

The Wilhelmshaven Association

Contacts:

Committee Chair: Barbara Steels
chairman@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk

Membership Secretary/Treasurer:
Carol Goronwy
membership@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk
139 Blake Road, West Bridgford,
Nottingham NG2 5LA • Tel: 01159814246

Newsletter Editor: Paul Levitt
newsletter@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk

Merchandise : Peter Piller
merchandise@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk

TWA website:
www.prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk
Webmaster: Andy Renou
webmaster@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk

PRS Blog: Paul Levitt
<http://princerupertschool.blogspot.co.uk>

Facebook page:
[https://www.facebook.com/groups/
21708008728/?fref=ts](https://www.facebook.com/groups/21708008728/?fref=ts)

Password for members' website:
1was@PRS-22

TWA Association©2021
Material published in The New Cavalier may not be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form without the prior permission of the Editor.

TWA may not be held responsible for the actions of members that lead to accidents and/or damage of property during TWA-organised events and/or activities.

THE NEW CAVALIER



PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

WILHELMSHAVEN 1947 - 1972

Contents

Editor's Letter	2
Word from the Chair	3
Letters to the Editor	4
My Friend John - Part 2	9
In Memoriam - Prof. M.W. Jones-Lee	12
Paula (McEvan) Hughes	12
Brian Bailey	13
Anthony's Escapades	13
Wilhelmshaven Mini-Reunion	15
Where Are They Now	17
Rodney Boys Reunited	18
A Special Relationship	18
Vic Longyear	20
Vic's Final Word	23
Captain Conder and 1945	24
In Memoriam - Alex Briggs	26
PRS and Beyond	27
Annual Accounts	29
New Finds	30
Joined & Re-joined	30
In Memoriam	30

The 2021 Biennial Reunion will be held at The Queen Hotel, Chester on the weekend of the 22nd and 23rd of April, 2022



Eric Nicholls, photographed by his father on Fliegerdeich at the start of his PRS adventure. Eric recalls some of some of his memories in this issue (his letter to the editor refers).

Editor's Letter

As we approach the end of Autumn term, our minds turn to what the new year will hold for us. First and foremost, the Chester reunion is just a few months away (April 22 – 23) and in July we will reach two significant milestones, namely, the 75th anniversary of the school's founding and the 50th anniversary of its transfer to Rinteln. Some of us will be travelling to Wilhelmshaven to commemorate those events and we will keep you informed about dates, etc.

This issue of New Cavalier has a number of stories that we think will interest you. We revisit Jen's Graul's epic work, 'Wilhelmshaven – Captain Edward Conder RN and the new beginning 1945', which is being reprinted in a further limited edition. And we have Edward Conder's daughter, Liz Tarrant, to thank for translating and publishing this book from the original German version. For those who missed their chance the first time around, we suggest reserving a copy as soon as possible.

Once again, many thanks to those who sent letters and articles. Your support enables us to have a full issue again and of course new photo material to show, including the adjacent photo. It turned out that Eric's father developed and printed his own films, which may help to explain the amazing clarity of this photo from 1957.

Finally, Season's greetings to you all and happy reading!

Your editorial team,

Paul Levitt & Andy Renou

Word From the Chair

Reunion news - our latest Zoom Committee meeting focussed largely on Chester and the reunion sub-committee joined the meeting from the Hotel, which itself is in two parts - an older building directly opposite the station and a modern annex with a connecting corridor. A large car park with CCTV monitoring is also connected with the hotel reception via a corridor. Car parking will be at a half the usual rate of £15. The main function room is well suited to our needs and the lounge area is well away from this for those who wish a quieter place to sit and talk during the disco. Weather permitting, there are also pleasant outside seating areas to sit. Bedrooms can be viewed on the Hotel's website.

Bookings are increasing, but for those reluctant to book (e.g., due to Covid uncertainties) the final booking deadline has been extended to 20th March. Please consider help from the Facilitation Fund if this would mean you can attend the Reunion.

We have invited the Wilhelmshaven Culture Dept. to send a representative to the reunion and are awaiting a response.

2022 Anniversaries - 2022 is a special year for Prince Rupert School: opened in 1947 for 25 years and closed in 1972 - 50 years ago. The 75th anniversary of the school will be commemorated in the Spring edition by a special memento!

Jens Graul's book about Captain ER Conder - I have a short list of people who would like to order a copy of the English version.

If anyone else is interested, please contact. Surplus copies will be available at Chester.

Official visit to Wilhelmshaven - Mark Pepper, visited Wilhelmshaven recently to meet some of our official contacts and I am very pleased to announce that there is going to be a mini-reunion in Wilhelmshaven on the 12th July 2022, where we will host a small reception in the Kustmuseum in appreciation of the town's willingness over the years to support our activities and to look after our Memorabilia collection in the town's archive. Also invited will be former staff, pupils and friends who live in the vicinity and any TWA members and partners who care to travel from other areas. There will be more about this in the Spring edition.

Old Cavalier magazines - we have received a suggestion that old Cavalier magazines are scanned and posted on our website. This would be quite a big undertaking but we are looking into this to see if there is sufficient interest. If anyone would like to see a magazine or two of their time at the school, please contact me. We will see how this project develops and keep you informed.

