

Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry

Witness Statement of

CKD

Support person present: Yes

1. My name is ^{CKD} [REDACTED]. My date of birth is [REDACTED] 1964. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

Background

2. I spent my early years in Oban with my mother [REDACTED] my dad [REDACTED] and my two sisters [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. We moved from Oban to Immingham for my dad's work and stayed there for about eight years.
3. My father was an alcoholic and was also addicted to a host of prescription drugs for most of his working life. His behaviour in those days was not great at all, but it was hidden from us extremely well. We were out at school most days and when we weren't at school, my mother would put us out in the mornings and lock the door behind us. My dad was in a mess and my mother did her best to look after him.
4. When I was about nine and a half, my sisters and I were sent to boarding school so that my mother could focus on trying to get my dad's behaviour under control. [REDACTED] was around twelve or thirteen at the time and [REDACTED] was about eleven.
5. I went to New Park School and [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] went to St Leonards School, both of which were in St Andrews. The schools weren't officially linked but a lot of boys at New Park had sisters at St Leonards, so New Park was like the brother school to St Leonards. The two schools have now merged.

6. I never felt desperately well prepared for the fact I was going to boarding school. I remember sitting the entrance exam and I knew I was going, but there wasn't much preparation other than being shown a brochure and being told that I'd be off to boarding school soon.

New Park School, St Andrews

7. I can't remember how we travelled up to St Andrews, but we arrived at the school by car. It was late at night and it was chucking it down with rain. It was all very gloomy. I was taken to the most junior house of the school. I don't remember what it was called. We were met by an old matron. She had the classic big wart on her chin. After about ten minutes, my parents got in the car and drove off. The matron showed me to my bunk bed and the lights were out within about five minutes.
8. I think this was probably how an awful lot of kids were dumped at boarding school in those days. There wasn't a huge amount of sensitivity then. It might have been unpleasant at the time, but it didn't feel particularly peculiar. It was very much the days of the 'stiff upper lip' and just getting on with it.
9. I think I arrived at New Park in the summer term. The issue with this was that I was the only new boy that arrived that term. All the relationships were formed and I was the new kid on the block. The loneliness I felt at that time was really overwhelming.
10. New Park was a prep school. It wasn't huge. The entire school was probably in grounds of about three or four acres. The playing fields were by a burn in a beautiful part of the grounds. There were three main units to the school. The main building, which was in the middle, was an old building with newer buildings bolted onto it. It looked dreadful. It connected through a makeshift corridor to a modern annexe where the art room, music room, science block and woodwork and metalwork rooms were.

11. The junior house, which was the one I started in, was in a separate building. This was the only separate boarding house in the school and it felt very isolated, compounding my feelings of separation. All of the other dormitories were in the main building. The junior house was over to the right of the main building. If I was looking at the house, the headmaster's cottage would be slightly behind me to the right. The headmaster was Mr Blocksidge. He lived in the cottage with his wife and son, who was also a pupil at the school.
12. There wasn't a proper house system at New Park. We didn't have physical houses. There was a house system for sports, which was a little bit of a token gesture at it. I don't think there were any masters in charge of year groups and none of them were in charge of any of the dormitories. I think they were in charge of subjects only.
13. We had young deputy matrons, aged between about eighteen and twenty-one. They had a different relationship with us boys. They were less authoritarian and much more friendly than the matron. You spent time laughing and joking with them, as opposed to just receiving instructions.

Routine at New Park School

Sleeping arrangements

14. There were three bunk beds in my bedroom in the junior house. There was a bunk straight ahead as you came in the door, one to the left and one behind the door. I slept in the lower bed in the bunk straight ahead.
15. I think there were two other rooms in the junior house with six boys in each, so there were eighteen boys in total. The matron, whose name I don't remember, lived in the building too. She was in charge of the house, but I wouldn't say that I ever felt anyone was looking after me in the school. The reality is I don't remember any conversation with the matron which wasn't based on her giving instructions. There was no empathy or pastoral connection at all.

16. I was in and out of the junior house fairly quickly, which makes me think that I did join the school in the summer term. I moved from the junior house to a dormitory in the main building called Rattachan. I seem to remember there were twenty-one boys in Rattachan. You came up a very small flight of stairs to get into the room. It was a big, square room with beds down all the sides, windows down one side, blank walls at either end and a couple of windows in the corner. There was a block of cupboards in the middle where we put all our belongings and tiny bedside cabinets between each of the beds.
17. I was abused by a master, Iain Robb, whose lodgings were in the same corridor as the Rattachan dormitory and one other dormitory. If you came out of the dormitory and went down the two or three steps, to the left there were showers, baths, loos and then to the right down a corridor, maybe about fifteen to twenty paces, was where his lodgings were. He had one room and a bathroom.
18. I think a master called Mr Brooks and a deputy matron may also have slept in the main building, but not in the area that we were in. It was an old building with lots of stairs and fire doors so there were areas within it that were reasonably self-contained. My memory of the layout of the place is very accurate, but who stayed in the building isn't. I do know that there was relatively little accommodation for staff.
19. You moved from one dormitory to another as you got older. There was a boy in charge of each dorm. I only got through three dormitories before I was removed from the school.

Mornings and bedtime

20. A fifteen-minute bell was rung to wake you up in the morning. You had fifteen minutes to get yourself up and down for breakfast. A junior was given the task every day of walking round with a follow-up five-minute bell. You'd have a shower if you could be bothered. We usually had games in the afternoon so it wasn't that we were unhygienic.

