

The Wilhelmshaven Association

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THE NEW CAVALIER



PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

WILHELMSHAVEN

1947 - 1972

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Next year's Biennial Reunion has been cancelled due to the uncertainty surrounding the Covid pandemic. The event will now be held on the weekend of the 22nd and 23rd April 2022 at the same venue and location as previously advertised.

Editor's Letter

How quickly a year passes, which is fortunate considering the sort of year it has been! Perhaps you are still in almost total isolation and unable to see loved ones because you or they are at risk. Whatever the case, we hope that this latest edition of New Cavalier brings some light relief to your lockdown blues.

First of all, many thanks to those who wrote in with memories and suggestions that have helped us in putting together this latest issue. With Autumn term drawing to a close, what better time to be reminded ourselves of bygone days 'when we were young and beautiful', as The Late Jennifer (Peel) Jones, so aptly put it.

This issue has a story from a boy who spent the whole of his secondary education at PRS, which is surely a school record, or does anyone know of a boy or girl who served longer than 23 terms? We also hear from several other former pupils about their experiences of school in Wilhelmshaven and what inspired them during the fifties and sixties. And we have an article on the prestigious 'Milocarian Trophy' - won by PRS on no less than five occasions. What was the significance of this award and why was PRS a consistent winner? We have a round-up of the answers thanks to an avid reader who suggested that we cover this story.

Finally, it will not have escaped your notice that uncertainty surrounding the Covid pandemic has forced us to put back next year's Chester reunion until 2022. Not exactly what any of us wanted, but I'm sure we all agree that it was the most sensible option available considering the prevailing circumstances.

Season's greetings and happy reading!

Your editorial team,

Paul Levitt & Andy Renou

Report from the Chair.

The committee has considered the Covid 19 situation carefully and decided that, in the interests of members and the organisers of the event, to postpone the 2021 reunion. Negotiations have taken place with the hotel and we have been offered and have accepted the weekend of the 22nd and 23rd April 2022 instead. Very significantly, the hotel has agreed to keep the cost of the rooms and the event at the 2021 rates.

The reunion sub-committee, led by Peter Piller, negotiated various options with The Queen's Hotel in Chester. There was a consensus at our September committee meeting that the best choice was the above option.

Our members who had booked their reunion tickets with Carol have all been contacted and advised of the situation and have been very supportive because most expected that the 2021 reunion would not go ahead. Messages have already been put out on Facebook, the TWA website and the PRS Blog. Word has got around and with this edition of the New Cavalier, we are announcing this decision to all of our members.

My special thanks go out to Carol Goronwy and the reunion sub-committee - Peter Piller, Richard Loveday and Terry Abrey, assisted recently by Chris Belk, who have all helped out with the additional work for the April 2022 reunion.

Following on from my request in our last New Cavalier for some new committee members, I am very pleased to welcome

Chris Belk, (Mountbatten, Drake and Lawson '66-'70) who has joined us. There are also a few others from our younger era who have shown an interest and this is very encouraging.

I trust that everyone is keeping safe and well and avoiding the Covid 19 virus. If you have been affected yourselves or have friends and family who have been, I wish you all a good recovery.

On behalf of the committee, it only remains to wish you the very best season's greetings and a healthy and Happy New Year.

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



Letters to the Editor

The New Cavalier arrived in an early mail delivery today. I started reading it at breakfast and didn't put it down until I had read it through. This, for me, has been the most interesting edition of the New Cavalier to date, as most of the main articles were concerning people who were at the school at the same time as me. Libby the marathon runner, Penny and her bus trip, The Brownies, Clare Whistler, Derek Fell and Trial by Jury, which was the first play I ever saw at the school. A lovely tribute to Issy (Griffiths) Harrison who I knew well at school and a fine article about Derek Fell, which made me wonder if he had finally joined TWA. The reason for the article only became clear when I saw the "In memoriam" on page 30. It is only a little over three years ago that I was in touch by email with Derek who had been the organiser of a Wilhelmshaven reunion I attended in 1960.

On a lighter note, I am intrigued to know if there will be a follow up article relating to Clare Whistler. Clare and I were in the same year and for a while in the same form until I reverted back to the B stream. I saw her at the above-mentioned reunion and somewhere have a poorly lit and grainy photograph taken in Churchill house of her, Judy Aitchison, Graham Evans and Barry Allen. I last saw Clare in 1962 when she was at the Royal School of Signals in Catterick Camp where she was doing her Q course as

a newly commissioned officer. I was by then a technician in the school workshop when her course came for their workshop experience.

Graeme Rothwell (Drake 55-59)

Ed.- Sorry to say that nobody has contacted us about Clare to date.

Many thanks for the latest copy of the magazine, which I am finding as absorbing as always. I was surprised to see my own nearly 17-year-old face in the pictures of Collingwood's performance of Trial by Jury sent in by Carolyn Cairns. I, too, have photos from the show, which I remember well, having had the privilege of singing the role of Angelina. She was the Plaintiff and Kevin Johnson was the Defendant. In the many years that have passed since leaving PRS, I have had great pleasure in playing other Gilbert and Sullivan roles, firstly the soubrettes, such as Mad Margaret in Ruddigore (type-casting according to my family) and then nearly all of the old dames with Katisha top of the list. The words of the late Mr Evans proved true when he said that I would be an alto into adulthood. Today I sing with one of the great choirs in Liverpool as 2nd alto.

My special thanks go to 'Lynn Doré' for reviving these memories.

*Jo (Fleming) Pollard (Grenville/
Collingwood 51 - 57)*

I noticed in the Meredith review (see page 4 of previous issue) the reference to our successes in winning the Milocarian trophy. It would be good to have an article on this trophy in the next issue of New Cavalier. Not sure that I can be of help because my 'sport' at PRS was avoiding all sports, so I didn't get all that involved, unlike my room mate, Brian Windle, who had the school record in either the high jump or long jump, or maybe both. But then he did seem to be about 6 feet tall!

David Starkie (Drake 56-57)

Ed. Thanks for your suggestion David - see this issue. Incidentally, we found two references to Brian Windle in the Spring 1957 Cavalier where he appears in a photo of the PRS Athletics Team and is mentioned in a list of those awarded colours for athletics.



Our thanks for the above photo go to Virginia (King) Bates (Rodney 54 - 59), the daughter of former deputy headmaster, The Late W.T. (Bill) King,

who taught Latin and French at PRS from 54-64. Pictured are Collingwood prefects and monitors of the 1956-57 era. We have identified M. Ryan (wearing glasses) from the photo of him holding the Milocarian Trophy (see this issue), but can anyone help with other names perhaps?

Referring to the school swimming photo in issue 79 (page 20), I can confirm that the boys are: Back Row left to right: 1st, John Ransom (RIP). 3rd, Brian Cater, 4th Derek Lewis (RIP), 7th Tony Griffiths. Boy kneeling on right of picture, John Grosvenor (Head Boy RIP). Girls seated between kneeling boys: 1st, Heather Maule, 2nd, Joy Newton (my sister RIP), and 5th, Liz Allen (next to John Grosvenor). I realise you may have published answers in issue 80, but my copy didn't arrive due to a change of address.