The Riddle of the Sands - a 7-night (Saga) cruise from the 3rd July from Dover is still available. If you have read the book by Erskine Childers, you will know that the plot is set just off the coast of Wilhelmshaven. Please let me know if you are interested.

SURVEY OF MEMBERS ON PLANNING FOR THE FUTURE OF TWA.

It is really important that all members respond to the survey and if you have access to the internet, please look at our website www.prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk where you will find instructions for filling in the survey on-line. A paper version can be obtained from Clive Upton, View Rosa, High Street, Seend, Wiltshire, SN12 6NU. Please include a SAE.

Finally, warm festive greetings from the Committee and best wishes for 2022.

Barbara Steels - Committee Chair

Letters to the Editor

I was fascinated to come across your site while researching my early days. At PRS from the age of 11 to 12 while my dad was based at RAF Bruggen in Germany, I can remember arriving on the A train and walking through deep tunnels of snow which had been excavated to get us off the train. I was so homesick on arrival I was put in the hospital on the main site overnight, but quickly settled down. I can still remember my laundry number (L 37) and that we were allowed to take sugar with us from home so long as we shared it with the rest of my dining table. Needless to say, the sugar didn't last very long and I still have the container in my shed!

Other memories of school include the arrival of a flu epidemic resulting in all the individual rooms being vacated and

people being moved to a communal ward on the top floor. I was one of only about a dozen pupils who didn't succumb and we had a relatively peaceful existence downstairs. It became a habit to call into the medical centre to be treated for "foot rot" (Athlete's Foot) to avoid getting into trouble for being late for school. The remedy was a disgusting concoction we had to rub on ourselves.

My dad bought me a half-size piano accordion in Germany and because he didn't want me to take it to PRS he paid for me to have piano lessons instead. As a result, I was asked to perform a simple piece in front of what I believe was called the First Year Assembly of some 200-odd pupils. I don't remember being nervous and actually found it fun. The piano lessons, however, didn't really help with my accordion playing!

Cross-country running at PRS included a water jump that was too wide to leap over and one winter's day I cut my leg on the ice and also lost a pump in the mud. I was teased mercilessly about the large size of the peak on my school cap. God knows where my mother bought it, but it was huge compared to the standard ones that everyone else had. The ribbing ceased, however, when Head Boy, Mike Walker, who was also head of my table, asked if he could borrow it to keep the sun out of his eyes when he played cricket! I always got on well with Mike, who nicknamed me "Spinkles" and I often wonder whether he only borrowed the cap to stop the teasing. Clearly, as Head of School, we younger ones looked up to him and he is in fact the only pupil

I still recognise from all the old photos in back numbers of the magazine. I noticed that the daughter of our House Master, Mr King, is mentioned in one. I always asked her to dance, but I don't expect she remembers me.

An ex-Navy teacher called Mr Roberts, who was also at Collingwood, became a hero to us all for piloting a submarine - HMS Springer - out of the harbour at Wilhelmshaven. After looking it up on the Internet, it was the only craft ever to receive that name and was sold to Israel in 1958. On my last day at school, I had to strip my bed and the sheet I had been given had a long tear in the seam - nothing to do with me! However, I finished the job off by tearing off the rest of the seams and popping the sheet in the laundry. To my horror, while waiting to leave on the stairs, Matron came out and asked if there was anyone from my room in the group waiting. I had to duck down and keep quiet!

After leaving PRS I went to grammar school in Market Rasen and to a public school in Stamford and thus completed a treble in terms of different types of secondary school. But I always looked back on PRS with particular pride.

Eric Nicholls (Collingwood 56 - 57)



Ed. - After leaving school, Eric went to the University of East Anglia before enjoying a successful career in HR and Financial Services. After a graduate traineeship at Rolls Royce, he joined the Bradford and Bingley Building Society where he held a number of management positions and met a number of former PRS pupils. In 1995 he joined the University of Huddersfield's Personnel Committee and in 1999 became a member of the University Council. He was appointed Vice-Chair in September 2006 and in 2018 was awarded an honorary doctorate after having served on the university board for nearly 20 years. Other notables with honorary doctorates from Huddersfield include the former British Prime Minister Sir Harold Wilson, TV personality Sir Michael Parkinson and the scientist/authors Professor Brian Cox and Sir Richard Dawkins.

P.S. - If you also knew Mr King's daughter at school, do get in touch.

Another excellent edition has arrived and been promptly devoured by both Heather and me. A couple of points. Firstly, the suggestion - on page 12 - that that Herr Leu was "a retired Polish army dragoon" astonished us both. I arrived in 1947 considering myself a reasonably competent rider (and did indeed become captain of the school riding team) but very quickly discovered from Herr Leu that I knew practically nothing! Over the next two years I came to respect and know him. He said that he had been a horse artillery officer in the Wehrmacht, latterly in command of one or more coastal batteries on the Frisian

coast. In the final days of the war, he was in Wilhelmshaven when British troops arrived. A few rifle shots were exchanged with his troops in a building in the town but without damage to either side, upon which he surrendered.

