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Gu@rD-h0uSe

From 1st September it is

YouWere@PRS21

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THE NEW CAVALIER



PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

WILHELMSHAVEN

1947 - 1972

Newsletter 80

SUMMER - 2020

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The 2021 Biennial Reunion will be held at The Queen Hotel, Chester on the weekend of the 9th, 10th and 11th of April.

New password for members website from 1st September 2020

YouWere@PRS21



And so we have reached our 80th edition of New Cavalier. It all began in March 1994 with a simple collection of three A4 sheets stapled together with a found list comprising just over 500 names. By August the list had swollen to 1001 names and a year later it stood at 2,010 or approaching one third of all the pupils who ever attended PRS when it was in Wilhelmshaven. This notable achievement was proudly announced on the front page of newsletter No.7. Liz Bird, our founder, produced 16 newsletters before handing over to Lois Hammond, our former Chair. Lois would introduce a proper booklet in A5 format and go on to produce 26 issues before handing over to The Late Barrie Adams. As Barrie's health declined, Sue Burroughs took over and produced no less than 14 issues before handing over the baton to the current incumbents.

Thanks to your continuing support, New Cavalier is still going strong today and this 80th issue brings another batch of interesting stories. Noteworthy is the fact that we hear from two former pupils about the latter part of the school's life in Wilhelmshaven. We also feature a former PRS girl who became a successful long-distance runner and another who made her name 'on the buses' so to speak.

Finally, if you received the previous issue you will be aware that the 2021 reunion will be held in Chester, where our attractive venue is close to the centre of this charming town. Adjacent to the station and within a short walking distance of the shops, guests are never far away from the action, but can also enjoy the peace to be found in the hotel's Italian gardens. Just in case you were wondering, Charles Dickens counts among the many notables who have stayed here.

Your editorial team,

Paul Levitt & Andy Renou

Report from the Chair.

One thing for certain is that the Covid 19 pandemic has affected us all in one way or another. Hopefully, because most of us have been in lockdown and are still social distancing and being sensible, we have managed to keep the virus at bay. If however this disease has affected you and your families I am very sorry and if you wish to share your experiences please get in touch with me.

On Sunday 19th July, your Committee entered the digital interactive world of a Zoom meeting. This was organised and hosted by Richard Loveday. We have had a couple of 'email' Committee meetings in the past and these worked very well and the end result was the same but we did miss meeting up face to face with each other. With Zoom we took this a stage further and did see each other but avoided the long distances that each of us has to travel for our normal meetings. Routine tasks were covered where each one of us provided reports and discussion followed. I am pleased to report that the 2021 Chester Reunion is going ahead as planned but should the Government recommend that events such as this should not happen, alternative plans such as moving the Reunion to September 2021 or to some time in 2022 are being considered and if a change of date becomes necessary, we need to make a decision by mid - October 2020. I am very pleased to report that bookings to date are approximately as we would expect at this time and I urge those who

may be hesitating to go ahead to make a booking.

During lockdown, I have been reflecting on the future of TWA and feel that this is the right time to discuss some suggestions for the way forward. Our Committee and its duties have evolved gradually as the years have gone by. Some of our original officers were from the early intake of pupils at the school and have now retired from these duties. Our current Committee has been very stable for the last 10 years but we have been aware of the lack of younger members coming forward due mainly to still being in employment and with family commitments. We have had 2 from this era on board for a while now and I am pleased to report that they have been helping to recruit some new younger members who it is hoped will help steer TWA into the future. The tasks and duties that in the past have been ongoing are now greatly reduced, namely the Memorabilia collection is now archived in Wilhelmshaven, the demand for Merchandise has almost disappeared and Social Media enables former pupils to find us rather than someone painstakingly going through telephone directories trying to trace them. The work load has been greatly reduced and now with the internet and Zoom communication, it all takes much less time.

We feel that it is the younger generation of TWA who must make decisions for the future and we would like your time, ideas and expertise and for you to be actively involved in helping to nurture us through

this transition phase. Please think hard about how you can help actively to enable TWA to continue. THE TIME TO ACT IS NOW! Please contact me or any other Committee member you may know and come on board for the future.

With the news today of a possible viable vaccine for Covid - 19, I add my best wishes to you all in the hope that life will eventually get to a positive new way of normal.

*Barbara Steels - Hood/ Rodney 57 - 62
Committee Chair*

Headmaster's review

The Cavalier is issued every second term. The summer term seems such a long time ago and many of the boys and girls who did so much to keep the pattern of life active have already become but memories. Certainly this is an aspect of life at PRS that time passes quickly and the characters, even troublemakers, of one term are frail ghosts of the next. A survey of one hundred and thirty who left at the end of summer term showed that the average length of stay for boys was nine terms and for girls, seven terms. This is more than at many day schools in BFBS and more than at PRS some years ago. It is, however, all too short for us and it is regrettable that for many pupils PRS must only be yet another school, in spite of the fact that I am sure the traditions, site and organisation of PRS have something special to offer. It was heartening that

at least one boy, David Tomlinson, completed the whole of his secondary education here and successfully went on with five others to university. To mark his long stay, some twenty-three terms and an even longer association with the school, since two other members of the family have also been at PRS, Major and Mrs V.B. Tomlinson have presented the school with a framed picture bearing a commemorative plate. For some time I have felt that many parts of the school could be made pleasanter by pictures and I am extremely grateful for the gift, which I hope other parents of long stayers will wish to follow!

The examination results of the summer term show a school that worked hard and achieved no small measure of success during the academic year which ended in July. In addition, the winning for the fourth time since 1957 of the Milocarian Cup made a fitting end to a sporting year, which was not already without interest or achievement.

In September we took on board an unusual number of older pupils (the 4th, 5th and 6th forms) from Lancaster School, Osnabruck. During the next year or so we will gradually take all the boys and girls from Osnabruck as the day school closes entirely. These have all settled in quickly and well to new surroundings, though some rare exceptions have tried to set up a hitchhiking record to Osnabruck!

J.R. Meredith, The Cavalier 1963

The Wilhelmshaven Association Biennial Reunion 2021
Friday 9th & Saturday 10th April 2021, will be held at:
Hallmark Hotel The Queen, City Road, Chester, CH1 3AH

Tickets: £76.00 per person for two days – £50.00 per person for Saturday only
This does not include accommodation – see below for more information.

