

## The Wilhelmshaven Association

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# THE NEW CAVALIER



## PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

**WILHELMSHAVEN**  
**1947 - 1972**

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*Recognise anyone? If so, please get in touch. Photo taken by former PRS teacher, Mr Bryn Heyes. Editor's letter refers.*



This being the last edition of New Cavalier prior to our main biennial reunion at the De Vere Cotswold Water Park Hotel in South Cerney, we thought you might be interested to hear about how many bookings have been received. The answer is around 150 at the last count, which was on the 6th February. The vast majority will be staying for the entire weekend, i.e. the nights of Friday 31st May and Saturday 1st June, but a handful will attend on the Saturday only. If you haven't yet decided to join us for whatever reason, there may still be an opportunity to do so. Should that be the case, please get in touch with Carol, as soon as possible.

This issue brings a selection of articles that we hope you like. Reflections on life at school from both pupils and staff are always welcome, but we also enjoy hearing from those who were not at school but who nevertheless have a PRS connection. One such person is the grandson of Mr. Bryn Heyes (Collingwood 52-60), a former member of the PRS teaching staff, who took many photographs during his time in Wilhelmshaven. Fortunately, some of these came to light when the house of Mrs. Heyes was being cleared and a selection has been used in this issue, notably the school train shot adjacent to this message. Many of us will recall Mr Heyes, as indeed do I.

Finally, as our main reunion draws ever closer, we wish you a safe and pleasant journey to the Cotswolds and look forward to enjoying your company once again.

Your editorial team,

*Paul Levitt & Andy Renou*

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.*

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
- Free Parking
- 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 an opportunity spend with your friends, use the hotel facilities or explore the surrounding area.

**Saturday evening** is the formal Dinner followed by a Disco Dance.

The **Saturday dinner** is 3 courses with wine and soft drinks included. You can opt to be seated with your friends (*a full list of those attending is on the TWA website and the Wilhelmshaven Facebook page*) 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.

**It is not too late to book tickets - Your booking form was enclosed with the 2018 (Spring) issue of the New Cavalier** – if you have misplaced it please contact Carol Goronwy. To enable us to plan the event, please return your booking form and payment ASAP. Don't forget to complete your choices for the Saturday dinner. 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.**

If you paid a deposit, then to avoid delay please ensure that you have now paid the balance as badges and programmes will be sent out mid to late April.

## Accommodation

Initially we reserved 50 double/twin rooms in the hotel for TWA members at a preferential rate and more were made available when these were taken.

**Unfortunately, there are now no more rooms available at this rate.**

**If you wish to book a room, we advise that you first check the best available rate on [www.devere.co.uk](http://www.devere.co.uk) and then ring De Vere Cotswold Water Park direct on 01285 864444 or +44 1285 864444 if you are calling from overseas.**

**Make sure that you mention you are attending the reunion and the rate you have found. We have been assured that they will match it.**

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.

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

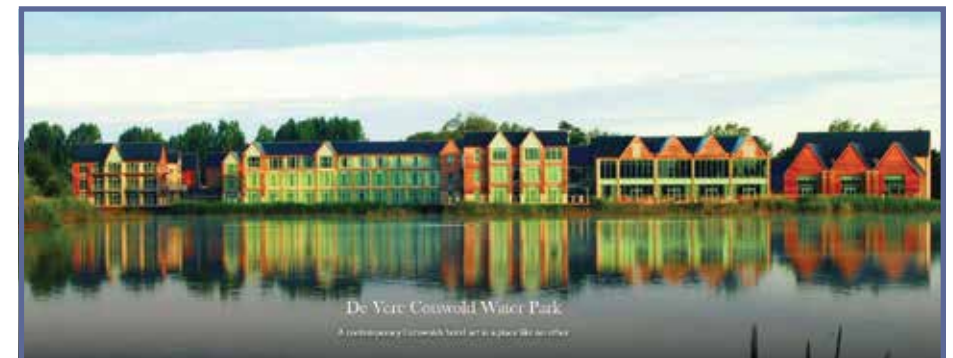
#### **Getting there:**

*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.



Old Photos...



The workshops



Photos are from William Fawdry who is the grandson of former teacher Mr Bryn Heyes



Night Out



I was interested to read the piece about Ray Dyer in the 75th anniversary New Cavalier and his reference to the best house play performance being Pinter's "Night Out". I enclose a picture of Brian Chapman and myself taken during the play to which he was referring.

Helga (Smith) McNeil - Collingwood 63-66



Anthony class



Memorial class



M4 Mini-reunion

The M4 Christmas Lunch took place on Sunday the 9th December at Chiseldon House Hotel, where a merry throng gathered at approx 11 am for coffee and the social chat before being ushered into the dining room. On hand to record the event was former Drake boy, Bob Innes, who kindly sent in a selection of photos.



Bryn Heyes, my Grandfather, and Monica Heyes (nee Brayshaw), my grandmother, were teachers at PRS from 1952 to 1960. My Grandfather was in Collingwood House, but I'm not sure about my grandmother. I am not an ex-pupil of PRS myself, however, my grandmother passed away in October and whilst clearing her house we found a photo album consisting of about 70 pages of photographs that my grandfather made during his time at PRS. I have finally completed scanning the pages to make digital copies, which I am happy to share with anyone who would like to see them.



The above photos show a plaque that was presented by Collingwood House to my grandparents upon leaving PRS in July 1960.

William Fawdry

Reading the latest edition (75th) of the New Cavalier bought back a vivid memory of 1962 when there was a storm surge that took the sea to within about a foot from the top of the Fliegerdeich. Naturally we were excited, but I recall that we at Drake Boys were not concerned. It was a parents' weekend and one of our friends told us later that his parents had been lying in their hotel bed in Wilhelmshaven when suddenly they were staring at the stars! The force of the wind had completely taken off the roof of their hotel. Needless to say we boys were very grateful for our sturdy quarters, especially as more than 70 people lost their lives in Hamburg. We never took such bad weather lightly ever again.

Dennis Magee (Drake 60-62)

I look forward to seeing everyone at the South Cerny Reunion in summer. As it happens, South Cerny is a brand of limestone gravel with a nice mellow colour, which is spread across my drive at home. It was the quarrying of this stone that produced the pits, which are now filled with water and hence have given a Water Park.

