

JULY NEWSLETTER

Contents

[The Feminine Presence](#)

[708 Squadron](#)

[News from the School](#)

[Mervyn Davies](#)

Newsletter Archive

[Next Annual Dinner](#)

[The RGS in the 1930s](#)

[Letters to the Editor](#)

[History Staff](#)

[OWs active in the world of history](#)

[Sports Photographs from the Early 1950s](#)

OW v RGS CRICKET MATCH



OW's Team



The Boys

On July 19th, the OW Cricket team played in the 4th match against the RGS 1st Team for the Duncan Moore. Duncan had been a leading member of the RGS Team until he left school in 1996. He was tragically killed in a road accident in 1999. Both teams held a minute's silence for Duncan and also for John Hoy, an OW of the 1970s, who was killed in the Tsunami, and whose Service of Remembrance was being held in London at the same time as the start of the match.

It was great to welcome some old boys who had not played in any of the earlier games. The OWs batted first and scored 187 all out. Sajid Zaib scored 43, Bobby Dix, 20, Richard Royce 22, James Howlin 28, and Jason De Gelas 26*. For the RGS Edward Greenland and Tom Collins both took three wickets. In reply the RGS scored 189 for 8, to win by two wickets. James Cousins scored a magnificent 109 in 50 balls, including 10 sixes, which in the view of the OWs was the finest innings they had ever seen on the school field. For the OWs James Howlin took 4 wickets, and James Anderson took three. It was an excellent game, played in a very good spirit. Many thanks to Bobby Dix, who has up to now organised the OW Team.

The following played for the OW team: Bobby Dix (who left the RGS in 2000), Sajid Zaib (1988), Dave Chapman (1988), Jason de Gelas (1995), Matthew Honeyben (2000), Richard Royce (1996), James Anderson (2003), Jon Nelson (2001), James Howlin (2004), James Nicholas (2000), Russell Bowry (2001)

If any OW would like to play in the match next year, please contact [Ian Clark](#).

OW VERSUS THE RGS TEACHERS GOLF MATCH.

Both teams gathered for the 3rd Annual Match at Weston Turville Golf Club in the middle of a thunderstorm on a late Friday afternoon in June. Luckily the lightning and thunder cleared, and we were able to start and indeed finish the game, albeit through some fairly heavy rain. The results of the four games were as follows:

Steven John (who left in 1970) and Tony Reiss (1970) beat Roger Pantridge and Steve Gamester. Roger File (1953) and Martin Priestley (1963) lost to David Chamberlain and Peter Toller. Paul Dolphin (1975) and Ian Clark* beat Ian Wilson and Mike Moffatt. Mike Grout* lost to Trevor Woolliams.

* Ex RGS Teachers

In previous years the OW team had won one match, and the Teachers one, so the overall position is dead level. After the match, some sandwiches, drinks and conversation were enjoyed. Everyone seemed to agree that it was a very enjoyable occasion. The next in the series will be arranged next year towards the end of June. If you are a golfer, and have not played yet in the match, you would be most welcome. We will publish the date early in the New Year.

VERY SAD NEWS

As we go to press, I have just heard of the death of Matthew Bennett (1994-2000).

We have also heard of the deaths of Mike Gerrard (1952-1958) and Mel Jones, who taught at the RGS from 1949-1951.

We extend our deepest sympathy to all their families and friends.

708 SQUADRON ATC



John Brooks, who was at the RGS in the 2nd World War has showed me some cuttings he has about the sporting activities of the 708 Squadron (the RGS ATC). In April their soccer team reached the final of the Central Command Shield, which they won 2-0, and then played against the Middlesex winners. The team consisted of the following:

Hawkes, Brooks (captain), Harley, Abercrombie, Roith, Bowler, Cooper, Turner, Peasley, Martingell, Wright, and Goldsmith.

In one year the ATC Team were Champions of the High Wycombe Junior League. Apart from those who are named, the following also played:

M.J.Dawe, Berry, Mcqueen, Hartley, Hunt, Bunce, J.R. Smith, T. Goodchild, G. Martingell, A. Martingell, Gomme, Berry and Shillabeer.



The ATC Cricket Team won the Wycombe Youth Council Cricket shield Competition. The following played:

Wright, Huntley, Arthurs, Ward, Cooper, Smith, Peasley, Woodward, Rogers, and Child.

The ATC team in a two innings game scored 22 and 45 against their opponents' 30 and 26.