John Newton (Drake 47-51)

You asked if there were any other authors out there. Well, I too am an author of sorts. As a nerdy little boy who squeezed a 27 second flight from a paper plane off the side of the Fliegerdeich nearly half a century ago, I later authored a minor work "Understanding Aerofoil Data" to help model aircraft builders select suitable aerofoils for their new designs. This "must-have" coffee table adornment has ranked about two and a half million on Amazon's best seller

ranking. That was its place in the list, NOT the number of copies sold!

Denis Oglesby (Drake 54-57)

Ed. - Denis is being somewhat modest. A graduate in mechanical engineering, he was on the technical staff of Hawker Siddeley Aviation and Rolls-Royce, where he worked on the lift fan of the world's first supersonic short take-off/vertical landing stealth aircraft. He eventually started his own business, but retired somewhat reluctantly in 2010 due to a minor health scare. Denis still has a letter writing outfit he won at PRS for keeping a tidy room with Richard Tomlinson and Michael Halliday!



I was quite delighted at the mention of a 'Miss King' in the article, 'Where is she now' (see page 12 of the previous issue). She was House Mistress at Howe House in 1948/1949 and I couldn't think of her name until Malcolm Hynes mentioned her. I think we all adored her. When we had a midnight feast with fresh oranges and orange juice supplied by Ann-Margret Radford's mother we always made a noise in the bathroom with about eight to ten of us huddled in there and we always got found out, but when Miss King was the one who discovered us, we were all happily returned to our dorms. She had short fair wavy hair, pretty blue eyes and reminded me of the famous British actress/film star Jean Kent. Anyone from that era will remember her. I was in Howe House from 1947 to February 1950. I'm sure she left before I did because I remember feeling quite sad. I wish she'd been my French teacher - I'm sure I would have done better at French. I'm guessing that if she were about 28 in 1948 to 1949, she would have to be about 100 now and probably deceased. Alas, her stay was short and mine was only three years because my father's occupation in Hamburg came to an end and we had to return to the U.K. PRS was a great school and I wish I could have completed my schooling there. I did return to Germany to work when I was 18 and lived in with a German family in Stolberg in Rheinland. Incidentally, I have sent a lot of information to Bettina Blum in response to her request for information about our time in BAOR and would be very

pleased to receive a copy of her project when it is published.

P.S. It is a shame that I can't make it to Chester, which is a beautiful city. I was born there!

Val (Green) Thompson (Howe 47-50)

Ed. – We have also been in touch with Bettina, who was sent a copy of The Book, plus various photos. She replied: “At the moment I’m not generally looking for more photos, but if someone contacts me and tells me about something interesting and also has photos, that’s different. I am still collecting quite a lot of material and am also trying to go through the material I have collected already.”

I recall Miss King and a specific incident when she took a group of Collingwood girls to a hockey match. On their returned they proceeded to give Miss King the ‘bumps’ when it became known that it was her birthday. This was not approved of by other staff and some had their privileges withdrawn!

Margaret (Lee) Cannon (Collingwood 47-50)

Ed. – Margaret is a keen member of the 47ers group and we were saddened to hear that her husband, Barrie, died this year just as lockdown began. He had been a very supportive member of TWA and in fact most people thought that Barrie had attended PRS himself. Our thoughts are with you Margaret.



My fund-raising effort for Cancer Research UK (mentioned in the previous issue) has now reached £4021, but £7000 would be the ideal amount with it being a big birthday (70) fund raiser! So, please donate if you can. To date I have completed five of the seven tasks, this includes 70 cakes, 70 km cycling 70 m walking and 70 beach visits with swim and the 70 lengths of the local pool. I was very lucky with the weather and swimming in such a gorgeous part of the world. It is not such a huge hardship, but doing it 70 times took some doing! I knew I had to get it in before the cold weather arrived, which I knew would require a wetsuit (anyone who has donned a wetsuit will know how much energy you need to get in and out of those things). COVID adds an urgency to everything. My next big mission is planting 70 trees and today I was given the green light for an organised planting in Lytchett Minster, so I am now gathering the promised trees. Just in case you haven't seen my web-page, please go to:-

<https://fundraise.cancerresearchuk.org/page/susans-giving-page-1081>

Ann (Dilly) Stewart Drake girls at the same time as me has kindly given me 30 baby trees, which I collected recently from her in West Sussex home. It was so lovely to catch up with Ann as she shares my passion for the environment and is a very enthusiastic gardener.

Sue Burroughs (Collingwood 64-67)



I was very interested in reading the article about marathons in the previous issue. I never ran cross-country at PRS, but discovered that I liked running long distances at the age of 36. My husband (who died 15 years ago) had compiled (unbeknown to me) a scrap book, with all the London Marathon photos and medals I won. I didn't buy the photos at the time because I thought they were so expensive, but he did!

My husband was involved in building the second runway in the Falklands and was

away for a year before I was asked to join him. But with two teenagers in school, it really was not practical. He left in the April, and I turned on the television and saw the London Marathon, they were interviewing a chap called Steven Hill who was a paraplegic. I thought then, if he can do it in a wheel chair and I have two good legs that work, I could also do it. It gave me a year to train and run the Marathon during the next year, so I joined a local running club in East Grinstead. I subsequently joined Lingfield, because they ran through the winter.

To my utter surprise I got a place in The London Marathon, at which time there were not many ladies running. In fact, there were no ladies' sports shops, trainers or running gear! I trained 600 miles from December to April, and wore out two pairs of trainers. I also lost half a stone!! When my husband heard what I was doing he managed to get some sponsorship from his colleagues in the Falklands and I ran it in a time of 4 hours and 2 minutes.

According to the Scrap Book, I had raised £150,000 for charity, running 13 London Marathons, 1 in Toronto, Eastbourne, Stratford -upon -Avon, and the Seven Sisters.

A lot of credit has to go to my employer at the time, because they had been matching £ to £ so that doubled the amount. I always ask the Charity what piece of equipment they would like to buy. I then hand over the cheque to the department because if you buy for NHS they don't have to pay the VAT and if you buy it yourself, you do!

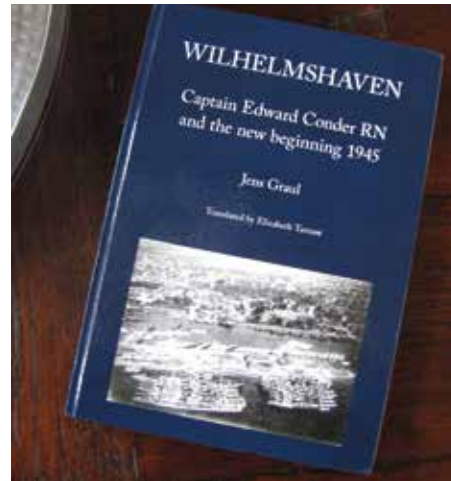
I still run about four times a week, 35 miles, with various friends. It has been such a good way to exercise, especially at this very difficult time. Running is also very good for your mental health. In fact, I have just put a notice in the village shop window to see if anyone would like to join me, one morning. I am nowhere near as good as Libby (see p.10-11 of previous issue), but my best time for the London Marathon is 3.30 and 30 seconds! Back in those days, if you started from the back, it took 10 minutes to get over the start line. There were no microchips in your shoes!

