

## The Wilhelmshaven Association

### Contacts:

#### Committee Chair:

[chairman@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](mailto:chairman@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk)

#### Membership Secretary/Treasurer:

Carol Goronwy

[membership@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](mailto:membership@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk)

139 Blake Road, West Bridgford,  
Nottingham NG2 5LA • Tel: 01159814246

#### Newsletter Editor: Paul Levitt

[newsletter@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](mailto:newsletter@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk)

#### Finding Folk: Vacant

[newfolk@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](mailto:newfolk@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk)

#### Merchandise: Susan Vaughan

[merchandise@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](mailto:merchandise@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk)

#### TWA website:

[www.prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](http://www.prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk)

Webmaster: Andy Renou

[webmaster@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](mailto:webmaster@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk)

#### PRS Blog: Paul Levitt

<http://princerupertschool.blogspot.co.uk>

#### Facebook page:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/21708008728/?fref=ts>

**Username: 20prs16** (Lower case)

**Password: 20IGNE17** (Upper case)

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# THE NEW CAVALIER



## PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

### WILHELMSHAVEN

1947 - 1972

Newsletter 69

AUTUMN - 2016

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*Photo by courtesy of Madeleine Hallett  
(Hood/Drake 53-57).*

**The 2017  
Biennial Reunion  
will be held in  
Stratford-upon-Avon  
on  
2nd-3rd June**

## Editors Letter

This issue of New Cavalier in 2016 contains a variety of articles that we hope you will enjoy. Autumn term at PRS was special for many reasons. Those who left school at the end of term will remember it for the feeling that their way of life - one they knew so well - was about to change for ever. Hopefully most of us went on to do what we wanted with our lives, but we are often left wondering what others did with theirs. In the previous issues, we have put the spotlight on some former pupils and what they achieved during their lives. This seemed to strike a chord with readers, so this time we bring news of no less than three intrepid boys who have done extraordinary things. We feel there must be many more, but we need you to point us towards suitable candidates. In this respect, we would be pleased to hear if you know of someone who might have gone on to do something special.

On the subject of our Stratford 2017 reunion, you will not need reminding that it is a mere six months away. Numbers are constantly being updated and we have already exceeded our minimum requirement. Places are still available, but if you haven't already done so you are urged to book as soon as possible. If you know someone who you would dearly love to see in Stratford, please feel free to give them a nudge!

Finally, we would like to take this opportunity of wishing you all the best for the festive season and we look forward to enjoying your company again in 2017!

Your editorial team,

*Paul Levitt & Andy Renou*

## Report from the Chair

The 70th Anniversary TWA Reunion in June 2017 is proving to be an appealing event and we are expecting attendance to be one of the highest. If you haven't booked for this event yet, I recommend that you plan to do this in the very near future as June is a busy time for tourists in Stratford upon Avon, and hotel accommodation in the town will be limited if left too late. Reunion ticket sales are also good, although some of you have booked your hotel accommodation and still need to reserve the tickets with Carol!

I am pleased to report that the reviewed constitution has now been formally approved and this will appear on our website some time early next year. Andy Renou, our Web-master is currently working on changes to the website and this will be happening seamlessly, so accessing the site on [www.prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk](http://www.prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk) is still the same as before, using the Username and Password as noted on the back cover of a current Newsletter.

### *Cups and Trophies*

Following the article in Newsletter 68, I was very pleased to receive requests from members to become long-term custodians. I would still like more custodians for the remaining cups and trophies and if you had a connection, in some way, please contact me. There will be a special presentation at the reunion, but you don't have to attend in order to

receive your cup or trophy.

As I have previously announced, we are in the process of archiving our Memorabilia collection. A selection of items has already been taken to Wilhelmshaven where they will be on display at the Küstenmuseum in the town. I had previously had a few requests for the return of loaned or donated items but I am repeating this request now for others to respond, so if you handed over some of your precious items to TWA in the early days and would like them back, please let me know. John Leggett has spent hours scanning photographs and documents so that all of these can be viewed electronically. This is a very big undertaking and we plan to have the scanned items available for viewing at Stratford.

I will still be bringing the hard copies of files to the reunion, but this will be the last time they can be viewed at such an event before they go into the Wilhelmshaven town archive. Things are certainly moving forward in this respect and it is important that our collection is archived in an orderly manner for the future. Items will still be available to view from the town's archive and we will advise how this can be done nearer the time. Wilhelmshaven is the only place where all of our school history took place and there are no facilities in this country to our knowledge, which are prepared to archive our special collection.

On behalf of the committee, I would

like to wish all of our members a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year and we hope to meet up with many of you at the reunion in Stratford upon Avon in June next year.

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

*chairman@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk*

*Lynnwood House, Snelsmore Common,  
Newbury, RG14 3BX*

## High flyers



Air Chief Marshal (Retired) Sir Anthony Gerald Skingsley GBE KCB was 14 years old when he attended PRS (Collingwood 47-48). He went on to become a pupil at St Bartholomew's School in Newbury and studied at Cambridge University. In 1955 he joined the Royal Air Force and two years later married Lilwen Dixon, with whom he has two sons and one daughter. In 1974, he became Station Commander at RAF Laarbruch and three years later he was appointed

Assistant Chief of Staff (Offensive Operations) at Headquarters Second Tactical Air Force. Between 1979 and 1987, he was successively appointed Director of Air Plans at the Ministry of Defence, Assistant Chief of Staff (Plans and Policy) at SHAPE, Commandant of the RAF Staff College, Bracknell and Assistant Chief of the Air Staff, Air Member for Personnel and Commander-in-Chief of RAF Germany and the Second Tactical Air Force. His final appointment before retiring in 1992 was Deputy Commander-in-Chief of Allied Forces Central Command.



Ex-PRS boy, Brian Milton (left in photo) was a Howe boy from 56-58 and returned as a Rodney boy from 60-62. He lives in London and has led the extraordinary life of an adventurer. His first major expedition was in 1968 when he drove a battered Austin 7 Ruby across the Sahara Desert to meet his fiancée! Ever since, he has combined a career as a TV presenter and financial journalist with a series of incredible airborne adventures around the world. In 1998, he became the first person

to fly a microlight around the world, a feat that earned him the Britannia Trophy, one of the world's greatest aviation awards. Brian's interest in microlighting grew out of his love for hang-gliding. He was the Founder of the British National League, which took Britain to world dominance in the sport for which he received the National Trophy from the Queen. In 1979 he was awarded the Prince of Wales Trophy, the highest award in British sporting aviation, for winning the American Cup. His 1987 flight in the Dalgety Flyer from London to Sydney in 59 days was at the time the longest microlight flight in history. The aircraft is now on permanent exhibition at Sydney airport. You can read more about Brian at [www.brianmilton.com](http://www.brianmilton.com)