Members may bring a guest, however, if their guest is an ex-PRSite, then the guest must also be a fully paid up member of TWA for 2021/22.

The Queen Hotel is the largest in Chester with 221 bedrooms and is the original railway hotel, having been built in the 1850's. It is adjacent to the station and a short 10-minute walk to the main shopping area.

Facilities include: Lounge/bar areas for relaxation, Italian gardens, Free WiFi.

Provisional Programme:

Friday evening -The reunion weekend will begin with a welcome drink followed by a finger buffet.

Saturday morning and afternoon will be a to spend with your friends or explore the surrounding area.

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

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

You will find your booking form enclosed – if you wish to pay by credit/debit card the safest option is to log onto the TWA website and use the PayPal system. You do not need a PayPal account – just your card details - full details on the form.

To enable us to plan the event please return your booking form and deposit ASAP.

Don't forget to complete your choices for the Saturday dinner. FULL payment must be made by 28th February 2021

Accommodation:

We have initially reserved 60 double/twin rooms in the hotel for TWA members at a preferential rate and more will be made available if required, subject to availability. Rooms not booked by 28th February will be released back to the hotel.

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

£105/£95 per classic room based on double/single occupancy.

Upgrade to an executive room for additional £20 per night.

Upgrade to a Superior room for an additional £40 per night.

Suites are available but you will need to contact the hotel for rates.

If you choose to extend your stay to include either the Thursday or Sunday night or both, the same room rate applies. Check-in is from 3.00 pm.

Car parking is situated next to the hotel and is a Pay and Display car park and spaces are subject to availability. We have negotiated a daily rate of £7.50 for members attending the reunion.

To book accommodation you may use this link: https://www.bestwestern.com/en_US/book/hotel-rooms.84298.html?groupId=W41QS3A1 (**Please note that the link will be live from the 10th April 2020**) or email the hotel Queen.Reservations@hallmarkhotels.co.uk or call 01244 305000

If you email or call please use the block ID code 5701928.

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.

You must book your own accommodation before 28th February 2021.
(Preferably earlier to avoid disappointment)

Getting there:

By Car – Leave the M53 at A56 junction. Straight on at Hoole roundabout. Left at main traffic lights heading for Chester Railway Station. Hotel is directly across from the station

By Train – the station is directly opposite the hotel

By Bus – the main bus station is in the City Centre and is a 15-min. walk from the hotel.

By Air – The nearest airports are Liverpool John Lennon Airport, 23.9 miles or Manchester International Airport, 32.7 miles

Alternative Accommodation: There are many options in and around Chester, this link has more information:

<https://www.visitcheshire.com/accommodation/chester-hotels>.

I can offer a few names of the swimmers shown on page 20 of the previous issue of New Cavalier. Back row L-R, Johnny Ransom, Norman Farley (I think), Brian Cater, Derek Lewis, unknown, Tony Griffith, Trevor Creech.

Girls: second from right in middle row is Elizabeth Allen and first on the left bottom row is Ann Dyer. I might also be able to help with some names for the German staff footballers, seeing as the local newspaper didn't reply.

Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50)

I was so pleased that my old friend, The Late Peter Plowman, was remembered in the latest edition of New Cavalier. The appearance of his name next to that of The Late Margaret Hardman was a huge coincidence as I shared a dorm with her at PRS for many years. And I certainly remember her horror of the hated lisle stockings that her mother insisted she wore. Both our Mums used to send us food parcels and her's always contained Yorkshire Parkin and I have never been able to bake one as delicious as those. She and her husband visited me here in Cornwall a few years back and we had a lovely few hours of reminiscence. She was the gentlest of souls and I wish we had been able to see more of one another.

Val (Salmon) Bruce (Rodney 53-58)

If my memory serves me correctly, the lower photo on page 20 of the previous issue includes the following girls: Heather Maule, Joy Newton, Bernice Griffiths, Elizabeth Allen, Anne Dyer and Betty Boyce.

Elizabeth (Allen) Kerton (Rodney 47-50)

The only information I can give about the bottom photo on page 20 is that it was taken during the sports day in 1949 and that Ann Dyer (Howe) is at the front row on the left hand side. I think it might be Adrienne Maher fifth from left in the middle row. Ann Dyer was also a member of the tennis team. I was younger than the girls in question, being 14 years old in 1949.

P.S. I still enjoy receiving the New Cavalier even if I can't attend any reunions.

Valerie (Green) Thomson (Howe 47-50)

Just to say that the link given at the end of the latest New Cavalier for philatelic covers doesn't work. It goes to the BFPS site, but then says the page can't be found. Do you have a correct link?

Patrick Roberts (Rodney 51-56)

Ed. - Sorry you had no luck. Please try <https://bfps.org.uk/covers-explained-2/covers-explained/>

I received the latest Cavalier and am still avidly reading through the previous ones on the site, which is a

bit like entering the Tardis and being transported back some 50 years. I remember a nits outbreak at PRS and everyone having this yukky grease plastered on their hair. I recall washing my hair more or less immediately afterwards, which did not bode too well for me and I had to have it redone. Sitting down for meals in Nelson with everyone's hair dripping with grease was not a pretty sight. I also remember the Biafra campaign when the powers that be thought it would be a really good idea to put posters of starving children on the walls of Nelson so that we would all be reminded of how fortunate we all were during meals - oh happy days!

Jane (Cattell) Haddow (Howe 64 - 71)

I thought you might be interested in these pictures of Collingwood's performance of Trial by Jury. In the front row of the group L-R are: Violet Craven, Yvonne Steed, Mary Warren, Ethel Perry, Pamela Howard, Carolyn Doré as bridesmaids. And behind them (left to right) are David Riggs, Mr Monger, Josephine Fleming, Kevin Johnson, Mr J Evans. The main person in the other photo is Kevin Johnson as the Plaintiff. Keep up the good work and I look forward to receiving the next New Cavalier and then it's down tools until it's been read from cover to cover. I thoroughly enjoyed my time at PRS and send my thanks to all the committee who are doing a great job. It would be nice to make contact with some people over here in NZ. There





Kevin Johnson as the Plaintiff

was a Mike (not sure of his surname) on the lower North Island, but I haven't heard him mentioned for ages. I have the school sticker on my car and live in hope that someone might recognise it!