Yvonne (Hathaway) Binks (Hood/Howe 59-63)

The PRS Effect

Many former pupils have frequently spoken or written about their experiences at PRS in no uncertain terms. 'I feel privileged to have attended PRS', 'The happiest days of my life', 'Most memorable days of my early life' and 'Loved everything about the school and pupils', to name a few. These came from people with diverse backgrounds. In the case of one boy, his early days at PRS clearly meant much to him. 'It opened up the world to me with such diverse opportunities and teachers who were human, realistic people who had experienced life and could transmit to pupils how one should act in life to the benefit of all. I could go on.' This raises the question in our minds at least whether it would be worthwhile investigating the 'PRS Effect' over those first few impressionable years. Was it the location, the staff, the

pupils or that time in history, because there must be some reason that accounts for the affection and respect in which the school was held and indeed is still held. If you have a view on this, or can relate your own experiences at PRS to the above view, please get in touch. Ed.



Jens Graul's book reprinted

Interest in the English edition of The Late Dr Jen's Graul's book, 'Wilhelmshaven – Captain Edward Conder RN and the new beginning 1945', has now exceeded our supply, but Elizabeth Tarrant has organised the printing of a few more copies. If you would like to go on the list for one of these please let me know. The new price will be £22 including P & P. The reprint will be available in early 2021. Please contact Barbara: chair@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk or 01840 214946.

Note: Those who have already requested the book and are waiting delivery are still on the list!

Thank you for the music



Born in Hamburg, Army life and frequent relocations became second nature to Mike Franklin, whose teenage life began in Singapore and Malaya. But the years that would make the biggest impression on him were to follow when he returned to Germany. "After a few months back in the UK, I accompanied my parents to Buckeburg near Minden and arrived at PRS in May 1961. One of my earliest recollections was seeing John Sharp's red and white Rambler station wagon – so cool for a headmaster!" He was allocated to Howe and remembers the smell of the local gasworks, which permeated the air. In his first term he was unlucky enough to go down with German measles and become acquainted with the Sick Bay where hearing the same records played

over and over again made an impression on him. Mike takes up the story. One year I recall winning a chart/group competition on British Forces Broadcasting Service (BFBS). This was announced on the radio and a few seconds later there was a thundering of feet along the corridor as a band of fellow inmates who had also been listening burst in to congratulate me. Fame at last!

In 1962 I was allocated a room with Paul Hayward and recall one afternoon when he, Malcolm Tebbit and I mimed to Roy Orbison's 'Dream Baby'. I sang lead but was in stitches as Paul and Malcolm came in with the high note chorus of the backing singers. Other favourite songs that year were 'Let There be Drums' (Sandy Nelson), 'The Young Ones' (Cliff), 'Nutrocker' (B. Bumble and the Stingers) and 'Twistin' the Night Away' (Sam Cooke).

The first dramatic production I saw at PRS was 'The Mikado' which revealed amazing acting and musical talent. Who could forget 'Three Little Maids from School'? I was in the chorus of a later production, 'The Pirates of Penzance' and have good memories of playing the stuffy English gentleman, Percival Brown, in Mr Dyer's fantastic version of 'The Boy Friend'. During rehearsal, I had the terrifying experience of 'seizing up' as I started to sing 'Fancy Forgetting', but thankfully, it all worked out in the end. It was great fun and I'm sure that many people will remember the catchy 'It's Never Too Late to Fall in Love'.

The main focus of much of the musical

activity was, of course, Churchill House, where drama productions and school dances were held. I acted as 'Master of Ceremonies' for several of these, which involved organising the music. This depended on access to vinyl records and trying with some difficulty to satisfy the wide range of preferences. For a time, it was the tradition for the last dance to be a slow 'smoocher'. For this, the song of choice was typically something like The Shadows' 'Midnight' (the flipside of 'FBI'). Eventually, live music became a feature of the dances as pop groups formed in several of the houses, in particular, Howe and Rodney. This was a topic close to my own heart as I attempted to contribute something on drums as part of the 'Cato Street Sect' with Barry Stokes, Guy Bullough and Clive Boden in covering various songs by groups such as the Rolling Stones and Chuck Berry. We even got to play at the main restaurant club on the Sudstrand 'For one night only - Aus Liverpool'.

Another important source of music for many was the Church choir and, at Christmas, I remember some lovely carols such as the haunting 'Huron Carol' (the carol of the Huron Indians), which I have just tracked down on YouTube for the first time since 1965. After the normal Sunday morning church services, the boys would be invited to attend 'socials' on the top floors of their corresponding girls' houses for an hour or so. I always associate the Beatles' 'Twist and Shout' (1963) with these gatherings and recall

making the connection there with the Ritchie Valens' 1958 hit 'La Bamba' which uses a similar chord sequence. I remember Howe Girls as being a good crowd though I'm sure that a gawky junior was probably not their idea of whoever ranked as Brad Pitt at that time.

Music also came to Churchill in the form of evening dance classes. This was a chance to be on the main site and to mix with girls. The Latin American sessions gave us a chance to cha-cha-cha and samba while the English country dancing (cross-country dancing, as I called it) showed us how to 'strip the willow'. All good, clean, fun.

Another musical feature of PRS was what happened in the room at the end of the long block that extended from Nelson - the Music Room. Ruled over by Mr Evans (on the heel-against-the-desk bass drum) and, on piano, Herr Schniehotter, it was a cauldron of musical intrigue. There I was introduced to Glinka's glorious Ruslan and Lyudmila Overture. In return, during a 'bring your own records interlude', I subjected the class to 'Gloria' (flipside of 'Baby Please Don't Go') by 'Them', fronted by the future legend, Van Morrison. Unsurprisingly, Mr Evans was underwhelmed by this future classic.

With the move to the Fliegerdeich, Howe and Rodney houses joined Collingwood and Drake, albeit on four separate corridors. This was in around 1963 as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones really began to take off. I recall

hearing a broadcast from The Cavern Club on Radio Luxembourg as other groups such as the Searchers and Gerry and the Pacemakers were emerging to form part of the day-to-day life at PRS. Another rising star that time was Bob Dylan.

It is said that people remember exactly where they were in November 1963 when John F Kennedy died. I was in one of the rooms on the Howe corridor at the Fliegerdeich. The seemingly impossible had happened and life would never be the same again. Of course, we were in the middle of the Cold War and West Germany held a pivotal role in that. But thankfully, the music continued to provide a distraction.