Peter Carter (Howe 47-50) was once given the unusual task of flying a light aircraft out to the Far East, which was quite demanding considering the machine's limited range and performance, not to mention the weather. An engine problem arose whilst flying over Western Pakistan and forced him to land on a disused and uninhabited airstrip. Two days were spent working on the engine problem, but in all the heat the drinking water on board had run out. Early the next morning he headed for Karachi feeling quite dehydrated and groggy. After being airborne for about an hour the whole area was covered in a blanket of fog and it was another two

hours before it was possible to land. Due to the early Monsoon season there were several unscheduled landings, one of which was on a disused and unmanned wartime jungle airstrip that was not marked on the map. After becoming bored with normal routine flying, Peter applied for entry to the Empire Test Pilots School at Farnborough. To his surprise he was accepted and enjoyed a year's exciting flying in a variety of aircraft, including, Hawker Hunter, Piston and Jet Provost, Canberra, Viscount, Whirlwind, Wessex, Wasp and Scout. He was then posted to the Rotary Test Squadron at Boscombe Down to which he would eventually return as Commanding Officer. During this period he was involved with various Anglo-French aircraft programmes and spent two years working at the Centres d'Essais en Vol (CEV) in Paris and Marseilles, as well as working with Boeing in the United States.



Peter Carter  
(Howe 47-50)

## Letters to the Editor

On behalf of my entire family, may I say many thanks for the wonderful piece on the Late Lyn (Verney) Taylor (Howe 58-62) published in the New Cavalier summer issue. I have been in touch with Tracy (Pat) Barker (Howe 59-62) since my beloved Dad's death and she also emailed a copy to me. I had no idea that my mum was that naughty at school. It was all so lovely. Thanks to all at TWA for the wonderful support you have shown to my parents.

*Lyn's daughter Judy*

The photo of the girls' athletics team on page 15 of the previous issue has a few unknowns. On the back row, second from the left (directly behind Joan Odle) is Pat Cooper. She is a member so you can easily confirm it with her.

*Sue (Paddy) Barnaghan (Collingwood 60-66)*

Thanks for the latest magazine. I believe I am the athlete on the athletics photo (p.15) to the immediate left of Andi Bendix.

*Gaye (Cooke) Anthony (Drake/Hood 59-63)*

Ed. - No doubt one of you is right, Sue and Gaye!

Received the New Cavalier today, excellent yet again thanks to all contributors. I felt a tinge of sadness to read that Ernest Sheppard (Collingwood 56 - 60), 'Sheps' to his

friends, has passed away. We didn't meet up much at school because we were in different forms, but during the holidays we used to train together at 35 CER gym, I had become friends with PT instructor, Paddy McKernon, who was my boxing coach, so asked him if my school holiday buddy could come along and train at the gym. Sheps was a good sportsman and took part in boxing, basketball and football, at which I believe he was an excellent goalkeeper. He represented both Collingwood and the school. We lived just three doors away from him and our dads were friends. After leaving PRS in the summer of 1961, my dad arranged for me to live with Sheps and his parents. Eventually we both moved out of Shep's home and lived together in Aldershot at Old Ma Bush's lodging house. She treated us like her sons and we had never known such freedom. We had our own keys to come and go as we pleased and Mr Bush even gave Sheps a motorbike, a BSA 350cc, if I remember correctly. Sheps was a motorbike nut and a self-taught mechanic. He repaired it over a period of time and attached a sidecar. Naturally, he was my best man at my wedding in 1964 and I clearly remember him taking me to the church on the back of his motorbike. Fortunately the weather held! He joined the Surrey Fire Brigade and gave me the details so I could join. Not long after he met a lass from up north, married and transferred to the Rotherham Fire Service. We kept in

touch for quite some time, but like most friendships, we gradually drifted apart.

*Emilio McMahon (Drake 58-62)*

On the first photo of the last newsletter (school train), the person at the extreme right (back row) is Anita West and the mystery girl at front of the photo on page 9 is Helga Yendall. I know because I took this photo at Drake Girls!

*Madeleine (Hallett) Thomas (Drake 53-57)*

In the last paragraph of Sheila (Cuffe) Cooper's letter to the editor referring to poor food in that first year (previous issue refers) I was reminded of the initiative of JN Duxbury, Drake Housemaster. In that first winter he arranged, no doubt from his own pocket, a thick, hot, vegetable soup at the evening roll call in the Drake common room for boys and girls. It was truly appreciated to the extent that a mental image of the large thermos flasks in which it was contained can still be conjured up after some 60 years or more.

*Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50)*

In response to Philip Blood's request for information as to the whereabouts of Fiona Irwin (previous newsletter refers). I knew the Irwin family when Fiona's father, Stan, and I were on the staff of King's School, Gütersloh, until he left in 1965 or thereabouts. A year later, when I moved to PRS, Stan was already there, as Housemaster of Rodney Boys on Fliegerdeich. His wife, Rachel, worked as school

librarian and Stan did indeed run the school sailing club, as Philip suggests. I know the Irwins were still at PRS in 1971. By then, the family had moved to Mozartstrasse, when Stan became Head of Geography in succession to Gerry Pennington. After that, when we had returned to Scotland, contact became increasingly tenuous, but I know the family moved to Australia, probably sometime in the '70s. Fiona's younger brother, Barry, had a career in the Law, but I remember only that Fiona was keen on sports and a very athletic girl. The last I heard of the family was in a newsletter a few years ago in which the sad news of Stan's death was reported. I have no idea of whether or not the family subsequently remained in Australia. The following little anecdote about Stan springs to mind. One lazy Sunday afternoon, I was on duty in Drake Boys, so nipped downstairs to Stan's flat in Rodney, to pass the time of day (and probably to reminisce about King's School days, too). Stan very proudly showed me this starting gun that some sailing club, I think somewhere in BAOR, had just presented him for the use of the PRS club. Being Stan, he reckoned it might be fun to try it out, so he set it up on the floor of Rodney corridor and we stood ready as he set it off with his foot. The result was more than somewhat amazing, in two respects. First, the bang was considerably more forceful than Stan had expected, and it took a while before our ears recovered from its violent rebound from the stone

floor and tiled walls of the corridor. Even more memorable, however, was the sight, all down Rodney, of startled heads roused from slumber or whatever more nefarious pursuits kept them indoors, popping out of doors like frightened meerkats. Trying valiantly to suppress our laughter, we reassured them that the East Germans had not invaded and World War III was still some way off. Stan was a delight to know, with a ready turn of wit, in that Northern Ireland drawl of his.

*Ian Mitchell  
(Head of Modern Languages 66-69)*

In the previous newsletter my attention was drawn to the sad death of Tony Pratt (Rodney 56-60) and coincidentally a news item on Wedding Bells for Brian Downes (Rodney 57-60). This reminded me that somewhere I had one or two photos showing members of Rodney



Boys during my time at PRS. The photo outside Rodney House shows Brian Downes second from the right on the front row with Terry Wonnacott next to him in the middle. Rob Cheek stands out in the sports coat. Tony Pratt

is actually shown third from the left on the back row (the writer is also on the back row but with my face obscured by Jock Kemp (?) standing in front of me. At one time I could name all the faces but, I am afraid my memory



is not what it was. The photo taken in the junior common room shows Tony Pratt at the left end of the back row with the writer this time visible second from the right on the back row. Standing next to Tony is Roy Budd (?). In the front row, second from the left is Kit Carson and Wearing (first name forgotten) is second from the right. All faces in this photo appearing in the House photo. I have good memories of my four terms at PRS in the first form and the quality of the teachers and the facilities were never equalled at any of my subsequent schools.

