupboard. It had an outside window. It was where I spent a great deal of time, through choice, with my teddy bear, Borgy. We would literally hide in there. I needed to hide from my mother but I also wanted to hide from the boys. I could hear the boys going up and down the stairs and in and out of the prep room, but I often used to hope, pray and believe that nobody knew I was in there. It was like a hidey hole which was safer for me.
13. There was a wide staircase with big, wooden bannisters. Upstairs, the first door might have been a spare room that was never used. I can't quite remember what that was. Then there was the matron's room. Unlike in Mackenzie House, I don't think that the matron lived in at Dundas House. I'm 90% sure that she came and went. The next room was my parents' bedroom. The layout of the house meant that their bedroom had an adjoining wall with my bedroom, even though we were up the back stairs and in the servants' quarters. It took my sister and me a while to twig that if we were talking or shouting or whatever, they could hear us. That was when my mother would come in. The stairs gave us a bit of warning and then all hell would let loose.

14. There was a big landing on the first floor. Round from my parents' room was a large linen cupboard. All the boys had towels with name tapes on them. I can remember helping the matron with the towels the first summer that we were there. I chose my favourite one. Round from the linen cupboard was the bathroom and next to that was our loo. The boys' loo was next to our loo then there was the drawing room. It had a piano in it and looked out onto the front of the house. I sometimes did my homework in that room with Borgy. Next to the drawing room was an eight dorm. Up the stairs there was a four dorm, a two dorm and another two dorm. The head boy of the house always got a two dorm. I presume he would be with his best pal or someone he had chosen.
15. I was often out in the garden because, Whiskers, our cat was in the garden. I liked it because it felt huge and big. We'd moved from a terraced house to what felt like a castle. Initially, it was a bit of a novelty to have all of those rooms. Ironically, I'd had my own room in [REDACTED] and I lost my own room.
16. My mother had quite a hands-on role at Dundas House. There was a flu epidemic in our first year and I can remember her going up and down the stairs with hot water bottles for the boys. She was playing Florence Nightingale. She would also make us play the piano in the boys' common room. Sometimes, there was a piece that the three of us would play with my sister and I on either side of our mother. She was involved with Scottish country dancing there.
17. I can remember my mother bringing hot water bottles to the boys during a flu epidemic and occasionally helping with the tuck in Dundas House. Beyond that, she had to turn out for the Sunday lunch, turn up for the school play or musical. If she did do anything else in her role as housemaster's wife, I wasn't aware of it. I don't know if the Academy required her to do any tasks like that or whether it was just up to the individual. You certainly got the sense that housemasters and their wives were expected to act as a unit. I got the sense that all of the housemasters' wives were involved rather than separate, but by the time we moved to Mackenzie house my mother had definitely pulled away.
18. My father was known as Dowie Dawson at the school. His routine was always with the boys. I would see him going in and out of his study and in and out of the common room

where they did their prep. I saw him going in and out of the room that was next to my cupboard under the stairs. I always assumed that he was supervising prep. His routine was that whatever the boys were doing, he was doing it too. He was attached to them.

Boys at Dundas House

19. There were fifteen boys in Dundas House. I think that the age range was about thirteen to fifteen. I think it was the house where boys came when they were going up to upper school, as it was called. My husband's best friend, [REDACTED] was brought up in Greenock. They spent all of their summer holidays together when they were young. [REDACTED] who was known as [REDACTED] at Edinburgh Academy because of his initials, was then dispatched off to Edinburgh Academy boarding houses. My husband used to call Dundas to speak to [REDACTED]. When we first moved in, I thought it was a huge novelty because it was a big, posh house compared to our house in [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] I used to pick up the phone and say, "Hello, Dundas House," like I was the lady of the manor. In a weird coincidence, my husband and I have worked out that we must have spoken on the phone when I was seven. My husband is seven years older than me so [REDACTED] must have been thirteen or fourteen, which supports my recollection that Dundas House wasn't the junior house.
20. The boys felt much older than me, which is the other reason that I know they were thirteen, fourteen, fifteen. I think there was quite a spread of ages. I think that my father would sometimes hold boys back because he didn't want them to go up to the senior houses. I don't know why he did that, but he did it at Mackenzie House as well. I know that some boys didn't progress through the houses as they should have. They went from Dundas to the senior houses. They either went to Jeffrey House or Scott House, which were just along the road. In the course of a phone call on 3 August 2022, one former pupil told me that my father held him back from his transition time up to the senior houses. I don't know whether my father had to talk to senior management or the rector, but I know that he did that with at least one boy. I wasn't aware of him doing that at the time.
21. After that first summer, helping in the linen cupboard and picking up the phone in my father's study, I very quickly pulled right away. I tried to stay away from the boys because of what they felt like to me. En masse, they felt predatory. I didn't understand

them. I was at an all-girls' school and I didn't have any brothers. I knew how they responded and behaved to me. I can say now as an adult that I knew it wasn't healthy and I knew it was something that scared me. I didn't get it. I didn't get why they would wait outside the loo when I was in it. When they did that, they would snigger. They would be in a huddle, as if they knew something that I didn't know. I felt like they had a secret and they were menacing. I remember hoping that they wouldn't come any closer. I don't know whether they did that to my sister as well.

22. I would have my bath upstairs and come out again. I didn't know whether there would be boys there. Sometimes, I would pee in the bath because it avoided having to go to the loo. I absolutely hated the boys. It always felt like they had the upper hand. I was outnumbered, they were a different sex and I didn't know what was so funny.
23. It was all made a million times worse by my mother. I started my period when I was thirteen. My sister had not started her period. I think there was a medical reason, which may have been psychological. My mother had one of her many breakdowns when I told her that I'd started my period. I was sworn to secrecy, not to let [REDACTED] know. I had to hide all that stuff. I shared a bedroom and a loo with my sister. I used sanitary towels. For at least a year, I had to hide them. My mother said that she'd be on Valium until [REDACTED]'s periods started. [REDACTED] did eventually start her period and our mother just stayed on Valium.
24. The loo next to the boys was, in a sense, an easier place to hide my sanitary stuff. It was so horrendous because it made me feel ashamed as well. I was having to live a lie and a secret. If I hadn't done what my mother told me to do, she would literally have killed me. It was no idle threat. She was completely out of control. There was a very powerful façade and there was the reality.
25. I didn't have any privacy, which was why I liked the cupboard under the stairs in Dundas House. Sometimes the garden felt sort of safe. My mother would spy on me so I was never safe from her, wherever I was. I never felt safe. As well as Borgy, my pussy cat made all of it bearable. Whiskers had been given to [REDACTED]. Everything was given to [REDACTED] because she was the wonder kid and I was the ugly duckling. He chose me and he would sleep on my bed. Whiskers was another sanity valve for me. He was the only healthy, sentient being in that house. My mother and sister's relationship was

symbiotic, horrific and a mess. I'm not exaggerating to say that Whiskers pretty much saved my life.

26. After the first year in Dundas, I didn't know what the boys looked like. The first year I was there, I could have picked out all of the boys and named them. When I was in Primary 4 at St. George's, my parents gave me a doll for my birthday. The doll was Paul, who was Cindy's boyfriend. I didn't want Paul and I really didn't want that Paul. He was in Edinburgh Academy uniform, which my mother had had made. I can remember recoiling. I didn't understand the present. I can remember being teased about it at school. I wasn't teased very often at school and I had good pals. I wanted to destroy that doll. It was one of the most horrible presents I ever received. Within one year, the novelty of living at Dundas House had worn off.

Living in Mackenzie Boarding House, Edinburgh Academy

27. Mackenzie House was the junior boarding house, the wee boy house. There were 45 boys in Mackenzie House. They started at the age of eight and went up to age twelve, thirteen. I think they had to have celebrated their eighth birthday to start at Mackenzie House. I can remember thinking how tiny some of them were. By the time we moved there I was around fifteen, so I was bigger than some of the boys. I lived there until I was eighteen, so from 1974 until 1976. My parents remained until around 1979 or 1980. Some of the boys were a long way from home. The school was getting more global. It wasn't just boys who were farmers' children from Aberdeenshire. There were more kids from England and abroad. I don't remember there being boys from overseas in Dundas House.
28. Recently, I was reading a letter that my father sent to me after I'd left Mackenzie House. He talked about a new matron and used very derogatory language when describing the previous one. The matron's room would have been on the boys' side of the house. I don't know whether she was residential.
29. There were fire doors between our home and the boys' side. I can't tell you a thing about the boys' side of Mackenzie House. I literally never went there. I could hear the

noise of the boys, but I don't know what their routine was. I can't remember my mother ever going through the fire doors either. She had become quite separate by that time and didn't have any role with the boys. I don't think she was involved with anybody except herself. She was still very scary, but she was not a well woman. I don't know whether she was suicidal, but she used to threaten suicide on a daily basis. When I came home from school, I could tell that she'd been crying. It was a combination of floods of hysterical tears and screaming and yelling. My father must have known that she was unwell on some level, but nothing was done.

30. The school doctor knew about my mother's poor mental health. The practice was in Goldenacre and it was the same practice that looked after the boys. She was prescribed Valium. He must have known that there were mental health issues from very early on in all this mess. The GP and his colleagues also looked after the boys if there was something more major than the matron could treat. Beyond the school doctor, I don't know whether there were any discussions at staff meetings or whether anybody else in the school was aware of my mother's difficulties or whether there was any offer of support.

