

## The Wilhelmshaven Association

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# THE NEW CAVALIER



## PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

### WILHELMSHAVEN

1947 - 1972

Newsletter 73

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*The Wilhelmshaven Association Biennial Reunion 2019 Friday 31st May & Saturday 1st June 2019 will be held at De Vere Cotswold Water Park Hotel*

**THE 2019  
BIENNIAL REUNION  
WILL BE HELD AT  
THE DE VERE  
COTSWOLD  
WATER PARK  
HOTEL  
ON 31ST MAY – 1ST JUNE**



Spring term is upon us once again and many will recall their first glimpse of PRS as they disembarked from the school train. For some the journey took all day. The train from the Ruhr left Krefeld at six o'clock in the morning and arrived in Bad Oyenhausen – a distance of 135 miles – five hours later, in time to meet the special train to Wilhelmshaven at 11.45. The train finally arrived at PRS around four o'clock in the afternoon making the total journey time of ten hours. Today, that journey can be covered in just over four hours by car and seven hours by train. So, not everything was better in the old days!

Memories of our first term vary greatly, but for some it spelt absolute misery, as one article in this issue relates. Shame on those who possibly thought that their high spirits were harmless enough, but we have to acknowledge that there were such cases. Fortunately the story ends happily and the pupil in question ended up being one of the school's sporting heroes.

Also in this issue are stories about a former PRS girl who hasn't been able to shake off names associated with PRS, a boy who claims to be a sporting also ran, an American who kept us all warm in winter, and a chance meeting between former PRS choirboys, among others. But our really big news that won't have escaped you on opening up this issue is the choice of South Cerney as the venue for our 2019 main reunion. Whether you attend or not is up to you, but please remember that someone, somewhere, is hoping to see you there!

Enough said and we hope you enjoy this issue.

Your editorial team,

*Paul Levitt & Andy Renou*

## Report from the Chair.

Spring is just about with us now and your committee continues to meet up a few weeks before you receive your New Cavalier. We usually have our meetings at the National Herb Centre at Warmington, Nr. Banbury. This is a delightful venue and as well as making us most welcome, we also have the opportunity to shop at this delightful place. A visit is well worthwhile and there is an excellent 'Bistro' for refreshments or just to sit outside and watch the birds and insects and smell the plants.

Back to business now! We had a very positive meeting with a venue for the 2019 Reunion being chosen. In addition, I was able to report that we have had the final confirmation that the Küstenmuseum in Wilhelmshaven has accepted a large amount of our Memorabilia to be displayed and this will be in 2019. Most of these items are already being stored in the town but the seven Honour Boards are still in the UK and later on this summer, these will be taken back to Wilhelmshaven where they came from. Interestingly, when we went to the big reunion in Wilhelmshaven in 1997, these boards were still on the walls in Churchill House. When you consider that the School closed in 1972, we were all surprised to see them still there! I'm not sure what happened after this other than a man living in Wilhelmshaven decided to store the boards in his cellar. These were subsequently collected by Richard Loveday and John Mackey, brought

for storage at my home and were first displayed at the Blackpool Reunion in 2003. For a number of years the Boards have been stored under the auspices of the Adjutant Generals Corps Museum at Worthy Down but have now been moved further south near Portsmouth. Due to changes going on with the Army, the storage facility is no longer available to us and the confirmation that the Küstenmuseum will store them has come as a great relief.

### Coronation beech tree project

I know quite a few of you have been nurturing a tree or two in various parts of the world and I hope you are having a degree of success? I still have a few here and if there are a couple of really good specimens I will take them to Wilhelmshaven in July when we have the mini-reunion. However, even if mine don't survive the winter, I am pleased to say that Dr Sigrid Heider, Head of the Botanic Garden in Wilhelmshaven, has overseen professionally the germination and growing of a number of the saplings. In July it is hoped that we can attend a ceremony for the planting of some of these in the new Botanic Garden. TWA will be sponsoring a plaque to be displayed near the trees. Richard Loveday came up with the idea of growing these plants after he was amazed to see the now very large and beautiful Copper Beech tree still on the mainsite. He came back from one of his trips to the town, sporting a large (dead) twig from the tree and asked me if there was anything I could do with it! No Richard,

but perhaps we could collect some of the beechnuts and germinate them? In conjunction with the late Liselotte Bischoff, Dr Jens Graul and Dr Heider, this project was started. So well done, Richard for the idea and thanks to all concerned for the success of this project.

### The old school site

Some time ago, Dr Jens Graul informed us that there was to be an architects' competition on what is to become the Wadden Sea Competence Centre – the area around where the administrative block Grenville and the bunker near the entrance to the former main site. The results of this will be available soon and I am interested to see just how the bunker will be used/modified in order to fit in with the landscape.

Dr Graul has also told us that Trinity House, known as Sick Bay to some of us, and the Headmaster's house to those of a different era, will be refurbished and will contain a permanent exhibition on bird research and will also include a display on the history of PRS.

*Barbara (Miller) Steels (Hood/Rodney 57-61)  
Committee Chair and Archivist*

*The future of the Churchill bell tower is in question as the storage facility will shortly become unavailable. Can any member offer any outside space for it to be stored? If not we may have to remove it from our collection. If anyone can offer storage or has any objections to the Tower's disposal, please contact me by the end of April.*

## News about Ridley Scott

Former PRS pupil and 2018 BAFTA Fellowship Award Winner, Ridley Scott, who began his secondary schooling at PRS, spent a year in Wilhelmshaven between 1949 and 1950. In an interview given at the BAFTA Awards event, he told reporters how he owed much to his teachers for starting him off on his journey. 'Teaching is the most important of professions. Sort that out and social problems will get sorted,' he added. His directing career spans four decades and 25 feature films which earned him 5 BAFTA and 3 Oscar nominations.

## Subs for 2018/2019

Please note that subscriptions are due for those who did not opt to set up a standing order. Payments can be made by standing order, Internet Bank Transfer, UK cheque, or to pay by debit/credit card use the PayPal option on TWA site Payments page.

See details on the enclosed subscription form (only for those who do not have standing order already set up).

*Rates: UK £10, Europe £13 and the rest of the world £15*

The Wilhelmshaven Association Biennial Reunion 2019  
Friday 31st May & Saturday 1st June 2019 will be held at  
De Vere Cotswold Water Park Hotel, Lake 6, Spine Rd East, South Cerney,  
Gloucestershire GL7 5FP.