You'd brush your teeth, get dressed and go down to queue for breakfast. You'd then march into the dining room in single file, go to your assigned table and eat breakfast.

21. When I was in the junior house, we had baths or showers at night. This was supervised by the masters, the matron and sometimes by Mrs Blocksidge, the headmaster's wife. I do not recall any rhyme or reason as to who supervised but Mr Robb was frequently "on duty".
22. There wasn't a specific master in charge of a dormitory. The masters would take it in turns to go round and do "lights out". The difference between them was quite remarkable. Some of them would spend a bit of time with you chatting and cracking jokes and others would be incredibly stern and tell you to shut up, get to bed, and the lights would be out immediately. Some were very quick to publicly punish transgressions with a beating with a slipper or shoe, which certainly built fear and controlled the boys.

Mealtimes / Food

23. Everybody ate at long trestle tables in the dining room in the main building. Mealtimes were very regimented, with the seating on the assigned table moving round one space per day, with a master at the head of the table. Sooner or later it was "your turn" to sit next to the master for two days. It all felt very controlling and subjugating. The atmosphere was very much one of "them and us" with the masters having complete control over every aspect of our lives. They even watched over us as we had our baths in the evening, two to a bath.
24. The general standard of the food was not great. This sounds ridiculous now, but that was one of the things that made you desperately homesick. When you're at home, your mother looks after you and cooks the food you like in the way you like it done. It's not like that when you go to boarding school. If it's not cooked the way you like it, then tough luck. You have to eat the salted porridge at breakfast and the runny egg whites, unless you can pass them on to a friend. It's a huge change from what you're used to

and there's no provision for any transition. It was an uncaring environment where the feelings of the boys was never a consideration.

25. We used to go to other schools for sports and the first topic would be the food. First of all, you'd ask what the food was like and then you'd ask if you had to eat it. I remember going to Rannoch School up at Rannoch Moor and being served cold sardines on toast after playing rugby in the freezing cold. Whenever the boys from other schools said you didn't have to eat the food, you'd think that it must be brilliant being there. Those were the things that affected your life in a really material way. Sometimes the most simplistic things became an obsession.
26. I was so upset and unhappy at being treated like this that I once had a "stand-off" over a green tomato. It's part of my coping mechanism to make light of things, so I laugh about this now. It was a strange practice, but those were the days when you had to eat what you were given, even if you didn't like it. It was that very puritanical, Christian thing where all the food was a gift from God. I refused to eat a cold, green, grilled tomato at breakfast and was not allowed to leave until I had. I was still sitting with it at the table with a master until just before teatime. In the end, a lady in the catering staff, who had nothing to do with looking after the kids, showed some kindness and walked past and took it off the plate when the master wasn't looking.
27. This sounds like an insignificant event but it's indicative of the level of control used. There was no educational value in having a child sit there for most of the day for the sole purpose of getting them to eat a tomato. Why nobody questioned this practice is beyond me. This kind of thing happened on a frequent basis, although the kids found their own ways of managing it. Food would get shuffled discreetly among us. There was always someone willing to eat what you didn't like or help you get rid of it.

Schooling

28. We were straight into the school day after breakfast. It was all run by bells, as most schools were. We got a relatively short break and then we'd finish mid-afternoon. We usually did games in the afternoon. If you weren't doing sports, you'd lark about for a

while and then go back in for tea. There was a little bit of prep afterwards, which basically meant more larking around because no-one studied very much.

29. Bizarrely, I don't remember much about the educational side of it. I was being abused, so my life was just about my day-to-day survival. It wasn't about doing well in subjects and passing my exams. I was just trying to get through every single day.

Peers

30. I was friendly at New Park with a guy called [REDACTED]. He was the funniest man on earth. We were virtually inseparable. They used to put "[REDACTED]" on the notice board if they wanted either one of us. We were constantly in trouble. [REDACTED] is the one I spoke to and shared experiences with and he is the only one I remember who brought sunshine into my school days at this time. I didn't tell him about the abuse. The value of good friendships was a life-line for me in my school days. My friends helped me to get through, even though they didn't realise what they were doing for me at the time. Other boys also had very strong friendships with their fellow pupils. I think being away from parents with uncaring adults around us brought the boys closer together. The pastoral support we needed came from the pupils, not the staff.

Leisure time

31. We used to swim in the sea at the West Sands. It was freezing, but for me all those things were a joy because I was free. There was no constraint on me at all. The sea would be crashing over my head, and the mind-numbing cold was not a problem for me. I was lucky in that respect. We used to canoe up and down the coast, away out to sea. When I think about it now, it was proper dangerous, but I thought it was amazing then. I embraced all of those things.
32. The kids that didn't like these activities just had to get on with it. There wasn't any tolerance then. There was not much room at all for anyone to be an individual with individual needs.

33. I had an extremely good soprano voice and was in the school choir, and I was a talented pianist and played the drums and trumpet. I also started playing golf and learnt to ski and skate when I was at New Park.

Religion

34. Being in the choir meant I was constantly in church. Our choir was resident in St Andrew's Church. We were there every Sunday and sometimes on other evenings to practice. The New Park School choir was very good. Lots of tourists would come to see us. We were something to behold.
35. We had assembly every morning. I've never bought into the religious thing, so it was just another opportunity to mess about with [REDACTED]. We would fairly regularly be sent out of assembly for misbehaving. We'd have to report to the master's common room where we'd get hit with a slipper and told not to do it again, but we would just do it again the next day.