David Starkie

I was interested to read about Peter Thomas and his wife Madeleine, née Hallett, on page 24 of the latest edition of New Cavalier. I remember them well as a couple and knew they

had eventually married. Pete was my roommate in Rodney Boys on more than one occasion and I think we were in the same class too. He was an interesting guy and quite a deep thinker. I'm sad to know that yet another of my close contemporaries is no longer with us. On another sad note (the In Memoriam on the inside back cover refers), Bryn Heyes and Monica Brayshaw were not former pupils – they were teachers. Mr Heyes taught German (and maybe more, I'm not sure), while Monica was my sixth-form Maths teacher: and a very good and patient one! The pair married during my time there, I'd guess in the mid-50s, and 'Miss Brayshaw' became 'Mrs Heyes'.

Patrick Roberts (Rodney 51-56)

Thanks for my New Cavalier in which a couple of things caught my eye that I have a different memory of. Firstly the letter from Derek Lee (Howe 58-59) where he states that Mr. Smitherman left PRS in 1950 to go to Woolverstone. I started at PRS in January 1951 and he was still Headmaster then. He left that year and if I am right, Mr. Slimming took over until Mr. Pacey came to that position.

The next observation is a difference from the letter from Barbara (Blowers) Benoit, (Howe 52-55), where she says that Miss Tebbs was "fairly new and housemistress at Howe Girls". Actually Miss Drummond was housemistress of Howe Girls when I

started at age 11, in Howe girls, and she was still there when I left in July 1953. I broke my arm near the end of term July 1951 and she was very kind and caring. She married Mr Slimming, but I'm not sure exactly when. The matron when I was there was a German lady whose name escapes me, but she was very good to us younger ones. I think Miss Mollet must have become matron after I left. May I say that I thoroughly enjoy every issue, a wonderful job by all concerned!

Diane Kerwin

Thanks to all who attended the festive lunch near Swindon on December 9th and answered a plea for donations to help a school in Nairobi that my Rotary Club sponsored a few weeks ago. We needed to raise one thousand pounds in double quick time as the council were about to knock down the only toilets in the school grounds and they needed to be replaced by January to enable the school to open after the 'summer' holidays. We hit our target and managed £1041 plus a couple of offers to help in the future. It was a great effort and our club are so grateful to all the people who so generously sent us money.

Melodie Beevers

I started my Anglo-German research project into the Globe Cinema in Oldenburg, Germany, in 2018. As former army service personnel, you were eye and ear witnesses to the work of the Army Kinema Corporation (A.K.C.), not just in Oldenburg, but further afield. Here is an update on my progress to rescue the Oldenburg Globe Cinema and restore it to its old glory. In June 2017, enough money was raised to buy the Globe, which is now a German national listed building and will open in the autumn of next year. My task is to write the story of the Globe during the British occupation of Oldenburg, for which many of you have been so forthcoming with information and photos, and I will be speaking to further former service personnel in the coming months. I have amassed around 7,000 documents pertaining to the Globe and am pleased to say that I am having talks with a local publisher to get the book published. It makes logical sense to have it published in Oldenburg, the location of what is one of Germany's last remaining, intact British military cinemas. I am expecting to start the writing process in September of this year and over the past year, the support of the media has been very positive, most notably coverage in the Daily Telegraph, on Forces TV and in the Express and Star, as well as on the German side, including a number of articles in the local Nordwestzeitung and Fokus magazine. There was also my own radio report for Ex pat radio.

If you are interested in sharing your stories about the Globe in Oldenburg or more broadly about the A.K.C., then please feel free to get in contact with me as I am happy to receive more insights, photos and anecdotes. There is also an opportunity to help with the fundraising by visiting the Globe website. Let me thank you in advance for your support in my Anglo-German research project, one that I am doing voluntarily to advance the important cause of Anglo-German relations.

*Dr. John Goodyear  
German Teaching Fellow  
School of Languages, Cultures, Art  
History and Music  
University of Birmingham*

By chance I came upon the photograph by my late husband, Brian Sharman, on the PRS blog and would be delighted to hear from anyone who knew him.

*Mamie Sharman*

*Ed. - Brian Sharman was stationed at RAF Jever and was an acquaintance of Kevin Callan and his wife Pat.*



# Air Chief Marshal Sir Anthony Skingsley

Well-liked and highly talented senior RAF officer who helped to steer Nato strategy

**A**IR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR ANTHONY SKINGSLEY, who has died aged 85, was an RAF pilot whose rare combination of talents led to a long career and a series of influential posts both in the RAF and Nato.

Anthony Gerald Skingsley was born on October 19 1933 at Rawalpindi in India. He was educated at St Bartholomew's Grammar School, Newbury, and read Modern and Medieval Languages at St Catharine's College, Cambridge, where he was a member of the University Air Squadron.

In 1955 he joined the RAF and trained as a pilot, initially flying the early jet fighters, Vampires and Meteors. After converting to the Canberra twin-engine bomber he left for Akrotiri in Cyprus to be the flight commander on 13 Squadron, in the photo-reconnaissance role, before serving in the operations wing. After a year at the RAF Staff College, he returned to the Canberra and in April 1965 took command of 45 Squadron, based in Singapore.

At the time, British forces were involved in the Indonesian Confrontation, and Skingsley's



Second Allied Tactical Air Force (2ATAF). There he served as the Assistant Chief of Staff Operations (Air Offensive), with personnel drawn from the air forces of Belgium, Germany and the Netherlands in addition to the RAF squadrons based in Germany. He was responsible for planning sorties for the eventuality of a nuclear or conventional war, as well as for maintaining the operational efficiency of the squadrons through exercises.

After attending the Royal College of Defence Studies in 1978, he spent two years in the MoD as the Director of Air Plans. At the time, Nato was reorganising the command arrangements of the allied air forces in the Central Region. Skingsley's recent experience, and his personal qualities - strategic thinking, persuasive arguments, remarkable coolness under pressure and a flair for languages - ensured that the RAF's interests were fully recognised.

After two years in the MoD, in 1980 he received early promotion to air vice-marshal, to take up the key appointment of Assistant Chief of Staff (Policy and Plans) at the Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE). He was responsible for strategic policy and the development of future plans, command structures and the force levels required from Nato members.

After his period at SHAPE, he was made Commandant of the RAF Staff College at Bracknell, where he radically modernised the syllabus, jointly with the Army) on real-world scenarios rather than the mythical settings used previously.

