

The Wilhelmshaven Association

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THE NEW CAVALIER



PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

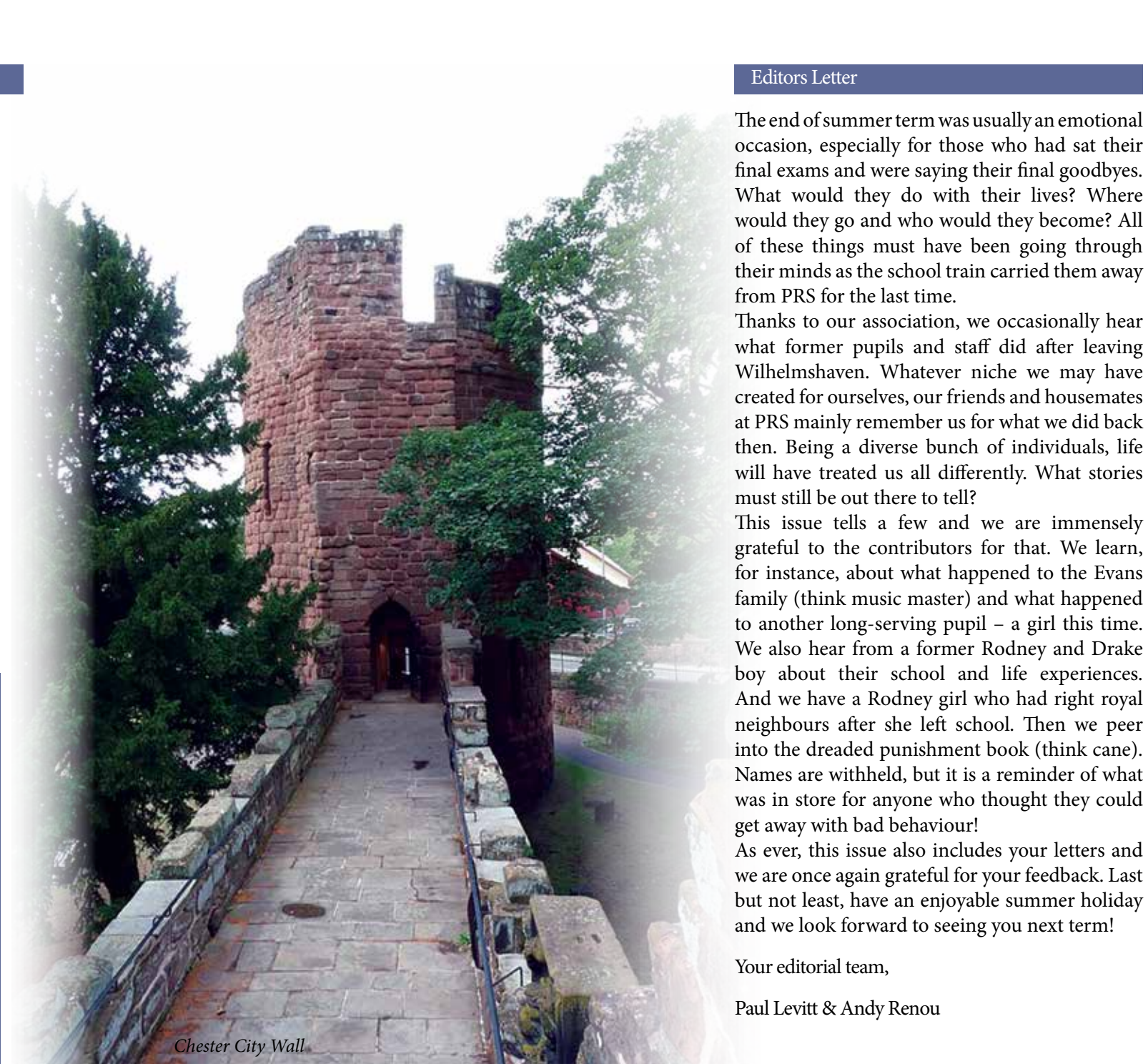
WILHELMSHAVEN

1947 - 1972

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Just a reminder about our big weekend in Chester next year (22nd and 23rd April), which we would like to make a really memorable event for two good reasons, i.e., it is the 75th anniversary of the founding of PRS and the 50th anniversary of its closure. At this stage we have only around half of the bookings needed to make the event economically viable at the prices we negotiated with the hotel owners. So, please help us to make 2022 a year to remember by booking now!



Chester City Wall

Editors Letter

The end of summer term was usually an emotional occasion, especially for those who had sat their final exams and were saying their final goodbyes. What would they do with their lives? Where would they go and who would they become? All of these things must have been going through their minds as the school train carried them away from PRS for the last time.

Thanks to our association, we occasionally hear what former pupils and staff did after leaving Wilhelmshaven. Whatever niche we may have created for ourselves, our friends and housemates at PRS mainly remember us for what we did back then. Being a diverse bunch of individuals, life will have treated us all differently. What stories must still be out there to tell?

This issue tells a few and we are immensely grateful to the contributors for that. We learn, for instance, about what happened to the Evans family (think music master) and what happened to another long-serving pupil – a girl this time. We also hear from a former Rodney and Drake boy about their school and life experiences. And we have a Rodney girl who had right royal neighbours after she left school. Then we peer into the dreaded punishment book (think cane). Names are withheld, but it is a reminder of what was in store for anyone who thought they could get away with bad behaviour!

As ever, this issue also includes your letters and we are once again grateful for your feedback. Last but not least, have an enjoyable summer holiday and we look forward to seeing you next term!

Your editorial team,

Paul Levitt & Andy Renou

Reunion bookings Now is the time for all of those who have been holding back from booking for the Chester Reunion **April 22nd to 24th 2022** to make your bookings. We do need you to do this as soon as possible so that we can make our arrangements for the event. We are planning the Reunion from a positive perspective but along with everyone else, we don't know what the situation will be in April next year. If the Covid situation means that the event will be cancelled, ticket and ticket deposits will be refunded by TWA. For those who may have mislaid their booking form, another is enclosed and we would really appreciate it if you intend to come, that you go ahead and book.

Facilitation Fund TWA has a healthy Facilitation Fund and one of the aims of this is to help members who might not otherwise, be able to participate in TWA activities. Contributions have been made over the years to this Fund for our members and as 2022 is an anniversary for 2 important events - **the opening of Prince Rupert School in 1947 and the closing of the school in Wilhelmshaven in 1972**, we would really like to welcome as many people as possible and we know that for various reasons, some people would like to attend but feel that they can't. All you need to do is to contact me or Carol and let us know how the Facilitation Fund can help you. Your details would only be known by Carol

and I and this would be in complete confidence, you can rest assured. Examples for you to consider would be help towards travel to the event or an accompanying Carer or help with a contribution to the general cost of a ticket and accommodation or for other reasons. If you would like to make use of this, please apply and come and enjoy the weekend and meet your former school friends and even make some new ones.