Running away

36. I spent countless nights plotting how to run away from my school because I was being abused by Iain Robb, but I didn't know how to get home. My parents had moved to Surrey by then. My best idea was to follow the railway line south from Leuchars to King's Cross, but I never did it.
37. I used to leave the school grounds with my friend [REDACTED], but I don't think he was ever in the 'let's run away' camp. My motivation probably was significantly different to [REDACTED]. I suspect he was just inherently naughty, while I was desperately trying to escape the school environment.
38. I would say to [REDACTED] "Let's go" and he'd say, "Okay". I was no older than ten when I started to leave the school grounds. I would go as far away as I could. We would cycle

for miles. They confiscated our bikes at one point, but I went and spoke to the headmaster and we got them back. And then we carried on as before.

39. The school used to have automatic membership of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews. [REDACTED] and I got on our bikes one day with a couple of golf clubs and went to the Old Course and teed off in front of the clubhouse. We got in terrible trouble for that.
40. Part of the school uniform was a boiler suit and wellies so that you didn't get all your other stuff dirty. We'd put these on and walk for miles up the burn next to the school. Those were really happy moments. Unfortunately for me, I still have some of that behaviour to this day. I will do the strangest things because it's etched in my psyche that that is freedom, a safe place, not a constraint. I felt genuine terror in the school because of the abuse, and getting free of the school environment in any way I could is one of the ways I managed the situation.

Trips/holidays

41. We used to go skiing at Glenshee. That too was an utter joy, as were all the little bursts of things that got me free. Throwing yourself down a mountain with a pair of skis on was fantastic. I had no concern about breaking bones. That freedom of not being in the school environment was fantastic. These are the things that are still with me and are real hallmarks of my childhood.
42. I don't really remember staying over anywhere. Most of the activities we did were day trips. There was a holiday trip to Ffestiniog in Wales. That's the only one I remember. I refused to go.

Visits / Inspections

43. I saw my sisters now and again at St Leonards. It was odd that I rarely saw them, as they were almost within arm's reach. We had a phone in a corridor in school, as did they, but there was no point phoning unless they were anywhere near it. It really was

quite hard to make contact. The saving grace was that I knew where they were, so on occasions I would just get on my bike and go to their school. This was another source of trouble.

44. I remember my mum and dad coming to see me only once, when I was playing in the pipe band. I was tiny and could barely carry this colossal drum.
45. You had to write a letter home every Sunday, which the school read. I had heard that as a school fable, but I had no proof. So I tested it by writing a letter that I knew would come back to me if the school read it. I don't remember what I wrote. When I rationalise it now, I think they probably thought that whatever the hell was happening to the kids, they couldn't have the parents knowing anything. I got a thorough telling off from the headmaster, and I had to sit down and write another letter. So the letters were bland and meaningless. I think I always just wrote to my mum and she wrote back to me. I had very little input from my father in my life at this stage or later.
46. You did have the opportunity to phone home, but bizarrely you didn't do that very often. You were standing in an open corridor so there wasn't any privacy. If I remember correctly, the phone was right outside the masters' common room so everything could be heard. Not for a second was it considered that you might need privacy, and actually it was probably considered a bad thing.
47. I'm sure inspections happened, but I don't remember any. Certainly, no-one ever sat me down and asked me how I was in my time there.

Discipline

48. You would get hit with a slipper, or whatever else was to hand, for any kind of non-compliance. It wasn't a brutal environment, but it was harsh enough to instil the fear in you that you could get beaten. It was never enough to stop me behaving the way I did. I was in fear for my life because I was being sexually abused, so I was not in fear of a slipper.

49. I'm not sure what the school rule on discipline was, or if there even was one. I think discipline was just in the hands of whoever was in front of you at the time. You would be hit mainly on the backside. If you were lucky they would do it with your shorts up. If you weren't, you would be hit on the bare bottom. Sometimes it would really hurt and you would have marks for a few days. It was the luck of the draw. If the nearest slipper had a soft leather sole like a moccasin, you were laughing. But if you got the wrong end of one of those solid, plastic-soled slippers, that really hurt and there would be proper bruising.
50. You were often hit in the presence of others. It is much more effective to make examples of people if you're trying to control a population. Without question, that was the thinking at the time. It happened to me and I saw it happen to other boys. It was part of normal life. After a while, there was a certain amount of bravado in it, and we'd just shrug it off even when it hurt.
51. You would sometimes get "lines" to write out. I seem to remember occasionally there would be detention, but detention wasn't culturally what the school did. It was much easier for them to grab something and hit you.

Healthcare

52. We had a doctor who came in from a local practice. Often it would be the same fellow. He seemed as old as the hills to us. Most injuries weren't sufficient to get you off games. The attitude from the doctor was that you were just a wimp and needed to toughen up. That was the feeling I got from him. Occasionally, you'd get different doctors with whom you could engage a little bit more. They had more empathy.
53. I sustained quite a few injuries at school and saw the doctor for some of these. I also saw him for painful growing pains in my knees, which I had for a long time.
54. I broke my wrist and my eye socket whilst at New Park. I got the eye injury while playing cricket on either my eleventh or twelfth birthday. I also got hit over the head

with a putter, and I got a figure skate stuck under my knee cap. I was treated at hospital for these injuries.