From July 1974 he filled a series of key senior RAF appointments in the MoD, first as the Assistant Chief of Air Staff (Policy). He planned for the RAF's future equipment programme during a time of change, which included the reorganisation within the MoD after decisions taken by the Defence Secretary, Michael Heseltine.

He remained in the Air Force Department as the Assistant Chief of Air Staff, a particularly challenging appointment.

## Death of distinguished military officer, 85

NEWBURY-educated Air Chief Marshal Sir Anthony Skingsley, who had a long career and a series of influential posts in both the RAF and NATO, has died at the age of 85.

Mr Skingsley died on January 15.

A former pupil of St Bartholomew's Grammar School, he studied modern and medieval languages at St Catharine's College, Cambridge.

He joined the RAF in 1955 and became Station Commander at RAF Laarbruch in 1956, Assistant Chief of Staff (Offensive Operations) at Headquarters, Second Tactical Air Force in 1977 and Director

of Air Plans at the Ministry of Defence in 1979.

He went on to be Assistant Chief of Staff (Plans and Policy) at SHAPE in 1980, Commandant of the RAF Staff College, Bracknell, in 1983 and Assistant Chief of the Air Staff in 1985.

From 1986 he was Air Member for Personnel, and Commander-in-Chief of RAF Germany and Second Tactical Air Force from 1987 and Deputy Commander-in-Chief of CENT from 1989.

He retired in 1992.

In 1981 he married Lilwen Dixon.

They have two sons and one daughter.

Daily news updates online at:

[www.newburytoday.co.uk](http://www.newburytoday.co.uk)

I saw the enclosed press cutting in the Newbury Weekly News dated 28th January 2019 and thought you would be interested. Sir Anthony Skingsley was in Collingwood House and Class 4a. He was at PRS for quite a short time in 1947-48. Fellow class members

were, Messrs Longyear, Carter, Booth, Ransom, myself, plus others whose names escape me. He went to St. Bart Grammar School after leaving PRS.

*Malcolm Hynes (Rodney 47-51)*

Air Chief Marshal Sir Anthony Skingsley  
1934-2019



During his short spell as a PRS pupil in the 47-48 era, Sir Anthony was in Collingwood House and class 4a. His classmate, Malcolm Hines, remembers him and says that to the best of his recollection other classmates included Vic Longyear of Drake, Peter Carter, Michael Booth and John Ransome, all of Howe. After leaving PRS, Anthony attended St. Bartholomew's Grammar School in Newbury and later studied modern and medieval languages at St. Catherine's College Cambridge. He joined the RAF in 1955 and that same year married Lilwen Dixon with whom he had two sons and a daughter. He became Station Commander at RAF Laarbruch in 1974, Assistant Chief of Staff (Offensive Operations) Second Tactical Airforce HQ in 1977 and Director of Air Plans at the Ministry of Defence in 1979. He went on to be Chief of Staff (Plans and Policy) at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied

Powers Europe) in 1980, Commandant of the Royal Air Force Staff College in Bracknell in 1983 and Assistant Chief of the Air Staff in 1985. From 1986 he was Air Member for Personnel, and Commander in Chief of RAF Germany and Second Tactical Air Force from 1987. In 1989 he became Deputy Commander in Chief of AFCENT (Allied Forces Central Europe) before retiring in 1992.

In Memoriam

We are saddened to report the passing of the following former staff/pupils:

*Valerie Finbow (Bullard)  
Collingwood (47 - 51)*

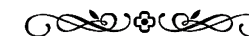
*Anthony Gerald Skingsley  
Collingwood (47 - 48)*

*Grace (Gilmour) Cunningham  
D/S teacher - Howe (64 - 70)*

The sad news has reached us that former PRS teacher Miss Grace Gilmour (Howe 64-70), who taught domestic science, passed away on March 6th in Australia. She left school to return to Scotland and then went to Australia where she met her husband and became Mrs Grace Cunningham.



*Judy (Levitt) Siminson (Drake 58-60)*



Our loving sister, Judy, passed away peacefully on March 17 aged 74 after having been diagnosed with Alzheimer's a few years ago. Judy lived for many years in Bremen, but subsequently returned to the UK to live close to her eldest daughter. She always spoke generously about her days at PRS. After attending the first TWA reunion in Newbury, she became an enthusiastic member of the association and rarely missed a main reunion, but in Leeds her deteriorating condition was more pronounced. Nevertheless, she attended the Stratford reunion two years later and went to many mini-reunions in Wilhelmshaven. Judy was a very happy and popular pupil at school and was a keen hockey, netball and tennis player at senior house level. She will be greatly missed by her friends and family, including three daughters and two granddaughters, who are very much in our thoughts.

*Anne and Paul Levitt*

*John Charles Sides 1947-2019*

John was the eldest of 8 children, 4 boys and 4 girls (Anna and I being two of the girls). As he was my elder brother I followed him around wherever he went especially when Dad was stationed in Hong Kong, e.g. climbing up to Lion Rock and the not so far Bun Rock when I was about 7 or 8.

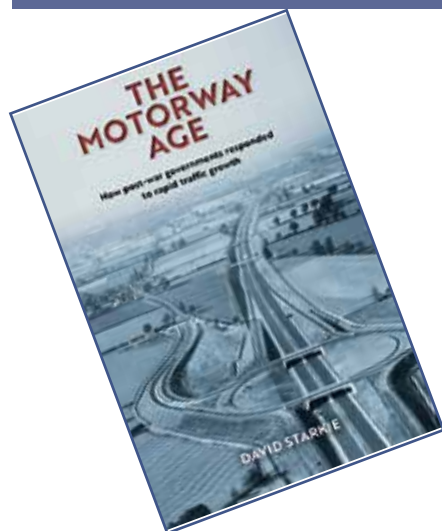
I remember he played cricket and also boxed at school, I am not sure where he played cricket, but Anna and I went to see him in a boxing match in Churchill and cried our eyes out when he took a beating. He was so gentle and boxing wasn't really his sport, but he was a big lad it was quite normal for him to be picked for the boxing team.

