

**Scottish Child Abuse Inquiry**

Witness Statement of

CGF

Support person present: No

1. My name is CGF. My date of birth is 1972. My contact details are known to the Inquiry.

**Life before going to Fettes College**

2. My parents were [redacted] and [redacted]. I have two older sisters called [redacted] and [redacted]. They are eight and seven years older than me, respectively. My father was a Bank Officer with Standard Chartered. He was posted in Manila when he met my mum at a bank function. They courted and married. My parents were on a posting in India when my sisters were born. They were on another posting in Manila when I was born.
3. We moved around a lot. I lived in Singapore, Malaysia and Hong Kong. I was schooled in 'expat' primary schools. When we moved to Hong Kong I went to a secondary school called Island School, which followed the English school system. I was there for two years.
4. After my dad left the bank, he wanted to move back to Edinburgh. During the time, they were shifting their lives back from Asia to the UK, it made sense to them that I boarded at Fettes. Apparently, I was put on a waiting list for Fettes when I was born. My dad was very working class and went to Leith Academy. He liked the way they played rugby at Fettes. He wanted me to be like that and for his kids to have a better start in life. My sisters had been sent to private schools. However, they didn't last long.

They kept running away, mostly due to hygiene. They were only allowed two baths a week.

### **Fettes College, Edinburgh**

#### *First Day*

5. I started at Fettes in the autumn of 1985. I had just turned thirteen. I vaguely remember my first day. I can remember the chaos of trying to get seventy-odd boys into a boarding house with assorted nonsense such as trunks, boxes and suitcases.
6. On the first night, there was a bit of an initiation. The third-formers were split into two dorm rooms each assigned a prefect. That night the sixth-formers came in and basically leathered us. Then hung us out of windows by our ankles, three stories high.

#### **Routine at Fettes**

7. I boarded for the first year. I went into Third Form, which is senior school. It followed the English education system. I was put into Kimmerghame House, which was one of the new houses. It was the closest house to the playing fields at the police station, on the western side of Carrington Road.
8. I became a day pupil when my parents moved back to Scotland. They had bought a house just outside Edinburgh, which required a great deal of renovation. Therefore, there were months and months of that. It took them a year to move back. The school was sold to me as 'apple pie beds', Tom Brown's School Days and jolly hockey sticks. I met a teacher when I first went in. The only question I asked was if I could bring my bike but I wasn't allowed.

*Layout of the school*

9. There is a main school building with other houses. The four boy's houses are situated along Carrington Road. They are Glen Corse, Moredun, Carrington and Kimmerghame. The houses were named after the estates of the trustees when the school.

*The Pupils*

10. My year were the first year that girls were permitted all the way through the senior school. They had previously only been allowed for finishing school. There were girls in my year who had been to the junior school as well. So they were the first pupils to go all the way through the school. The girls boarded too. There were girl's houses.
11. Most of the kids were from Fettes Junior School or Cargilfield. A lot of them knew each other. I think they had got used to the fact that their physical, emotional and spiritual growth had been handed to someone to deal with. Most of them didn't know their parents and during the holidays, they seemed to just wander about from friend to friend. It was quite strange and a culture shock to me.
12. There were about seventy boys in my house. They were aged from thirteen to eighteen.

*Staff*

13. The Head Master was Cameron Cochrane. He was nick named 'trout'. If you went to see Mr Cochrane, you were given a cup of tea and a biscuit. You didn't get into trouble. The Deputy Head Master was Neil Henderson. He was nicknamed 'Hitler'. If you were called to see him, it was different. He was very much a disciplinarian. His office had lights outside it so you couldn't just walk in. The red light would turn green then you could go in. His chair was higher, even as an adolescent, you could see the psychological warfare as if he was always looking down on you.

14. There were housemasters and teachers. The general day-to-day discipline was delegated to the prefects.
15. There was a housemaster, two house tutors and a matron. One house tutor was **KPB** **KPB** and the other was Lieutenant Colonel Barr. He was Australian. He was retired Army and a functioning alcoholic. I could hear him leathering his wife at night. I heard her screaming. I think he had PTSD. One day, someone threw a pencil case across the room and screamed "grenade" and he ducked under the desk. I think he has passed now because he was quite elderly. The housemaster was Dr Bill Marshall. They all taught. Dr Marshall was a Biology teacher, Mr **KPB** was **KPB** and Lieutenant Colonel Barr was a Maths teacher.
16. The teachers had little flats, which were kind of annexed off the main building. When you drive into the boarding houses at Fettes, the first place you see is the Housemaster's annex and there is the main building with the main door into the house. On one side, there is an area, which is called 'area', and there are studies there. On the right, is the main common room and stairs up to the floors. On each floor at the back, there is a door where the house tutors had their little flats. They were so far away and they were stone built so you could scream the place down and no one would hear you.
17. The matron was nice enough. She lived in too. There was a chap in my dorm who used to wet his bed every night because he didn't want to be away from home. He was Singaporean-Chinese, massively over weight and very effeminate.
18. Matron would go in every morning, after we had gone to breakfast, to change the sheets and put a plastic mattress down so people wouldn't find out. I only found out because I walked into the dorm to find her dealing with it. She told me not to tell anyone. I told her that I wouldn't because he was my friend. I don't think any of the others ever found out. The bullying and ritual humiliation was such that it would just have been another cross for him to bear.