*Mike Devoy (Rodney 57-58)*

I read the Cavalier when it arrives for my wife, Ruth (Trendell) Warburton, an original '47er. I find it interesting even though I was not at the school. Ruth and some other 47ers have had mini-reunions in Southern Ontario here in Canada for the past 11 years

and it amazes me that they still talk of their times at PRS. While they were at school I was serving my apprenticeship in Birmingham (I'm still a Brummie at heart after 56 years in Canada). Our eldest son is a stamp designer and a collector. He designed the British Columbia sesquicentennial stamp and in 2013, the Canadian motorcycle stamps. He has an extensive collection of first day covers and we would like to ask if Tony Marmon or anyone else has a source for the 35th and 50th anniversary commemorative covers (page 6 of the previous issue refers) so that we could add to that collection. We saw a copy of the 50th anniversary commemorative cover in issue 61, but we couldn't find any further information. Any help would be greatly appreciated.

*Eric Warburton*

Newsletter 68 triggered a whole host of memories for me. David Tomlinson mentions Peter Bernardes, whom I recall joining the house as a junior in my final year. He was the son of Woodwork master, Tom Bernardes, who was a superb teacher and dedicated to all of us doing as well as we could. Peter came to the Plymouth reunion but I cannot recall seeing him since. Although I only had a small role in Henry V, like Tony Price it engendered in me a love of Shakespeare and English literature generally. The late Kevin Callan is due a huge vote of thanks. As many of us know, there are four Captains in Henry's army. One was English, one Scottish, one

Irish and one Welsh. I was cast as the English captain, with Ian Stewart as the Scot, Derek O'Callaghan as the Irishman and Brian Jenkins as the Welshman. I have always assumed that KDC chose those boys because of their surnames rather than their accents! In the mid-sixties my future wife and I went to the Empire Leicester Square to see the newly premièred film, 'Doctor Zhivago' and when the lights came on at the end I suddenly saw Brian Jenkins on the other side of the cinema. I rushed out into the foyer but he had disappeared. The next time I saw him again was at our Newbury reunion, but we did not get a chance to speak and I was saddened to read (in issue 62) that he had died. Henry V was also memorable for me because I was able to engage in a discreet but passionate farewell with a Drake girl who, like me, was leaving at the end of that term. Our liaison took place between Churchill and the gym, where I should have actually been to get made up for my role in the performance! A few years ago, my late wife and I saw an excellent production of Henry V at The Globe Theatre on the South Bank. At the point where my character appeared on stage I received a sharp dig in the ribs from my wife and was told not to speak my lines out loud, which she had heard numerous times over the years!

The photo of Weserstrasse on page 15 caused me to dig out my own copy of the book referred to by Bruce



Cunningham. In that book there is just one picture of PRS, which was taken on Speech Day 1963 and features our former Head, John Sharp.



*L-R: Ian Stewart, Jim Mellor and Graeme Rothwell*

It was good to see the pictures of Sue Burroughs meeting my old roommate, Jim Mellor, at their mini-reunion in Oz (page 16 of the previous issue refers). Sue might be interested in this picture of Jim (centre) taken in 1959 and flanked by Graeme Rothwell (right) and Ian Stewart, who was also a roommate of mine, but has sadly never been traced.

Finally, Vic Longyear may be interested to know that the Lee- Enfield rifles he mentioned on page 12 were still going strong in 1960, complete with the 18 inch bayonets. This photo shows the Guard of



Honour we provided for the British Ambassador in the Summer term of 1960. Note that our webbing belt & gaiters were blanched white together with the rifle strap and woe betide anyone who anyone who touched my rifle! We had to keep our kit spotless. Although I (third from left) had recently been promoted to full corporal, I was still only wearing one stripe. Lilo Bischhof (our matron) had not had time to sew on the new stripes and I was severely censured by Major Malins for being improperly dressed!

*Roger Hall (Drake 58-60)*

I wondered if your readers might be interested in hearing about my brother Brian Milton, who has led an extraordinary life. My other brother, Colin, is a general practitioner here in Melbourne, but Brian's a story is quite different. Like me, he went to PRS twice, but he became an adventurer. This photo of us was taken with our mother in 1956 at our home in Cologne. Brian, who lives in London, is well known in hang gliding and microlight circles especially for his world-record microlight flight in 1987 from London to Australia in the Dalgetty Flyer,



*The Milton family in 1956*

which had just a two-stroke engine! In 1998 he made another world-record flight around the world, this time with a four-stroke engine craft. He has been honoured by the Queen several times, most recently in 2011. There is a possibility that his flight to Sydney, or the world flight will be made into a film.

*Geraldine Milton (Howe 56-58 & Rodney 60-62)*

*Ed. – Thanks for the tip, Gerry. See under the heading ‘High Flyers’*



*Kaiser Wilhelm bridge in Wilhelmshaven*

#### 47ers mini-reunion at Osborne

A mini-reunion of the 47ers, ‘Guinea Pigs’, as the staff called them, was held in Osborne (near Sherborne), West Dorset, on the 4th of August. A total of fifteen former pupils enjoyed a relaxing day with lunch at The Grange country house hotel and restaurant. The reunion was primarily arranged to welcome Tony and Wendy Griffiths from Nairobi and what better excuse to have a chat over old times again. Unfortunately, several 47ers were unable to attend due to various ailments associated with pupils who were 14 or 15 in 1947, but no doubt they have recovered and we hope to see them again at our December get together.

*Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50)*



*L-R: Mary (Ogilvy-Stewart) Allen, Tony Griffiths and Maggie (Sheffield) Roberts*



*L-R: Wendy Eyre, Richard Allen and Elizabeth (Allen) Kerton*

#### Mini-reunion in Croydon



*L-R: Ron Preedy, Roger Hall and Bob Innes*

Three Drake boys from the late fifties to early sixties era, namely, Ron Preedy, Roger Hall and Bob Innes, met up at the Croydon Hilton last August. Roger and Bob are regulars at main reunions and have also made it to mini-reunions in Wilhelmshaven on more than one occasion. Ron was at the main (Wilhelmshaven) reunion in 1997.

#### Fleet 50

In the previous issue we reported that 40 former pupils had attended the Fleet mini-reunion in June. In fact it was 50. So, not such a mini and more of a maxi-reunion!

*Ed.- My mistake: I simply counted the number of heads in the group photo!*

#### In memoriam

We are sad to report the death of Christine (Harmer) Ford (Drake 56-57). Our condolences and deepest sympathy go to her family and close friends.