I had major exams in 1964 but that didn't stop the flow of new groups and records to help us relax. This included the Animals, Manfred Mann and the Kinks. A high point of the year was the new Beatles' release, 'A Hard Day's Night', which became a significant game-changer in the global music scene.

I had taught myself to play guitar by the time I reached PRS and was keen to join the Howe group, then in its infancy. But unfortunately, as Elvis would later sing, 'nobody wanted to hire a guitar man'. However, a drummer was needed, so I was obviously their man. More self-tuition followed.

In 1965, some subtle changes occurred. More Stones' hits such as 'Satisfaction', 'For Your Love' by the

Yardbirds and other classics, such as 'California Dreamin' and The Who with 'My Generation', which probably spoke to many if not all of us. But one change was that I was now allowed to do my homework in my own room. Study was typically accompanied by Radio Luxembourg. One particular evening in 1966 I recall looking out of the window across the Jade Basin, which for a long time I had mistaken for the North Sea proper. The song on the radio was 'Sorrow' by the Merseys, which was a personal favourite.

Other songs evocative of my latter days at PRS were Crispian St Peter's 'You Were on my Mind', the Lovin' Spoonful's 'Day Dream' and, appropriately, Simon and Garfunkel's 'Homeward Bound'. The last term was something of a blur and nothing could prepare me for the return to England after such a long time continuously out of my core culture zone. Leaving PRS was like being cast to the wind, particularly as contact with old friends is easily lost. Thank goodness for the Reading, Wilhelmshaven and other reunions, and the 'Cavalier'!

My interest in the blues continued when I returned to the UK and I was lucky enough to develop my passion for seeing groups such as the Jimi Hendrix Experience (at one of his first gigs in England at the Ricky-Tik Club in Windsor in February 1967 while 'Hey Joe' was in the charts. Can you believe the audience was only about 150 people?). 'Cream' with Eric Clapton was avidly followed in the

late-60s. And the Royal Albert Hall became a second home.

After spending the best part of 50 years in The City of London as a Global Investment Strategist, I eventually moved to Harrogate to take things easier. Here I reflect with much affection on my years at PRS and the companionship I enjoyed.

Mike Franklin (Howe 61–66)

John's story

John Bartholmew was unhappy at being sent to boarding school to put it mildly. He wanted to go to day school, but there was only a primary school at the local garrison and the nearest secondary school was too distant for daily attendance. His parents saw no alternative than to send him to PRS. John takes up the story.

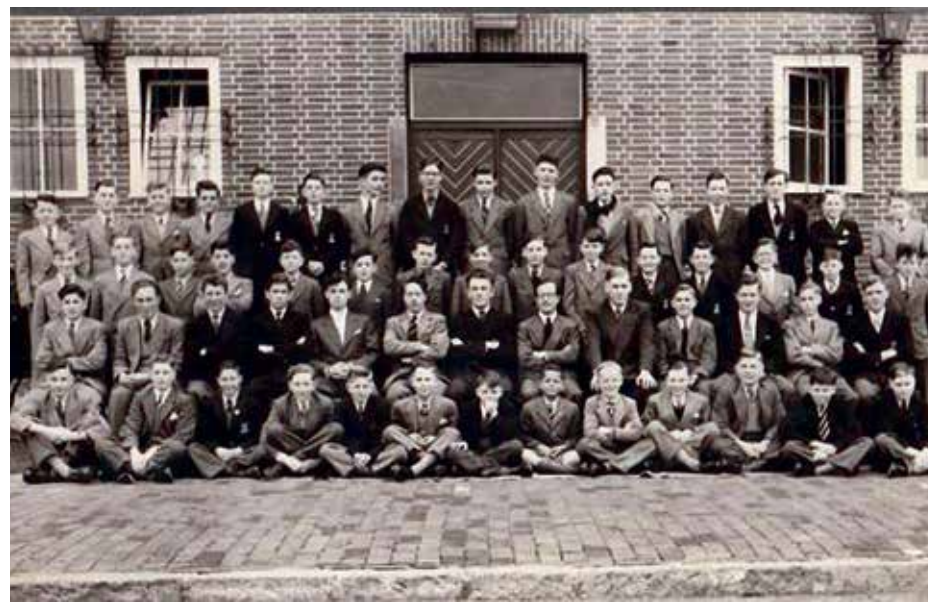
Two days after our arrival in Germany in June 1953, the month of the coronation, I was shipped off to PRS. I had not attended school for four months since leaving Tripoli and was not ready to leave home, but had to go. After enduring a wretched four-hour train journey, I bade a tearful farewell to my father and was on my own. Within a day I was diagnosed with chicken pox, and transferred to the sick bay where I was kept in isolation for three weeks. I have never felt so alone, with no friends or company. All I felt was envy for my younger brother and sister enjoying a new country in



John and his father at the Army Education Centre in Hohne – 1954.

the bosom of my distant family. By the time I was released, the summer holidays were fast approaching, and so I never became integrated in the school and I still hadn't had any schooling either.

Apart from the looming certainty of the next parting in September, the summer holiday was great and I enjoyed the army sailing club at Balderney See – a pretty spot on the River Ruhr. The other great memory of that summer was listening to the test match radio commentary on a temperamental wireless that required someone to keep a finger on the aerial as John Arlott's voice surged and faded. This was the summer when the Ashes were won by England, for the first time since 1934, after four hard



Howe Boys 1954. John is in the centre of the back row, wearing a black blazer.

fought drawn matches. I was lying on the floor where the reception was best, straining to hear Dennis Compton's winning hit at the Oval and leaping to our feet in triumph when it happened. In 1954, my main year at PRS, it was subjected to a general inspection and in their report Her Majesty's Inspectors (which I have read only recently) reached this conclusion and I quote, 'Great difficulties confront this school; in addition to those implicit in the co-educational and comprehensive framework, it is beset by the constant turnover of pupils and staff, by the dispersal over three sites, and by expansion of numbers undertaken at a startling rate. Against this have been set a staff good in number and quality, generous facilities except for books, and the cooperation and support of the

British Families Education Service and military authorities. It has triumphed, and a very good school is the result.'

Although I never came to love boarding school, it wasn't so bad, once I had got over the initial wrench each new term. Dormitory life was a bit hard, but I adapted to the routines and gradually found my way. In spite of huge gaps in my education from a series of ill-equipped army schools, I impressed my form teacher sufficiently to be promoted to the A stream and developed a love for writing. I started to compose flowery descriptive passages, which fortunately have not survived.

I started to enjoy sports on the extensive playing fields, but lacked the essential ball skills to get in any of the teams that would have enabled me to play more

regularly. However, I was a vociferous supporter in the soccer house matches, and on games afternoons rushed around enthusiastically despite the fact that I was one of the poorer players on the field. When the pitches were unplayable due to snow, we did cross-country running, which I hated. One day we all piled into school buses and were driven to a nearby lake to play on the ice. It wasn't long before I came a cropper and I've been nervous of ice ever since.

