

## Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

[REDACTED]

Support person present: No

1. My name is [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1959. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

### Life before boarding school

2. My father's name was [REDACTED] and my mum was born [REDACTED]. When I was born my father was in the RAF and we stayed in a private hiring at [REDACTED] near to Edinburgh which is now Edinburgh Airport. After I was born my mum fell pregnant again almost immediately which led to her being ill and being taken into hospital.
3. Dad looked after me until mum came back home and employed techniques that probably wouldn't be approved of these days like lots of chocolate milk with whisky in it to keep me quiet. This and my mum's long absence in hospital had the effect of me bonding with my father but not so much with my mum.
4. My mum came home with the new baby who was my younger sister and was born three days short of year after me. As a one year old I wasn't that interested in the new baby but had formed that bond with my dad while my mum had been in hospital and I tended to cry for my dad all the time and that was, to me, the start of a very shaky

mother/son relationship. I have a younger brother who is five years younger than me and another who is ten years younger. I am estranged from my sister and my youngest brother and only ever see them at family events. The remaining brother I remain in contact with and have reasonably good relationship after years of also being estranged.

5. Due to my dad being in the RAF we travelled to various places including South Yemen and Singapore. When I was about four or five years old I became aware that I wasn't the favourite child by any stretch of the imagination.
6. Due to the fact that mine and my sister's birthdays were so close they would be celebrated together which meant getting a pink birthday cake with her name on it and without mine, her friends invited, not mine and feeling like an add-on at any birthday party we had. When I was a child and we were living in Lincolnshire because my Dad was posted to RAF Waddington, my mum did what I think was quite a terrible thing and told my sister, when she was old enough to understand, that I had eaten her apple as well as my own and had only given her the core to eat.
7. This wasn't true as what I had actually done was peel the apple for her with my teeth as she had none. That one incident caused friction between my sister and I for most of our lives until a few years back when I got sick of it and I sent her a box of apples with a note included that said I didn't want to hear the "apple story" again.
8. When we moved to Anstruther I was struggling at school. Mum had got me involved in playing the violin and Highland dancing. I was a quiet sensitive child and quite fussy. My education had suffered due to the amount of different schools I had been in due to my Dad's RAF service taking him to so many different places.
9. My parents started talking about putting me in a boarding school and began speaking to me about how good it would be. I was nine years old at the time and, as such, it all sounded very good to me. Life at home was hard for me and both my parents would physically chastise me regularly so the idea of going away was appealing to me.

10. I don't think my parents did much investigation into Queen Victoria School but I was taken there to do a test to see if I was at a good enough level to enter the school. It was an IQ and reading test but they also appreciated that I was quite well spoken and asked me questions about what sort of sports I was interested in.
11. The staff spoke about extra-curricular activities and spoke about the cadets and pipe bands. They mentioned three groups and as soon as they mentioned highland dancing my mum jumped in said that I did dancing. I was very disappointed at this as I wanted to do other things, something different from what I had previously done.
12. The interview was around about Easter of 1968 and there were very few children in the school at the time. I started at Queen Victoria School about five months later on █████ September 1968. The Governor was Mad Mitch who had been a famous General for the first or second year that I was there. The Governors were made up of Senior Army people. I was one of the █████ youngest in the school on joining aged 9 years █████.

### **Queen Victoria School, Dunblane**

13. Queen Victoria School was split into four houses. Wavell House, which was the House that I first went into, was for boys aged nine to twelve; Cunningham and Trenchard Houses were for boys aged between twelve and fourteen; while Haig House was for those aged fifteen to eighteen and I would say there were roughly 500 boys at the school during my time there.
14. The teachers I recall were Mr zCRC █████ who was SNR █████ Wavell House, Mr QTQ █████, also known as QTQ █████, who had a flat there with his family, Mr Robin Scott a chemistry teacher who was a fair minded guy, Mr IUR █████ IUR █████ who was a dreadful bully and once kicked me down a set of stairs for no apparent reason, Mr QSD █████ who was the █████ teacher and who was stern but fair, Mr CXK █████ who once gave me 6 of the belt just for looking out of a window and Mr QRV █████ who was the █████ teacher and was an absolute lunatic, probably

because of the various armies he had been in and had served in combat during World War 2.