Carolyn Cairns- known as Lynn Doré at PRS (Collingwood 53-56)

Ed. – It just so happens that we found this enthusiastic review of the play in *New Cavalier of Summer 1955* (see extract below).

Trial by Jury

We've but one word for it m'Lord, and that is 'Rapture' wrote Mr H.A. Boyer after watching the performance. The distinguishing note that leapt infectiously across the footlights with the first chorus

and informed this whole Collingwood performance of 'Trial by Jury' until the final curtain was – high spirits. One could not help but enjoy it. No niminy-piminy approach here, but a whole-hearted, rollicking, confident plunge into riotous fun. The costumes were colourful, the set was bold, the lighting bright, the acting big, and the singing loud and clear. What more could one ask for?

Led to the manner born by Mr Monger as the Judge – and a good judge too, the whole cast responded vigorously to the prevailing gaiety. David Riggs as a mock-serious usher lent weight – and a remarkably good voice – to his judicial utterances; the Defendant, Kevin Johnson, though neither monster nor love-sick boy, sang his role adequately, while the bridesmaids brought with them not only charm and beauty but also a new hit-tune, which swept the school.

As for Angelina, played by Josephine Fleming, no wonder the Judge and Jury – ah, sly dogs! – loved her fondly. No one could have portrayed her imposing counsel with a deeper sense of emotion than Mr J.B. Evans, who was also responsible for the production. Barristers, attorneys, jurymen and petty public all threw themselves fully-biased into the trial. Never was such a legal fury!

In fact, so captured was the audience by the entire proceedings that when the curtain fell they would gladly have passed their time attending the performance all over again.

Mr H.A. Boyer

Running Queen



Long-distance runners of note will remember the pride with which they wore the phoenix emblem to compete against other schools in cross-country events. In my era at least, we were all boys. Girls were not supposed to run long distances for obscure reasons. At the 1928 Olympics there were reports of women collapsing after the 800 metres event, which caused the IOC to ban women running more than 200 metres. The ban wasn't lifted until 1960 when women at the Rome Olympics could run the 800 metres. And in 1984 the first women's marathon event was held at the Los Angeles Olympics. It was precisely at this time that a former PRS pupil was making a name

for herself as a long-distance runner, namely, Libby (Reeve) Pfeiffer (Hood/Collingwood 56-58).

After leaving PRS, Libby returned to the UK and spent 18 months at school in Lincoln before becoming a student nurse. In 1963, she went to live in London and married Rolf, with whom she had three children. She eventually became a primary school teacher and then opened a restaurant in Wembley. It's hard to imagine how she found time to get into long-distance running, but suffice it to say she was not a total newcomer to athletics. As a 26-year-old mother, she joined Middlesex Ladies AC where she had concentrated on shorter track events. Women weren't into road running in those days and as the athletics set-up didn't provide a real challenge, many young women of her age drifted away from sport.

It wasn't until after the birth of her third child that Libby once again started doing a bit of gentle running. Then, in 1981, she and her son, Bjorn, decided to enter a marathon event together. About 24 miles into the race, Libby sailed past her son and finished in a time three minutes under the magical three-hours barrier. Her zest for running rekindled, she was soon covering 70 plus miles per week in training while still helping to run the family home and restaurant business. By the end of 1981 she had run no less than four marathons. A year later her time in the London marathon was down to an amazing 2 hrs. 43 minutes,

placing her 12th in the all-time British women's standings.

The 37 year-old mother of three was now in the big time and receiving invitations from races abroad, including the San Francisco marathon, where she was chosen to represent Great Britain. She was the second British female to finish the London marathon and would go on to record five, career marathon wins.

So, what was the secret of Libby's running success? "The keyword is consistency and discipline," she says. "At PRS I was just a 12 to 13 year old and small for my age, but I loved sprinting and had always been quite good. I remember being a spectator at a sports day and wondering if I could take part, at least in a relay race. There had never been any trials that I was aware of, and the girls in my age group were all much taller. Those of us who had nothing better to do on a summer evening or weekend, used to hold our own little races and high jump competitions on the grass outside our respective houses."

Libby was in the Girl Guides at PRS and was occasionally sent with them on a run/walk exercise called 'Fartlek' around the houses and along the Dyke. "I loved pacing myself so that I could run as much as possible before walking and running again. Sadly, this is the only memory I have of athletics for 'small girls' like me at PRS. However, it wasn't until motherhood that I was inspired to show how fast I could run and so joined

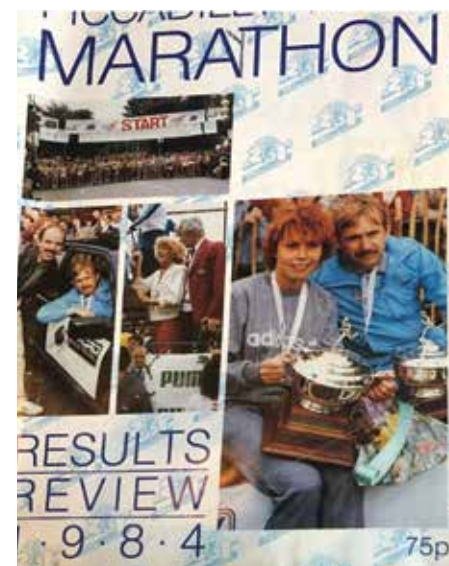


our local athletics club. Naturally there were many better sprinters than me, but I enjoyed the longer runs and especially cross-country running. Then at the age of 35, after my third child was born, I decided to enter the very first London marathon and went out training so I would be able to finish the distance. I completed the race in sub-three-hour time, which in those days was very fast for a woman. Literally overnight I became a GB athlete. Up to my last race (Hong Kong) in 1985, I ran over 21 marathons, half-marathons and 10 km events in many countries, including the first four London marathons. Life, injuries, children and work finally caught up with me, but I kept jogging for fitness until about four years ago. On reflection, not being encouraged at PRS wasn't the reason why girls never developed their running talents. It

would be many years later before longer distances became possible for ladies to run and it was the first London marathon that gave many of us the desire to see what we could do."

P.S. Another former PRS pupil who completed at least eight London marathons that we know about, is Yvonne Hathaway (Hood/Howe 59-62. Perhaps we will hear her story one day. If you were a runner of note, please get in touch.

Ed.