I lack the fluency of my contemporary Vic Longyear, but Roberta Moore's note about Prince Philip prompts me to recount my own experiences which may be of interest. Shortly after leaving PRS in 1949, I was called up for National Service. Having been a senior PO in the Sea Cadets, I asked to join the Royal Navy only to be told that the quota for 1949 was full (they only took 2000 National Servicemen a year). Dismayed, I wrote a sob letter to Cdr. Harrison at school and meanwhile opted for the Vet and Remount Corps much to the surprise of the recruitment officer. I thought it time to learn something about the care and management horses rather than just riding them. While waiting to join a telegram from Harrison told me to report to the Director of Naval Recruitment in person! By a sheer coincidence, I met him 50 years later and just a week before he died. A few weeks later I was at the naval basic training base in (of all places) Wiltshire. From there I was selected to be an 'Upper Yardsman' and sent to HMS Vanguard for officer training. Eventually, I reached HMS Chivalrous, a destroyer in the Med Fleet. The First Lieutenant of our flotilla leader was Prince Philip. As a very junior Midshipman and general dog's body I was often sent by our Captain to 'present his compliments' to HRH with a message and wait for a

return. So, without actually 'knowing' him I saw him fairly frequently as his ship was usually moored alongside ours. Then came a general invitation from him around the fleet for riders to 'audition' for his polo team. I was 'volunteered' and thankfully failed as the cost of belonging was way beyond my 7 shillings and 6 pence a day!

The next encounter was when I somehow managed to beat him into second place in a dinghy race. For which I earned a congratulatory signal from him. A few weeks later he stroked his ship's whaler while I stroked ours racing against each other in Turkey. He won. Subsequently, he became Captain of Magpie on which a fellow NS officer was serving and who invited me to a party on board where I found myself greeted at the head of the gangway by HRH. The final encounter some months later when he gave two of us a lift in Gibraltar in his well-known (it was shipped on deck where ever he went) yellow and white Hillman coupe.

Peter Mettyear (Drake 47 - 49)



Lol with mates - see overleaf

I was so sorry to hear of the loss of Lol Todd in the latest newsletter. He was, I think, a year or two older than I, but always a good friend to us in Howe (1965 - 1969). I do remember what a great sportsman he was. An all-round great guy and good company. The photograph of Lol with housemates Alan Blackburn and Dave (Faulkner?) was taken around 1967/8. I hope it might stir some happy memory of those distant days.

Anthony Buckingham (Mountbatten/ Howe 64 – 69)

Like Paul Dutton (previous issue refers), I was one of the conscripts of digging out the ill-fated pool on the Bonteheim. During this work, a large chunk of concrete was uncovered and all attempts to remove it manually failed with the odd close call to life and limb when the damn thing rolled back to the deepest part. One of the establishment's 'wise persons' thought that a school bus and a sturdy chain could be the answer, but the initial result was the bus getting too close to the edge and collapsing the pool side, which was a close call for the bus too. Another tug with a longer line (chain or rope, I can't remember) proved successful along with the smell of a burnt clutch. However, where it went after that is a mystery. As described by Paul, a leak in the liner, seeped to the sides, which collapsed and created the muddy pond come quicksand. Shortly after, Krupps, the crane maker, had purloined permission to use part of the Bonteheim quayside to build (what was at the time) the largest

floating crane in the world. During our holidays, they and their team cleared out the pool, rebuild it in watertight bricks as a very generous goodwill gesture, for which all were grateful. I left for the UK, in June/July the next year, so what became of the pool thereafter, I know not. A certain Howe boy dared to climb the crane tower erected to assist in the build of the floating crane, but that's another story.

Jim "Wyndy" Martyn Howe Boys 59-61



Nick Brown front row extreme right



Nick Brown in blue blazer



Nick Brown on the left

After checking out the website (wow, lots of improvements!), I identified myself on five photographs (see above). Four may have been taken by Mrs Rigg, who was house teacher together with Mr Rigg (Mountbatten) and also my art teacher. I remember making a model village shown in one of her photographs. In the photograph of the 1970's Junior Football team (with Mr Torode, I think), I'm on the bottom row far right. I transferred to Rinteln in 1972 and have an original 4th edition of the 'Rinteln Review' dated 28th February 1974, which I am keen to share if anyone is interested. I also still have two books which my brother David and I were presented during assembly. I would love to share some stories and will start making some notes for that.

Nick Brown (Mountbatten 71 – 72)

I remember the photo of the village mentioned by Nick Brown (see above right), which I took in art class. They also constructed a London Bridge, with houses on it! I thought, 'Future engineers? Architects? You never know!' The results were excellent and



it was also, great fun. I contacted Leo MacNicholas (Teaching Staff 64 – 72), to see if he could remember any names and, possibly identify the boys in the photo. He, in turn, got in touch with his daughter, Suzanne, who guessed that Christopher Spinks and Simon Fuller (who went on to manage the Spice Girls assuming he was the same boy who attended PRS) may have been two of the boys. Leo guessed that the boy with fair hair was Danny Wand. Brian and I took lots of slides during our time in Wilhelmshaven, which were all given to TWA when I downsized.

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

Ed. – We couldn't help remembering a letter that Leo sent us in Autumn 2019 (see issue 78), the gist of which read, 'I am very impressed by the flow of news from those at Wilhelmshaven in the late 40's, 50's and 60's. But surely there must be lots more memories around from the 60's and early 70's. We did teach those pupils how to tell stories and to write. I am now 83 years young, a regular follower of Facebook and spend a lot of time living on memories (when I'm not ironing,

cooking and gardening). Come on folks – let's have some news and memories from our days in Wilhelmshaven! Well, Leo, all we can say is look out for Nick Brown's first story in the next issue!