Tickets: £77.00 per person for two days – £55.00 per person for Saturday only  
*This does not include accommodation – see below for more information.*

Members may bring a guest, however, if their guest is an ex-PRSite, then the guest must also be a fully paid up member of TWA for 2019/20.

The De Vere Cotswold Water Park is on the outskirts of Cirencester, surrounded by lakes and has 328 well-appointed bedrooms, all of which have air conditioning, workspaces and free Wi-Fi - Facilities include:

- Gym, fitness centre and Spa
- Indoor pool
- Lounge/bar areas for relaxation
- Outside terrace overlooking the lake

*Provisional Programme:*

**Friday evening** -The reunion weekend will begin with a welcome drink followed by a Meet and Greet Hog Roast.

**Saturday morning and afternoon** will be a to spend with your friends, use the hotel facilities or explore the surrounding area. In the afternoon we are hoping that there will also be a presentation by Jens Graul on the exciting new developments on the old school site.

**Saturday evening** is the formal Dinner followed by a Disco Dance. For the **Saturday dinner** you can opt to be seated with your friends or take pot luck. Your booking form will give details of the menu options, **you must make your selection when booking your ticket.**

The new digitised collection of memorabilia will be available to view throughout the weekend.

**Your booking form is enclosed with this issue of the New Cavalier** – if you wish to pay by credit/debit card the safest option is to log onto the TWA website and use the PayPal system.

**You do not need a PayPal account – just your card details - full details on the form.**

To enable us to plan the event please return your booking form and deposit ASAP. Don't forget to complete your choices for the Saturday dinner.

**FULL payment must be made by Friday 29th March 2019**

## Accommodation

We have initially reserved 50 double/twin rooms in the hotel for TWA members at a preferential rate and more will be made available if required, subject to availability. Rooms not booked by 29th April 2019 will be released back to the hotel.

*The B&B rates per room / per night are:*

- £88 per standard room based on double/single occupancy – *no discount for single.*
- Upgrade to a standard room with lake view for an additional £20 per night.
- Upgrade to a Deluxe double with lake view and balcony for an additional £50 per night.
- Suites are available at an additional £90 per night.

There are a limited number of twin and family rooms. Car parking and WiFi are free.

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**To book ring De Vere Cotswold Water Park direct on 01285 86444 if you are calling from the UK or +44 1285 864444 if you are calling from overseas.**

*You must quote the booking code TWA Reunion to receive the preferential rate. Please note that to take advantage of this rate a deposit of 50% will be required at the time of booking and that final payment is to be made 1 month prior to arrival. All payments are non-refundable and non-transferable.*

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If you choose to extend your stay to include either the Thursday or Sunday night or both, the same room rate applies. *Please note that check in time is from 3.00 pm.*

If you or your guest are disabled in any way, it is strongly recommended that you advise the hotel of this when making your booking and again on arrival. This is a multi-storey hotel and all bedrooms are accessed by lifts with emergency access via the stairs.

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**You must book your own accommodation before Monday 29th April 2019.**

*(preferably earlier to avoid disappointment)*

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**Getting there:**

*By Car* - Hotel is situated off the A419, 3 miles from Cirencester and 20 minutes from J15 of the M4 or J11a of the M5 Sat-Nav Post Code GL7 5FP

*By Train* - Kemble is the nearest railway station and connections can be made via Swindon or Cheltenham. *By Bus* - from Cirencester

*By Air* - Bristol Airport and Birmingham Airport are the nearest, Bristol is an hours drive and Birmingham about 2 hours.

**Alternative Accommodation:** There are many options in and around Cirencester, this link has more information: <http://www.cirencester.co.uk/visitorinformationcentre/>

## Fleet Reunion

Another Fleet lunch will be held at The Lismoyne Hotel this year for about 50 people. I have booked for Sunday 3rd June 2018 and welcome hearing from anyone who is interested in attending, after which I will send out invites and menus.

Please email me at [norma-dunlevy1@hotmail.co.uk](mailto:norma-dunlevy1@hotmail.co.uk) if you would like to come along. As ever, we expect it to be a fun lunch with good food.

*Norma Dunlevy (Howe 63-65)*

## Mini-Reunion in London

Roger Stokoe (Collingwood 56-60) arranged a get together at 'Bangers' next to Liverpool Street station at end of November 2017. A good time was had by all, including Heidi (Nixon) Weatherby, Heather (McClure) Grist, Marjorie Uren, Bob Innes (thanks again for the photos Bob). Those with other halves were David and Margaret O'Callaghan, Graham and Christine Watson, Paula and Sam Roberts.



## M4 corridor lunch

Melodie (Hayter) Beevers organised another M4 Corridor lunch on 3rd December 2017. It was most enjoyable, as usual, and about 33 attended. "It was really nice to have a good natter again," said Bob Innes, who provided the photos.



## 47ers Christmas Anniversary



On December 11th the PRS 47ers met at the Esseborne Manor Hotel to celebrate Christmas. The weather was the worst for four years and it was a pity that Joe Kinson and Sheila (Cuffe) Cooper were unable to attend. Twenty, however, were able to attend and twelve of these were pupils who joined PRS on July 1st or Sept. 7th of 1947. Many messages wishing us well were received from 47ers in New Zealand, Canada, Kenya, and, of course, the UK. It was almost 70 years to the day that Christmas lunch was celebrated by the same people at Wilhelmshaven. The records reveal

that the juniors' Christmas party was celebrated on 9th and the seniors on the 10th December 1947, while a party for German children held on the 6th. On the 7th and 8th December of 1947 the school broadcast our morning service and a festival of nine lessons and carols. Some of the participants attended this year's lunch and I feel that it is quite remarkable that after 70 years so many could attend and enjoy a convivial gathering of friends after so many years.

*Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50)*



L-R Ladies: Roberta (Dillon) Moore, Heather (Maule) Mettyear, Margaret (Sheffield) Roberts, Elizabeth (Allen) Kerton, Mary (Lowsley) Suleman, Mary (Ogilvy-Stuart) Allen and Wendy Eyre  
L-R Gents: Peter Mettyear, Jack Moore, Vic Longyear, Michael Booth and Malcolm Hynes.

## Hunter over Wilhelmshaven



I came across a photograph of a Hawker Hunter in *Aeroplane* magazine (October 2008) with the following caption: "Hawker Hunter F4 WW658 of 98 Squadron over Jever, north-east Germany, in 1955. Later serving with 229 OCU, it was sold back to Hawker in the Spring of 1961." The photograph was taken by The Late Brian Sharman, originally a photographer in the RAF, who eventually gained his wings in 1951. Perhaps he was based at Jever and maybe had children at PRS? Although described as flying over Jever, I spotted it as being over Wilhelmshaven and I wrote to the magazine asking if they could send me a print, which they did. If you look very closely, you can see the boarding houses on Fleigerdeich immediately behind the tail fin.