After serving an apprenticeship, he became an electrician with a firm in Warwick and worked on contracts all over the country. This continued when we moved to Wrexham, North Wales,

my Dad's hometown, where John introduced Dewi, the youngest of the family, into the business. It was here in 1970 that he married Jacky Pawley at Saint James Church and in 1974 she gave birth to a son, also called John. John could answer any question about Pop music and was an enormous fan of the Beatles. He also enjoyed playing darts and snooker, and was a great contract whist player. Although John didn't go to many PRS reunions, he was always interested in tales that Anna and I told him about them. John sadly passed away on the 4th of January and is sadly missed by his family and friends.

*Linda (Sides) Adderley*

#### Book review



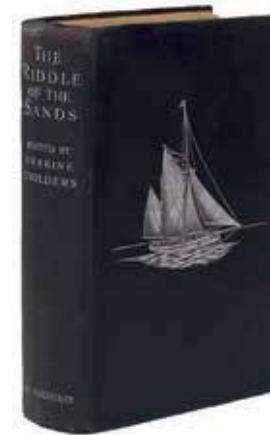
The first British motorway opened 60 years ago and it is nearly 40 years since David Starkie published *The Motorway Age*, to wide acclaim. Containing new perspectives and material this new edition provides a fascinating history of how and why post war Britain was transformed by new roads, bridges and tunnels. From

Prime Minister Clement Attlee to Margaret Thatcher the policy agenda is unfolded, showing that alongside atomic power and Concorde, the new technology of motorways captured the imagination of the nation before collapsing into controversy. But why were elaborate road schemes first considered necessary; why an early concentration on building roads between cities; how did cities cope in the meantime with a rising tide of traffic; how did they continue to cope once road plans were abandoned; how did policies translate into decisions to build particular roads and when to build them, and did political considerations dominate?

This generously illustrated book focuses on these and similar issues, picking out the most important events and personalities involved and provides a valuable insight into 'how' and 'why' road policies changed during the forty years following the Second World War.

*Ed.- Those who enjoy a nostalgic read will be more than pleased with David's new edition of the book.*

#### The Riddle of the Sands



One of the first spy thrillers to be written (1903), this book is a tale of romance, mystery and intrigue that is set in the area many of us know well. In fact, Wilhelmshaven is mentioned in the book. When a minor Foreign Office official is contacted by an acquaintance asking him to join in a yachting holiday in the Baltic, he arrives to find a small sailing boat rather than a yacht. Nevertheless, they set off from Flensburg and head for the German Frisian Islands where the Germans are suspected of undertaking something sinister. This is based on the boat owner's belief that he was nearly wrecked by a German yacht during a previous trip. Having failed to interest anyone in the British government in the incident, he feels duty-bound to investigate. The pair spends some time exploring the shallow tidal waters of the Frisian Islands, moving closer to the mysterious island site where there is a rumoured secret treasure recovery project in progress. The two men discover that an expatriate Englishman is

involved in the recovery project and try to approach the island, but are warned away by a German patrol boat, which makes them all the more suspicious. A thick fog enables them to covertly navigate through sandbanks to investigate the site. They overhear a conversation in which the expat and a German are making cryptic references to "Chatham", "Seven" and "the tide serving". They return through the fog and are invited to the expat's villa for a dinner, where they are cross-examined to find out if they are British spies. They convince him and the Germans that they are only interested in treasure and merely want to see the "wreck" in which the treasure was supposed to have been found. Pretending that the Foreign Office has recalled them to England, the pair sets off but doubles back and follow the Germans to a port where they board a tugboat towing a barge. One sneaks aboard and hides as the convoy heads to sea. Finally, it emerges that the Germans are dredging passages through the shifting sands with a view to secretly transporting a German army to invade Britain's east coast. The pair flees before the Germans can come after them and convince the expat to go with them to avoid being arrested, but as they sail across the North Sea the expat commits suicide by jumping overboard.

*Ed. - Drake Boys' Matron, Liselotte Bischoff, enjoyed the book very much when David Starkie gave her a copy, and the special text he wrote in the front was read out when Lilo's ashes were scattered at sea in 2016.*



## Remembering The Globe

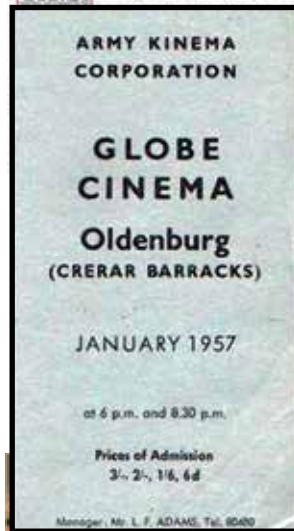
They provided entertainment and enjoyment for thousands of Allied troops and their families: AKC cinemas and theatres built on army barracks in the 1950s right across Germany. More than six decades on and a British academic is researching one of the last remaining complexes of its kind left standing: The Globe Cinema and Theatre in Oldenburg, German Teaching Fellow, Dr. John Goodyear, from the University of Birmingham was introduced to the Globe in November 2016 by members of the Globe Kulturgenossenschaft (Cinema and Theatre Trust). Comprising of over 600 members, the Trust's members has made it their mission to buy, renovate and restore the Globe, bringing it back to life.

"When I saw the Globe for the first time, I knew it was a story waiting to be researched and told," Dr. Goodyear said. In reconstructing the history and story of Oldenburg's Globe, he is trying to track down Allied ex-servicemen and their families, including children who at the time who lived on the Donnerschwee Barracks between 1945 and 1958. Were you there at the time? If so, can you remember the cinema being built? Or perhaps you were a patron, watching and enjoying the entertainment on offer at Oldenburg's Globe.

Anyone who can share their experiences, memories or photos of the Globe Cinema on the Donnerschwee barracks in Germany, should contact Dr.

John Goodyear at the University of Birmingham at [j.goodyear@bham.ac.uk](mailto:j.goodyear@bham.ac.uk) or WhatsApp, text or phone the German number 01517 2918825.