*Sleeping Arrangements*

19. The third form had two big open plan rooms with beds. There was one little wooden partition with a bed where the dorm head who was in sixth form slept. There were two other big dorms, 'big upper' and 'big lower'. They were huge, long rooms with wooden partitions. The top half of it were fourth and fifth Form. The bottom floor would be sixth and seventh form. I was in the third form dorm for the duration of my time boarding there. There were seven lads in my room. The other room had six. The head of house had their own room.

*Hierarchy of Pupils*

20. There was a hierarchy. There was a head boy and head girl. They could punish anyone, apart from teachers, below him in the school. Then there were the Head of Houses who could also punish anyone. There were school or chapel prefect who could also punish anyone. The house prefects and deputy house prefects were in charge of house discipline. Then were the back benchers and sixth formers. Then each house would send two prefects to be school or chapel chapels. One would be the head of house and deputy head of house. The house prefects would be in charge of house discipline and school prefects in charge of school. When you walked into chapel, they would all be standing in the aisle, directing us to pews. They would sit at the end and tell you to stop messing around.
21. The dorm head was a prefect. He was there to make sure people weren't messing around after hours or fighting. He would tell people to be quiet. It was explained to me that this is the way life works and this is preparation for life after school. It was very much that the housemasters and house tutors couldn't keep control or discipline of so many boys. They couldn't be there 24/7 so people were placed in responsible positions to try to keep order and stop issues. When you have seventy-odd adolescent boys there are a lot of issues. The prefects had authority to dole out punishments.
22. The punishments were ridiculous. They ranged from getting up at five in the morning to warm the wooden toilet seat up for a prefect to getting up to change into full school

uniform and parade in front of the prefect. Then you would be given sixty seconds to run upstairs to change into games kits, parade and then change into your corps kit. You had to do that for an hour. You would then have to tidy up after yourself.

23. The punishments ranged from being exercised until you had thrown up and missed breakfast. There was a punishment where we had to run the perimeters of the school grounds. It was three and three quarter miles. The whole year was involved. The sixth-formers would stand at all of the entrances to check we were doing it. You had to run in a set time, I think it was thirty minutes, if you didn't do it in that time, you had to keep repeating it before going to chapel and class. I would end up running three of them, missing breakfast and throwing on some clothes before going to chapel and class.
24. Dr Marshall tried to stamp out bullying. He didn't agree with the physical aspect of discipline either. He said that we could be given lines or get up early. However, that didn't happen. I think he trusted his sixth-formers.

*'Fagging'*

25. Apparently, the year that I arrived they had outlawed 'fagging'. 'Fagging' was when third form pupils or 'sproggs' as we were referred to were handed out to prefects. It meant that you became their gofer for the year. It also meant that, at that point, you were under their protection. I can remember doing all sorts of things for the prefects, such as running out of house after hours to deliver notes to girl's houses or going out to the shop to buy the prefects cigarettes. At the end of term, they would maybe buy you a bag of chips and a beer. The sixth-formers had grown up with it so for them it wasn't going to change overnight. It was a cultural shift, which hadn't happened yet. Despite it being outlawed, 'fagging' still existed. It meant that a lot of punishments happened 'off book', if you hadn't done something right, you were just battered.
26. I can't remember the name of the sixth-former who slept in my dorm. I am loathe to criticise some of them who didn't speak up or do anything because they would have been ostracized. I think it must have been similar to prison. You don't hear anything or see anything, it just didn't happen because you would be ostracized. There was one

guy in the year above me who always seemed to be sitting alone at the edge of the table at lunch or breakfast. He had been ostracized because he had had the audacity to report bullying to a teacher. The boys in his year had ostracized him for being a grass. That was very much the culture. You wouldn't speak up, if you didn't agree, you simply walked out of the room.