Lifts to Chester Still in connection with the Reunion theme - if anyone is able to offer a space in their car for one or two guests please let us know. This might make it possible for some to attend the Reunion who may not find it easy to get to Chester. Let husband John, and I be the first to offer a lift - we will be travelling from Cornwall on the 22nd April and will be returning on the 24th April. Our route will be the A30 to Exeter and then the long haul up the M5 until we turn off towards Chester. If you don't live too far from this route and would like a lift, please let me know. In addition, If you would like a lift to Chester, please also let me know as we may be able to pair you up with members living in your area.

TWA survey With the arrival of new (younger members) on our Committee, we feel that now is the right time to have a membership survey to find out just what you want from TWA. Clive Upton is organising this and in our Autumn Newsletter,

there will be more information. It is proposed that the survey will be conducted on-line but as we are aware that some members do not have this facility, there will be a paper version available. If anyone would like to discuss anything connected to the survey, Clive is happy to receive emails on clive_upton@yahoo.co.uk or if you contact Carol, she will give you his other contact details.

Contact details update Carol has asked me to mention that we are finding that some of the email addresses and phone numbers we have on the TWA database are out of date. If you have changed either of these since you first joined, please will you let her know.

I hope you will be able to have an enjoyable summer and that some sort of normality will return to all our lives.

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



Thank you for all the hard work involved in producing New Cavalier. I always enjoy receiving the latest issue and catching up with news and stories. Regarding the 'Distant Days' article in the last but one issue, I came to PRS in September, 1967, and was member of Duty Staff, in Rodney Girls' House, for 1 year. Rodney then closed and the Junior Girls' House opened. I stayed at Blake, as member of Duty Staff, until PRS moved to Rinteln in 1972. Brian, who was Deputy Head, and I were married in 1969 and I moved from our flat in Blake House, to Brian's flat, in Mountbatten House, while continuing to work in Blake. Also, I should point out that I was invited to the German Naval Officers' Reception where there only men present and it definitely wasn't my mistake! (Pat's article 'Distant Days' in issue 81, page 27 refers)

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

Another excellent issue in which I particularly enjoyed the longish autobiographies. Unfortunately, my memory is not up for the job for that. It was good of Roger ('Gabby') Gable to provide the information on the 1957 Milocarian happenings. Strange that although the picture of the team features him, he is not mentioned in the write-up of events. I do remember that he was an excellent sportsman and good at sprinting and hurdles. After leaving PRS,

Brian Windle became Brian Carter-Windle (or maybe just Brian Carter) and whilst at school he went out with Pat Goose, who is also in the photo.

David Starkie (Drake 56 – 57)

My newsletter arrived soaking wet from our recent wonderful rain - the best for nearly 10 years here in Southern Queensland. With me at my letterbox was my neighbour and when I retrieved the envelope I said, "It's my school newsletter." We don't have letterboxes in our front doors, they are mostly at the front gate and because of the wet condition of the envelope, I peeled it off there and then. My neighbour said, "Wow, that's a very impressive looking newsletter." So, thank you for once again making me feel proud of my old school!

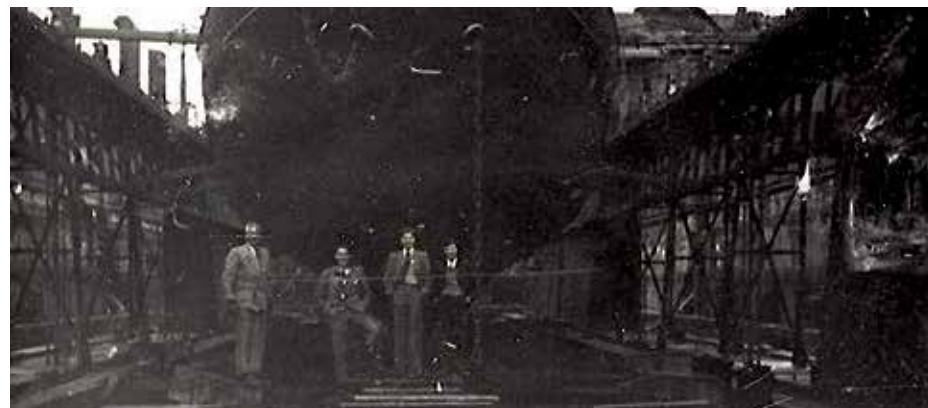
Pat Ann Barker (Howe 59 – 62)



On changing computers, I recently came across these two photos. The first is of the classroom block on the day of the official opening of PRS. The foreground hut was used for science and prep, among others and it still amazes me how staff were able to teach enough for us to get through 'School Certificate' and even matriculate! As

usual, when one of the 'Guinea Pigs' has a thought, it invariably triggers a mass thinking. We had dances in Churchill virtually every Saturday, which were well conducted affairs. We only had a portable gramophone with quite a few records - mainly Victor Sylvester for strict tempo, quite a few highland dances such as the Dashing White Sergeant, Gay Gordon's and Eightsome reels. This was one of the normal Saturday dances but made into a fancy dress do for the occasion. In those days nearly everyone could dance - part of the social graves that stood you in good stead after leaving school. They were always well conducted with a master of ceremonies who would announce the next dance, such as a 'ladies excuse me', snowball waltz and whatever combination one could think of. The highlighting of the Royal Wedding in 1947 in the media has reminded one of us how we celebrated that day with a holiday, a School v Staff hockey match and a fancy-dress party. We also planted a tree near Churchill House, recalls another, who came to the party as Cleopatra. A small local German band played from on the stage. We were confined to Churchill House but when the band struck up a conga, we all twisted our way outside and around the medical centre. Fortunately, there were no repercussions!

The second photo is of the yacht TS Prince Rupert in dry dock after we had finished scraping off tons of barnacles, mussels and seaweed. It had then been painted black and was still just



a hull really. After the superstructure was built on, it was taken out into the harbour to box the compass, etc., before being properly handed over to us. The people in the photograph are, L-R: my father, Taffy Ferris, myself and Paddy Hemmings. The occasion would have been an easy weekend and Taffy and Paddy would have been with us due to their parents not being able to make it up to Wilhelmshaven that weekend.

The third photo is of Henry, the St Bernard, with John Duxbury, who taught history and was the housemaster of Drake Boys. Taken at the stables where Henry was banished after some misbehaviour, he usually came with us if we were of hacking and would run far more miles than we covered on horseback. John Duxbury was a keen equestrian and a good history master. I do remember that in the last history lesson before breaking up for holidays he would just read a book to us. He sat on his desk and we all relaxed at our desks listening to a book such as, 'Stalky and Co', which seemed to record all the scrapes pupils, who later in life

became stalwarts of the British Empire, at United Services College in Devon. I was never sure whether he could see us as future stalwarts, or was letting us know that he was aware of our misdemeanours. I think it may have been the latter.

