

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

IKA

Support person present: No.

1. My name is IKA My date of birth is 1962. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. I was born in Edinburgh. My parents' names are and . My dad worked when I was young and my mum started working for him when I was about fifteen. My dad was a furniture agent. He travelled to different parts of Scotland selling furniture. I have one sister, , who was born in 1964.
3. I went to Trinity Academy for my first year of schooling. I failed the entrance exam for Edinburgh Academy at the age of four. I resat the entrance exam in Primary 1 and started at Edinburgh Academy in Primary 2. The entrance exam was just a way for the school to vet Catholics, black people and folk that they didn't want in the school. My family wasn't part of the aristocracy and we lived in a flat. There were enough posh people that year so I was put to one side. Now, they take everybody. In my day, the entrance exam was a way of vetting. Your dad had to be known to everybody or to have been at the school. If you had a title, even better.
4. My family had no connection with Edinburgh Academy. My parents were keen for me to go there because they were the opposite of the Academy. My mum had attended Trinity Academy and left school at fourteen. My mum was from a working class family and her dad was a plumber in Newhaven. My dad had been at Morrisons Academy in

Crieff and left school at eighteen. He had been offered a place at university, but his big brother told him that university was rubbish. Basically, my parents wanted to give me something that they had never had. The irony is that if I'd stayed at Trinity Academy, none of this would ever have happened to me and my life would have been completely different.

5. My parents applied for me to go to Heriots, Melville College, which is now Stewarts Melville, and somewhere else. I wasn't accepted into any of those schools. They were keen for me to attend a private school but it didn't have to be the Academy. Going to Edinburgh Academy was a huge financial commitment for my parents. I was the only boy in my class who didn't live in a huge house.
6. Before starting at the school, I had been there for my entrance test. It was one in and one out to sit the exam, but I don't remember where I waited beforehand. I can remember that catching a bean bag was part of the test. I was asked to repeat things back, which I didn't do very well at the age of four. I had to write things down and colour something in.
7. Before starting at the Academy, I would have gone to Aitken and Niven to get my school uniform but I can't remember anything about that. Other than the entrance exam, I didn't visit the school. I just turned up on my first day with a bunch of folk that I didn't know.

Edinburgh Academy

8. I started at Edinburgh Academy in Primary 2 when I was six years old. The age cut off for each school year was June so I was roughly in the middle of my year for age. There were about twenty boys in my class. None of them were boarders. Boys started to board when they were eight, which would have been Primary 4. If there were eighty boys in my year, roughly eight of them were boarders. That ratio of about a tenth remained the same all the way up the school.

9. The junior primary school was at Denham Green. It burnt down in 1970 so it's not there anymore. I watched it burn down because we lived round the corner at the time. It was on [REDACTED]'s birthday, 6 June. It was like a big house with things bolted onto the back, which was where the dining hall was. Effectively, it was just a big house and the classrooms were rooms in the house. I was there for one year. Denham Green was only for first and seconds. From the thirds onwards you went to Arboretum, which is now where everything in the prep school is. Arboretum was for Primary 3 to 6.
10. Edinburgh Academy didn't have a Primary 7 because after Primary 6 we were moved to what they called the Geits. The Geits was Senior 1. We did seven years in senior school and six years in prep whereas other schools did seven years in prep and six years in senior school. After Primary 6, we went to the school in Henderson Row. There were between ninety and a hundred boys in each year at the senior school. I would guess that there about 650 altogether at the senior school.
11. Pupils were split into houses. I was in Cockburn. There was also Carmichael, Kinross and Houses. Their purpose was for division. Houses was for boys who were boarders. The rest were based on family connection. If your dad had been a Kinross, you were a Kinross. If you didn't have a connection, they would go by name. The houses were used for games and music. My two eldest children ended up at Edinburgh Academy. They were in Cockburn House because that's where I had been.
12. Nobody ever explained the ethos of the school to us, other than that they wanted us to be arrogant and to feel above everybody else. I resented that as I got older. I fought against it because I wasn't from that background. I didn't want to speak like the way they wanted us to speak. I had to work very hard to have the accent that I have now. How we spoke, our manners and how we dressed were all part of it. We had to do up our top button, which I refused to do by the age of twelve. We looked down on kids who went to Broughton High School. Ironically, my two youngest children go there and it's a great school. That came from everybody at Edinburgh Academy, including the teaching staff. It was just the way we were. We were indoctrinated in that ethos so it was just the way it was.

Routine at Edinburgh Academy

Settling in

13. I don't think the teacher did anything in particular to help settle me in. I don't think she particularly liked me because I was a Trinity Academy boy. There must have been other boys starting in Primary 2 as well, but I felt like I was the only one. Other new boys might have been put into the other classes. My memory is that I felt like everyone else in my class had been there the year before as well. I settled in quite quickly. I was quite happy there. I got my head bashed off a peg in the first few weeks. Someone pushed me into a metal peg and it went into the back of my head. It wasn't done in malice. We had just been faffing about. I had to get stitches and I still have a wee scar from that.

Mornings/bedtime

14. I only visited a boarding house on one occasion when Mr Dawson summoned me, at aged sixteen, to Mackenzie House. I did have friends who boarded, but I didn't go to any other boardings houses. I don't remember seeing a boy's bedroom or anything like that. I just felt sorry for the boarders.
15. I did have friends who were boarders. Twice a term, they were allowed a pass and they could come out to a day boy's house. A couple of boarders came to my mum and dad's house for the day and then they went back at night. I never went into the boarding houses with them. They didn't really tell me much about life in the boarding houses. They were just boarders and their parents lived in Malawi and Dingwall. One boy's parents lived in Peebles, which I thought was miles away, and he boarded.

Mealtimes/food

16. I ate lunch at the school all the way through junior and senior school. There was a dining hall with long tables and long benches. The masters sat at either end of the tables. The dinner ladies brought metal troughs to the master's end. One boy would

serve vegetables, one boy would serve something else and the master would serve the rest. It would be passed up the line. If there were seconds left then the boy sitting next to the master would get them.

17. There was no choice at mealtimes. If you didn't like what was being served, you were forced to eat it so we just ate everything. I can remember one boy in Primary 2 at Denham Green with semolina and jam. He had stirred it to make it pink. He just couldn't eat it. He was made to eat it and he was actually sick all over the table. I now eat anything and everything. There's nothing that I don't eat. As we got older, if a boy didn't like something, someone would just eat it for him.

Uniform

18. We wore dark shoes, which I think had to be from Clarks. We couldn't just wear any old shoes. We wore blue socks, blue shorts, a white shirt, an Academy tie and a blue blazer. We also wore a cap, which caused much fun for all the local schools like Wardie, Trinity and Broughton. They would steal our caps and run away with them. We had to wear them outside. We couldn't walk home without them. We wore duffel coats in the winter. We couldn't just wear a puffer jacket, it had to be a regulation Aitken and Niven duffel coat and a scarf.
19. In the senior school, we were allowed to wear shorts or long trousers in the first year. I wore shorts for the first two terms. We wore grey shirts and tweed jackets in the first four years. In the summer, when it was warmer, we got to wear a blue blazer. We wore a grey jumper when we wore grey shirts and a blue jumper when we wore white shirts for years 5, 6 and 7.

Schooling

20. SNR was IGG. I don't recall him teaching any classes. I recall him being at prayers in the morning and then I don't recall seeing him ever again. The deputy head was John Brownlee, who attacked everybody. He was my form master in Primary 6. There were three female teachers in Primary 3, three

female teachers in Primary 4, four male teachers in Primary five and four male teachers in Primary 6.

21. The classes were all streamed from age five. When I arrived at age six, I was put into the B class. There were classes A, B and C until Primary 4 and then there were four classes in each year. More boys arrived in Primary 4 because the boarders came in. I was in the B class up until the age of ten when I was put into the As. I remained in the A's until I was fifteen. I then fell off a cliff and ended up in the bottom set for everything. My world fell apart educationally. Nobody thought to ask why.
22. Initially, things were fine at prep school. We went to school, we did our lessons and we all went for lunch. There was a big garden at the prep school. We played in the garden after lunch. We would run about. There were trees so we played hide and seek in them. We played football. The school was about two hundred yards from my house so I could walk there and back in about five minutes. It was good. The schooling was stricter than it had been at Trinity Academy. We weren't allowed to mess about as much. The emphasis was definitely on being academic.
23. In Primary 3 and 4, the class teachers taught us everything apart from art and music. We would go out of our class for those subjects but we always came back to our classroom for everything else. In Primary 5, we had other teachers as guest French and [REDACTED] teachers because we'd started to do French and [REDACTED]. Mr Brownlee was our French teacher and Mr [ICG] [REDACTED] was our [REDACTED] teacher. Predominantly, we were still taught by our class teacher apart from [REDACTED] and French. In the sixths, we had a guest teacher for geography, Latin, maths and French. My French teacher was also my class teacher, Mr Brownlee. I was [REDACTED] of 5B so I had been promoted to 6A. I got Mr Brownlee as my class teacher for a year and I got Mr Wares for maths. I hit the jackpot, as both would severely abuse me, physically and sexually.
24. We didn't do Primary 7 like every other school. We went on to the big school where we were Geits. At aged eleven, we were all of a sudden in with the big boys. They made us wear shorts for the first term to show that we were still kind of in prep school. It felt like we were little boys in a big school. In Primary 6, we were not just bigger than

everybody else but our arrogance meant that we felt superior to everyone that was younger than us.

25. The whole senior school attended an assembly every morning. We said prayers, sang hymns and announcements were made. The rector of the senior school was ICH
ICH In my first year at the senior school, we had a base class where my teacher taught me English, Latin and scripture. The rest of the time we would go to different classes for maths, French, biology, chemistry, physics, history. My first year was fine. There were nice teachers and nice people.
26. Things deteriorated for me academically when I reached the age of fifteen. My adolescence was delayed, which can be as a result of trauma. I now know that as an adolescent, it's quite common that as people become young adults they realise that something isn't right. I didn't know that at the time. I just thought that I was rebelling against the school. I hated the school. I didn't know why I hated the school.
27. I joined the A stream when I was ten. I was getting stronger and stronger academically. I've got all my school reports. I've read them and it absolutely fits in with how I remember myself. I was described as happy, hard-working, industrious, clever. I helped other boys and was in the middle of things. I was just a nice wee boy. In my first year of being in the As, I was 22nd or 23rd out of 25. I was 18th, 19th in my second year, then 15th, 16th and then I was 12th, 13th. I wasn't in the top ten, but there were seriously clever people in the class. I was regarded as clever and I felt that I was good. I enjoyed all my subjects. I wasn't particularly good at physics and chemistry so I gave them up after O'level, but I was decent at everything.
28. I was in the top set for pretty much everything. If you were in the A class, you were pretty much in set 1 or set 2. If you were in the B class, you were set 2 or set 3. The two C classes were all in sets 3 and 4. They were people that I didn't speak to because they were regarded as being stupid. It sounds terrible and a lot of them are now my friends. We were superior. It was horrible. One of my friends was in the Cs and people would wonder why I was speaking to him because he was in the Cs. People who went to Broughton, which was the local school next to us, were seen as absolute scum. We

would walk past them when we went to rugby. My two youngest children go to Broughton and it's a brilliant school. I wish I'd gone there.