### *First Day*

15. When I went to Queen Victoria School on my first day my parents took me and it was a very grey day and the school looked very much like a prison to me. I was immediately taken to the stores by a member of staff where I had to get special brogue shoes made because my feet were so small and the rest of the issue uniforms and clothes. While I was doing this my parents were given a tour of the school but then I saw them walk across the square and get into the car and they left without saying goodbye to me and that was the last time I saw them until I went home at the end of term.
16. A boy called [REDACTED] was allocated as my seconder. I was crying because my parents had left without saying goodbye and [REDACTED] decided to teach me a lesson for crying and gave me a good kicking which resulted in my nose bleeding, my eyes blackened and numerous bruises. I then made the mistake of going to Mr zCRC [REDACTED] who was SNR [REDACTED] Wavell House and he punished me for telling him by hitting me once with the slipper.

### **Routine at Queen Victoria School, Dunblane**

17. Wavell House had three levels with a dorm on each floor. I was in the middle dorm with between twelve and fifteen other boys all aged between nine and twelve years old. We each had a single bed and mattress, a locker, pillows, sheets and blankets.

### *Mornings and bedtime*

18. We got up at 7:00 am and got showered and dressed before going for breakfast. We then went to classes before stopping for lunch and then going back to classes. In the evening, after we had done prep, you had to have a hobby and I liked building models, stamp collecting, gymnastics and badminton. This was to keep you occupied and under control/supervision as much as possible. We also got to go sailing at the

weekends with the sailing club and fishing locally in the River Allan unsupervised. In the early years we went to bed about 8:00 or 9:00 pm and would get a biscuit and juice or milk before we did. Teachers came round at night to make sure everything was OK.

19. Saturday morning was spent in school learning after which it was generally spent doing sports and on a Sunday we went to church then had a lot of spare time on our own. I tended to hide on those occasions to keep away from the bullies.

#### *Chores*

20. In the early days we would make bed packs and polish the floors with the buffers at least once a week, called bull-shine days or evenings, but this was considered important especially if there was an inspection due by the Headmaster or a visiting dignitary. The rest of the time the dormitory and bed spaces, including lockers had to be kept clean and tidy very much like initial training in the Army.

#### *Mealtimes/Food*

21. I think that, as a primary school kid, we got fed first and the food was good in general. Even if it was something you didn't like you still ate it because we were on the go all day and were very hungry. If a boy refused to eat something he might have got detention or maybe even the belt depending on which teacher was in charge but that didn't happen very often.

#### *Washing/bathing*

22. We got a shower every morning and the school was quite particular about that. Now and again the bullies would flick their towels or throw soap at the younger and weaker boys. There wasn't much in the way of supervision during the early years until the Latin teacher started supervising. I don't recall his name. He would stand around making sure we showered properly and we didn't hang about.



*Clothing/uniform*

23. On that first day at the school I went to the store and was given underpants, socks, vests, shirts, corduroy trousers and jacket, my red tunic, a kilt, a sporran, a Glengarry hat and sport's clothing. They had to make special brogue shoes for me because my feet were so small. The only thing my parents had to supply was pyjamas, slippers, a dressing gown and enough pocket money for me to get by on, this really annoyed my mum as she felt the school should cover everything.

*Pocket money*

24. Our parents would send money that the teachers kept a hold of and each time they handed us pocket money it would be noted in a book. They would give us money each week which we would then spend in the tuck shop or down in Dunblane if allowed to 'walk out' on signing out from the school.