Pastoral care

55. Nobody looked after me at New Park. Mr Blocksidge was a lovely fellow and his wife was a stern but lovely lady, but they didn't look after me. You didn't ever speak to the headmaster beyond a "good morning, sir". That would have been impertinent. In the hierarchy of the school, they floated just above God.
56. Nobody seemed to have the interests of the children at heart. There was no one person whose overriding responsibility was the welfare of the children.

Abuse at New Park School

57. I remember vividly the first occasion I was sexually abused by Iain Robb. It was utterly terrifying. I had come out of the junior house and had moved up to the Rattachan dormitory in the senior house. I was in my bed and I woke up with his hand over my mouth, holding me down, and he was interfering with me. The extraordinary thing is all the other guys were in the room sleeping. I think people will find this hard to believe because I couldn't believe it at the time. I was terrified and had absolutely no clue what to do. I was not of an age to understand it might be okay to actually scream out, and in any case, my ability to scream was quite severely restricted because I was being physically restrained. The overwhelming feeling was complete terror.
58. From then on, I was sexually abused by Iain Robb at least two to three times a week. It was opportunistic so it would vary in frequency. He would manipulate situations so that we were alone together. Unfortunately for me, Mr Robb was in charge of music and that meant our paths crossed often. Sometimes there were intense periods when I was doing a lot of music-related things and I just couldn't avoid being with him. We travelled the length and breadth of Fife doing concerts and music practice, sometimes in a group, but even then he would find a way of peeling me away from the pack. He

would also take me to his lodgings in the main building in the school. When I was taken to his lodgings, the door was locked behind me.

59. The worst abuse took place when locked in his lodgings. I had no escape route, although I often thought of jumping out of the window. If I was in my kilt he took great pleasure in fondling me with his hands up my kilt and inside my underpants. If I was in my dressing gown and pyjamas, he enjoyed having "easier access" by undoing my dressing gown and pyjamas. He'd sit in his chair and make me stand in front of him. He'd touch me and talk to me at the same time. Oddly, I don't recall anything he said but I can still hear his voice.

60. I learned over time that he was unlikely to let me go until he had gone through his routine with me. He would fondle me until I had an erection. From there he would ask me to remove my pyjamas so I was naked or he would remove my kilt and pull down my pants. He would then continue to touch me whilst masturbating himself, sometimes forcing me, by holding my arm, to masturbate him. There were variations on a theme, depending where we were, how much time he had available and what mood he was in. Sometimes he would me with my back against him, rubbing himself against me. Sometimes he would ask me to wait in the middle of the room and he would go to the bathroom, to emerge naked a few minutes later, with an erection. Sometimes he would just ask me to put my hand inside his dressing gown to touch his penis, asking me to "give him a stiffy". On occasions too numerous to mention, his masturbation or my touching of him would lead to him ejaculating, over me if that took his fancy on that occasion.

61. When we went away to do piano practice, sing at Evensong, or whatever else we were doing, I was in a locked car with him, or in a locked minibus with him. I just couldn't get away and was told repeatedly to keep it a secret. I am no giant now, but in those days I was pretty small. He would abuse me anywhere he could get me alone. It even happened in the room in the church where you got dressed, the vestry I think it's called.

62. I genuinely spent my time fearing for my life. I lived this twenty-four hours a day. I knew I could wake up any night with a hand over my mouth holding me down. Every single night I went to bed terrified, with days and evenings being not much better. I know that sounds ridiculous, but I had no idea what this individual was capable of doing to me. I was young, isolated and I was scared that he may kill me to keep the abuse secret. I was completely alone, and nobody could help me. I felt a loneliness and vulnerability that I just can't put into words. As an adult you have all the worldly knowledge, but you don't have that when you are small. You don't know what to do or where to turn. You have no idea how society works or how it might react to these things. You just have no reference points at all.
63. Absolutely nobody came to help me, and then I just had to do what I could to survive. The difficult thing about this is that you have to acquiesce. You have to accept that these things are being done to you. I did know they were wrong. It's not as though I was completely stupid, but I didn't know what the solution was. I didn't know where the safe harbour was, and I didn't know my way home.
64. One of my survival techniques was to try, as much as humanly possible, to avoid situations arising that would allow him to peel me away from the rest of the pack. Unfortunately, that developed into a habit of leaving the school grounds with [REDACTED]. We would get on our bikes and go. We got into terrible trouble for that, but nobody actually asked me why I was behaving that way. Nobody seemed to question why, when all the other children were able to stay happily within the school grounds, [REDACTED] and I were always running off.
65. There were limits as to how effective this technique could be. I had to go to school, I had to be at meals, I had to go to choir practice and, if my name was put down to do a piano solo at St Giles' Cathedral, then I had to go there and practice. Iain Robb and the school had a tremendous amount of control over what I did.
66. As an adult, I now know I could have got out of it if I had said something. I didn't know that then. When I think about it now, I think it's extraordinary how a child's mind works, but that is how it works.

