

## I Remember - Maurice Lammas

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I remember...I remember, Raleigh, 1952. I was about ten years old, cold, frightened, and sharing a room during my first night away from home with Roy Oakhill and 'Ginger' Lewis on the ground floor, overlooking the seaward side of fliegerdyke. They seemed older and tougher than me somehow.... both into boxing, football and I.... well I wasn't very good at anything really. I had a go at goalie in the house team a few times, but not I suspect, very successfully. Besides, you had to do something on Saturday didn't you? Otherwise cross-country runs or something Spartan was the official substitute.

Mr Monger, the housemaster at the time, I remember as a, frightening, forbidding figure, to be avoided, whilst Frau Salzvedel (matron) ...was, shall we say with charity, a formidable figure of Wagnerian proportions who would probably have made an excellent camp commandant. Her 'bed tipping' was of sadistic proportions... and regarded with considerable apprehension on return from classes at the end of a day when each room was scored points out of ten. I well remember boys sobbing when they returned to find their bed upside down with their clothes also on the floor, having failed the precision test of the daily room inspection.

I don't remember bullying as such...but I do remember having a stand up fight with a boy in the common room.... where we 'put on the gloves' and proceeded to flail away at each other until he eventually called it quits...It didn't stop him continuing to be a pain, but it was the system as I recall at the time.

Of course, as one 'grew' out of the fagging years.... and eventually wore long baggy trousers to declare ones seniority... (My first pair being borrowed from someone who I now have forgotten) life became relatively pain free. I suppose that I was very fortunate...in that somehow came under the wing of Mr J R Robinson. He was assistant Housemaster in Collinwood, and taught year four and five tech during the mid fifties. I think that we all hero-worshipped Mr Robinson...certainly we all copied his mannerisms. If I could thank just one person for surviving and succeeding at PRS, it would be 'Robbo' as I think we called him behind his back. Sadly no one seems to know what eventually happened to him. I once saw him being interviewed on T/V during a cave rescue in 1957, but nothing more. I wonder if he ever knew how much I owe him..., as did other boys during those long ago days.

Maurice Lammas.