#### 70th reunion

He was a widower and she a widow. They had known each other for a number of years being high school classmates and having attended class reunions in the past without fail. This 70th anniversary of their class, the widower and the widow made a foursome with two other singles. They had a wonderful evening, their spirits high. The widower throwing admiring glances across the table and the widow smiling coyly back at him. Finally, he picked up courage to ask her, “Will you marry me?” After about six seconds of careful consideration, she answered, “Yes, yes I will!” The evening ended on a happy note for the widower. But the next morning he was troubled. Did she say yes, or did she say no? He couldn’t remember. Try as he would, he just could not recall. He went over the conversation of the previous evening, but his mind was blank. He remembered asking the question, but for the life of him he could not recall her response. With fear and trepidation, he picked up the phone and called her. First, he explained that he couldn’t remember as well as he used to. Then he reviewed the past evening. As he gained a little more courage he then inquired of her. “When I asked if you would marry me, did you say yes, or did you say no?” “Why you silly man, I said Yes. Yes I will! And I meant it with all my heart.” The widower was delighted. He felt his heart skip a beat. Then she continued. “And I am so glad you called because I couldn’t remember who asked me!”

*Sent in by Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50)*

### Canada mini-reunion



Three 47ers, Eileen (Bullen) Rose (Rodney 48-54), Ruth (Trendell) Warburton (Howe 47-48), and Jane (Fletcher) Cooper (Collingwood 47-48), met at Jane's home in beautiful autumn weather for a few hours of talking, laughing and reviving memories of old times. The usual group of five, plus husbands, dwindled somewhat since Ann-Margret Radford moved to the prairies to be closer to her family, which means a five-day drive from southern Ontario. Unfortunately, Diane Owen was not well enough to face the drive north from Burlington, but despite being a smaller group everyone enjoyed a lovely day reliving those exciting months at school in 1947.



L-R: Peter Piller (Rodney 65-68) and Eric Greaves (Drake 63-68) were also reunited recently when they and their wives met up in Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario. It had been a mere 47 years since they last met.

### 1948 and all that



Vic Longyear managed to obtain an original Picture Post of 1948 reviewing 'Our Children in Germany' with a couple of photographs of PRS. This one shows Tony Lovelace and Mike Biggs in the outdoor paddock.



This photo shows Mary Ogilvy-Stewart (in the white blouse) running to first base. If you are you one of the unidentified pupils, please let us know.



It is thought that this photo was taken between Howe and Drake Girls where the domestic science rooms were.

### PRS equestrians



L-R: Peter Carter, Mike Biggs, Elizabeth (Allen) Kerton, Sheila (Cuffe) Cooper, Jack Moore and Peter Mettyear (who provided the photo).

Peter Carter's PRS equestrian experience was put to good use after leaving school. "I was commissioned into the Royal Corps of Signals and after various courses at Catterick in Yorkshire I was posted as Signals Officer to 3 Royal Horse Artillery in Munster Lager, Germany, presumably because I was a keen rider. Soon after arriving at the Regiment I was detailed by the senior subaltern to exercise one of his race horses before breakfast. Not being familiar with the area, or racehorses for that matter, I quickly got lost in the forest and eventually gave the horse the reins and it took me back to the stables at around 10 o'clock for which I got a rocket from the senior subaltern in charge of the stables. The funny thing was that no-one had missed me in the Regimental Headquarters where

I was supposed to be working! From Germany the regiment was posted to Fayid in the British Canal Zone of Egypt where I started playing polo ending up with a plus 4 handicap and playing for the regimental team when it won the Middle East Polo championship, beating the Life Guards in the finals. My Colonel was a tremendous character with a wartime DSO and MC, and was to stand me in good stead in later life."





## Cups and Trophies

Further to our article in the previous issue in which we invited enquiries from those wanting to take care of PRS cups and trophies on our behalf, we can announce the following long-term custodians:

Niedersachsen Boxing Cup: *Jim Hanlon*

The Nags Head Trophy: *Kitty Taylor (Cuffe)*

Parnell Cup for Girls Athletics: *Hillary Oliver*

Floating Helmsman Trophy: *Chris Lisle*

Carnegie cup for Gymnastics: *Ian Lennox*

Alan Logan Memorial Cup: *James Shand*

Victor Ludorum Cup: *David Peters*

MemorialWorthington Eyre Cup for Athletics:

*Wendy Eyre*

The stories behind these cups and trophies are slowly emerging. For instance, the Helmsmanship trophy will be taken care of by Chris Lisle (Drake 50-56) who knew Mr Sanderson, the teacher who donated the Helmsmanship trophy. "Alan Sanderson was a most impressive guy, I think from either South Africa or Southern Rhodesia. I think he taught maths as well as having a keen interest in helping juniors to start sailing. When one couldn't join the cadets, due to being under 13 years of age, you could join a junior seamanship club, which he inaugurated. In addition to sailing, we could learn skills such as knots and splices, whipping and splicing fibre cords and ropes, rowing, boat handling, etc. These were taught by Herr Lorsey, who had been a bosun on the square-riggers Pamir and/or Passat. Together with Herr Seal, who was a mechanic

for the vessels, Prince Rupert, Prince Charles and a trawler, he looked after the sailing club and the Sea Cadets/CCF training boats. If upset or angry, Herr Seal was capable of long periods of spectacularly loud, non-repetitive and multi-lingual cursing. When Alan Sanderson donated his trophy, only seniors could compete for it and as a 12-year-old it became my long term goal, achieved in 1956, my final year! It will be an honour and a privilege to look after it."

But the stories behind the cups are not always happy ones and the Alan Logan memorial Cup for Swimming (originally awarded for cricket) is such a case. Alan Logan died from polio in October 1948 and his housemate, Trevor Roberts (Collingwood 47-49), knew him well. "I remember Alan as fellow member of Collingwood and we were around about the same age. I am probably the only member still alive who was close to him and can confirm that he was a good all round sportsman (and a keen cricketer, hence the trophy being originally awarded for cricket). He and I played squash the night before he was admitted to hospital. Unusually I was winning all the games and he was saying he wasn't feeling well and he was starting a cold. Unfortunately we now know what it really was. The following day he and Clyde Fox were taken to hospital. Brian Vahey, who shared a room with Alan, Pat Easton, who was a close friend of Alan, Adrienne Mahr, who was, I think, a close friend of me and Brian, ended up in quarantine at

Oldenburg Hospital. We were kept there for at least a week before we returned to school and I remember I had what I thought was a slight cold at the time. Tragically Alan died and only after a lengthy recuperation could Clyde return to school with his left side very wasted and his arm in a cage. He worked hard to build up his strength and managed to play the piano by contorting his body so that his left hand could reach the keyboard. He was previously a stalwart member of our tennis team and eventually he returned to play the game. He was naturally left handed and so determined to rejoin our team that he persevered until he could play right handed. With his arm still in the cage and having little muscle strength, he could flick the ball into the air with his fingers and soon he had re-established himself as our number one player, while I was back at number two. In future years, I was given a vaccination for polio and when it wouldn't take I recounted my experience and it was suggested I may have had a mild form of



*Ian Logan proudly holding the first 'In Memoriam' board commemorating his brother, Alan.*

polio and would probably be immune." We have been contacted by Ian Logan, Alan's brother, who was unaware that in addition to the Alan Logan Memorial Cup for Swimming, we also have an In Memoriam plaque for Alan, for which Ian is now the custodian (see photo). The cup is going to be looked after by James Shand, who was in a team that once won it. Ian thinks it is most appropriate that the cup is going to someone who had such a connection and I am wondering if anyone has any memories of Alan at school that I can pass on to his brother. Two more plaques are in the pipe-line, one for the family of Valerie Alp who died at the school as a result of diabetes, and the other for Mr Follows, who taught art prior to a tragic accident. If anyone knows where the In Memoriam plaques were displayed before the St Nicholas Chapel came into being in 1956, we would be pleased to hear from them. They were display there until 1972 and then disappeared until 2014 where they were found in a cupboard at PRS Rinteln!

