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THE NEW CAVALIER



PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

WILHELMSHAVEN

1947 - 1972

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"It is in some ways sad that PRS is leaving Wilhelmshaven. This ought to have been a year for a little nostalgia. Instead the school is buzzing with a mounting sense of impermanence. This should not obscure the fact that Wilhelmshaven has been a good host to the school and there are many features of the town and the area that will be missed more than most people realise."

(Extracted from The Cavalier)



Editors Letter

Next year will be the fiftieth anniversary of the closure of our school in Wilhelmshaven and its transfer to Rinteln. As the final few terms approached, the Headmaster's mind was troubled by, "Far too many pupils of the younger age group. Clear signs that respect for property is deteriorating. Doubt that pupils willingly work as hard as previously." His hope for improvement was hardly met in full when the following year he wrote, "I must review the last year as certainly not the most successful in the history of the school. Despite the lapses, the opportunity is still there for those who want to be identified with all that is sound in the tradition of the school. Many have stood up and been counted. It is time for everyone to do so." Clearly not in the mood for reflecting on a job well done on the eve of the school's twenty-fifth anniversary!

Today, fifty years after those comments were published, New Cavalier has a mixed-bag of views that pierce the gloom and tell a different Wilhelmshaven story. One pupil admits the ups and downs of his sporting year in the mid-life of the school, but finished with a 'wouldn't have missed it' flourish. Another thanks and even blesses the PRS he knew in the early years for everything it taught and gave him in life. A former teacher allows us a rare peep into her diary, while another pupil expresses belated thanks to the staff, especially for his appreciation of music. We also hear a story about another teacher who was sought by his grandson on our website guestbook. And if you like a good mystery, why the 'Riddle of the Sands' might be just the tonic you need in 2022. These stories and much more await you in this issue. Finally, we wish you good health and happiness this year, despite the many challenges we still face.

Your editorial team,

Paul Levitt & Andy Renou

With most of us having had our first Covid jabs now I am sure, like me, you are beginning to see a return to normality, albeit a little way off! However our Chester Reunion 22nd - 23rd April 2022 is now looking as though it will really happen. If you have been delaying reserving your tickets, it would be helpful for us if you go ahead and do this and we will be able to have an idea of the numbers to consider for the weekend.

One bonus of changing the year of the Reunion to 2022 is that it will be 50 years since the school closed in 1972! It might be worth considering that this could be the last big biennial Reunion as things are beginning to change as far as the Committee is concerned. I am very pleased to announce that we have 2 more new Committee members from the younger era - Mark Pepper (Drake/Lawson 69 - 71) and Clive Upton (Mountbatten/Shackleton 67 - 71). We now have 5 members from this era and 8 of us 'oldies' some of whom have been there from the beginning. As more younger members join the Committee, there are going to be new ideas about how TWA moves into the future.

Richard Loveday who has served on the Committee for many years has now left although he still fully supports TWA. Richard has been involved in many projects including transporting the Honour Boards from Wilhelmshaven in 1997 to the UK, and then returning them 20 years later, transporting the Smitherman/Captain Conder desk

back to Wilhelmshaven from the home of Pat Rigg in the UK for many years and prior to that at PRS Rinteln where it was taken when PRS Wilhelmshaven closed in 1972. Richard has also been responsible for organising several of our big Reunions and various visits to Wilhelmshaven that somehow managed to be timed around the Jade Weekend festival! So a really big thank you to Richard from all who have served on the Committee and from the members as well, I am sure.

Working along the lines of looking to the future, I am very pleased to announce that we have 4 new official contacts in Wilhelmshaven, all of whom are interested in how the history of Prince Rupert School developed and how there is still interest in the town because of the number of people who had some connection with the school. Also our paperwork Memorabilia is stored in the town's archive and larger items are stored at the Küstenmuseum store. Our new contacts are:

Julia Heimlich, trainee in the tourist office
Dr Sven-Hinrich Siemers, the curator of the Küstenmuseum

Dr Wiebke Janssen, in charge of the Town Archive

Ms Christina Voigt who is Head of the Kulture Office

All of these new supporters have been added to the mailing list for the New Cavalier Newsletter.

Some of you will already have discovered that our TWA videos can now be watched

in full on YouTube. (see article on P29) These videos can also be watched and downloaded from our website. John Leggett has been responsible for putting the videos on YouTube and he has been helped by Andy Renou who has put them on our website. So if you want to watch videos of our history and most of our Reunions they are there for you to see. Many thanks to John and Andy.

In addition to the above, all of the photos in our Memorabilia collection plus all the other paperwork such as drama programmes, various administrative paperwork, personal collections and lots lots more will soon be available to view on the website. This is work in progress at the moment but it will be completed fairly soon.

DO HAVE A LOOK AT OUR WEBSITE there is a lot of information on there.

I am very pleased to report that the second batch of printed books by Liz Tarrant of the translation of the Captain Conder book by Dr Jens Graul has been sold and the money donated to the RNLI as requested by the Conder family. It is possible to have another batch of 10 books printed and please contact me if you would like to go on the list.

I send my best wishes to everyone and please keep well and safe.

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

Another fantastic issue, full of interesting information - many thanks. Regarding the photo on page five, here is my penny worth. The person with glasses is not Michael Ryan - he was Collingwood 65 - 67. I think it is Geoffrey Taylor, who is next to Michael Walker.

Middle row left to the side of Geoffrey Taylor could be Michael Lowne. Middle row right could be Patrick Nash. The person next to Michael Walker could be Gerald Palmer.

Also, in the photo on page 8 of the Summer issue, the bridesmaid is Viola and not Violet Craven.

John Simes (Rodney 55 - 57)

I was surprised to read in the latest Cavalier that you had little information regarding the 1957 Milocarian triumph. I donated a number of original Cavaliers to TWA many moons ago, including one from 1957 with Milocarian team scores and athletics report for that year. Fortunately, I have kept copies that I will send.

Roger Gable (Drake 53 - 57)

Ed. - Thanks Roger. See pages 10-11

Many congratulations on the production of another excellent newsletter with some very entertaining and interesting articles by former students. I went on line to the newsletter, after a Facebook exchange about music at PRS with Val Bruce,

based on a mutual respect and affection for Mr Evans and Herr Schniehotta. To cut to the chase, I can name some of the house monitors and school prefects shown in the photograph on page five as follows: back row centre Michael Lowne, front left Tony Soden, centre front Mike Walker - head of house and of the school - sister Ann was head girl of the school the year after Mike and Robert their younger brother was a great athlete and thespian. Front right, Paddy Nash?