31. Our living area was entirely separate from the boys'. I used the back door. There was a big kitchen with a wee room off it, where we ate. There was a huge big stunning drawing room with a bay window, looking out into the back garden. There was a grand piano in it – a Steinway. I don't know where that had come from, but when my parents moved to [REDACTED] it was donated to St. George's and was in the main school hall for years. I can remember feeling proud of that when I was on the staff there. The back garden backed onto the playing fields. When you were in the garden, you could hear the boys at games. There was a big living room. Up the stairs was my father's study, which was the first door next to the fire door. There was then my parents' bedroom, the loo, bathroom and my bedroom. I remember once going into the bathroom and my father was lying in the bath. He had not locked the door. It was the first and last time I ever saw him in the nude. He smiled. I closed the door, shocked. I loved my room in Mackenzie House. It had a window facing onto the street and a window facing onto the back garden. It had a cupboard under the stairs. It was the first time that I'd had a room to myself and I loved it. Apart from when my mother came in,

it was lovely. I never went in to the back garden as I knew the boys would be able to see me from their side of the house.

32. Upstairs was entirely my sister's. She was at Edinburgh University by the time we were in Mackenzie House. She was supposed to be self-contained, but that was a joke because my mother didn't know how to leave her alone. She had a kitchenette and a bedroom which looked out onto the playing fields. She had a bathroom, study and a living room with a piano in it, the upright one that had been in the Dundas House drawing room. She had the whole top floor. One boy sent a narrative to the journalist Nicky Campbell, which was emailed to me on 30 July 2022. He recalled that my sister gave him piano lessons in Mackenzie House. He would go to her flat for piano lessons when he was quite young. His piano teacher had retired and my father arranged the lessons.
33. My sister and I handled living at Edinburgh Academy very differently. I don't think she recoiled from the boys the way that I did. My sister was the pretty one. All of the boys wanted her. She had lots of boyfriends who were Academy boys. That was always a big talking point. My mother always wanted both of us to marry Academy boys. I remember taking great pleasure in telling her that I was marrying an Academy boy, and then telling her that it was Greenock Academy. I suppose that was one of my few moments of glee. █████ said that I was a prude and I accused her of being promiscuous. We dealt with the whole mess very differently.
34. █████ was older and prettier than me. She played percussion and seemed to be exotic. She seemed to be what Academy boys wanted. I did have boyfriends who were Academy boys but I didn't really like them. It was almost by default. My boyfriends were never boarders and I don't think that █████'s were either. It was always a big deal for a boy to be going out with a Dawson girl. I always felt that if a boy was going out with me it was because I was Dowie Dawson's daughter, not because I was me. I can remember thinking that at the time. I don't know what █████ thought about it.
35. I didn't have to share a bedroom in Mackenzie House. My sister and I would be out at school all day. My mother would take us to school every morning. She didn't always take us the whole way. We were sometimes thrown out at Orchard Road South or

wherever and we had to run the rest of the way. I was usually late home from school because I was sporty. I did games and orchestra after school. When I got home, I would do prep. Sometimes I got to watch the telly and then it was bedtime. For years we had piano lessons on Wednesday evenings, which I dreaded because the teacher shouted and I wasn't nearly as good as [REDACTED]. My mother took us and collected us. When we were in Dundas House, the teacher called to say she was not prepared to teach me anymore. It was after I'd taught myself all the songs from '*The Sound of Music*' music book. This was not what I should have been working on and I was unceremoniously 'sacked'. My other was of course furious. I had started playing the flute by then and, apart from the row, didn't really care, as it removed a layer of stress.

36. When we were in Mackenzie House, I got a Saturday job. I used to play my matches for St. George's. I would go home, get changed and go down to Chez Julie, which was a restaurant in Raeburn Place. I cycled to Julie's. She would worry about me cycling home past Inverleith Park when it was very late, so I would cycle home in the afternoon and walk back. Julie would drive me home. It was between 10:00 and 11:00 pm and pitch dark. By the time I got home, my parents were in bed. They didn't worry about me. My job was a huge part of my life because it kept me out of the house. I was out at games and then out at work until late at night. My parents didn't know if I was home or not. Neither of them ever checked that I was in. I had to be absolutely silent. My mother went to bed at 9:00 pm and if you woke her up, your life wasn't worth living. I think my father sometimes slept in his study in Mackenzie House.
37. I was sexually abused by someone who was not connected in any way to Edinburgh Academy. I don't want to go into any details about that. I lied to my father about where I was when I was taken away by this person. My abuser told me what to tell him. My abuser didn't have a whole sense of how dysfunctional my parents were, but they literally didn't know where I was. I used to live from Saturday to Saturday. Before I got my job, I used to go to the Commonwealth Pool. I taught myself to dive there. I would do anything to avoid being at home. I had to do homework all day on a Sunday, whether I liked it or not, because I had been out all day on Saturday.
38. When I think back now, I wasn't a horrendous teenager because it was too scary to be that way. I think I was a very passive-aggressive teenager. I would go silent. That often led to less conflict. Through my silence, I was telling my mother to leave me

alone. My routine was the same every week. Every Wednesday, I would be much later home because I trained at Meadowbank with East hockey. Every single Wednesday, I would come in and my mother would ask me where I had been. She didn't even clock that was what I was doing. My parents didn't know where I was and they didn't care. I would get a row from my father if he thought his life would be made tougher because my mother was mad. He would be absolutely mad with me if I'd sent my mother into orbit by doing nothing.

39. I never saw my father when we lived in Mackenzie House. By the time I came home, he'd gone for games and I never saw him. I was excelling at lacrosse, which was often reported in the *Scotsman* newspaper. The *Scotsman* used to get delivered to the boys' side of the house. I used to ask my father if I could get the paper at the end of the day. I would put the articles in a scrapbook because I was often in it. He very rarely brought the paper through. I usually had to repeat my request. He was that absent. I used to sometimes wonder if he slept through there. In one of the letters he wrote to me after I had left, he wrote that he was going to bed, "or should I say tiptoeing". I think that my father was terrified of waking up my mother. I think he sometimes slept on a chair in his study and maybe sometimes he slept in the boys' part of the house.
40. By the time my parents moved to [REDACTED] I had left home. If any boys visited that house, I wouldn't have been aware of it. I don't think my mother would have allowed that to happen. My father may have socialised with some of his colleagues in that house, as he was still teaching at the Academy. The boys would not have been welcomed by my mother. She had the same response to living in the boarding houses as I had had. She was also utterly miserable in [REDACTED] because it had been my paternal grandmother's house. My mother was frightened of her.

Relationship with my parents whilst living in Dundas and Mackenzie House

41. There were rules for me and my sister. Basically, we weren't allowed to do anything wrong either at home or at school. 99% of the rules came from my mother. She shouted at us all the time, so it was the norm. When our father shouted at us, we knew that we were in really deep trouble. It was very rare. I remember playing one of my

father's precious records and I scratched it. He went absolutely ballistic. It stands out because it was so rare, although he did shout at my mother more frequently.

42. My mother would use physical punishments on me and my sister. She once hit my sister so hard that one of her contact lenses fell out. Physical punishment from my mother was lethal. Somewhere between the ages of seven and fourteen, I can remember running across the living room and knowing that I was faster than her and she wouldn't get me. I don't think we even knew what the rules were, but we had to do as we were told or else. Punishments from my mother were verbal and physical, but she was also an emotional blackmailer par excellence. She would threaten to jump off the Forth Road Bridge all the time. I do believe that the boys must have heard my mother. They must have heard my father as well. My parents had most of their fights in the living room. They would scream and yell. My father seemed to be in control, but my mother was out of control. My father never hit me and I never saw any physical fights between my parents.
43. There was a lot of flirting on my mother's part, but I never saw my father as oversexualised. I don't think there was physical abuse between my parents, but I think my mother was verbally vicious towards my father. She would literally be spitting. She would also bad mouth my father all the time, mostly to me but also to my sister. My sister had her own self-contained flat in Mackenzie house so I was often left to pick up the pieces. My mother would say awful things about the kind of person that my father was. She was utterly vicious. She seemed to loathe him and yet would flirt with him.
44. When I was thirteen, I went to stay with my grandmother in Cheltenham. It was my first holiday on my own. My grandmother said that she wished my mother had never been born. I'll never forget that. We were immaculately turned out children. We were perfectly ironed, laundered children and scared shitless. I can remember my therapist asking me what the overriding feeling was for me growing up. I said fear without blinking. I think that being in the boarding houses at Edinburgh Academy completely wrecked my mother. I don't know whether she'd always been deranged or maybe even schizophrenic, but it unpicked her. She was certainly narcissistic. She couldn't and didn't cope with living in the boarding house environment.