### *Routine*

27. There were various rotas so if you were on bell ringing you had to get up at 07:00 am. There was a big bell at the bottom of the stairs, which had to be rung. It left you with twenty minutes to get showered and dressed.
28. After that we all went to breakfast. The dining room was at the other side of the main building, about a mile away, so it was a good ten minute walk. After breakfast, we went back to our house to get our stuff together for the day. Then we went to 'area', which was like a roll call and was held by a housemaster. Apparently, a couple of years earlier, someone snuck out of school and on the way sneaking back in the window he had got his head trapped in a window. So, there were 'areas' four times a day to check in. It was usually held by the housemaster. During area, any notices and announcements would be read out. A 'notice' would be, for example, if the boot room was dirty and whoever was on cleaning duty required to clean it before lights out or if an event was coming up during that particular week.
29. After that, we would go to the chapel. The school was non-denominational Christian. There would be a reading, sermon or prayer and a hymn five days a week. Saturdays was choir practice and on Sundays, there was a big service and we had to wear our Sunday outfits. The Head Master would read out anything of note such as congratulations to someone who had scored a hat trick of tries. Then we would file out and go to lessons. The school was in the main building. There was a science block too.

30. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we had games or cadets on a Wednesday. We would go back to class for four lessons after that and finish at 6:10 pm. On Tuesdays and Thursdays there were no afternoon classes so you could have leave to go into town. However, you had to be back by 5:00 pm. Most of the boys played sport, which would finish at 3:30 pm or 4:00 pm so there was no point. We had class until lunchtime on Saturdays and games afterwards. There were a lot of lessons. It was their way of trying to keep us occupied.
31. We would go for dinner then, perhaps, have 45 minutes of 'down time' before going to prep. You would have to be back in house by 7:30 pm for prep. Prep lasted until 9:00 pm. The lights would go out at 10:00 pm. Between 9:00 pm and 10:00 pm, there was a chance to get into your pyjamas and have a hot chocolate. There were also house prayers and whoever was on duty that night would read a prayer. A teacher or prefect would come around switching off all the lights. If you were found out of bed after that, you had to have a good reason.
32. It depended who caught you what the punishment was if you didn't have a good reason. It could be you would be shouted at, or it could be that you might get a slap over the head, or lines, or cleaning duty or you might be told to report to the housemaster in the morning.

#### *Mealtimes*

33. There were around 450 to 500 pupils eating in the dining room so getting food was staggered. The third, fourth and fifth years would go at a certain time. Effectively once you got to sixth form you could go to an early lunch or tea if you wanted. The food was 1980s school food. Once we discovered the salad bar, we chose from there, cold meat, salad and bread rolls were preferable to some of the other things that masqueraded as food. I lost track of the amount of upset stomachs I had during that time. The pupils complained about the standard of food. There was always a teacher on duty to stop stupid stuff going on but it didn't work.



34. If you go in the Inverleith Park entrance to Fettes, there is a glass panelled building on the right, which is the dining hall. Underneath that, there was a cloakroom. It wasn't uncommon to walk in and find a boy who had pissed off someone, hanging by their underpants from the coat hooks so that they were stuck and couldn't get off. It happened to plenty of boys. There were a lot of things that happened. When I look back on it, it just seemed normal and one of the things that you have to go through.

#### *Washing/Bathing*

35. The showering wasn't supervised. Each floor had a toilet/shower area. There were baths, toilets and urinals. There was an open plan shower room with about ten showerheads. You just waited for your turn. There was an area with cages, which we kept our exercise gear in. We brushed our teeth in there.

#### *Leisure time*

36. We had about 45 minutes to an hour to listen to music or read a book. It could be miserable in the winter. If you were that way inclined, you could maybe ask someone to go a walk with you. It was better in the summer. We weren't given anything to amuse ourselves.
37. We were allowed our own belongings. I went in with a tennis racket but I didn't leave with it. Someone would ask to borrow something and you wouldn't see it again. It got better as you went higher up the school because there were less people trying to take stuff.
38. There was a tuck room, which was a little cupboard where you kept your personal boxes. The amount of time you would find your tuck box would be open and stuff would be gone from it, such as sweets, magazines and Walkman music players. You could complain to someone, such as sixth form, head of house or the housemaster, and you might get some sympathy but you would never get an apology.

#### *Sport*

39. Rugby was compulsory for the boys. The girls had to do Lacrosse and Hockey. In the summer term, it was cricket and athletics for the boys. Those weren't compulsory. There were organised games against other schools, which took place on Saturday afternoons. If you higher up in the team structure in which case there would be a midweek game on a Tuesday or Wednesday. If you didn't have a scheduled game, you had to go and watch a senior team playing at home that week. It was compulsory.