Finally, in 1959, a plaque was presented to Prince Rupert School by the 14th Tonbridge Sea Scouts, in memory of a happy sailing holiday between the 6th and 18th of August

1959. If anyone recalls the event or knows anything about it, I would be pleased to hear from them. The plaque in question is item 27 on page 5 of the previous issues.

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

## Early days



*This old photo sent in by Vic Longyear shows the PRS staff standing in front of the first primitive classroom block, which was very hot in the summer and very cold in the winter, recalls Vic.*

*One summer hoses were used on the roof to make the temperature inside tolerable. The end classroom of the building was used for teaching science most of the time. Staff members identifiable are L-R: Padre, Miss Sellars, possibly Smitherman's Secretary, Miss Thomason, Miss Fallows and Miss Drummond. The two men standing at the back are unidentifiable, but Vic assumes that Mr Slimming is the one with thinning hair.*

## Letter to parents

As this is my first termly letter, I'm afraid it will be rather long! Next term begins on Tuesday, September 8th and ends on Friday, December 18th. Your child should bring with him/her: full kit, pocket money, other moneys, medical and other documents, this term's school report duly signed, luggage in strong condition, stout clothing for winter. Half-term (Oct. 30th – Nov. 2nd) will be a 'home leave' weekend. I must, however, draw attention of parents to the fact

that arrangements have been made unnecessarily complicated for us by a complete lack of co-operation on the part of many of them. While I realise that in a few cases military commitments make planning difficult, parents must realise that the school has got to plan as well. Naturally, if home-weekends are not used by the majority of pupils there is no point in continuing something which causes so much work. Parents are reminded that they, and not the school, are

responsible for all transport on these occasions, and are advised that 'units' should let me know in early September if they intend to run transport.

As from the commencement of Autumn term, a revised Home Savings Contribution comes into force. In computing these consideration has been given to the additional expenses in respect of school uniform and pocket money etc. All pocket money should be sent to the Housemaster/mistress. Attention is drawn to the payments which a child may have to make above the amount needed weekly. Shoe repairs DM15; Domestic payments DM8; Needlework materials DM5; also purchase of paper-back editions; Scripture Union notes; Woodwork materials; Haircuts; Dry-cleaning charges; Technical Drawing equipment; Damage to property. Parents are reminded that comics are vetted and those unsuitable for circulation in school confiscated. In order to keep school books in good condition they must be carried around in a brief case or satchel. This rule will be enforced next term. When senior pupils have the privilege of 'brewing-up' in their own rooms, they must provide their own crockery and cutlery. This is not always being done at present.

Dates: October 4 Harvest Festival; November 13-14 B.F.E.S. Soccer and hockey festivals. It is suggested that parents of new children make the former a visiting weekend and make a point of seeing the Housemaster/

mistress and myself. A recent head and shoulder snap-shot (non-returnable) of your child, with name and house on the back, would be of help to me! I should like to thank many of our parents for their most generous contributions to Amenities. Parents often ask me what sum is given. Many parents regard DM5 as a minimum, and most give more. Well done! Finally I should like to say how pleased I have been to meet so many of you this term. I hope all parents will make a point of visiting the school at least once each term.

Yours sincerely,

*J.R. Meredith, Headmaster (July 1964)*

## Balancing act

*Mr Meredith's letter to parents in 1964 (see this issue), included an 'Amenities Fund' balance sheet, which shed some light on the expenditure not covered by our normal school fees. The following items were listed: lunches for sport's team, canoe paddles, life-saver's wages, groundsman's honorarium, newspapers and periodicals, raffle prizes, rubber stamps, printing of 'Cavalier', costumes and orchestra (Pirates of Penzance), hire of music and films, cinema operator's wages, dance prizes, Speech Day expenses, Boatman's wages and mast (sailing club), NAAFI and local purchases, extra-duty pay. This was balanced by income from parents' contributions and donations, Cavalier magazine subscriptions and sales, raffle during parents' weekends),*

*collections during performances (Pirates of Penzance), cinema receipts, sailing subscriptions, messing fees, kitchen sales (birthday parties etc.), Matron's meals, parents' teas, Speech Day lunches, sale of swill. Income and expenditure balanced that year at 5,297 German Marks - roughly equivalent to a teacher's annual salary back in those days. Ed.*



*The 1959 PRS Christmas card was designed by The Late Mr. E. Follows.*

### A headmaster remembers

To be appointed in 1964 to a school which I had never seen, and about which I knew very little was in itself daunting. To arrive on Main Site and understand the size of the responsibility was even more so. I arrived during the Easter holidays, 1964, and hopefully had found my feet by the time the train drew in with some 500 pupils.

My first real sight of you all was at first assembly after lunch on the next day. The first morning was always reserved for unpacking and head inspections! I gave my first assembly on the school motto, suggesting that one in English, rather than Latin, might be more appropriate. It was, "If a job is worth doing, it's worth doing well." I remember if anyone remembers it? My worst assembly was about 1970 when all the prefects, but one, had gone on strike. I was not certain if there would be a protest.

At the reunion in Newbury some girls suggested that I had been a fairly remote figure. This was truer of the girls than the boys. On house visits, one of which I made each week, coming to supper and remaining for the rest of the evening, I had to leave the girls' houses at nine o'clock, as people started to go to bed. But in the boys' houses I could wander around till quite late. I cannot remember that I ever had a teaching commitment. I was away for one complete term in Spring 1969 as schoolmaster student at St Johns, Oxford. Perhaps some never noticed. Certainly from 1970 onwards, I was extremely busy planning the closure at Wilhelmshaven and the opening at Rinteln. I had a huge sign on the wall opposite my desk stating, 'All problems have a solution', but moving a school in eleven weeks was not easy. The final two days in Wilhelmshaven were nerve-wracking, since it was feared that the tradition of many units of wrecking places just

before leaving would be adopted! It wasn't, and I travelled as far as Minden on the last train out.