I refer to the article by Bruce Jones in the last but one issue (see pages 11 – 13). Bruce was a well-respected fellow school prefect with me at PRS and I enjoyed meeting him at the very first reunion in Newbury. Bruce was very easy to recognise 33 years later because, unlike me, he retained his youthful looks and, in fact looked exactly the same as when I knew him at school. I know exactly who he meant when he referred to the “bruiser” namely, Robert Walker, who was an all-round athlete. What I recall all these years later is that Robert and I were both in the house boxing teams; my opponent was the Head of School, Brian Downes, Robert's opponent was one Jim Forlow, another athlete in his own right. Robert and I were desperately nervous and working through this required quite a bit of running to and fro before our bouts. I leave the destination of our travelling to the readers imaginations. Robert's bout lasted about one minute because with one accurate punch, Jim was felled and the fight was stopped immediately. I managed to beat Brian over the three rounds and several years ago we met and with quite a bit of humour, reprised our match.

Roger Stokoe (Collingwood 56 – 60)

My Friend John - Part 2

In Part 1 (see previous issue), I offered tales from the early years of my friendship with John Papworth – our boyhood in Catterick, through our teen years in Wilhelmshaven and up to the point of my departure to Engineering College in the Summer of 1959. The story continues... My engineering training with Cable & Wireless Ltd. lasted some twenty months and with radio receiving/transmitting and submarine telephone cable training under my belt, I was then posted overseas. I arrived in Bermuda in April 1961, just shy of 19 years old, for a four-year tour of duty. Much water under the bridge later, by the time my tour was coming to a close, a local company had offered me a job in computer engineering, and the young lady who would subsequently become my wife had caught my eye, so I opted to leave C&W in order to make Bermuda my home. My four-year C&W posting in Bermuda had earned me three months paid leave, after which I would start three months training in Ruislip with Burroughs Ltd. (now Unisys) before returning to start my new position in their Bermuda office. So, in the Spring of 1965, I returned to the UK for six months. My parents now lived in Wokingham and for the first time in about 9 years I lived at home with them. I took advantage of the opportunity to relocate and reconnect with my old friend John.

I knew that in the intervening years John's dad had retired from the Army Catering Corps and thankfully had settled nearby,

along with the rest of the family, in the Aldershot area, which made it easier to find John again. I recall John's younger sister, Barbara, now Monks, and I believe there were two other siblings – Lynn and Chris maybe? I remember Barbara's wedding to Tony, an army officer stationed at Aldershot. Wokingham being only a half hour drive from Aldershot many evenings and weekends were spent that summer with John and his pals generally hanging out. I recall one time we drove down to the coast near Arundel and went water-skiing in the English Channel. A lot colder than the waters of Bermuda, I must say! Some good times were spent with John's family and friends that summer.

When I returned to Bermuda in early 1966, John and I each got on with our respective lives – I as a computer field engineer, and John worked, I believe, in builders' supply, though there may have been other things along the way. Thus came another hiatus in my friendship with John, with us basically losing touch with one another, as often happens, until... well until!

Fast-forward thirty-five years or so, and sometime early in the new millennium, my wife Liz and I were rudely awakened one New Year's Day morning by a phone call from John. This time he had found me! John obviously hadn't considered the four-hour time difference between Bermuda and the UK! But he was in “finding” mode, trying to add names to the PRS ‘Students Found’ list and was excited to tell me all about his mission. That somewhat hung-over

conversation was my first inkling of The Wilhelmshaven Association and, curiosity piqued, it sparked an interest in exploring the past.

I hadn't given much thought to PRS for several decades and reconnecting with John began what has become quite a trip down memory lane – as the great Yogi Berra famously said, “Déjà vu all over again!” John managed to secure one of the printer's overrun copies of “Prince Rupert School – Wilhelmshaven 1947 – 1972” as compiled by John Simes and Babs Magee for me. Their account opened my adult eyes to the fascinating story of Prince Rupert School and what it had meant to us all.

Until I read the book I had no idea – none at all – of the historic significance of PRS, nor had I fully appreciated how ahead of its time it was as a co-educational, comprehensive school. It was fascinating to learn how well organized and structured the school, its dormitory layout and programmes had been. Exploring the history of PRS helped me realize, perhaps for the first time, that my years there were indeed some of the best days of my life and certainly some of the most formative. Almost twenty years on, I enjoy every issue of The New Cavalier and the wonderful memories they continue to reveal.

I don't recall exactly the year John ‘found’ me, but I do have an itinerary from October 2004 outlining a trip to the UK that includes: “Friday – drive to John Papworth's for lunch”. By then John was living at Elvetham Heath, near Fleet, not far from our old stomping grounds and

a short drive from Reading where I was visiting family. So, another great reunion with John after a very long time – no longer the fine lads of our younger years, but still the best of pals.



I also had the pleasure of meeting John's friend, Pat (Woods) Underhill – herself well known in TWA circles – a wonderful lady and a great cook too! John's sister Barbara also joined us. It was lovely to see her again and we all spent several hours reminiscing and sharing many fond memories over a delicious extended lunch.