Vic Longyear (Drake 47 – 50)



The Evans family

The name of Mr J.B. Evans (Music) appeared more than once in the previous issue and we were able to determine the following about the Evans family thanks to Peter Duncan (Collingwood 63 – 68) and his twin sister, Anne (Duncan) Holman (Collingwood 62 – 68).

David and Trevor Evans (Rodney 64 – 67) were the sons of Bryn Evans and started PRS from school at RAF Jever. It was often easy to forget that David was nearly two years younger than us and left primary school a year early to join PRS. I think the Evans family lived in quite a big house in Schulstrasse, which was some way away from the other married quarters in the town. It was the home of a high-ranking German Kriegsmarine officer before it was requisitioned by the Royal Navy after the war. Both David and Trevor spent a large part of their time at PRS as day pupils, although I believe they were boarders in Rodney prior to leaving in 1967 when Mr Evans got a post as music adviser in Sussex and relocated to live in Worthing. Trevor may have continued to attend PRS to complete his A levels after the family left. Mr Evans was replaced as music teacher by Mr Precious. Coincidentally, one of my friends at college in Reading was a member of Mr Evans's highly regarded youth orchestra. After leaving school, David attended Newcastle University and after graduation initially worked as a

teacher at the Holland Park secondary school in London. He left teaching to work for Apple Computers and did very well apparently. He married an American lady from the Deep South and had two sons. By the 1990s he was working to set up the UK version of Legoland which he really enjoyed. We think he died from liver cancer around 1996. Trevor, who gained a PhD in economics, worked for many years at the Regional Centre for Economic and Social Research (CRIES) in Nicaragua. He was a professor at the Berlin School of Economics and Law up to his retirement in 2015.

Ed. – The headmaster, Mr J. R. Meredith, wrote the following in the Summer 1967 issue of Cavalier magazine. 'Mr Evans arrived the same term as Miss Tebbs and he, too, is returning to England. As Director of Music for thirteen years he has guided innumerable pupils towards a sound understanding of music and organised musical productions again and again. In addition, he has often given of his own musical skill as a player either as a part of the Viart Rost Quartet, or as a soloist. We wish him and Mrs Evans a happy time in Worthing.'



The Punishment Book

If serious enough, misbehaviour at school was entered into a book that survived after the closure of PRS. A glimpse of the pages revealed the names of the perpetrators, their respective offences and punishments - all canings by the headmaster (on the hand or seat) and the number of strokes received. These ranged from two to eight strokes, but four or six seemed to be the norm, while two and three were reserved for the more trivial offences. The entries began in November 1947 and ceased in September 1969, but there were gaps, notably between 1960 and 1968. Were naughty pupils turning into well-behaved ones during that time, or were some pages of the book simply missing?

By today's standards, the offences themselves were hardly those that would make headlines. For instance, in 1947 we had rudeness to a certain teacher, rudeness and lying, allowing boys into a room (presumably occupied by girls), and being in the girls' corridor at night. In 1948, we have a case of swearing, two cases of rudeness in prep, cheating in an exam, napping in prep, and an unusual case of stealing an electric light bulb. One can't help wondering why? Surely if one was broken, asking matron for a new bulb would have been the thing to do? In the 1950's, things got worse: being on the bunker (roof?), rude remarks and lying, smoking, theft, truancy, persistent misconduct in class, leaving

the school train at an unauthorised stop, misbehaviour on the train returning to school, bursting bombs (presumably only water bombs), smoking and drinking with grown youth(s), theft, truancy, and persistent refusal to make any effort in class, were all mentioned. In 1959, ages were added to the names of the offenders and the 13 to 14 age group seemed particularly prone to temptation. Among their misdemeanours were: persistent lying and insolence when detected in a case of theft, deliberate disobedience of school rules in going on ice in dangerous condition, deliberate disobedience and rudeness to a member of staff, brutality and filthy language, indecent conduct on the school train, gross discourtesy towards to the headmaster and the school through a false and impertinent request on BFN, and breaking bounds. The next entries were in 1969 for cases of insolence, disobedience, misbehaviour, cheating in exams, failure to attend Saturday detention, smoking in the school train, lateness for assembly, and throwing sticks at conkers after having been warned not to do so.

Ed. In a previous issue, we heard from a boy who was called into the headmaster's office because of a request played on AFN, which 'noised the school's name across the country' (see issue 81, p.16). The above request was aired on BFN, except this time it was clearly worth four strokes of the cane!

Fliegerdeich revisited



Those who were at the unveiling of the Phoenix stone on October 11, 2014, will recall the friendliness and hospitality we were shown on Fliegerdeich that day (see issue 63, p.7-9). The unveiling marked the return to Wilhelmshaven of the foundation stones of the chapel and Churchill building, which were transferred to Rinteln when PRS moved there in 1972. The Phoenix stone (the largest of the three) was unveiled by Wilhelmshaven's Deputy Mayor and will remain a permanent monument on the site. Prince Rupert School, he said, was a piece of the town's post-war history and a symbol of the fresh start after years of war and destruction.

A guided tour of the Senckenberg facility followed and it was during this tour that we passed a couple of framed photographs decorating a wall. I took photos of the photos and completely forgot about them until recently. They had never been published in New

Cavalier, weren't in the TWA photo archive, or to be found in the PRS video. Former headmaster, John Sharp, was in both of them and a reference in The Book related to the visit of a high-ranking RN officer that seemed to fit the photo.

It was extracted from the Spring 1959 Cavalier and read: "This was Mr Sharp's first Speech Day at Prince Rupert's School, and in his report, he paid tribute to the work of the school. The prizes were presented and the address given by Rear-Admiral M.S. Townsend, Commander Naval Forces, Northern Area Central Europe. In his address he expressed his pleasure at the naval associations of the school, exemplified by the fact that the various buildings were named after admirals. He went on to stress the need for international thinking, reminding us that living in Germany as we do, we have an excellent opportunity to learn to understand the outlook of other



nations and to help lay the foundation of future peace and understanding." The other photo needs no explanation. It is clearly the end of term and Mr Sharp is seeing everyone safely onto the train home. But does anyone recognise either

themselves or a fellow pupil? The young lady standing third from right is holding a briefcase with the initials CFW on it, if that helps.
Ed.



Paul's impressions



The move to RAF Jever in 1959 was our first overseas posting and my first taste of boarding school was the evening meal at Rodney Boys on the Bonteheim. The cold in Wilhelmshaven was quite unlike anything I had known before and I was glad to have been kitted out with long trousers. Although I enjoyed sport, I had no great talent for any of it. Mr (Chalky) White, however, had other ideas and persuaded me to try boxing. Maybe he had a point. Boys of my age (12) could be rather cruel to each other and the boys at Rodney were no exception. Despite my lack of talent, I gave it a try and was rewarded by admission to both the school's boxing and cricket teams. Soon we would be representing PRS in both Hamm and Rheindalen. Paul is left in the front row of photo.