My very worst moment was when a young new bot went 'awol' one Sunday. By evening he had not returned and was not picked up by the German police overnight. On Monday we searched the sand dunes, more to be doing something rather than expecting to find him. Tuesday brought no news. I was frantic and almost in tears at lunch, reporting no progress. Wednesday morning I exploded to the director, feeling that BFES was not doing enough. Then just before lunch news arrived that he had turned up in Buckeburg. His parents were in the UK and only commented that it was just what he'd done previously! They might have warned us.

I am aware in writing this that I have fewer memories of particular pupils than I should wish. I vividly remember having to see Bob Stevens off on the end of term train, having received a phone call during the night to say that his father had died, but he was not to be told till he arrived at his mother's home. I can also remember explaining to him that when Miss Tebbs called him a 'big booby' during GCE retake classes, it was a term of endearment and not an insult. Barry Stokes stands out as a marvelous actor, especially in 'The Crucible' which we took on tour to Rheindahlen. But he also tended to be visibly over possessive of his latest girlfriend, especially behind the chapel. I can also remember Lyn

Hitchings standing just below the office balcony with a javelin through the back of her leg. Mark Pepper and Rosemary made their mark, and have kindly sent me a Christmas card every year since 1972. I remember Carol Buchanan's black hair. Beautiful! Also sister Heather's art. An almost tragic occasion when a diabetic entered a coma after chapel one Sunday, and Miss Hepburn phoned to warn me to expect the worst. However, Dr Oesterkle moved with extreme speed and all was well. But why does (the boy's) name escape me?

Events rather than pupils hold memories. I can remember when I abolished girls' berets. They had all been sent to the cleaners following an outbreak of 'nits' and had shrunk. Miss Tebbs accused me of having done it on purpose! The building and sailing of 'Mirror' dinghies, with their red sails on the inner harbor are a vivid memory. One of the Evans boys, possibly Trevor, tried to teach me how to sail. When I was a little slow in doing something, he shouted at me, "Will you take that bloody rope...Sir." When one of the ships was in port a very tall, young officer asked me in the mess if I worked in the school, and then could I tell him the name of the Head Girl. I replied, Karen Strachan. He married her a few years later. The occasion when we increased the 'train lunch' with a hard-boiled egg caused chaos. As the train passed through Sande, the Germans on the platform were pelted with oval missiles. The

same happened at all stations towards Oldenburg! But there was no way we could communicate with staff on duty on the train. Mr Cooper's idea of a special hand-stamp for the 21st anniversary of the start of school caused a lot of work for the sixth-form as they stuck four stamps on 2000 envelopes. Finally, the BFES sports in Rheindahlen, athletics and swimming, were memorable.

Once Miss Tebbs accused me of having rose-tinted spectacles. Perhaps she was right.

*John Meredith (Headmaster 64-72)*

### Book review

Tony Colvin - THE NOISE OF BATTLE

The British Army and the Last Breakthrough Battle West of the Rhine, February-March 1945, Helion & Co, Solihull, 2016. This is a remarkable book. It exceeds 800 pages of fine (10 pt?) print; all to describe one battle of three episodes (Yorkshire Bridge, Kervenheim and Winnekendonk) in the push leading to the crossing of the Rhine in early 1945. The Germans fought tenaciously. VCs were won and 161 British soldiers lost their lives.

The three assaults are meticulously described. The detail is astonishing. Every unfolding development is checked and re-checked through countless interviews (conducted over several decades) with survivors on both sides (the author has command of German); research of combatants' log-

books and official records. No stone has been left unturned. Frequently, contradictions in personal and official accounts of actions are exposed.

What emerges clearly from the account is the confusion of combat, courage and heroics but also, alas, incompetence and the scheming ambitions of some higher echelons. The author shows also great technical prowess. The second part of the book provides an overview of the combatants and their weaponry which gives you all the technical detail you could wish for.

A major part in the battle was played by the 2 Lincolns, of which Tony Colvin's father was, at the time, 2iC; the battle also claimed the life of a much loved family friend, after whom Tony's brother and grandson are named.

*David Starkie (Drake 1956-7)*

### Mini-reunion in York



*Left in the photo is Eileen (Berry) Ripley (Drake 51-53), who was reunited with Diane (Bradbury) Kerwin (Howe 51-53) in May when she and her husband paid a visit from their home in Prince Edward Island, Canada.*

### PRS photo cache

*When we asked Anita (Backley) West to send us any photos she might still have of her PRS days, we weren't expecting she'd have so many. If you recognize anyone we haven't been able to identify, please let us know.*



*Former Head Boy, Mike Biggs (Drake 48-52).*



*Anita (second from left) with Valerie and Dorothy Chapman, and Georgina Delahaye.*



*Anita (second from right) with Julia Blackburn (we think), Anne ?, Patsy ? and AN Other. Surnames and other information welcome.*



*A group of ex-PRsites, including former teacher, Gerry Wright (PE and General Science), snapped at the first Perth Open Golf Tournament in 2012 when Anita met up with former Head Boy, Tom Fisher, who arranged a lunch.*

### The Fliegerdeich causeway



The construction of the causeway between the main school site and the Fliegerdeich buildings is a subject that arises from time to time as it recently did on the PRS blog. A decade ago, Tony Colvin (Matthews/Collingwood 50-55) wrote a piece in the July 2006 issue of *New Cavalier* titled, 'The Saga of the PRS Quay', which shed some light on the subject. "Early proposals, such as cutting the Fliegerdeich and letting the sea wash it away were rejected because of the cost. Furthermore, by 1956 both Britain and the USA were both urging Germany to rearm and rebuild the shattered town. PRS represented a quarter of the total length of deep-water wharfage, which had been proposed for demolition. The school desperately wanted to keep its quay and it was argued right up to Cabinet

level that the moonscape resulting from its destruction would seriously affect school morale and that the medical centre and tennis courts would be undermined. Furthermore, the new Groden Dam (the Causeway) would achieve the same result by denying access to shipping. During the protracted negotiations about the future of the site, the then Headmaster, Mr Smitherman, sought a postponement of the destruction until the school closed at the end of the occupation of Germany. He argued that the steelwork could be cut immediately, but the quay toppled only when the site was vacated. Alternatively explosives could be used."