45. When I lived in Dundas and Mackenzie, I liked my father. He was good value and he was usually good fun. He was silly so you could have fun with him. When I think of it now, I literally sought him out because he was so absent. I used to be overjoyed when he did things with me that he didn't do with anybody else. For example, he took me on the Waverley paddle steamer. When he took me on something like that it was as if I was finally the chosen one. It was very special because it was a special thing to him that he was sharing with me. I thought I'd died and gone to heaven that day. I can count on one hand the number of times that he did something like that. He would occasionally give me books. He had written 'HD Dawson' in them. He would pass them on to me and that meant the world. He came to my final sports day on his own, which also meant the world because I was a House Captain and led the girls in my house out from the main school building.
46. When we went to Cheltenham on holiday, there was an outdoor swimming pool. I can remember praying that my father would come and swim, which he did. Once or twice he came with me to the Commonwealth Pool. He was very short-sighted. He had to take off his glasses so I would go and fetch him at the gents changing room exit. It was so wonderful when he did things like that with me, but I can count those occasions on one hand.
47. My father wasn't bad to me, but he wasn't there. He never had time for me. I think he was silenced by my mother. I don't think he was able to show or personify what he was capable of. When I played lacrosse for Scottish School Girls, and Captained them, he came to watch and my mother went to work in the clothes shop. I wanted him to be proud of me. I started playing the flute and was in the wind group and the orchestra at school. I thought he was more interested in music than lacrosse so that would make him proud of me. He wasn't really interested or didn't have the time to be interested. [REDACTED] was definitely the wonder kid. I was definitely the second of two same-sex children. I can remember wondering why my father didn't get it more because he was also the second of two same-sex children. He followed a very able big brother who was the head boy of Gordonstoun. My father had been a bit of a disaster at Gordonstoun. My grandmother was always being summoned because he had blown up the science lab or something. We used to laugh about it years later. I think he should have understood what it was like for me to follow [REDACTED]

48. I've learned that my father would tickle Edinburgh Academy boys. He didn't touch my sister and me, either fondly or otherwise. My father was deeply undemonstrative. That's why I used to yearn for him to come swimming with me because I would get tactile stuff in the water.

Routine at Edinburgh Academy

Ethos/culture of the school

49. My impression of the boys was that they were arrogant. I thought that they were all up themselves. I just got the sense, particularly from the mass exodus that I used to avoid, that they thought they were God's gift to creation. If I had a thematic sense of the masters, it was that it felt more academic than my school felt to me. St. George's was the top academic girls' school in the country at the time, but the Academy felt like a classical education. That was almost epitomised by the pillars or columns on Henderson Row.
50. I felt that it was strict because I knew that the boys were beaten. I was never aware of girls being hit at St. George's, other than by one ghastly teacher who used to slam the desk lids down on our hands. I knew that the boys were beaten and that was alien to me. There was something scary about what happened at the Academy that I knew wasn't a part of my school. I'm not saying that school was all rosy for me because it wasn't, but it was diametrically different from the Academy.
51. I can also remember being given the message that the boys at the Academy were ahead of the girls at St. George's. That was the message that was conveyed. When I was in what was called Upper 4, which was second year, the boys would say that I was doing things they had done in Lower 4. There was this message that we were playing at it. The Academy was much more formal and regimented. They started taking exams earlier. There were boarders at St. George's as well, but it felt like the polar opposite. It wasn't just because of gender. They could not have been more different. I suppose I didn't really understand it at the time, but I can remember thinking that it was a bit weird.

Staff

52. There was a cleaner who came in and cleaned the boys' part of Dundas. The cleaner wasn't allowed in our part of the house. My mother had to deal with the cleaner and the matron. I remember that she didn't think the cleaner did a good job, but she wasn't for us. My mother was supposed to look after us and do all of the housework on our side of the house.
53. The matron at Dundas was called Mrs Marshall. Later on, there was a Miss Kellas, who came from Aboyne or somewhere up north. I think she was with us in Dundas and Mackenzie. The matron was always a female, but the house tutors were all male. All of the staff were male, apart from the matrons and the secretaries. I presume that the secretaries would have been based on the main campus on Henderson Row. Henderson Row was ironically the most separate from where we lived. I knew very little about the prep school, but it was very close to Kinnear Road. It was a new-build. Denholm Green was pre-prep school. People used to talk about it, but I don't know where it was. The Henderson Row campus was so male. I don't remember the secretary, but there must have been a secretary and I believe that she was a woman. Everybody else was male.

Housemasters

54. Housemasters were masters who also had a role in the boarding houses. My father didn't like the housemaster in Jeffrey House, Jack Bevan. He had an absolute thing about him. When things came to light in July 2022, Nicky Campbell was very quick to get back to the daughter of that housemaster and tell her that her father was wonderful and that the boys loved him. I now wonder if that was why my father hated him, because he saw the boys being fond of Jack Bevan? My mother had a thing about Jack Bevan's wife. I would hear my parents saying awful things about them. At that age, I didn't ask why they didn't like them but I would wonder why my father hated Jack Bevan so much.
55. My father also had a thing about ICG [REDACTED] who was the housemaster in Mackenzie House when we lived in Dundas. Since July 2022, I've found out that there are allegations of physical abuse against ICG [REDACTED] but I wasn't aware of anything at

the time. His daughter, [REDACTED] was in my year at school. Because of what I'd heard about her father as a child, I always struggled with her. She very sweetly wrote to me when the allegations against my father came to light, as did Jack Bevan's daughter. If the masters had daughters, they went to St. George's. As an adult, I went on to teach at St. George's. My colleagues had husbands who taught at Edinburgh Academy and sons who attended the Academy. I called it the figure of eight. Girls were sent to St. George's because there was a brother, sister relationship and there were reduced fees for Academy masters.

56. The only housemaster I haven't heard about in all this mess is Paddy Macllwaine. He was the housemaster of Scott House. Since July 2022, his name hasn't come out as being good, bad or indifferent.
57. I think that there was a huge rivalry amongst the housemasters. We never visited any of the other houses. When we were in Dundas, we never visited the other three houses. I don't know who took over at Dundas when we moved to Mackenzie. We never went back there and I've never been inside Scott or Jeffrey House.
58. The last big stramash that I can remember was when my father was jumped over for the role of senior housemaster. It's one of the few times that I can remember my father shouting. In amongst the four housemasters, there must have been a senior housemaster. I was still living in Mackenzie House at the time. It was not a happy period. I do remember a lot of grief. I think I can remember who did get the post. He was another person that my father would say horrible things about and my mother was furious when his wife was asked to be the 'stand-in' for the rehearsals ahead of the Queen's visit to the school in 1974. She said she didn't even look like the Queen.

House tutors

59. When the house tutors came into the boarding house, they didn't stay overnight I don't think. I don't know what their duties were, but they came in and then went away, I presume after lights out. They were also masters at the school. I remember that my father was "off duty" on a Thursday. There would always be a house tutor on a Thursday, which meant my father was meant to be off duty and with us. It never happened in Dundas or Mackenzie. I don't know what my father was doing, but he

wasn't with the Dawson family. Occasionally, he would fleetingly appear and then he would go back out again. In Dundas, he would come in off the hall and be in the living room for a few minutes. In Mackenzie, he would come in through the fire doors and then go back through the fire doors.

60. I interacted with some of the house tutors. I know nothing about how they were appointed. I don't know whether my father was allowed to say who he wanted to act as tutors in his house or whether they were appointed by the rector. I don't know what the criteria was. I know that some of them were friends of my father or became friends of my father. One of them was a prep school master whereas most, if not all of the others were upper school masters. Some of them were single and some of them weren't.
61. If I saw the tutors, it was fleeting. They would often come from games. The houses were all on Kinnear Road, which backed onto the Academy playing fields. The boys and the masters would just cascade in from those fields. That would often include the house tutor. It was a requirement at that time that masters had to coach something. They didn't just teach in an academic classroom, they had to coach something. The daily routine was school, then games, including the housemaster and house tutor. My memory is that a lot of the tutors would just come into the house with their muddy boots, straight from the fields, and boys would come in with muddy boots too.

Masters

62. Particularly in Mackenzie House, my father used to bitch and swear about the masters more than I remember him doing in Dundas. I don't know whether he got more cantankerous with age, but he had grievances. My father certainly didn't keep from us the people that he didn't like. I can name them, but I don't know why he didn't like them.
63. There were academic staff and heads of department. My father didn't get to be head of his department – history. I don't know whether there were certain things you didn't get to do if you were a housemaster. I have no idea how that was worked out or whether they made up the rules as they went along.

64. In 1964, my father was off for a while. He had something cut out of his neck/throat. I can remember seeing the scar when he was driving. I think it was something cancerous or pre-cancerous. I only remember it because in Kindergarten (as it was called then) I had drawn a picture at school of my father ill in bed. My mother went off her head because I had drawn a multi-coloured, striped bed cover and we didn't have a bed cover like that. I can't remember having an ill father but I remember that he was ill because of that row. Other than that, I can never remember my father being absent from school.
65. I know from my meeting with Howard Haslett in March 2023 and from letters that my father sent me that he was very close to some of the other history masters in the school. He was also friends with some of the music masters. There was a group of teachers who must have been very powerful because they used to ensure that they were all free on a Monday morning at the same time. There was a group of them who were very close, including the chaplain, Howard Haslett. Another was IDR but I don't know what he taught.
66. I remember that my parents had parties in Dundas and Mackenzie House. Academy masters and their wives would be there, some of whom I was very fond of. I can remember that we would visit a master's house as a family. We would sometimes go for a weekend visit. I liked some of those guys. I have a bookcase that one of them made for my father. It's one of the few things that my father ever gave me and it's still in my sitting room. They were nice people. I would see the camaraderie between my father and his colleagues and my mother seemed to be happy. The people that we socialised with were all married. Although there were masters who were bachelors, I don't remember going to their houses. I would look forward to going to the homes of some of the masters. We would have a nice meal. There was nothing else in my father's life or my mother's life. Any friends they had were Academy people.
67. I think that my father had more than one affair. I had calls from my mother on two occasions – first year college and the night before I started teaching at St. George's. He spoke to the chaplain about one of his affairs. I think he had people whom he really trusted and thought of as good friends at Edinburgh Academy and the chaplain was one of them, according to my mother. My father had an affair with a Leith prostitute. I was at college. It was Christmas day of 1979, I think, because my parents were living

in [REDACTED] when it happened. My mother summoned me there. She had found letters in my father's pocket. My father was missing and the police were dredging the Water of Leith. They thought he had taken his own life. I know from speaking to the chaplain in March 2023 that my father gave him a photo of a woman. He tore it up in front of him and asked him to say a prayer. I don't know if that was the only affair that my father had.