Apart from the ones named above, the following also played: Shillabeer, Brooks, Lang, Mcqueen, Goldsmith, Goodchild, Hawkes, Harding, Berry, Dawe, Engeham, Boreham, and Briggs.



John also has the fixture cards and results of the RGS Cricket Team in the 1942 and 1943 seasons, together with some press cuttings. The following played in the team in those two years:

A.B. Shillabeer, Hope, R. Martin, A. Long, T.E. Goldsmith, O. Roith, J.M Evans, Lockhead, D.T. Nightingale, Tucker, Bradley, J. Brooks, Mcqueen, A.J. Hughes, M.James, W. B. Evans, Stevens, A.G. Williams, Bodkin, J.R. Smith, and Clarke.

If you can recognise the OWs who appear in the above photographs, please email [Ian Clark](mailto:Ian.Clark). If your name appears above, I am sure that John would like to hear from you. Please email [Ian Clark](mailto:Ian.Clark) and I will pass the information on.

MERVYN DAVIES

This article was published in the Wycombiensian 1980

“Let's not talk about German, let's talk about life”, Mervyn's own words (who else could have said them?) In reply to a question about the grammar of the German language. Goodness knows, during his 42 years with us Mervyn has fought as vigorous a running battle against the complexities of the German grammar as anyone, and has often enthusiastically and fiercely discussed with his colleagues the subtleties of “translating “might have done it,” “could have done it.”, or” would have been able to do it.” Colleagues, correcting for example their pupils' Geography projects, would be forced to forsake the solidity and sureness of rock formations and involve themselves involuntarily in trying to find firm footing on the shifting sands of the German inflections.

Mervyn in despair once challenged a Geographer. “It's all right for you, everything's fixed strata, you know where you are going.”

Mervyn is firstly a devotee of life and people. His zest and enthusiasm seem never to be quenched. Over the years the German Department regularly met together in the Common Room, but not exclusively on business. Mervyn would want to know not about his colleagues' progress with the syllabus, he had a more general interest in the morale and well-being of the members of his department. A young colleague, when just a new recruit, concernedly asked him: “What page should I have reached with my third form?” to which Mervyn just replied:

“Don't worry, son.” If Mervyn did want to conduct business he would take advantage of a chance meeting of his departmental colleagues in the Common Room and say: “While the three of us are here, who's going to mark what?” Mervyn always took a good share of the marking for himself - it couldn't have always been “like a knife cutting through butter” even for him.

The anecdotes which so amused us are now greatly missed in the Common Room. There were tales of a thrilling tennis championship played out in Berlin before the Second World War - a report of Mervyn's tactics could have been read in the German newspapers of the day - and stories of sporting events in Egypt and of a heated chase through Southern Europe. These accounts presented with his special sparkle and panache produced peals of loud laughter from colleagues and boys alike, and we have been very grateful for them.

Mervyn started the well-established exchange with the Grammar School in Osnabruck. He threw himself into it with his customary vigour at a time of life, when many would have been thinking of easing themselves out of such a venture. It was apparent on his return that he had not spared himself and he declared after this holiday visit that he was certainly in need of a holiday.

The last word is from the “retired” Mervyn on one of his regular visits to help the CCF. When he saw two of his former colleagues, Mervyn remarked, “Boys, the thread's not broken.”

Editor: Any further memories of Mervyn? Please email [to Ian Clark](#).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hello Ian

Just looked at the newsletter and saw, with much sadness, that Mervyn Davies and Bert Scott had died.

I was delighted to be able to have a chat with Bert-“Doggie” at the 2003 OB Dinner. Having endured his disciplined teaching, I have always said that he was one of the greats.

Mervyn was my House Master at Uplyme from 1952-58. What a wonderful influence he was on my life! His skills in man-management would have suited him to any job in industry or the diplomatic service, but I'm sure that his role at Uplyme was what he was cut out to do. With the help of Iris and kindly matrons Miss Mackintosh & Mrs Connolly, he was able to ensure a real home-from-home, with no bullying and always with a totally fair handling of every situation. I was able to go and see him about 18 months ago when we reminded each other of several happy and/or funny occurrences of 50 years ago. May he rest in peace!

Willie

Dear Ian

I left open the RGS site and returned to it today to read of the sad deaths of Mervyn, Doggie Scott and Mick Eaton. I did not know Bert Scott at all well, he never taught me - although I could identify with the words of Roger File. Mervyn's blindness was so very sad and I feel ashamed that I did not go to see him more often. He and Iris were always so welcoming.