*Ed. – Does anyone know the precise year of the causeway's construction?*

### The journey that changed our lives



*Mike and Terry Keen at their home in Buckeberg*

In December 1951 our father was posted to the RAF Police HQ Buckeberg and by the following April we were off to join him. The journey to board the troop ship at Harwich was exciting as we had never been outside Yorkshire. While exploring the ship, my brother Terry and I met Ian Lennox, with whom Terry shared a room in Raleigh junior boys. What a sight on arrival at the Hook, three trains, red, green and blue to transport families to various parts of West Germany and Berlin. On arrival at Buckeberg station (still much the same today as it was then) we were transported to our new home at No. 6, Strassweg. This was a large house divided into two flats, each with two bedrooms and extra ones on the third floor. It had a gorgeous garden, again divided, but full of fruit trees, apples, cherries, plums and pears. We had

ample time to familiarise ourselves with the surroundings, as we had to wait a couple of weeks before starting school. Buckeberg is a very picturesque town near Minden, Porta Westfalica. It has a castle, well-kept gardens, and a huge wooded area on the edge of town. If you felt energetic, one could walk from Buckeberg to Bad Eilsen (HQ 2nd Tactical Air Force) via the wooded hilly terrain. While exploring I was fortunate to find a 5DM bank note, at the time it was worth about 7/6d, so off to town to spend it! Items purchased: a mint set of German wartime stamps and a packet of Juno cigarettes. At the rear of our garden was an old greenhouse, behind which we could hide and have a crafty smoke without our mother seeing us from the lounge! What a huge change it was from a council house in UK and still suffering from food rationing. I'll never forget our first visit to the Naafi and being able to buy sweets that were not rationed. Our fortnight's holiday was soon over though and on a Saturday, our father accompanied us to Wilhelmshaven where Terry and I were separated, he going to Raleigh boys and me to Collingwood. Our next meeting was on the following Monday at assembly. We were feeling a little homesick, but writing a letter to send back home made us feel better. Our saddest moment was on leaving for UK in 1954. On our return, friends and relatives could not understand how we could have had such a great time in Germany.

*Mike Keen Collingwood (1952-54)*

## A bit like being back at school

Our members all have unique lifestyles and it is interesting to hear news about the changes to their lives. One stalwart TWA member, Ann-Margret Plummer (nee Radford, Howe 1947 – 1952) wrote recently saying that she and her husband now live in a seniors' residence at 130-3161 Grant Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3R 3R1 Canada. Although they have lived in Canada for many years, they have now moved closer to their son and family who live in Winnipeg. "It made sense for us to move here when we retired from being retired," says Anne-Margret, who lives in a comfortable apartment with her husband, Ian, and their cat. She still makes bread and buns for breakfast and lunch daily, but doesn't have to cook supper every day, as I'm sure many wives would appreciate not having to do after having cooked meals every day over the years! "It felt a bit like starting at a new school when we first arrived. We were among the youngest people here and didn't know anyone's name. But people here are so friendly it was easy to enter fully into community life. We are both on the 'Residents' Council' and find ourselves volunteering in several areas and taking part in many activities."

Many of us are facing decisions about our futures and asking ourselves whether or not we should downsize and if we want to live nearer our families, etc. So, it's nice to hear from

someone who has made a big move and we send our best wishes to Ann-Margret and her husband for a long and happy second retirement. It's nice to think that they can enjoy happy memories in the knowledge that their decision to 'move on' was the right one.

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

## Reflections of a Drake boy

Smiling, I watched the last bus bouncing across the causeway at speed. You could tell Kurt's driving anywhere. At the last moment, the bus heeled over making for main-site, scattering stones and throwing up clouds of dust. Despite fine June sunshine, a thin East wind was pushing up the harbor, flecking the surface with foam and spray. Only as I turned away did the insidious emptiness find me – a feeling that would return with monotonous regularity over the next twenty-four hours. Thrusting my hands into my pockets, I headed back to my lone suitcases, still carrying their little yellow triangles, sat forlornly outside the side door to Drake. While everyone else was heading home for the summer holidays – I was going home to Blighty. My parents had already returned, but because of my 'O' levels I'd stayed on. Now, I was waiting to be transported home courtesy of BAOR.

Behind me a door opened with a hinge-bound groan. I turned to find a long, Celtic face dolefully examining me. There was something about the swept-

back, boot-black hair that reminded me of a deranged timber wolf. The normally immaculate Di (Mr Davies) slowly approached, slope-footed in shirtsleeves and carpet slippers. 'You're one bugger they'll be glad to get rid of,' he said, his face expressionless. Briefly, he gazed skyward, as though seeking inspiration or perhaps divine guidance. 'You're the laziest sod I've ever clapped eyes on,' he murmured. 'Apart from when you're fighting the system,' he added by way of consolation. 'At least I won't have to take up the cudgels on your behalf anymore,' he mused. At that, he allowed himself a wry smile. I didn't know what a cudgel was, so wasn't sure what he meant. He reached across and pressed a packet of cigarettes into my hand, half looking over his shoulder in the direction of the housemaster's flat. 'Now sod off!' he added gruffly as he took my hand and shook it. Then, over his shoulder as he walked away – 'heaven forbid that I should miss you.'

If I'd had the wit, I would have thanked him for being a good friend and the best teacher I'd ever had, but sadly I was too busy cultivating my surly image. If I'd been gifted with prescience I'd have been heartened by the certain knowledge that I'd see him again at the Eisteddfod the following year, but sadly I lacked both wit and any sense of clairvoyance. Grabbing my suitcases, I headed over to Collingwood where the two Ds (Dave and Derek O'Callaghan) were assembling. Uncharacteristically our usual rough and ready badinage

seemed to have abandoned us. Shortly our transport arrived and we clambered onto the empty bus. It was a strange feeling. Inside I felt as empty as the bus. We stopped briefly at main-site where a handful of girls and the Head Boy joined us and we were issued with sandwiches wrapped in greaseproof paper. I guess there were a dozen of us in all. Ten minutes later, we were ushered onto a train by Army Movements, but not before the ritual humiliation of being divided into the dependants of commissioned officers and other ranks. I watched as the two Ds headed down to the front of the train and still smarting headed for the back, dumping down opposite the Head Boy, who seemed to be embracing Britain's class system with carefully measured stoicism. A couple of the girls asked me to play my guitar, but I wasn't in the mood. Leaving the behind the petty hierarchies and the Mekon (Headmaster) was one thing, but good friends was an entirely different matter. The hollow feeling returned and this time refused to budge. Half an hour into the journey Dedge's head appeared around the door. 'Come on up the front,' he instructed grabbing my guitar. En-route we were stopped by a pasty-faced sergeant and I began to realise how mindlessly dour and humourless the army were compared with the RAF, who always seemed to have a begrudging admiration for anyone pulling a flanker. His refusal to let me pass simply fuelled my embarrassment. Luckily, Dave

arrived and after offering to report the sergeant to higher authority I was allowed through. Although older than me, I always liked Dave. The fact that he was the only one in the Upper Sixth who wasn't a School Prefect made him someone to look up to in my book. Still rankling, I joined the two Ds playing cards and passed around my cigarette packet. 'There's a note in here,' exclaimed Dave, pulling a small piece of paper from the packet. 'It says 'Be patient. Your time will come.' What does it mean?' he enquired. I shrugged and returned to shuffling the cards. Di had used that expression once before. Since then I had managed to get a clearer picture of who the real enemy were - whole hierarchies whose sole function was to perpetuate their kind by keeping everyone else in their place. Meanwhile the train clanked and shuffled its way across the flat lands of Northern Germany passing half-timbered farms and slowly masticating, angst-filled, Friesian cows. As we made for Bremerhaven and our boat, we played a few desultory hands of cards and then lapsed into silence. The finality had eventually gripped us all. Leaving the train with little enthusiasm, our subdued little band assembled on the quay, on which the army had thoughtfully painted white lines. Presumably to counter potential disorder. Overhead massive cranes winched and screeched and the salt air carried the raucous clamour of gulls and the smell of diesel and decaying fish. A pinched-faced army officer