*Uniform*

40. The only time we didn't have to wear the school uniform was on weekends, on a Saturday after games and Sundays except for church. For church, we had to wear our best, which were kilts, the house tie, tweed jacket or a suit. Our own clothes were provided by our parents and consisted of jeans and t-shirts.

*Trips and holidays*

41. There was an outward-bound trip in third form to Nethy Bridge for four or five days. We did things like orienteering and hill climbing. During the winter months, you could sign up for a ski trip to Aviemore to get out for the day. There was Combined Cadet Force stuff where you would have to go Castle Law and camp overnight, eat army rations and pretend to be a soldier.

*Combined Cadet Force*

42. Being a cadet was part of the curriculum. For three years, you had to choose between Army, Navy or Air Force. I chose Army but I had no particular interest in the forces. On a Wednesday afternoon you could dressed in best gear and had to frog march around the school saluting people calling them 'sir'. They gave thirteen year old guns. We used to wander around the school with guns from World War One stock. They didn't have rounds in them.
43. The guns called SA80's came out towards the end of Combined Cadet Force. We would be given them to play with. At Castle Law, we would be given blanks and told

not to shoot them at people because they can still kill. What would the idiot boys do when they saw a teacher or somebody they didn't like fifty feet away? They would try to hit them. At the end of it you had to swear an oath that you didn't have any live rounds of ammunition on you but there would be rounds in your puttees.

44. There is an armoury at Fettes. There were tripod-machine guns there and all sorts of things. It used to happen all the time. There were thirteen year olds running around the school grounds pretending to be soldiers. I am not aware of anyone accidentally discharging a weapon but it was common to be hit with the butt of the gun to keep discipline. It would be by a sixth-former or an NCO.
45. They did the whole thing, Lance Corporal and Sergeant. Teachers were officers. My History teacher carried the RAF rank of wing commander. If you messed around you had to go on extra parade. You would spend the day in your kit. During break times, you would standing out in front of the school at attention. You were issued your own kit from corps store in an army bag. When you left you had to take it back and hand it in. We went on inspection every Wednesday. You would parade. If your kit wasn't right you would be pulled up and marched out in front, just like the army. One of the teachers, Neville Clark, mostly carried out the inspections. He was Australian, ex-Army. I heard that he was a specialist in jungle warfare. I think he had served in Vietnam.

### *Schooling*

46. The schooling was adequate. Several older teachers had gone to school there. They had gone to university and had gone back to teach. They were very institutionalised. There were younger ones who were trying to progress their careers. Some of them were better in that you could relate to them more. The older ones called us by our surnames, you had to stand up when they walked into the room, you couldn't sit down until they told you could sit down, call them, 'sir', and they would throw things at us.
47. Corporal punishment was illegal but when you go to a private school, if it is written in the constitution of the school then they can still beat you. I was threatened with the

cane. During my third form, my parents weren't back yet so my uncle was my guardian. Dr Marshall phoned my uncle for permission to cane me because I had been naughty. I can't remember what I had done, I think it had been my attitude. My uncle, knowing my parents didn't believe in that, gave him permission to cane me. So he came through and told me that he had spoken to my uncle and he said he can cane me. I told him, "If you cane me, make sure I don't get up because I'll take that off you and I'll beat you with it".

48. I think he was trying to 'knuckle' me down and stop me from acting out. I had started the first term being a compliant pupil but as I settled in, I became cheekier, my grades were slipping and I was acting up. I think he was trying to get me to settle down by threatening me but it backfired. He is the one of the only people from that place who I wouldn't hear a bad word said about. He always tried his best. Dr Marshall was a gentleman. He was a lovely man. I didn't see any other kids getting the cane. I don't know if that threat had been made to others. He ended up having to take time off from being a housemaster due to stress.

*Religious instruction*

49. The Muslim kids were exempt from chapel. They would go to the reading room in the library during chapel. Unless your parents had written in seeking your excusal, you had to go to chapel. It was compulsory. There were two vicars. It was very much a Christian school.

*Work*

50. The house had to be cleaned so there was a cleaning rota. There weren't cleaners. Floors would have to be swept and mopped. The boot room where all of the rugby boots were kept would have to be cleaned. The toilets had to be cleaned. The third-formers did most of the cleaning. One of the head of houses worked out the rota. Every day you would have a cleaning task. There would be an inspection at night, which, I think, was carried out by prefects or housemasters. So it would have to be done at some point, usually just before the inspection.

*Birthdays and Christmas*

51. I spent Christmas and Easter time in Hong Kong. By the summer, at the end of third form, my parents had moved back. My mum and dad came to pick me up to take me to the house.