29. My academic decline started when I was about fourteen or fifteen. I was still in set 1 for most subjects and set 2 for a couple of things. I was expected to get seven or eight A's in my O'levels. We sat O'levels and A'levels, which were the English exams, rather than O'grades and Highers, which were the Scottish exams. We looked down our noses at people who did O'grades and Highers because they were stupid. We did O'levels and A'levels because we were superior.
30. I failed two of my O'levels. I resat them both in the December. I got Cs in three subjects, a few Bs and one A. My form teacher in the fourths, Mr Orr, wrote to me after the results came out. He said that I must be very disappointed. He told me not to worry, that a similar thing had happened to him and that I was a clever boy. It was so nice of him. He didn't need to do that. He taught me English and Latin. I still have that letter. Nobody questioned why things had deteriorated for me.
31. After our O'levels, we still had three more years to go. We actually sat our O'levels in the equivalent of third year, so a year earlier than most pupils. In the Higher course, we were graded according to how we had done in our O'levels. I picked five Higher classes and I was in set 3 for all of them. Instead of being in the same set 1 class as people I had been with for the last five years, I was in a class with people who were not my friends. I knew who they were and I became friends with them. The people I had been friendly with would walk past me in the yard. We didn't even speak to each other. There's a guy who I've become friendly with after allegations of abuse at the Academy were made public. We stopped speaking when we were about sixteen. I used to go to his house in Manchester and Polmont when he was a boarder. We had been really good friends. Because I was no longer in his class, we stopped speaking. It didn't feel tough at the time, but I certainly wasn't happy at school.
32. I did appallingly in my Highers. I ended up with an A, a B and two Cs after two years of Highers. The first time I did them I got a B, a C and two fails. I did two A-levels in English and French but I didn't pass them.

Truantiing/behavioural changes

33. I was bullied from the age of thirteen until I left the school. It was to the extent that I wouldn't go to school or I would go for particular things and leave. I always seemed to get caught. I would get caught on a bus or in town. I lived in Trinity and a lot of teachers lived in Trinity. I met my class teacher's wife one day when I left at 1:00 pm. She went to the same church as my family. I said, "Hello, Mrs Wilcox." She said hello back. The next day, her husband said that I had been seen leaving school early. I said that was right and that I had seen his wife. He said that it wasn't her who had told him but asked me not to do it again. I did it that day again and met his wife again. After that, he punished me. He wasn't a beater so I probably got a detention.
34. I was very unhappy at school, but I didn't know that I was unhappy. I was a teenager who didn't know what the hell was going on. I had no idea about abuse. I knew that bullying was bad and I felt bullied. I didn't feel safe and I felt frightened, but I thought that was from the bullies. Punk rock started in 1977, which was unbelievably good for me. Last month, my trauma counsellor explained to me why I run to punk rock even now. I can't get angry and I find it difficult to get sad. Through punk music, my anger can come out when I sing to the music. I hate the school, I hate the police, I hate my parents, I hate the queen, I hate society, I love anarchy, I want to be me. That was my release, as it was for a lot of boys at that time.
35. I used to skip school and go up to the record shops to get albums signed. I met Ian Dury and the Stranglers. I would get caught. One teacher said to me that when I was older, what was I going to remember, French history or Ian Dury and the Blockheads? I told him I'd remember Ian Dury and the Blockheads. Ian Dury signed my album cover. I've still got it and I'm so glad that I did that.
36. I defaced my school uniform. I coloured in the 'EA' on my blazer. I pulled the threads on my trousers out. It looked like a stripe on my trousers because it was missing the threads. I deliberately cut the knees so I looked like the Ramones. I would wear Doc Marten shoes to school, which weren't allowed. I cut my hair into a punk haircut. I wasn't a rebel who was verbally rebellious. I was quite quiet, but I was trying to say

something, I was trying to do something. I don't know what I was trying to do, but I was obviously deeply upset.

37. From the age of about thirteen, fourteen, I self-harmed. One of the things I did was pull my hair out. It would have been obvious to adults, but nobody spoke to me about it. I would bite all the hairs of my fingers and hands. I wrote 'fuck' with a [REDACTED] on my arm. My mother was appalled about it. My mum had adopted a public image where she wanted to be something she wasn't. When I tan a lot, you can still see the faint outline of 'fuck'. It's like a reminder. I never spoke to the doctor about the self-harm.
38. By the age of fifteen, sixteen, I certainly wasn't happy. I couldn't express how I felt. I obviously hadn't performed in my O'levels. My parents were spending all this money and asking what was wrong. I was sent to see the chaplain, Howard Haslett. I was with him for about fifteen minutes. He said that my dad had asked him to speak to me because he was worried about what was wrong. I asked what was wrong. He said that my dad was worried that I wasn't doing well. I said that I was doing alright. I've been in touch with Howard Haslett recently. He remembers nothing about anything. He was at the Academy for 31 years. He told me that my dad approached him and the rector of the school on three occasions.
39. I had one master who was new in my final year. He wasn't one of my teachers. He asked me who I was and I told him. He said he had heard all about me. What he basically said was that he wasn't expecting me to look the way that I did and he was expecting to see some kind of mental case. Punk music and drinking saved my life. If I hadn't found both of them, I wouldn't have made it to twenty. I started drinking when I was fifteen. As much as alcohol almost killed me, it did save my life. It numbed my feelings.

Sports

40. We did have a sports day in junior years of prep school, but there was no rugby until Primary 3. I was average to bad at rugby. I was very small for my age. We played

rugby during school hours. We started playing matches against other schools in Primary 6, but I wasn't in a rugby team. At the senior school, I did cross country running after the age of fifteen because I gave up rugby. It was for folk who were useless, unfit or rebelling.

Healthcare

41. If you were unwell, you went to the school office. I think there was somebody there like a nurse. I never went there.

Girls

42. We would meet girls from St. George's School for Reel Club from the age of fourteen. Reel Club was Scottish dancing. It took place at the Arboretum Road Prep School on a Saturday night for about eight weeks in a row. The only other contact with girls was at the Pony Club ball, which took place at the Academy or Fettes. It was all private school people who went along. People got horrendously drunk at the age of fourteen, fifteen and were badly behaved. That was the only contact we had with girls. We had no idea what girls were and we didn't treat them at all well.
43. The first three girls started at the Academy when I was there and aged sixteen. They were in the year above me because the next girls to arrive were in my year. They were all day pupils. They came to do A-levels because they couldn't do them at St. George's. It was like Madonna was in the school. At prayers, there was a stage where the rector, school chaplain, head Ephor and duty teacher sat. The hall was on two levels in an oval shape. The majority of people sat on the lower level. There was a raised level with space for one seat all the way round. All the masters sat on the raised level. When the girls came, they sat there too. There was a girl called [REDACTED], a girl called [REDACTED] and a girl called [REDACTED], which we thought was funny because of her initials. Everybody just sat and looked at the girls in prayers. We didn't know what girls were, which I'm guessing is why a lot of former pupils have had issues in relationships. The way that we were brought up to view girls was appalling.

44. There were about six girls in my year. Progressively handfuls of girls would start in their A-level year. My son started at the Academy in 2006 when he was twelve. In 2007, girls came to the school properly. The whole ethos of the school totally changed. My son was bullied in his first year. Like me, he was really small for his age and he couldn't stand up for himself. He was being verbally bullied. When the girls came, the whole thing swung around. Instead of being about who was the hardest boy it became about who was going to get the girls. My daughter started at the Academy two years later. There were only 28 girls in her year so it was her and sixty boys. Being a thirteen year old girl, she loved it. She got all the attention. The school of today did a good job with my kids and they loved it.

Prefects

45. There were prefects in the senior school called Ephors. It was a Greek word because they were pompous and arrogant. It meant a senator or cohort. The Ephors would hand out lines. They would occasionally beat people, but I think that practice had mainly stopped by the time I reached the senior school. In the old days, the Ephors would beat people. I got lines from them. I think they abused their privileges in the sense that they thought they ruled the place and could do whatever they wanted. I got lines from them when I was about fifteen. The first five lines I wrote words from a Shakespeare play. I then wrote from a passage from a book about the Bay City Rollers, just to take the piss out of them. I thought that they wouldn't read it but, of course, they did read it. I was summoned back by the Ephor and asked to read out my lines. I started reading them and I was talking about Woody, Les McEwan, Tam Paton and Bye Bye Baby. The Ephors were all sitting there, laughing at me. I got more lines to do.

Discipline

46. I don't know whether there was any kind of written code of discipline at the prep school. It was just taken for granted that we got whacked. I didn't experience any physical punishment until I was in Primary 5. I was nine years old. That was when the clachan came out. I have a clachan so I've measured it. It's eighteen inches long and the head

of it is about the size of a hand. All of the male teachers had a clachan. Of the eight male teachers in the prep school, only one didn't use it. That was Mr Benson, the science teacher. The female teachers didn't have clachans. I think they just sent us out of the classroom if they were disciplining us.

47. We would be sent out by the lady teachers in Primary 3 and Primary 4. The men all used the clachan on us in Primary 5 and 6. I don't remember any of the male teachers sending us out. Beatings with the clachan always took place in the classroom in front of the whole class. Mr IGG SNR wasn't involved in punishing us.
48. My Primary 5 form teacher, IJW, would bring the clachan out and hit us with it. He did that in a nice way. He would hit us reasonably hard and make us cry, but he wasn't brutal. He would do that if we were messing about, not listening or being disruptive. He also did it to people who got things wrong. It was almost as if Mr IJW used the clachan knowing that it wasn't right. He would make us cry, but he wasn't horrible. When he did it, we thought we must have deserved it.
49. Mr IJW had a cupboard with no light in it. He would sometimes put boys in the cupboard. There was one boy in particular who loved being put in the cupboard. He would go in for quite a lot of the lesson. Mr IJW would open the door and the boy would come out all pleased with himself because he'd been in the cupboard for half an hour.
50. When I look back on it, there were undoubtedly boys in my year who were autistic or had ADHD or dyslexia. There were three or four boys in my class who we classed as stupid. That was basically how the school pushed us down the river like logs. We were all super intelligent and we were going to be lawyers, doctors and accountants. If you were stupid, then really you shouldn't have been at the school. It gave us that arrogance. Stupid people were berated for being stupid. I know one of those boys now and he is profoundly dyslexic. He used to stare out of the window when he was asked questions. He used to pretend that he was thinking about what the answer was. We didn't know what dyslexia was then, or ADHD or autism. I think that a lot of the boys

who got beaten were autistic or had ADHD. It was the 1970s and nobody knew about these things.