Staffing structure

68. There was a hierarchy of teaching staff at the Academy. There was the rector, the deputy and then someone called the senior master. I think the role of senior master was all caught up in my father's early retiral because, for whatever reason, he wasn't appointed to that post. The rector's house was on the corner of Aboretum Road. That whole swathe of Edinburgh, right down to the Royal Botanic Gardens, all felt like the Academy.
69. Although I didn't attend Edinburgh Academy, I did have a sense of senior masters, whether that be through hierarchy or age. I liked some of the masters. We socialised with them. The ones that I can remember I thought of as nice old men. They were fun, they were clever and I used to see camaraderie amongst them. I think they had fun and regarded and respected each other. I know that my father was fond of a lot of those older masters. I don't know whether they were like role models for him. They were slightly grandfatherly. My paternal grandfather died when he was very young and my father was nine or ten. My father's stepfather had also died and my maternal grandfather was in Cheltenham. These masters were probably only in their fifties and sixties, but they felt like grandfatherly people. I liked some of them more than others, but I never had any sense of them not being nice guys.

Prefects

70. There were weird names for things at Edinburgh Academy. Prefects were called Ephors. There was a Head Ephor and Ephors. I don't know how it worked. I do know that the Head Ephor in that era was inevitably sporty. Since July 2022, I haven't heard of any of the Head Ephors being abused. I think there was a real untouchability about

them. One of them was my husband's best friend, [REDACTED]. They seemed to journey through school unscathed.

71. There was a head boy in each boarding house. From the narratives I have read since July 2022, I know that my father appointed the head boy within the house. He would also remove the position and did so on at least one occasion. I didn't know that at the time. I knew that there as a head boy when we lived in Dundas House. I believe that there was one in Mackenzie, but by that time I had divorced myself from what was happening in the house so I don't know that the way I did when we lived in Dundas.

Mornings and bedtime

72. The boys would go over to the prep school for breakfast. There was a chest of drawers in the hall of Dundas House. I don't know why it's so vivid in my memory, but my father would write whether boys with bikes were allowed to cycle. For instance, if it was very windy, he would write that they weren't allowed to cycle. I don't know why I was ever in the hall in the morning, but I do remember that notice. My father also used to cycle. He cycled from Kinnear Road to Henderson Row every day. It was his most frequent form of transport.
73. After breakfast, the boys went off to school. When I got home from school, I went up to the drawing room to do my prep. It overlooked the boys doing their games. The boys would all then traipse back in and take their boots off in the boot room. I don't know where the boys had their baths or showers. I don't remember them doing any chores. They did their prep in the common room and then what I thought must be their fun stuff after prep. They then went into their dorms. Lights out was always a big deal for the boys were 'gone' and it felt safer. It was a big deal if they were caught doing something after lights out. Once lights were out, I was not aware of any supervision of the boys.
74. I've no idea what the dormitories looked like in Mackenzie House. I was just never in the boys' part of the house.

Mealtimes/food

75. The boys had their meals over in the prep school, but they had their tuck in the boarding houses. None of the boarding houses catered for major meals. They could only provide snacks. Breakfast and all the weekend meals were at what we called 'over the road'. I got very skilled at timing my movements around what I thought of as the mass exodus. The boys would literally take up the entirety of Kinnear Road. They would fill the road. There would be hundreds of boys going along that road and I never went out at those times. It was as if the Academy owned that street, although there were other private houses on the street. It was like a complete takeover, certainly at weekends.
76. Once a month, we had to go for Sunday lunch with all the boys in the prep school. It was once a month because there were four houses. We would go from Dundas, then the ICG-SPO would go, the Bevans would go, the Macllwaines would go, then it was back to the Dawsons again. It was one of the worst things ever. You knew it was once a month and you knew when that Sunday was coming. I can't remember that happening when we were in Mackenzie House. I don't know whether my mother put her foot down or whether they broke the tradition. I would feel sick when we went for lunch at the prep school, as it was usually roast beef, which I hated. I had to be on my best behaviour. We were Dowie Dawson's daughters and we had to be exemplary.
77. Tuck was always a big deal in Dundas House. I think the boys had that after prep. There was sometimes one of whatever they were having left over and I would get that. They used to get cakes from Taylor's the bakery at Canonmills. I can remember the peppermint cakes. I think my mother was involved in organising tuck. There would be fifteen or seventeen cakes. Sometimes they got a packet of crisps or a snowball. I used to hope that someone wasn't there and I might get a cake. Occasionally, my mother went through at tuck time, but that may just have been to get them to be quiet.
78. Our groceries were paid for when we lived in the boarding houses. There was a grocer at Goldenacre who would deliver our groceries. I assume that was the same in the other boarding houses. Our family's food was paid for by the Academy, which meant that we got some treats sometimes. The Academy also paid for our landline if it was

an Edinburgh number being called. My mother used to scream at me if I called my friend in South Queensferry. I remember screaming at her that it was an 031 number and knowing that the Academy were paying if it was an 031 number.

79. My father didn't eat with us most of the time. My mother had a very unhealthy relationship with food and her body, so she sat with me and my sister very rarely. She would just have an oatcake or something. I really don't remember my father having supper with us at Dundas. He certainly didn't when we lived in Mackenzie House. I think he must have eaten his meals with the boys.

Schooling

80. I do remember going into my father's classroom. As you looked at the school building on Henderson Row, the rector's office was on the right hand side as you went into the quad. My father's classroom was on the right hand side of a stunning oval hall. I don't know how classrooms were allocated but his was always that classroom. When I was very young, possibly before we lived in Dundas, my father would sometimes take me to his classroom during the school holidays. He would be setting it up for the next term. It was a classical, old-fashioned classroom. There was a platform at the front on which his very tall desk stood. There were rows of desks. St. George's had platforms and desks, but it didn't have the same austere feel. The Academy felt much more rigid than anything I had ever seen.
81. I used to quite enjoy those trips with my father. They were rare. It was fascinating to me, to see another school. I'd only ever seen one school because I was at St. George's all the way through. I remember that my father kept a jar of jellybeans in his classroom. It was just something that was always known to me as something that my father did. I think he would talk about someone getting a jellybean for an essay or an exam. I thought that they were a reward. I can remember going on school lacrosse trips to London when I would search for different flavours of jellybeans to bring back for my father. As well as his role as a history master and housemaster, my father also coached games. I was never present at any games or rugby matches. I thought that Academy rugby buggers were just bestial. I would hear sports day taking place but I didn't go and watch it.

82. When I saw my father interact with the Edinburgh Academy pupils it looked wonderful. It looked like what I wanted. It looked like they were eating out of his hand and they were having fun. I knew that he was a creative teacher. Occasionally, he would get mad at my history teachers at school when I told him what we were doing. I can remember wishing that he taught me history. He would sometimes give me a history book. When I did a project on the First World War, he was interested in it. When I saw him with the boys, I was jealous.
83. My father said the odd thing that made me think he had favourite boys. I can remember him talking about [REDACTED] That wore off when I stopped knowing the individual boys. After the first year of being in Dundas, I didn't know the boys. Even if he was talking about individual boys, I couldn't identify them because I didn't know who he was talking about. My loathing of the boys had already begun. The way he talked about the boys I always got the sense that he enjoyed them.

Leisure time

84. School plays used to take place in the prep school. There was a hall with a stage in it. They alternated between musicals and Shakespeare. My father did the lighting for the plays. When it was a musical, he was always involved. The orchestra had staff and boys in it and my father played the French horn. I looked forward to those nights because I always enjoyed the plays and the musicals. I remember falling in love with Ariel in the Tempest. He was probably about thirteen. All of the boys had to play the girls' roles.
85. Reel Club took place on a Saturday night. Boys would go there from the boarding houses. Girls would be shipped in from St. George's. I avoided it like the plague. Ironically, when I became head of PE at St. George's I was running the whole thing. It went on for decades.

Trips and holidays

86. During the holidays the boys all went home or to guardians. Not all of the boys had family members in Edinburgh or Scotland. They had what were called 'out weekends'

every term. I don't know how many of those weekends there were each term, but all of the boys would leave the house. It was heaven. They either went to their parents or, if they didn't have parents in Scotland, they would go to their guardians. I think some boys went to their guardians during the school holidays as well. The vast majority of boys had somebody local. I do remember that there were boys from Sierra Leone in Mackenzie House. Their mother was a princess in Sierra Leone and their father was Norwegian. They had never seen snow before. They were exotic because they were black.