Prior to that 2004 visit, I was unaware that John was an avid collector of memorabilia. I was blown away by the sheer wealth of material – rosters from the CCF, tickets from the cinema and all manner of minutiae, in addition to photo albums and documents saved for almost fifty years by that point. Sifting through John's vast collection that afternoon, I was truly transported back to Wilhelmshaven. As Pat wrote in her 2012 tribute to John: *"He continued to keep in touch with his*

closest friends from school and made many more from all eras 1947 to 1972 through the association, he joined the reunion sub committee and then went on to organise the local reunions in Fleet and Farnborough. John had a rather large collection of memorabilia (I don't think he ever threw away a thing relating to PRS.) Train timetables, luggage tabs, school reports and letters, scarf, cap and badges, not to mention a large collection of photographs of both house and school teams."

I'm sure I never even saw the half of it!

Over the years, I visited John and Pat twice more. By then sadly John was not a well man – he had been declared legally blind and so banned from driving, and he had other serious health concerns too. On my final visit, I recall strolling through the town with Pat while John attended a medical appointment of some sort. Pat expressed a heartfelt longing to be able to return to her roots, somewhere up north I believe. Due to the circumstances of John's health, she had been, to that point at least, unable to do so. I empathized with her – I think it is human nature to be drawn "home" at some point towards the end of our lives. Rather like salmon returning to the river and stream where they were spawned, we too are imprinted by the places we came from, grew up in or were particularly shaped by.

Sadly, John passed away in August of 2012, bringing our friendship of some sixty years finally and irrevocably to an end. Pat then, tragically, followed him in June of the following year, and I have

always wondered whether she ever made it back to the home her heart yearned for before she passed on. I will be forever thankful for the ways that John Papworth, and later Pat, touched my life, for the warmth and welcome of his family and friends, and for the memories that live on in my heart.

In loving memory of my friends John and Pat. May they rest in peace!

Peter Nash, Howe (1956 – 1959)



Professor Michael W. Jones-Lee (Drake 56-59) passed away on 22 February, 2021 at the age of 76. He regarded his time at PRS as being a very happy one, in which he enjoyed being in a co-educational atmosphere and enjoyed the mix of academic and sporting opportunities, in particular boxing and tennis. He also spoke proudly about being part of a PRS team in the Forces' version of Top of the Form and always reflected fondly of his time in the school. Upon leaving PRS, he went on to Archbishop Wordsworth School in Salisbury, where his father was stationed. After leaving school he joined Rolls Royce in Derby as a university

apprentice before studying mechanical engineering and finance at Sheffield University. Very much to his surprise, he found himself attracted first to finance and later to economics, working briefly for Joel Dean Associates in New York and then joining the University of York for a D.Phil and later a lectureship in economics. After spells in York, St. Andrews and then York again, he finally settled in Newcastle upon Tyne where he was appointed professor of economics in 1977. It was here that he became absorbed in the 'Economics of Risk under Uncertainty' until his retirement in 2009. Our sincere condolences go to his wife Hazel and family.

Paula (McEvan) Hughes (Drake 50-51) passed away on the 22nd of July at the age of 83. Paula enjoyed her time at PRS before returning to the UK where she resumed her education at St Joseph's College in Bradford. She became a chartered librarian and subsequently took a career break to have six children within ten years. After returning to work, she ran school libraries for ILEA and later for the borough of Havering in Essex. While she was working in Havering, she performed voluntary work and taught palliative care to mainstream hospital staff. Her lifelong interest in the RNLI was triggered by her father having narrowly escaped with his life during the evacuation of Dunkirk. Consequently, she worked as a volunteer fundraiser while teaching water safety and the work of the RNLI to school children and young adults. Music was an important part of her life and while in her

fifties, she achieved piano grade 8 level with merit. Lack of formal qualifications did not prevent her from playing a leading role in church and choral groups for the Parkinsons Society and the University of the Third Age (U3A) Her funeral took place in Costessey in Norfolk on the 16th of August 2021. Our sincere condolences go to her husband, Michael, and family.

We were also informed of the passing of **Brian Bailey (Collingwood 61 – 64)**. Upon leaving school, Brian joined the Merchant Navy sailing tankers around the world before settling in the Philippines. We send our sincere condolences to his wife Emilie and family, and to his sister Pat (Bailey) Muircroft (Collingwood 62 – 65) and brother Chris Bailey (Collingwood 61), who all thank Brian's many friends for their kind comments.

Anthony's Escapades



I arrived at PRS on September 1964 and found myself in Mountbatten with house master Mr Rigg. Sadly, boarding school, away from home for the first time, did

not immediately teach me responsibility. In the first year I shared a room on the ground floor with three or four other boys, one of whom decided to run away! The rest of us were roped into the scheme and sometime after lights out we dressed in our "escape kit" and lined up to drop down from the window to the bushes below. Unfortunately, the first boy dropped down almost literally into the arms of the duty master who was leaving the site. Busted! I actually had neither the intention nor reason to run away, but as an eleven-year-old I felt obliged to keep the game up and so I pretended I was unhappy and wanted to leave. Possibly the "slipper" from one of the masters, I think Mr Felton, actually did, briefly, make me unhappy, but my next error was to tell my version of the sorry tale to my elder sister who was also at PRS. By this time the thing had taken on a life of its own and the next thing I knew was that my parents had arrived and thankfully "persuaded" me to stay and see how I felt at the end of term. I would have been devastated to have left.