*Schooling*

25. I don't recall any of the names of the teachers we had in primary school but my recollection is that I mostly liked them. They seemed to have an understanding of how boys our age behaved. In my opinion the Army Education Corps teachers tended to be better than the civilian teachers who tended to be more brutal. The civilians took over the running of the school after the RAEC was disbanded at the time.
26. I found school difficult. However, Mr <sup>zCRC</sup> became aware that my reading wasn't great and guided me towards comics that had fewer pictures and more writing in them and would then ask me questions about what I had read. He later put me onto books and I developed a love of reading.
27. To me the standard of teaching by some of the teachers was pretty dire. The education at the primary school was based on our ages. The reading and writing was good but the teaching of maths and arithmetic was very poor.

### *Healthcare*

28. The health care at the school was also dire. Kids got injured and would be taken to the school hospital but all they would get was a sticking plaster. Fortunately young boys are able to take quite a whack. If you were feeling unwell with a cold you got sent to the "sick parade" where an elderly matron would give you an aspirin and a spoonful of what tasted like diluted oil. It was disgusting but you had to take it and it certainly persuaded you not to go back for it. It never stayed in my stomach for long. So in short my view is that health care was inadequate and due to the age of the matron in the school hospital and potentially dangerous.
29. There was a time when the whole place came down with a strange rash and there was a lot of vomiting and diarrhoea and the Queen Alexander's Royal Army Nursing Corps were called in. They were all in nursing uniform and were dreadful. I was young and lying in bed feeling nauseous, dizzy and weak. These nurses dragged us out of bed and made us make our beds then made us stand by our beds. It was awful. Those nurses treated us very badly and the school did nothing to stop them.
30. We did get a medical check-up and regular dental check-ups though the dentists put in far too many fillings. We also got regular check-ups on our eyes as well as various inoculations. If anything serious happened we were taken to Stirling Hospital but the school didn't like getting the hospital involved with anything.
31. There was one boy called [REDACTED] who complained of a headache but then had a haemorrhage and died. He had complained of serious headaches on a number of occasions but on the last occasion he died before the matron came back with any medication (usually an aspirin). At the time I thought it was tragic and felt he should have been shown more care. He was buried in the [REDACTED] cemetery near to [REDACTED]

*Religious instruction*

32. We went to chapel every Sunday or every second Sunday and also had to parade once a month, dressed up in our kilts and red tunics with the school pipe band and the school colours.

*Trips and holidays*

33. As I was in the RAF combined cadet force (CCF), annually we went to an RAF camp. Once we went to RAF Shrewsbury and we had half the pipe band there with us which caused quite a stir on the station as they had seen nothing like it. We also went to RAF Cranwell where we took the school trophy ahead of many other schools for things like drill, shooting, navigation exercises, accommodation tidiness and cleanliness.
34. We were always kept busy during these trips and were not left to our own devices, we didn't mix with any of the other CCF units. We also went sailing on Loch Ard during some weekends as part of the school sailing club which was a great time, however, the rescue boat was manned by fellow pupils and the mirror dinghies we sailed easily capsized. I don't recall any adult supervision when out on the dinghies though we would be wearing suitable clothing and had good equipment and I'm sure a member of staff would be nearby.
35. We also had school trips to the Cairngorms during my time carrying out various activities, which I did enjoy at the time, I did note my parents were very happy when I was away on those trips during school holidays.

*Birthdays and Christmas*

36. When it was somebody's birthday their parents would normally send them a cake or get one delivered from a shop in Dunblane and everybody in the House would sing Happy Birthday. I was always at home for my birthday as it fell during the Easter break. I remember going home one Easter and my mum asked me what I was doing home. She said I hadn't been expected and she wouldn't be doing my laundry for me.



Christmas and other holidays was spent at school for some pupils, although for me some of my holidays would be spent with relatives.

### *Bed Wetting*

37. I never had a problem with bed wetting but I know others did. I think some got punished for it, maybe by getting detention, and they would have got a row or maybe disciplined with a plimsoll. Unfortunately, those that did bed wet were bullied and harassed because of it.