After what seemed like an infinitely long

coach trip to Hamm, I managed to scrape a win over my first boxing opponent. But the boost to my confidence was only temporary. Due to growing outwards and not upwards, I was being dwarfed in stature by boys of the same weight and failed to win another bout. Totally pummelled when I next boxed for the school, the fight was stopped almost immediately after the opening bell! That setback catalysed my interest in alternative sports such as crochet, genealogy and ornithology.

As a Rodney boy, to me it seemed an unwritten law that Collingwood should win all sporting events. This was underlined when an extra trophy cabinet had to be acquired to accommodate all of



their silverware. A reversal of this trend occurred in 1960 when Rodney's under-14's XI hammered the Collingwood team at cricket. I think we were 126 all out and then bowled their entire team out for 9 runs. Imagine the surprise and celebrations!

When we played football or cricket on Bonteheim, a high fence usually stopped balls being lost in the filthy water of the harbour between us and Fliegerdeich, which was certainly not fit for bathing in,



or so we thought. Enter Horace Armitage, a prefect and competent swimmer who offered to retrieve our cricket ball when someone hit it for six over the fence. With little fear for his own safety, he retrieved the ball, although rumour had it that he emerged from his escapade as dry as a bone. The harbour actually froze completely over one winter and some brave souls suggested that it would be possible to skate over to Fliegerdeich. Nobody tried it to my knowledge, but when the ice eventually thawed the chunks of ice were a curious shade of burnt umber, attesting to the earlier bravery of Horace.

As a member of the working party conscripted to excavate a swimming pool at the east end of the Bonteheim block, despair descended when the flawed design left us with the first artificial quicksand ever seen in Germany. Fortunately, the project was redeemed sometime soon afterwards.

Our matrons at Rodney Boys were German ladies of whom the first - a really gentle soul - sadly died fairly soon after

my arrival. Her successor, who was quite a lot younger, seemed a totally different character than her predecessor. In 1959, I remember an outbreak of athletes' foot of almost epidemic proportions sweeping through our House. We were encouraged to use either Potassium Permanganate baths or a very greasy, sickly smelling ointment to treat it. The awful smell would linger for hours after anybody had used it. On the day of the FA Cup Final, we all crowded round the TV set to watch the game. Radios were a secret pleasure for the privileged few and we would huddle together on a Sunday evening each week to hear who was number one in the charts. Another prized possession was a miniature immersion heater that could be used to brew up a mug of tea after lights out. Live entertainment was a special treat and I remember a production of Carmen that the school put on one year. Diane Woodward played the title role and to this day I can still recall her fantastic voice. I think more than just a few of the lads became avid fans!

Paul Dutton (Rodney 59 - 61)

In memoriam



Jim Mills (Drake 53 – 56)

We are sad to report the passing of Jim, who joined PRS at the age of 14 when his father was posted to Germany in 1953. He greatly enjoyed being at his new school and the many extramural activities, especially sailing and participating in dramatic productions. In his own words, 'I was helped by a gifted drama teacher, Kevin Callan, with whom I kept in touch and was privileged to speak at his funeral a few years ago.' After three happy years in Germany, Jim's family moved back to the UK, where he initially studied civil engineering and then management. After working for a variety of companies and managing a group of factories in Essex, he studied marketing and in 1970 moved to Worcester as the MD of a company that made castings. Here, he took up boating and enjoyed many holidays in Greece aboard his motor cruiser with family and friends. His love of Greece was nurtured from 1948-50 when his father was posted to Athens. Jim was a big believer in designing things himself and lived by the belief that we should strive for perfection in everything we do. He would often

quote Sir Henry Royce, who said: 'Take the best and make it better. When it doesn't exist Design it!'

Above all, he will be remembered as being a strong, able and generous gentleman. We offer his wife and family our sincere condolences.

A close friend and former schoolmate had this to say about Jim. We knew each other briefly at PRS, but he was on the other side of the water in Drake and I at the Bonteheim in Howe and he was a year ahead of me. As we lived not too far apart, we also got together briefly during school holidays. On leaving school we went our separate ways. However, in the mid 70's I had joined a firm based in Leeds and staying there for some 3/4 days, looking for a reasonable restaurant to eat at one night three guys were coming down towards me laughing and talking, unbelievably I recognised one of them from his gait (style of walking), and thought I know him, I turned and followed them and on hearing his voice put a name to him - Jim Mills. Seconds later they entered a pub and it gave me a chance to ask this chap if he had attended PRS and was called Jim Mills, to say that he was taken aback was putting it mildly however then he recognised yours truly we spent the rest of the evening going over various school scenarios oblivious of his two companions.

So began a renewed friendship some 30+ years after leaving school, Jim at that time lived in the Nottingham area and I lived

in Malvern in Worcestershire so it was phone calls etc. Ironically Jim came to live in Worcester and at the same time I moved to South Staffordshire. However, distance was then not too much of a problem and when we could manage, we would meet halfway for lunch. One time we had arranged to meet and Jim did not show up, the next I checked to see if all was well with him. 'Hell, I completely forgot,' was his reply and a couple of days later a fine bottle of port arrived in the post to apologise for his memory loss! That is the sort of guy he was. Our friendship continued right up to his untimely death. He will be missed by all who knew him and his lovely wife Tessa.

Ian Lennox (Howe 52 – 57)

Where is he now?

On reading the article "Milocarian Trophy Revisited" in the recent *New Cavalier* and the references to Paul Burton and his sporting achievements in the 100 and 200 metres hurdles, a whole chain of memories was set in motion for me. These memories concerned our meeting and working together in the months after I left PRS. Paul Burton was about three years senior to me but our time at PRS must have coincided in 1957 and earlier. Being a keen member of the sailing club myself and hearing about the building of an oil harbour just north of Wilhelmshaven, and after seeing a BP promotional film at school about the harbour and oil tankers, I decided

to think about going to sea in them myself.

So, in the Autumn of 1960 my father took me to an interview with Shell Tankers in London. To cut a long story short, I left school, being in the Upper Sixth, in mid-term in November 1960 and in December joined my first ship in Rotterdam, the Shell Tanker 'Velutina' as a Deck Apprentice. On arrival on board, I met Paul Burton who was by then a senior Deck Apprentice in Shell Tankers. We sailed together for almost seven months, mainly to Persian Gulf, Mediterranean and north European ports. We worked together learning how to keep Bridge watches, cargo handling and ship maintenance.

After that voyage we lost touch but I remained with Shell Tankers until I



Paul Burton on his 21st birthday in the Suez Canal.

obtained my First Mates certificate 1966.

If anyone has had contact with Paul over the years or has news of him please get in touch.