Michael Eaton tried to teach me art and my 50% at “O” level gave me as much pleasure as anything and was a complete surprise for him. I was not a cricketer at school although I love the game. Once, a few years after I had left, Bill Knowles persuaded me to turn out for the Old Boys. I went in at no 10 because we only had 10 players (otherwise I would not have been asked). I had never been on the square before with a bat in hand. Michael was umpiring and did not know that I was playing. As I reached the crease, Michael recognised me and said “My God, is nothing sacred”. I responded by asking him to look after my false teeth (for which the aforementioned Roger File had been largely responsible by knocking out my own front teeth in a staff match). He wrapped them in tissue and put them in the pocket of his umpiring coat without a murmur. We lost the match by some huge score but I scored 11 runs which was the OW second highest score on the day - I fear though that my toothless grin worked well as a ploy and put everyone off and Michael was not left wondering how such talent had slipped through his fingers as cricket master. A smashing chap!

I am sure that you will have many tributes for Mervyn but in a way, I think he made most impact on me as a preacher. He also took us sometimes for divinity and he was in the very best traditions of lay Methodist preachers. I often thought of him in that role and often told people - who had absolutely no idea who he was - of this Welsh preacher who had such a great gift of imparting the message of the Gospels. In his piece, Roger mentions Mr Tucker's hatred of smoking and soccer. What he failed to mention was the Boss's insistence that all boarders attended the evening service on a Sunday at 6.30 - even if you had gone home for the weekend. To miss it was a hanging offence. Tyler's Wood also had to be there and how he knew if anyone of the more than 100 boarders were missing, God alone knows - but he did, he must have had a computer like mind for boys faces. However, when Taffy took it, which he did sometimes in the absence of the Boss, there was always a sense of relief. He was much more relaxed about the service and you always got a good down to earth simple sermon. The reason for this rather long explanation is that I feel I should tell you about a curious little coincidence which happened today. I got up early this morning and having read the news on the web-site (and therefore the news of Mervyn's death) started writing this note at about 6.00 a.m. I wanted to mention Taffy's great skill at preaching. One sermon I have remembered for perhaps 50 years was about the beam in your own eye and the mote or splinter in your brother's eye. Why it stayed with me I cannot tell you but it has. So I thought I would try to look up the reading in my prayer book and mention it in this note. I spent some 20 minutes looking for it, scanning the readings but could not find it and gave up. Since it is Sunday, I knew I could ask the vicar where to find it and off I went to our little local church in Iffley for the 8.00 service. Imagine my surprise when I opened my prayer book at the reading for today, the Fourth Sunday after Trinity and read " Either how canst thou say to thy brother, Brother, let me pull out the mote that is in thine eye, when thou thyself beholdest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" The very passage from which Mervyn was preaching all those years ago - St Luke 6.36.

I will remember Mervyn for many things. He and Iris were both Swansea Jacks and as far as we could tell, I was the first person to go to Swansea, his old university, from the RGS (although I think there must have been others) since he had been teaching at the school. Odd with a headmaster from Swansea whose brother still lived in the Town and so many other Welsh teachers (was Swansea that bad?). I was soon followed by his son John and was privileged some 12 years ago to be invited to John's wedding in Scotland. Mervyn as you will know had a temper to match his red hair and a wonderful smile, warmth and cheerfulness that was much more in evidence than the temper. My Dad came from Wales and had red hair too (and a temper) although he had left school at 14. For me (and I think for others - which is why he was such a good housemaster) there was always something very paternal in his nature. Tucker, one had to respect, but I think that one could truly say that Mervyn was a lovely man and a man you could love.

With kind regards

Chris Griffiths

History Staff



Mr. David Keysell is retiring after 29 years at RGS. He was educated at Wells Cathedral School and Jesus College, Oxford. His first post was at Eltham College and he came to the RGS in 1976. He taught throughout the school and at A level ran the course mixing 16th and 17th century history with studies on Nazi Germany. In recent years he has taught politics as well. David set up and ran for several years the Youth and Music group, was involved in running Vulture for more than ten years. He was a sixth form tutor, took school exchanges to Nimes and Osnabruck and played a leading part in YHA trips. He will be remembered by many for his appearances in some of the staff reviews, his visits with groups abroad and his involvement in debating. As his decision to retire came after the deadline for this year's Wycombiensian, a full tribute to him will appear in the 2006 edition.