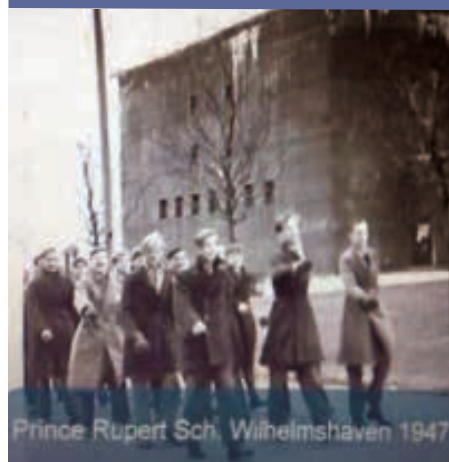
Roger Stokoe (Collingwood 56 – 60)

David Tomlinson's memories (see previous magazine) brought it all back to me again. But I believe I may owe him an apology. At the '97 reunion in Wilhelmshaven a bunch of Drake lads met again on the Fliegerdeich and we were able to tour most parts of Drake Boys including my old room. During that visit I now realize that David was present and I recall that he recognised me, although I confess to having no idea who he was at the time. Please pass on my apologies as I meant to speak to him later that weekend, but as usual there were dozens of half-finished conversations! On the subject of the longest serving pupil, I had always assumed that another Drake boy held that honour, namely Roger Follows the Art master's son. When I arrived at school in early 1958, I was a third-form pupil and Roger was already there and certainly junior to me. I have always believed that he started his secondary education at PRS and I think he finished in the Upper Sixth? I met him at the

Newbury reunion with many of our Drake contemporaries, but have never seen him since and I have been to every reunion since Newbury, apart from Blackpool, not to mention numerous lunches. I never tire of recalling my time at PRS, which obviously goes for many of us.

Roger Hall (Drake 58 – 60)

Marching Orders



The tall chap in the front centre of this photo is Peter Berry who was formerly at PRS, but who later came to KAS (King Alfred School), which he left in 1950. I gather that in the early days of PRS, it was the practice for groups of pupils to march between the classrooms and dining facilities. There will be other ex-PRS pupils who also attended KAS, so here is a link to the KAS film I have made in which this photo appears: <https://youtu.be/OsmFbM9DA3M>

Peter Dent



In memoriam

We were shocked at the sad news about Peter (Rees) Dieckmann (Drake 58 - 60), who died suddenly in Wilhelmshaven on 24th November. Aged 78, Pete was a regular at mini-reunions in Wilhelmshaven and was fit and well the last time we saw him in the town where he made his home after leaving PRS. Those who knew him at school remember him as an

amiable giant with a sense of humour who stood out in a crowd. Drake housemates considered him a good friend who was always willing to help and one of the nicest people you could ever meet. We know that he served in the German Luftwaffe after leaving school and that he ran an English discussion group right up to the end of his life. Old Cavalier magazines didn't reveal much about Pete, but we do know that he passed his GCE O-level exams in 1960. In 1974, he lost track of his younger sister, Brigitte (Rees) Williamson (Drake 58 – 60), with whom Barbara (Miller) Steels shared a room in Hood House. Val (McDonald) Bell also shared a room with her at Drake Girls and still had a photo of Brigitte that was placed on the PRS blog with a request for information. Then suddenly, Brigitte's name turned up on Genes Reunited and it turned out that she was living in the Paphos area of Cyprus where they and their brother Michael were reunited.



Distant Days 2

Former PRS teacher, Pat Rigg, continues her recollections of school. This time in a flashback to her first term in September, 1967.

Meals in the Mess suited me fine. Nothing to do but just turn up. Konigsberger Klops? Not for me! Pork Schnitzels? Just the opposite! My husband, Brian, always called them Dinosaur Schnitzels. Well, they were enormous! Five years of house duty followed. On the menu, I am assured, were delights such as, chicken fricasee, eggy mess, sausage double-deckers, Russian salad, hot chocolate with sticky buns, cream horns and cocoa. But I don't remember those at all. Farmer's Breakfast? That I do remember! A school lunch menu I still have from Saturday, October 14th, 1967 mentions tomato soup, stew with carrots, cauliflower and boiled potatoes, and steamed currant pudding and custard to finish. Was it so memorable? Was it so delicious? No, to both questions.

I started to keep a diary, which read as follows. Autumn half-term, Thursday, October 26th, 1967: another duty day. At breakfast, between the cornflakes and the bacon, the Rodney House girls began to sing, "So long, it's been good to know you but you've got to be drifting along." It turns out that Christine Sutcliffe was leaving PRS for the UK. I'd only known her for half a term, but now I'll remember her name forever! The next day, morning lessons were followed by soup, salad and pancakes (it's all in the diary!) and then a long

weekend at home for the pupils. I was off to Heidelberg, where I would enjoy Zwiebelkuchen ... Bratwurst ... Bockwurst ... Wienerwurst ... Schnitzels and Bier. Scrumptious memories!

One term, Averil Jolleyman started a cookery class of which Brian and I, John Meredith and other staff members were all pupils. One of the first things we made was shortcrust pastry. I can still remember Averil's words, "Only use what water you must; the stiffer the dough, the shorter the crust." I made Averil's pastry many, many times, in Germany and in England. Always delicious! In class, we had to make only enough for our intended recipe, when Ivy Stimpson was heard to mutter, "Be blown to that. I'll make a lot, so I know I've got enough and I'll throw what I don't want away." Averil either wasn't looking, or she turned a blind eye!

One memorable day, we were to make Schwarzwald Kirschtorte. It was my night for duty in Blake House. Brian rolled up on his own, having never made a cake in his life. Coming home, later, to Mountbatten, I expected disaster, but should have known better because Averil had even given him a merit. The Star of the Class!

So many food memories of PRS, but nothing else in the diary, even though it filled an exercise book. It didn't last long though! The last entry was for Tuesday, October 31st, 1967, the night of Hallowe'en. Not a Duty Day! Tina Ross and I were out in Wilhelmshaven with a charming German Naval Officer from Cuxhaven. He wanted to perfect his

English prior to an exam the following week. We had coffee, Gluhwein and endured a biting wind in Marktstrasse. I wish I hadn't stopped writing the diary!

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

In memoriam



In the previous issue, we made a very brief announcement about Mike Booth, who died aged 87 at his home in Hitchin, Hertfordshire on 21st October 2020. In the meantime, we have found out more about Mike's life. Born in Guildford, Surrey, he attended Guildford Grammar School before moving to Germany in 1947 and joining the newly opened PRS. He was first mentioned in The Cavalier as being a prize winner for general subjects in the fifth form VA in Summer 1949. In Autumn Term 1950 he was made a school prefect and in Summer he was awarded Athletics

colours. He was appointed Head Boy in Spring Term 1951 and also Senior NCO in charge of troops (cadets). Mike left PRS at the end of Summer term that year. Influenced by his time as a cadet and two cruises aboard TS Prince Rupert (not to mention his war-time experience as an evacuee to the US aboard the Cunard liner Scythia and return five years later aboard HMS Sheffield), Mike joined the London Division of the RNVR. In 1952, he was called up and started his national service at Victoria Barracks, Southsea where he met two former PRS pupils who lived locally, namely Brian Carey (Howe 47 - 52) and Ann Dyer (Howe 48 - 51).