Christmas was soon upon us and back home in Dusseldorf I spent some time writing and designing a newspaper containing football reports and a couple of modest literary efforts, to be distributed among my housemates. It was called *Howe Now*, a name suggested by my father, who duly had 70 copies produced on the Army Education Centre duplicator. These went into my luggage for the return to school, at least giving me something to look forward to when I got there.

Back in Wilhelmshaven, I now found myself in a small room with just one other occupant and was much happier. *Howe Now* was well received by our housemaster, Mr Edwards, who encouraged me to produce issue number two which, when it appeared, looked much more professional than the first. It contained contributions by other members of the house, and now ran to four foolscap pages. In due course issue number three arrived, including a verse from the housemaster at Drake that began, 'An

envious green suffused our brow when we perused your mag, *Howe Now*.' It was good to have carved out some identity for myself, and even better when I got a part in the spring term school production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and I still remember my lines, 65 years later.

Meanwhile, the family had moved to Hohne, a considerably less attractive army camp near Celle. So, at Easter, I arrived back to a new home and went sailing in the new surroundings of Steinhuder Meer. We also cycled a few miles to Bergen/Belsen where a long track through the pines led to the site of the infamous camp, which had only recently been opened to visitors. The effect of the visit on a sensitive fourteen-year-old was profound.

Within no time, I was back at school for my final term. This departure from home was ill timed as my idol, the cricket commentator, John Arlott, was about to visit Hohne on a lecture tour, hosted by my father who was the education officer. I begged to be allowed to stay, but the school train was leaving and I had to be on it. My new roommate, Billy Kirkwood, was on the same wavelength as me and wrote an amusing article for *Howe Now*, which impressed me as it contained the word 'blithely', which I considered to be very classy writing. I wrote my account of the Belsen visit, but it was knocked off the front page by something that arrived a week into the new term. It was an exclusive article by John Arlott, which hardly made up for not meeting

him in person, but I enjoyed it just the same.

Days at PRS began with a bell at 7.30, but before that I would listen in bed to music on AFN Bremerhaven, which was the most entertaining radio station within range. The names of schoolmates would be sometimes be read out and their requests played. Billy and I decided to make a request. It went into an envelope with an instruction to play it between 7 and 7.30. Several mornings went by without a response, but then our names were mentioned and the request - Frankie Laine's hit, 'Jezebel', played, together with the flip side. At breakfast, we received the accolade from several others for our little wireless triumph.

After breakfast, we were bussed into the main school campus, and that morning, the headmaster Dr Pacey gave his announcements and the usual list of miscreants he wanted to see, today including Billy and me! This was a new experience as I was an ultimately compliant pupil. It seems he had been tipped off about AFN that morning, and strongly objected to the name of the school 'being noised across the country'. Our actions seemed pretty harmless to me, and still do.

That summer was hot, and I remember endless afternoons at the playing field and swimming pool. I was enjoying my early attempts at cricket, and when I was not playing cricket, I was a spectator at house matches with my reporter's notebook in hand. *Howe* was carrying all before them and

new boy called Ashenden, who was reputed to have had fast bowling trials for Sussex, had arrived at Bonteheim, and blew away several batting sides. We duly won the house championship to go with the football cup that had already. As our chess team had also been successful that year, it looked as if we would have a clean sweep of all the sporting competitions except sailing, where we only had helmsmen available for three of the four classes required. Then someone noticed my name on the sailing club lists, and I was pressed into service. Sailing round the harbour was just like I used to do in Tripoli, and, to the astonishment of all the other *Howe* sailors, I won the four-boat race hands down. My victory gave us the highest points score, and made us overall winners - a completely new experience for me!

I wished I had done more sailing, but the holidays were nearly upon us, and letters from home started to mention our impending departure from Germany. Although my father was a good education officer, he was not wedded to army life and had decided to call time on his career. This heralded a major change for all the family. I had barely been back to Hohne for two days before we were off to the Hook of Holland for our voyage home.

Woolverstone Hall was an establishment recently set up by the London County Council to provide for grammar school boys, which I had somehow managed to become without ever taking the 11-plus

exam. It was housed in a gothic mansion on the banks of the River Orwell, near Ipswich, and term had already begun when I arrived. My eye was immediately drawn to the unexpected sight of the PRS crest behind the headmaster's desk. He followed my gaze and grinned, for he was none other than J.S. Smitherman, the founding head of PRS. As you can imagine, that got me off to a very good start. But that is another story.

John Bartholomew (Howe 53-54)

Ed. – Martin Ashenden went on to play professional cricket at the highest level. His story is told in New Cavalier issue 67 (see pages 7-8).

The Milocarian Trophy

In Headmaster's Review on page 4 of the previous issue, Mr Meredith mentioned the Milocarian Cup, a fact that didn't escape one reader, who wrote suggesting that we enlighten readers about this prestigious award. A quick glance at the facts and figures section of the TWA website gives a brief introduction to the subject. The Milocarian Trophy Competition began in 1946 and was organised by the Amateur Athletic Association. It was open to all schools and colleges in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and BFES overseas. Prince Rupert School entered the competition for the first time in 1957. A school team was open to boys aged 15 and 16 and had to



The Milocarian Trophy

comprise at least 20% of those eligible in the school. Each boy had to enter and record three events performed in competition under AAA laws, of which one must be track and one field. Performances were evaluated in accordance with the Milocarian Scoring Tables and the school with the highest average score per boy per event won the Trophy.

The table of winners shows early domination by King Alfred School who won it five times in a row from 1952 to 1956. But PRS won the trophy at its first attempt in 1957 and indeed went on to win it in 1959, 1962, 1965 and 1966. So, what of those fine PRS athletes who trained for and were successful in competing for the trophy? We can only guess at who played a role in the triumphs of 1957 and 1959 as little can

be gleaned from Cavalier magazine in these years. We all know someone who was an outstanding athlete during our time at PRS, and notable names in 1957 were Collingwood's Victor Ludorum, J. Davidson, and Drake's own Victor Ludorum and middle-distance running phenomenon, the late Mickey Spillane. Cavaliers from 1959 proving too scarce to lay our hands on, we can at least ascertain that Collingwood's Michael Ward and Rodney's Terence Wonnacott shared the Victor Ludorum honour that year. And in 1960, the precise mid-life of the school, Howe's John Bennie and Collingwood's Bob Walker shared the Victor Ludorum award.

However, in Autumn 1961, it was reported in Cavalier that, "David Rowe improved immensely in the triple jump, while Lawson, Sheppard (who broke the old Milocarian record in the 110 yards hurdles), Peters and Perry steadily pushed their averages up in the fifties." The Spring 1963 issue of Cavalier was less upbeat when it reported, "The (winning) team for 1961/62 consisted of 14 boys, but the number required for 1962/63 is likely to be as many as 20. The task of defending the trophy during the current school year will be extremely difficult." PRS had in fact won the trophy in 1962 with a 42.2-point average over the second placed school, Marlborough College, which had a 38.7-point average. Leading PRS athletes at this stage were: Ian Lawson (55 points), John Topper (53.3 points),

Graham Shotter (48.6 points), and Rob Lee (45 points).