Richard Tomlinson practising semaphore.



Four deck apprentices in January 1961 working on removing crude oil sludge from the tank bottoms prior to dry-docking in South Shields. Richard Tomlinson is on the left and Paul Burton second on the left. For the record, the sludge was not dumped in the sea, but was put ashore in South Shields.

Richard Tomlinson (Drake 55 - 60)

Memories of Prince Philip

After leaving PRS, I was a nurse in Windsor General Hospital in the 1950's and lodged in the Staff Nurses Home right opposite the entrance to Windsor Castle. Every day we saw the ceremonial guards in their fancy outfits, parading about and when off duty, we'd go up the drive for a friendly chat, try on their big busby hats and to give them a smile. I often thought I saw the Prince behind the curtains, having a chuckle too. Whenever the Queen and Philip returned to Windsor from Balmoral or somewhere important, we'd sometimes get time off to watch the royal procession. I'm sure Philip always looked out for us, with a naughty but nice twinkle in his eye. He was a real gent! Also, when we were living in Paris in the 1960's and '70's, we were members of the Standard Athletic Club, essentially a British and Commonwealth Club founded in 1890 by the British builders of the Eiffel Tower (yes, really). The British Ambassador got permission for us to fly the Royal Standard, hence the name. Anyway, on two state visits to France, the Queen and Philip made a point of visiting "their club". As they drove slowly around, giving the royal wave to the cheering expats, I like to think the Prince was looking out at me with a knowing smile.

Roberta (Dillon) Moore (Rodney 50 - 52)

On our Road to Mandalay



*Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where
the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments
an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there
that I would be
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy
at the sea;
Rudyard Kipling*

Having recently re-read the findings of a school survey, conducted in 1970, by Sandra Alexander, Heather Buchanan, Jane Cattell, Deborah Collinson, Janet Fullwood, Isobel Ramsey and Glynis Woods, which were reported in that years' Cavalier, I can confirm that like so many others, I fit into that familiar PRS profile of having attended 9 different schools in 5 different countries, during my formative school years. At a push, I could make that ten if I include attending classes whilst on board the troopship HMT Oxfordshire, as it conveyed us from Southampton to Singapore, in 1958. However, the

duration of the journey numbered only six weeks (no blocking the Suez Canal for several days for us!) so that might be stretching things a little bit.

As if this nomadic way of life was not enough, my wife Rosie (Lyons - Howe 68 to 71) and I perpetuated our itinerant ways when having joined the Royal Air Force in early 1975 we then spent the next 33 years moving from one posting to another, taking in several countries along the way.

During those travels we were occasionally very pleasantly surprised to meet, by sheer chance, other PRS-ites, some of whom had also chosen to follow the flag and others who just happened to be at the same place at the same time for other reasons.

By way of example, we met Fred Longbottom (I think Shackleton) in 1976, whilst we were stationed at RAF St Athan, in the Vale of Glamorgan, which at the time was home to No.4 RAF School of Technical Training and a major aircraft maintenance unit servicing, amongst other aircraft, Vulcans and Victors. By then, Fred had become an RAF Survival Equipment specialist and, as I seem to recall, this was his first posting.

Jumping forward to 2002, we were delighted to stumble upon Jane Ambrose, (whose father was of course Mr D Ambrose, who taught Technical Studies at PRS), in of all places, the Falkland Islands. Jane's husband had taken up an appointment at the

Falkland Islands Community Hospital in Stanley and Rosie and I were stationed at Mount Pleasant Airfield, some 33 miles southwest of their Stanley home. I can vividly recollect that each time we met Jane during our 13-month tour, the conversation would inevitably turn to stories of the time we spent at Wilhelmshaven and the mutual PRS friends and acquaintances we had made. Then in 2007, now stationed at the NATO Air Component Command Headquarters at Ramstein Air Base in Germany, who should turn up on a posting from Washington DC, but Jenny Bond and her husband Colin. Again, this gave Jenny, Rosie, and I opportunities to reminisce about times spent at PRS, while Colin graciously allowed us to indulge ourselves, listening no doubt to stories that he had probably heard several times before.

I must now travel back to 1984 for perhaps the most unexpected encounter. As a then fledgling Flight Lieutenant, I reported to my new Wing Commander boss at RAF Wildenrath, Germany, for my arrival interview. As I entered his office and saluted, much to my surprise the first words that Wing Commander Terry Potesta (ex PRS) uttered to me were “Sapientia Ex Igne”. He subsequently explained, with a wry smile of course, that one of the reasons why he had been inclined to accept my appointment onto his team, was based on the premise that as I was an ex PRS

pupil, I would clearly possess all the required qualities and professional characteristics that the job required! I have often wondered whether he still felt the same way about his decision, as the months rolled by during my time under his command. Understanding the actual probability of such chance encounters, with the aforementioned PRS-ites is frankly beyond my limited capabilities. In fact, when I was (reluctantly) studying statistics at university, I purchased a book entitled ‘Statistics Without Tears (A Primer for Non-mathematicians).

In my particular case, I concluded very rapidly that I must have been sold a pup! Rosie and I have always held the view that, while some of our postings had their moments, on balance we feel very fortunate to have lived in and experienced so many fascinating and interesting countries and cultures during our travels. Added to which, the occasional chance meetings with old PRS friends and acquaintances along the way, has always served to enrich those experiences all the more. Best start packing our bags and see where we might be headed to next.

Mark Pepper (Drake 67 – 71)

Malcolm Hynes (Rodney 47-51)



Sea Cadets early 50's on the TS Prince Rupert. Malcolm is right at the end of the back row, immediately to the right of the standing pipe.

Sadly, Malcolm Hynes passed away on the 14th March 2021. Malcolm's son, James, wrote that one of the highlights of his Dad's younger years was going to school in Wilhelmshaven where he was one of the first group of pupils in 1947. He loved it and grew up with a great deal of respect for the German people. He often spoke of Herr Steiner who ran the Sea Cadets and had previously been an instructor in the Kriegsmarine training base, which became PRS. Malcolm's son's understanding was that his Dad spent his time in the Sea Cadets zooming around on German E boats in Wilhelmshaven harbour. James writes that his Dad was a bright lad – good at physics and Maths and with a very logical, analytical mind. His school report still makes James laugh as it states that Malcolm is a very able pupil and works well when made to – otherwise he is idle. James

commented that in our more modern times it wouldn't have been politically correct to use such a description! For those 47ers, a group of former PRS pupils who remember Malcolm at school, he was a happy, bright and friendly boy with a lovely head of ginger hair and he was known as 'Ginger Hynes'. For those of us who have attended the 47er group mini-reunions, Malcolm and his wife Joan were always warmly welcomed and



were very good company. Joan has provided this photo (previous page) from Malcolm's school collection and the story is that someone had built a crystal radio set and this person was on the roof trying to get a better reception!