51. Discipline in the senior school was more of the same. No record was taken when we were given physical punishments. I know that because I've had my school record from the school. It mentions that I was punished on two occasions, but it doesn't mention the other times. My parents didn't know that I was punished in this way. The record containing the two assaults was on a file held on me at the school. One of the occasions was when I was clachaned by Mr IDZ [REDACTED], who is now dead. I was about fifteen, sixteen at the time. I can't remember why I was given that punishment. The other occasion was when I was hit with what was called a gun sling by Mr IFN [REDACTED]. After he struck me three times on each hand, I was unable to hold a pen in class.
52. We had a code of conduct at the back of the rule book we were given in senior school. We were issued with this book at the start of every year in senior school. I can remember one of the rules was no eating in the streets. No 'ragging' was another rule, which was an Academy word for fighting. We had to have our school uniform at all times. We always had to wear our blazers. In the winter, we had to wear a duffel coat. We weren't allowed to smoke. The book also gave details of where all the teachers lived and when they had joined the school. It listed the sets we were in by year.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy – Prep School

John Brownlee

53. In Primary 5, I was unlucky enough to have Mr Brownlee as my French teacher. He's 83 now. He retired in 1995 so he was in his early thirties when he taught me. We were absolutely terrified of him. That terror has continued all of my life. He came into our class to teach us French. He was mental. He also lived round the corner from my parents and he went to the same church. He was regarded in the same way as a local doctor and everyone paid reverence to him because he was an Edinburgh Academy teacher. He was just a thug and a bully. He played cricket and golf. Unlike Mr

IJW [REDACTED], he took full golf swing with a back swing when he hit us with the clachan. We were only eight and nine years old. He would lift people off the ground with the brutal force that he used.

54. Brownlee would use the clachan if we weren't listening or paying attention. He would give us classwork to do. [REDACTED] would look out of the window. Brownlee would pick on him because he wasn't paying attention. He wasn't paying attention because he couldn't pay attention. We were just being boys. Brownlee was savage. He struck us on the buttocks. Because boys were terrified, they sometimes moved up when he was beating them. At gym, we would see the black and blue marks on their legs from the clachan. The marks were level with where their shorts came to. Parents of eight or nine year old boys must have wondered what was going on. Presumably, they would see their children in the bath or shower. I don't know whether my parents saw my bruises. Maybe at that age of eight, nine, ten I wasn't displaying my buttocks to my parents.
55. I remember one boy being clachaned. He fell to the ground and he was lying on the ground, crying. He was saying, "Please don't hit me." Brownlee picked him up by the hair. His feet were off the ground. He was held by the hair while he clachaned him. He then threw him down like a rag doll. I've felt frightened for most of my life because of things like that. I've overcome it now, but until about four years ago I felt frightened and I never knew what it was.
56. Brownlee would clachan boys at least six times. Sometimes, I remember him being out of control and just carrying on. It could have been double that. He would shout as he hit us. We had French about three times a week. It would be wrong of me to say that people would be beaten at every French class, but it felt like it was every French class. It happened weekly. We called it being thrashed or whacked. We referred to Brownlee as a psycho. It's a very strange word for eight or nine year olds to use about a man. We also used to use the word sadist for him. Pretty much everybody in the class was whacked by Brownlee, including me. Some boys got it a lot more than others.

57. When I went into Primary 6, Brownlee was my form teacher. On a daily basis he would beat people up. He would clachan people. Our classroom was on an upper level and overlooked the playground at the front. We had lockers underneath the window which ran along the length of the window. There were lockers up to about knee height and then another one up to the bottom of the window. He would put boy's heads, including mine, into the locker. The lockers didn't have doors. You could just see from your shoulders out. He would clachan you and your head would bang off the locker when he hit you.
58. Brownlee was a very good cricketer. He would throw wooden board dusters at us. I can vividly recall a guy sitting at the back of the class. In the younger years, the class was arranged alphabetically. In Primary 6, the clever boys would be at the back. The front row was for the stupid people. I was in the A stream so nobody was stupid, but the front was for the least clever people in the class. [REDACTED] was sitting at the back, reading a book inside his French book. Brownlee picked up on that and asked him what he was doing. [REDACTED] looked up and we could tell that he was something that wasn't right because he looked terrified. Brownlee asked him to put his book down and he wouldn't do it. He asked him again and he did it. You could see that there was another book inside it. Brownlee threw the board duster at him and it hit him on his forehead. I was new in 6A so I was classed as an unknown and sat in the middle of the class. I looked round and watched Brownlee throw the board duster at [REDACTED] head.
59. Brownlee would also punch boys. Because we were wee, we would be lifted up off the ground when he punched us. He put us in headlocks and walk you round past the other boys, pulling you by your head. He would pull us by the hair. He would kick us up the backside. He would kick us so hard that he would lift us off the ground. Sometimes, he would hit the fleshy part of your bum which was okay. Other times, the toe of his shoes would go right up your backside to where your coccyx is. The shockwaves went right up your back. We were so wee and he did a full kick. He would run at us.

60. Brownlee would throw us into doors. He would throw people into the blackboard. He would try and strangle us. It was mental. I can't actually believe I'm saying this. I have a psychotherapy diploma, which I did to try and understand all this. I don't understand why he did all this. When he was my form teacher, this happened on a daily basis and sometimes more than once a day. He was absolutely brutal. It was just accepted that was how he was. We didn't know anything different. We did our best not to be beaten, but the guys who obviously had dyslexia, ADHD, autism and Asperger's couldn't help themselves. There were two boys in particular who got hammered all the time. One of them, [REDACTED], is now dead. The other one was [REDACTED].
61. As a nine, ten year old, I didn't analyse myself. I was just a wee boy. I did my very best not to be attacked. There was an art teacher in her early twenties called Miss Barry. Her brother was in the year below me. Brownlee had a fancy for her. I didn't know what that was, but we knew that he liked her a lot. He would wander about and he was always popping into art. We would be warned by him before we went to art. He had a phrase, "Woe betide anybody that gets sent out of art." We used to go to art terrified that if we were sent out, he would kill us. I did get sent out of art once. Directly opposite the art class were the toilets. I used to stand in the doorway of the toilets. The far end of the corridor was where Brownlee would come from his classroom, on patrol. I would stand on the toilet so that he wouldn't see my feet if he walked past. I remember standing on the same toilet seat as another boy, [REDACTED], and we were shaking. I did everything I could so as not to get attacked.
62. I remember reading a farewell article in the *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle* when Brownlee retired. It said that he was from Leven in Fife and he had a particular dislike for private education. Maybe he came to the Academy to get his own back. He was brutal and terrified us constantly. Even in a lesson when he wasn't attacking you, you were afraid. That fear stayed with me all my life.

Iain Wares

63. As well as having Brownlee as my form teacher in 6A, I was 'blessed' with having Iain Wares as my maths teacher. Recently, I learned that John Brownlee was the best man

at Iain Wares' wedding. Iain Wares came into the school as a 26 year old. Brownlee was the deputy head and he was violent. Wares obviously realised that he could be violent and nothing would happen to him. They were both good at cricket and they both took rugby. I would guess that they went out drinking together.

64. Wares came to Brownlee's classroom to teach us maths three or four times a week. He did two different things. He beat the living daylights out of some people and he sexually abused the others. By terrifying the whole class so that when he then sexually abused you it was actually quite nice. I can only remember him beating me once or twice. He mainly sexually abused me. There were other boys who he only beat and didn't sexually abuse. I didn't mind him sexually abusing me because he wasn't beating me up. I was ten. I didn't actually know what he was doing, but he was obviously arousing me and it felt quite nice. I was ten and he was an adult. He was smiling at me, saying that it was nice. I was thinking that it was nice compared to what he had just done to someone else, by being violent.
65. He was able to abuse me and realise that I didn't complain. He did it at his desk, which was raised. He would sit at his desk and call me forward. I would go round to the side of the desk. He would make me hold my maths workbook with both hands so I didn't have a spare hand. First of all, he would cuddle me, then his hand went up my shorts. As the weeks went on, he did progressively more. Initially, he would touch the top of my thigh and then he touched inside my pants. I have no idea what finger it was, but he then inserted a finger inside me. It was uncomfortable because I obviously wasn't used to that. I certainly didn't think that he shouldn't be doing it. He was quite a strikingly good looking man. He had blond hair and he was South African. When he got annoyed his face went bright red, which contrasted with his blond hair. He had a really nice smile. My head would be slightly higher than his when he was sitting down at his desk. He would pretend that he was looking at my work as I held it. He would look up at me and smile while he putting his hand up my shorts.
66. While he was doing that, the rest of the class were meant to be doing their work. Some of them had had it done to them as well. Everybody knew what he was doing. A couple of boys were obviously aroused when they came back to their desks. It was

embarrassing for them. I only ever remember the sexual abuse taking place in the classroom. I am aware from recent news reports that there are allegations that he abused someone in a changing room. I wasn't a good rugby player so I wasn't party to any of that as Wares coached the first team. It felt like the abuse started pretty much at the beginning of the school year and it carried on throughout the whole of Primary 6.

67. Wares would beat boys with the clachan. He would also put boys into a headlock and walk them round the room. Sometimes, he would run them into a wall, head first. He threw people into walls and blackboards. It was just mental. We didn't compare where the bruises came from, but a lot of boys were always bruised all of the time when we were in 6A. [REDACTED] was one of the boys who got beaten a lot, but not sexually abused. He was small and fat and I presume Wares couldn't get his hand up his shorts. [REDACTED] was a bully. I now realise that a lot of the boys who were bullies in the upper school became bullies because they were abused and bullied in prep school. It was almost like *Lord of the Flies*. A lot of us turned feral. I was small and I wasn't a good fighter so I got bullied by my peers.
68. [REDACTED] was the only Jewish boy in the school. I don't recall anything bad ever happening to him. He was extremely intelligent and always finished first or second in the A stream. He's now a multi-millionaire in London running a consultancy firm. That's probably the job he had ear-marked for him when he was about five. He was a 'goody goody', he was very intelligent and his dad was some kind of aristocrat or industrialist. Nothing ever happened to him. There was another really bright guy, [REDACTED] [REDACTED], who never did anything wrong. Nothing ever happened to him.
69. There were maybe ten people who Wares would regularly sexually abuse. It was like a wee conveyer belt. One of them was [REDACTED]. He is also the one who has recently approached a journalist to say that none of the abuse ever happened. He described Wares as "touchy feely" and that the beatings were just part of what happened in the seventies. I remember watching [REDACTED] being abused. He was one of the boys who became aroused. ^{KHL}[REDACTED] and [REDACTED] were also sexually abused. There is a bit of a pattern because we were all small and dark

haired and we weren't ugly. We were compliant so we were easy to manipulate and we didn't complain. Wares was so nice that he made what he was doing feel like a reward.