Internet: <https://www.globe-oldenburg.de/das-globe/historie.html>



## ExPRS pupil at the BAFTAs



We thought you might be interested in this short speech given by former PRS pupil and world-famous film director, Ridley Scott, at the BAFTA awards ceremony. "I was a product of an army kid who had ten schools. I was not very good at school because parents in those days didn't worry about getting their kids to school early or even getting them to the right school. My parents didn't have time to think about that because I was a pre-war baby and in 1947 I went to Germany on a troop ship. I had a label and a gas mask, and stood out on the rail as we sailed past the Helgoland, which we'd blown up the day before. It was a German Navy barracks with submarine pens, so they just blew it up. I was in Germany from 1947-1952, but because I attended ten schools I was so backward when I came back to England I would never have passed the eleven plus exam. So I went to a secondary modern school and I was bottom of the class throughout my four and a half year period at school. I knew I wasn't stupid but I felt stupid and my father was always very supportive so

I went to art school instead. I could really draw. What's interesting is that what the educational system allowed in those days they wouldn't allow today. For me to go to art school I'd have needed to have five or six subjects. But why should I want Latin or Algebra to go to art school? It's ridiculous. So I got into Hartlepool College with one subject, which was art. I could draw much better than norm and went there for four years. Once you've had four years in art school, you could get into any school, The Royal College, Royal Academy, Slade. I chose the RCA because it gave me a wider programme. I struggled with fine art because fine art is a bit like being a writer, you go into your studio every morning and you face what you did yesterday, so it's a constant process of readjustment and psychology. But art school opened up the realms of advertising, photography and graphic design - all things with which I could get hands on. So I kept following my nose until I realised I was good at one thing. They opened up a television set design department and I joined that and got a job at BBC. I was a nuisance as a designer so they gave me a course in production, I said, "Wow" a production course is only a month, but in that month you've got a phone and you could call up any actor you wanted, you can plan what you're going to do and at the end of that month they're going to give you a studio, full air time, six cameras. So lots of people were doing outside broadcasts, two-handers and things like that, and I was irresponsible enough to do a potted version of Paths of Glory and it worked."



*The following extract of a contribution by The Late Frau Liselotte Bischoff, former matron of Drake Boys, first appeared in the Spring 1999 TWA Newsletter.*

It is 'ein Herzenswunsch' to say thank you for starting the Association and the immense work you and your friends put into it. Mr Fellows was Housemaster when I started as junior matron in 1955 in the best house of PRS. It was of course Derek Beams from Drake Boys (the former head boy) who has sent me every newsletter since the TWA started. It brings back many happy memories whenever I read them. Frau Bohle was the senior matron when I arrived and was a very dear lady who taught me everything about being a matron. My second housemaster was Mr Callan and I am still in touch with the Callans with whom I have become good friends. One of my first jobs was making 100 beds, which was backbreaking. The reward came a couple of days later when the boys arrived and settled into

their rooms, which I later went around turning the lights off. There were my juniors, all snuggled up in their beds tired and exhausted. The newcomers were homesick, an illness that I soon learnt always occurs at bedtime. Mornings began by sounding the gong. This had a wonderful sound and was the biggest gong in the school. The only problem was that I had to ring it at 7 am – far too early. To my surprise, most of the boys got up immediately, but a few had real difficulty getting up. It took several attempts by me to convince them that day had arrived. Harry Belafonte sang a song with nearly the same text ('Daylight come and I want go home')



After breakfast the boys left for the main school, but before leaving the house there was another hurdle to overcome. Mr Callan and I stood at the door checking everyone's appearance from fingernails to shoes. On one occasion I recall Mr Callan being speechless for a moment. He asked a junior, 'Have you done your homework?' to which the answer was, 'No Sir, I didn't feel like it.' This same boy asked me for a dance at a social in the junior prep-room. Making gentlemanly conversation, he told me, 'Matron, I've danced with the

Headmistress, the teachers from Drake Girls, you are the last one of the grown-ups and after that I'm going to enjoy myself.'

While the children were at school the matrons looked after the domestic work helped by two cleaners and we had the best cleaners you could have. The rooms were given points for tidiness and cleanliness, and nearly 40 years later, at the golden anniversary, I was told by a former Drake boy (Norman King, I think) how important those points were for the boys. 'We rushed to the pin-board and were really happy when full marks were given,' he said.

And who remembers Mr Callan's spectacular striptease at a big social on the main site? Or the Pirates of Penzance at the Stadt-Theatre in the town, and also Charly's Aunt? It is all so vivid in my mind.

Let me say thanks you to everyone from Drake Boys and also the many people I've met during my 12 years at PRS!

*Liselotte (Schultz) Bischoff  
(Matron Drake Boys 55-67, School Administration 67-72)*

*Ed. – Sadly, Lilo passed away on Boxing Day 2014. Her funeral (at sea), was attended by several of the Drake Boys she cared for during her long service. Her ashes were accompanied by a wreath and 20 yellow roses were scattered by the former PRS associates present.*

Precisely twenty years ago, the following notice appeared in Newsletter No.16. 'Last week, my RAF Jever husband and I celebrated our Ruby Wedding. That, in the long term is what PRS did for me!' The statement came from Mrs Jennifer Jones (nee Peel), who in the previous edition (NL75, page 7) wrote to us saying that she and her husband were in fact married on March 30th, 1959. Sadly, Jennifer's Diamond Wedding celebration wasn't to be. As we went to press, we heard from her daughter that she and her husband are no longer with us. Jennifer died on January 31st, just 17 weeks after her husband. We have passed on our condolences to the family.



## Happy Days the Fifties!

The following is an extract from a longer piece by Patrick Roberts, which appeared in Newsletter No.18 in November 1999, and an unpublished piece he wrote to commemorate his first return to Wilhelmshaven in 1958. I arrived at PRS in October, the day after my 12th birthday and was welcomed to Matthews by the housemaster, Mr Monger. Term had already started and one boy asked me if I knew how to swear, adding that they would soon teach me! It wasn't long before I got into the routine and the year passed quickly. Matthews closed and we were all transferred to senior houses, mine being Rodney. Like other houses, it had its smokers' club, although the habit never appealed to me. However, later, as a prefect and eventually House Captain, I knew about because many of my friends were members.

A number of our rooms had panels giving access to the roof space and it was through one of them that the smokers used to crawl. I don't know if Fred Turner our housemaster knew or suspected what went on, but he was a great guy and it was sad when he was killed in a road crash in Kenya not long after leaving PRS.

I remember the singsongs on the school buses to and from the Sportplatz. Keep Right on to the End of the Road was a favourite, but there were more dubious ones. Although talking after lights out was forbidden, that was when the best conversations took place

and I recall listening in amazement as one boy recounted how babies were made. The end-of-term leavers dances were always great fun, as were the marvellous buffets. Pop music was in its infancy in my days, but around 1955 we and Rodney Girls managed to scrape enough funds together to buy a smart portable record player capable of playing 78s and the new LPs. Bill Haley was 'hot' and I went into Karstadt to buy his latest release.