*David Starkie (Drake 56-57)*

*Ed. – Well spotted! Not much wrong with your eyesight then David.*

## Mr Kevin Callan

When David Starkie sent me the photo of a Hawker Hunter flying low over

Wilhelmshaven (see this issue), I felt compelled to browse the RAF Jever website in the hope of finding a link with PRS. The base was so close to our school that there must have been a string of day pupils from Jever who attended PRS. Little did I think that a photo of Kevin Callan, my old housemaster at Drake Boys, would turn up on the website. He is seated on the extreme left and we think that his wife, Pat (formerly Miss Kilner) is seated fourth from left. The occasion was the Officer's Mess Winter Ball and the photo is dated February 26, 1956. We presume that Mr Callan's link with the RAF was his role as Flying Officer in charge of PRS Air Cardets and the Spring 2016 issue (page 9) has a photo of him in his officer's uniform. The only other person identified in the photo is the person second from the right, who is Flight Lieutenant Brian (Bebe) Sharman (1929-2004) of 98 Squadron, who joined the RAF at 17 and was, by all accounts, quite a personality – just like Kevin. A trained photographer, he flew in diverse aircraft ranging from Tiger Moths to Venoms and Hunters until he retired from the RAF in 1967. As a tribute to him, there are 761 interesting photos taken by him on the RAF Jever website.

*Ed.*



## Lemons into Lemonade



*Hilary Oliver is the girl on the left in both photos.*

For those of you who know me, my love of sport was really established at PRS. Over the two years I was there I received colours for Athletics, including the Parnell Cup for Girls in 1970, Hockey, Netball, Tennis and even Sailing. My love of sport still exists today. However it was also sport that kept me at PRS and contributed to me overcoming my shyness and responding to what we would call bullying today.

I arrived mid-term at PRS in March and never really wanted to be at a boarding school. I was quite a shy and reserved girl of 13. My parents lived at RAF Jever, which was very near by. By the end of that term I didn't really want to go back, however the start of the summer term arrived and I found myself in a dorm with six beds occupied by girls whose names I cannot remember. Despite being shy and quiet, I was new and therefore subjected to an initiation ceremony.



Soap powder was sprinkled in my bed, which took about two weeks to get rid of and then one day I returned to find a fish head in my bed on which someone had sat, just to make it even nicer!! Another two weeks before completely clean sheets arrived. I didn't report this, but my roommates were still not very nice to me. Then one day I returned to our room from the sports field, only to find that they had completely dismantled my bed. As I entered the room, I took one look and a voice inside said 'turn around and say matron is coming'. I did so and then walked out. When I returned my bed was back to normal. At that particular time, we had started the inter-house rounders matches and I was on our team and was helping us to win matches. So they stopped making my life miserable and we went on to win the Rounders Cup that year. I believe the sudden return of my confidence and my sporting prowess was the reason they stopped bullying me because participation in sport does build confidence. In an odd way I owe a debt of gratitude to those girls because I went on to love being at PRS and so enjoyed

the sports that I took part in. Being a good sportswoman was the start of a lifetime journey of turning Lemons into Lemonade.

*Hilary Oliver (Drake 69-71)*

*Ed. - Hilary works as an executive and leadership coach, and as a facilitator, trainer, coach mentor, and coach supervisor. She is a Professional Certified Coach with the International Coach Federation and has been a professional for nearly 15 years, working with executives of small- and medium-sized businesses as well as large multinational organizations.*



*Hilary Oliver today.*

## An American in Wilhelmshaven

I stumbled on your TWA website and was reminded of my former life as a non-professional staff member at Prince Rupert School. As an American stationed in Bavaria with Army Intelligence between 1962 and 1965, I met a young woman who was a native of Wilhelmshaven. She was studying at a school for translators in Munich and we eventually got married and remained in Wilhelmshaven for a year after my military service. It was during this time that I worked as a boilerman at PRS. After the birth of our first child we returned to my native Arizona where I finished my studies in linguistics. My intention was to teach English as second language to children on a Native-American Navajo Reservation, but the government decided to discontinue hiring Anglo-American teachers that year, so we returned to Germany, where I taught English at a Gymnasium (the equivalent of an English grammar school) for seven years. Next, we settled in Oregon USA 1980 and I retired in 2006. So, I helped keep your school heated and supplied with hot water for the year 1966.

*Paul Mainville*

*Ed. We thanked Paul for getting in touch and asked if he had any old photos of PRS, but are still awaiting a reply.*

## Suspension Problems

I had had a crush on a certain young boy for ages. I think he was in Collingwood and we called him Shrimps (Graham Wright) who, if I'm not mistaken passed away a few years ago. Anyway, my dream came true when he asked me out on a Dyke walk. I was so chuffed, but of course I wanted to look my best, so I asked my sister for a pair of her stockings. I was really too young to wear them and didn't have a suspender belt, so I decided to keep them up with knicker elastic. Hiding behind one of the bunkers so as not to be seen, I swapped my white socks for my lovely stockings. And guess where I put my white socks? As if I needed to tell you! Feeling really grown up, I then met Shrimps just outside the main gate, my heart all a flutter. We held hands all of the time and then came the nightmare...my elastic went loose and those stupid stockings started to wrinkle as they sagged around my ankles. OMG what could I do? I kept trying to hitch them up, which of course he had noticed. Realising my dilemma he suggested that I hid again behind some nearby rocks and removed the stockings entirely. How embarrassing! It was such an awful moment I couldn't look at him. He still held my hand, but I can't remember if he asked me out again. You can imagine what my first purchase was when I finally could afford it. Yes, a lovely, sexy suspender belt, which, sadly, I never actually wore at PRS.

Linda (Sides) Adderley (Howe 62-64)

## Alias Roger and John



These shots are of two German boys who went by the names of Roger and John (not their real names) during the mid sixties era and made friends with various pupils at the school. If anyone remembers them, please get in touch.



