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Robert Finlay Acting Headmaster 1957

The previous year I remember his calling me into
 the office one blank afternoon - from the secretary, I
 confirmed by her attitude that I had done nothing wrong,
 so in that case it must be serious. There was another
 man there, I think - perhaps the housemaster; we didn't have
 much time for each other. He stood not taking part -
 the Acting head seated. I stood. He asked me how I
 was getting on and I said all right. He said he knew
 that there was trouble at home. And that sometimes
 it made you feel better to talk about things. Did I want
 to? No, it was all right, I said. It wasn't made into
 an open invitation either. ~~But~~ So there was nothing that
 I could hide, here I was, labelled, 'disturbed family
 background or something'. Talk about things! To that
 bastard, who most were that scared of, who came
 with military relish, impersonally, but never let his
~~so~~ cheerful face show - yes he did pipe blowing,
 rubbing hands - we hung on his moods in the house
 (when he was also housemaster) and Friday would
 be the day of reckoning. The prefects would ~~set~~ up
 the weeks imperfections and recommend the recommended
 number of strokes. ~~Before~~ After inspection, down by
 down, alphabetical order, we would be in line up to the
 study and receive our 2/6d and whatever else was
 coming to us. Breakfast on Fridays was baked beans and
 they tasted extra-good, because the week's tension was
 over. Tuesdays and Thursdays were clean linen days.