PRS became a way of life interspersed



*Geraldine and Penelope Adcock*

with carefree holidays three times a year. The school train journeys were magical and in those days there were proper massive steam engines. In my last year or two I was scorer for the school first eleven cricket team, which often meant a Sunday out of school with boys like Roy Oakhill, Martin Ashenden, Ron Cross, Tony Haley and Rich Evans. It was a laugh a minute and the team did very well in the 55-56 season. Also fun were the prefects' teas on Sunday afternoons in Nelson. Teachers I remember apart

from Chris Monger were Stanley Sackett, Mr Fletcher (French), 'Daddy' Slade (Woodwork), Miss Dumphreys (History), Miss Adams (Chemistry), Miss Brayshaw - later Mrs Heyes (Maths), Duncan Reed (Physics, and Tom Bernades (Woodwork) who was responsible for my enjoyment of badminton. When I first arrived there was a white-haired chaplain called Rev. Worsop-Hyde, but he was succeeded by Padre Hall. A somewhat terrifying Miss Mollet was in charge of Sickbay.

In July 1958, Ann-Margret Radford organised a trip back to PRS that coincided with the end of the school year. The participants, as I recall, were Barrie Adams, Geraldine Adcock and her sister Penny, Yvonne Butler, Dilys Cook, Carolyn Doré, John Duncan, Jean Edwards, Derek Fell, Josephine Fleming, Terry France, John Jarvis, Rosalind and Dorothy Minister, Ann-Margret, Diane Reed, John 'Jock' Thompson and his friend Billy Lawn, and me. As a penniless and unemployed teenager at the time I didn't think I'd be able to afford to go - but by dint of borrowing £12 (yes, that's all it took in 1958) I was able to join the fun.

The adventure started when most of us met at London's Victoria station before taking a train to Dover, where Jo Fleming joined us. We then caught a ferry to Ostend before travelling by train to Wilhelmshaven via Bremen, Köln and Osnabrück. A school bus met us at the station and took us to Main

Site, where teams were just leaving for sporting fixtures at Hamm that morning. The girls among our party went to their respective former houses, but all the boys stayed on Fliegerdeich; I had hoped to be at Bonteheim, but as it turned out we weren't in the house much anyway.

We were at the school almost a week.



*John Jarvis*

The time passed very agreeably, catching up with old friends and in some cases marvelling at how much they'd grown! We also made new ones; I chatted, played table tennis, listened to people's records (Elvis was very popular), and took trips into town with others from the group. Karstadt was well frequented, of course - as were various watering holes. One day some of us walked as far as the Sportplatz and some visited Bonteheim. I was an ex-Rodney boy, after all. We ate with the pupils in school, and very good they were too. There was a film in Churchill on Saturday evening, and we attended morning service on the Sunday. One evening Mr Monger hosted a coffee

party for us. Later on came Speech Day and prize giving, and a performance of Gilbert & Sullivan's "The Gondoliers". Former head Mr Hugh Pacey was visiting for Speech Day and it was good to be able to have a few words with him.

The first night I went to bed at 9 o'clock to catch up on lost sleep – but after that I think the earliest night was about 1.30 a.m. One night there was a beach party, for Terry France's 21st and we also spent some evenings at the Hotel Atlantik and/or the Strandhalle, where there were drinks and dancing! The Atlantik had a live band and when the music stopped we bemused the locals with the Hokey-Cokey, Knees up, Mother Brown and the Palais Glide, which I doubt they'd ever seen before.

We had an interesting meeting on one of these evenings with one of the chief honchos from Radio Frankfurt, who was in town on business – a Herr Krüger-Lorenze. He spoke excellent English and we got chatting to him; on learning we'd been at the school he expressed an interest in doing an interview with the headmaster. We were able to pass on that message and I believe the interview did take place. All too soon it was time to leave, but



Left - Barrie Adams, right - Patrick Roberts

before doing so we attended the end-of-term dance; then it was off to the station for another overnight train journey, this time to Brussels and Expo 58, the World's Fair. It was enormous, and we could only scratch the surface in the time we had; the Russian and American pavilions stand out in my mind, but we didn't locate the British one until after it had closed for the day. The site was dominated by the spectacular and futuristic Atomium, which I believe is still standing. By the time evening came we were exhausted – and we still had to face another crowded train to Ostend, a four-hour ferry trip and a further train to London. We finally parted at Victoria, where I caught a train to Shropshire. It had been great fun and I was so pleased I'd made the effort to go.

Patrick Roberts (Matthews/Rodney 51-56)



## Whatever Next?

We came across these extracts from PRS Headmaster Mr Meredith's review in 1970 and sensed that even more change was in the air.

One of the dangers of a school magazine is that it becomes traditional and, since it contains what people expect, they do not read it fully. Certainly the most traditional part of this magazine is the Headmaster's Review, a fact more strongly brought home to me by the reflection that this is my seventh.

The changes within the school organization have continued. September saw the abolition of the positions of Head Boy, Head Girl and School Prefects. School Monitors, as many as twenty, now work in two groups, taking responsibility on alternate fortnights for School matters, in addition to House matters. The team is led by a School liaison Officer, a position that rotates every time a group comes on duty, thus giving each monitor the opportunity of running the school for a short period. I regard these changes as extremely satisfactory, and the attitude of all concerned has had a sound effect on the school. At the same time, the school, after a slight setback last year, has continued to consider the position of sixth-formers. The Sixth-Form Club once again functions 'on an even keel' with advantage to all concerned. The completion of the amalgamation of the boys' houses has permitted better

common-room facilities, while the summer term has seen an experiment in licensed smoking for sixth-form boys. It has been interesting to note parental reactions and assistance in this difficult matter.

As always, of course, there are many aspects of the school which make for difficulties. While the school is very full, there are far too many of the younger age group. There are clear signs that respect for property, both personal and public, is deteriorating, and I would doubt that pupils willingly work as hard as previously. Perhaps our consciousness of these defects will result in an improvement next year.