### *Visitors*

38. For most of my time at school I didn't get any visitors, occasionally my Uncle and Aunt would take me out on a weekend pass, my parents never visited me at the school. The annual 'Grand Day' summer parade was a big event denoting the end of the school year and parents, siblings, relatives and friends would come to the school to watch it.
39. As a youngster I would scan the crowds looking for my parents and siblings but they were never there. After the parades I would go back to the dorm to pack my bags and then make my way home which involved getting a bus to Dunblane Railway Station, a train to Glasgow then another to Hamilton. I would do this on my own dressed in the school 'walking out' uniform comprising of the kilt and tweed jacket, sporran, brogues etc. That would not be allowed these days.

### *External Inspections*

40. If a visiting dignitary was coming we got plenty of notice and the dormitories would have to be perfectly turned out and pupils' uniforms spotless with shoes highly polished. I remember some boys cheating when trying to make sure their shoes were shining by using a substance that was more commonly used on the floors, it usually turned the shoes a milky grey colour.

*Family contact*

41. My parents became pretty negligent towards me after I started at the school and I didn't have much contact with them when I was in the school. They didn't visit and after not receiving replies to my letters I stopped writing to them. The dichotomy for me was that I couldn't wait to get away from school at the holidays but then couldn't wait to get away from home at the end of them.
42. I asked my parents several times to take me away from the school because of the terrible time I was having there but my request was invariably refused. At one point the school didn't want me to take the English mock 'O' Grade exam and at the time I was of the opinion that the school thought it would be best if I left for academic reasons but my parents refused to let me leave. Given that I got a B+ for my 'O' Grade I don't know where the school got that one from.

*Discipline*

43. You would get detention in the class, doing extra schoolwork or cross country runs for something minor depending on the teacher you were dealing with. There were three physical forms of discipline those being the plimsoll or slipper in Wavell House for the under 12's, when you got that on your backside you would sit in a sink of cold water to ease the stinging pain. In the senior school it was the Tawse (belt) for most of the transgressions or the cane and that would be used for things like smoking and drinking. I never did get the cane but got the belt several times. The discipline handed out, especially by the Latin teacher, was cross country running in the morning around the extensive school grounds regardless of the weather. Other minor forms of punishment were chalk or chalkboard erasers being thrown at pupils by teachers.
44. We would also get group punishment where somebody would do something in class usually, then not own up to it, after which everybody would get the belt. Mr QRV was particularly brutal and would never give less than six of the belt. His favourite technique was to get you to roll your sleeves up so he could hit the soft tissue on your inner arm, very painful to say the least. I would say I got the belt at least once a month

sometimes more up until I was about fifteen and then it became less frequent. I'm not aware of the school maintaining records of what discipline was handed out and I think punishments were just handed out on the whim of the teacher who saw or heard the transgression.

#### *Running away*

45. I never did runaway as I had nowhere to run to though I did wander up the Sherriffmuir hills now and again to get away. Anyone who did run away were quickly picked up by the police or came back voluntarily but I don't know what happened to them as far as being disciplined was concerned.

#### **Abuse at Queen Victoria School, Dunblane**

46. The abuse at Queen Victoria School ranged from a kick in the shins at mealtimes to some kids spitting in or stealing your food which, given we were all usually very hungry, made it worse. You didn't get seconds very often so you went hungry. At the top end it was getting a real good thumping, getting your head banged off the wall or being forced into a fight. Being struck with a wet towel in the showers was a constant thing and extremely painful.
47. Some of the psychological abuse received from fellow pupils was awful. This ranged from what service your parent was in to constant verbal abuse. The teaching staff never intervened in this despite the distress caused. The reality for those at the receiving end was having someone in your face shouting and hurling verbal abuse at you with others joining in; it was really upsetting especially as the intention was to start a fight leading to you suffering blows from a number of pupils. As a victim you were sometimes forced to join in this abuse on pain on of receiving abuse or violence yourself. This I found as distressing as being on the receiving end and made me feel weak and a coward for not standing up to them but the fear of not complying and the resulting abuse was too much to resist. I still have issues today about this.