Where is she now?

In 2013 we received some recollections from Malcolm Hynes (Rodney 47-51) about his days at PRS, which were very entertaining by all accounts. He described music lessons with Mr Sackett as often being riotous affairs

and his class (4A) in 1947-48 as being rated the most unruly in school by many of the teachers. Apparently the antics of one boy never failed to produce a laugh. There was, however, one figure at school that commanded the full attention of not only class 4A, but also of the entire school. Malcolm wrote, 'One member of staff, a Miss King, was an extremely attractive lady and regarded by many as the School pin-up. Sadly she left after a relatively short time to become a governess to a French family on the Riviera. We were all quite sad.'

Do I detect a note of understatement there? Just the mention of her woke me up enough to take things a step further. And who are you going to call in such a situation? John Simes of course. "There was a teacher called Miss Madelene King who fits the bill in all respects," said John. "She was a modern languages teacher who was attached to Howe from 1949-1950. This would account for Malcolm's comment about her having only been a short time at the school. Her name appears on the list of staff in Cavalier number 7 (Autumn 1949), as a 'hello' and again in Cavalier number 8 (Spring 1950), as a 'farewell'."

Ed.

After consulting a popular genealogy website, there was just one Madelene King in their considerable archive, but she was from the wrong era. So, if you recall a Miss King and know what happened to her, please tell.

Writer and photographer



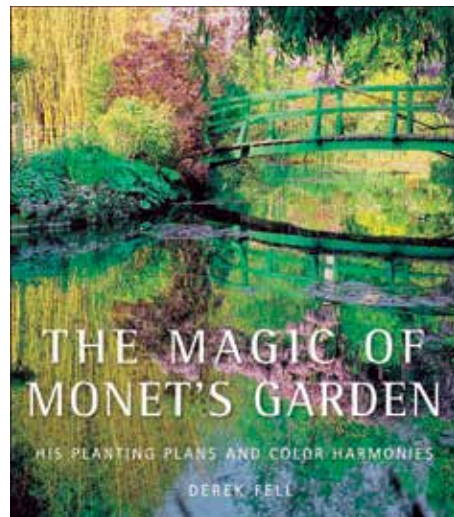
In the previous issue we featured the stories of two prolific writers who made their mark on life. In this issue we add the name of Derek Fell (Rodney 53-56) who is the author of more than 100 works dealing mostly with art, travel and gardens. Having become an American citizen in 1970, Derek began a series of gardening books. This led to a series of books about the gardens of the great Impressionist painters, Renoir, Monet, Cezanne and Van Gogh and to a biography about the latter entitled, 'Van Gogh's Women'. He also co-authored a cookbook entitled, 'Monet's Palate Cookbook'. His most popular garden books include 'Vegetables - How to Select, Grow and Enjoy,' 'Grow This,' 'Vertical Gardening' and 'The Gardens of Frank Lloyd Wright.'

Derek has won more awards from the Garden Writers Association than any other person, and he was a consultant on vegetable gardening to the White House during the Ford Administration. Married, with three children and three grandchildren, he lives at historic

Cedaridge Farm, Bucks County, Pennsylvania. He also cultivates a one-acre tropical garden at his house in Florida where he grows mostly fruits such as coconuts, bananas, mangoes, avocados and macadamia nuts.

He credits much of his success to his mentors, who include O. D. Gallagher, a World War II war correspondent who taught him to write; Harry Smith, horticultural photographer who taught him to photograph gardens; and David Burpee dean of American seeds-men, who taught him a great deal about gardening in the US when Derek worked six years as Burpee's catalog manager.

In addition to books, he has written hundreds of articles about gardens illustrated by his own photography for leading publications such as Architectural Digest, the New York Times magazine and Connoisseur. To learn more about his work, see derekfell@verizon.net.



Boomer on a bus!



In the previous issue, we wondered out loud if anyone else had been inspired enough to do anything special for a good cause. After all, there were some fine examples of those who had jumped out of aeroplanes and walked considerable distances for their respective charities. A short investigation led us to an ex-PRS pupil who undertook an unusual journey by ...wait for it...BUS! Sadly, she was halted, but only temporarily, she assures us, by the Corona virus. This is her story.

Three years ago my husband was a victim of cancer, but thankfully, his was not a prolonged illness. Despite it leaving a huge hole in my life, I have been far from idle and found keeping busy is a great antidote for grief. I

had written a couple of books and in addition to that perennial favourite - helping to look after the grandchildren - I began working for my local hospice, where my husband, Geoff, had received care during the last weeks of his life. First, I worked in one of their shops (and I still do), before becoming one of their ambassadors - visiting local community groups, promoting awareness of the hospice's excellent work.

Early this year, I decided that I wanted to do something a bit more for St Wilfrid's than just going around and giving talks. So I planned a trip. Using my concessionary bus pass, I would get on a bus to Portsmouth - from my home village of Bosham, near Chichester. Then I would catch a bus to Southampton - and from there would travel by public transport (free of charge) in a clockwise direction, right round the coastline of England. I'd also be doing this in Geoff's memory - he'd have loved to make such a trip! I contacted my local BBC radio station (BBC Radio Solent) to tell them about it, and - to cut a long story short - they gave me plenty of coverage.

Setting out from Bosham on Monday, 2nd March, I was waved off by a group of friends and staff members from St Wilfrid's, as well as two representatives from the Stagecoach bus company. BBC Radio Solent met me at the bus terminal in Portsmouth, where their presenter, Pat Sissons, got on the

next bus with me together with his assistant and recording equipment, the lot. He presented his entire show from the bus while we were travelling to Southampton. Lots of interest was aroused - as you may well imagine and I chatted with him on his show almost every day since starting out, helping listeners to keep track of my progress.

From Southampton I travelled via Lymington and Christchurch to Bournemouth, where I stopped for the night. I have been using cheap Airbnbs for my stopovers and have joined the YHA. Next day I got as far as the Beer YHA in Devon, then on to Plymouth and Penzance. From Penzance I took a trip to Land's End, just to make sure I got to the very end of England! The bus routes do not always follow the coastline so my course was erratic, but I made my way up the North Cornwall/Devon coast, through Somerset to Bristol, then on to Gloucester, Hereford, Leominster and Shrewsbury. By then, I felt I was being stalked by the Corona-virus. Would I have to stop? I was staying with a cousin in Shrewsbury and watching her television - seeking the guidelines that would dictate my next move. They soon came, and the one that bounced out at me was that we must avoid all non-essential travel!