70. The fear of what Brownlee did to me stayed with me all my life. It may not all be attributable to him, but it didn't help. With Iain Wares, the brutality was cancelled out because he was nice to me. I guess that's how abusers work. They make you feel that you're special. He was someone who was brutal smiling at me, telling me that I was good and that it was nice. He was doing something to me that as a ten year old boy was quite nice. I was only just discovering my own sexuality. A man was doing that and making me aroused. I was ten so I probably didn't have anything to ejaculate, but as I remember it, he was making that happen without anything coming out. Why would that not be nice? I didn't know that it was wrong. Because nobody had ever done that to me before I thought that maybe all adults did that to kids.
71. When Wares left the junior school, to go to Fettes Primary School, he was given a glowing reference. He also got a write up in the *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle*, saying what a stalwart he was.

IDO

72. When we were beaten with the clachan, it made a banging noise when it struck us. It would reverberate and the classrooms downstairs would have heard it. When I was in 5B, the teacher in 5A was IDO. He IDO. He was quite a vicious clachaner. He hurt boys badly. I never saw it because it took place in their classroom with the door shut. I heard it because my classroom was next door. Ironically, he's been Mr Brownlee's best friend for the last thirty years and they play golf together. They live twenty yards from each other so it all seems very cosy. Although I never saw Mr IDO hit anybody, I've heard that when he used the clachan he would hit boys like a squash ball. That's just beyond comprehension. You would hear the noise of the clachan and screaming or people saying, "Don't," "Stop," "No," "Please." They were begging.

IDP

73. The gym teacher must have noticed the bruising on our buttocks because he would make us strip off. His name was IDP and he lived in Gullane. He's dead now. He was something to do with the war so we used to call him IDP. I think he had a fetish for watching boys naked. If a boy had his pants on underneath his gym shorts, he would make two other boys stand on either side of him and pull his shorts down to reveal his underpants. They would then pull the boy's pants down so he was standing naked in full view of the class in the gym. The boy would then have to go and put his gym shorts back on.
74. IDP had two weapons. One was a boxing glove called Jemima. The other was a table tennis bat called Stingray. He would use Stingray on our bottoms. We only had gym shorts on, which were thinner than boxer shorts. It was terribly sore. His favourite was Jemima. If someone was bad, he would give another boy the boxing glove and make that boy punch the boy who had been bad in the face. Boys would be crying. We didn't know how to punch so I don't know if it left bruising, but it was crazy. I don't remember that happening in the thirds, but it happened from Primary 4 until the end of prep school.

Mr IBL

75. Mr IBL taught and he was the form teacher of 6B. Mr IBL unfortunately committed suicide by . He had decided to retire early. I believe that was because the police were closing in on him. I did a trip to Hadrian's Hall when I was eleven. Nothing major happened so I haven't reported it. I remember sitting in the back of the minibus and he had his arm around me. It felt fine, having a teacher with his arm around me. It was around my waist. Thinking back on it, that wasn't right.

Abuse at Edinburgh Academy – Senior School

Bullying

76. I was small and I wasn't a good fighter so I was bullied a lot in the senior school. It didn't start in the Geits or Senior 1. It started in Senior 3 or 4 and continued until I left the school. I can now make it into a bigger jigsaw. When adolescence was kicking in, boys started passing on things. Bullying started to get really bad. The bullying involved fighting. There were lots of fights all over the place in different classrooms. The library was a haven at break and lunch times. I would quite often go to the library, knowing that the fights wouldn't take place there because there was a librarian to supervise. When I look back now, there were lots of boys pretending that they were in the library doing things. Three of them were boys who I know were abused. They were using it as a haven as well.
77. I got attacked. I was punched and kicked. I once got my hair pulled so badly that my scalp separated from my skull. I don't want to give the name of the person who did that to me. He was in my year at school and I was sixteen. That was all that he really did to me. He wasn't trying to pull my hair off. He was just pulling my hair and I had to walk around with him pulling my hair. Fluid formed on the top of my head and it was spongy. It's in my medical notes. Other boys would come up and say, "IKA [REDACTED]'s got a spongy head." We didn't call each other by our first names. Guys that I didn't know would come and poke my head. My mum saw what had happened and she took me to the doctor. She asked me what had happened and I told her that someone had pulled my hair.
78. When I was fifteen, I was made to fight a friend of mine who was also not a fighter. It was like badger baiting or a fight club. Guys who were fighters and bullies took us down to the music room. It was like we were captured. There were about a dozen people in the music room and we were made to fight each other. Neither of us could fight, but we were baited. Everyone was shouting and telling me to kick him in the face. I did kick him in the face. He was my friend. It was dreadful.

79. It was so feral and violent. In one class, there was a desk lid that could be lifted off its hinges. People would get battered with the desk lid. People regularly got kicked in. Boys would put dinner plates inside seat cushion covers. They would then hit other boys with the cushion, but it had a dinner plate inside of it. It was seriously violent stuff from boys who came from backgrounds that you wouldn't expect that from. I believe it was because of the abuse we experienced when we were younger. They didn't know what to do. The actor, Iain Glen, made allegations of sexual and physical abuse at the Academy about twenty years ago. He was a bully. I was scared of him. He was a really menacing guy.
80. Boys weren't just horrible. It was serious stuff. Gangs of six, seven, eight, nine, ten people, sometimes more, used to roam the yard, looking for people to attack. The masters were nowhere to be seen. It was a den of violence. One of my friends brought a knife out in a pub at the Barnton roundabout, The Fountain. It was a birthday party, but we were all underage. The police took him away. He was not a guy who would expect to bring a knife out. The only way I can put it is that we were all fucked up. I was scared to go to school. I was scared of the boys, of the teachers and of the beatings.

Hamish Dawson

81. I didn't experience any physical or sexual abuse in Senior 1. In Senior 2, I had the 'privilege' of getting Mr Dawson as my form teacher. He physically and sexually abused me. Mr Dawson was eccentric. He was amusing. He made history quite interesting. He liked tickling boys and writing on them. He would write on their arms to their legs. He would lift up their shirts and write on their tummies and backs and thighs, "I must do this," or, "Do not do that."
82. Mr Dawson had weapons of mass destruction that had names. One of them was called a 'botty corrector'. I don't know which weapon was which. He had a ball and chain. It was a metal ball with spikes coming out of it on a chain. He would wave it around, but I don't remember him hitting anybody with it. He had a baseball bat with nails in it, which also had a name. He clachaned people. He had a big ruler that he would use to

hit people on the knuckles. These weapons were known throughout the school. When he left, they were referred to by the rector in the *Chronicle*. I can't remember being beaten by Mr Dawson, but I saw other boys being beaten by him. It tended to be the same boys who were beaten by Brownlee and Wares, the boys who I suspect had ADHD or other things.

83. He had a jar of jellybeans on his desk. He would hand jellybeans out for doing stuff. He would tell you to come up and get a jellybean. He would put his arm around you and tickle you. He had a big high desk as well so he had to sit on a higher chair. He would bend you over him and make you rub his groin by mistake. He was erect. I was only about thirteen. Initially, I wasn't quite sure what it was. It was only in looking back on it that I realised that was why he did that. He would bend you over him and sometimes over his groin. He would be tickling and things, but because his chair was at that height, he could put you over his groin. His hand would go down the back of your trousers when he tickled you. He would tickle you so that his wrist went into your groin and he would grab you. It all makes sense now. He used to laugh like Ken Dodd and make it all jovial. The sexual abuse at his desk happened to me and I saw it happening to other boys.
84. Hamish Dawson was also the leader of the Steam Navigation Club. It meant you sailed steam navigation boats which were like old puffers. He hand-picked boys to go on this puffer trip every Easter. I wasn't a member of the club, but I was "selected" to go on this trip from Inverness to Fort William down the Caledonian Canal. It was the Easter of 1975. [REDACTED] It was a proper coal driven boat. We would help throw the coal in. We went down the Caledonian Canal through the locks. I was thirteen. There were about fifteen boys on the trip who were all the same age as me. In hindsight, they were all compliant, nice, respectful people who he could direct quite easily. I think we were hand-picked so he could abuse us.
85. It was a tiny wee puffer. We all slept in bunks which were four or six boys in a tiny room. It became apparent that the only place you could wash yourself was in a shower cubicle about the size of a telephone box. The shower had a curtain. Dawson would pick us one by one to go in the shower. You would go into the shower. He kept the

shower curtain open so he could watch. He stood very close to me in the shower, watching me. I turned around. I didn't want this man watching me. He told me to turn around. He told me to wash everything and to let him see. It was deeply embarrassing. He did that every night. I'm guessing that he must have done that to everybody else, but it felt like it was only me. It was weird.

86. Mr [IKJ] was on the puffer trip arranged by Dawson. He was a [redacted] teacher. He [redacted] in 1986. It now appears the people on the trip were part of Dawson's paedophile ring. [IKJ] was a lovely man. I would guess that Dawson dragged him into things that he didn't like, but I don't know that for certain.
87. Dawson was also a housemaster in Mackenzie boarding house. The boarding houses were divided by age and I think Mackenzie was for boys aged eight to about thirteen. I was aware at gym and rugby that boarders would come in with things written on them in coloured felt pen. It would be on their arms, their stomachs and their buttocks. Boarders also told me that Dawson would come into the shower room and watch them all having showers. The boarders told us that he would make them sing nursery rhymes with their hands above their heads while they were completely naked. They had to turn around whilst singing the nursery rhymes. They told me that he would tie boys to beds with ties and tickle them. There were coat hooks in the changing rooms at Mackenzie House, which were near the showers. The boarders told us that Dawson would hang boys up by their rugby tops on the coat hooks. Hearing what he did to boarders made me feel uncomfortable, especially the nursery rhymes. At that age, some boys had started to mature and some hadn't. I was one of the later ones. The thought of being completely naked in front of a teacher at the age of thirteen was just weird.
88. All of the boarders told me these things happened. I can remember one in particular, [redacted]. He died in a car crash when he was in his mid-twenties. He was always getting written on by Dawson. He did a very strange thing when he was about thirteen. He took a [redacted] and tried to [redacted]. From then on, he had a deep groove in his front teeth. It was a form of self-harm.