*Ed. – You have been warned and we also hope that every word of this magazine is being read fully!*



What we, or some of us, thought fifty years ago came to light in a survey carried out at PRS by a group of senior pupils, who were strangely all girls. Why no boys were included in the group remains a mystery. The survey, which was carried out among all PRS pupils, was reported on seven A4 pages of the 1970 Cavalier. We have extracted a few snippets to give an idea of what it was all about. It seems that over thirty per cent of PRS pupils had lived in England for less than four years. The question arose, namely, what if we had all lived in one place instead of moving around? Would we be better people or more rounded than we are today? It seemed that very few thought it was a disadvantage being posted abroad with their families.

Its not so bad in the fifth form, it's in the lower sixth that they begin to get at you. Every class you go to on the Arts side there are the usual moans about our inability to appreciate the literature of any country, including our own, with no knowledge of Latin or background knowledge that we are prevented from acquiring by all the moving around. A quick check around an A-level class revealed that we had all been to several primary schools and some to several secondary schools. Most of us had been on the normal postings overseas and one or two had never lived in England. Indeed, there was a general feeling that the frequent moving had, in many ways, been

beneficial to us educationally. Janet Aspinall certainly thought so. "I'm seventeen now and I've never lived in the UK," said one. "I've been there on holiday, but my life has really been divided up between Germany, Africa and Singapore. I don't want to run down the UK, but it doesn't give you the feeling of excitement that other places do. It's a kind of adventure to live in another country, see their customs and eat their food. You learn a lot about a country if you have servants in your house all the time. In many overseas countries schools are open only during the mornings so you have lots of spare time to explore the community you live in. The best bit is the weather. If you live for a long time in warm countries where the sun always shines, your nature changes. You laugh and are cheerful. Nothing gets you down. Really, there's nothing you miss from England because such things as music and fashion get around all parts of the world quickly these days. Army schools seem to be as those in the UK and the teachers are, on the whole, younger and keener. So I can't see that you lose anything by not living in the UK and even if you did, the experience, excitement, fun and cheerful outlook on life more than make up for it."

And it was a similar story from Fourth-former David Paull-Wills, who was about to sit 8 GCE 'O'-levels the following year and who had experienced more change than most pupils. 'Since starting primary school

I had about ten different schools in England, Cyprus, Malta and Malaysia. Travel has shown me more things about people, places and cultures, and all the useful bits and pieces one picks up abroad. These have done more for me than had I stayed in one place. Travel became a part of my basic education. I had been to one other comprehensive school before PRS and the difficulty I experienced made me realise that traveling around during secondary education is not a good thing.

And how did PRS rate when it came to exam results? With the help of the University of London GCE statistics for Summer 1967, it was possible to draw up a comparison between the results achieved in five popular 'O' levels by pupils from PRS, Forces schools in general and by maintained comprehensive schools, the latter chosen as being nearest in ethos to our own school system. From the figures and from the fact that 67.9% of all our CSE entries in the same year resulted in Grade 4 or above, it certainly seemed that there was no diminution in standards achieved by Service children, despite their background of movement. It should also be remembered that very few Service children overseas leave school at the age of fifteen because of the difficulty in finding employment, and in the case of PRS the results refer to the whole range of ability since no child is considered incapable of attempting GCE or CSE.

When asked to list the things they found most difficult to cope with on first arriving at PRS, most new boarders, predictably, put down such obstacles to happiness as finding classrooms, learning the rules, knowing where to be at certain times, learning to budget pocket-money and living in a room with other people. It might interest anxious fathers and mothers to know that "missing parents" came well down the list!

*Ed. – Former pupils Sandra Alexander, Heather Buchanan, Jane Cattell, Deborah Collinson, Janet Fullwood, Isobel Ramsey and Glynis Woods, comprised the interview team.*



"Sports Day" ☆



If, like me, you were a junior at school, you may remember receiving a weekly consignment of comics from home. I was sent the Eagle and New Hotspur, which were dutifully passed along to any other boys in my circle of friends who were eager to read them. Incredibly, on May 10, 1971, there were well over 2,000 comics circulating at PRS and even sixth formers were not averse to reading them. One was found to have over 200 in his possession! But rumours were rife that all comics would either be confiscated or banned and many went 'underground'. So what were the reasons for such a draconian response to a few measly comics that we took great pleasure in reading? Were PRS pupils becoming comic addicts? This whole subject resulted in a debate and a questionnaire being issued to every pupil in the school. Embarrassingly for the school, it turned out that comics were read because there was nothing else better for pupils to do! It was said that juniors would return from holiday armed to the teeth with comics, while predatory seniors would 'confiscate' them and build up a stock of their own. Many pupils surveyed claimed to have private hoards and hundreds of comics were discarded at the end of term, a field day for true addicts who searched the dustbins for hitherto unread comics. Very few pupils bought comics with their own pocket money.

By far the most popular type of comic among the boys (and surprisingly among a number of girls) was the war comic, or 'trash mag' as it was known. The 1971 Cavalier put this into perspective with the following words. The Second World War is now in its thirty-second year. German SS officers with hollow cheeks, haughty expressions and monocles are still saying, "Ve have vays of making you talk, Englander! Storm-troopers with square heads and crew-cuts are still shouting, "Teufel" and "Donner und Blitzen!" While hordes of bespectacled Japanese are still crying, "Banzai!" And everywhere the forces of oppression are still being halted by a similar-looking platoon of Tommies led by a Scottish sergeant called McTaggart. And of course the wounded on both sides say, "Aarrgh" (presumably as they bite the dust).

At least one pupil with German family connections felt badly about war comics. "It hurts my feelings," said one girl, whose mother is German. "My mother is the woman who gave birth to me, who brought me up, who loves me. She is the wife of my father and the centre of our family. To me she has no more connection with the Germans in war comics than with the man in the moon. The stories (in comics) are all fantasy and in most cases people realise that the Germans in war comics bear little relation to the Germans of today." But the response about the effects of war

comics showed that many felt they gave readers a wrong impression of the Germans and the Japanese. One boy said, "I think that war comics have served to perpetuate a bias against them among the British." This was borne out when readers were asked to place seven nationalities in order of merit. Another boy said, "War comics provide the only knowledge some young people have about the Japanese and can lead to them hating them without ever having met them." Most pupils were clear in what they thought were other disadvantages of reading comics. The broad general feeling was that it wasn't good for your English and that it taught you slang. Better-informed pupils pointed out that it hindered vocabulary development and prevented full use of the imagination.