Although I was doing this for charity, strictly speaking it wasn't essential. By then I had gleaned quite a bit of publicity, and I had to be seen to be

doing the responsible thing - especially as I come within the 'vulnerable' age group (I'm seventy-four). So although I was gutted, I put the whole trip on hold, got to Birmingham and came home by National Express coach. I was subsequently a guest on BBC Radio Shropshire's Drive Time show and they have promised me media coverage when I pick up the trail from where I left off in Shrewsbury, after the Covid-19 pandemic has (hopefully) blown over.

I gave myself a 'brand name' whilst I was undertaking this challenge. I am of the 'boomer' generation, so I called myself 'Boomer on a Bus'. I am on Facebook and have a dedicated page under that name, where I kept a blog and posted pictures. One or two videos too!



Penny (Robbins) Ibbott (Hood/Drake 57-59)

Pen's diary

Right now, I am in the cellar of a house in Penzance owned by two elderly ladies, Judi and Demelza - partners - who dwell upstairs in happy chaos. They had not checked their Airbnb roster yesterday and were mildly astonished to see me. Demelza scurried off to make the bed, whilst Judi sat me at their crowded kitchen table. We chatted over a glass of wine - more of which she gave me to take down to my little bolt-hole. I like these two ladies. Did I call them elderly? Actually, they are the same age as me! ("That's elderly" I hear you mutter). But now I lie here, staring at the ceiling in the dark, thinking about places like Landsend and Zennor - and wondering if that's rain I can hear outside.

I arrived here in Penzance late yesterday afternoon in bright sunshine. It was lovely, I could see Saint Michael's Mount across the bay - the sea looked very blue. I found a delicatessen called The Cornish Hen and bought a delicious sausage roll and a pot of roast vegetables to take back to my B&B. A friendly couple in there (Frances and David) enjoying some refreshments, asked me about the 'Boomer on a Bus' on my rucksack. When I explained, the lady donated £10. One of the delights of this trip is the opportunity to chat with curious and convivial strangers, like Judy in Beer, who rummaged around in her

purse and apologised that she only had £6 to give me.

So, Landsend today - then up the coast of North Cornwall and Devon - and on into Somerset.

A beautiful day here yesterday but my goodness, it was blustery and FREEZING at Landsend. The thing is, I had to spend two hours there before I could get the next bus back to Penzance. So I bought myself a coffee and a sandwich and spent much of my time gazing through the window (spectacular view) of the only eatery that was open, which was in the hotel. On the way back to Penzance I was called by BBC Radio Cornwall. But the reception along that winding, windswept road was so bad that we got cut off halfway through the interview. Oh well.

From Penzance I travelled to Redruth and then out to Portreath, which is a small village on the north (Cornish) coast. I decided to stay in a decent B&B as I felt the need for a good night's sleep and a proper shower, so booked a room at The Portreath Arms. At £55 a night it was a bit above my normal budget, but I was prepared to pay a bit more for the above-mentioned luxuries. I decided to have my evening meal there too - dammit, let's push the boat out! I had a curry with a glass of wine, followed by a creme brûlée. Got chatting to a couple sitting at the next table (Holly and Phil) who were very friendly and of course, the 'Boomer' story came out.

Finally they got up to go, paid their

bill and waved goodbye, wishing me luck as they went out. I thought I'd better settle up and retire for the night too. When I asked if I could pay for my meal in the morning, along with the charge for my overnight stay, the answer was, "No I'm afraid you can't." I thought of the three flights of stairs I'd have to mount in order to get my purse. "You can't," said Mel, "because Holly and Phil paid for your first course and I paid for your dessert!" What lovely, lovely people. And that's not the end. When I went to pay my £55 this morning, Dave and Sue, who own and run The Portreath Arms, pushed the bill across the counter. It read £20. This was to cover Booking.com's commission, Dave explained,



otherwise there was no charge. What stars they all are. And, I can honestly say that The Portreath Arms is one of the cleanest, cosiest, pleasantest places you could want to stay at!

I'm on the bus to Newquay right now. From there I shall go to Padstow and from Padstow to Wadebridge, where I shall spend the night. Time for a quick poem!

*The Trusty English Bus
A dotted line marked on a map
Through English towns and ports
The quietness of my solitude
The loudness of my thoughts
Are every day companions now
As piece by piece I ride
The typical trusty English bus
Through English countryside
The clever bus, the know-it-all
Who with each squeak and wheeze
And with each jolting twist and turn
Proclaims its expertise
Sometimes I wait. The bus is late
And hope is fading fast
But then it rolls up with a sigh
"It's me, I'm here at last!"
Despite the times I'm ill at ease
I'll never make a fuss
Completion of this challenge rests
On the trusty English bus.*

Ed.- Thanks to Penny for her thoughts and we look forward to hearing the outcome of her unusual journey for charity. Surely there will be a book to follow?

Philip's story



Former PRS day pupil, Philip Blood, is an American novelist and video game designer who moved from Southern California to Europe at the age of nine. He attended two boarding schools, the latter of which was PRS (1970-71), where he admits to having had a rocky start. But things worked out and he used many of his childhood adventures at school in the stories that he would eventually write.

As the only American boy in the youngest class, his first day at school was, frankly, brutal. Thankfully the physical abuse came to an abrupt end when a larger boy befriended him and within short he had lots of friends. Life got even better when he joined the sailing club. Being one of only a few day pupils, he had access to things outside school that regular boarders didn't. Remembering his own dubious welcome on arrival gave him the idea to start helping homesick boarders by

assisting their return home! The other boarding school he attended earlier was in Holland, from where he had travelled alone to Germany at the age of 11, so he knew how to cross borders. But it took money, so he started a book and magazine rental business to buy travel tickets for the escapees, even using one of the sailing club dinghies to get them beyond the school gates! A few were caught and brought back to school, but Philip was never implicated and in the two years he was at PRS, his list of adventures grew and this would later inspire his writing creativity.