89. I only ever went to Mackenzie House on one occasion. It was when I was in Dawson's French history class, so I was fifteen or sixteen. My memory hits a blank. Rightly or wrongly, I can only assume that something horrific happened and my mind shut down. I was summoned by him. It wasn't a good summons. Something bad had happened. He was my class teacher. If I needed to give him something I could have done it in class, but he asked me to come to Mackenzie House. He lived in Mackenzie House and the boys lived there as well. He had separate living quarters. I was early. I recently described his living room to his daughter, who has been on the radio speaking about her father. It was a purple living room with green flowery wallpaper and a purple carpet. His daughter said that was their living room so I knew I wasn't making it up. I don't know why I was there. I can see Dawson coming through the door and coming towards me but I don't remember it anymore. I know deep down that he did something bad to me, but it is locked away and I can't access it.
90. I was never summoned to the boarding house before or after that occasion. I can only guess that he did something bad to me. I have no recollection of him doing anything to me, but for me not to know is strange. I can picture boys in the tuck shop and remember what they bought. I can see the birds pecking the metal milk tops off the bottles. I've got an amazing memory but I just can't remember what happened in Mackenzie House. I'm a hypnotherapist and I've tried to self-hypnotise to do regression. I can't get there, but maybe it's just as well. I think that something bad happened, but thankfully I can't feel it and I can't think it. I just know that when I left there, I didn't feel good. I can remember walking home up Arboretum Road and feeling terrible, but I can't unlock what happened.

Mr IBP

91. Mr IBP was a teacher. He taught me when I was thirteen, fourteen and again when I was about sixteen years old. He was a gigantic, big, fat slob. He stank of B.O. He wore a tank top which often had all his lunch down it. He was a very strange man. He was a single man who lived with his mother. He would take your face cheek and twist it or pinch it. It was really sore. He would pull us up by the sideburns. Bearing in mind he was about twenty stone, he would come round to your desk and

sit on us at our desks. I was talking to one of my friends recently. He told me that when his mum went to a parents' evening, Mr [REDACTED] said to her that what her son needed was "a good sitting on". She asked what that meant and he told her that he needed sat upon. She thought that he meant her son needed put in his place. She asked her son what he meant and he said that was when he came and sat on you. We were just wee boys. I can still feel the weight of him.

92. I also got extra maths with Mr [REDACTED]. When I was doing my Highers, despite the fact that I'd always been in the top set and had been really good at maths, I wasn't understanding maths. I wasn't understanding anything. My parents got me extra maths tuition with him. This was not done through the school. It was a private arrangement. He stayed near my mum and dad, around the corner from us, so I went to his house. I never saw his mother. The house was in darkness. Even though it was during the day, all of the windows had the curtains closed. There was a desk with an angle poised lamp which shone on the desk. I had to sit there next to him with his legs rubbing my legs.
93. Occasionally, he'd get up and he'd be all over me and stroking me. He would lean over me. He was trying to make it look like he wasn't cuddling me or touching me. I think he was testing me out to see if I reacted. Nothing untoward happened in the sense that he did anything overtly sexual, but it was really creepy. I would have to turn around to talk to him and his legs would go into my legs. Because I was fifteen, sixteen, I was old enough to know that I should try and get back but his knee was in the way. It was creepy. He stank as well so it was horrible.
94. The school had an outward bound centre up at Glen Dall, near Kirriemuir. Various masters would take boys on trips at Easter time and other times. I did it a few times. Mr [REDACTED] was on one of the trips when I was fourteen or fifteen. There were showers downstairs. You would hang up your jackets and boots and then through the back there were walk-in showers. There were about five shower heads. It was a walk-in shower area so there was no door. We would come in muddy so we would get undressed and have a shower, get dried and then get dressed. Mr [REDACTED] came in and had a shower with us. To this day, it still scars me. He was massively fat and all

his fat hung over. It was bizarre, seeing your teacher naked. He looked funny naked, apart from being fat. All of us thought that it was very odd. We had a laugh because he had a wee willy. Because he was a big fat man with a wee willy the whole thing just looked bizarre. It was like a cartoon. I'm still in disbelief as to why that happened.

Mr IJX

95. Mr IJX taught me [REDACTED]. He used to stand in front of the class and jingle his pockets full of money. He would grab his testicles while he did it. He would stand like a policeman. He would bend his legs and put his hand in his pocket and yank himself. He was well known as another sexual weirdo, but I don't know of him touching anybody.

Masters' wives

96. I've since heard from somebody else that a master's wife also stripped off naked in the same showers with the boys at Glen Dall. Someone asked her what she was doing and her reply was something like, "I never thought you saw me as a woman." I've also heard that Mrs IJY, who was the wife of the [REDACTED] teacher, slept with seventeen and eighteen year old boys in the boarding houses. These are all things that have come out recently. They happened when I was at the school, but I wasn't aware of them at the time.

IPT

97. IPT didn't abuse me. He was my [REDACTED] teacher. He has just been released from prison for abusing children. I wasn't aware of him abusing boys when I was at school, but I became aware of it after I left. I asked Mr IFN's son (Mr IFN was a [REDACTED] teacher) why IPT had left the school. He told me that bad things had been going on and he had been doing stuff to boys. I asked him what sort of things and he said that I didn't want to know. He told me that the school had given him a reference and he had moved to [REDACTED]. He left in 198[REDACTED] and I left in 198[REDACTED]. I found out

around 1995 that he had been given the reference to allow him to move on, to another school, after abusing boys at the Academy.

98. It just adds to the magic circle of paedophiles that operated in the school under the jurisdiction of the rector and all the other teachers that knew what was going on but said nothing.

IBU

99. IBU was the PE teacher at senior school. He was an He delighted in being in the changing rooms. They weren't very big. The showers were near his office. After gym, we had to get undressed and have showers. He always made a point of coming in and standing in the changing room where he could see into the showers. He would watch everybody naked. He would talk nonsense to us to make it look like he was there to talk about stuff. He was watching all the boys. That was well known and I saw it happen. He would say things like, "You're not even wet, IKA. Just go in again." It was creepy. With hindsight, he was definitely up to no good.

Mr IFN

100. On one occasion, the file I obtained from the school on me says 'P' for punishment. It said I was given a gun-sling because I'd skipped off early from cross country. I was fifteen. At the end of the cross country, I wasn't there. The teacher, Mr IFN, asked me where I had been and I told him that I wasn't well. He said that we were doing it again tonight or tomorrow. I told him that I couldn't go because I was doing something. As a punishment, I had to go to the master's lodge hold my hands out and be hit with a gun sling. A gun sling was what you put on a rifle. I had to hold my hand out to be hit and it wraps round your hand. I got three on each hand. I then went to maths. My teacher asked me why I wasn't writing. I told him that I couldn't hold a pen. I held out my hands and they were about twice the size as normal. Mr IFN is now dead. I am reasonably friendly with his son. I told him what had happened a few years ago and he said that I must've deserved it. Mr IFN was a wee fat, unfit

man. We did cross country running because we weren't doing rugby. The gun sling was thick leather and about half an inch thick and two metres long. You got hit with it on your hands, like a whip.

Mr IDT

101. Mr IDT taught . He was a violent man, but he wasn't violent towards me. I was shielded from that because I used to live a hundred yards from his house. He used to give me a lift to swimming with his son. I used to go to his house. He used to beat people up. I saw him doing that when I was fifteen, sixteen and it didn't actually mean anything. It was less violent because we weren't so little. He would beat people with the clachan. He beat Nicky Campbell up really badly. He was wandering about the yards when he should have been at a lesson and IDT beat the hell out of him. Nicky Campbell was in the year above me. I didn't see that happen, but people saw things and spoke about him being attacked. Mr IDT left to go and be at Glasgow Academy.

Thoughts on abuse

102. One of the things I've realised is that I seem to have been abused by more teachers than everybody else. I shouldn't have to try and justify it because, according to my counsellor, that makes me a victim. I have tried to make reason of it. It's because I was just a nice, well-behaved boy and I did what I was told. I was easy to manipulate in that sense. I was brought up not to complain. Being in the A stream meant I was subjected to this abuse. One of my friends was in the B stream. The way his path went, he missed Dawson, he missed Brownlee, he missed Wares. He would have seen IBU but he would describe him as coming into the showers to talk about rugby, not to watch adolescents naked.
103. I found it difficult to breathe when I saw people being clachaned. I've seen people disciplining children and being quite aggressive, but these teachers were seriously out of control. I would sit there like I was watching telly as a wee boy. I wasn't able to verbalise what was happening or even take it in. It was just utter terror. It was constant.

Apart from in the Geits, where it all stopped for a year after prep school, the sexual abuse and the violence continued into the second, the thirds, the fourths, the fifths, sixths and sevenths until I left. It was more so by boys in the fifths, sixths and sevenths in upper school. I'm not aware of the masters clachanning anybody above the age of fifteen, sixteen. Maybe a seventeen year old would turn around and hit him back. It prompted us to be feral. We, in our own way, became violent. Things were broken, there was vandalism and things got stolen. There was a lot of alcohol abuse, smoking and cannabis taking.

Reporting of abuse whilst at Edinburgh Academy

104. I lost touch with my friends from Trinity Academy when I went to Edinburgh Academy. My friends either went to the Academy or they were people in Trinity who went to other private schools. I had friends who went to Heriots and Melville College, but I didn't talk to them about the abuse I was experiencing at the Academy. I didn't talk to other boys at the Academy about the sexual abuse I experienced in 6A. We were at that age, we had been conditioned and that happened so that was what happened. Even the beatings and the bruising, we didn't know anything different. Why would we know any different?
105. My mum's mum was married three times and my mum lived with her aunt from the age of fifteen. Because of her upbringing, she always wanted us to be happy and have a nice family and go to a nice school and look nice for the neighbours. I could never have long hair. I had to be neat and tidy. I always wanted to pierce my ear but my mum wouldn't let me. Aged nineteen, twenty, my mum would tell me that I needed to cut my hair if it got too long. I went and did it. If I hadn't shaved in my forties, she wouldn't speak to me for three days. My mum's public image meant that I could never say I was unhappy. I always had to say that I'd had a good day and I was happy.
106. I'm a hundred percent sure that staff at the school were aware bullying was taking place. Nothing was done about it. When my scalp was separated from my skull by another boy, my mum noticed it. I told her that another boy had pulled my hair. She

didn't go to the school and say anything about what happened. There was no complaints procedure or anywhere that a child could go to raise a concern. I know someone who did go to a teacher to complain about guys in the year below me taking drugs. It resulted in six or seven of the boys being interviewed by the rector. The boy who complained, [REDACTED] then got an absolute kicking. You would never have reported anything. It was so feral and violent.