67. I am not sure how long the abuse went on for. You block these things out and you lose track of time. I think it started when I was about ten, and I am pretty sure that I was at Fettes College after the hot summer of 1976. That would make me twelve when I left New Park.
68. I suspected others were being abused and found out recently from the police that there were definitely another two boys. I think I know who these guys were. As well as being quite a talented musician, Mr Robb also did woodwork. He spent a lot of time with a guy building a canoe to take to the West Sands and go out canoeing in the sea. He also built a racing bike with the head chorister. That wasn't the treatment or attention that any other child got. There was clear favouritism. I can remember the boys' faces but not their names. One might have been [REDACTED] and the other [REDACTED] but I don't really remember.
69. One of the things that upsets me a lot about the whole thing is that I really do struggle to understand, now that I am a parent, how nobody who was meant to be caring for me had any inkling. In fact, I don't believe nobody did. I think most normal, well-adjusted adults would notice that boys were being separated on a ridiculously frequent basis. That kind of stuff was not hidden. The music, art and woodwork rooms had huge glass windows, so everyone could see who was in there and what they were doing. When Robb wasn't with me, he was with one of those other guys. How no-one looked at that and didn't think it was at least slightly unusual is beyond me.

Reporting of abuse at New Park School

70. To this day, I don't know how the abuse came to light. I didn't tell anybody about it. I didn't even tell [REDACTED], my best buddy in the world. As an adult, I've asked myself why I didn't tell my parents. It's inexplicable. My dad had his issues and my mum was doing her best to kind of hold everything together, so they had their own stuff going on. Also, my elder sister had run away from school and had written to a newspaper about what

a hellhole St Leonards was, so to some extent it was just chaos all around me. I could say that my parents were so wrapped up in themselves at that point, but I don't know if that explains it.

71. As a child, you do not think, "I had better go and tell the headmaster about this". You imagine you'll get in terrible trouble. I did at one stage keep a diary by the side of my bed and wrote down that I was being abused and I was desperately unhappy and wanted to go home. I wrote it all down so that someone would find it, and someone must have done because it disappeared. Nobody spoke to me after it disappeared. In fact, no-one ever mentioned it to me.
72. Totally out of the blue, I was taken out of class one day to go to the headmaster's study, which was a genuinely terrifying place to go in normal circumstances. To some extent I was used to being called to see the headmaster because I had spent a lot of time in trouble, but this felt very different. It was a long time ago, but these things are so traumatic that they are absolutely etched in my memory. It was a horrendous experience. I can even place the people in the room. There were two policemen in full uniform standing there, which made it even more terrifying, given that half the time in the confused state I was in, I thought it was maybe my fault I was being abused. Although, bizarre as it may seem, I didn't think that they were there to talk to me about the abuse. I thought my parents had been killed. There was no preparation whatsoever for what was actually happening.
73. The headmaster was sitting behind his desk, which wasn't a brilliant place to be. He had the whole authority thing going on there. In fairness to him, he got up and came over and invited me to sit on the sofa next to him. He told me I wasn't in trouble and that the police wanted to ask me some questions about what had been happening to me in private. He told me that whatever I told them was fine and said, "We're here to look after you". This was the first time anybody had ever said anything like that to me in all my time in that place. I think I was twelve at that point. I don't know the precise chronology. My life was dominated by surviving and getting home, so the passage of time was only relevant to getting home in one piece.

74. I don't know if the procedures are better now, but I was asked some questions by the police in a pretty much 'let's get on with it' kind of style. There was no gentle introduction. It was really overwhelming. I was in and out of there on the back of relatively few questions. I was probably there for about thirty minutes, maybe forty maximum. I answered the questions, but I was totally and utterly bewildered and frightened about what was now happening around me.
75. I was given a line to say to explain why I'd been to see the headmaster and was taken back to class. I think it was a maths class. How anyone expected me to simply slot back into class having just had that experience, I have no idea. There was no support from the school following the interview. I just went back into my maths class and that was it. No-one ever spoke to me about it again.
76. My parents arrived a few days later and took me away. I don't know if my parents had been given the opportunity to be with me when the police spoke to me. I would be astounded if that had happened. The abuse hasn't been spoken about within my family since. I have had no support from my family at all. My parents probably thought that the best way to deal with it was just to move on and get me into a different school. This left me alone and with nothing other than the legacy of fearing for my life.
77. I only became aware of what the consequences had been for Iain Robb after I rang the Inquiry line and his details were passed to the police by Inquiry staff. I then got a phone call from the police out of the blue when I was at work. The female police officer said that two other boys at the school had been abused by him and he had been prosecuted in relation to the three of us. He got a six-month prison sentence. I think the information could have been delivered in a slightly more sensitive way.
78. I have often wondered what he was actually prosecuted for. If the information that went before the court was based on a cursory police interview of thirty minutes per child, I would say that that was grossly inadequate. I don't recall ever seeing a statement to sign and I never went to court. I certainly did not give to the police, nor did they seek anything like the detail I have gone into in this statement. I could never have done that with the approach the police took and with the headmaster sitting there. Looking back

now, the whole process was wrong and was not designed to get to the truth or to support the victims.

79. I did not feel able to tell the police the full extent of what had happened to me. I struggle now, let alone at that age. I wasn't afforded the opportunity to tell them everything. With the questions they asked and the answers I gave, none of them would have left that room with an understanding of what I had been through.
80. I am keen to move on, and I have moved on, but at the same time this is an area that has often troubled me. I think the sentence was very light, so I do wonder what level of enquiry was undertaken and who was spoken to.