87. The boarding house was closed over the school holidays so I don't remember any boys remaining at the school. My father certainly organised trips during the summer holidays. I think it was often day boys who were picked for these trips because the boarders couldn't wait to get home or to wherever they were going. My father founded the Puffers, which was the Edinburgh Academy Steam Navigational Club. He was often away with boys in the summer holidays. A lot of them were day boys. One of those boys told me recently that it wasn't good when you were selected for a Puffer trip. I know from several of the letters that my father sent me after I left home that he was planning summer holidays years in advance. They would involve sailing ships, canal trips and puffers.
88. We didn't have to go on any trips with Academy boys, but my father went on trips all the time. He took boys to Blair House. I think Blair House was in the Cairngorms. It belonged to the school and was an outdoor activity place. I think groups of boys went there every weekend. Maybe it was rotational, but I don't know. My father was very keen on the outdoor stuff. He met my mother when he was working at Glenmore Lodge. He loved skiing and the mountains. He once brought me back a blue plastic cat which I still treasure, as he chose it for me.
89. My father used to arrange trips to the Dominion cinema. He was on friendly terms with the owner. Those trips would have been at the weekend rather than on a week night. He would go to Scottish National Orchestra concerts on Friday nights, which I learned from a narrative sent to me by a former pupil last year. There was a fair in Inverleith Park. My father would take the boy to things like that. I learned about that from a letter my father sent to me, which I read earlier this year.

90. After I turned thirteen, I don't think we ever had a family holiday. Every year before that we spent a fortnight with my grandmother in Cheltenham and a fortnight in St. Andrews. I do have a vague memory of going to St. Andrews with my mother after the age of fourteen, but my father wasn't there. I know that he went on trips with the boys, but I don't know what else he did or where he was during the summer holidays.

Healthcare

91. I think that one of the two dorms on the second floor might have been used as a sick bay. I've read narratives that have been sent to me from boys who were in Dundas House. They said that they could hear my father coming up the stairs to the sick bay. I know that the matron had some things in her room on the first floor, in case someone had an accident. I'm not sure what the boys who sent in narratives are saying about the sick bay and it could have been on the first floor, which was next to their dorm. I'm a bit confused about the sick bay because we had a flu epidemic the first year that we were there. The whole house was in bed. I don't know where boys went if they were absent from school. I thought that they stayed in their own bed in their own dorm, but it may have depended upon what was wrong with them and whether they were infectious.

Religious instruction

92. The boys had to go to church on Sunday morning. They went to a church in Goldenacre. They walked there and back. I think it was a requirement, regardless of a boy's religion. I don't remember any boys being left behind. I don't think that my father went to church with the boys. We never went to church as a family.

Christmas and birthdays

93. I have very vague memories of boys' birthdays being celebrated, but I can't remember any details. I can remember parents giving us presents. For example ██████████'s mother always gave us a box of Jenner's crackers at Christmas time. I don't know whether Borgy came from the ██████████ as well. I know he was made in Scandanavia as he had a label wit 'Borg' on it round his neck. Parents would give us presents as Dawson family daughters. We got chocolates and things like that. I thought that they

were just wonderful. I had a sense that all of the parents were rolling in it because of these presents.

Visits/inspections

94. I can remember having birthday parties in Dundas House and my school pals came. I can't remember any other visitors coming to the boarding houses, other than the house tutors. I do have photos of parties in Mackenzie House at which there were always Academy masters, some of whom had retired. I think it was pretty closed. I'm sure there would have been inspections, but I don't remember anything like that.

Discipline

95. There were rules that the boys had to follow. Lights out really sticks in my mind as an absolute rule, but there must have been other rules. I know that rules were broken because my father used to walk around with a slipper. I think there was a list of rules stuck up on the common room. I never once read the rules at my own school so I think it was that kind of notice. There was a book in Dundas House, but I think it was more for signing in and out rather than a punishment record. I don't know whether any record was kept of punishments. If there was a record, I suspect it would have been in my father's study but I never saw anything like that.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy

96. I wasn't aware of any bullying amongst the boys or how that might have been dealt with. I never saw any physical interaction between my father and the boys. I saw the slipper so I knew about that. Even then, I can remember thinking that it was weird because he never punished me or my sister in that way. I knew that there hadn't been a slipper when we lived at [REDACTED]. As a wee girl in Dundas, I can remember thinking that must be what you get to do when you're a housemaster, you get to hit people. I don't know whether there was still a slipper in Mackenzie House.

97. When we lived in Dundas House, my father would often come into the family living room with the slipper in his hand. I can picture it. I know that it lived in his study. I never knew what the boys had done for my father to be ready to use the slipper. My father didn't tend to shout. If my father was giving a boy a row, I think he would be quite quietly spoken. Sometimes I got the sense that I wasn't allowed to go into the study. It was very much his private room and we respected that. I don't know whether he took boys into his study to discipline them.
98. Since July 2022, I've become aware of allegations of physical, sexual and psychological abuse by my father, which ranged over a lengthy period of time. I wasn't aware of any such allegations at the time. I had no reason to suspect that my father had abused boys. In fact, it was the opposite. When I was teaching at St. George's School for Girls, I had colleagues who had sons that were taught by my father. They sought me out to say how much their sons loved him or that they had fun doing various things. Some of those women talked to me as a very young member of staff and that was a link in for me. Either their husbands were working with my father and enjoyed him or their sons had been taught by him.
99. I wasn't aware of any allegations of abuse against any other members of staff. The nearest thing would have been my father bad-mouthing other members of staff. I got the sense that he despised some of his colleagues, but that may have been because he was jealous of them. He never said anything about another member of staff walloping or beating a child. That was not language I heard. There was absolutely nothing that I was aware of, other than the slipper.
100. I've been referred to the *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle* in 1984. Within the *Chronicle*, Rector Ellis wrote a valedictory for my father. He writes about "his menagerie of curious instruments of correction". I read those words last summer and realised that I knew what he was talking about. I do know that they were in his desk in his classroom. I can remember the clachan, which was like a big spoon. Academy pupils play a game with it, which I think involves batting a ball around the yard. My father's clachan had a number of nails in it. The nail heads were protruding from it. I can remember my father showing it off to me when he took me to his classroom as a wee girl. He lifted the desk to show me. It wasn't under lock and key. I know that there was more than one thing

in his desk, but the clachan is the one that I remember because it looked particularly lethal to me at the time.

101. It was the school holidays so I've no idea whether those things were visible during term-time, but they were in his desk when he showed them to me. The jar of jelly beans was there as well. I'd always known about the jelly beans, but I hadn't known about the other things. I can't remember whether my father said anything to me about these things. My memory is that he told me to look at these things and that it was jokey. The message was that when he disciplined boys, it was fun. I didn't think that he used the clachan. I just thought it was Dowie Dawson because he was known to be eccentric. I hadn't thought about seeing the clachan until one of the boys sent me Ellis' valedictory last summer.
102. In January 2023, I was told by a day boy that my father would line the whole class up to wallop them. Apparently, for no reason at all, he would beat the whole class. The day boy told me that my father had a knot on his whistle that he would whip them with. I knew that my father coached rugby, but I didn't know that he had that whistle.
103. As an adult, a teacher and a therapist, I think abuse was able to go undetected at the Academy for so long because of power, testosterone, arrogance, collusion and secrets. I also believe that it was inflicting what had been inflicted upon the abuser. This is not to give my father an excuse, but I believe that he was abused at Gordonstoun by both masters and boys. He was shipped off to board there at a very young age. I would stake my life on the fact that my father in some way had done to him what he went on to do. Alex Renton has written about the perpetual cycle which can't be broken. Fathers go on to send their sons to boarding school. Interestingly, this era of boys did not go on to send their sons to the Academy.
104. After hearing Nicky Campbell's experiences, I read a quote from a former pupil saying that the Academy was a "cesspit of paedophilia and sadism". I will requote that till my dying day. There were so many of them. Seventeen masters have been named as abusers. That's a huge percentage. There were three main abusers, one of whom was my father, but for seventeen masters to be named is huge. I know that corporal punishment was legal, but it shouldn't have been done on bare buttocks. There were degrees. My father took it beyond what was acceptable and it was such an abuse of

power. As a teacher, he had a legitimate authority. As a housemaster, he had a legitimate authority. He totally abused his position and power and he was clearly not alone.

Reporting of abuse at Edinburgh Academy

105. If a boy had a concern, in theory he could speak to the matron or the chaplain. I have had conversations with the chaplain, Howard Haslett, since the allegations of abuse were made public. He was never entrusted with any allegations of abuse and he's devastated by that. I've told him that it was because he was part of the establishment. After teaching at St. George's, I went away for ten years. I then returned and worked there as a counsellor for seventeen. I fought tooth and nail for the girls to have a confidential space. I absolutely knew that if I was part of the system, they wouldn't come. I know why the boys didn't go to the chaplain. I hear the chaplain's pain, but I totally get that.
106. Since the *Different* podcast was broadcast in on 27 July 2022, I have been sent a number of narratives from former pupils at Edinburgh Academy. I am aware from one of the narratives of the boys who had been physically brutalised by my father that the matron patched a friend of this boy's bum up. Other than that, nothing happened. I don't think he was the only boy who went to the matron with buttocks in that state following a beating. If there was a slightly safe space then it was the matron.
107. I'm not aware of any disciplinary action being taken against my father at the Academy. I knew that there were sometimes moments with the rector. During my father's time at the Academy there were three different rectors that I was aware of. I knew that my father sometimes had disagreements with the rectors, but no more than I would have had with a colleague when I taught at St. George's. It all sounded perfectly normal and within the teaching context. In one of the letters my father wrote to me after I left, he talked about the rector shouting at him and [IDR]. He made a point of saying that it wasn't anything that they'd done, they were just in shouting distance. I thought my father was 'Mr Exemplary'.