*Visits/Inspections/Review of Detention*

52. My uncle came to visit me once to drop off some sweets. Our relationship with that part of the family was always fractious at best so they weren't really a part of my life. I think they also saw Fettes as a place that not only the 'rich' went but your 'betters'.

*Family contact*

53. My sisters were in Scotland but I didn't see much of them. My dad used to write to me every week. I wrote back occasionally. I didn't speak to my mum the whole time I boarded. There was a house phone which you could use. It would be added to your bill. I would phone home occasionally. However, I realised there was no point in phoning home because no one was coming to get me. I just had to deal with it to get through it.

*Running Away*

54. There were boys running away all the time. They would be caught at Waverly trying to get a train somewhere. Once I became a day pupil I used to get phone calls once a term by a housemaster or housemistress asking if I had seen a particular person. The thought process being that the first place they would run to would be a day pupil's house because it would be safe. Plenty of people tried to run away. I didn't but I don't know why. A letter would be sent home. They would try to work why someone had run away. Sometimes people would be 'gated' so that they could keep an eye on you.

*Discipline and Punishment*

55. I think there was guidance on discipline. There were punishments for every infraction. On the face of it, discipline and punishments consisted of exercise or written work. There was guidance on that. For the most part, the school prefects were reasonably okay. Some could be strict or 'power hungry'. However, they were fairly even handed and they stuck to the rules. The worst of it was done in house. It was never public, it was done in the safety of the boarding house.
56. Incidents would just happen. For example, somebody would break up with their partner and before you knew it, half the first fifteen would be in the dorm room punching the living daylights out of everybody. You would cocoon yourself in your duvet and wait for the beating to end. Alternatively, the beds would be flipped upside down. It was standard.
57. There would be fights all the time. Play fighting was known as 'rabbling', which would get out of hand, or there would actually be fights. You would always see somebody with a fat lip, a broken nose or a black eye. People would say it happened during rugby.
58. It was part of the fabric of life. It would be incorrect to say it was isolated to my house. It happened in all of the houses. The bullying in the girl's houses was different, it was emotional and psychological. In the boys' houses, it was a mixture of everything, which always ended physically.
59. Many things could be used as weapons such as hockey sticks, cricket bats, and rope lying around. There were knives and 'Skean Dhus', dart boards, sling-shots and air rifles. Someone would be bored one day and tell us to line up against a wall to shot cans at us. I said that I "walked into doors" a lot of the time. If you had been in a fight, one of the teachers would ask you about it. It was easier to say that because you would get into trouble for fighting and there were always repercussions, such as being ostracized. People would change schools a lot because of incidents at other schools.

*Summary of Life as a Boarder*

60. If your face didn't fit, for whatever reason if you were cheeky, too big or too small, all of the other boys made a beeline for you. It was toxic masculinity crossed with sexual repression, homophobia, and bigotry, in a culture where 'boys will be boys'. Looking back, it was anything that they could use against you to single you out.

#### *Staff Supervision*

61. Some of the staff did their best to try to stop it and weed it out. Some wouldn't care, others would think it was "character building". A lot of it was done furtively, out of viewpoint. They knew to go for the body, where injuries wouldn't be seen. If you throw in rugby, cricket, hockey handball and all the other games and sports we played, every scrape or bruise is accounted for.

#### *Recording*

62. There was a punishment book, in which the prefects were meant to write down punishments. For example, CGF [REDACTED] was given one hundred lines for walking on the wrong bit of grass. Once you had done it, it would be ticked off. If you had done a good turn for another prefect, you might have the punishment ticked off. I think the head of house kept the book, or it was stored in 'area' above the snooker table. I didn't check it. I think a lot of things weren't written down. The school had the attitude of, for the time you are here, we are in charge.
63. There were very few day pupils. They were a small minority. There were around three in my house. They were expected to stay for prep. You essentially only went home to sleep. You were expected to go to chapel on Sunday too. I used to have to get a bus home, half of the time, I would fall asleep on the bus and wake up in Penicuik bus station. Most of the day pupils lived in Stockbridge or New Town.