48. The worst psychological abuse I suffered when I was small was being grabbed by some pupils, forced into a locker, locked in and left for hours. I missed the mealtimes and the pain of being cramped up in the locker was hard to deal with. It was the only time I was glad I was as small as I was as it could have been worse if I was a bit bigger. Unfortunately, it was noticed by the duty teacher on two of the occasions I was locked up and when asked I stupidly told them what had happened and got punished.
49. There were other occasions where pupils were forced to 'run the gauntlet'. This is where two rows of pupil's line up and the victims made to run between those rows. Invariably the first thing to happen was you were tripped up forcing you onto your knees allowing them more time to rain blows on you.
50. I was once allowed to travel to Ethiopia where my family was staying because of my Dad's civilian job (paid for by his company). Unfortunately, I fell very ill with a kidney infection and was really in no state to return to the school. However, my parents took me to the airport to send me back; unusually my dad felt some sympathy this time and bought me a Sony tape cassette player/recorder and a Nancy Sinatra tape to take with me. I had to change aircraft in Paris but I collapsed and passed out. The French medics gave me a shot of penicillin and sent me on my way.
51. I slept until landing in Glasgow Airport. The ground staff at the airport arranged a taxi to take me back to school and I arrived after lights out, this really infuriated the Duty Janitor and Duty Teacher on two counts the first was paying for the taxi out of the cash box for that very purpose then getting me settled back in the dormitory.
52. The following day I reported to the housemaster to tell him what had happened during the trip back and the illness I had suffered. He was only concerned about the cost of the taxi and removed the money from my pocket money account. I had no pocket money for that term. No medical follow up was offered nor any concern shown for my health at all. I believe that is why until about the age of eighteen I had kidney pains and discomfort. Luckily, it sorted itself out in the end.

53. That tape player/recorder was such a boost for me briefly and I had to be careful when using it to prevent it from being snatched away. Regrettably, someone managed to steal it from my locker despite it being padlocked away; the thief unscrewed the back of the locker to get at it. I did not report it to the teaching staff fearing that if I did I would be punished because I had not secured my locker in their view and that it would have been my fault for allowing the thief to be tempted.
54. Theft was a common as a form of abuse, if you possessed something you cherished you became a target to have it taken and if you reported that theft, it was likely that you, the victim, would be punished because 'there was no theft' at the school.
55. The other kind of theft that invariably got you into trouble was stealing something from a pupil that the school would have to replace from the stores and then the victim would have to declare it and would be punished through paying towards its replacement as well as corporal punishment, which also happened to me a few times.
56. Some of the thieves would brazenly display stolen items to their friends and the victim. Naturally, this caused much distress to the victim and if they challenged the thief to return they either received a blow or be told that they had to prove it was theirs and in the meantime their friends would support the claim of the thief.
57. I do remember one occasion where one poor lad had a rugby ball planted in his locker and the planter got his friends to restrain the victim while he fetched a teacher to show him the victim's locker where he had planted it. That poor lad got six of the belt for that particularly nasty trick.
58. One day I was swimming in the deep end of the school pool when I found myself being forced and held down on the bottom of the pool until I passed out. Another pupil jumped in and pulled me out. I started coughing up water and was alright but the pupil that pulled me out was just in the nick of time. The [REDACTED] teacher ranted at me asking me what I thought I had been doing, he said that I was 'acting it'. I think he just got a fright at what had happened and that he had failed to notice it but he gave me a right shaking for it and detention. I felt punished again for being the victim.