Fast forward to Howe Boys a couple of years later. Sharing a room on the first floor with Brian Cronin, Donald Macdonald and others. Discussion on whether we could, by hanging from our fingertips, drop from the first floor to the ground without mishap. We were clearly insane. Donald Macdonald was first to go. Disaster. He sprained his ankle so we had to go down and rescue him. We decided to tell Matron that he had fallen from the top bunk, but our story fell apart when he was found to have broken his

ankle. On Donald's return from hospital with his leg in plaster, we were all called out in front of the house after prep and received six of the best. The irony of both stories is that I had no more wish to drop from the Howe window than to run away from Mountbatten. But having made the commitment there was no backing down. Or was there? I still can't be certain that, had my turn arrived, I would have carried it through. I left PRS after the summer term of 1969 as my father was posted back to England. We actually flew back to the UK on the day of the moon landing. My poor crop of seven "O" levels at indifferent grades presented difficulties at Farnborough Grammar School. In short, I could not take the subjects I wanted at "A" level so I walked away from education at the age of 16. Later on, I regretted my rashness, but eventually earned a degree from the Open University. In my opinion the OU was a real achievement of Harold Wilson's Labour Government.

My first job was in a print factory in the winter of 69. It was great and I have

never felt so rich. Then in 1972, after a spell in HM Treasury, I joined Her Majesty's Customs and Excise and spent 18 years conducting investigations into smuggling. This was also a great job, but my colleague's wife described us as 200 alcoholics in pursuit of 2000 drug addicts! Untrue, but we were rather given to having a rewarding drink at the end of a hard day.

In the years between 1990 and 2012 I worked for the UK government in the British Virgin Islands; Gibraltar and Venezuela; and for the United Nations in Nigeria, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, South Africa and Senegal. I witnessed two coups in Nigeria and an abortive coup in Venezuela; was robbed at gunpoint in Nigeria; threatened by armed robbers on a moped in Venezuela; all of which were interesting in their own way. I finally retired to the UK in 2015 and have since kept myself busy with a bit of volunteering and looking after two daughters, a dog and a cat.

Anthony Buckingham (Mountbn/Howe 64-69)





Our trip to Wilhelmshaven was timed to coincide with Jade Weekend, when live music can be heard around the harbour. The idea began in 1950 with a beach festival and firework display over the sea. Since then, open days aboard German Navy vessels and visits by ocean-going tall ships have been added to the entertainment. This year the crowds were understandably down on previous times, however, our visit was made all the more enjoyable thanks to former member of the PRS teaching staff, Averil (Jelleyman) Neumann (Drake 59 – 72) and our TWA friends Anja and Siggie Sieg, who joined us for a meal at the Banteruine (see photo). Although neither Anja nor Siggie actually attended PRS, Anja became intrigued by those English boys and girls on the other side of the fence and her heartwarming story is repeated in this issue.

The main site development along the lines we expected (see issue 74, p.15-16) proved not to be the case, which made it easy to recall where the school buildings had stood and memories came flooding back. Was that former Head Boy, Brian Downes (Rodney 57 – 60) I saw in my mind's eye lapping the school field in his baggy tracksuit? Continuing our walk towards the Bonteheim block, which has long since been demolished, a clue to where it once stood could be found in the old railway lines that still exist. As cyclists seem to ride where they please in Wilhelmshaven (including pavements), we wondered why these lines haven't been turned into a cycle track. Alternatively, why not use the track for a hop-on, hop-off narrow-gauge light railway? I'm sure the late Dr Jens Gaul would have pursued such a suggestion, had he still been at the town



hall. We paused to eat a Bratwurst or two at this point and let our minds take us back to our schooldays.

Having crossed the Kaiser Wilhelmbruecke, we were now heading towards the sea where many a Deich walk, not to mention Deich run, had taken place. We paused again on the seafront for a drink and saw that the tide was far out to sea. Neither of us could remember noticing the tide being out during our PRS days. We must have been busy doing other things. Drawing closer to the old Fliegerdeich school buildings, it became clear that very little had changed since our school days. It was Kaiser Wilhelm II who in 1912 had the idea to add airborne power to the German Fleet.

His idea wasn't readily received, but eventually, a Naval Officer's flying club was formed in Wilhelmshaven and today the recently restored Fliegerdeich Hotel and Restaurant occupies the former commandant's quarters.

Our hotel - a brand-new building situated on the Deich-side of the causeway or Grodendamm - was just a short walk away from the action and on that warm, pleasant evening, we sat outside the Pumpwerk listening to the live music and chatting again about times old and new. After what must have been half a dozen visits made to the town since leaving school, it felt good to be back and reflecting on how Wilhelmshaven rarely disappoints.

Ed.



Where Are They Now?



Anja Sieg's story about how she became involved with our association (see separate article), included a photo of some pupils taken on Fliegerdeich during the late 60s or early 70s. Their



names are: Dave Brown, Rob Peacock, Micky Copley, Sandy McLaine, Ken ?, Mark Frost and Mark Jones. If you recognize yourself, or know what happened to any of those mentioned, we would like to hear from you.