Mr. Will Phelan is moving on to Abingdon School to run the Sixth Form there after 10 years at RGS. He was educated at Royal Holloway College, London, where he was tutored by the legendary Professor Jonathan Riley-Smith. At A level he taught later modern history. He was fully involved in games and joined the pastoral staff looking after years 10 and 11. His under 16 rugby teams performed with particular distinction. A full tribute to Mr. Phelan will appear in this year's Wycombiensian.

OWs active in the world of history

Dr. David Musgrove (left in 1992) is editor of the highly popular 'BBC History Magazine'. He did medieval history at A level and then studied archaeology at Exeter University where he later gained his PhD. He has very kindly organised a free subscription of this magazine for the school library.

Ben Wilson (left in 1998) has just had his first book published by Faber. It is entitled 'The Laughter of Triumph' and is a study of William Hone, the early nineteenth century radical journalist and friend of Cruikshank. It was very well reviewed by the Sunday Telegraph. He is planning to visit the school before the end of term and is kindly donating a copy of his book to the history section of the library. His second book for Faber is in the pipeline. Ben took a first in history at Pembroke College, Cambridge before becoming a professional writer and researcher. He is currently involved in David Starkey's latest TV production.

Seb Walsh (left in 2001) has an article coming out in the August edition of the 'History Today' magazine. It is on Throckmorton, the Elizabethan diplomat. Seb was awarded the top first in history at Durham University. He then completed an MPhil at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He is about to take up a post at an American University.

Dr. Marcus Bull and Dr. Simon Barton continue with their teaching at Bristol and Exeter universities respectively. Marcus is a medievalist specialising in the crusades and Simon focuses on Spanish history.

If you took A Level History, John Roebuck, Head of History, would love to hear from you with your news.

THE FEMININE PRESENCE.

Julie McGuinness who taught in the RGS in the 1980s wrote an article for the Wycombiensian, entitled "The Feminine Presence". It is reproduced below.

When people find out that I teach at a boys' grammar school, reactions vary from mild interest to unashamed admiration- "How do you get on amongst all those boys and men?"

This surprises me somewhat. I am so used to my working environment now, that I rarely stop to reflect on the significance of being a female teacher at a predominantly male establishment.

I realise with horror that I can even forget I am a woman on occasions. When I heard that an English Department vacancy a few years ago was to be filled by a Mrs. Bushel, I thought to myself, "Ah, that means another woman on the staff," and then stopped short, realising that I was (and still am) a woman too.

When I started at the RGS nine years ago, we females were few and far between. Doris Wilson, Maths teacher and pioneer of ladies at the RGS, was still in the school, and the sum total of us was less than ten. In those days,

there was a Ladies staff room, tucked away safely from the men in the main staff room and within easy striking distance of the women's loos near the Queen's Hall.). Doris used the room.; the rest of us rarely frequented it, though I did go there occasionally to convalesce some Friday afternoons after a particularly unruly 4th Form class I had in my first year here. It was all very well being given a special staff room, but the newspapers, coffee, coat peg, shelf, main locker space and over 90% of the staff were still in the main staff room.

After Doris Wilson's retirement, the Ladies staff room became the Committee room. From being treated as a race apart, we now became honorary males and were officially integrated into the main staff room with most of our colleagues. We were now based nearer to the coffee, though further away from the loos. Did this signal promotion, or was it just a loss of privilege?

I am not sure whether the lessening of feminine distinction is a good thing. Should I take it as a compliment when a department colleague addresses me with the words, "Are you the bloke who's using the "Julius Caesar" video at the moment"? I suppose it's better than being greeted with "Yes, darling, what can I do for you?" when I approached another member of staff on one occasion.

Perhaps we are not being integrated at all, but just ignored. Many are the times I have filled in a special subject report card, patiently crossed out the "Master" indicating where my signature is required, and substituted it with "Teacher" or "Mistress", depending on how militant I've been feeling.

However, some male/female distinctions are preserved. It's an unspoken rule that female colleagues do not wear trousers, though as one said to me, "I wouldn't want to wear trousers anyway. My authority's tied up in my skirt." I suppose this is fair. Even in this enlightened age, I expect it would be unacceptable for a male teacher to turn up to school wearing a dress.

However, the ground may be shifting. It is not unknown for female staff who teach in Science labs and Art rooms to wear trousers. Another female colleague has recently worn culottes for several days in a row without attracting comment.

But even if our distinctiveness is gradually being eroded, we still exert a feminine influence. It's the female staff who bake the cakes and bring in the biscuits on birthdays and other special occasions, and who are most concerned about the tidiness of the Staff Common Room.

"Best" magazine appears to have replaced "What Car" amongst the assortment of daily papers and magazines on offer. I am not at liberty to disclose just how many men I have seen reading it.