59. I knew somebody had held me down but I simply didn't know who it was as they had attacked from behind and I certainly hadn't done anything to deserve it. The problem was that I was small and when you appeared small or weak you were immediately a target and the bullying and name calling was constant and I never felt safe. Because of fear for my safety I became a bit of a ghost I always avoided places where other pupils loitered, I spent a lot of my hiding in the library or the woods at the back of the school to prevent the bullies finding me. There were three of us in particular who were small and picked on constantly. The other two didn't last long in the school.
60. I remember once that the school minister saw me walking alone at the back of the school. I think I was walking down to the playing fields just to get away from things and be on my own. I was in a very dark mood and the minister, who had caught up with me, said "You don't look very happy". I told him I wasn't. He asked me if I wanted to talk about it and I said that it was a bit late for that. I walked on and just walked round the playing fields and was actually contemplating suicide but I have a stubborn streak that stopped me and I didn't want 'them' to win. I was fifteen at that time.
61. There was no fagging at the school but it wasn't unusual for you to be bullied into doing something you didn't want to do.
62. On one occasion a lad called [REDACTED] came by as I was stood in the corridor waiting for the next class and he banged my head off the wall so hard I lost consciousness, there were other occasions where I would be standing in line for class or food in the mess hall and would get punched, kicked or stamped on for no apparent reason.

### **Reporting of abuse at Queen Victoria School, Dunblane**

63. There was nobody who I could think of that you could report any of the bullying to. You didn't feel safe enough to report anything but I'm sure staff knew what was going on. I did tell my dad about the bullying and he contacted the school who said I was a dreamer and that there was no bullying at the school. My dad took that at face value and told me I would just have to learn to stick up for myself.

## **Leaving Queen Victoria School, Dunblane**

64. I left Queen Victoria School at the end of June 1975 when I was sixteen. I didn't want to stay at the school any longer than I had to.

## **Life after boarding school**

65. After I left school I got an apprenticeship but had to give it up after I broke my wrist. I then got some bit jobs before getting a job in a design office in the [REDACTED] [REDACTED] which was good but didn't pay well. I also joined the Territorial Army which not only paid me but through it I met a network of new friends.
66. At age 20 I got sent to do site testing at nuclear sites and enjoyed it and then went to Torness on a testing job. I thought of that as a career path but my manager was not for it. So in 1981 I applied to be an Air Engineer (aircrew) in the RAF and passed all their tests but I was politely told to come back in two years as there were no posts available.
67. In 1983 I returned and successfully went back through the application process and on [REDACTED] 1984 I started as trainee aircrew, an Air Electronics Operator (AEOp) and spent the best part of the next thirty years tracking nuclear submarines on and off. In July 2013 after retiring from the RAF I was interviewed and accepted as an instructor at [REDACTED] Nuclear Power Station and then moved to the [REDACTED] where I deliver a lot of the initial refuelling training for Technicians and Engineers.
68. I have been married twice and have three children and four grandchildren.

## **Impact**

69. One of the main impacts on my physical health is the damage done to my knees due to the cross country runs we used to do in plimsolls which first manifested itself when I was 23, when I was training to join the RAF, though the RAF training regime clearly

didn't help after I joined up, but the initial damage was done while I was at Queen Victoria School.

70. The emotional impact on my life has been significant. My first marriage in [REDACTED] 1987 lasted fourteen years but collapsed because I lacked empathy and care for adults and was unable to show her the love she needed which came from my time in Queen Victoria School. When my first wife was struggling with the children and emotional issues I was completely unable to help her with it, if anything I was distant and cold towards her. She rightly decided to divorce me because she was in an unhappy relationship.
71. I certainly wasn't affectionate enough nor loving enough which stemmed from fear of rejection and being hurt due to my formative years with my parents and worsened by time at QVS. I feel as if my emotions are locked away and compartmentalised, I tend not to make close friends nor retain relationships. I remarried in [REDACTED] 2009 to what I thought was a kindred spirit but she also had a very tough childhood and had no empathy for adults or children and was more of an animal lover. I couldn't take rejection and when she frequently turned a cold shoulder to me it wasn't the sort of thing a person like me can take having been through a school where there was so much rejection and also fosters emotional disassociation. I am now separated for the second time and will be getting divorced in due course.
72. I also suffered for a very long time from paranoia and anxiety, I was constantly anxious whether I was good enough in my role as aircrew and the paranoia was that I could never shake off the feeling that someone was out to undermine me or make my life difficult. This was sometimes reinforced by having some seriously unpleasant people in charge of me and others who did that to make themselves appear to be better than they actually were. I have since come to realise that this is not unusual as these people are in all walks of life.
73. My paranoia went through a very bad phase when I was around 30 years of age when I would take circuitous walks on my around any towns or cities when on detachment with my crew abroad or in the UK. I was frequently convinced I was being followed. I