Similarly, we would like to hear if anyone remembers any of the pupils in the above photo taken outside Rodney Girls in the 1963-64 timeframe.

It was sent to us by Ronna (Gummer) Whitaker (centre in photo), who after leaving PRS went to Hong Kong and returned to UK in 68 where she trained as a nurse. The last we heard she was living in Essex and still enjoying amateur dramatics, especially comedy roles.

Others in the photo are believed to include Anthea Ball, Ilona Irving, Liz (?) and Sue (?).

Rodney Boys Reunited



It was like a bolt out of the blue when former Rodney boys, Andy Renou on the left (Vasilliou at school) and Peter Youngman made contact some 55 years after they had last met. As is often the case, Peter, who lived in Brussels, had not realized that his former friend lived just a short drive away in The Netherlands. The two finally met in August to relive old times. Having spent his life in Africa, Singapore and Iran, Peter found the climate in Wilhelmshaven 'like Hell frozen over' as he put it. After leaving PRS, he nearly joined the Fleet Air Arm, but finally decided on an apprenticeship in the aviation industry at de Havilland. He began his career as a licenced aircraft maintenance engineer working for big foreign airlines and then on private flights, including those for the King of Saudi Arabia and the Sultan of Brunei. His work took him all around the world, including a ten-year spell in Dubai. He eventually settled in Brussels and

managed the DHL aircraft fleet before returning to the UK where he is now enjoying a well-earned retirement in South Derbyshire.

Ed

A Special Relationship

My first memories of Prince Rupert School go back to the early 1960s when I was a child. It was on a Sunday morning in a car with my grandfather. We were driving past the main site when I noticed that the driver's seat of the car in front of us was empty. 'Don't worry,' I was told. 'They are English.' Then I heard about the school full of army children based in Wilhelmshaven and about British people driving on the wrong side of the road. Little did I know that this school would have a profound impact on my life

I never attended PRS as a pupil, and thus had no business with the school. But I made it my business after meeting English children at the stables in Freiligrathstraße, where they received riding lessons once or twice a week. We tacked up the horses for them and got talking, mainly with hands and feet at first. I still remember some of their names: Jenny Harper, Lloyd Precious and there was a girl called Annette. My interest grew further when we took some horses to PRS one Speech Day for free rides. That must have been sometime around 1968/69.

From then on, I spend many afternoons during term-time on the Deich, talking to some of the boys. Most of the time a friend of mine joined me on her Velo bike, which was a major attraction. Apart from the boys taking turns on the Velo and my bike, we talked. About PRS and the grammar school my friend and I attended, about living in Wilhelmshaven, about pop music, football. You name it. Curious kids with different backgrounds from two different worlds. Most of the boys were very friendly, inquisitive and chatty, a few not so and even fewer outright hostile. I remember some slightly older pupils mentioning that 'we won the war', to which we replied, 'and we beat you at football.' But in general, I had a wonderful time as a teenage out there on the Deich, with the added advantage that my English marks in school went up and up.

After I finished school in 1974, school was on the backburner, but my enthusiasm for everything English - the language, the country, the people - dates back to my youth in Wilhelmshaven. And my enthusiasm was contagious. I used to drag my husband of 35 years, Sigg, out for walks on the Deich every time we visited my grandparents in Wilhelmshaven. In 1978 he also agreed to go to England on a holiday with me and enjoyed it so much that we still make regular visits a few times each year. Sigg even persuaded the company he worked for to send him to London to run their

UK business, so we lived in the UK from 1990 until 1993.

We were at home in Wooburn Green one day when I saw a small advert in a magazine asking if former pupils of Prince Rupert School Wilhelmshaven were interested in setting up a group. Since Sigg and I bought an old farm about 60 km away from Wilhelmshaven, PRS has become a welcome constant in my life again. That was in the summer of 2003, and not long afterwards I googled Prince Rupert School just for fun on my computer. TWA was among the first pages I came across and there was mention of a mini-reunion in Wilhelmshaven. I got in touch with Carol Goronwy who put me in touch with former matron, Liselotte Bischoff, who called me the next day to invite Sigg and myself to an evening at Pumpwerk.

It was awkward to say the least, as we didn't know anybody, and we left early. But Liselotte (Lilo) and I felt as though we'd known each other all our lives. She may have been more than 20 years my senior, but she soon became a very close friend and to this day I miss her terribly. I would regularly join her for tea at her flat, lunch in one of our favourite restaurants and of course accompany her on a Deich walk. She also stayed with us and always helped me with the mountain of ironing, which she was very good at! When she became ill, she left her cat,

Minnimaus, in our care. And after Liselotte passed away on Boxing Day 2014, her cat naturally found a new home with us. She is now 15 turning 16 and suffers from arthritis, but is still quite a character and hasn't mellowed with age. Our other cats are in awe of her and quickly disappear when she starts hissing and howling. Thank you, Lilo. In her and our memory you live on!

Finally, I still vividly remember the feeling of utter dismay that came across me when the last train left Wilhelmshaven station on June 30th, 1972. Now, more than 45 years later, I am glad to have close ties with the school that shaped my life. Thanks to Liselotte, Sigg and I have made lots of new friends. We have also been to reunions in Leeds and Stratford upon Avon and will hopefully attend many more, including next year's mini-reunion in Wilhelmshaven. Our room at Hotel Kaiser is already booked!