By Autumn 1963, only three of the successful 1962 team remained, but 25 were soon recruited from the 80 eligible boys at school, of whom 16 would count for the competition. Despite training and/or competing four times per week, the team average of 41.25 points fell short of the 1962 performance level when the averages of several competitors were in the 'fifties'. However, more up and coming boys improved to give better all-round performance. Jeremy McCoy, the BFES 400 metres record holder, had the highest average score of 50.3 points. D. Clarke was second with 47.3 points.

In 1964, hopes were again high until a batch of new postings was announced and 'stars' of the previous team left PRS. However, new talent was found and although results were down,



C. Boden (Head Boy) M. Ryan M. Trewhella with the Milocarian Trophy

PRS achieved a creditable third place out of 18 competing schools with an average of 38.6 points against a winning 39.6 points. Looking at the winning times and distances, clearly PRS was competing against some extraordinary individuals in this particular year with the best performer achieving a 71.3-point average!

In 1965 the story was different. With an average of just 38.4 points and expecting to achieve no better than third or fourth place, PRS surprised even itself and lifted the Milocarian Trophy once more! Six of the winning team members were also eligible for the next athletics season, so hopes were set high to retain the trophy. In 1966, the competition was enlarged to include juniors and intermediates in addition to the original seniors age group. PRS entered both senior and intermediate teams that year and retained the trophy in the former, while being placed third in the latter where there was a very large entry from UK schools. In terms of individual performance, Ray Chapman's high jump was placed second in the national entry and was beaten only by 1/4 inch, while Barry Stokes won the triple jump and was placed third in the long jump. Tony Jens came third in the shot and Martin Trehwella was well placed in the mile and half-mile events. Ray Chapman, actually broke three BFES records that year (high jump, 120-metres hurdles and 400 metres) and he had the school's highest average with 59 points. The school average at that time was just 41.9 points.

Ed. If you have memories of the part you played in winning the Milocarian Trophy, do get in touch.



Despite an inauspicious start to school life, Judy Hallett (nee Watkins) went on to enjoy her time at PRS. She currently lives in rural West Wales and among others tends a flock of sheep on a smallholding with her husband of over 50 years and her younger son.

I attended PRS for six terms between September 1958 and July 1960, as a first and second-year pupil. Prior to my father being posted to Germany I had attended Stafford Girls' High School, but the records moved slowly in those days and despite showing the headmaster my school report from Stafford and my evidence of passing the 11plus, I was still required to repeat the first year. This affected my settling in and I remember my parents speaking to the headmaster about it during an easy weekend, but to no avail.

I spent my first year in Hood before transferring to Collingwood where I remember enjoying dyke walks at

weekends. In fact, we were not allowed to stay indoors if the weather was okay. I soon became acquainted with the Sick Bay after developing a severe ear infection. This building was at the same end of the site where the sewing classroom was situated and where I made a skirt and blouse. Nearby was also a hall we used for roller-skating. I also remember playing hockey on a nearby field.

The teachers were really good, I thought. Although I don't remember gym lessons, I do remember music lessons at the very end of the long low building with classrooms. Our teacher, who looked like the actor Derek Guyler, was really good fun and made us sing 'na-var, na-var, na-var' over and over again. The art room was in an attic somewhere and in the second year the teacher gave us permission to go in and work on our projects over the weekend. This we were allowed to do unsupervised, but we never abused the privilege.

In science lessons we did practical experiments, such as determining the speed of sound using the very long straight road through the site in combination with a wooden clapper. That one remained with me despite the passage of over 60 years! Another memory is how our French teacher used to give tea parties in her flat, which was located at the end of Drake Girls. During the parties we all had to speak French throughout!

At break times we would return to the house for cocoa and buns served

by matron. In Hood, our matron was very tall and firm but fair. This was in contrast to our rather small matron in Collingwood who clearly had her favourites and I was made to stand in the corner of her room quite a lot while she had tea and cakes with them! She left rather suddenly during mid-year and was replaced by one of the matrons on Fliegerdeich. Perhaps there were complaints about the original matron?

I liked the food, especially Bonteheim Bricks (or Fliegerdeich Flagstones) for breakfast - bacon and mashed potato sandwiched between two layers of pastry served in squares. Also egg and chips followed by cheese on toast and an apple for supper on Thursdays when they cleaned the kitchens. At tea time, tables were first come first served, but breakfast, lunch and supper were on tables with fixed seating plans and with a prefect or teacher at the head. The four seated on each side were arranged in descending order of seniority.

A production of Carmen I saw at school was very enjoyable. One of the sixth-formers played Carmen. I also remember one term when a group of fifth-form boys managed to escape one evening and go to a bar in Wilhelmshaven. This included the headmaster's son and all were expelled, except him. I remember feeling personally aggrieved at the injustice, but I believe the expelled boys were all reinstated the following term.

Easy weekends were times when my parents would make the long drive

from RAF Sundern to see me, and when I was in the second year we would go to RAF Jever and spend time with former pupil the late John Azzaro (Collingwood 59-60) and his family. We had known each other for many years due to postings that coincided. Until the Azzaros arrived, easy weekends were often spent in the car on the dyke watching the rain lashing down and the waves crashing! As soon as Kings School Sundern opened, I was sent there as it was in walking distance of our house.

Judy Hallett nee Watkins (Collingwood 59-60)



David and Sue

David Tomlinson and his siblings are among the very few pupils who served their entire secondary education at PRS. His brother, Richard and sister Sarah, were already at school when he arrived in January 1958, so from

1954 to 1965 there was at least one Tomlinson at PRS. Despite living in Germany for 18 Years, the family moved around frequently. David, who ended up attending 9 primary schools in 8 years, takes up the story.

I remember the late-night conversations with room-mates and hearing stories of life in the UK, which seemed like a foreign country to me having left when I was about two. There were numerous occasions when we were 'caught talking after lights out' and ended up standing in the corridor and getting a few strokes of the slipper. We spent hours under the bed clothes listening to radio Luxemburg and some big boxing matches such as Henry Cooper versus Muhammad Ali.

Over the first couple of years I ended up fagging for various seniors. Privileges, such as drinking coffee while listening to a radio when I should have been in my room with the lights out, came with the job, but small amounts were sometimes paid. Some paid to have their CCF kit polished the day before a big parade, which was lucrative. Another money-making idea was ordering model-making kits in bulk at a discount, which I then sold on at face value. This worked well for a couple of terms until my enterprise was ended by a master with a similar scheme. So, I began trading in American comics and Deutsch Marks, which fetched a premium price since our pocket money was paid in BAFS that had no

value outside the school gates.