Leaving New Park School

81. My parents came and got me a few days after the police interview. I then went back to New Park again for a short spell before I left for good. My recollection is that I was interviewed by the police either towards the end of a term or half-term. We had very short half-terms which weren't long enough to go home, so my parents would drive up and we'd often go to places like the Peebles Hydro.
82. I was back at New Park when Iain Robb came to collect his belongings. I think we had been away for the half-term and had come back for the second half-term. He drove his own car up the drive to the school when I was standing on the putting green in front of the school. I think it's extraordinary that he was allowed to come into the school on his own. I'm pretty sure he had been remanded in custody at some point, and I think someone had had a go at him because his hands were in bandages.
83. Mr Blocksidge was either removed as headmaster or he resigned shortly after I was interviewed by the police. I think the school governors might have removed him when they found out about the abuse. I don't know where the governors had been all that time I was being abused.

84. The boys organised a sit-in in protest against Mr Blocksidge's removal. I don't know what the boys knew about Iain Robb. I didn't talk to them about what had happened to me. I think we were just protesting because we couldn't understand why the horrible governors were removing someone who had been a reasonably nice chap to us, albeit distant.
85. I left New Park and then went to Fettes College.

Fettes College, Edinburgh

86. Fettes had a philosophy that you were called a "man" from the moment you arrived. You were never referred to as a boy again. It was all about taking responsibility. In return, they respected you and engaged with you in a completely different way from New Park. They actually spoke to you, and I was instantly happier there.
87. In my view, we had a superb headmaster. His name was Anthony Chenevix-Trench. He walked around in dark glasses, as his eyes were terribly scarred from injuries he sustained as a Japanese Prisoner of War. He came out of all his experiences with an extremely laissez-faire attitude towards the boys. His attitude was that "boys will be boys" and that we'd all grow out of our bad behaviour. The environment wasn't too constraining because of Chenevix-Trench. I loved it.

First impressions

88. There was much more of a support framework within Fettes to get you settled. There was a 'grace' system in place. You had two weeks' grace when you arrived, which meant you couldn't get any punishments in those two weeks because you had to be given time to learn the rules of the school and settle in. You were allocated to a prefect and they kept an eye on you. Your prefect would sit down with you and explain the rules. For example, if you missed a house meeting, they would show you the noticeboard where information on house meetings was posted. These things made a difference.

Food

89. The food was absolutely brilliant. There were two or three choices for breakfast and it was a buffet-style service, so you didn't have to eat any food you didn't like. We got things like Lorne sausage, black pudding and smoked bacon. It was such a contrast from New Park, I thought I had moved into the Ritz.

Junior school

90. I joined Fettes in the junior school and went into Malcolm House. This was in 1976 or 1977. There were a lot of different houses all over the grounds. The housemaster, FTG ██████████, lived in Malcolm house with his wife. ██████████
██████████ Mrs ██████████ could be reasonably strict when she had to be, but she was a really nice lady.
91. Malcolm House had a nice, homely atmosphere. I genuinely felt as though people actually cared about my wellbeing. I was badly behaved when I first arrived, and Mrs ██████████ had to get a grip on some of the things I was doing. FTG ██████████ could be fairly strict too, but he would sit you down and talk to you and ask you why you were misbehaving. He'd then suggest other things for you to do. One of the things I took up after a conversation with him was squash. He suggested it as I had all this energy to burn. In the early days, I calmed down a bit and towed the line but it didn't take long until I reverted to type.

Senior school

92. I don't know whether this was an official policy, but most of the houses seemed to have somebody you could go to if you had concerns. I got on amazingly well with a master called Mr CBU ██████████. We used to call him CBU ██████████. He was in charge of ██████████ and he brewed his own beer. We would go to see him on the pretext of organising the next ██████████ trip and we'd drink his beer with him. It was a completely different environment from New Park. There certainly were some fierce masters, but there were people

around at Fettes that you knew you could go and talk to if you were having a terrible time. I find it hard to understand that two schools operating in the same era could have had such major cultural differences.

93. I went off the rails again when I was about thirteen. My parents were having difficulties which led to them getting divorced. I didn't need that to happen, as I could really have done with some guidance then. I was constantly in trouble and was behaving so badly, I was actually taken away from Fettes. My father took me out half way through my fourth form, and I was put into Reigate Grammar School in Surrey. I was very upset to be taken away. I had formed very strong friendships, some of which continue to this day, and I felt alone again without my friends.
94. Given where I had been, Fettes was a joyous period of life for me, even though I was being naughty. So I did a deal with my father that if I passed all my O-levels with flying colours, he would send me back to Fettes. I got myself back there and then behaved incredibly badly again.
95. Luckily, I had a housemaster, ^{EXM} [REDACTED], who protected me and a pal of mine towards the end of my time at Fettes. ^{EXM} [REDACTED] was pretty fearsome. If he beat you, you'd feel it for at least a week but he didn't beat many people. He never beat me. There were times when the headmaster wanted to throw us out because we did things you just couldn't do. I was never privy to the conversations between the headmaster and ^{EXM} [REDACTED] but my very strong feeling is that ^{EXM} [REDACTED] stood up for and protected both of us, for which I am grateful to this day.

Fagging

96. There were two types of fagging. You were a fag to a prefect and you were given tasks to do for the prefect, such as washing their boots or rugby kit. No-one really abused that. The prefects used to keep an eye on one another and would take a prefect aside if they did abuse it. The theory of it was that you would know what it was like to be at the bottom of the pile, and you would remember how that felt when you reached the top and were a prefect yourself.