After leaving school, Malcolm got a job at the Atomic Weapons Establishment at Aldermaston and studied for his HNC at Reading Technical College. He always described working and studying part time as 'bloody hard work'.

However, his hard work paid off and he was selected to be part of the team that was to explode the UK's Nuclear Weapon at Christmas Island in the Pacific. Exciting stuff for a young man in his twenties. He often spoke about the test – and despite all of the connotations of nuclear weapons, it was for him one of life's defining moments, the memories of which stayed with him.

Malcolm's career had moved on a bit as well - from dropping bombs in the South Pacific to the other end of the spectrum – radiological protection – he taught physics for a time and then spent 25 years in civilian radiation research at Rutherford Laboratories.

Malcolm had many interests but his love of jazz, steam and travel were his favourites and he and Joan and their sons and grandchildren spent many times enjoying the steam events and James reports that they attended pretty much every preserved steam railway in the UK and that vintage steam rallies were part of their summer

outings. Malcolm had a great wish to own his own traction engine and he started to build one when he retired but realising how difficult this would be, James persuaded him to buy one 15 years ago.

The love of travel took the family on many overseas holidays and two of these were connected to PRS. One was when they attended an event in Wilhelmshaven and met the Mayor and the other was when a group of 47ers went to Canada and met up with some former 47ers out there.

Malcolm took up bee keeping and became president of Newbury Bee Keepers in due course and was still bee-keeping up until last year. He had an interest in gardening and was a lifelong member of the Bucklebury Horticultural Society and in typical style, did his bit, taking various positions on the committee.

Having only met Malcolm in the last 15 years, I can imagine how he was at school because he was described by those who knew him then. This happy, bright and friendly boy with the wonderful head of ginger hair is exactly how he came over to me but the red hair was by now a wonderful head of white hair. His eyes always sparkled and he was a caring person who could talk about and discuss so many interesting topics.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Joan and the Hynes family.

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

My friend John – Part 1



John and Peter at school

Most, if not all, members of TWA will remember John Papworth as one of the central figures in the Association for so many years. This tale is but one of many chapters in his larger life.

I met John Papworth in 1953 at Catterick Camp in Yorkshire, when we were both aged 11, at the public swimming pool at the Sandys Soldiers Home. With both our schools and our homes in close proximity – Richmond Grammar School and Jutland Road for me and the nearby Secondary Modern School and French Road for John – many hours together forged a fast friendship. We also both joined the choir at St. Oswald's church, which was just up the hill on the junction with Hipswell Road. It was a temporary church, sadly now long gone. The junior section of the choir was about a dozen strong, ranging from pre-through mid-teens. After practice or evening services, we all enjoyed the innocent fun and games of boys and girls of that age, which truth be told held as much if not more appeal than the singing itself.

Catterick Camp was a great place for

young lads in those times. Exploring the woods behind the quarters, scrumping from people's gardens, collecting spent bullet cases from the shooting ranges and generally getting up to mischief. Motor sports were held up on the moors above the camp. I can still almost smell the pungent high-octane fuel and hear the roar of the little Cooper 500cc racing cars doing time trials on the tank tracks. And with so many wonderful pre-war cars, we became expert spotters – oh! the excitement at spotting a Delage or a Lanchester or some other exotic motor car.

Our adventures together all came to an end in Summer of 1956 when our dads were posted away. My old man was in the Royal Signals, which he joined after the war following service with the Green Howards regiment. John's Dad, as I recall, was with the Army Catering Corps at that time. And so, our great boyhood friendship was destined to come to a close, as was so often the case in army life.

Imagine then our excitement at bumping into each other that September in the corridor at Howe house on the Bonteheim! Turned out our dads had both been posted to BAOR (as it was in those times), albeit to different locations, and we were delighted to be re-united at PRS Wilhelmshaven. Not only at the same school, but in the same house – truly a great reunion!

Once again, we participated in a number of activities together at PRS.

We were both in the CCF Army group, which provided great discipline, exercise and an outlet for the boundless energies of a couple of 14-year-old boys. I joined the Chapel Choir, and if memory serves, I believe John did also. That said, we were not inseparable, as our respective strengths pulled us in different directions. My theatrical and musical interests developed during my time at PRS whilst John's natural athleticism led him to participate in many sports. I particularly remember John as a good basketball player and although I played too it was only in inter-house competitions. I did my best with other sports – but well, let's just say they were not my forte! John, on the other hand, did exceptionally well as the late Pat (Woods) Underhill wrote in *The New Cavalier* – Winter 2012:

“John was a popular member of Howe and a great sportsman. He represented his house and school in just about every sport you could think of and was proud of his achievements and school colours.”

That says it all!

Like John, I also earned, and was equally proud of, school colours during our time at PRS, but in my case they were for Music and Drama. But that's a story for another time.

This is more a tale of friendship rather than a series of vignettes about life at PRS, but the end of my time at the school, and the manner of my going, bears telling here. By the end of our third year, John and I had both been

made Prefects, and in addition, I was also Head Boy of Howe. We were nearing the end of the summer term and the majority of the Prefecture put our heads together to devise an end-of-term mission. It would seem, in retrospect, that all the CCF training we received fired our collective imaginations as we carefully strategized our plans. We knew that Collingwood House on the Fliegerdeich had a model ship in a display case at the end of their dormitory corridor. Our mission was to spirit it back to Bonteheim in the dead of night and display it in Howe House.

More than 60 years later, details are a bit hazy, but as I remember it, we successfully escaped the Bonteheim, made our way over the Kaiser Wilhelm Brücke, infiltrated the Fliegerdeich and penetrated the enemy territory of Collingwood House. To our dismay we discovered that the capture of the trophy, being larger and heavier than we had anticipated, was more ambitious than we could manage and so we re-grouped and made our retreat. Content to consider the adventure fodder for a good tale and some laughs, we returned to home base, where our success with evading detection at every stage came to an abrupt end. We were captured on our re-entry to Howe and the game was up. Discipline time! I don't recall what was meted out to John and the rest of the cohort, but as the head of house I was obviously the most culpable and deserved the harshest punishment.

Suspension for the remainder of term, to take effect immediately. With only three days left of the summer term, going home early was not such a bad outcome after all!

I was not expelled thankfully, and I remained eligible to return the following term. But that was not to be. I had interviewed and been selected for a position with Cable & Wireless Ltd., so I skipped second year of 6th form, bypassing 'A' level GCE's, and was destined instead for Engineering College in Cornwall that September. I am not sure whether John returned to PRS that year but once again our paths diverged and the near-end of Summer term 1959 was the last time I saw John until...well until! (*To be continued...*)

Peter Nash (Howe (56 – 59)



During my last summer term Mr Roberts banned me from attending maths lessons because I was constantly disruptive.

On one occasion he lost his temper and sent me to the library, saying that I should remain there until the end of term. This was no real hardship for me, because the library windows overlooked the tennis courts where I could watch the girls playing.