Following training aboard HMS Implacable he became a Midshipman RNVR, and served as an upper yardman on the aircraft carrier HMS Indefatigable. His first overseas posting was aboard the Malta based frigate HMS Wakeful, which provided earthquake relief in Greece and was guardship at the southern end of the Suez Canal. Mike visited ports across the Mediterranean and successfully located the wreckage of the de Havilland Comet jet airliner that had crashed into deep water south of Elba. It was while aboard HMS Wakeful that Mike decided to make the Royal Navy his career and he joined the crew of Britain's last battleship, HMS Vanguard, on which Chris George (Drake 47 - 48) was also coincidentally serving. In 1956 he became a ship's officer aboard



HMS Protector, an Antarctic patrol ship, which the following year escorted the Royal Yacht Britannia around the Falkland Islands and brought back penguins for London Zoo. In 1959, after having served as second in command aboard HMS Upton, he joined HMS Belfast, which became the Fleet flagship in the Far East.

During all this time, Mike kept in touch with his former PRS contemporaries, attending reunions in London in 1954 and 1957. At the latter he met former Headmaster, Mr Smitherman, and would run into him again in 1959 in Hong Kong, when he was serving aboard HMS Belfast. In 1963 he joined HMS Dido as operations officer and met his future wife, Ann Crosby. They were married in 1965 and in 1968 he joined the frigate HMS Ajax as staff operations officer. In 1970 he joined the Flag Officer Sea Training staff as an expert on anti-submarine warfare and

underwater weapons. Three years later he was posted as special assistant to the chief of staff to the NATO Commander Naval Forces in Southern Europe, based in Naples. His final posting was at the Admiralty Underwater Weapons Establishment in Dorset and in 1980 he retired from the Royal Navy. He finally worked at British Aerospace in operational research, settling in Hitchin, Hertfordshire, where he retired in 1995.

One fateful day in October 1998, Mike received a letter from Joe Kinson (Rodney 47 – 50), which triggered a whole new era of meetings with old school friends. The 47ers, as their name became, is a very special group of former pupils who were at PRS from the very start of the school. They will sorely miss Mike, as do his wife Ann, daughter Sarah, and sons Andrew and Jeremy.

Ed.



J. Christie, R. Hylden, I. Lennox, A. Soden, P. Burton, K. Ingram, T. Wannscott,
R. Gable
P. Nash, G. Taylor, P. Plowman, J. Davidson, S. Windle, R. Check, R. Grover,
R. Evans
Donna Swan, Pat Goose, Anna Bulbeck, Mary Sheppard, Veronica Orr,
Josephine Watson, Shirley Wilkinson
M. Robinson, J. Hanlon, Isobel Griffiths, Heather Watson, R. Goodman, J. Maltby

Milocarian Trophy revisited

Thanks to former pupil, Roger Gable (Drake 53 – 57), we are able to put the record straight regarding Milocarian Trophy happenings in 1957, which were omitted from our article in the previous issue (pages 17 – 19). “This term was undoubtedly a bumper one for Athletics,” summed up The Cavalier magazine for Autumn term. “We had far more matches and competitions than we have had before and though the season was not crowned with victory over our oldest rivals, all team members may feel justly satisfied with

their performances. Throughout the term much emphasis was laid on the Milocarian Trophy competition and during weeks when there were no school matches, Milocarian trials were arranged instead.”

RAF Jever made its track available on one such occasion when many notable performances were recorded. G. Taylor and J. Maltby both broke the school discus record and J. Davidson excelled in the triple jump, while Drake’s Jim Hanlon proved his versatility in the high jump. In the Wilhelmshaven Championships that year, several PRS pupils won their events. Among

the girls were Veronica Orr (100 m), Mary Sheppard (high jump), Heather Watson (long jump), and the relay team won by a big margin. Winners among the boys were P. Plowman (400 m), J. McNichol (triple jump) and G. Taylor (discus). Shortly after this, PRS easily outperformed an Army team in Oldenburg during which P. Burton (200 yds. hurdles), R. Cheek (880 yds.), R. Grover (shot) and Windle (high jump) all won their events. A particular highlight of the term was a win by 106 points to 60 over Windsor School, during which PRS girls won all of their events. Outstanding were Veronica Orr (100 and 220 yds.) and Mary Sheppard (high jump and long jump). Among the boys, Davidson and McNichol (both long jump) both dominated, while Windle (high jump) set a new school record.

We also travelled to King Alfred School with a strong team, but well aware of the superlative standard of their boys. A keen competition resulted in a narrow win for our hosts by 96 to 92 points. PRS girls, however, maintained their fine record of success, winning all but one of their events. Despite Grover and Plowman setting new records in the 220 and 440 yds. events and Wonnacott clocking a good Milocarian time in the mile, our boys were no match for two outstanding KAS athletes who won five events between them. These results, however, now brought our Milocarian score close to the target and we were sure that our final match against RAF Jever

would produce some excellent times. But heavy rain almost caused the meeting to be abandoned and made the track very heavy going. Thankfully, two good performances from Burton (110 yds. hurdles) and Davidson (triple jump) gained us the required points.

Extracted from The Cavalier – Autumn Term 1957

Bruce's sporting year

As I watch the snow gently falling, my thoughts drifted back to January 1959, which was a typical Wilhelmshaven winter month of endless cold and dark punctuated by quite heavy snowfalls. Initially the main outside



activities were snowball fights with our Bonteheim neighbours but that soon palled and the collective thoughts began to turn to the inter house boxing competition at the end of the month. The Rodney Boys' team was short of numbers so answering the 'Your house needs you!' call, I somewhat foolishly volunteered. And as I was the eldest boy in the squad, I had to fight in the heavy-weight division. Training consisted of some desultory poking of an ancient punchbag in a small and dimly lit cellar below the Bonteheim with some occasional trots around the Dyke.

The fateful day of the semi-finals dawned soon enough. It was a Monday evening and the winners would go into the finals, which would be watched by most of the school on the following Saturday. The semis were held in a main-site gym with a hard floor and unpadded ropes. Head guards were unheard of and if gum shields had been available, they would probably have been eschewed on grounds of unknown provenance. Neither of us in my bout had any boxing skills or experience and the fight quickly became a flailing and mauling contest with blood and gore everywhere. There were regular visits to the hard floor, at least by myself, and after enduring two rounds of the nonsense I eventually found my way back to my corner where I received the mandatory magic sponge treatment. It was then that our trainer, David Peters, showed remarkable man-management skills by uttering the magic words to

the effect, "Come on Bruce one more round and it's mixed grill tonight." Thus persuaded, I somewhat reluctantly endured another round and wasn't unduly dismayed to lose the bout on a points decision. At least I wouldn't have to go through it all again on the Saturday.