I tried to avoid dyke walks on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, usually by hiding in my bedroom. I was no sportsman so dreaded things like football and cross-country runs involving wading through deep ditches and coming in last or nearly last by which time all the hot water in the showers had gone. I have special memories of my first 3 years in the scouts, such as the weekends spent camping in the woods at the side of the runway of RAF Jever. The late-night sessions round the camp fire trying to bake 'savoury twists' in the flames and lots of camp fire songs. Mr Cocks our scouting leader was dedicated to giving us a good time. I later met him in Ipswich, where I learned of his passion for classical music.

Sick Bay was a place I had cause to visit quite often. I loved it when my stays coincided with test matches and spent hours listening to a very crackly ball-by-ball commentary from the BBC. The excitement rose when we found the room next door was full of girls. That soon led to long late-night conversations through the wall which seemed to get more risqué the later it got. I once caught chicken pox and spent 3 weeks in isolation. Although I lost my appetite, the staff insisted that I ate the food, which I found more repulsive by the day. Being on the top floor with a dormer window overlooking the roof of the building, I struck upon the idea of stuffing it

under the lead flashing of the window, which worked for a week or so until there was a massive commotion of seagulls outside my window. They had deftly pulled my food from under lead and were fighting over it. All I got was a long knowing look from the nurse!

Every half term our parents took us out for a couple of days of freedom, mine sometimes camping amongst the dunes at Voslap. Once a storm blew up and the wind was so strong that my Dad spent half the night holding onto the tent. The pole finally snapped and the tent collapsed into a heap, so camping lost its appeal after that. End of term had us gathering together in the prep room for a spontaneous concert – a skiffle group with tea chest and wash board singing 'It Takes a Worried Man to sing a Worried Song.'

On F.A. cup final day everyone clubbed together to hire a TV for the day. So often it seemed to be a piping hot day, but still the best part of a hundred of us huddled together watching the match on what must have been quite a small sized TV. The tuck shop opened once a week on a Saturday. I always bought a lollypop and threepenny chews each week, which hardly lasted till Sunday afternoon. On Saturday evenings we dressed up for the 'Flicks', carefully applying hair cream in order to create the best possible 'quiff'. I never understood why we spent so much time getting ready, just to go and sit in the dark watching classics like

'The Wooden Horse'. Looking back, it seems ironic that escape films featured so heavily in the repertoire, possibly inspiring the many school escapes!

Sailing played a big part in my life at school. Sailing round the bay on a Saturday afternoon, exploring the nooks and crannies, was hugely preferable to the dreaded Dyke walk. I still use those skills, and for the past 18 years have spent 10-16 days each summer or autumn on a yacht with friends, cruising on the English or French side of the channel, once getting as far as south Brittany. Like riding a bicycle, the ability to sail never leaves you.

An abiding memory was the big storm and the Hamburg floods of February 1962. There was a very high spring tide and we spent a whole evening checking the sea level on the other side of Fliegerdeich. It continued to rise until around midnight and was within a few inches of the top. If the dyke had been breached our houses would have been completely engulfed. It was a very exciting evening. The next day we realised we had survived, but further along the sea front several hotels had been severely damaged with roofs off and collapsed walls. Several beach side cafes were completely washed away.

Having my bike at school enabled me to leave for main site long after everyone else and still get there on time. I often raced the buses back to

Fliegerdeich and on one occasion skidded and fell off, which resulted in a visit to the Deputy Head's office for a dressing down. I claimed my brakes had failed, but I don't think my word outweighed that of an angry bus driver.

I could not believe the amount of food we were served: cooked breakfasts, bread buns at morning break, 3-course lunches, bread and jam and cakes for tea and then a two-course evening meal. How did we do it? I was a very fussy eater and my particular hates were Vienna steaks, rice pudding and cheese soup. My absolute favourites were the full English breakfasts, farmer's breakfast, Bonteheim bricks, boiled eggs, egg and chips, and mixed grill. I once arranged it so that my table had the most pupils who didn't like eggs and was able to have 8 or even 10 boiled eggs for breakfast. The Prefects' Room gave us the opportunity to sit around eating weird concoctions such as toast with ketchup or sugar. But I sometimes got fed up with evening meals and requested to remain on the main site to study. I was thus able to cook up beans on toast in the prefects' section of the library thanks to a hot plate hidden behind a row of books. There was often a meeting of some sort in the library after the evening meal, so I would open all the windows – even in freezing cold weather - to disperse the smell of my cooking. Once I got permission to eat out in town with Bob Stevens and we ended up having farmer's breakfast and chips, which amused our house master,

but we enjoyed it.

Enduring memories of the school train have often featured in the pages of the Cavalier. Those 7-hour journeys reminded me of what happened in the latter days when the school train terminated at Osnabrück and we had to transfer onto a scheduled train. We had to convert our vouchers into tickets, so 20 of us got off our train and ran to the ticket office where there was a queue. When we got back to the platform the train had gone and the only option was to spend an extra DM1 each to catch the next express train. I was the only one with any money so I paid the 20 marks and we were soon on the comfortable express train. We caught up with our own train at Münster and quickly transferred. I remember the school bursar asking, 'Why could not just one of you have gone to convert all 20 tickets so that only one was at risk of missing the train?'

My time at PRS was marked mainly by my involvement in drama, taking part in every end of term production from Autumn 1958 to Autumn 1964. There were the big historical Shakespeare plays where I had small parts, St Joan in which I had my first really meaty part, then the Gilbert and Sullivan musicals. I do remember playing the Lord High Executioner alongside Mr Davies who played Poo Bah. It turned out he was always very nervous on stage, though it didn't show. I remember well the two of us standing in the wings waiting to come on. He was taking frequent swigs

from a hip flask and offered me one of what turned out to be brandy, but I'm not sure it enhanced my performance. My best memories are of the smaller Christmas productions such as Thornton Wilder's 'A Happy Journey' and Singes 'A Playboy of the Western World'. Strangely I was never involved in any drama after leaving school. But the interest did re-appear in our daughter who got involved in her final year at primary school and went on to go to drama school.

In recent years we have run a family charity, 'Acting on Impulse' where we teach people who have experienced homelessness or whose lives are marginalised in some way, how to act and make films with them.

In my third and fourth year at PRS I had six different English teachers and reached the fifth year with little ability to spell and nothing ever to say on the random essay subjects that came up in the exams. I failed my O-level English. Miss Tebbs was then given the challenge. I failed three more times before, on my fifth attempt, I was so ill the school applied for special consideration to be given. It worked and I passed. They were less successful with German, which I took and failed seven times. For someone who by the end had lived in Germany for 17 years that was some achievement. I always got grade A for oral, but it was always grade F or G for the written exam. The lack of a foreign language 'O-level' severely restricted my options

for university. Notwithstanding these evident shortcomings, I was accepted at Kings College, London University to study a joint Maths and Physics degree.

Finally, it was decided that I should spend an extra year in the sixth form to give me a better chance to achieve A level grades good enough to go on to university. I achieved the required results at the end of the upper sixth year, so the extra year was not necessary. However, I never regretted it because it was the year that I got to know my future wife, Sue Bendix. She was head girl of Drake while I was head boy of school. We always kept in touch but it was another 12 years before we got together! In a life that has so far spanned 74 years, my years at PRS still remain really significant.