107. Part of the problem was that the teachers who were sexually and physically abusing people were quite senior. They'd all been there a while. A lot of the newer teachers would be pretty helpless. They'd be in their early or mid-twenties who were in their first post. Where would they go to say that they'd heard another teacher beating people or they'd heard stories about a teacher fondling someone? The boarding house stories were rife.
108. My dad asked the chaplain, Howard Haslett, to speak to me two or three times when I was fifteen or sixteen. He asked me what was wrong. I don't know how I could have said to him that something was wrong. I don't know what he could have done without it being obvious that I'd been singled out. Also, I couldn't explain what was wrong. I just felt sad and upset. I felt angry but I didn't know how to be angry.
109. Howard Haslett recently said to me, and I have it on my phone, "I can't believe that all this went on under my watch for 31 years. No one ever came to me about anything." I asked him if he remembered that I spoke to him when I was fifteen. He said, "That's right, I spoke to your dad." I asked him if he hadn't wondered what was going on and he said no. I know a former pupil who was abused by ^{IPT} [REDACTED]. He was quite a bit younger than me. It's a pending court case so I don't know the details. He went to Howard Haslett and told him that he'd been sexually abused by ^{IPT} [REDACTED]. Howard Haslett told him to run along and that he didn't want to be starting rude stories.

Leaving school

110. The school didn't give me any support after I left. I was sent a *Chronicle* once a year and every so often they ask me for money. I scraped into university to do business organisation. I got kicked out after a year. The school didn't prepare me for anything. They didn't have any interest in me when I had fallen off a cliff. The only preparation I had was to be an accountant or a lawyer. I left school to be an accountant. I have my careers advice from 1977, which says, "Law, accountancy or medicine." That's how I was geared up because I was bright. I think it was similar for anybody in the A stream. If you didn't go to university you were considered to be an absolute thicko.
111. There were about five guys in my year who didn't go to university. One was severely dyslexic and became a roofer. He was a really good roofer and was able to retire early. One was badly abused and became a joiner. One joined the police. He was considered to be really stupid because joining the police was not what the school was all about. One went to college to do mechanics and one became a monk.

Life after leaving school

112. In 1999, I went to Edinburgh University and got a Master of Business Administration (MBA). At that time, it was regarded as one of the top MBAs in the world. I was a marketing manager at the time and my employer funded it for me. I did it partly to prove that I wasn't stupid. I applied myself because I wanted to and I passed it with flying colours. I then did an International Marketing Diploma at Napier University. I did that part-time while I was still working as a marketing manager. I went to university at night for five years. I did my Psychotherapy Diploma at Queen Margaret University. I was so pleased that I told the school that I'd been to [REDACTED] and they put it in the *Chronicle*. I've been a painter and decorator for twenty years, but before that I worked in sales and marketing. I worked with newspapers, journalists and public relations.

113. My two eldest children ended up at Edinburgh Academy by default. It was much against my will that they went to the school. My father-in-law and brother-in-law at the time had also been to the school. My father-in-law wrangled a bursary to enable my son to go there with a massive discount. My father-in-law had played rugby for the [REDACTED]. The headmaster knew him so a bursary was made up. It was awful. I was in the process of splitting up with my wife at the time. I told her that I didn't want our son to go to Edinburgh Academy. She asked why not and I said that it had been awful. At that point, I couldn't remember anything to know why it was awful. I had buried the awful memories.
114. My son started at the Academy in 200[REDACTED]. He was terribly bullied in his first year for coming from Aberlady. Like me, he was really small for his age and he couldn't stand up for himself. He was being verbally bullied. Because of my experience at the school, I wanted him out of there. I wasn't living with his mother and we didn't speak. It was doubly hard for me because all I could think of was what it had been like at the Academy for me. I had to go to a parents evening when my son was in second year. I was absolutely terrified. Five of my old teachers were there. Thankfully they were nice teachers. One of them even remembered my initials. By the time my daughter went to Academy there were two teachers left who had taught me. Laterally, I didn't know any of the teachers from my time at the school. It still gave me the creeps, going to the school hall for stuff. I really wanted out of there. The school of today did a good job with my kids and they loved it.
115. I attended a school reunion about five or six years ago. It was one of the bravest things that I've ever done. Normally, they have a reunion for a year at the time along with partners and teachers. Gradually, there were less and less people at the reunions so my reunion had five years together. There were five leavers from my year, including my brother-in-law which is why I went along. The other four year groups of leavers had about 25 in each group. There was virtually nobody there from my year and you wonder why that is. It was deeply uncomfortable. I had the car so I wasn't drinking. I couldn't numb the pain that way so I had to just be anxious and nervous. I was seeing old teachers. They served us a cheesecake with the school crest on it. I just wanted to throw it at somebody.

116. Since reporting my abuse, I felt comfortable getting in touch with Howard Haslett, who was the chaplain at the school, because he had officiated my marriage. I asked if I could go and see him. I thought that he'd put his arm around me and say that he was sorry to hear what went on. When I went to see him, all I got was his tales of woe and how the school had dismissed him. I told him it was because they wanted his house. The house was enormous and it now has about eight classrooms in it. He was more concerned about that than me or any of the other boys. I went to see him at his house for four hours. For three hours he talked about himself, his grandchildren, his wife, his rugby, his grandchildren, the amount of Guinness he drinks. When I left, he never asked me how I was despite knowing that I was there as an abused pupil.
117. Howard Haslett still says he never knew anything about the abuse that was happening. About a month ago, he referred to the sexual abuse as 'monkey business' and 'tomfoolery'. I have that in my phone. It's incredible. He told me that he had spoken to George Harris, who was a history teacher, and he didn't know a thing either. Howard Haslett definitely knew bad things took place at the school during his 31 years as school chaplain.

Reporting of abuse

Civil action

118. The actor, Iain Glen, reported abuse at the Academy twenty years ago. It went nowhere. The society of Edinburgh put pressure on him. His application for Muirfield Golf Club was withdrawn for no reason. His acting career was threatened so he just dropped everything.
119. About two years ago, I bought the Saturday *Times* newspaper. I don't normally buy it. There was an article about a group of Fettes boys who were trying to extradite their old teacher from South Africa for sexual abuse that took place in the seventies. For some reason, it described the abuse and said that the teacher would have the boys at the desk and sexually abuse them in front of their classmates. It named the group's

lawyer as Laura Connor from Thompsons Solicitors. I phoned her up and said that I had been at Edinburgh Academy. I told her that I had a maths teacher who had done the same thing to me. She asked me his name and I told her he was called Iain Wares. She said that she couldn't tell me anymore, but she needed to speak to me.

120. That was how it all started. I believe that I'm the first Edinburgh Academy boy on the list of people who have come forward. There were people who came forward twenty years ago, ten years ago and six years ago and nothing happened. I believe I'm one of the first from the most recent tranche. If anyone wants to accuse anybody of jumping on board because of the publicity, I haven't. I was doing this on my own before the publicity.
121. A civil action has been raised against the school. My lawyer instructed a medical report to be prepared about me. I've also had my careers report. It's now up to the school to drag me in and try and tear me to bits. They do a medical report and a career report of their own. They will try and come up with different reasons for my career difficulties, my chronic fatigue, my alcohol problems and my self-harm.

Reporting to the police

122. After reading the article about Wares in the *Times* newspaper, I also contacted the school. The first few times I phoned the school, I put the phone down because I was too nervous. I then told them that I hadn't had a good time at the school and I had been abused. They passed me on to Mr Bryce, who had been my children's guidance teacher. I recognised his voice because he was from Hawick. I spoke to him for about an hour. At the end of it all, he told me that I needed to phone the police. I couldn't bring myself to phone the police at that time.
123. My lawyer also advised me to contact the police. They arranged to take a statement from me. I spoke to officers called Joanne and Andrew. I spent six hours with the police in September 2022. I spoke to the police for about an hour with my eyes shut. I was back being that age. I was in tears for ages. A lot of the statement was describing what


Wares and Dawson did and how they did what they did. I also spoke to them about the bullying side of things.

124. After providing my statement to the police I have phoned them every month to ask them when they are going to arrest John Brownlee. They keep telling me that it's imminent. It's been imminent since November 2022. I know that there are 81 complaints against Brownlee. I think I know that because the police must have told us that. I'm aware that there are 79 about Wares. That's been in the newspapers.

125. By February 2023, it had got beyond a joke. Two weeks ago, along with five other former pupils, I met with the Senior Investigative Officer, Colin Moffatt. He met with us on Zoom. He said that he had never done that before. He asked how we knew that there were 81 complainers. Nicky Campbell was one of the other people in the group. Nicky asked if we were close with that figure and he said that we were. We asked why he didn't just arrest Brownlee now. He said that he had a few loose ends to tie up. We said that he'd been saying that since November. He could have been arrested in November and released without charge or charged for four or five offences and then had charges added on. At least then he'd be in the system. It was then put to him that other people in the group had suggested it was either a cover up or corrupt. Colin Moffatt said it wasn't a cover up and there was no corruption. We told him that it didn't look like that and again asked why he didn't arrest Brownlee. He said he had a couple more people to see in London last week. We're now another week on from that and there has still been no arrest. Brownlee is very ill and the police have chosen not to arrest him. This is corruption and looks like a cover up. People can and have been arrested in 'end of life' hospital wards. The Crown Office have interfered with John Brownlee's arrest.

126. Because of my background in sales and marketing, I was used to working with newspapers and journalists. I arranged some of the publicity about abuse at the Academy. I took it upon myself to find out where Brownlee lived. He had moved and nobody knew where he had moved to. I felt a bit like a detective, but a part of me just wanted some kind of justice. The police had been unaware that Brownlee had moved.

I told them where he had moved to. That shouldn't really be my job, except it was my job.

127. There have been five articles in the Sunday papers. Brownlee has been named and pictured. The abuse that he carried out has been described. On 14 April 2023, the *Sunday Mail* carried a massive headline saying, "Monster Teacher Must Be Arrested." It couldn't be any clearer. There's a double page spread in the middle of the paper.
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128. There was also an article in the *Sunday Post* on 16 April 2023, quoting a survivor who says that a teacher may have had at least 1500 victims, worked out at fifty a year times thirty. He stated that he could have been a more prolific abuser than Jimmy Saville. The *Sunday Times* has run articles. I'm delighted when I see these articles in the newspaper. Brownlee has now been named. If he had been arrested and then couldn't be named, he'd be another unnamed man like Edgar, which was the name given for Iain Wares. Iain Wares' name is now out there. Brownlee still looks the same at the age of 88, with his smug grin.