## An Unexpected Christmas Present

I was surprised to receive a package from Canada just before Christmas and was delighted to find this little container inside:



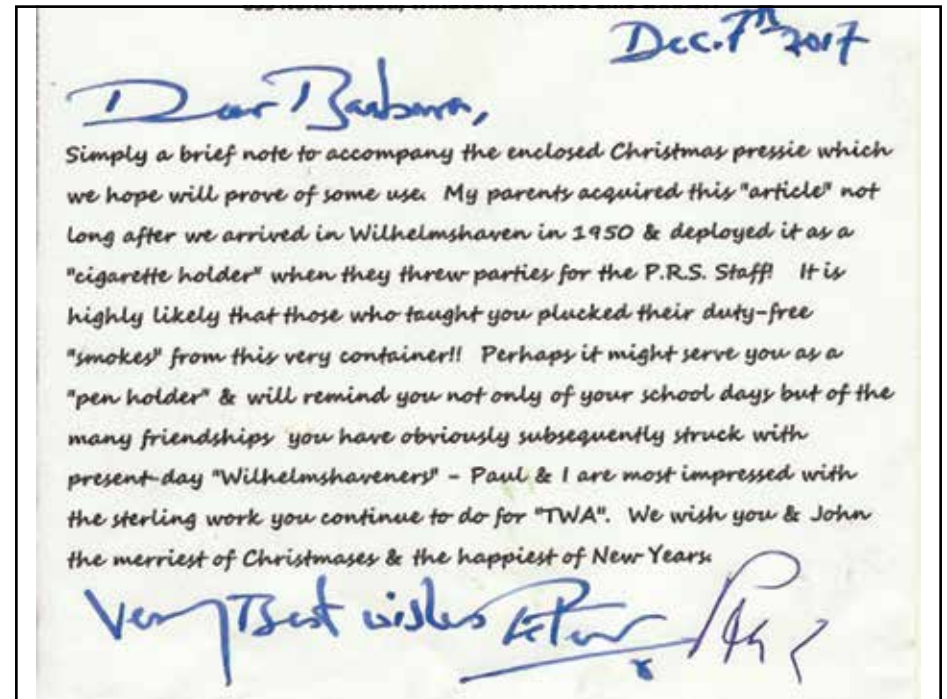
I usually exchange Christmas cards with Peter and Paul Monger and this year's contained the following note:

I was delighted to receive this little item from Peter and Paul. When I started at

PRS in 1957, I was in the same class as these identical twins and the sons of Mr Monger who taught French, German and PT from 1950 – 1959. When I arrived in 1957, Mr Monger was Deputy Head and his office was next to that of Miss Tebbs in the Raleigh teaching block.

Mr and Mrs Monger and Peter and Paul attended the big Wilhelmshaven reunion in 1997. I'm sure this must have been a memorable occasion for the family and I was very pleased to meet up with Peter and Paul again and remain in contact since this time. Mr and Mrs Monger lived in Canada for many years and Peter and Paul now live in their former house in Windsor, Ontario.

Barbara (Miller) Steels (Hood/Rodney 57–61)





## In Memoriam

The name of Janice (Amos) Farmer (Howe 50-52) appeared among the list of deceased former pupils in the previous issue and subsequently we have received some further information from her family.



A young child in early post-war Germany, Janice's primary schooling was entirely in German. She later attended PRS and met her future husband in Cologne. They married in 1960 and were posted with the RAF to Singapore, where their first child, Sean, was born. A sudden posting to Thailand meant that she returned to the UK with a tiny baby with just a week's notice. Some months later she and her husband were reunited

in Bangkok where they spent three years and gained two daughters. Tours in the UK and Germany followed during which Janice found time outside family life for flying gliders, playing badminton, choral singing and charity work. In 1979, she and the family returned to civilian life and as her children flew the nest, she became a housemother for young overseas students, one of whom became an eminent professor. She also performed voluntary work at an annual air tattoo, one of the highlights of which was the flypast of a Vulcan bomber – her absolute favourite aeroplane. Janice loved elaborate cake decorating, hand-making chocolates, pottery, flower arranging and attending the Proms. She was deeply religious, but had a real sense of humour. On one occasion someone commented that such a large family (she had seventeen grandchildren and five great grandchildren) must have parents who are either Catholic or sex maniacs to which Janice replied, 'both'. In her final week, her husband was on the phone and struggling to find a payment card number when a gentle voice beside him said, 'You always did have difficulty in finding your wallet.' As her health declined, dementia became an added complication, but she died without fear or pain and surrounded by her family, who promise to be patient until they see that smile again.

*We are further saddened by the passing of the following:*  
*Mr Mike Middleton (teaching staff 70-72)*  
*Audrey (Simmonds) Shotter (Howe 47-52)*

Our mentioning of John Bennie's passing in the previous issue brought this tribute from a good friend. It was with great sadness that on 21 October 2017 John Bennie (Howe 58-60) died whilst recovering from heart surgery at King's College Hospital, London. John was a very popular pupil who became a prefect and head of house. He was also an accomplished sportsman and represented both his house and school at football, basketball, cricket and athletics. He was a fine athlete and winner of the Victor Ludorum Cup in 1960. Whilst at PRS John met Judy Davis (Rodney 59-61), she too was also a prefect and head of house. Judy herself excelled in sports, representing both house and school at netball, hockey and tennis. John and Judy remained in touch after leaving PRS and in 1964 they married, celebrating their golden wedding anniversary in 2014. They have two daughters and two grandchildren. John joined the Metropolitan Police in 1960, serving 25 years before retiring and joining Esso Oil Company as their Security and Controls Manager. He finally retired from that company in 2002. I too had joined the police in 1962 and served with the City of London Police for 30 years. Only once during our time in the police did our paths cross and that was in the eighties whilst we were both detectives attached to different departments in New Scotland Yard. It wasn't until the Newbury reunion that I met up again with John and Judy and since then, along with my wife, we became firm friends, attending the Wilhelmshaven

and Plymouth Reunions together, as well as many other family lunches and social events over the years. In 1989 John and Judy moved from London to Hythe, on the Kent Coast. John soon involved himself in the local community and led an active social life. Being a keen football fan he became involved in the Hythe Town Youth Football team and could often be seen on the sideline giving the lads encouragement. John was an excellent golfer, which I can attest to, having played against him a couple of times. He joined Etchinghill Golf Club in Kent and captained the Veteran's Team, whilst Judy, also an accomplished player herself, captained the Ladies Team and still continues to play to this day. John was a kind and generous man with a keen sense of humour and we had many laughs, as well as a few drinks together over the years. We will miss him greatly as he had become such a good friend to both my wife and I.