David Tomlinson (Drake 58 – 65)

Former PRS teaching-staff member, Averil (Jelleyman) Neumann (Drake 69-72), kindly sent us the following progress report that appeared in the local Wilhelmshaven press on September 9th. It basically says that work on the bunker, which was due to begin about now, must wait until the final planning permission comes through. The only progress has been the removal from the bunker of a layer of poor-quality cement in preparation for the planned four stories that will be



built onto it.

As previously reported in New Cavalier (see issues 78, p. 10), the architect, Dorte Mandrup, has designed a sort of glass cube that fits over the bunker. The significance of this is that it represents a 'world between worlds'. The glass surfaces will reflect light as if it were ocean tides. The bunker and environs will become an international centre for cooperation and protection of the Wadden sea (tidal flats) as a natural heritage that extends from Den Helder in the Netherlands to Esbjerg in Denmark. When planning permission comes through the work can be put out to tender. Eight million euros have been invested, with the federal government and Lower Saxony putting up half of that amount. Wilhelmshaven

is providing the land and will appoint the building contractor. When it's finished it will be part of a trilateral Wadden Sea Foundation together with the Wadden Sea secretariat which is already established in the town.

Ed. – Nice to hear from Averil again, who married local resident, Günther, and remained in Wilhelmshaven following the school closure in 1972. The couple entertained a PRS delegation during a mini-reunion held in the town a couple of years ago and Averil, as the former departmental head, entertained New cavalier readers with a story about Home Economics - taught to boys and girls up to GCE A-level at PRS - (see issue 65, pages 19-20).



soil der umbaute Bunker nach den Plänen der Architekt



Mary (Warren) Pritchard 1941-2020

I was saddened to hear that my friend Mary Warren had passed away on 25 August 2020. Mary was diagnosed with MS a few years ago and stoically bore her illness. She and her husband John, who predeceased her, had three children.

Mary was a great friend and roommate during my time in Collingwood. She moved to Melksham (Wiltshire) to a new care home to be nearer to her family but unfortunately died a few days later.

Our sincere condolences are extended to her siblings, Dinah, Gillian (Deceased), David and Vicki, and her three children. Rest in peace, Mary.

Carolyn (Lynn Doré at PRS) Cairns (Collingwood 53 – 56)

Peak District mini-reunion



These former pupils who were last photographed together over sixty years ago, were reunited in the Peak District in September. Roger Hall (left) and Bob Innes (centre) were already in touch and have attended a number of reunions, but their Drake housemate, Tony Price had not seen them since leaving school in 1960.

Distant Days

I wonder why so many memories of Wilhelmshaven are about food? Slices of pumpernickel, piled high with delectable Nordseekrabben. Tubs of scrumptious Kartoffelsalat, Matjesfilets, All from an enticing shop in Marktstrasse. Kasseler Kotelette, Rippenspeer, all bought at the butcher's stall of the Saturday Borsenplatz market. Cafe Heise, also in Marktstrasse, and those amazing cakes mit Schlagsahne. Now, there's a memory! Takeaways, such as spit-roast chicken, smothered in paprika, Bratwurst, Frites. Rot oder weiss came the question? Puzzling at first but I soon settled for both - tomato ketchup and mayonnaise! At one favourite restaurant, popular

with PRS staff, you could get delicious chicken and chips to eat with your fingers, not cutlery - fun and wet wipes provided! The first, my future husband took me to? Somewhere in Jever! Chateauxbriand, served on a large, silver platter. Memorable! Was that when I thought, "This is the man for me,"? And he was!

Somewhere in Wilhelmshaven we ate Schweinshaxe und Sauerkraut. You could also order potato dumplings ... but ...the portions were so huge, only one friend, an Australian, ever did. He ate the lot! Smoked eel, at Bad Zwischenahn. Smoked eel at a retired admiral's house-warming party. Yes, I was there! How on earth did I manage to meet an admiral? Visiting the Aquarium at Sudstrand with a group of PRS pupils, must have really impressed him! He wasn't the only admiral I would meet in Wilhelmshaven. I met another at an official reception at the German Naval Officers' Mess. Shouldn't have been there really... my mistake. No food involved ... just Cognac! But that's another memory and story of those distant days.

Patricia (Vasey) Rigg (Teaching staff 67-72)

Ed. - Pat taught English, History and Art, and was House Mistress of Blake Junior Girls. After marrying a fellow member of the teaching staff, Brian Rigg, she subsequently joined him in Mountbatten Junior Boys, formerly Howe House. In 1972 they moved with PRS to Rinteln, where they stayed until 1976.

New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Pat Copley	Pat Kendal	69 - 72	Collingwood
Joan Constance	Joan Gray	51 - 53	Grenville/Howe

Re-joined

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Stuart Langden	Stuart Langden	61 - 63	Collingwood
Ron Watson	Ron Watson	60 - 63	Collingwood
Ian Tofts	Ian Tofts	57 - 60	Howe

In memoriam

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

Name	Years	House
Patrick Ruffels	60 - 64	Drake
(John) Trevor Roberts	47 - 49	Collingwood
Mr. Gareth Thomas	65 - 70	Howe/Shackleton
Michael Booth	47 - 51	Howe

Annual Accounts

I am pleased to report that the TWA accounts were in a healthy state at the end of the 2019/2020 Financial Year.

Summary of the Accounts as follows (2018/2019) are in brackets for comparison.

General Fund b/f 2018/2019 £3,629.32 (£3,1512.43)

Total Income available including subscriptions and Merchandise sales £8,081.62 (£7,988.64)

Total Expenditure on Merchandise, TWA site Hosting, Stationery, Room Hire for Meetings, Newsletters Printing and Postage, PayPal Charges. £4,747.49 (£4,359.32)

Balance available to be c/f to 2020/2021 £3,334.13 (£3,629.32)

Contingency Reserve c/f to 2020/2021 (£4,000.00)

Facilitation Fund b/f 2018/2019 £5,053.73 (£5,301.99)

Income from Donations £110.00 (£110.00) Less Grants £168.00 (£358.26)

Balance c/f 2020/2021 £4,995.73 (£5,053.57)

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

Due to Covid-19 the biennial reunion has been moved to 2022, the new dates are:

Friday 22nd & Saturday 23rd April 2022.

We are pleased to announce that the date change is the only alteration made!

The venue: 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 2022/23.

The Queen Hotel is the largest in Chester with 221 bedrooms and is the original railway hotel, having been built in the 1850s. 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 free to spend with your friends or exploring 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.**

A booking form for 2022 is enclosed but if you have already made a booking for 2021 you do not need to send it again. 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 2022.

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 call the hotel on **0330 028 3402** and select reservations and use the **block ID code 5732143**

A weblink for booking will be live from April 23rd, 2021 and we will publish the details then.

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 2022.

(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.](https://www.visitcheshire.com/accommodation/chester-hotels)