I survived the usual boneshaking combi-trip back to the Bonteheim and having patched up my split lips and bruised face, I found my way down to the dining room where I was the head of a table. I soon became very confused when instead receiving a serving dish containing the anticipated delights of mixed grill, there were dark, greasy objects masquerading under the name of rissoles. On demanding to know what happened to the mixed grill, I was gently explained to me that mixed grill was on Tuesdays and today was a Monday. I literally didn't know which day of the week it was (rather like now!) and David Peters was nowhere to be found when I went for a chat with him.

Concussion wasn't much recognised at that time and I was still facially bruised when I played school football on the Saturday before going along to Churchill with the rest of the school to watch the boxing finals. There was a huge contrast to the previous Monday with a proper ring with a boarded floor and padded ropes. The referee, who was imported from RAF Jever, was traditionally attired in a pristine white dinner shirt and black tie. The Collingwood 'Bruiser's' opponent was

from Drake and had a reputation of being a somewhat skilled exponent of the noble art, but reputations meant nothing to the Bruiser, who quickly adopted his bout winning format and very soon drew blood from his opponent's nose. The referee immediately stopped the fight and awarded it to the Bruiser. I didn't know whether he was under instructions to minimise any bloodshed to save the supposed sensibilities of any of the audience, or under a domestic mandate not to have his shirt soiled, but I could not help to reflect on the irony of the differences with my experience six days earlier.

The summer term provided some of my happiest memories of PRS. The weather was glorious and I much enjoyed some balmy evenings going down to the Sportplatz with groups of mainly younger Rodney boys for some basic cricket coaching and practice. The group was very enthusiastic and improved rapidly, so much so, that Rodney achieved a share in the inter-house competition mainly due to the efforts of the juniors and intermediates.

In the autumn term, we managed to get together a half-decent school football team that I believe was unbeaten. A win (6-1) against Windsor School was probably the highlight and their goal was actually offside if I remember correctly. Five of our goals were scored by Jim Ryan, which maybe an individual record for the inter school

fixtures. Jim joined us at the beginning of the term together with a number of other pupils from King Alfred School when it closed in the summer. The majority went to Windsor School, but a significant number came to PRS and made substantial contributions to our cultural and sporting activities. Jim was a boy who made it through to the professional ranks after leaving school in spring 1960. Records show that Jim joined Charlton Athletic in 1962 where he scored eight goals in sixteen appearances in the old second division (the Championship today) before going to Millwall, then Exeter and finally he played non-league football with Dover. Jim also made one appearance for Wales under 23's in 1964.

My sporting year ended in December 1959 with the inter house cross country competition. As with the boxing Rodney seniors were struggling for a team and I made up the numbers. The weather was once again typical for Wilhelmshaven and the course was very wet and heavy. Search parties were being considered by the time I staggered home in joint second from last place with a very understanding fellow Rodneyite. All in all, a year of mixed memories with plenty of ups and downs, but that is what sport and life is all about and I wouldn't have missed it.

Bruce Jones (Rodney 58 – 60)

The PRS Effect



I knew all about PRS before I went. My sister Joy (RIP) being two years older than me was called for the first experimental term in July 1947 when Howe and Drake Houses were set up and tried out. The two other Munster Lager boys, Derek Lewis and John Ransom (both RIP) also went. All three returned with excited and exciting tales of the wonderful time they had over that first month. Joy went into Drake and the two boys Howe.

Joy especially told me all about the friends made – a boy named Ironside fascinated me from her description – Derek and John raved about the sport, the harbour, the dormitories and the teachers and what fun it all was. It

sounded more of a well-run holiday camp than an experimental boarding school, with boys and girls mixed in the same houses, probably for the first time in British education's history.

When in early September I rolled through the gates on the train from Hanover and along the harbour edge in a state of high excitement, I already knew what to look for, buildings on the left, harbour on the right, large bunker halfway along. I also recognised many of the small waiting group of pupils as described by Joy. They came by car or bus and were as excited as we on the train at our arrival. Big welcomes all round, with a few of the boys and girls hugging in what seemed an unseemly manner to my sheltered upbringing. I realised later that the older of the animated crowd were likely to be already feeling the natural urges of late teens and early adulthood. As a very small and insignificant redhead, no one took a blind bit of notice of me.

My first meeting with sophistication came when Tony Griffiths swept into the small two-person dormitory we slept in for that first term and a very confident manner, thrust out a hand to shake, announcing, 'I'm Griffiths, from Wales. Call me Tony.' I'd heard of Wales but didn't know they spoke in that funny accent. Brought up in Somerset the Taunton accent was all I knew. Of course, wandering around the boys' corridor in those first few hours I heard many different accents, some difficult at first to follow. Language and its expression

became the first thing I learnt at PRS. I learnt a great deal more in that first year. I thought the teaching excellent and dived in, whatever the subject. I think none of us at first realised that the teachers were quite young and only a few years ahead of us, but discipline and respect were given both ways, making the school a relaxed and pleasant place. After a few months in the small dorm, Tony and I moved to a four bedded room with Alex Little and Larry Barber (both RIP). We formed a pleasant group and during that first winter term, being so junior, were banned from leaving the corridor after dinner, so stayed in our room and invented a series of games to pass the time. Quite daft games, one using a pair of rolled up socks as a ball during which we must not touch the floor when a target for the light ball of wool. Sounds silly, but with others, kept us busy for a couple of hours.

The following Spring, we were no longer locked in and stronger and more daring. A new game was that at dusk, we climbed out of the window, scrambled onto the roof and crawled up onto the roof apex, wriggled along to the end and watched the teachers on the road below, wandering by after their dinner. We quickly worked out who was doing what with whom as they paired off, but never let on. Telling anyone else would soon see us caught and in real trouble for being on the roof in the dark. So, we kept schtum. In retrospect, I can understand that, with their genes jangling from their recent

war service, a little light relief and romance should be expected. When a table tennis table appeared in the large empty attic running the length of the barrack building, those small bats and balls took over and we all became quite proficient players, with Griffiths, the natural sportsman, being the best.

I remember walking on the Dyke the year it froze over into great lumps half the size of a small house. And the year it snowed so heavily – 1948 I think – when that clever headmaster, Smitherman, gave us one or two days off to play. Howe and Drake took on Rodney and Collingwood in a constant snowball battle. At the end of the one or two days we were so sick of snow, we went willingly back to classes. Similarly, in Summer term, Smitherman added one period to morning lessons and gave us the whole afternoon and evening off for sport. Seeing three or four U-boats sunk at their moorings in the last days of war being raised by Royal Navy cranes on lighters. Vicious looking things. I could see why the sight of them struck terror in the minds of Merchant Navy sailors.

I also remember breaking into the bunker at the top of the school. Three or four of us managed to prise the door open and wander through the maze of corridors with a torch. We didn't get lost because a waist high wide line of luminous paint left a trail of dots when Vic Longyear shone the torch at the paint. With all the furniture and beds from the war still in place, we were in a

time capsule. We returned several times before becoming bored.