Despite his initial setback, Philip admits that PRS was a great experience in his life that he wouldn't trade. PRS was where he met his first girlfriend and experienced his first real kiss. In 2016, Philip wrote to us and mentioned a girl at school called Fiona Irwin, who was the daughter of a Geography teacher who also ran the sailing club. Having just finished a novel that featured her, Philip wanted to send her a copy. And it was where his love affair with the fantasy and science fiction began. 'I read my first novel, the Hobbit, at PRS and that affected my whole life. I started reading everything I could get my hands on and averaged a book a day.'

At fifteen, Philip returned to Southern California, eventually graduating from college in Film and English. 'I tried writing a novel while in college, but I just wasn't ready. However, I discovered

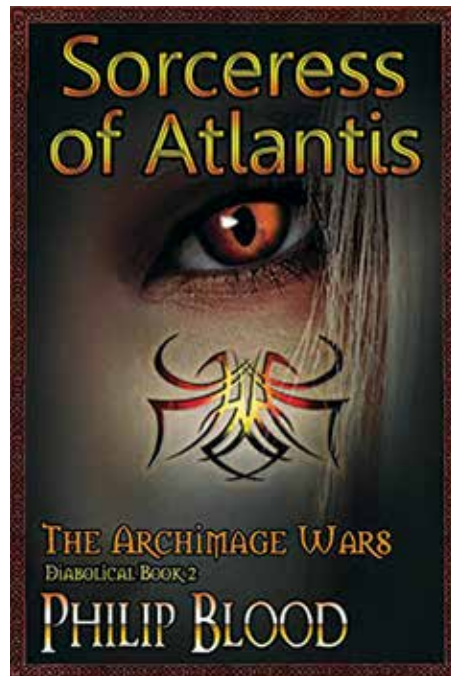
a new kind of game (Dungeons & Dragons) that was just catching on. I started writing my own stories and after several years of creating custom fantasy worlds for games, I set out to write my first novel. This turned into a four-volume fantasy series called Cathexis.' Since that time he continued to write novels and has many science fiction and fantasy titles to his name.

About two years ago, Philip decided to use his knowledge as a film editor and put together a team of voice actors to play the parts in his novels to create an audio play. 'I chose to do it this way instead of a conventional audio book, which has a single narrator. Although the great narrators can do ten or so voices, I still find it odd when a male is trying to do the female parts, or a female trying to do voice male parts. To solve this, I decided to do it like a film and cast almost every part to a different voice actor to create an audio play. This takes much longer - about six months to a year instead of just a month or two, but the listener gets to enjoy the various voice actors bringing their unique take to each character.'



Besides writing, he became interested in entering the computer-game industry by combining his experience in writing and making tabletop games. Over the years he has produced and designed many game titles, but writing remains his main passion.

Now living in Los Angeles, Philip admits that writing is a never-ending journey and in 2019 decided to revisit his very first fantasy series. "As a young writer, I had a lot to learn, and though I love the story of Cathexis, I have become a better writer over the years. Can I get better? Of course!"



Ed.- further information on Phillip's novels and other work can be found on his website...www.philblood.com

In memoriam



We were saddened to hear that Isobel 'Issy' (Griffiths) Harrison (Frobisher/Drake 56-60) passed away in Swansea on 25th March 2020. Isobel was diagnosed with multiple myeloma some years ago and underwent a

stem-cell transplant, which enabled her to enjoying a full and active life. However, her last treatment ceased to be effective and after a few months of brave fighting she finally succumbed to pneumonia. Isobel will be remembered by her many school friends as being a vivacious girl who loved sport and was indeed an excellent hockey player and athlete. She leaves a son, daughter and four grandchildren. Our heartfelt condolences go to her family, including her brother, Tommy, and sister, Megan, who kindly informed us about Isobel's passing.

Isobel seated front row, second from the left in 1959. Other senior Drake housemates in the photo are back row L-R: Anne Levitt and Clare Whistler. Left of Isobel is Chris Bulport and to her right are Ann Cowper and Marlene Gunn.



Ed. - In 1960, Cavalier magazine mentions Issy being made a school prefect and winning the subject prize in Domestic Science. She also represented PRS in athletics against Windsor school and captained the school hockey team in the 1959-60 season.

Chester awaits!



My recent return to Chester brought to mind a visit I made one hot summer's day in the mid 1950s when we were stationed just down the road in Wrexham. It seemed a long way off from our married quarters (11 miles) and seemed to take ages, but it certainly made a lasting impression.

If you have never been then you really ought to grasp the opportunity and join us for next year's main reunion, which many of us believe will be a classic. One of the best-preserved walled cities in Britain, Chester has a number of interesting buildings from the medieval to Victorian period and its centre harks back to the 'black and white' revival period as Pevner dubbed it. Nestled on the River Dee, its 2-mile-

long defensive walls, which go almost entirely around the old town, make a splendid walk.

City-centre browsers will love the quaint two-storey shopping area known as the The Rows, which typifies the architecture of Chester's historic centre. For the historically inclined, ancient Roman remains are never far away, both in the basements of buildings and in the northern section of the city walls, outside which is a Roman amphitheatre. Artefacts are on display in the Roman Gardens, which run parallel to the city walls from Newgate to the River Dee. Other attractions include the remains of Chester Castle, which has the Cheshire Military Museum on its forecourt,

while The Deva Roman Experience has exhibits and a reconstructed Roman street. Also worth a visit is The Grosvenor Museum, which includes an art gallery, and at No.20 Castle Street you can view rooms furnished according to different periods in history.

For those who fancy a boat trip, there are cruises on the River Dee and on the nearby Shropshire Union Canal. If neither of these appeals to you, there are of course guided open-air bus tours of the city. But if you just want to stand and watch river life float by, the Old Dee Bridge with its nearby weir is the place to be.

Ed.



Chester Cathedral



Eastgate in the centre of Chester



The River Dee, south of the city

Sue's latent talents refound



Former New Cavalier editor, Sue Burroughs (Collingwood 64-67) recently refound her artistic talent, not to mention her domestic science skills, as part of a big 70th birthday fundraiser for Cancer Research UK. The objective was to paint 70 pictures and bake 70 buns - presumably all to be sold - with the proceeds going to charity. But that wasn't all, as Sue explains. 'It certainly focuses your mind and I am currently at just six pictures and need to get a move on! And there are 70 cakes to be made. But I think the most challenging task will be visiting 70 beaches! In any

case, thank you Miss Gilmour (Domestic Science teacher) and unfortunately I can't remember who taught me art, but I do remember it was in an attic!