During the same term I developed a previously dormant interest in athletics, which meant that all my training had to be done on the Main Site. Quite coincidentally, this was close to Collingwood Girls, where an assignation could more easily take place with a certain young lady behind the MI Room. I was able to take the crush-pin a stage further by making a king-size version from a six-inch nail with a wooden head painted red, which I made unofficially during a woodwork lesson.

One gloriously hot day, a local girl appeared on the other side of the Deich, promptly undressed and put on her swimsuit. I will leave you to imagine the effect this had on a house full of red-blooded teenage boys, whose noses were pressed up against the fence.

Roger Hall (Drake 58 – 60)

Extracted from The Book – photo by courtesy of Bob Innes.

Sarah's schooldays relived

It's so long ago now, but here are some memories of my PRS years.

I was 12 when I started in January 1954, initially in Hood with Miss Marter and in 1 Upper with Miss Talbot, a maths teacher for whom I could get nothing right! I remember the day-long train journey, arriving in the dark, clambering down and walking through the gates into the main school site and trying to find Hood. All seemed rather daunting but it didn't take too long to settle. And I was able to stay till 1960 finishing in Upper VI Science.

One of my last roommates in Hood was Liz Cheek. We were both horse mad and unbeknown to anyone we had our own imaginary horses, Banner and Flicker. They were 'stabled' at the back of the bunker and we rose at 6am each morning before creeping out of the house to feed, groom and exercise them. This amounted to galloping round the bunker a few times.

Thankfully, no one ever saw us or they would have thought we were bonkers! Not to mention the fact that we weren't supposed to leave the house before breakfast.

My happiest memories are of riding twice a week (how lucky were we to have that facility) under the tuition of Herr Leu, a retired Polish army dragoon. Any fall from a horse was addressed with "who told you to dismount?" So, it was a quick dust down and remount without any thought of a bruise or two. I had the



Sarah on Berber under the watchful eye of Herr Leu.

honour of captaining the Saddle Club and won the Nag's Head trophy on three occasions – not an auspicious name for it and open to much teasing from the boys!

Our PRS connection and the reason why my brothers and I were sent there was Miss Mollett, the fearsome (but kind) school matron and a great friend of my grandmother in Malta. She was serving as a nurse in the Queen Alexandra's Royal Nursing Corps and my grandmother was married to a dental surgeon who was also stationed there. As a result of this connection, Miss Mollett would often spend some



time with our family during the school holidays which could be a bit scary! I always remember the notice from her on our House notice board. An early warm spell had seen us leaving off our coats and cardigans and it was only April. "Summer doesn't come until I say so," she said. So, it was back on with the coats till May was out. I met her again after leaving school and found her much mellowed (or I had grown up) and it was lovely to have her at my grandmother's funeral.



Taken at Mr Gillman's afternoon tea for 6 Arts. L-R: Sarah Tomlinson, Miss Mollett and Clare Whistler.

As far as lessons were concerned, I enjoyed biology with Miss Kilner (later Mrs Callan) and went on to do Botany, Zoology and Chemistry in the 6th form with Miss Sweetnam and Mr Periam. This stimulated my interest in medical laboratory technology and I went to work in the pathology labs of the Royal London and Royal Free Hospitals in London. After marrying I moved to Hertford and was able work on cattle testing at the Allen and Hanbury Laboratories in Ware until the children started arriving. Helen in Hertford, before we moved to Garstang near Preston where Jonathan

was born. We then moved back down to Winchester where Edward arrived.



Taken on the Island of Wangerooge, our post-GCE treat. L-R: Geraldine Lee, Midge Jones and Wendy Martin.

Now I am blessed with eight lovely grandchildren!

As one of the few pupils who were able to stay at PRS for the full seven years of secondary education, I was very grateful and am still in touch with a number of former pupils, namely, Pep Perry, Midge Jones, Lois Hammond, Pauline Ward, Julie Brinton, Wendy Martin and Liz Cheek. Liz lives in Canada and I have enjoyed a number of holidays out there with her and her husband, John, which I really appreciate. Looking back, I can say I really enjoyed most my days at PRS and reflecting on them has been an enjoyable exercise.

Sarah (Tomlinson) Shirley (Hood/Drake 54 – 60)

BFG project update

The BFG (British Forces in Germany) project started in March 2020 at Paderborn University and builds on exhibitions staged in Paderborn in 2017/18 and in the North Rhine-Westphalian State Parliament in Düsseldorf in 2019. It focuses on the everyday life of British soldiers and their families in Germany from 1945 through to the withdrawal of the troops last year.

So, what has happened so far? Paderborn's Dr Bettina Blum takes up the story. "Two weeks after I started work on the project, the first lockdown began and so I set up office at home in Bielefeld, on the edge of the Teutoburger Forest. A great place to work except that the research and evaluation phases could no longer be organised in accordance to what was most important for the project, but according to where I was allowed to travel for research. Nevertheless, in the summer I was able to visit some archives in Germany. At the same time, I also conducted online interviews for the very first time, which was a new and exciting experience. I'm now reading and thinking about everything very carefully, structuring my ideas and determining what is missing. This will take a few months. At the same time, I also have to start thinking about the book and what I want to focus on." "I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for sharing your

experiences and knowledge, photos, documents and stories. Thank you for the fascinating, inspiring conversations and emails, from which I have learned something new time and time again and which opened up new worlds to me. Without you, this project would not have been possible! I hope that this Anglo-German project can contribute to reflecting on what unites and connects our countries rather than what divides them."

And what happens next? Bettina: "I hope to be able to travel to the UK in the spring/summer and that the archives and museums will be open again by then. This question still unsettles me quite a bit. As the project ends in 2023, it is important for me to be able to do research trips again this year." For those wanting to know more about the project's issues and topics, the exhibition team maintains a Facebook page (www.facebook.com/briteninwestfalen).

Ed.