We boys enjoyed many great experiences during our time at PRS. I was interested in dinghy sailing and when asked by a Naval officer short of a crew to sit in his boat for a race, I became so thrilled with the experience, I started on a lifetime of dinghy sailing that took me from Wilhelmshaven to Uganda and Lake Victoria, to Bahrain and the Gulf and Nairobi Dam; the least exciting of all. I still remember his name. Thanks, Lieutenant Halifax. The Sea Cadets gave me great excitement when we took out Training Ship Prince Rupert out to sea, skippered by Commander Harrison, one of our teachers and ex-seagoing Navy. Short trips to the Friesian Islands were fun. We once anchored in low tide off Norderney at the top end of the island and went ashore for a play and explore on the beautiful white beach. The tide turned and came racing in and we had to run for the cutter to get back fast. We had the devil's own job in reeling the anchor in due to very rough waves with the sea rushing round the island causing broken sea crashing poor old TS Prince Rupert hither and thither.

Another big adventure was a voyage down to Rotterdam at the invitation of the Royal Dutch Navy. On our second day on a hot day and flat calm sea a boy called Beresford broke an ankle. We had no way of treating such an injury, so sent out an SOS. Within half an hour an

enormous Dutch merchant ship hove to alongside us. We must have looked akin to a pea on an elephant's bottom. The Dutch rigged up a door as a hoist and the last we saw of Beresford was waving weakly and looking understandably nervous. He never returned to PRS and for some years I wondered if we'd put him aboard The Flying Dutchman. For all I know he may be still circling the world with that doomed ship.

PRS turned out a few famous people, Richard Curtis the great filmmaker and one girl, beautiful at school, who became a famous international model. Extremely beautiful both at school and later, she married into the Krupp family. My favourite is Michael Nicholson the very successful TV News reporter. In Drake at the same time as me, I never knew his first name as, being very small, we always called him Nipper. He tried to get a day off lessons by taking all the details of appendicitis from Paddy Hemmings and went to the MI room and explained the pain. They whipped him straight off to Oldenburg hospital and operated that afternoon. He returned a week later, minus appendix, but wiser about telling lies. I wish I'd known the TV reporter was Nipper. I'd have written to him with a reminder of that fateful morning.

Oh yes, we had plenty of characters at PRS. My favourite was the lovely Peggy Smith, a girl with charm, good looks and the most superb singing voice. A contralto, I think. In the choir or as

solo her tone soared and dived in such a true tone, we all loved her. She had a wonderfully cheerful personality and a beautiful friendly smile. All the boys fell in love with her and I started to save money with a plan to elope. My dream shattered before I could mention it. My Peggy (not that she knew it) left PRS, went to Australia and got married. I spent the money on chocolate in the tuck shop that opened once a month. I waited two weeks and went round selling it for a profit, not then knowing that this would be my eventual career.

My mother came back from a function at Fassberg, the American Air Base, with a five dollar note. She gave it to me and knowing that Bremen railway station had an American PX, the equivalent of our NAAFI. The end-of-term train always stopped at Bremen and split into two, one going north, the other, south. In the fifteen minutes or so it took to complete the change, I jumped off, belted down the steps and along the tunnel, popping up at the other side and bought five dollars' worth of Coca-Cola. Back on the train I waited until we were well under way before going along the corridor selling the Coke for an excellent profit which I shared with my mother. A few years later when I left the Kenya Police, I joined Schweppes in Nairobi. Later I became the boss and built a large soft drinks and chocolate factory producing Pepsi Cola and Cadbury products. Ok, Pepsi isn't Coke, but it is near enough to show you must keep an eye on your

life in the early days, because you never know what experience you can use in your later life.

I bless my wonderful PRS for giving me a great education and self-confidence that has carried me through ideal life in which I travelled the world, became skilled in business, became a broadcaster in Kenya and Uganda and a reasonably successful author. Two of my book series are under discussion for turning into TV films, with one almost there. Thanks, PRS, for everything you gave and taught me along with education. The ability to keep going in adversity, to turn difficulty into triumph and to use every moment to live a productive life. I am sure I am not alone and that many of you are the same.

John Newton (Drake 47 – 51)



PRS staff - a cut above



PRS had to accept the challenge of a wide range of ages (11-17), abilities and, not least, having to deal with different curricula, the latter in particular not an easy task for either the staff or the pupils. I am sure that my pre PRS education is mirrored by many others to a greater or lesser degree, but when I arrived in 1956, it was my sixth school since the age of 11. This interesting melange of around 700 children and young adults had to be accommodated in a mixed sex, comprehensive boarding school, travelling from all over Germany and a few from Belgium. This presented quite a challenge for the staff and, in my view, was met with a high degree of professionalism, commitment, enthusiasm and friendliness towards the pupils. No doubt, the high quality of our teachers was reflected by PRS being an interesting place to live and work, with opportunities for travel further afield during the holidays.

Some may disagree, but I hope that I reflect the views of a significant majority. My theme is narrow to the extent that I attended the school from early 1956 to the summer of 1960 and my recollections are based mainly on my years in the sixth form; apart from Miss Marter and Mr Davis, I can only remember Mr Doherty as the physics teacher and Mr Goode for chemistry from my O level years.

I wonder how many remember the long corridor with windows on one side and classrooms on the other side, always crowded with pupils at the beginning and end of teaching periods, deserted otherwise? At the end of the corridor was the music room the domain of that master of music, Mr Evans, who, with Mr Callan directed and produced many impressive plays and musicals at the school; more of this later. I was never a musician, apart from singing in choirs and some may find it strange that at school, music for me consisted

of one period a week spread over four years, leavened by listening to pop on BFN and AFN. Why did classical music as promoted by Mr Evans have such a profound effect on me and still does sixty years later? Each week he would open a Pandora's box of classical music, invariably preceded by narratives about the particular pieces he played and why he liked them. Many will remember that tall, spare, moustached figure who spoke with a plummy accent, modified by his Welsh lilt. Aided by an early version of stereophonic equipment, he would proudly play the sound of a train proceeding from left to right in the music room. The narratives helped one to understand the themes in the music, exemplified by Kodaly's 'Harry Janos' where the old army veteran's stories are preceded or followed by a musical sneeze, indicating that there is always some doubt about their veracity.