Ed. - Well done Sue and we hope you reached your target!



Did you know...

- Sir Roger Moore (the actor) served in the Royal Army Service Corps with 4th Training Brigade in Lippstadt?
- Sir Ranulph Fiennes served with The Royal Scots Greys in Fallingbostal?
- Sir Michael Caine served with The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) in Iserlohn?
- BAOR originally consisted of 80,000 men?
- BAOR ceased to become an 'occupational force' in November 1952?
- BAOR manpower was reduced to 64,000 in 1957?
- 'Russian hordes' were seen as the main threat until 1992?

A Brownie story



This photo was taken in 1957 and it is of the 2nd Lüneburg Brownie Pack. In the middle of the back row is Brown Owl, Kathleen Miller, my mother. Looking at the photo to her right is the very recognisable Brownie who as we know her now, is Sue Burroughs. Being a time of reflection during the Covid 19 lockdown and learning of Sue's fund raising good works made me think of my own time in the Brownies and Guides and how my life was influenced from these early activities. I recall being enrolled as an Elf when we lived in Moascar in Egypt - on enrolment I danced around the Toadstool singing the Elf motto - 'This is what we do as Elves, think of others not ourselves'. In Lüneburg, I became a Pixie - 'Look out! We're the jolly Pixies, helping others when in fixes'. I asked Sue if she could remember what Brownie Six she was in and she can't but I wouldn't be surprised if she had been an Elf or a Pixie as she

is a natural thoughtful person always there to offer help when required and a valued former Committee member and Newsletter Editor.

Other former PRSites will have memories of their days in the Brownies or Guides. The mother of the 3 Hardman girls was also a Brown Owl in Lüneburg and Julie Brinton's mother was also involved as was Mrs Gillman, who was the wife of Mr Gillman an English teacher at the school and she was a regional Guide Commissioner. At PRS, my Guide Captain was Miss Watson who also taught me Domestic Science and much of my cookery skills. She also passed me for my Knitters badge even though I turned the heel of the sock I was knitting, the wrong way and it was on the top of the foot instead of on the heel!

Barbara Steels (Miller) Hood/Rodney 57/61

An artistic family

I was thumbing through some back issues of our magazine when I came across a 'Whatever Happened to...?' article (in issue 20 of July 2000), bearing the name of Clare (Whistler) Howard (Drake 58-60). My interest was aroused because she and my sister, Anne, were good friends at school and shared the same dorm. But what became of her after leaving PRS? Well, by her own account, Clare spent a short time as a 2nd Lt. in the WRAC before marrying and going to live in the West of Scotland. She had two sons, one was a helicopter pilot in the Royal Navy and the other was a designer. And she was clearly still enjoying sport, scuba diving and long-distance riding when her article appeared. She was also painting and enjoying working on boats. According to my sister, Clare's father was a brigadier in the Army when she was at school and as Whistler isn't such a common name, I looked him up and indeed found a major-general Alwyne Michael Webster Whistler, CB, CBE (1909 - 1993), who served chiefly with the Royal Corps of Signals. He spent many years in India and Germany, and it just so happened that his BAOR service coincided perfectly with Clare's attendance at PRS. I couldn't help noticing that the family



was related to the artist brothers Rex and Laurence Whistler, and indeed, albeit distantly, to the renowned artist, James Abbot McNeill Whistler whose famous painting known commonly as 'Whistler's Mother' (1871) is a revered and often parodied portrait of motherhood. The question was, where is Clare now?

After consulting our membership secretary, it appeared a phone number was on record, which I promptly dialled. The phone rang out, but nobody picked up. I tried several times over the ensuing days, weeks and indeed months, but still no luck. Then...(to be continued)

Ed.- Even I don't know how this story will end, but who knows what reactions it might bring? Perhaps someone is in touch with Clare or her great friend, Judy (Aitchison) Rawlings?

All's well that ends well

Following the piece that appeared in the previous issue about the emotional effect of boarding school on pupils (see page 6), I was tempted to find out if any research was available to back up the claim and counter claims published in the Daily Telegraph. This led me to an informative piece on the TACA (The Army Children Archive) website about the findings of a study into the challenges faced by children of families in the armed forces. A 2009 report concluded that children of service personnel struggled with a unique set of challenges caused by the service lifestyle and that their needs were frequently overlooked. The research further suggested that they may also suffer from 'the stigma of being viewed as a military brat'. The report's findings pointed out that service children may have to attend up to eleven schools during their education and that the words 'quiet, pensive, detached, independent and adaptable to change' are most commonly used to describe them. The report further claims, 'Many children benefit from being part of the service community, but a 'substantial minority suffer.' Another interesting piece of research on the TACA website mentions what happens when army children return to schools in the UK. And my own experience ties in a bit with what I read in the report. Standards between schools differ widely and having returned to the UK just two months short of my thirteenth birthday, I found the level of

maths at my first school more advanced than at PRS. The suggestion of catch-up lessons never cropped up and so it remained a struggle until a year later when I changed school yet again. This time the level was lower than at my previous school, but my confidence remained low and I never regained an appetite for maths. I'm sure this problem would never have arisen had I stayed at PRS.

Ed.

Memories welcome

In the previous issue (see page 23), we mentioned a project being carried out by a researcher at Paderborn University. We know that at least two former pupils have shared their memories of life in BAOR and RAF Germany with her, but if you would like to get in touch she can be contacted by email at Bettina-blum@web.de So far around 400 Germans and Britons of different ages and different professions have contributed to the project, including soldiers, schoolchildren, wives, teachers, German-British couples, groups of friends and civilians. Bettina works to a large extent via interviews with contemporary witnesses: "Private perspectives are particularly important because they illustrate what the real life of Germans and Britons looked like, how political or military measures were perceived and how encounters were specifically designed."

Carmen's story



PRS made a lasting impression on Carmen (Crouch) McCullough (Blake/Howe 68-69) and despite spending just a couple of years in Wilhelmshaven, it was this part of her education that she cherishes the most. Here's what she did next.