129. Why will they not arrest Brownlee? I'm stuck. I have a good friend who was in the police and has now left. He loved it. I don't hate the police, like I used to when I was young. I respect the police and realise that they're just doing their job. But it is either a cover up or it's corruption. The group of survivors who met with Colin Moffatt told him the reason we think that it's a cover up. Three quarters of the legal establishment in Edinburgh are ex-Edinburgh Academy. They don't want Edinburgh Academy to get bad press.

130. It's got to the stage that Colin Moffatt the detective has to do something about it. We've established from the Crown Office and from Colin Moffatt himself that he doesn't need authorisation from the Procurator Fiscal's office. It's already been given. It is his decision and his decision alone to make the arrest. We asked him on Zoom why he hasn't arrested him, given Brownlee's age and the effect it has had on us, who are the abused? We've asked him to take us and our feelings into consideration. We can't do

anymore. We've contacted all the papers. It's been in the news. It's been on the BBC. To be honest, it's worn me out.

Impact

131. My parents didn't know what had caused my negative behaviour when I was a teenager. They fitted into the mould of me hating everybody so I hated them as well. My mother knew the lyrics of 'God Save the Queen' by the Sex Pistols inside out because I use to play it non-stop. She would quite often go to the front door and switch off all the electricity in the house to switch off my record player. That was my haven. I would blast my punk music. It got rid of some of my feelings that I didn't know what they were. Punk music and drinking saved my life. I don't think I would have made it to the age of twenty without them.
132. I started drinking when I was fifteen. I didn't drink every day, but I would always look forward to a drink. If it was a Thursday and I wasn't doing well, I would know that I could just drink to oblivion the next night. As I got more responsible, I didn't drink much during the week. I would save it all up and then have a big yahoo. That kept me going. That impacted upon my wives. I was married twice. It obviously impacted upon me. As I got older, my hangovers got worse. I reckoned I was losing about a month a year. Alcohol numbed it.
133. Until I got married at the age 29, I didn't have children or a wife. I often went to sleep thinking that if I didn't wake up, that would be quite good. Nobody would miss me and I didn't have children or a wife. It was pretty bleak. I was a binge drinker and I had no cut off. I used to get myself close to death from alcohol poisoning and caused lots of chaotic situations.
134. I have had three different sets of alcohol counselling that I can remember. The first time was in the early 1990s, then the early 2000s and the late 2000s. I didn't tell them about the abuse I'd experienced at school. I didn't realise that a man sticking his hand up your trousers or attacking you would have any effect on you as an adult. The last

few times I went out drinking, it was just getting too much. I fell asleep on the train home and ended up in Galashiels at 1:00 am. I went to the Asda because it was open 24 hours and fell asleep under the customer service desk. My wife had been on the same train as me. She tried to wake me up at our stop but I went back to sleep.

135. The last time I drank was in Florida. My uncle rented an apartment on the sixteenth floor of a condo place. My partner had gone to bed. I had recently stopped smoking, but I stole her cigarettes and went downstairs with a bottle of wine. I was already drunk, but I drank the bottle of wine. I went back upstairs to the wrong floor and went into the wrong house. The guy in that house had a gun. He asked me what I was doing and I said that I was in my uncle's house. He heard my accent and he knew that my uncle was a Scottish Canadian. He put two and two together. I woke up in the morning with a vague recollection of someone with a gun. The man came to my uncle's door the next afternoon and asked if he had a guy staying with him. The man told my uncle that I could have been shot. He said that he had been six years sober and because of that he realised how drunk I was. He said that he had seen himself in me and that was why he didn't shoot me. That was the point I thought that maybe I should stop drinking. I had just started running, as a way of getting fit, so I decided to keep running.
136. The terror of John Brownlee continued all of my life. I used to bump into him at ██████████ Golf Club until about five years ago. I was in my fifties and I would shake when I saw him. I couldn't speak to him. My dad asked me why I didn't speak to him. I told him that I couldn't. He asked why not and I said that it was because he was horrible to me. My dad didn't ask what he had done so I'm sure that he knew. He just said, "Oh, I see."
137. Until the COVID-19 pandemic, he would be at the golf club pretty much every Friday morning with the Ancient Accies, who are retired Edinburgh Academy teachers and pupils. I play with my dad most Friday mornings. On two occasions, I was putting my clubs in the back of my car. Brownlee's car was quite near mine and he was there. I genuinely thought that I could attack him with a five iron so that he called the police. I would then be able to say that I had done it because that man attacked me when I was a wee boy. I couldn't do it. I thought about doing it every time I saw him. On two

occasions I got close to it. He used to smirk at me and it was the same smirk he had when he was a teacher.

138. I've got lots of friends who were sexually abused by Iain Wares. Up until a year ago, if it came up, we would say that he wouldn't get away with it these days. Imagine him sticking his hand up your shorts and your bum, trying to make you come in front of a class. We would laugh about it and say that kids nowadays would probably try to attack him. If we were golfing, we'd then say, "It's your shot." That was as far as it went. We wouldn't discuss it further. In my marketing career, I went out for lunch with two brothers who went to Fettes. Fettes and maths came up and I said that they'd have had my old maths teacher, Wares. They described him as the guy who stuck his hands up your shorts. I asked them if he'd done that to them as well and they said he had done that and more. We then laughed about it and then carried on talking about business. That was what we did. Nobody said, "Should we not call the police?" All the damage had been done. These little boys were still inside us and had no idea what to do. Life carried on as if nothing had ever happened.
139. I'm on the Children's Panel. When I did my Children's Panel training, we were told that one in three Panel members were abused. There are three members on a Panel so I used to look at the other two members and wonder which of them had been abused. I never thought that it was me. People would come and speak to us who had been abused as children. I used to get so upset about it, for them. I never ever thought that anything that had happened to me had affected me. If somebody had sat me down and talked to me properly, I would then have known that I had been abused in my early life. If somebody had sat me down and explained it to me, I would have realised that it impacted upon me all my life. I've had counselling for alcoholism and depression. I've had suicidal thoughts. I just never knew what was in there.
140. I had a medical assessment by the chief psychiatrist of Greater Glasgow Health Board, Michael Smith, in September 2022. He diagnosed me with complex post traumatic stress disorder (PTSD). I have a psychotherapy diploma and I did counselling. I'm also on the Children's Panel. I said that was rubbish when he diagnosed me with PTSD. He said that if he had £1 for everyone who said that to him, he'd be rich. He said that

I absolutely did have complex PTSD. I accepted that and asked him how that affected me as an adult. He explained it to me and all the things he started to explain I realised were me and had been me all my adult life.

141. My career has been lots of glass ceilings. I've been a commercial director, a marketing director and this and that. I would get to a certain point and then I couldn't do it. I've been a painter for the last nineteen years. Another friend of mine from school is a long-distance lorry driver. He says that it's just him on his own and he doesn't have to think or deal with authority. At the end of my painter's working week, someone would praise me and pay me. When I was a marketing director, at the end of the week I was told that I needed to get rid of someone, something was wrong or my budget was being cut. I could never ask for time off. I have a real issue with asking for things. I just picked a job that I thought I could do instead and did it.
142. I think becoming a painter must have helped my mental health, but it didn't stop me from getting chronic fatigue during that time. I had it for six years and I know that it's a mental health issue. I didn't know that. I just knew that I couldn't walk and that I was in my bed for a couple of years. I was depressed and I couldn't work. I now run and running for me is so important. When I run, I remember when I couldn't walk. When I did my first marathon I was happy, but something came out.
143. I 100% attribute my mental health difficulties to my experiences at school. The medical report prepared by Michael Smith says it's causal and highly likely that they are linked. It's been a gradual realisation for me that what I experienced at school had an impact on me. I don't know how to get angry. It's not a word in my vocabulary. The only way I could get angry was to save things up, get drunk and text people. I tended to text nasty things to my ex-wives. Harming myself helped. Being a rebel in my own way helped.
144. I'm in a WhatsApp group with people I was at school with. We don't discuss the abuse. We're on it to say how we feel. There are a couple of folk who are sometimes suicidal. We try and put our arms around them but it's really difficult. I joined the group about

six months ago. My lawyer told me about a group of other pupils who had been in a similar situation and that it was good to feel that you're not alone. It's been really good.

145. If someone in the group goes quiet, I message them one to one and ask if they're okay. Because of my psychotherapy and counselling training, I'm able to pick things up and ask the right questions. I then end up sharing their pain. It's too much. My counsellor has suggested that I have vicarious trauma on top of my complex PTSD. I'm not actually dealing with my own trauma at the moment. I'm more worried about how everyone else is doing.
146. I wonder if most of my trauma stems from the absolute terror of the beatings as opposed to the sexual abuse by Wares. I'm only three months into my trauma counselling. I now have something called vicarious trauma. I've taken on everyone else's trauma. I want to help everybody else and I've absolutely forgotten all about me. At some point, I have to get a break from all this. I think I'm going to have to come out of the WhatsApp group and let it be. I can't actually take much more of it. I need to try and understand my own abuse.
147. Three guys in my year committed suicide. There is also a high rate of suicide in the two years below me and the two years above me. There are something like eight boys who took their own lives. One of them was a friend of mine, [REDACTED] I had to untie him from [REDACTED]. He was beaten to a pulp by Brownlee on many occasions and sexually abused by Wares. He used to play golf with me at [REDACTED]. We used to hatch up plans about what we would do to Brownlee. We would talk about attacking him. He talked about suicide a lot but I never thought he would do it. He died fourteen years ago when he was 49. I am one hundred percent sure that his suicide was because of the abuse he experienced at school. He met glass ceilings in his work. He had relationship problems, alcohol problems, trust issues, anger problems. It scared me when he got angry.
148. I've seen the impact of the abuse at school on all my friends. I look around and see someone who stopped working at the age of 33, someone who had a breakdown, someone who killed himself, someone who's a joiner, someone who's a plasterer,

someone who's a tiler, someone who's a painter, someone who's a lorry driver. There's nothing wrong with those jobs, but those are not the careers we'd have been expected to do in 1978 when we left school. Apart from one person, I think that everybody I'm aware of in my year has been married more than once. Many have been married two, three or four times. I can't think of anybody in my year who hasn't had screaming alcohol problems. Three have been addicted to heroin that I'm aware of. Normal drug use featured in a lot of people's lives. People have had real problems with authority. They've had careers that have gone up and down, up and down, stop. People have had chaotic lifestyles. People I would have expected to be running ICI haven't got jobs. I've been to two or three guy's houses and two of them live in ex-council houses. There's nothing wrong with that, but it's not what would have been expected for them. Their houses are chaotic inside. You can't really get into the house because of stacks of stuff, like you might expect homeless people to live. It's just not what I would have expected when we were at school.