A BFBS senior educational psychologist was asked what he thought about comics and he was not so dismissive. Reading is not an end in itself, he said, but is purely a means to an end and is a skill that few people develop to the full. Anything that encourages a child to read is good and comics fall into this category. An exclusive diet of comics, however, is not good as one tends to miss the descriptive passages in a story, which in comics are replaced by pictures. Most comic-strips confine themselves to a dialogue with sound effects like "powee" and "aargh", which in themselves are good for phonic analysis of words, but do not progress

beyond the mechanical reading stage where one turns printed symbols into words. As with all things, there are good comics and bad comics. Some can be very informative and can be part of the general educative process. I know of no research that has proved comics to have dire effects on readers. The unstable person who might be affected by the more lurid comics will be affected because he is unstable and I see no harm in comics being part of a balanced literary diet.

The Headmaster had no intention of incurring the wrath of pupils for spoiling their fun. He was aware of the disadvantages of comics but was not going to ban them. "We would prefer fewer to be read and would be disappointed if we felt that comics were the only type of reading material for pupils. We hope a happy medium will find itself by taking very little action. We do suggest to parents that they should limit the number of comics entering the school – after all, it is the parents who control the number and not the school. It is a pity that pupils have not found that there is more enjoyment in finding the right kind of book and deriving pleasure from it rather than filling in time looking at comics.

Finally, the research team of five presumably senior pupils had their say when they concluded, "Children read comics because they are easy to read, are attractive and have an immediate

impact, and are about the sorts of things that children understand and enjoy. For too long, books aimed at children have been the very opposite of these criteria, namely, dull, unattractive and often outside the children's vocabulary range. There are signs that publishers have at last woken up to this problem and some very fine books are now appearing, especially for the young teenage market. If these are extended right down the age range, if children are taught from an early age to care for books and to appreciate what is inside them and, most of all, if greater progress is made in the mechanics of teaching children to read, then comics would be on the run in no time. It will not happen in our generation, it will not happen in the next, but some day it will happen."



"Swimming at the Sporplatz"



## Fishing Club

The year after leaving school at the end of autumn term 1960, we lived on the East Yorkshire coast where I became a keen angler. Throughout my teenage years and even in freezing conditions I would cast a line out from the beach and wait patiently for a fish to come along. My angling companion would always catch a fish of some sort, whereas I would invariably end up fish-less. So I had a deal of empathy for a former pupil who came bottom of a list of anglers published in the 1971 *Cavalier*. A PRS fishing club existed that year (at least there is no mention of one in *Cavaliers* from previous years) and I wondered what had inspired its formation. Apparently every weekend large groups of boys from the Deich could be seen heading with their fishing gear for such places as the Fourth Entrance (where exactly was that?), the bombed pier and the causeway. Fish lining up to be caught included codling (baby cod), plaice, flounder, whiting, sea bream, and no doubt eels, although these weren't mentioned. Those lucky enough to hook a fish of an edible size would hand them over to the school catering staff to cook them. No less than 196 fish were caught during the first half of summer term that year and the tally was expected to exceed 400 by the end of term. One boy called Peter Farley topped a list of ten anglers whose catch was recorded in the *Cavalier*. He had 72 fish, closely followed by a Dean

Watkins with 61 and Peter Rawlings with 27. Bottom with '0' fish was a Mark Routledge. He and I clearly had something in common. I mean even by the law of averages he should have caught at least a fish or two and his nearest rival managed to catch three.

My mind ran through the options and two sprang to mind: could it have been his technique or bait? A favourite technique used by the majority was ledgering, or using a lead weight that carried the bait to the bottom where flat fish and eels feed. All sorts of bait was tried, but lugworm proved the best and these were obtained either by digging in the mud banks or scrounging them from German anglers.

Fishing apart, what motivated Mark to keep on trying in the face of repeated failure? In her book *Grit*, the psychologist Angela Duckworth explains that whereas there is no single gene for 'grit', or indeed any other psychological trait, it is influenced by genes and experience. And there is a correlation with age: one study showed that the grittiest adults were in their sixties or older, with the least gritty being in their twenties (no mention of teenagers). An explanation for this is that life experiences change personality and the effects of even small environmental differences, or genetic ones, are multiplied socially through culture. 'Some believe that grit is forged in the crucible of adversity,'

wrote Duckworth, 'but others are quick to paraphrase Nietzsche: "What doesn't kill you makes you stronger."' So, which is it, nurture, or nature? Findings show that 'grit' paragons can generally point to people in their lives who have been timely examples in terms of aiming high.

Returning to why a PRS fishing club was started up in the first place, I wondered if it was a pupil or a member of the teaching staff who first cast a line. There are lessons to be learnt from fishing, including patience and experimentation skills, but also one of life's greatest lessons, namely, that if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

*Ed.*

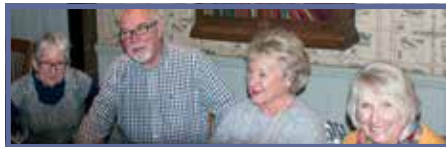


"Fishing at Bonteheim"

## Bangers Bash

As is now becoming a regular occurrence, a mini reunion was held at Bangers close to Liverpool Street Station on 25th October 2018.

Attendees from left to right going around the table in the photo were: Vicki (Spencer) Armour, Jonathan C Smith – a new addition attending the first time, Heather (McClure) Grist, Dave O’Callaghan, Chris Watson, Jan Stokoe, Roger Stokoe, Graham Watson, Heidi (Nixon) Weatherby, Judy (Davis) Bennie and Bob Innes – who organized the event and sent in the photo.



*Ed.- sorry for not squeezing this into the previous issue Bob, but we had already gone to print.*



## New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Sheila Goodwin	Sheila Bilton	58 - 60	Rodney
John Timothy	John Timothy	64 - 66	Collingwood

*We have found another 2 brand new PRSites and one has joined*

Re-joined			
Lynne Berry	Lynne Penney	66 - 70	Howe
Michael Corke	Mike Corke	65 - 71	Rodney
Bill Johnson	William Johnson	55 - 57	Collingwood
Stephen (George) Lennie	George Stephen Lennie	64 - 69	Howe
Josephine Lindsley	Josephine Ingram	65 - 68	Howe
Alan Riddell	Alan Riddell	64 - 68	
Adrian Riddell	Adrian Riddell	64 - 65	
Carol Rule	Carol Standen	57 - 58	

## Subs for 2019/2020

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