97. The other type was 'punishment fagging'. If you did something wrong, you got what was called 'L.E', which was the equivalent of writing out lines. I spent the entire third form and most of the fourth form on punishment fagging. I didn't have a day when I wasn't on punishments. I got punished for leaving the school grounds, smoking, drinking, and basically doing all the things I shouldn't have been doing.

Discipline

98. Chenevix-Trench used to invite some of the guys who behaved really badly round to his lodge for tea. His wife would make tea and scones and he would sit and chat with them about everything that was going on in the world. It was only at the end of the chat, he would mention the bad behaviour and tell them not to do it again. I was invited round a few times.
99. Chenevix-Trench did beat a guy quite severely one time. The guy, [REDACTED], was my allocated prefect when I arrived. He had gone into town and stolen a suit. That's the kind of thing you would get severely punished for, as that wasn't just being a little bit naughty, it was a criminal offence.
100. I had no fear at Fettes. I wasn't frightened of any punishments they could give me. I was terrified beyond description at New Park, so I wasn't scared of being "gated" or being caned.
101. Fettes was quite a tough environment and some parents did take their children away, but I would say 95% loved it. I know that some people say their experience was brutal. We didn't have hot water until the fourth form and we had to play rugby when it was snowing. I hardly even remember the fact that we didn't have hot water. I didn't give a fig. All of these things were just luxury. I was no longer being terrorised two or three times a week, so none of that bothered me in the slightest.

Life after school

102. My time at Fettes had been really happy, but educationally it was a disaster. I passed five Highers and failed three A-levels. I had put myself down for medicine, so that was no longer an option with the results I got. I had quite a good ability to talk my way out of things, and Mr ^{EXM} sat down with me and said that I should be a lawyer because of how I talked when I was in trouble and stayed cool when the headmaster was after my liver. You could get a “value equivalent” conversion for the Highers, but I was just slightly short of the grades I needed so I went to Guildford College and did two more A-levels in a year, which I passed with two ‘A’s. I then did a law degree, my Law Society finals and qualified as a solicitor in the City of London.
103. I was very lucky that I met my wife on the first day of my career in London. She has been by my side and helped me all the way through ever since. We have two fantastic sons.

Impact

104. To this day I suffer significant lasting effects from the abuse. I have always had an issue with anything that makes me feel constrained in any way at all, and that’s because the abuse I suffered was very constraining. Ever since my school days, the feeling of being constrained has triggered a reaction in me to get free of it. It doesn’t have to be a physical constraint. This was problematic throughout my school days because there were rules. The moment someone at school said to me that I wasn’t supposed to be doing something, I’d find a way of doing it.
105. Somehow, I have ended up in one of the most competitive work environments in the world and I have never really accepted that I have to go to work at all. I think I should just be allowed to lark about and ride my motor bike and go skiing. This is relevant because for me even having to go to work is a constraint. It’s not that I am lazy or that I struggle to conform. There’s something very deep inside me that makes me not want to be constrained in any way. It can be the simplest thing. For example, when there

are double doors and everyone is going through the one door, I will open the other door and go through that. It's ridiculous stuff sometimes, but it's also way bigger than that. It can make my behaviour seem odd or hard to understand at times.

106. Miraculously, I have held down a career in the City even although I have always tried to get out of it. I wanted to bring up my family in a nice, comfortable, loving environment free from all the stuff that I've been through, but I have really struggled at times at work, not quite on a daily basis but on a very regular basis. My career would be difficult anyway, but it has been doubly difficult because of what happened to me at New Park. With my wife's help, I have managed to do certain things that I certainly couldn't have done by myself. It's a miracle I've done what I have and it's all down to [REDACTED] I've held down a job and we've brought up two fabulous boys, when a lot of the time I've been desperate to free myself of the constraints.
107. There was a moment last year when my youngest went to university for his first term, and that for me was a watershed moment. I thought, "We've done it. We've brought up two kids, got them to university and they are on their way". The way I think about it is that the boys will be okay if I drop dead now, because they are educated and we have given them enough knowledge and life experience to make their own way in life. They are really lovely and well-rounded boys, and that for me is amazing.
108. It has also had a massive effect on relationships in my life. It's difficult to describe why it has such an effect on relationships. I think it's because people don't know your background. I think [REDACTED] is the first person I was in a relationship with that I spoke to about the abuse I suffered.
109. Prior to [REDACTED] coming along, I had struggled in relationships. I would be with people on occasions that I really didn't want to be with at all, and would stay with them because I needed companionship. I don't want to use the phrase 'any port in a storm', but we're not a million miles from that. I have been in relationships I didn't want to be in, or I've felt constrained and walked away from relationships that I did want to be in. I ended up upsetting other people, and then I would look at my own behaviour and have feelings about myself that were really negative indeed. I felt that I wasn't a very

nice person at all. I'd try to make sense of all it, but the next day would come along and I'd just behave the same way again.