108. Ellis knew about the 'instruments of correction'. He didn't just find that out before he wrote the valedictory. I don't believe that. There was collusion and keeping things under wraps at all costs for one thing: reputation. The name of the school or whatever it was they had pumped themselves up into was to be preserved at all costs. I've seen the film *Spotlight*, which is about exposure of sexual abuse in the American Catholic Church. It may be on a different scale, but the themes are exactly the same as what was going on at the Academy, Fettes and then South Africa thanks to people staying silent. They didn't just stay silent, they wrote references in which they waxed lyrical. It was lies.

My life after Edinburgh Academy

109. I wasn't involved in my parents' lives at Edinburgh Academy after I left in 1976. My father would write me these weird letters, telling me stuff about the Academy. Other than those letters, I didn't know what my parents were doing. I was at Dunfermline College of Education on Cramond Road North. I would get on the 41 bus and pass my parents' house in Barnton to get home to my damp flat in Bruntsfield. My college pals would ask me if I was going in to visit my parents and I would say no. I did not get off the bus once.

110. When I was in my third year at college, I got pneumonia. I was made to go from my flat to my parents' house in [REDACTED] I must have been very ill because I didn't fight it. It was like my mother had kidnapped me. My parents locked me in. They wouldn't let my husband, who I was courting at the time, come into the house. I know that he brought me three little clay elephants because my mother brought them up to me.

111. When I was ill, I can remember the doctor being at the bottom of the bed. She asked whether I knew that my mother was mentally ill. I suppose that was the first time that anybody had articulated it. It was like a hallelujah moment for someone who I trusted to say that. It made sense. Up until that point, I had just thought that she was a screaming nutcase. Someone being compassionate and caring had also given me a diagnosis. I ordered a taxi to escape, but I couldn't get out the front door. My father

went ballistic at me. I think I was there for a few nights. I never went back. I think by that stage both my parents were mad and co-dependent. After that, the only night I ever spent under the same roof as my parents was the night before my wedding in 1980.

112. My father wrote to me in 1990. I wasn't doing what my parents wanted me to do. The letter stated that I should forget about them. He quotes the *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle* at the end of the letter just before, "In saying goodbye we send our love." That was the final line, which I will take to my grave. No wonder I thought that he was married to the Academy. He was telling his youngest daughter that he wanted nothing else to do with her and quoting a poem from the *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle*. It was a complete watershed. It was as if something broke. Up until that point, I'd spent my entire life trying to make my parents proud of me and failing. I then received that letter telling me to forget them.
113. I didn't have any further contact with my father after I received that letter. Although it purported to be from both of them, my mother hadn't known about the letter. She kept writing to me pitifully. Not every birthday, anniversary or Christmas, but some birthdays, anniversaries and Christmases I would get pitiful, plaintive cards and letters from her. I eventually sent her a copy of the letter that I'd received from my father. All I got back from her was that it was very much my father's language. There was no understanding of what that letter did to me and continues to do to me. My father wrote that letter to me and it was premeditated. I know that parents have moments of madness and do things that they regret, but that was premeditated. He was living with a mentally ill woman and he didn't tell her why his youngest daughter had stopped trying. [REDACTED] had stopped trying long before, but until I received that letter I had continued to try. It was duty. I sent birthday cards, Christmas cards and presents.
114. I left Edinburgh Academy when I was eighteen. After finishing at Dunfermline College, I taught at St. George's for eleven years. My granny's will then came my way and I was determined to do something constructive with it. With that financial help and a Fulbright scholarship, I went to Washington and studied for a Masters at the age of 33. My parents knew nothing about it.

My father's retirement from Edinburgh Academy

115. I've been referred to the *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle* in 1984 and the valedictory written for my father upon his retirement. Rector Ellis refers to the fact that life wasn't always easy for my father. I don't know what he meant by that phrase.
116. My father wrote to me when he retired from Edinburgh Academy. I was teaching at St. George's by that time. He never wrote to me by that time. My parents had moved to Inveresk and the letter is on their headed notepaper, dated 10 September 1983. I would be willing to provide a copy of that letter to the Inquiry. That letter was my understanding of his early retirement at that time. He left Edinburgh Academy in December 1983, in the middle of the academic year. You don't do that after thirty years. It never made sense to me. I wasn't naïve enough to think that was the whole story. I was a professional teacher by that point. I knew that he was married to the Academy. I knew that he was either lying or he wasn't telling me the whole truth. The letter states:

"Dear Jenny,

As you know, I'm not one of the world's great correspondents but our bloody phone is on the blink again and any kind of rational conversation is impossible. Before the news reaches you via the St. George's/Academy grapevine, I wanted to tell you myself that I have decided I have had enough and I am leaving the Academy at the end of this term. I am eligible for early retirement and I am taking it. However, I don't fancy sitting about for the rest of my life so I am looking around for something new, something different to do. Various irons are in the fire and we shall be leaving Edinburgh as well in order to follow them up. I want to catch today's post so the details can wait until we see you.

Love to you both."

He signs it something that I never called him. The letter really doesn't tell you anything. He never did tell me any further details about his retirement and I didn't go looking for them. I wasn't sorry to hear that they were leaving Edinburgh, but I had no idea where they were going or what they were doing. My father was a great reminiscer, but there was never any later discussion of how things had fallen apart after thirty years at the school.

117. When Nicky Campbell interviewed me for the *Different* podcast broadcast on 22 February 2023, he mentioned that my father may have been forced to retire because of an incident involving pornography. Both of my best friends at school had two brothers, all of whom had been taught by my father. One of the first things I did last summer was write to those friends. I needed to know whether my father had abused their brothers. One of my friends now lives in Australia. She contacted me by email. She named a boy who found pornographic material in my father's briefcase. The boy had given it to a group of boys, including the brother of another girl in our year. They had been discovered. The brother told his sister that they were punished with a beating from the rector, but the parents were never told about it. He only disclosed this incident, with names, after the allegations of abuse emerged.
118. The rector knew that the pornography had been found in my father's briefcase. It was all hushed up and that wasn't when my father left. The pornography was found at Easter 1977 so I don't think my father's retirement was connected to this discovery. I think it was something to do with senior management. I have a box of letters from my parents' house in Cheltenham, in which there are letters from colleagues of my father's. They imply things about senior management decisions. The flavour is that something that should have been given to him was not given to him and that was why he retired. That's what comes through in all of the letters. It may be that he wasn't given a post in senior management because of the pornography, but the pornography was not the direct reason for his retirement. I have also seen a letter from Ellis begging my father to withdraw his resignation.
119. There are letters from colleagues, parents and former pupils in the box I have from my parents' house. I had never read them before in my life, but I went through them prior to meeting with the Inquiry. I wasn't interested and had no reason to read them previously. A lot of the letters asked my father to send their regards to Sheena or to thank Sheena. I don't know who the people were, but the letters were all sent after people heard of his departure from the Academy. They used language like being devastated or dismayed to hear that he was leaving. At the final assembly of the December term, I understand that the rector asked people to applaud and they wouldn't stop. My father was not present. There must have been some boys who were sitting there, unable to put their hands together.

My father's life after Edinburgh Academy

120. My mother told me that before she married my father, his mother had told her that she needed to watch Hamish. She told me that when my father was in a home or just after he had died. I've thought about that a lot. Why would a mother say that about her son when he was in his twenties? I find it a very odd thing to say to your prospective daughter in law. My mother didn't give me any more context. She would drop these things and leave them with you. It stayed with me and I always wondered what that was about.

121. My parents' relationship was weird. I think it got more and more strange as the years went on. When I see photographs of my parent's house in Cheltenham, it's very strange. My father worked for the Caravan Club and Touchstone holidays. He was a living historian. I've seen letters and evaluation forms that he kept from people who went on these holidays. He was clearly very skilled. He also had these bears that would go on the trips and were photographed in all these places. My parents' house became like a shrine. I remember making the mistake of visiting them in 1986. I had just taken a group of St. George's girls on a lacrosse tour to United States. My parents didn't want to see any of my photos. When I got home, I told my husband that he should never let me go back to that house again and I never did. The house in Cheltenham was deranged. I think that my mother and father had both lost it in different ways.

122. My parents' relationship was weird and I think it got weirder as the years went on. My father ended up in a locked institution in Cheltenham. It was a care home which he couldn't leave. I got scant details from my mother, but he had dementia. My mother thought I might like photos of him in the care home. In those photos, she was still flirting with him. It was bizarre. He looked like an old, old man. He died in 2009.

123. I have been shown the obituary that appeared in the *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle* after my father's death. It was much longer than the one that appeared in the local paper. It was written by George Harris, who was a good guy and a history colleague of my father's. He also went on some of the Puffer trips. I taught his daughters at St.

George's. I've also been shown the paragraphs contributed by my mother, which were published after George Harris' obituary. She wrote:

"Several things prompted Hamish's slightly early retirement. His joy of being a housemaster was over and our two daughters had married and had good husbands to do the looking after. Added to this, I had a desire to be back in Cheltenham where my aging, widowed mother still lived. Over thirty years as a history master at the Academy had given him great happiness, good friends and many appreciative pupils. We were both very healthy so we decided to be brave and try something else.

We were enthusiastic caravaners and thought we could become wardens on one of the Caravan Club sites. We wrote and applied and almost by return we were asked to come to their Head Office to discuss an idea for a new scheme that they had. A whole day at Club Headquarters, directors galore and our manners and cutlery technique being scrutinised, we left with a job running historically based holidays for Club members.

