

My Memories - Anne Miller

I remember the electricity sub station in the town being painted one dark night - a leaving present!
Sitting watching the plays - which were always good - the Gilbert and Sullivan and Charleys Aunt! What happened to all our budding stars? I thought they were wonderful!! Course, sometimes I was in the chorus - cringe now!

Green Door being played endlessly on a Sunday morning when the boys came back to Howe after church.
Sam Cooke's Summertime - can never listen to that without being back in that two bedroomed room at Howe, summer nights, and that being played over and over and over and over and ...
Omlette for breakfast - never tasted as good anywhere else.
Skating on the flooded fields during the winter.
Being kicked out on a Saturday afternoon, walking over the bridge, going into the town, church full of flags and mementos. Buying scraps to stick in the scrap book!

Anyone remember the cellar and the table that moved?!!
Flying wooden chalk dusters that weren't always aimed at you but the person in front had ducked!
The english teacher who had been an actor and recorded all the parts in the shakespeare plays and then enacted them to an enthralled class.
The train journey - I came from Oldenburg - it was a long journey.
The consecration of the church - the bishop hammering on the door.
Falling down and spending time in sick bay with matron - being ill and in sick bay.
Hot chocolate and buns, home made lemonade in the summer at break time. Dashing back to get books out of the locker.
Splodging butter and honey together to spread on bread at tea time - did tea time ever get better?
Sailing on the North Sea in the little two seaters.

Of course, this is all a long time ago, I have three grown up sons now and grandchildren.
I work full time and also run a counselling service. PRS was the last school I attended we came back to England and I started work, but on the whole I have good memories of PRS.

Anne Miller