*Graham Watson (Collingwood 57-59)*



## Mr Mike Middleton



An announcement was published in the Westmorland Gazette on 26th October 2017 about the death of a man aged 80 who had been an ambassador for promoting the twinning of Kendal in the Lake District with Rinteln. The report summarised his life in these few words: 'Born in London and a proud cockney, Mr Middleton studied at Cambridge before working as a teacher in the British forces schools in Wilhelmshaven and later in Rinteln (Prince Rupert School). He later became a press officer for the British Forces in Germany.' Scanning back issues of the Cavalier, we found the following statement in the Headmaster's Review of the 1970 issue. 'We have welcomed many new members of staff to the school during the past year. Miss Agate, Miss Fordyce, Miss Godfrey, Mr Gowans, Miss Jelleyman, Mr Marmon, Mr Middleton, Miss Murray and Miss Watts joined us on the teaching side.' All we know is that he studied modern languages and clearly transferred to Rinteln in 1972.

*Ed. - If you know more about Mike Middleton, please get in touch*

## Corrigendum

In the previous issue (page 7, column 2) we wrote, 'My needlework wasn't good, and after I married I turned into my mother and made all my children's clothes until they turned 14 at which time they rebelled and wanted store bought things.' It should have read, however, 'My needlework was praised, and after I married I turned into my mother and made all my children's clothes until they turned 14 at which time they rebelled and wanted store bought things.' Sorry Marylynn!

Also, in the top photo caption on page 23, the name of Sandy McLaine should have read Sandy Mclean.

## Copper Beeches



*A rather autumnal-looking sapling, just before it shed its leaves.*

The Summer 2016 issue of New Cavalier

(No. 68, page 26) included an article about how the PRS copper beech saplings germinated in Wilhelmshaven were brought to the UK in 2015 and about how at least one sapling was headed for Africa via Stratford Upon Avon (our last reunion). Well, we have since heard from our man in Africa, Tony Griffiths, who lives in Kenya and wrote saying it was not good after having been cut right down to bring it into the country. 'Barrie Cannon handed it over at The Grange in July and it was potted on the 5th October in Karen Kenya, which is at an altitude 6168 feet, so we will have to be patient. We are getting very good rains at the moment so that bodes well. I also have two oak trees on my plot, which have a PRS connection. In 2008, Wendy, Gem and I went to the Gower Peninsula in Wales for Terry Neyland's "last stand". He had a great send off in the Welsh tradition and it is from there that the oak trees came. One is now 15 feet tall the other 20-odd feet. It is very, very unusual for oak trees to survive at this altitude. Fixed to the trees are bronze memorial plaques commemorating past friends, Terry shared. The idea was to have an oak tree for each of my friends, but Wendy was right I would end up with a rather large oak forest in Kenya! According to the druid who donated them, the difference between a Welsh oak and any other is quite remarkable. Namely, when a gentle breeze blows of an evening, I hear the voices of my friends and they appear to say, CHEERS TO THE CAVALIERS.'

PS - The new Botanic town garden in Wilhelmshaven will also be planting some of our Coronation Beech saplings that they are currently 'nursing' from germination. We are hoping that this will happen during the mini-reunion visit in July. It is planned to present a plaque from TWA to describe the story of the saplings.

*Barbara (Miller) Steels (Hood/Rodney 57-61)*

## Now There's a Coincidence



*John Simes leads the dedication service procession on Sunday 6 May 1956 at PRS. Denis Oglesby is the first choir boy on the left behind the clergy. Reproduced from the Summer 1956 issue of The Cavalier.*

During my two years at PRS I was in the church choir, although that in itself was a mystery as to how I got in without the usual audition and why, in those two years I never got to go on their annual excursion/treat. Possibly because I was the smallest runt in the choir I was at the front and immediately behind the head choirboy who carried the processional

cross. After the second year I returned to Hartlepool where I attended the local grammar school and in about my fourth year the supervising prefect for my class asked if I was the boy who walked behind him in the choir at PRS. His name was John Simes, who some years ago edited the PRS book to which I contributed.

A coincidence occurred while I was working at Rolls Royce between 2005 and 2010. A piece was published in New Cavalier mentioning that I was currently working there. Shortly after that an employee found me and introduced himself as an ex-PRSite.

After lights out, my Drake roommates, Richard Tomlinson and Richard Halliday, and I would carry out experiments in telepathic transmission. For instance, we would try to think of the same three objects in our room – mat, bed or broom – simultaneously. Statistically we should only be right a third of the time. However, we would get it right nearly all the time! Perhaps I should tell Rupert Sheldrake about that!

Just in case there are more coincidences waiting to happen out there, I sport my PRS sweatshirt for about half the time these days. You never know when another ex-PRSite might recognise it. Although here in Yorkshire it is rarely the outer layer!

*Denis Oglesby (Drake 54-57)*

*Ed. - Rupert Sheldrake is an author and*

*researcher in the field of parapsychology, known for his “morphic resonance” concept.*



*Top to bottom: Pauline Wall, Val (McDonald) Bell and (we think) Maureen Knowles.*

I am sure many of you will remember the important part the British Forces Broadcasting Service (BFBS) played in our lives whilst living in Germany. It provided the glue that kept families together during long periods of separation, the “Two Way Family Favourites” programme, broadcast jointly with the BBC on a Sunday morning, was a good example. Another favourite was the “1800 Club” which was broadcast most weekday evenings at six o’clock, a request show, which connected families and friends across the whole

of BAOR. In an exercise I completed recently I was reminded me of those radio programmes and their importance to the forces.

Early on in his posting to Germany my father purchased a very good quality German reel to reel tape recorder and was in the habit of recording these programmes particularly when he was expecting a request involving our family and friends. The tape recorder has been languishing in the corner of his bedroom un-used for decades. When moving my father into a nursing home recently I rediscovered the hansom machine and I decided to try and restore it to working order. The power of the internet provided the means of procuring a circuit diagram and a new set of drive belts, the old ones were completely perished. With the recorder successfully working I was able to play the tapes that my father had recorded all those years ago. There are about 8 tapes in all, the recordings are taken from the radio, gramophone records and live microphone recordings of family at birthday parties, carol concerts etc. It was a revelation to hear my fellow siblings, still young children at that time and a reminder of the great social life we were fortunate to lead. My father rarely over-recorded so many of the tapes have only been recorded the one time and although only mono the quality is very good as he used the “diode socket” on his radio to record direct.