Cheltenham was an ideal centre for our work and we found a delightful Regency house, which had been the local pub. I felt that this was Hamish's ideal job – he had the historical knowledge and the ability to keep crowds of adults interested and happy. He was a great success. He found places that normal tourists did not visit – places where ancient skills and crafts were still alive. He managed meals, theatre holidays and canal trips through South Wales and east to Oxford. Special treatment was given to his 'customers' when they went to Oriol College, where Hamish had been an undergraduate. Of course, a large jar of jelly beans accompanied every trip.

His success in life was taken over by a year in various hospitals after two strokes. His health was affected and he then spent two years in a care home. His huge sense of humour remained to the end...in his last few weeks, he spoke in broad Scots, something that we both found highly entertaining!"

My mother used to joke about being able to get a RADA scholarship. She was quite the actress and her contribution to the *Chronicle* makes me think of that. This is the same woman who, in that period, was ringing me to tell me that they'd found things on my father's computer about women in slavery. I don't know whether it was before he died or shortly after his death, but I received a weeping and wailing phone call from my mother. She said that she had talked to a neighbour and found what she described as horrific material about women and slavery on my father's computer. I hadn't even known that he had a computer.

124. My mother was capable of turning it on and writing this stuff. If she was a woman of principle, she would have said that she wasn't going to write anything. She hated the Edinburgh Academy and a part of her hated my father. It was the biggest act and she was so good at playing it. She was deeply skilled. I never saw my father as acting. He was naturally funny and he really did have the gift of the gab. He had great stories, historical and current. The sentence about her mother couldn't be further from the truth. She loathed her mother and it was mutual. It wasn't about looking after her mother. It was about fixing her mother's will. She talks about "our work" at the Caravan Club, but that was only done by my father. She was never a part of his work at the Caravan Club.
125. I have been shown the photograph that appeared underneath the obituary in the *EA Chronicle*. It shows my mother and father amongst Mackenzie House boarders in 1973. Miss Kellas, the matron, is also in the photograph. She was from Aboyne or somewhere in Aberdeenshire. I can remember her and she was lovely. The other man in the photograph is Jeremy Fenton, who was a house tutor. There's also a teddy bear in the photo, but I've never seen that bear before in my life. I wasn't aware of any house mascots. I recognised it as having been taken in the back garden. I am gobsmacked that my mother is sitting in the photo. She was completely separate and anti the matron by that point. It must have been a moment of self-importance for her.
126. The obituary that appeared in the *Gloucester Citizen* contained five lines on 30 December 2009: "Dawson, Hamish, suddenly but peacefully on 21 December 2009. Always loved by his wife Sheena and his daughters, [REDACTED] and Jenny." I've circled "always loved". He had two grandchildren whom he never met. He never met my sister's children, neither did my mother. She was always the actress. My mother left her house to the two grandsons who she had never met. Her contribution to that obituary was a work of fiction.

Documents

127. My mother disinherited me before she died in 2014. That was only possible because she was living in England. It's not possible in Scotland. The lawyer, thinking she was

doing me a favour, very kindly salvaged all the personal stuff from my parents' house. It was all in a box and shipped north at the lawyer's expense. I hadn't gone through the box until the allegations against my father came to light last summer. I didn't know what was going to be in the box, but I knew that it wasn't going to be good. I came across the letters that my father had sent to me and that I have referred to in my statement. I had added all the correspondence from my birth family into the box when we moved house in 2008.

128. Some of the boys have been trying desperately to piece things together. They're now men in their sixties. I'm trying to piece things together. I've been reading the letters that my father wrote to me. Every single letter that my father wrote to me was about the Academy. He was a clever man and reasonably perceptive. Had he not twigged what I felt about the boys and the school? He was writing all this stuff about what was going on in the boarding houses when I was at college, trying to have left it all behind. He was still writing to me about individual boys and what they'd written in their essays or what they were doing in an exam. He didn't write to me very often so they were quite rare. I hadn't read those letters since I received them. I was going through them because someone asked me a question and I knew that the answer was in one of these letters.
129. The box also contained photos of the Academy. There were photographs of my father's Puffer trips. There were masses of them in albums. I donated them to the school archivist, Andrew McMillan, when I moved house in 2018. I didn't want them in my new home. He wrote to thank me in October 2018 and I've provided a copy of that letter to the Inquiry. He refers to happy memories that he had of my father. He also left a message for me on my answering machine, but I didn't call him back. Even in 2018, I didn't want to talk to anybody who had been taught by my father. I just didn't want to hear about it, even when I had been a teacher at St. George's. There were two versions of my father. In recent months, I asked for the photographs back because I wanted to burn them. I've been told that they are now police evidence. The rector has also said that they aren't mine anymore because I donated them.
130. I have provided the Inquiry with three black and white photographs. Two were taken when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Edinburgh Academy. My father is the man in the

photographs with dark hair, wearing glasses and a striped tie. The third photo is of a rugby team with my father at the back. There is a name of a pupil on the back, who I assume passed that photo on to my father, and the year it was taken, 1956.

131. I have also provided the Inquiry with a copy of my father's CV. Additionally, I have provided some typed notations written on the back of a draft abbreviated CV and entitled, "Summary of IN AT THE (very) DEEP END." I can't begin to understand what it is, but it's written as if it's been written by my mother in 1962 or 1963. My father is referred to as Harry. It is very bizarre. One part that screams out to me is the paragraph that reads: *"DAY 4 Discovered our younger daughter isn't happy with her new teacher. Oh Dear. Decided Harry wasn't concerned enough & blew my top – rather unfairly really, "You & your b-----" boys. Talk about a tug of love!"*

I was gobsmacked when I read this. There is so much of it that my mother could have written. It felt relevant because of the part about "you & your b----- boys". I think it's written at a time when we'd hardly been there because it refers to being married for nine years. I think that the boys were "bloody boys" before we moved to the boarding houses. I think that my mother was realising that she was married to the Academy, whether she liked or not. It also refers to a tug of love. That was one of my mother's greatest grievances. She always saw my father aligning with the boys and not my sister and me. That was true. There are far too many truthful bits in that passage for it to be dismissible.

132. I have provided the Inquiry with a copy of a letter I received from the Academy chaplain, Howard Haslett, dated 16 January 1990. It states:

"I received a letter from your dad this morning – a strange coincidence for it was dated 17th December (which I reckon was round about the time we last talked). He obviously had written it before Christmas, had then mislaid it, then found it and stuck it in the post.

I was glad to hear from him; it's nearly six years since we were in touch and he sounded in good form from what he wrote.

Anyway, the main thing is that his letter has jogged my memory and is prompting me to remind you of the offer of a "chat".

If you feel like a drink some night, give me a ring and we can fix something up. Or give Emma your 'phone number and I'll get in touch with you."

I never did get in touch with him. It was the August of that year that my father wrote to me, ending our relationship.

133. I know that Howard was one of my father's closest friends and most trusted colleagues. He married my husband and me in 1980. It makes me wonder what my father was writing to Howard about. Although it was before he wrote to me in August, I was hardly in contact with my father. I didn't talk to either of my parents if it could be avoided. My mother would call me but I didn't call them. It was never good news and it would take me days to recover from a phone call. The letter shows that my father stayed in touch with Howard Haslett, but I don't think he stayed in touch with anybody else or had anything else to do with the Academy. I know that friendships ebb and flow, but I found it a bit weird that my father had no contact with Howard for six years.

Broadcast of and fallout from BBC's *Different* podcast

134. I was a guest on the BBC podcast *Different*, hosted by Nicky Campbell, in February 2023. I made contact with him after an episode about abuse Campbell experienced at Edinburgh Academy was broadcast on 27 July 2022. I had no contact with former pupils of the Academy until the broadcast of *Different*. I'm now in touch with eight former pupils, some of whom were boarders and some of whom were day pupils.
135. I spoke to Nicky Campbell on 30 July 2022. At that time, I asked him for a list of good and bad masters. It was one of the first things I asked him for, although he's discovered more since that time. We went through a whole lot of names, as far as he was able to. He told me the names of his abusers. I couldn't say that there was a pattern when it came to those masters who worked in my father's boarding houses. I needed to know which list the chaplain who married me was on. Howard Haslett was a house tutor at Jeffrey House as well as being the school chaplain. He was definitely a pal of my father's. He has not been named as being involved in any abuse.
136. My lifelong loathing of Edinburgh Academy has not been helped by the current regime. I'll never forgive them for not warning me about the allegations against my father before Nicky Campbell's podcast was broadcast on 27 July 2022. They were given a

lot of notice by Nicky Campbell's producer, but they didn't give me any advanced notice. I raised that with the rector but his response was despicable. The podcast was broadcast during the summer holidays. When I phoned the school, I kept getting an answering machine. I didn't want to speak to an answering machine. Eventually, I managed to get the rector's PA at the start of term. I said that I wanted to speak to the rector. I explained who I was and asked his personal assistant to let him know whose daughter I was. I acknowledged that it was the start of the term and that I knew he'd be busy but asked if he could contact me as soon as possible.