am glad to say that all stopped after 2006 when the Nimrod crashed in Afghanistan with the loss of 14 souls, 12 of the crew I knew well and some I had known my whole career. It made me realise that life was too short to worry about things that I had no control over and that there was no-one likely to be following me as there were more important things going on in the world.

74. It would be fair to say that I have been driven to validate myself through being successful in my careers in the Military and subsequently in the Nuclear Industry. I never feel I have done enough or been successful enough throughout my life and do feel I have failed as a person, I strongly suspect that feeling comes from my time at QVS but I struggle to explain it.
75. There were two psychologists that were talking about the impact that going to boarding school can have on children and how it affects them in later life. They spoke about the A, B, C, D, of boarding schools which stands for Abandonment, Bereavement due to loss of family, though they're not dead. You've lost them but you see them again and again and again so it's multiple bereavement. Confinement, and I agree with that because you can't run away, and Disassociation emotional and psychological, because the school wanted to turn you into the next generation of military elitists.
76. I feel the school is responsible for many of my marriage problems and difficulty with relationships. I'm an introverted extrovert, I hide behind humour and spend a lot of my time on my own and find it difficult to build and maintain relationships. I don't hold out much hope for a romantic relationship in the future.
77. The effect on my life has been extensive and has also had an impact on my children when they were growing up with the divorce from their mother and continues to a certain extent to this day. They have also become aware over the last two years that their Dad 'is not quite right' from a recent conversation I have had with them. I don't know how to tell them the full story without upsetting them.

### **Treatment/support**

78. I received mental/emotional treatment when my first marriage broke down but all it taught me was how to bury my feelings deeper. The psychiatrist felt that if he dug much deeper into my past it would be detrimental to my mental health. I think I have just come to accept my lot in life and I just have to get on with it.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

79. I have never reported what happened to me at Queen Victoria School to the police or anybody else in a position of authority.

### **Lessons to be learned**

80. Personally, I'm working on coming to terms with my time at Queen Victoria School, it is going to be a long process and I am not sure if there is the possibility of full acceptance and being able to move on totally. Even if there is a necessity to put children into such schools because of parental requirements then the school has to be more proactive in its communication with parents and its pastoral care of the children. The school needs to offer the sort of care and love that I certainly never had. Such children could end up like me, a bit screwed up. Children need love. They need emotional care, physical care and psychiatric care especially given the pressure kids are under due to modern day communications.
81. Children need all the help they can get. Too many teachers lack compassion, empathy, care and love and they simply see their jobs as getting children to university, which may not suit them. Children should enjoy learning and teachers should understand that our brains are all wired differently and different methods are sometimes needed for different children.

### **Hopes for the Inquiry**



- 82. I would like to see an apology from such establishments even though these things are historical as I feel that such an apology in due course could help draw a line under how I have been trying to cope with my emotions about my time in Queen Victoria School. Regulations should be put in place and professional regulatory inspectors should be able to go into these school environments without notice and interview pupils to find out how pupils are, emotionally, psychologically and physically. I am not referring to the Care Quality Commission as their remit is too wide and they have no real legal weight.
  
- 83. A separate regulatory body should be set up to make sure such establishments are following the rules with improvement notices being handed out to establishments that don't meet the regulations. If they fail to comply with those notices then the school should be closed after which legal action should follow.
  
- 84. I hope the Inquiry can prevent the things that happened to me and others from happening to children in the future as it can have such a negative impact on a person's life.
  
- 85. 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.....IUQ.....

Dated.....25 October 2022.....