#### *'Gating'*

64. I didn't get on with one of the teachers, an English teacher called Mr Winstanley. He would never seem to give anybody, apart from a couple of favourite pupils, a fair crack at anything. At one point, during Third Form, I got so frustrated with him, that I wrote on my book, "Winstanley is a fuck up" and handed it in. However, he didn't see it and when I got my book back I realised I had been stupid so I scrubbed it out. Of course that drew attention to it and when he looked on the inside of it he could see it.
65. I was sent to the Deputy Head Master and the housemaster. I had a very uncomfortable conversation with the Deputy Head Master who asked if I knew what 'to fuck' meant and 'did I really want to have sexual intercourse with Mr Winstanley?' A letter was sent home about that. The letter arrived during the Easter holidays while I was there. My mother sat me down and told me never to write anything down that you don't want held against you. I wasn't punished at home.
66. The punishment at school when I got back was disproportionate. There were 'gating cards'. The standard 'gating' was between 7am or 8am, from the time of the bell goes until time of lights out. You had a card with slots that needed to be signed by someone in authority every hour so you can't do anything. I was on 'fifteen minute gating', which meant that my card had to be signed by someone every fifteen minutes. If you were in class and had a double period, a teacher would just sign it from, say ten to half eleven. However, it was in parts during lunch or any kind of break or recess or between dinner and prep, so you were always tied to house, I couldn't go anywhere or do anything.
67. If your hair was too long, teachers would come up to you with scissors and cut it. My hair was long and floppy. They said they were going to suspend me so I went to the school barber to have it cut. I was suspended anyway because, they said, it had been cut too short by the school barber. I was accused of being a thug. I was sent home for a week and a half. I wasn't allowed in school.

### **Abuse at Fettes**

#### *Bullying*



68. The bullies found out what was obvious about you, what your deformity was, for example, if you had a big nose, overweight, effeminate or were half—Asian. The Chinese Asians were called 'noodle, 'Charlie Chan, or 'chink'. I was called 'half cast' a lot. One of the black kids was called 'Chalky'. One of the other black kids was called 'Benson'. If someone was playing rugby, the school would shout 'well done Benson'. The teachers, knew, everyone knew. There a Japanese boy in my year who was called 'Bob' because no one could pronounce his name. It was standard. If you were subcontinental Asian and very brown skinned you were called 'smelly paki'. If you were Catholic, you got it too because most of the school were Protestant. So, there was sectarian nonsense thrown in too.
69. There was an incident in the third form dorm when one of the third year boys was instructed to take out a ruler and measure his penis in both states. His name was [REDACTED]. He had to write an essay on who he was, where was from, whether he had been circumcised, what size his penis was flaccid, what size it was erect, who he had a thing about in his year and his thought process behind masturbation. The essay was then pinned on the noticeboard in one of the girl's houses. We were all in the dorm when it happened. He was in bed next to me when it was happening. I can't remember the name of the prefects involved. They thought it was funny. I am sure it was because he had spots or bad breath. [REDACTED] had braces, greasy, bad acne that is like a trifecta for bullying. He was badly bullied, physically.
70. If you looked like that or you were small and under developed, you got it bad. You would be mocked. There were a lot of air pistols in the school. I would often stand with a can on my head and get shot at in the face. Somebody would lob darts across area. Area had a full size snooker table in it.
71. One of the kids had an accident in the bathroom. There was faeces all over it. Someone had found it. There was a house punishment because everybody blamed third year. We had to run around and around area for what seemed like an eternity. Then we had to have our knees at ninety degrees up against a wall doing stress compositions. The sixth-formers took it in turns to ping snooker balls off the floor at us, from the balcony, so when we were running round we were dodging them. We were

all hit. It was painful. One boy when trying to run away, got stuck in the door, he ended up half in and half out while everyone was laughing at him and pinging more balls at him. It was standard to be locked in trunks and kicked in the groin.

72. Most of the sixth years were involved in these types of behaviour. There was quite a high Asian contingent there who were on scholarships. There were a lot of Muslim/Malay kids and Singaporean/Hong Kong kids who were there on government scholarships. They effectively didn't get involved in anything. They would just go into their rooms and worked because they knew they had to go university to become a doctor to work their loan off. It wasn't all of them, but it was the 'lads', the 'rugger buggers' and the 'jocks'.
73. I learned one of the teachers, CGG [REDACTED], had an affair with a pupil in the early nineties. While I was at school, [REDACTED] teacher, Mr CGH [REDACTED], was having a relationship with a pupil called [REDACTED]. Her sister was in my year. They ended up getting married.

[REDACTED]

74. In the summer time at Fettes, during exam time, the prefects were relieved of house running duties. The pupils in the year below who didn't have exams took over and were responsible for discipline. I suppose, the theory being that for the short term it would prepare them to run the house in the flowing year. During prep, the prefect sat at the top of the table supervising and doing their homework.
75. During this particular incident, the prefect, [REDACTED], singled me out. He was the son of a [REDACTED]. He had pictures of Mussolini up in his room. He was sixteen or seventeen. He looked older because he had a baldhead.
76. I was sitting on a bench next to another pupil called [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] instructed us to kiss. When we refused, we were beaten. He was punching our solar plexus, slapping us around our heads and kicking our shins under the table. He was a big guy. We had a peck on the cheek, which [REDACTED] deemed unsatisfactory; it had

to be on the lips. Therefore, we kissed each other on the lips. After, I thought it was over but he called us back and told us to grasp each other's testicles and penises until our knuckles turned white. Once that happened, we were instructed to drop our pants and expose our penises to him and the rest of the room to prove that we didn't have erections. Again, when we refused, we were leathered.