Amongst the radio recordings is an edition of the 1800 club which I think dates to the middle of 1959. There is a

request from two Drake Girls to their respective parents with a particular plea not to be late meeting the school train so I guess it must have been close to the end of term. They may well have experienced late arrival in the past! The names are Maureen Knowles and Valerie McDonald. If you are out there Maureen and Valerie you may like to know that nearly 60 years on your request has survived and has been played again. Their choice of music, “Ma I Miss Your Apple Pie” by Ambrose and his Orchestra may be a comment on the quality of the school food.

*Derek Lee (Howe 58-59)*

### My PRS Story

I have to admit to a slightly ambivalent feeling in writing my personal PRS story after being requested to do so recently. I confess to being a little surprised by the almost universal enthusiasm for the place from former pupils since the formation of the Wilhelmshaven Society back in 1994. I don’t recall there being that much enthusiasm for the place displayed by fellow youngsters during my six years there. I liked it but clearly not quite as much as others. Perhaps it is because most children only served a two-year stretch on average. In point of fact several people told me I was mad because for most of my stay there I could have been a day pupil and live at home. My father was the Head of Science and had a flat in the town. The lure of the

old Alma Mata must be strong in me, however, for here I am racking my few remaining functional brain cells to recall my time at PRS. Facts are delible things after fifty years but I think I have the rights of what follows, just don't bank on it being an accurate chronology!

My first experience of secondary school as an 11 year old in September 1962 was in a one thousand-plus boys' school in Leeds. Dad taught Chemistry in a grammar school in another part of the city. Later that year he successfully applied to help start a new school for Army children in Osnabrück. He had ended his war service in the R.A.F as an education officer in India and really missed being in the Military, especially Mess life. Teaching in a British Forces' school was the next best thing for him and he also had much better conditions of service than in a comparable United Kingdom school.

We cleared out our house, put our possessions into storage and had the exciting new experience of flying to Düsseldorf and then onto a really nice married quarter in Ellerstrasse by Mercer Barracks in the north of the town. It was interesting starting a new life in a foreign environment. We especially appreciated the luxury of central heating after living in houses heated solely by coal fires although we found the shelf lavatory pans and rotating light switches in the house a bit unusual.

My twin sister and I enjoyed our start at the newly formed Lancaster School in

Osnabrück. Unfortunately it was not a purpose-built establishment, but rather a collection of wooden huts which rumour had it was an ex-Displaced Persons' camp. Our new classmates were friendly and pleasant and the teachers tried their best to get us all up and running in our education but my parents were worried that my more academically-inclined sister might fall behind in her studies so after a couple of months there we were enrolled at P.R.S and started half way through the 1962 Autumn term with my new laundry number L28 (why do I remember that?) embroidered on all my clothing. I was put in Collingwood, which was bursting at the seams at the time and I ended up "rooming" with three Fourth Year boys on the ground-floor senior corridor. I had taken all this in my stride so far but this was a shock to my system. Fortunately my roommates were decent sorts and didn't take it too much amiss at having a Second Year "snotty" imposed upon them and were also quite tolerant of my idiosyncrasies. I moved up to the Junior corridor on the first floor the next term in the 1963 New Year where my more age-appropriate peers proved to be "less so". Children are nothing if not flexible, however, and I soon "shaped up" and ended up enjoying life although the public school-like ambience in Collingwood at the time reminded me a little bit of the old 1959 television show "Whack-O!"

The range of activities the school was able to provide would not have happened in my school in Leeds. I tried my hand at

sailing, the Combined Cadet Force and drama among lots of other things and even began to like taking part in sport although without much skill or athleticism. We were fortunate in Collingwood in having the chance to take part in the physics teacher Mr Mudd's extraordinary range of charitable fund-raising games after Prep. These involved quirky games such as "Potty" where you paid a stake of a few Pfennigs to try and pop table-tennis balls into various strategically placed different coloured jam jars to try to win a small cash prize. At the time a board game played with snooker cues called Carom, I think, was all the rage. I believe Mr Bernades let boys construct the carom boards and cues for their woodworking projects.

Change happened again in the start of my second year at P.R.S by the closure of the Bonteheim and we had to share the building with Howe Boys who took up residence on the upper first floor. A bigger transformation for me was the arrival of my parents when they moved up to live in another fine married quarter in Wilhelmshaven, about a mile from the Sportplatz, when my Dad became the Head of Science in the summer of 1964. My sister gladly stopped boarding but I decided to continue living on the Fliegerdeich site. My main reason was that our new married quarters was rather isolated being out in the suburbs and a long way from the main teachers' "patch" on Mozartstrasse where most of the day pupils lived and the school.

I thought it might be a bit boring after experiencing the busy life of a boarder where you always had company on hand. I was also able to go home at the weekends if I wanted. Mum had a mission in life to feed and entertain the World and liked me to invite fellow boarders to come for the day so she could "feed them up".



*We were fortunate to live in the whole ground floor of this block at 8 Raabestrasse on the north-east fringe of the Stadt Park.*

My parents loved being at PRS, particularly the social life it offered. My eighteen year old middle sister Lynn had stayed on in Osnabrück working as a live-in Nanny when my parents moved to Wilhelmshaven and used the PRS chapel for her wedding to Dick, an officer in the Royal Engineers, in 1965. The Nelson kitchen staff laid on a fantastic "spread" for the Wedding Breakfast in the mess afterwards. I imagine there weren't many other nuptials conducted in the chapel during the school's 25-year history.



*My Dad helping my sister with her tangled up bridal train outside the chapel.*

The arrival of Mr Cooper as Collingwood Boys' housemaster in 1965 saw a gentler regime and as I got older I was allowed to go the Teachers' Mess. People on the Staff struck me as pretty decent on the whole and no one ever objected to the presence of teenagers in the bar to



*Staff Mess Bar 1967 - Centre left is Alastair Davidson, the Assistant Bursar with Mr Precious the Head Of Music sitting left of the barmaid. I don't know the name of the boy bottom-centre.*

my knowledge. Sadly I can't report any riotous behaviour by teachers while I was there.

It was about 1967 that I began to tire of being at PRS It was the 1960s after all and I felt we were missing out on the Zeitgeist by being stuck in a Wilhelmshaven backwater despite all the advantages of our privileged existence. The rich educational resources and small class sizes sadly didn't have much of an impact upon my educational attainment, over which I will discretely draw a veil. By a combination of long service and undiscovered sin Mr Meredith made me a prefect in 1967 and I was Head of House for my final two terms – the last one for Collingwood Boys as it turned out when it was subsumed into Shackleton House in the 1968/69 academic year.