137. The rector called me and had not been told who I was. For the first ten minutes, he was scrolling through his emails as I talked to him. He did admit that and that he had been blindsided by his PA failing to tell him who I was. He said that he did not want the conversation to become combative. He also said, and this is virtually verbatim, that I needed to realise that when this all blew, he was sitting on the boundary of a cricket pitch on his mobile phone. I told him that I was sitting in my study, at my computer, in my home. In other words, he wanted me to realise that he was on his summer holidays when this all blew.
138. I didn't hear from him again for some time. Eventually, I called the school again and asked about my apology. I was told that I wasn't getting a written apology because they didn't know what I'd do with it. I'm never going to talk to the man ever again, but the last communication that I had with him was about the photographs I'd donated to the school in 2018. They were photos of my father at the school, which were amongst documents passed to me when my mother died. I had emailed about the photographs but I didn't get a reply. I emailed again. I was told not to worry because the photographs were under lock and key. That wasn't good enough for me. I said that I knew the nature of schools and asked who had the key. He then told me that they were with the police. I told him that my concern was someone could see those photographs and be retraumatised.
139. As a therapist, as a human being and as Jenny Pearson, I know about re-traumatisation. I was not saying it lightly. I know that for some of the boys, just seeing my father's name, let alone seeing his image, terrifies them. Some of them are back in therapy because of all of this. The rector was very dismissive about the photos. He

told me that they were police evidence and was then very quick to tell me that, in any case, I had donated them so "technically they were no longer mine".

140. I think the senior management at the Academy are running scared. If there is one more generic message from the public relations company, I think that something is going to implode. The way that they've responded or failed to respond is just monstrous. That's why I still have a visceral response to the Edinburgh Academy logo. If you compare the response of Fettes to allegations of abuse to the response of Edinburgh Academy, they're at opposite ends of the continuum. The response from Fettes has been heartfelt. You can hear it in their words. There has also been monetary compensation.
141. The rector is not even meeting with some of the victims of abuse from the Academy. He offered me the opportunity to come to the school and receive a verbal apology from him. I told him that I would not come to Henderson Row and he would not get me in that building. I was married opposite the school in 1980 and that's the closest I've been. I don't even go to Henderson Row. I can't even stand the street. I have friends whose offspring are at the Academy. I want them to be looked after and well educated and happy, but I'm not impressed by the school's response.
142. Of the three worst abusers at Edinburgh Academy, two are still alive. Iain Wares and John Brownlee are still alive. I never knew Iain Wares and I had never heard of him until his name was made public. I assume that John Brownlee is now in his eighties. It worries me. It doesn't quite fit for me either. I think he was a house tutor and he was the only house tutor from the prep school. I think he was with us in Dundas House and he may have been with us in Mackenzie. As a therapist, I work with people who have been abused by their grandfathers. I'm not interested in how old Brownlee is. I don't think leopards change their spots. He is an abuser and that worries me a lot. The fact that he was possibly in the same house at the same time as my father concerns me. My father was close to all of the house tutors.

Impact

143. Even before Nicky Campbell's podcast was broadcast in July 2022, whenever I saw the Edinburgh Academy logo on a boy's blazer, I had a visceral response. I walked past the Usher Hall recently. There was a poster for the Edinburgh Academy spring concert with the logo on it. I felt violent towards it. My response has become much more acute since July, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't have a response to that logo every time I see it.
144. I completely lost my childhood. I was just robbed. I've had a lifelong loathing of Edinburgh Academy. I had a mistrust of men and Accies. If I was told that someone had been at Edinburgh Academy, I would be very wary. I wouldn't want to go and talk to them or have anything to do with them. I knew that they would talk about my father. Socially, I pulled away from that world as far as possible whilst still living in the city. It's changed in the last few months, since I've been in contact with former pupils of Edinburgh Academy. I now call some of those men friends, which I think is mind blowing.
145. I've had years and years of therapy. Each and every time I go through my childhood, other bits come out. Like what has happened to many of the boys who attended Edinburgh Academy, more importantly, this has just completely catapulted us back into stuff that we had at least semi-processed. Abuse never goes away. To this day, if a male unexpectedly appears in, for example, my garden, I am terrified. I am like a wild animal and verbally lash out.

Hopes for the Inquiry

146. What I hope for cannot happen. I wish that my father was still alive. I would like to sit with Lady Smith and everybody else and see my father in the dock. What I do hope is that schools and other institutions do not pay lip service. I'm sick of hearing about child protection policies. As someone who has worked with children since 1976, you need to believe what kids tell you. I want there to be red flags raised about not just bruises but changes in behaviour such as a catastrophic drop in their results or weight loss.

147. Every single thing a child client has ever told me has been true. I only ever had one member of senior management who in any way questioned that. I flagged up abuse and she said that was what the child had told me. I said that she had told me because she trusted me and knew that I would believe her. I told the member of staff what I thought of her opinion. I know that I lied as a wee girl. I think that all kids lie, but I think there is stuff that they don't lie about. There are always signs. I've always flagged up abuse, both in a school context and as a private practitioner.
148. When I was head of PE at St. George's, I was seeing every single child in a leotard or a swimming costume. I was the first to raise red flags before I'd been near a counselling course. I was raising them all the time and asking what was going on with certain girls. You couldn't help but see kids' physiques as a PE teacher. My antennae were always on red alert. I think that's all because of what happened to me as a child. I was dying for someone to notice something about me at school. It wasn't conscious, but when I was watching girls as I was teaching or when they were playing, I would notice things that might be out of kilter. Staff would come to me and ask me about girls because I was the only member of staff who knew every girl in the school.
149. Children do things for a reason. I used to hurt myself so that I would get attention from female members of staff at school. When I went to the PE department with things that I'd done to myself at the weekend it was so that someone would look after me. I want children to be believed. I want every school to have someone who children can speak to. I resigned from my position at St. George's because senior management at that time wanted the names of all my clients. I told them I would not do that and I would not betray the girls. New senior management had come in, not the people who had appointed me. I had been the school counsellor for seventeen years. I gave them all the professional papers and all the legal papers. I told them that in Scotland, if you are deemed competent, you can seek confidential services from the age of twelve. It's the law. I had to resign because they insisted on knowing who was coming to see me. A new head teacher has been in situ since August 2022. I've had recent contact with her about the podcast which has been thoroughly positive.
150. Many young people would never have come to me if it hadn't been a confidential space. I insisted on where the room had to be physically so they could come whilst

pretending that they were going to the library. I also insisted that one of my days had to be a Monday because I knew what was happening at weekends. All of that stuff was brilliantly handled and I was really listened to by senior management. It was very rare for a girl to come to me with an issue about the school. Probably 98% of the time it was about issues at home.

151. It's a very complex situation. The bottom line is that it's all about keeping the child safe. The senior management who came in got their knickers in a twist because of the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry and they were dead scared. That's what prompted them to haul me in, ask for all the names and what was going on. Nothing was going on. They had a confidential counselling service. The girls lost that in 2017 and they've never got it back.
152. It would be so wonderful if in every single school there was someone who was really safe to go to, not someone who will trip along to senior management. It needs to be someone who knows the lines of when you raise a red flag about child protection and when you stay quiet, wait and see. When you raise the red flag, you can make things worse at home. It needs to be a skilled practitioner because you don't immediately report what may be child abuse. Sometimes you know that you can make it worse. It's an invisible line that you sometimes have to walk. For instance, I've worked with some Asian young women who were being abused by a brother or an uncle. If you report it immediately, the young person won't come to you again. They then cease to have anywhere to go, other than the sexual health clinic or their GP. A lot of them can't get to their GP because they can't get to there without telling someone at home so it goes on and on. Those girls would never have come to me unless it had been a confidential space.
153. There can be a tension between that line and mandatory reporting. There's no easy answer. You can bide your time and you can hope that something will then allow you, with that young person's permission, to do something. You try to take the young person with you. You tell them that you need to tell someone about the abuse and ask them who they want you tell. You recruit them in the endeavour. If you just go running along the corridor and pump it up the line, it's not always a safe route. It may result in further harm to the young person. The girls who came to me trusted me. They didn't have anybody to tell. I often helped them to tell someone at home or tell someone else at

school. Together, with a woman who was the child protection officer (when I was appointed), we would find a way to help them. It has to be about the safety of the young person and not the reputation of the school or whatever else. That is secondary. I never made a wrong call in seventeen years.

154. The line can be such a delicate one. If you go in with your tackety boots it can destroy everything. It's still going on, but it's much more subtle. Edinburgh Academy think that they are doing such a good job. I'm not convinced that they're doing a good job. If they were doing a good job, they would be more compassionate to the boys, the men whose lives have been utterly wrecked. I don't know what they're doing with their current pupils but I don't like how they're treating their former pupils and I don't like how they've treated me. I continue to be utterly disgusted by them.
155. In emails and face to face, former pupils have told me how they've been treated by Edinburgh Academy. I'm appalled at the current lack of compassion. I don't think they understand historic abuse. It's similar to comments reported to have been made by Iain Wares, who said he knows what he did but it was forty to fifty years ago. That screams of someone who has no idea that you can live with abuse, and millions of us do, but it never goes away. What I hear from friends who have children at the Academy is that the message is, "But this was a long time ago." These men are younger than me. They're trying to be healthy partners, healthy husbands, healthy fathers, healthy pals. I just don't think senior management at the Academy get it. It's scarily awful.
156. I know that some of the boys who were abused at the Academy want to talk to the current pupils. I think that would be brilliant. If you had someone talking to them about abuse, the pupils would eat out of these men's hands. It's not about my voice, it's about the voice of the men who were abused at Edinburgh Academy. I know it's their choice whether they come forward and hundreds aren't. It's not that I think I'm their advocate, but I feel that if there is anything I can add that strengthens their case then I want to do it. That's why I've been trying to join up the dots. There have been things I've been able to answer the boys about that I didn't know before. There are things that I'll never know and that are now gone because my parents are dead.

157. 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.....

26 / 4 / 23