77. The rest of the year were laughing nervously, in that kind of, 'he's laughing so we should laugh way'. Once we were done, he called two more boys up and the same thing happened to them. Then he called another two up. It happened to six of us. It lasted for an hour and a half. That day prep was being told to kiss each other, basically fondle each other, and expose ourselves to the rest of the room. Looking back, no one really understood what was going on.
78. Nobody said anything afterwards. Everybody just kept their heads down, walked away and got ready for bed. However, the next day, one of the sixth form girls pulled me aside at breakfast and asked me about the situation. It spread around the school quickly. At breakfast and chapel, everyone was looking at us. Everyone, apart from the teachers, knew what had happened.
79. I think later on that day or the following day, I was summoned by the housemaster as I walked back into the house. We were taken into his living room. The deputy head was also there. It transpired that another pupil had seen it and told the housemaster. We had to sit down and tell him what had happened. [REDACTED] was expelled. He was gone within a matter of hours. Apparently, one of the [REDACTED] was also sacked because they were having a relationship with him. I was allowed to go on the Nethy Bridge trip because he had maybe decided I had been through enough. After that my punishments were commuted. I got to enjoy the last week and a half of term without signing stuff.
80. None of the prefects said anything about it. Another sixth form boy said it was shocking but that was about it. That is all I can remember in terms of support from the school. My mum and dad didn't find out. They didn't write to them. I think that was horrendous. I don't know if there was any official involvement. There was a funny attitude in that

school that because you were effectively a child you should be seen and not heard. Once the information had come out, it was in the hands of the adults, they would deal with it and you didn't need to know. It wasn't mentioned again. Looking back, that is my annoyance. There wasn't any offer of help, in terms of speaking to someone about it, or someone saying it wasn't your fault, it was just a case of him being gone and that was it.

81. At the time, I felt confused and scared. It was confusing because I wasn't so aware of my sexuality. I am now bi-sexual. At that point, I didn't understand if I should have detested what had been done to me or if there was a kind of weird interest in the actual act. The whole thing was very confusing.
82. Unsurprisingly, I didn't want to go back to the school for fourth year. I told my parents the night before school started back. My dad didn't believe me because they were my betters and they don't act like that. He thought that I was exaggerating. I don't think he wanted to believe that something like that had happened. If the school had written to them, it could have prompted a different conversation to the one I had with them. My mum used it against my dad because she hadn't wanted me to go to boarding school from the beginning. I found out later that she didn't write or speak to me for that whole year I was boarding because she was annoyed that I was there.
83. I thought I was okay. However, a few years later, I was walking up a street in Edinburgh when I bumped into [REDACTED]. He said "hello" to me. I had a bit of a funny turn. I just sort of stopped and I couldn't move. I just stood there frozen. I haven't seen him since. He wasn't allowed back in the school. When I see big, bald men, I still do a 'double take'. There were people in that house who were re-sitting their 'A Levels' again so there was guy who was nineteen. So, I don't know if he had been kept back a year. His hair was like a wee bit of tufty hair like 'Tintin'.
84. I thought I had dealt with it, but when my mum passed away, I was speaking to my aunt about boarding schools. It all came back out and I became very angry. Since then, it's been 'off and on' in my head. I often wonder what I would do or say if I saw him again.

*Following years at Fettes*

85. Over the next two years, there was countless incidents of physical bullying. There was no change when I became a day pupil. One time, my sister's partner came into the school and put a boy up against a wall for what he had been doing to me. He had been going after me with pool cue. As a result, there were repercussions. At the next practice for a rugby match, there were a lot of people whispering and I kept being handed the ball or kicked. I spent the game getting leathered. Once you reached Sixth Form, it eased off and you were safe.
86. After fifth form, I tried to get into Stevenson's College. I had been accepted onto a Journalism course. I was looking forward to it. However, the day before, my parents instructed me to withdraw and go back to school. They said if I didn't I could find alternative accommodation. They didn't want me to go there and wanted me to go back to Fettes to sit my Highers.
87. I think my dad was desperate for me to have the kind of life that he hadn't. That life where doors would open because of you knew and where you had gone to school. I think he always felt that because he had gone to Leith Academy and hadn't got a degree until much later on in life. I think he thought it had hindered him and he didn't want that for us. I understand his reasoning but you do have to listen to your kids.