And what about the attitudes of the pupils? One female colleague overheard a conversation between two new boys as they watched a lady teacher walk by. "And I thought this was supposed to be a boys' school!" remarked one disgustedly to the other. Some boys have particular expectations of female staff, like the English Oxbridge English candidate, who suggested "Mrs McGuinness can take the Jane Austen classes. She's been to a girl's school."

At the other extreme, "Ma'am" can turn out to sound suspiciously like "Mum", though I am not aware having this said to me yet.

At times I am woefully aware of a sex difference, particularly when talking about reading preferences with my classes. Why is it only a good book if it includes violent action leading to death or mutilation? Is it too much to expect emotion and the finer points of character development to be appreciated?

Generally however, contact with the boys reassures me that if I am losing my femininity at the RGS, it's only a sign of the times. These days I am not always the one with the longest hair in the classroom, or the only one with pierced ears. And last term, I saw the ultimate evidence of amalgamation of the sexes lying on top of the lockers in one of the classrooms- a dirty rugby kit in a Laura Ashley carrier bag.

Editor: Did you have a female teacher? What are your memories of female teachers? I wonder whether an article today by a teacher on the Feminine Presence would tell a similar tale.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOL



In April this year Michael McEvoy, Year 13, completed the Marathon des Sables, a gruelling 150 miles run through some of the most unforgiving terrain on earth.

The distance was made up of legs of 25, 34, 38, 82, 42, 22 km run over 6 days (7 for some), which is equivalent to 5 1/2 regular marathons. In addition to that, competitors had to carry everything they needed for the duration on their backs in a rucksack. The mid-day temperatures soared to 120°F.

Enjoy here some of Mike's experiences in the Sahara

Have you or do you know of any OW who has attempted anything similar? Please let me know!

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT ON THE CRICKET FIELD



A Year 7 pupil made RGS cricketing history when he took 7 wickets in a match. To make this more memorable he achieved this feat in his very first game for the school.

His name will be the first to grace the new bowling honours board in the pavilion.

- Did you have any outstanding achievements on the cricket field, or do you know of any OW, who did? I wonder if anyone ever took eight, nine or ten wickets in an innings, took five catches or more, or scored much more than a hundred.
- The RGS has now posed an honours board in the pavilion for those who take six wickets of more or score a hundred or more. Seven centuries have already been scored this season

If you want to read more of the activities of the present RGS, do go on [the RGS website](#).

SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE EARLY 1950s

Dan Thomas (1945-52) has very kindly sent me a collection of photos from the 1950s. There will be more next time. Many thanks, Dan.







Can you name the players not yet named? [Email Ian Clark](#)

The RGS in the 1930s

Stanley Hoffman was a schoolboy at the RGS in the early and mid-1930s, straddling the Headmasterships of George Arnison and Edmund Tucker; and left as Head Boy in 1936. He subsequently took holy orders, and rose to be a Canon of Rochester Cathedral and one of the Royal Chaplains. In the first of two extracts from his 1995 autobiography, 'Morning shows the Day: the making of a priest', Stanley Hoffman describes the RGS of sixty years ago.

Somehow before I was eleven I seem to have been prepared for the scholarship examination for entry into the local Royal Grammar School at High Wycombe. All that I can summon up from my memory about it is the train journey to Wycombe on the day of the examination, accompanied by Miss Tomkins or Mrs Dickinson (mother of my friend Edward) who was on the staff and presided in the other classroom. On that journey, the four of us who were entering were quizzed by her about what little we know of history, the names of the great poets and composers, and whatever else she thought we might be asked. The exam was held in a primary school in the town and I recollect nothing at all of it. But I passed. The others did not.

The Royal Grammar School, rebuilt on a new site some years before, was a foundation of Edward VI, dated 1562, and pupils were expected to be proud of it and behave accordingly. We were to wear our caps at all time. Punishment for not wearing the cap was a hundred lines, or if preferred, six strokes with the gym slipper. We were not allowed to talk to girls on the way to or from school, not even to our own sisters. House shoes were to be worn while inside the school on pain of slipping. No talking in the corridors! In 1928 it was not a big School, a two-form entry, that is to say about sixty-four new pupils each year. One could leave at sixteen and parents had to sign a paper saying that they would allow their children to stay until they were that age. This was

felt necessary because so many fathers had been killed in the Great War that there was always a temptation to make the boys leave at fourteen or fifteen so that they could start work and earn money badly needed by the family. It is only recently that I have realised why so many of my companions at school had no fathers. It was only on Armistice Day, November 11th, when the OTC paraded in uniform and members of staff wore their campaign medals, that the fact of war was realised, and the results of war became evident. Our PE master was cruelly called 'Soapy' Sumpter because part of his mouth had been shot away and saliva was perpetually dribbling from it. How unfeeling and brutal the young can be!