149. It makes me feel quite pleased. I'm okay. I have a house, I have a car, I have a life. I do lots of stuff. I'm now content. It's taken me 57 years to be content, but I am now content. If I get disturbed, I go out running until it disappears. Sometimes I run for twenty miles but it does disappear. That has saved me from dying from drinking. If I'd died from drinking, it would just have been put down to a guy in his late fifties who drank himself to death. I'd just have been another statistic and nobody would have known. My partner didn't even know that I'd been abused at school. She's fully aware of it now.

Records

150. I hoard things. I still have all my report cards and school rule books. A couple of years ago, I put it all into one box, ready to throw it out. I couldn't bring myself to get rid of it. I've got all my report cards from school, which is how I know that I was a bright, intelligent, nice wee boy. All my reports say that I was clever, respectful and that I did what I was told. They said that I had a thing with authority, which I still do. I hate

authority now. They also said that I was easy to manipulate. I was little. I grew when I left school, which maybe tells you something.

151. About six months ago, I saw somewhere that the school could provide records. I emailed them and they sent me my records. It listed all the exams I'd done and had notes on the back. When I was fifteen, it stated things like, "Life seems very difficult for IKA at the moment," and, "He needs to realise that life doesn't owe him anything." No wonder life seemed difficult for me.

Lessons to be learned

152. The school has responded appallingly to the allegations of abuse. First of all, they put a note out school *Chronicle*, which is a magazine which comes out once a year. It stated that the school acknowledged that there had been a complaint by an ex-pupil about two teachers' alleged non-recent abuse in the sixties. That appeared in the *Chronicle* in November 2022. It was one complainer, two teachers, a long time ago. It was all in the past and nobody should worry about it. It then went on to say that if you believe you "may" have been abused, not that you were abused, please contact the police. It stated that school was cooperating fully with the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry. They put out that note basically saying the school was alright now and not to worry about it.
153. The school has not offered to meet survivors. I am aware that Merchiston responded differently. When it became obvious that a teacher had abused a boy, they wrote to everybody in that boy's year. They said that the abuse may have affected them and asked whether they were okay and what the school could do. Loretto seem to have done a similar thing.
154. I am aware from ex-pupils that the [redacted] teacher at the Academy, IJZ [redacted] slept with some of the girls. If she was over the age of sixteen but under the age of eighteen then it's classed as statutory rape, given he was a teacher. We believe that there are about a dozen girls involved between around 2009 and 2019. It's been reported to the

police. IJZ [REDACTED] was suspended while it was investigated. One of the girls is now 28 and she went around telling everyone what had happened. She's decided that she doesn't want to proceed with it so it's not gone anywhere. The teacher is now head of [REDACTED] at [REDACTED]

155. In early March 2023, I met a lady at a funeral who had been in charge of fundraising at the Edinburgh Academy from 2005 to 2016. She made me aware of a [REDACTED] teacher who had been employed by the school in that time period who was not allowed to be left unattended with a female pupil on his own, as there had been complaints about him. He therefore required supervision when in the company of a single female pupil. She couldn't remember the name of the teacher, but he had retired during that period. She also told me that he had been inappropriate with a young female member of the management. She herself had witnessed him kneeling down in front of the young female in her office, making her unable to escape his advances. On her entering the room, he then said that he was confessing his undying love for her and made a joke of it. The lady who spoke to me asked the young female involved if she wanted to make a complaint about what had happened. She said that she didn't want to as it would make her life uncomfortable. The lady also told me that people would come and go and staff would disappear. If she asked where they had gone, she would be told that it was none of her business.
156. The Academy talk about our abuse as being so long ago that it's faded away and it doesn't matter. According to them, the Academy of today is fine. We know that up until about six months, a year ago, anybody who was not on a permanent contract or was part-time didn't get safeguarding training. I know that from a teacher who is still at the school. I think the Academy still has a long way to go.
157. The school now has a public relations company called the Big Partnership. They're trying to make the school look more presentable. The most recent school statement, issued to the media on 14 April, says, "Like all right-minded people we are appalled by such behaviour and deeply regret what happened at the Academy in the past. We have always fully supported the Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry, which allows former pupils who have bravely come forward and relived traumatic experiences spanning

decades, to have their voices heard and provide evidence. We will continue to respect that ongoing process." That was a massive step forward from the note in the *Chronicle* in November 2022. Previously, the statements would say that the school acknowledge that non-recent abuse had happened, but it didn't affect them because they were watertight. They weren't watertight because we know that non-permanent staff didn't have safeguarding training.

158. I'm concerned that the school hasn't learned lessons from what happened in the past. You could argue that we're old men now, but the school has done nothing to recognise the impact of abuse on survivors. There's been no effort to ask us what they could do to help. There was a school in New Zealand in the papers recently. They were sitting down with ex-pupils. They said that what happened was terrible, they were so sorry. They knew that it had happened and it was wrong. They were wrong not to have acted and that they were so sorry. They offered them compensation and they dealt with people directly. That school had also written references which enabled the abuser to move on. I know that the Academy wrote references for Iain Wares and ^{IPT} [REDACTED] who moved from the Academy to carry on abuse at other schools.
159. Edinburgh Academy couldn't have been any less responsive. We went to the school, they took our fees and our year was seen as a failure. Nobody in my year did anything of any note, apart from [REDACTED] who went on to own a consultancy firm in London.

Hopes for the Inquiry

160. I hope that the school doesn't just have a fluffy response. I want them to say something that acknowledges the abuse that took place. I would like their response to be similar to the school I read about in New Zealand. It basically said that they acknowledged the type of abuse that took place, they realised that the school should have intervened and done something about it at the time. I would like the school to say that they were wrong and that it should not have given references which allowed sexually abusive and violent teachers to move on. I would like them to say that they should not have

ignored the violence that was going on. They should have called the police. I do understand why they didn't call the police because it would have shut the school. My parents would have taken me out of the school. You would not send your kid to an all boys' school when all that was going on.

161. I would like recognition from the school of what they failed to do. They didn't look after me. I was a wee boy whose mum and dad paid whatever it was a term for me not just to be educated but to be looked after. I was in the school's care. It was very obvious that there was violence and sexual abuse going on. There was a culture of it. A blind eye was turned.
162. Teachers who didn't abuse, acknowledged that bad things happened, but they were probably quite young. As a new teacher, you wouldn't want to rock the boat. The teachers didn't know how to complain or who to complain to because a deputy head in the prep school was carrying out the abuse. Who do you complain to when the people in charge are responsible for the abuse?
163. I feel that the school is very complacent now with the view that these things happened in the past. "Non recent" is the term that was used. If abuse is happening at the school now, they're not looking for anything because they think that they're so watertight. I think it would be very easy for an abuser to get away with it at the Academy. If a kid wants to complain, the response would be that it couldn't possibly have happened because they're so watertight.
164. I'm livid with the police. I want it to be recorded that there is either a cover up or they're corrupt. There is no other explanation. Edinburgh Academy supply most of Edinburgh's legal people and judges. They're putting pressure on the police because they don't want the school to have a bad name. I heard one person who was on the school board last year saying that Nicky Campbell was a snowflake and nothing really happened to him. One of my friends said that it was the seventies and a good beating never did him any harm. I asked him if he actually believed that. I reminded him that he was beaten black and blue by the [REDACTED] teacher, Mr [REDACTED]. He told me that his mum

actually reported that and the school said sorry. Mr [IKI] continued teaching at the school.

165. One of the biggest things for me is the school's obvious knowledge of what was going on and their lack of action in doing anything to prevent it. I want them to acknowledge that their actions helped abuse to continue by passing these men onto other places. The majority of teachers had no way of reporting the violence and sexual abuse that was going on that they weren't doing but they knew about.

166. I know that a lot of survivors are not aware of the Inquiry. There's a bit of cynicism about what the Inquiry can actually do. The Inquiry is not the police. The police aren't doing what they're meant to do. Nobody is getting arrested. There are a number of former teachers at the Academy who are still alive. I hope the Inquiry speaks to all of them. The teachers I'm aware of who are still alive are: Jeremy Fenton, who taught me in the firsts and lives in the Highlands; John Cleary taught me in the seconds and now lives in France; George Harris, who lives in Edinburgh and was the history teacher; Howard Haslett, who was the school chaplain and lives in Haddington; [IFR] [IFR], my [] teacher, who lives in Comrie; Doug Bonnyman, who was a German teacher and lives in Edinburgh; Dave Standley, who was head of physics and lives in [] in Edinburgh; [IDO] who taught in the prep school and lives in [] [IBU] who was the PE teacher and lives in [] in Inverleith; [BXK] who was my [] teacher and lives in Edinburgh; Marco Longmore was the rector who left about ten years ago and knew a lot of bad stuff that went on; the rector's secretary, Leslie, who lives at Goldenacre and knows a lot; Tony Cook, a biology teacher [] Mr [] whose wife slept with sixth or seventh formers and now lives in England; Mr Wilcox, who is still alive and now lives in England; [IBW] who was the [] teacher and went on to teach at Stewarts Melville; Mrs McDonald, who was Miss Barry and was my art teacher in 1973; and Mr [IFP] who lives in [] in Edinburgh; Mr Rob Cowie; [ICL]; Peter Mawby; Kevin Anderson; Giles Orr; C. Marks; Philip Greene; A. MacDonald; R. Newman; Henry Marsh; A. Cook; S. Evans; D. Clegg; Kim Needle; [IPT] [IPT] Andrew Leslie; D. Buckley; T. Woffenden; Mrs G. Jamieson; Doug Bourne; R. Weddle; Mrs F. Davidson; Mrs A. Kennedy; I. Storrie; Mr P. Hall; Mr J. Findlay; Mr M.

Davies; Mr G. Sinclair; P. Cohen; Mr J. Moore; Mrs I. Duncan; Mrs V. Bland; Mrs
Wherrett; and Miss Peterkin.

167. I would like the Inquiry to speak to all of these people. Most of them will say that they saw nothing, but there is somebody in there who I believe will unlock it. It's like a big jigsaw and somebody knows a lot more. Most of them will say that they heard nothing and saw nothing, which in itself is weird. One of them will tell the Inquiry something. One of them will say that they did know but they didn't know what to do.

168. 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..... IKA

Dated..... 31-5-2023