Beethoven's 5th symphony was preceded by Mr Evans telling us that the opening motif was important during WWII with the beat signifying 'V for Victory'. I can only remember certain composers whose works are lodged in my now ancient brain, but Rimsky Korsakov's 'Scheherazade,' Borodin's 'Prince Igor' and 'In the steppes of central Asia' were my favourites then and remain so today. I also remember the works of Elgar and, here again, the Enigma variations were enlivened by the accompanying narrative about

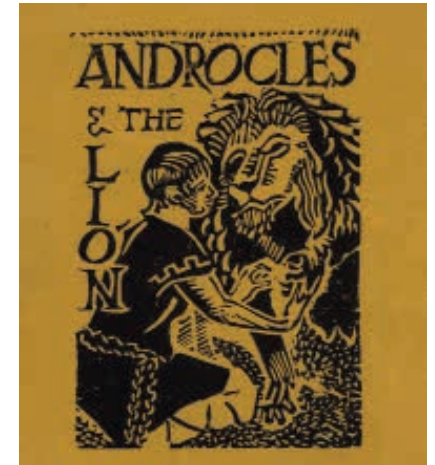
the personalities behind the music. I remember that the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra was a favourite of Mr Evans and I thought about him when, a few years later, I sat in the Bowl's arena with a picnic, drinking a Napa Valley pinot noir listening to the orchestra play on a balmy evening in California. Dvorak's New World Symphony was also amongst my favourites. I remember being rather indignant when it became the theme music for Hovis, which I felt demeaned a fine symphony. I wonder if Mr Evans would have approved of the advert? I hasten to add that I liked most, but not all of his choices. Whenever I listen to some of the music, Mr Evans played, I am transported back in time and find myself sitting in the room at the end of the long corridor. I believe that going to live performances at some fine venues stems from the early encouragement to enjoy music engendered by our music teacher. I had the privilege of listening to the Halle Orchestra, conducted by the late great Sir John Barbirolli in the early 70s. Many concerts were



at the Royal Northern College of Music, and latterly ENO and Sadler's Wells, where Matthew Bourne's productions are favourites. There were also disappointing performances by Domingo at Verona in 2019, but you cannot win them all. My only regret is that I never thanked Mr Evans for enriching my life with music.



Mr Evans also forged a memorable partnership with Mr Callan, who between them produced some wonderful plays and musicals. Mr Evans conducted a fine performance of Handel's Messiah with a full-blown rendition of the Hallelujah Chorus, the production of which required some leadership from him by gaining a substantial commitment and hours of practice from the choir, consisting of both staff and pupils. How many remember the all-staff (all-star!) cast of Shaw's 'The Importance of being Earnest', which was a joint Callan/ Evans production and great entertainment for the rest of the staff and the pupils? I was never taught by



Mr Callan, but my recollections are of a teacher with high energy and charisma who had the respect and affection of pupils. Suffice it to say that Messrs Evans and Callan were a dynamic duo who made a huge contribution to the life of the school. During my four years at PRS there were far too many plays and musicals to list, but a few notable productions spring to mind: Pirates of Penzance, Androcles and the Lion, Henry V, and the The Mikado, which was a favourite of Mr Evans. Suffice it to say that Callan/ Evans productions were high quality, very professional and, I think, much appreciated by pupils and staff. Unsurprisingly, a few ex-pupils went into show biz and became actors, producers and at least one theatre manager. It is also worth recalling that apart from visits to the Sportplatz, trips to play sports at sister boarding schools and two exeat (easy weekends) per term, pupils were confined to the school premises, so the commitment to entertainment was an

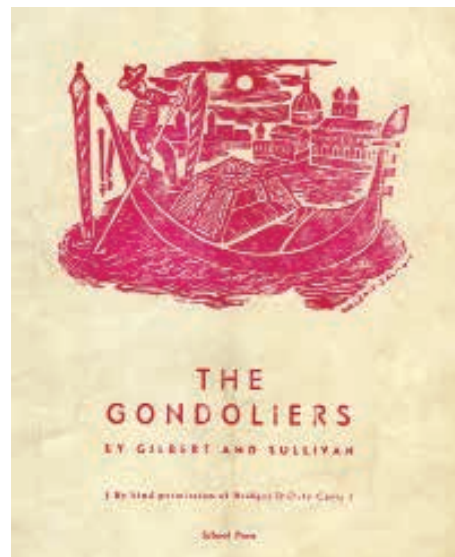
interesting and important distraction, notwithstanding the CCF, gym club and a host of other after-lesson activities. It is worth adding that music, theatre productions and musicals were not generally available during the school holidays, unless families went to the UK for two or three weeks, so they were an important part of our education. Much credit must be given to the staff who led all the various activities, which, I for one, tended to take for granted, but it required a great deal of commitment and enthusiasm on their part; I am ashamed to say that I doubt if I ever said thank you, so I will do so now - better late than never.



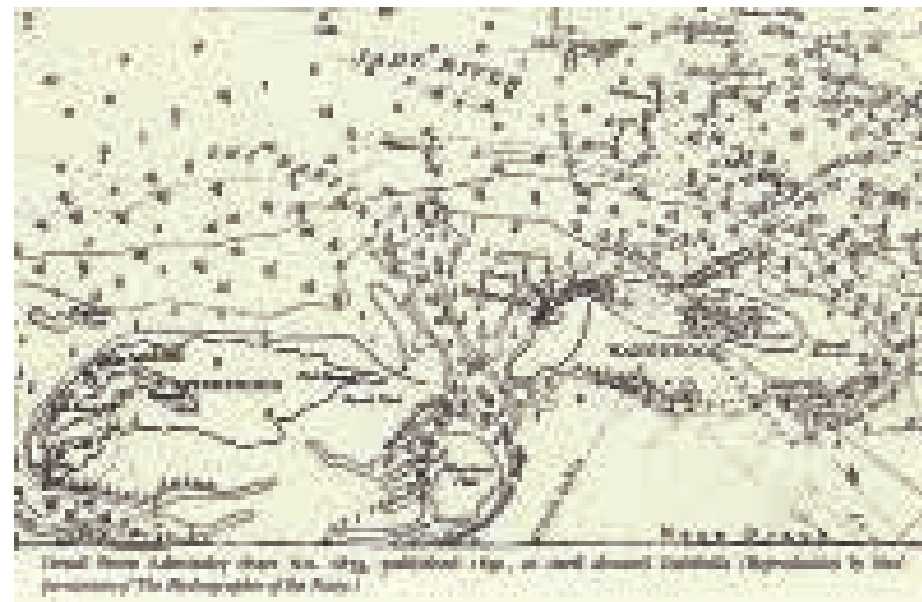
I cannot remember why, but the Callan's had invited all the school prefects for supper in their warm and cosy flat, where we were served with an excellent meal. I for one, was permanently hungry at PRS, so home cooking, followed by an amazing array of delicious cakes baked by Mrs Callan was a rare treat. However, I was confronted by something of a dilemma; how could I eat as many cakes as possible without being identified as an impolite glutton? I think that I opted for being polite, but if I'd had my way, all the cakes would have been devoured. Thank you, Mrs Callan, for a wonderful evening.

Roger Stokoe (Collingwood 56- 60)

Ed. – Expect more from Roger about the teaching and support staff in the next issue.



Finally, an anecdote about a very pleasant evening spent in Mr and Mrs Callan's flat in Drake House on the Fliegerdeich just prior to the Christmas break in December 1959.