110. It's part of being human to want to be with other people, to want to have friendships, and physical or sexual relationships. All of that is normal, but this kind of experience really does damage your understanding of how some of those relationships should work. It damages your ability to conduct normal relationships. It damages your ability to communicate and your ability to trust other people. There have been times when I have emotionally pushed [REDACTED] quite a long way away, not because I want her to go away, but because on occasions I just really struggle with relationships. [REDACTED] has been incredibly tolerant, which is why amazingly we're still together. My behaviour can be difficult at times, so it takes someone pretty understanding to be with me.
111. [REDACTED] is really smart about it all. We were watching a movie recently in which someone was kidnapped and locked in a car boot. I had an absolute meltdown. It was out of the blue, as there wasn't anything else going on in my life generally. [REDACTED] came over and sat on the coffee table opposite me to try to soothe me. I got in a panic and said that I had to get out. She then did the simple act of moving her leg to one side to give me an exit and that helped defuse me.
112. Because I was physically restrained and in fear of my life at New Park and somehow coped with that, I do not feel fear now when I'm physically threatened. People came at me on a train with a knife and I wasn't bothered by it. It's not as though I am all macho, it goes back to my childhood and how I felt at New Park School. I have never been as terrified as I was at that age and nothing will frighten me again as much as that.
113. It is really upsetting that I turned away from playing music. I used to love it. I just turned my back on all of it. The circumstances in which I was doing all of that were so awful, I just walked away from it. I wish I hadn't. I was actually quite good at it. I would have to start over again if I wanted to go back to it now.

114. The effects of abuse are so lasting, so deep, and they go right into your very core. You can't just extract it. You can't learn how to behave differently. I have tried. You've just got to find a way of coping. I don't obsess about it every day, but the tail of it is incredibly long. It will go to my grave with me. I am okay with that because somehow I have survived. I hadn't thought of myself as a survivor before, but I am increasingly thinking of myself that way. I am immensely proud of the fact that I have survived.

Treatment and support

115. I had a period about seventeen years ago where I really struggled. I don't think I was ever diagnosed as having a breakdown, but I did voluntarily admit myself to the Priory. I just wasn't coping. The whole thing was too much for me, and I broke down at home crying.
116. I think the Priory dealt with it really badly. They wanted to do Cognitive Behavioural Therapy. It was almost like a fad. They said it was a new thing and it was going to be great, but it was awful. They asked me some ridiculous questions, such as, "What are your needs?" How are you supposed to answer that?
117. It has been a completely different and very valuable experience talking to Sue from Future Pathways. Summarising what she does, she says that I need to walk towards it, not run away from it, and I need to try to assimilate it into my life. She told me that she wasn't going to force me to say anything, and then however many weeks later, there I was talking about it all, not because I had been forced to, but because bit by bit we'd kind of encroached upon it. She has done a great job. I would never before have spoken about it like I have done today.
118. I have been blessed with a lot of things in my life, one of which is the quality of the friendships I've had. I had some amazing friends at school. I'm still in touch with some of the guys from Fettes. We built friendships that were really deep because they provided support. They helped to get me through. I never asked them for support and

I never told them about the abuse, so the reality is most of my friends will never know how important they've been to me.

119. I did tell one dear friend recently. That was me walking towards it, trying at last to get it all assimilated and carrying it with me, not in the way I had done previously, but in a different way. My friend gave me a hug and said that he would never have known. Just sharing it after forty-odd years was nice.

Other action

120. I have never sought an apology from New Park School. When I've tried to Google it, it's as if the whole place has been wiped off the map, as if it never existed. I don't know if that's because it merged with St Leonards School.

Lessons to be Learned

121. The one thing missing at New Park School was that there were all these people and they all had a function, but, as far as I could tell from the pupils' perspective, nobody actually had the welfare of the students as their job. Nobody in my whole time there ever asked me how I was, or if anything was not going well for me. I don't think abuse would get exposed with one question, but there was no culture at New Park that allowed you to express anything remotely negative towards the school or anyone within it. There was no one person you could go to. There was no "friendly face", no safe place to go. They all congregated in the common room together and they were all part of the same system.
122. Contrasting New Park with Fettes, in the junior school at Fettes I had Mrs [REDACTED] the housemaster's wife. I never really needed to speak to her, but I did feel that I could have if there had been anything that was really troubling me. In one of the houses in the senior school, the matron had an open-door policy. You could go up to her flat and watch telly. She'd make you tea and toast and you'd have a chat. She was a safe

harbour. If there had been anything wrong, there is no question I would have been able to tell her.

123. Fettes also had house tutors who called you in and asked you mainly about academic matters, but the conversations would be a bit more wide-ranging and they'd ask questions about what activities you were getting involved in at school and who you were doing those with. There were also masters like ^{CBU} and ^{EXM}. Whether it was by design or good luck, there was access to people at Fettes whom I felt genuinely had my best interests at heart. That would have been a life-line for me at New Park.
124. I had absolutely nowhere to go at New Park. Even if they'd had a button on the wall with the words on it, "If you need help, press here". That or something equivalent would have been a life-saver for me.
125. I hope the Inquiry looks at organisations that got it wrong and identifies what was in place or was not in place to enable abuse to happen. In my view, the entire set-up at New Park enabled these things to happen. There was a culture of secrecy and the circumstances made it possible for me to be peeled away from the pack without anyone even noticing, or turning a blind eye if they did.
126. I think people in my situation would agree that the Inquiry can't make it better for us. I never expect to be better. My objective is just to manage it better. The reason I have come forward is to help the Inquiry find ways to reduce the likelihood of this happening to young people in the future. I can then walk away thinking that I tried to get a positive out of something that was really not good at all.

127. 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.

CKD


Signed.....

Dated..... 2/10/18