My two years at PRS helped me to become adaptable, self reliant and confident. I think being strong enough to face up to things and make the best of a bad situation is something to be admired in a person and reminds me of my first night in our Blake dormitory when one of the girls was homesick and wept for her mother all night. Fortunately, homesickness never bothered me. I saw boarding school as a massive adventure and especially liked the extra-curricular activities. Being in the common room, either playing records or just having fun was great and I recall what seemed to me like an abundance of food. On reflection, being at PRS was a fabulous opportunity for us.

It was, however, a massive jolt leaving Germany and returning to Tidworth in 1969. I really didn't want to leave PRS and my new school was very different, offering pupils no opportunities and not cultivating their ambitions. Consequently, I lost interest in school and wanted to start work as soon as possible. I was only fourteen and a half with no qualifications when I started my first job managing stock invoices at a forces warehouse. After a year my father left the army and we moved to Colchester where I work in a number of accounting roles. It was there that I learnt the principles of double-entry bookkeeping and within short I was preparing management accounts for three companies, two of which were based abroad. I was an unqualified accountant for 14 years before joining the software support team of a national newspaper, training staff at many places around the UK.

I eventually left Colchester to help my brother look after his four children when his wife was ill. He lived in Hornsea on the East Yorkshire coast and being a nanny was a complete change for me. It was great living on the coast, but after about six months, when things had normalised, I posted my CV online and was recruited by a software company in Manchester as a Solutions Specialist. Although the job was interesting, after a few years I was determined to get back into accounting and eventually joined a music corporation in Manchester city center where I've been happy ever

since. What I particularly like about living in the city is that there is always something to see and do.

In my leisure time, I sometimes work as a DJ abroad, which I love. Soul music from the sixties is my favourite genre and so far my 'hobby' has taken me to the South of France, Spain and Italy, where I have made many friends. I also love visiting art galleries and openly admit to having a Klimt obsession. His art is everywhere in my home and I look forward to see his original work one day.

If I had to reflect on what life's journey has taught me so far, it would be that we have to have faith in our own ability, embrace change and enjoy what we do as best we can. My additional tips would be not to suffer fools and to be honest with yourself and others.

Let's face it, the only constant in life is change, so I am sure there is a lot of living to do and places to see, even at my age (63). High on my bucket list are trips to Japan and New York. Nobody is getting any younger, but I like hearing the much younger people around me say they want to be like me when they grow up. It's the greatest compliment I can receive!

Ed.- Carmen has memories of Jacqueline Gardener, Jane Mulvaine, Debora Carr, Mrs Stony, Miss Venus, Mrs Bishop, and Mike Wakefield. If anyone remembers Carmen (or her sister, Flavia), we'd be pleased to hear from you.

Humboldt-Schule exchange

We were interested to note that a brief day-exchange of three PRS girls with three pupils from Wilhelmshaven's Humboldt-Schule took place in 1965. This is what the visitors thought to PRS.

Dear Friends of Prince Rupert,

May we tell you our impressions on the day of our first visit to you as class-mates.

Most of the seats in the assembly hall were already occupied when we entered, but we were taken care of immediately and directed to our seats. Up on the stage we discovered a number of grown-ups whom we rightly suspected to be teachers. All present were dressed in suits or formal dresses and we were somewhat surprised at that, as Humboldtschule generally dress less formally.

Everybody having settled down in the proper order, a girl arose to read from the Scripture. We rose in prayer, then a rector spoke, referring to the text that had been quoted from the Bible, spoke to us as students and as fellow human-beings. Matters directly concerning the school were also mentioned. We three had never experienced anything of the sort before and were certainly astonished. It was interesting to see the teachers leave before the rector began to speak. Was it that the forthcoming lesson would apply just to us? I enjoyed seeing the student body stand up to pay respect to the teachers as they left.

English was to be our first class. We fought our way back into the main building to land in a small room with three other students - somewhat younger than we - who informed us to our amazement that the six of us would make up the entire English class. We could hardly believe our ears; for though the upper classes of the Humboldtschule are pleasantly small, they still consist of twice or thrice as many students as that. Our teacher had thoughtfully brought along books for us to use in class. We read a very interesting text on something dealing with language. The following discussion demonstrated some of the advantages of a small class. Each of us was able to state his opinion elaborately, while on account of the few present the teacher wasted few words in the function of mediator. However, in a group like that the number of opinions must be limited, which sometimes tends to create a sterile climate.

English class was followed by French, German and a Bible hour. The girls in French informed us that French was the only foreign language they were studying. Being used to sweat through two or three foreign languages at the Humboldtschule we were at first tempted to look down at our class-mates; but soon we discovered that those girls spoke surprisingly well though they were still quite young. We reflected on whether indeed it might not be an advantage to concentrate on just one foreign language.

German class we spent in scrutinizing a German poem of the romantic age. We were asked to comment on it, which we

did at some length, profiting again by the fact that the circle of our discussion was small, and fascinated by the ease and intelligence of the conversation. After a short break, which we thought highly pleasing - not just for the hot chocolate served to us but also because it gave us another chance to observe a disciplined crowd of young students - we went to religious instruction.

A problem was posed involving people in everyday life, to be solved by referring to certain passages of the Bible. The discussion unfortunately mainly rested with the teacher, who tried his best to involve the students in a meaningful talk but seemed not to succeed. Perhaps the problem presented was somewhat too hypothetical and the solution advanced obviously not to be questioned. Yet we were thankful to have been present and see a method employed which was contrary to ours of the Humboldtschule.

We had much to say to each other in our way home. An experience, such as we had just been through, could not but invite comparisons. Our stay has provided us with a new view of our systems of schooling, which should not be any the poorer for some constructive criticism from us.

Best wishes,

Class 12A

New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Mick Brett	Mick Brett	65 - 67	Drake

Joined after being located years ago

Penelope Judith Watkins	Judy Hallet	59 - 61	Hood/ Collingwood
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Re-joined

Jane Cattell	Jane Haddow	64 - 71	Howe
Bernice Doyle	Bernice Lettieri	57 - 65	Howe
Christine Dye	Christine Hyde	64 - 69	Hood/ Rodney
Geoff Heath	Geoff Heath	59 - 65	Howe
Maurice Lammas	Maurice Lammas	51 - 55	Collingwood

In memoriam

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

Derek Fell	53 - 56	Rodney
Ronald Goodfellow	62 - 68	Drake
Isobel (Harrison) Griffiths	56 - 60	Frobisher/ Drake
Marion (Swinden) Taylor	58 - 61	Drake