Riddle of The Sands

For some of us who have read this book and/or seen the film, you may like me have felt some sort of affinity to the setting of the story around the Frisian Islands. The book was written in 1903 by Erskine Childers. It's the sort of story that can be read from different perspectives and it was an early spy story that also predicted the threat of war with Germany and identified defence weaknesses of the British coast and influenced the siting of new naval bases and this was all long before the outbreak of World War 1. It wasn't until I saw the film that for me, it became one of those films that I can watch over and again and enjoy every time.

In recent years when I have visited the north coast of Germany and the island of Wangerooge and seen the

setting of the book around the Frisian Islands and how shallow the waters are and witnessing the changing weather conditions in this area, the book has taken on more meaning for me.

The late Drake Boys matron Liselotte Bischoff was introduced to the book by David Starkie and it had a profound effect on her, so much so, that she requested that her ashes were spread in the sea around the islands and some of us were fortunate enough to attend this ceremony at sea. A paragraph was read out and the book was blessed and tossed into the sea along with Lilo's ashes.

Some readers may be wondering why I am writing all of this! Well, it is because Saga Cruises is offering a cruise in July 2022 and the theme is the Riddle of the Sands.

John and I are booked in for this 7-day cruise, which starts from and returns

to Dover visiting Hamburg, Esbjerg (Denmark), Heligoland, and Emden. Emden is just over an hour's drive from Wilhelmshaven and it is possible that the town could be visited.

The cruise is quite expensive but I think I can arrange a small reduction if a few of us are interested in going. If you are interested, have a look at Saga's website on

<https://travel.saga.co.uk/cruises>

Please let me know if you would like to go and I will make some more enquiries regarding a discount for a group.

PS - The book and the video of the film can both be bought via the internet!

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



A striking witness to the encroachment of the sea on the north side of Wangeroo.

Finding Dennis

I was contacted just before Christmas by Tim Price who had discovered some photos in an old family album. Below is an extract written by Tim following the research initiated by the discovery of these photos.

"Having recently started to explore my family tree, I had little information on my Mum's side of the family. In particular, I never knew much about my grandpa as he died when I was about 5yrs old (I am now 56!). Unfortunately, my mum, now 88yrs, has Alzheimer's and is unable to recall much information. What I already knew was that my grandpa was born Dennis Bendall Slade in 1903 and died in 1969 aged 66. My mum grew up in Bristol, where (her dad) my grandpa worked in a reformed school. My grandpa and grandma divorced when my mum was quite young and my grandpa remarried a lady called Margaret. My mum visited her dad in Germany when she was quite young! I was putting together a 'memory album' for my mum to help her as her Alzheimer's deteriorates.

I came across some old photos of my mum and a school in Germany! Mum fortunately had added some text and dates. The school photo had the name 'Prince Rupert School' Wilhelmshaven and dated 1947. My mum was 16 at the time of her visit.

This led me to Google the school to see what I could find, eventually putting me in to contact with Barbara, Committee Chair and Archivist."



Dennis Slade is chap with cap on in back row. Last on the right back row is Herr Hesse

I had heard of Mr Dennis Slade and indeed knew that there were some photos in our Memorabilia collection. I wondered if some of our earlier pupils had memories of this teacher and I contacted a few. I received a number of replies very quickly and here are a couple:

I knew Mr Slade very well. He had a woodwork teaching room in the small building that the German Navy used as store rooms. The building ran from Drake House to Rodney House along the high wall of the school. He always seemed to me to be one of those big bear-like men who are kindly and helpful. I vividly recall trying to complete the lesson of the day; some small piece of carving on a cube of wood. Moving down the benches he murmured help and advice to each pupil. When he came to me, he took

my utterly incompetent effort into his fingers, turned it several ways trying to work out what I had done. He never commented on my work. He shook his head in a kindly way and said, 'Oh Newton. All the other teachers tell me how clever you are. Why can't you turn your cleverness to woodwork?' Mr Slade always treated me with kindness and humour and I remember him with pleasure. *John Newton (Drake 47 - 50)*

Dennis was the woodwork master at the school. I'm guessing he was there from the outset. He was single, to start with, sang in the choir. He had a very, very deep gravelly speaking voice and (obviously) sang bass. I imagine, like the other male teachers, he had come from the armed forces at the end of the war. He was a very skilled woodworker and I saw him making and carving,

out of oak, the lectern used in the church services and presumably at morning assembly. During the school holidays, he never returned to the UK, but used to go 'swanning' as he called it, around Germany. I don't know whether he just stuck to the British Zone. One memorable moment in my life: I was waiting on the steps of the AKC cinema in Nordpark, Dusseldorf, waiting for my parents who had popped up to the NAAFI close by. When they returned to the cinema in their VW, there was someone in the back. When he got out, it was Dennis, who had asked my parents where the cinema was. As we came face to face, all I could say was 'Oh' and stood there speechless, leaving my mother, recognising that we knew each other, to say, 'Well introduce us then!' He and Stan (Sackett) both lived in Matthew House, on the first floor - whilst we twenty or so little boys lived on the ground floor. Something else that came to mind: he appeared in a staff 'cod' (crew on display)



pantomime. Coming on with an axe over his shoulder with the line, 'I'm Dennis the Woodman'. He married an English matron who arrived at the school and they left PRS to take up a position at an approved school (or similar). *John Hollingsworth (Matthew/Collingwood 49 - 1953)*

Tim was amazed to receive this information about his Grandfather and below in his own words is how the story continued.

"My grandpa worked at Prince Rupert School as a Woodwork Master between 1947-51. He was at one point House Master for Matthew House. He sang in the choir and played cricket for the masters' team. Barbara was able to provide a number of pictures of him taken during his time at the school. These were fantastic to have. We now believe he met his second wife at the school where we think she was a 'House Matron'. They married in Harrow the year after he left PRS (July 1952). Barbara reached out to some ex-pupils to see if any had memories of him. To my surprise, they did and provided some comments of their first-hand experiences. I have also since found out that he was an air warden during the WW2 in Bristol. His father, George Slade (my great grandfather), was a master plumber and Dennis had twin sisters,



Dennis Slade is first on the left in the back row

both of whom died shortly after birth in 1911. Dennis's ashes were eventually scattered in Lytham Park Cemetery. The breakthrough was finding the photo of Prince Rupert School and a date. It has been enlightening, fascinating, emotional ... but rewarding too. I have learnt so much more than I ever knew about my grandpa and have since shared this information with my mum. Although she will have since forgotten everything that I have shown her, I could tell it brought her much happiness to be recalling some of these memories about her dad. I continue to share the photos, which always raises a loving smile. I would like to say a big thank you to Barbara for her help in providing me with more information that I ever had hoped to obtain. It has meant so much to me to learn these things about my grandpa Slade, parts of his life that I hadn't known about until now. As a result, my family

tree is without doubt more complete now having been on this recent journey. I am so grateful."