The staff all had University degrees but only the PE master who came when Sumpter left had been trained to teach. So the quality of teaching was not of the highest. A local Vicar called Bickle came in to take religious education. He liked the boys with plump knees to sit in the front desk so that he could slap them and I remember not one word of what he was supposed to 'teach'. The strange thing that one remembers their names and initials at this H G Brand who drove a three wheeled 'Morgan' car taught Maths; J E John, a Welshman, taught English; P L Jones another Welshman, also taught Maths, as did P Bartle. J C Milner taught History, and Sam Morgan Geography. R Hutchinson, killed in the Hitler War, taught Latin. He was very kind to me when my Father died. E C Millington taught Chemistry and S Watts, Physics. Watts could not keep order and tortured us by rubbing our short hairs at the side of the head with his knuckles. French was in the hands of J M McQueen in the lower forms, and M Marti, a Swiss, in the upper forms. Art and Woodwork were taught by G A Grant who also organised the remarkable 'Hobbies Club' which held monthly meetings on all sorts of hobby subjects and also the annual camp to which up to a hundred of us looked forward for months. We camped in old army bell tents in various places, Belgium, Devon, Jersey, Guernsey, the Isle of Wight, and in that way got to know our fellows and the masters better.

The Headmaster was George Arnison, a dapper little man with a short clipped ginger moustache who had been at Giggleswick in Yorkshire and who always smelt strongly of whisky. The School day began with assembly, with all the masters, gowned and hooded on the stage. We went to School on Saturday mornings and had games every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons on the huge field behind the school. A regular punishment was to take a bucket and fill it with stones from the playing fields. We had PE outside until it was too cold, then in the Hall, and later in a purpose-built gymnasium. I hated games and PE and the boxing that we all had to endure. My nose was broken in one encounter and caused great sinus trouble until I was twenty four years old and had to have it corrected. The gym master, C E C Eastman, was a martinet and no crying off games or PE was allowed except for real illness. He was a great apparatus man and devised all sorts of cruel tortures on it. One trick was to jump over the box, then over the buck, bounce high to hang on to a beam, and then over another obstacle. On one occasion the boy in front of me, Johnson by name, failed to release his hands from the beam in time and broke both his wrists.

In my early years at the RGS I was ceaselessly bullied, tied to trees out of sight of the school, and shot at with water pistols. More than once I had my shoes taken away and had to go home in football boots; my case of homework was taken, and my outdoor clothes hidden. I suppose it was good for me. I had to learn to take pain without complaint, but I determined that when I attained power in the School, as I was resolved to do, I would see that all bullying was stopped and if need be the bullies punished. When later I became a prefect and later still the Head Prefect, alone able to administer corporal punishment in the 6th form library on Saturday mornings, I instituted a strict regime applied by all the other prefects, with a simple 'court of justice' to examine breaches of the rules! It amazes me that a boy of seventeen or eighteen was allowed such power. It was not good for him (me) or the school, especially as none of the masters had a similar power. They of course had other sanctions!

In reaction to the treatment I had received early in my time at RGS I enjoyed membership of the Officers' Training Corps. It enabled me to order about and shout at boys who in earlier days had plagued my life. I applied myself to the training and rose through the ranks as Lance Corporal, Corporal, Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant and Company Sergeant Major, and enjoyed the annual camps at Strensall, Tidworth and other army centres. The only cups I won at school were for the 'Most Efficient Recruit' and the 'Most Efficient Cadet'.

- If any OW has memories of the RGS in the 1930s, please email [Ian Clark](mailto:Ian.Clark@rsgs.org).
- If you were at the RGS in a later decade, would you like to write an account of your memories in that decade? It would be great to build up a collection.

DATE OF NEXT ANNUAL DINNER SATURDAY APRIL 22ND. BOOK THE DATE NOW!

The next newsletter will appear on September 22nd. There will be tributes to the teachers who are leaving the RGS this July, together with a collection of photographs of the 1960s sent in by Chris Andrew and of course contributions from you. Any comments, suggestions, memories - please keep them coming in.

This newsletter was edited by Ian Clark and embellished and produced by Martin Berry.