*Three teens at Raabestrasse in 1966 with my sister Anne and the late David Evans, son of Mr Evans the music teacher.*

Finally "What did PRS ever do for us?" to paraphrase Monty Python's "Life Of Brian" - for me it gave one an aspiration to make the most of your talents, however modest. I would probably have left secondary school at 15 if I had stayed on at my school in Leeds. Après PRS I

eventually trained to be an Infant teacher and taught in the Portsmouth area. In the 1980s I worked for Service Children's Schools in Minden and Berlin. My wife Jill worked as the music teacher at the Rinteln iteration of PRS for a term in 1987 when their head of music left at short notice – a very different school to the one we attended I have to say. We moved to the wilds of Cumbria after the 'fall of the wall' where I became a head teacher at two primary schools and have finally found my niche as a retiree – a role for which I am very well suited.

*Peter Duncan (Collingwood 63-68)*

*Ed. - Thanks for answering the call Peter!*

We had thought that these boards had disappeared forever and were surprised to find them there on a visit in 2014. I have been endeavouring to find family members or suitable recipients for the boards.

Hiro was the first wife of Mr Brian Rigg, who was Mountbatten Junior Boys Housemaster and taught English, Maths and French at PRS from 1963 – 1972. Sadly, Hiro died suddenly in 1966. A rose garden was planted in front of the Domestic Science building, Beatty, in her memory. Miss Patricia Vasey (later Patricia Rigg) 1967 – 1972 who taught History, English and Art and was a House Mistress in Blake Girls Junior House, formerly housing Rodney Girls. Pat subsequently became Mr Rigg's second wife and joined him in Mountbatten Junior Boys, formerly Howe House.

Pat Rigg has been a stalwart member of TWA and indeed donated the Smitherman desk to the town of Wilhelmshaven. (Another story that you may have read about a few years ago!) I approached Pat to see if she could suggest a family member who might like to become the custodian of Hiro's board. After some consideration, Pat suggested that as some of Brian's artefacts, including his gown, lots of papers and photographs had been archived at Worksoy College, perhaps the board could be added to this collection. Mrs Wendy Bain, the College Archivist kindly responded positively to this request and the board was sent to her to add to the collection. I'm sure some of you former Mountbatten Boys will



The above In Memoriam board was one of a group of boards found at PRS Rinteln in 2014. The boards had previously been displayed in St Nicholas Chapel and when the school closed in 1972, were taken to PRS Rinteln.



Mr William Brian Rigg T.D. M.A. (Oxon.) This photo was taken some time between 1964 and 1972.

be able to give a more precise date and some names. Mr Rigg is to the right of the chap in glasses, 3rd row back.

Brian Rigg had a very full and interesting life and Pat has provided a few details that might be of interest to those who knew him. Brian taught at Worksoop College before WW2 and in 1940, he enlisted and served in the Middle East, Italy, (Monte Cassino) and Greece. It was in Greece that Brian met and married Hiro Stratigakis, the daughter of a Member of the Greek Parliament. This happened in October 1946 after Captain W.B. Rigg was released from service a few months earlier.

Brian returned to teaching at Workshop College in 1946 and in 1949 became Head of Modern Languages and the Housemaster of School House. He left the College in 1957 and became Headmaster of Mattersey Hall Preparatory School in Notts.. In 1963, Brian, Hiro and son Peter moved to

Germany and PRS where Brian opened the new Junior Boys' House, Mountbatten. Peter attended school in Bradfield, Berkshire, during term time. Very sadly, Peter died in an horrendous accident in 1968 at the age of 18 and just about to go up to Oxford to his father's old college, Wadham.

In 1972, Brian and Pat Rigg transferred to the new Prince Rupert School at Rinteln and they both worked there until 1976. Another story, another time.....

*Barbara Steels*  
(Miller, Hood/Rodney 57 - 61)

### In Memoriam

We are saddened to report the passing of the following former pupils.

Peter Carter (Howe 47 - 50), died on the 5th March.

Mike Ward (Collingwood 55 - 59) died on 22nd January.

### A Trip to Remember

'After a successful short trip to the east coast of Canada arranged by Peter Carter, it was felt that a trip from the west to the east coast would be fun for 47ers,' recalls Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50). Those who flew from Heathrow to Vancouver on that memorable occasion were Mary (Ogilvy-Stuart), Richard Allen, Peter and Jill Carter, Malcolm and Joan Hynes, Pat Fitzsimons and her cousin, Joe Kinson and Vic and Mavis Longyear. Met by John Kelly who had travelled up from Los Angeles, the party first visited Vancouver Island, which was reached by coach and boat, and, for some, seaplane. The next day they visited the fabulous Chinese Garden, and eat pizza near the famous Steam Clock.



Then it was off in the direction of Calgary, enjoying beautiful lakeside views en route to Sundance, a ski resort in the mountains. 'We travelled through some beautiful country where I saw my first bear in the wild,' said Vic. The next

day they headed for Banff, stopping at the Colombia Ice-fields, the Athabasca Glacier and Lake Louise. 'At upper Banff springs, one of the group, Peter Carter's wife, Jill, was even brave enough to take a swim,' said Vic. Then it was on to Sulphur Mountain and up by lift with the final trek to the peak (photo).



In Calgary, the party called in at the Olympic Winter Sports venue for a break and to buy souvenirs. 'It was here that we met a former PRS pupil, who had known Joe and Malcolm, at school,' said Vic. The next day the entire party flew to Toronto where they had been before, but it was still interesting to visit Niagara Falls, take a boat trip on the lake, and, best of all, have dinner in the CN Tower with PRS friends. Vic: 'A few days later, it was off to Napanee where we ate our first 'beefalo' steaks before all droving out to Keith Firth's super place on a lake, where we met his wife. Keith had been working on a vast catamaran to sail around the world, but had suffered a stroke and was incapacitated. Nonetheless we all went out to dinner in Kingston where we met up with more PRS pupils. We then took the Thousand Islands boat tour before it was again time to bid a fond farewell and

drive to Ottawa, our final destination. Here we found the Parliament a very interesting building and some also visited the art galleries and museums. Boat trips on the river were fun followed by tea and buns and then an excellent lunch at the Chateau Laurier.'

*Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50)*

#### Prince Rupert was here

One doorway down from my house on the famous Christmas Steps in Bristol City Centre arts quarter is a commemorative plaque (mounted on the wall of Weber & Tring's Wine Shop) that was put there in 1977 by Prince Rupert's Blew Regiment of Foote – one of the oldest regiments of the Sealed Knot – an educational charity dedicated to costumed re-enactment of battles and events surrounding the English

Civil War (1642-1645). On the 26th July 1643, Royalists broke through the outer Parliamentary defences and stormed down Christmas Steps to attack Frome Gate, which defended an entrance to the city walls. The Royalists were under the command of Prince Rupert and whilst surging down the steps were under heavy musket fire from Parliamentarians positioned at windows above. Long before they were renamed Christmas Steps, the steps were known as 'Lunsford's Stairs' in memory of Colonel Henry Lunsford, who was shot through the heart during the action. Last October, 374 years after the event, a re-enactment was held and I thought readers might be interested to know that this area also has a Rupert Street and also a Nelson Street, so it's all a bit déjà vu for me.

*Gundula (Wittnebel) Sappa (Rodney 59-62)*



#### Recollections of a Tenderfoot

Sixty years ago I embarked on what I imagined to be a great adventure. I was to look upon it with the same mindset as if I were going on an extended scout camp. This adventure started with a train journey from Dusseldorf, chaperoned by my big brother, (Chief Scout) David, who had already set up camp a good year in advance. I can still evoke the excitement of that inaugural train journey. I was heading for that great scout camp called Prince Rupert School and I could not wait to get there. I had outgrown my B.F.E.S. junior school in Krefeld (where my RN father was based) and was embarking upon my one and only term, as it turned out, at boarding school in Wilhelmshaven. The year was 1957 - autumn. So what do I remember about my all too brief stay? Well, not a great deal as it turns out and that puzzles me. After all, it was 90 continuous days, or thereabouts, of a grand childhood experience. And it is strange that I do not remember the sun ever shining. In fact, I remember it being rather cold and grey and wet with bare trees, rather like it is at present in Cumbria where I have lived for nearly 50 years. Is it just that I was too enraptured to notice enough detail to remember?

I was assigned to Drake House, following in my brother's footsteps and I do remember having a dormitory room on the 1st floor, which I shared

with two other boys, one of whom I am almost certain was surnamed 'Parrott' ('Parot'?). On the second or third evening, and still imagining it as a kind of glorified scout camp, I remember engaging in what I assumed was the correct protocol for after 'lights out', which was a pillow fight with the dormers from the room across the landing. Unfortunately we were caught by a prefect and reported to the House Master. I am uncertain what the punishment was, but I do seem to remember the threat of caning and cold showers, or is that just part of the distorted romance of a defective memory? How did we spend our spare time? Well, one thing we had going was a 'Subbuteo' football league and I learnt that one of my opponents also supported Blackpool FC, which was the club I doted on. Funny I should remember such a seemingly small detail, but not I suppose if you shared your support for a great club which had won the FA Cup only three years previously.

Oh yes, my house number I remember was Drake 127. How did I remember that?

Now it becomes a list of fleeting memories, rather like a dream in which you can recall only fragments of vague detail. I find it difficult to picture in my mind the precise architectural layout of the Drake campus but I seem to recollect that adjacent to the main house, but separate from it, was a

building to which we commuted mid-morning for cocoa and a bun, during a break in our Saturday morning prep. I can remember that the Common Room on the top floor at Drake was where we retreated to embark on our homework. It was also somewhere where we could 'lose' ourselves in spare moments of an evening, playing football in our stocking feet, with a rolled up sock as the ball. This may also have been the room that doubled as a hospital ward during an Asian flu epidemic that struck the School that autumn of '57 and which laid low many of the in-take. I seem to have a vague memory of one of the teaching staff called Mr Cox (History?) being in charge of the sick ward at this time. It may also have served as a place to recuperate from bouts of homesickness from which many of the new in-take seemed to be sorely afflicted by. And wasn't there a J R Arthur Rank styled gong at the foot of stairs close to the entrance?

We had a weekly pocket money allowance that was recorded in our personal accounts book and which was mostly spent at the tuck shop set up in the Common Room. Mars bars seemed to be the staple diet. I remember the occasion I was despatched to buy an Airfix model of a fighter plane, the cost of which exceeded one's weekly spending allowance. However, by arguing that it was intended as a Xmas present for my brother (a fabrication), I was eventually

permitted to go out one weekend to purchase said item. My rouse was quickly uncovered when I was severely reprimanded by the House Master who wished to know why, if it was intended as an Xmas present, I had proceeded to meticulously assemble the kit? What the implications were for this deception I have no clear recollection. I remember nothing of school lessons as such, apart from one peculiar memory: peculiar, that is, in that it should have remained lodged in the recesses of my mind. The lesson in question centred on the life and times of Albert Schweitzer. How strange!

Other fleeting memories of my short (all too short) period of education at PRS were watching a girls' hockey match with the opposition possibly based at Hamm School, and obligatory Sunday church services in the school chapel. With regards to sports activities, and although I was a mad keen footballer, who seized on any opportunity to kick a ball around, I do not remember partaking in any football matches. What I do remember were the cross-country runs across muddy fields and having your gym shoes sucked off in the muddy depths of the water-filled dykes. I had not been informed at the time that it was best to secure your plimsolls (yes, plimsolls – no such thing as bespoke running shoes in those days) to your feet with strips of bandage to prevent their loss in the dykes. My great interest at the time, beyond sports activities, was

fishing and I recall the occasional moment I spent on the embankments with a line left out on a wooden spool hoping to catch goodness knows in those cold and murky depths: an odd eel maybe, or a flounder but definitely not a shopping trolley in those days.

And so to the end of the autumn term: I do not remember any 'goodbyes', nor anything of the return journey home to Krefeld. I do not even know whether I knew that I was not to return ever again. But in one way or another my time at that great scout camp called PRS came to an end. Thank you School for what turned out to be an all too brief adventure (even if I never gain my proficiency badges) but which I can look back on fondly, even if after all these years those memories have become somewhat diminished.

*Ed.- Simon and his brother appear in the photograph on the first inside spread of the previous issue. And yes, Simon, there was a gong (see below).*



*Simon Starkie (Drake 1957)*

### New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
John Bartholomew	John Bartholomew	53 - 54	Howe
Paul Mainville	Paul Mainville	66 -	Boilerman
Phil Trout	Phil Trout	72 -	Mountbatten
<i>Re-joined</i>			
Lynne Berry	Lynn Penney	66 - 70	Rodney/Drake
Simon Starkie	Simon Starkie	57	Drake

**Password for members' new website is still effective till 31 August, 2018 – see rear cover.**