In memoriam



Brian Cater. I knew Brian at PRS as a cheerful, athletic friend. An excellent goalkeeper he inspired me to take up the same position. The difference between us was that he was excellent. I became only good. We swam in the school team at Ploen when PRS visited to contest various sports. He always won. I always came second. How could I not admire this older boy as a mentor, although he would never have admitted it. We sailed together on HMTS Prince Rupert on several trips to the Frisian Islands and the long voyage to Rotterdam. He spent those times as a Jolly Tar, cheering us all up with quips and comment, always acting and looking the complete sailor. In the group photo before leaving Wilhelmshaven, he stands behind my shoulder, handsome, proud and confident, smiling straight into the camera. It is no surprise that he joined the Royal Navy on leaving PRS. His devotion to Jean began at school and never wavered, even when she transferred to King Alfred, kept in touch by letter. On return to England, the

letters continued and they met every time Brian had leave from the Navy. In 1957 Jean dropped the letter "r" and from Miss Jean Carter, became Mrs Jean Cater. Their true love and devotion continued for another sixty-three years, on Brian's passing, and will most certainly continue to exist in Jean's heart. My heart goes out to Jean's loss of this fine man. We first met in 1946 in Lubbecke where I lived for six months before moving to Munster-Lager. I felt great pleasure in seeing her again at PRS in late 1947. So, I feel a keener sense of sympathy than would be normal at the loss of her beloved husband, whom I admired and liked. We are all with you in sorrow, dear Jean. *John Newton*



I feel that I want to add a bit more about Brian and more recent times to say what a lovely man I found him to be. He always had a warm smile on his face and he came across as a very kind person. At the biennial Leeds Reunion in 2015 he presented TWA with a cake in the shape

of our Phoenix crest. Brian is on the left in the photo below and John McFarlane to the right. We donated the cake and £400 raised in our raffle to the Leeds Children's hospital.

Vic Longyear recalls that Brian seemed



to be unperturbed by anyone or situation and always seemed laid back with a laconic sense of humour. Also, Jack and Roberta Moore who organised a 47ers Reunion on the French Riviera told me that Brian was the life and soul of the party.

Our thoughts are with you Jean and our thanks to you both for supporting Prince Rupert School and TWA for so many years and we hope that we see you at our Chester Reunion next year.

Barbara Steels - Committee Chair



Brian Cater - outside the nissen hut classrooms

In memoriam

Bill (Lofty) Rainford (Drake 52 – 55) Bill's family have notified us that he passed away over a year ago. His obituary notice in the local press read as follows. "Bill Rainford, 80, born June 25th, 1939 in Great Barr, England, passed away peacefully on March 23, 2020. He is survived by his wife Kathy, his daughter Leslie, his son Billy, and their partners Garrett and Emily. In 2009, Bill and Kathy retired from London to the Lake Simcoe village of Lagoon City on 10 km of canals. Bill was able to spend his final years doing what he loved, boating and visiting with their many great friends." We learned from his son that he drove himself to hospital in Barrie, Ontario, and died following complications during an out-patient medical procedure. Bill and Kathy had been married for 59 years. We extend our sincere condolences to her and Bill's family.



Bill on parade with other air cadets in 1954.

Bill kept in touch with a handful of former pupils for a number of years and attended PRS mini-reunions in

Canada. His ex-PRS friends reacted as follows. "Such sad news and a shock for his family. I first met Bill at a mini reunion in Ontario. He was a very nice man and could be very funny. It was a pleasure to have known him." (Diane Kerwin) "I knew Bill quite well, he came to the Newbury reunion, and the last time I spoke to him was when I visited Canada many years ago. He was really good friends with The Late Micky Spillane at PRS. They were both heavily into sport and kept in touch with each other until Micky died before they could meet at the reunion." (Eileen Ripley) "I met Bill in Ontario at a mini-reunion. He and I would video chat from time to time over Skype. A very nice man. Our condolences to his family." (Bob Lintott)



'Bill is on the extreme left of the back row in this basketball team photo.

According to The Cavalier magazine, Bill represented the school at athletics (400 and 800 metres) and at basketball. At the interhouse athletics championships, he came first in both of the aforementioned events, while in the 400 metres he set a new school record (the previous record having stood since 1947). He was appointed a

monitor at Drake Boys in Spring 1955 and was mentioned in the Autumn issue of that year, which is when this photo of the school basketball team was published. Bill is the first on the left in the back row.

Bill's final word



Bill on his 80th birthday at the CNN Tower in Toronto

When I bid farewell to my mother and boarded the school train at Bückeburg in the autumn of 1955, I was a fifteen-year-old youth. I commanded a height of four feet ten inches and was the owner of a brand new PRS blazer and a pair of grey worsted 'bags', both of which had been expertly fitted by my mum. When I saw her again at Christmas, I was six feet two inches and still growing. My blazer looked as if it had been owned by Charlie Chaplin and the trousers from a Chinese surplus store.

Extracted from The Book

In memoriam



We were saddened to learn of the sudden passing of Lol Todd (Howe 65 - 69), who is remembered as one of our most popular fellow students of his era. Much liked by all, he played a pivotal role in most sports representing the school on a number of occasions. He joined the CCF and reached the rank of acting Sergeant attending various summer camps throughout Germany, and was chosen for the Guard of Honour detail when high ranking officers visited the school. On leaving school at the end of summer term, he returned to the UK and assisted his father in the family business until choosing a career with NAAFI whereupon he returned to Germany. He became a manager in several locations - his last being Munster Lager - before returning to the UK where he was with the RAOC EFI detachment based in Claygate Surrey. As a Sergeant, he was posted to the Falklands soon after hostilities ended. Some years later he married Suzette

and had two lovely children who doted on him. He took early retirement and started single-handedly renovating the family home making major improvements, which took longer than he anticipated. Then suddenly he suffered a fatal heart attack just yards from the finishing line. I have been friends with Lol since I joined PRS in January 1967, and our very close friendship led to us meeting up in Germany wherever he had been posted. In 1997 we both attended the Wilhelmshaven reunion. And I was Best Man when he married Suzette. Our circle of friends included Alan Riddell and Steve Lennie, who were also billeted in Howe, and, who were also in close daily contact via WhatsApp until the sad day before his passing. His sisters Mo and Lorraine also attended PRS and are naturally devastated by their great loss. He will be greatly missed by us all, but not forgotten.

Gordon Barnett (Collingwood/Shackleton 67-70)



New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Renee	Renee Schregardus	53 - 56	
Bob Brandreth	Bob Brandreth	63 - 66	Mountbatten/Howe
Nicholas Budden	Nicholas Budden	61 - 64	Drake
Phillip Dunford	Phillip Dunford	65 - 68	Shackleton
John Horn	John Horn	60s	Rodney
Jeanne Hugo	Jeanne Hugo	61 - 64	Hood/Rodney
David Taylor	David Taylor	61 - 63	Drake

Joined

Karon Hall	Karon Aldridge	72	Blake
Rita Elston	Rita Mead	69 - 71	Collingwood
John Masters	John Masters	52 - 55	Collingwood

Re-joined

Robert Adams	Robert Adams	70 - 72	Shackleton
Marion Sweeney	Marion MacKenzie	70 - 72	Blake/Howe

In memoriam

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

Brian Cater	47 - 50	Matthew/Collingwood
Tony (Dixie) Deane	58 - 61	Rodney
William Rainford	52 - 54	Drake
Joan (Steele) Kidd	53 - 55	Howe
Lol Todd	64 - 68	Howe
Geoff Ward	59 - 62	Drake
Malcolm Hynes	47 - 51	Rodney
Jim Mills	53 - 56	Drake
Len Flint	53 - 55	Collingwood

From 1st September new password: **1was@PRS-22**