appeared with a clipboard and having given us the benefit of his public school elocution, he proceeded to the usual mantra and the purpose of the white lines soon became evident. Dependents of officers to the front and upper decks, the rest to the back and down to the bilges. I was ushered into a large mess on the waterline, rank with the olfactory odium of feet, containing some forty bunks packed closely together and stacked three high. Some already had kit bags stowed at the bottom. Dropping my cases, I made my way up on deck and dumped down next to a lifeboat. A set of stairs to my left carried the stern warning 'Officers Only,' presumably in case any errant sons of Hodge had ideas above their station. I idly wondered whether there were 'Officers Only' lifeboats. Twenty minutes later Dedge arrived on cue and via a circuitous route, we arrived on the forward deck next to the officer's mess. Here Dave was waiting with bottles of Amstel. This revived our spirits and the next hour passed quickly. As the sun began to set the air became filled with incomprehensible nautical cries, the boat began to shudder and black smoke issued from the funnel. By the time we had cleared the harbour we were submerged in a anthracite-black, moonless night. Behind us the bar had closed, so I said goodnight to my friends and headed back to the blunt end.

Not wishing to go down to the hot humid cabin, I stood watching the phosphorescent wake of the boat

tumbling into the darkness. Drowning in it seemed to be a large part of my life. On the horizon, like rhinestone on velvet, the last scattering of lights. When I first arrived in Germany it had seemed a very alien land. Now I realised I was going to miss it. Reaching for the cigarettes, I cupped my hands and lit up. 'They'll stunt your health,' a female voice said. I half turned and looked down. Ankle socks always look stupid beyond a certain age. Feeling in a Shakespearean mood I wondered: whose legs were these, strung out in parentheses? On reflection, they looked more like hockey player's legs. Like Milligan, I knew you can never overstress the importance of a good leg writer in any plot. The erstwhile Drake monitor joined me at the rail, her blond hair blowing across her eyes. I knew her name, although we'd never spoken before. Instinctively divining that my surliness was simply a mask for shyness she drew closer and began to talk. Smiling, she explained she was going back to England to study at a secretarial college. Slowly, the reassuringly soft lilt of her voice, combined with the nicotine and the last residual benefit of the Amstel and I began to feel better. We'd have been there talking half the night if I hadn't been so gauche and tongue-tied, but around two o'clock we said good night. I never saw her again.

The next morning we disembarked in Harwich after a digestion defying breakfast swimming in fat. Mauling our luggage off the boat we were herded

into a long shed. Here, without fear or favour, our suitcases were opened by HM Customs. Unable to find anything in my case they confiscated my watch given to me by my parents for my last birthday. I was advised that it would be returned on receipt of the princely sum of 15/- . NO! They didn't take BAfS. I was back with a bump in the home of mindless and faceless bureaucracy, the last vestige of a once great Empire still alive and kicking. From there most of us loaded onto a train to London. After an all too short journey, we briefly stood on the soot-laden platform and said our goodbyes. A devastatingly soulless task that seemed to eviscerate me. The two D's were heading for Salisbury. BD (Head Boy - Brian Downes) and I were heading to the land of the V-Bomber. Another door in my life shut with a muffled click.

My parents were there to meet me in Grantham. A pinched, miserable, little, wind-swept town. It was the kind of place where they let grocer's daughters get out of hand. What a contrast to Köln. My younger brother greeted me with the news that there was a stream at the bottom of our new garden with kingfishers. Having failed to impress me, he whispered: 'You wait until you see the thrupennies on the girl across the road. Briefly, it brought a smile to my face and I knew that life had to go on.

*Antony Price (Drake 58-60)*

## Accounts for the 12 months to April 5th 2015.

I am pleased to report that the TWA accounts were in a healthy state at the end of this 2015/2016 Financial Year. Summary of the Accounts as follows (2014/2015 in brackets for comparison)

### *General Fund*

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b/f 2014 – 2015 £2328.39 (£2,207.05)  
Income from subscriptions and Merchandise sales £6098.91 (£7079.76)  
Total Available Funds 2014/2015 £7,805.54 (£7,732.58)  
Less Total Expenditure on Merchandise, TWA site Hosting, Stationery, Misc. Postage, Room Hire for Meetings, Newsletters Printing and Postage, PayPal Charges. £4355.91 (£5,477.15)  
Balance available to be carried forward to 2016/2017 £4071.39 (£2,328.39)

The Committee decided given the increased balance this year we would transfer £987.43 from the General Fund to the Contingency Reserve Fund.  
This leaves £3083.96 to be carried forward to 2016/2017 General Fund

### *Contingency Reserve:*

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b/f from 2014/2015 £3,012.57  
Adjusted figure to c/f to 2015/2016 £4,000

### *Facilitation Fund*

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b/f 2014/2015 £5955.14 (£5647.13)  
Income from Donations and from Leeds Raffle £377.55 (£397.60)  
Less Grants £255.94 (£76.00)  
Balance c/f 2016/2017 £6076.75 (£5955.14)

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For those unaware of the Contingency Reserve - when the committee was set up we decided money would be placed each year if possible into a fund to cover any unforeseen expense.

If you would like further details then please contact the Treasurer, Carol Goronwy.

## New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
William Davies	William Davies	66 - 67	Collingwood
Chris Pearce	Chris Pearce	57 - 62	Collingwood
Sally Wright	Sally Adey	53 - 54	Hood/Howe
<i>Re-joined</i>			
Nicholas Bason	Nicholas Bason	62 - 64	Drake/ Mountbatten
Christopher Belk	Christopher Belk	66 - 70	Mountbatten /Drake/ Lawson

## Reunion 2017

For those planning to attend our main reunion in Stratford next June, there's plenty to see and do even if you want to avoid Shakespeare and his works altogether. Stratford is a busy market town with many shops and eating places, and various markets most Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays. You'll find some fascinating architecture in the town centre and there are many courts and alleyways to explore. The River Avon is next to our hotel and you can walk up or downstream from there, take a boat trip, or hire a boat yourself. Close to Stratford is the elegant Regency town of Royal Leamington Spa (more shops), and medieval Warwick with its fabulous castle. Also within easy reach are no fewer than six National

Trust properties, namely, Charlecote, Coughton Court, Packwood, Farnborough Hall, Baddesley Clinton and Upton House. If you can't keep away from Shakespeare there are five properties associated with the Bard and run by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust in and around Stratford. They are Shakespeare's Birthplace, New Place Gardens, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Mary Arden's House and Hall's Croft. If you can stay a day or two longer, Julius Caesar is showing at the RST twice on 1st June and there is a matinee of Anthony and Cleopatra on the 3rd, while Salome and Julius Caesar (again) are showing on the Monday.

*Terry Abrey (Collingwood 59-61)*