The pleasure was mine and it is with much gratitude that having been responsible for the Memorabilia and being able to liaise with our members who so willingly share their memories, I have had great satisfaction in bringing all of this together.

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

Ed. - As with the above enquiry about Dennis, we have since heard from a relative of former PRS pupil, Lorna Hughes, whose name has subsequently been added to the In Memoriam list. If anyone remembers her, please get in touch.

I was contacted out of the blue by John Baillie (Mathews /Collingwood 49/55) John wondered what I thought about putting the whole of the first part of the History of PRS video on to YouTube rather than the short tasters that John Leggett had already placed there. Little did John B know that he was the initiator of an idea that has taken TWA up a level of communication and recognition by the general population via the internet. I discussed this idea with John Leggett and he simply took it on board immediately and very soon had opened a TWA account on YouTube and all 3 parts of the History DVD were on there. Inspired by the numbers of people viewing this, John L then proposed that he put on more videos and there are now several of our reunion videos available for anyone to watch. If you want to dip into a trip down memory lane, you can see these videos in full. Just put twaprsvideo twaprsvideo into a Google search to retrieve hours of viewing. Many thanks for the idea from John Baillie and for John Leggett who has once more shown to be an amazing supporter of TWA. Moving on from when the above was first written, John Leggett has recently suggested that Andy Renou also downloads the videos to our own website where members can download if required and also watch them advert free. Thanks to Andy who has now done this.

I asked John Baillie to tell me about

his life and how he managed to end up living in Los Alamos, New Mexico and here is a synopsis below:

John started at PRS at the age of 11 in 1949 and left in 1955, 6 years being a long time for a pupil at the school.



John Leggett and Pat McHaffey



John Baillie

He recalls arriving on the school train from Dortmund into the rail siding alongside the school. John remembers the huge gates that opened from the sidings and before the train stopped there was a massive surge of children running so fast and he had no idea why. He soon found out that you ran to get the best bed position! John knew nobody and nothing about the school. At first, he was in Mathews House which was for Junior boys. He then moved to Collingwood House (both houses were on the main site at this time) and there were boys upstairs and girls downstairs! This situation did not last long and Collingwood Boys moved to the Fliegerdeich in 1952. John recalls that the bay often froze over with the tide pushing ice way up into the air.



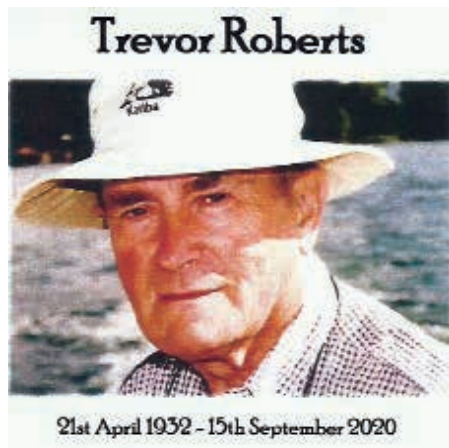
John's parents had already left Germany for Singapore when he left PRS and he completed his education at the Portsmouth Northern Grammar School for Boys where he thought that PRS had been well ahead of the UK school. Like many pupils from a forces life, John had a burning desire to travel

the world and the fact that his parents were in Singapore and his 2 brothers who were to be in the Royal Navy were always telling him about their travels, enhanced his desire to travel. He considered Canada, New Zealand and Australia but he then discovered an American oil company that was hiring Brits to go to Thursday island Australia to explore for oil and he went to Houston for training. A worldwide slowdown put a halt to the trip to Australia so John ended up spending the next 30 years in Texas working for Control Data Corporation and Cray Research as a programmer analyst for large scale super computers. Experience gained in this work led to a move to the Atomic City at Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico where he maintained software on many really large-scale super computers. As an afterthought John added that if it hadn't been for Herr Hitler, there would not have been a Los Alamos National Laboratory or a Prince Rupert School Wilhelmshaven. Quite a thought John!

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



In memoriam



In the previous issue, we briefly announced the passing of Trevor Roberts (Collingwood 47 – 49). We subsequently received this additional insight from a former school friend. “Trevor was a keen member of the sailing club and also enjoyed tennis. Many years after we were at PRS, we met at the ‘northern’ reunions and discovered that he and his sister, Brenda, have a cousin who lives in a village just two miles from ours. The family had visited the Yeovil area without knowing that we lived close by. Fifteen years ago, Trevor and Ann came with their caravan and were joined by Steve and Shirley Stephenson. We have such happy memories of these visits with all the fun and laughter. Trevor was also a keen rally driver and we will sorely miss him.”

Elizabeth (Allen) Kerton (Rodney 47 - 50)

Musical memories

The following thoughts were inspired by Mike Franklin’s article in the previous issue (see pages 10–13) and are reproduced here because not everyone is able to view the PRS Facebook page.

Vera Lynn was still on the hit parade in my era. Oh yes. 1951. Then there was Johnnie Ray and a host of others that I forget. “How much is that doggie in the window” springs to mind.

Diane (Bradbury) Kerwin (Howe 51-53)

My parents brought me ‘Mack the Knife’ by Bobby Darin, and ‘Sea of Love’ by Marty Wilde, when I was in the second year - and they brought up my record player! Handy, that. The player was in the bedroom I shared with five of us (I think) as there was no proper common room then, just the attic area where we did homework in the evenings.

Judy (Watkins) Hallett (Collingwood 59-60)

Ed.- Our common room at Drake Boys was also in the attic to my best recollection.

Corrigendum

In the previous issue, the address we quoted for those who wished to order a copy of Jens Graul’s book should have read chairman@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk Our apologies if this caused any inconvenience.

New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Barbara Bell	Barbara Bell	64 - 72	Science lab tech
Jenny Besley	Jenny Lacey	59 - 60	Howe
David Prendergast	David Prendergast	65 - 67	Drake
Peter Wilson	Peter Wilson	70 - 72	Shackleton
Peter Youngman	Peter Youngman	62 - 65	Rodney

Re-joined			
Ellen Arnold	Ellen Hyde	60 - 63	Rodney
Jennifer Belk	Jennifer Westbrook	67 - 70	Drake
Paul Dutton	Paul Dutton	50 - 61	Rodney
Morton Fox	Morton Fox	58 - 61	Howe
Mary-Rose Higgins	Mary-Rose Bunting	53 - 58	Frobisher/ Rodney
Krista Hawkins	Krista Hancock	66 - 67	Day student

In memoriam

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

Paul Binder	60 - 63	Collingwood
Valerie (Chapman) Cheke	52 - 54	Drake
Lorna Hughes	65 - 69	Drake
Peter (Rees) Dieckmann	58 - 60	Drake
Margaret (Trollope) Wesley	53 - 53	Collingwood

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As most of you know, we have a fund to help those not in a position to pay their subs. If you personally, or if you know anyone who is in this situation, please let Carol know.