**Leaving Fettes**

88. I got my Highers, four of them. After leaving Fettes, I went to Napier University to study a Communications, Design and Advertising degree. I own my own Tattoo, Piercing and Design Studio.

**Life after Fettes**

89. Life after Fettes wasn't easy because it was very institutionalised. It was almost as if when you leave that place you needed a support group. I think there should be a support group, akin to prison leavers. You needed permission to do anything. Many of my peers went completely 'off the rails' with drugs and drink. From what I can tell of the people I went to school with they are going down the same route with their kids.
90. I found the couple of years after it difficult. I believe there should be a post-boarding school counselling service for people because it doesn't equip you for the outside world. I don't think I was given any preparation for leaving. I learned how to speak their language but apart from that I don't think I was taught any life skills.

**Impact**

91. In terms of the impact and what has happened to so many people in other institutions, which are utterly horrific, is what happened to me as bad, is it worthy of an Inquiry's time? I look at that and I don't know. I was never encouraged to discuss it further or to speak to the police or a social worker. It was more it happened, it is over and there has been a resolution. It was a case of 'move on' with your life.
92. It does make me angry. I think boarding schools should be outlawed. I went back a couple of years later to play in an old boys' rugby game. I haven't been back to the school since 1993. Occasionally someone will get in touch about an event or Founder's Day. I have kept in touch with a small number of former pupils. I try to avoid that as much as possible.
93. I haven't seen a counsellor about my experiences at Fettes. I had some grief counselling about nine or ten years ago after my mother had passed away. I almost didn't go because it was a sixteen-week wait. I brought it up then but, at that point, it was all there along with other things such as cancer. Since then it has been off and on in my head.

94. After my mother passed away, emotionally a lot of me unravelled. I think, stuff that I thought I had dealt with and buried came bubbling back to the surface. There are periods of time when I don't think about it, but then there will be a trigger. I will just disappear off and I'll be back there. Sometimes I can snap out of it.
95. The best resolution I have got for my mental and emotional problems has been Fluoxetine. I have been taking that for the last eighteen months, which has helped. I sometimes have panic and anxiety attacks. I don't know if I can say it is all the incident and school's fault.
96. I shut down emotionally and 'zone out' a lot. When I get angry, I get properly angry. I'm not violent but I shake a lot. I started punching and hitting myself when I was teenager. I can't remember if I started doing that before the incident with [REDACTED]. I have slapped myself and struck myself since I was a teenager.
97. I don't know if it has affected relationships going forward. I was very angry with my father for a long time, for sending me away but as I have gotten older, I realise that he was just doing his best. I just wish he had listened more. There is a duty of care, post that incident, that wasn't taken into account or pursued by the school. It has to be taken it seriously.

### **Reporting of Abuse**

98. At that point, I didn't actually understand until much later on what had transpired. At many points, I have considered it.

### **Records**

99. My dad found a box with report cards in it. There were sheets of paper with team lists and house photographs. I know there were extensive notes taken at the time about

the incident. I can remember Mr Henderson asking us the questions and Dr Marshall recording everything. I don't know what they were used for or whether they have been kept. Dr Marshall may have a record of it. However, I think he is quite ill now. I saw him at a memorial service about fifteen years ago.

### **Lessons to be Learned**

100. I hope that safeguards are put in place. It is one thing teaching teenagers about authority and responsibility but I'm not sure that they actually taught people not to abuse that power or responsibility. That there might be psychological or emotional reasons not to give someone such positions. Reaching a certain age, being a certain social status or having a good academic record is no guarantee of a person's suitability to lead, influence or discipline someone else. There has to be some form of safeguarding for suitability. There has to be transparency. When things do happen, the school has to be open, transparent and accept that they apologise for inefficiency.
101. There are five other boys in this story. I don't know whether they feel as strongly about it as me. For me, it doesn't matter, I had to tell it. I can't imagine that this is an isolated incident across all of the boarding schools in Scotland. Children who are away from a home upbringing have their moral and emotional guidance delegated to teachers and peers. I don't know if there is any need for boarding schools nowadays. Most of them were set up for orphans but were corrupted by the rich and elite. They should certainly lose their charitable status. I don't know what the answer is but something has to change.
102. If someone had come in, after the fact, and said that it wasn't my fault, I think I would look at it differently. I think there should have been more supervision of prefects and supervised study should have been supervised by teachers and not by pupils.



**Other information**

103. 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.

CGF

Signed

Dated

7<sup>th</sup> August 2019