Anja Sieg

Ed. - I wonder if there are other TWA members who weren't actually pupils or teachers at PRS? We wish Anja and Sigg all the best with their planned retirement to Ireland and look forward to meeting them again. If you met Anja during your PRS days, do get in touch.

Vic Longyear (Drake 47-50)

Vic was born at the BMH in Colchester in August 1932 and five years later the family sailed to Malta, a posting for which Vic has written a very inspiring account. He described there being some formal schooling, but during the siege it ceased completely and much of this time was spent with his father at the barracks where the Royal Engineers were responsible for bomb disposal and 'digging people out of air raid shelters among other duties'. In one six-month period there was only one space of 24 hours without an air raid. The family home overlooked the RN submarine base where there were many air raids and the brave local inhabitants had very little food for nearly two years. An amazing early life experience for a young lad and all credit to Vic for having remembered so much and put it in writing!

In 1943, the family were evacuated to Gibraltar in the bomb bay of a Liberator Bomber and eventually repatriated to Liverpool on board the Empire Pride via South Africa. Exmouth was the next posting where the family stayed until the end of the war. Vic attended one more primary school and then started his secondary education. In September 1946, the next posting was to Germany where Vic was taught by an Army sergeant in the Education Service in Hannover before starting PRS as one of the so-called 'Guinea Pigs'. Vic wrote of his childhood memories in Germany, saying, "Initially

we were let loose to do as we wished. We could travel free of charge anywhere on public transport on showing the enamel union jack badge on one's jacket. It was not accepted (naturally) with good grace by the conductors on trams and buses, but we would take a tram to the Maschsee in Hanover and play snooker in the WO's and Sergeant's club while eating Peach Melba.

At the other end of the lake, we would hire canoes and mess about all day at virtually no expense. We used the open-air swimming pool near Kirchrode, but that was fraught with some danger as local youths, knowing that we were English would confront us and it would sometimes end up in fisticuffs. Evenings were spent at the theatre where we were able to have a box for the evening. Late at night we would get a lift home from passing cars by smoking a cigarette, as the driver knew that he would be paid in cigarettes. We also joined shooting parties when large numbers of hare were shot and shared out between the

Jagdmeister, beaters and us. There was no shortage of guns and ammunition as all arms had been confiscated from the Germans."

On July 1st 1947, Vic was one of a group of 70 pupils of boys and girls aged 14 and over who attended PRS for a trial short term. Vic's booklet, 'A New life' describes these early days and can be accessed by members on our website. I strongly recommend this as a good and enlightening read that helps us to understand why many of the group, now known as the 47ers, have kept in touch for over 70 years. Sadly, the group is getting smaller, but their memories are part of the history of PRS that Vic collated. He kept the group together and his passing is a great loss for them all. Vic loved his life at PRS and played football and cricket for the first teams, as well as indulging in sailing. He was a Sea Cadet, a member of the newly formed Riding club and seemed to do just about everything that was available. Vic wrote that he 'had the time of my life



Vic is second from left on back row



Vic is first on left in back row

with so many things that I have never experienced before.

After leaving PRS, Vic worked in London until being called up for National Service, which he spent in the Royal Engineers, initially training as an NCO before being posted to the Canal Zone, Egypt. Between 1951 and 1952, Vic was responsible for running a filtration plant on the Sweet Water Canal and subsequently served three years in Bomb Disposal before joining the Ministry of Defence Microbiological Research Establishment. There he built an analytical section, a high-security organic solvent extraction facility and became involved in large-scale production and extraction of biological toxins. As Senior Scientific Officer, he worked on a great number of microbiological problems before transferring to a Public Health Laboratory Service where he collaborated with many visiting scientists and university departments. Vic's final role was as Technical Assistant Director and General Manager of the Centre for Applied Microbiological Research.

About a month before he died, Vic sent me an email containing much of the above information. He told me that I was the person who would know what to do with it when the time came. I found this rather spooky at the time as Vic had become a great friend who I depended on for all sorts of information connected to PRS. Sadly, Vic died shortly after this and I feel honoured that he passed this information on to me. And I am proud that he made me an honorary member of the 47ers group. His final email to me finished with the following words. 'One thing you can say is that I enjoyed my entire career and thank PRS for giving me a good grounding, confidence and work ethic to progress in my chosen career after a poor education record - about 11 schools prior to PRS.' Thanks Vic - you won't be forgotten and you will be missed.

Barbara Steels Committee Chair and Archivist

Vic's Final Word

Little did we know that Vic Longyear's letter published in the previous issue (see pages 5-6) would be his last. Here are a few of his memories of school that we extracted these from The Book.

Having arrived early, with hardly a soul about, I was directed to Drake House where my room was on the first floor. As I was going up the quarry-tiled stairs, I noticed some oversized wet pug marks, which I reckoned – having little experience of wild life – were of something the size of a lion. Later, I discovered they belonged to Henry, the St. Bernard dog, which belonged to the housemaster, Mr Duxbury, very soon to be known as 'The Duck'. Duck and Drake: rather neat we thought!

I remember well my initial interview with 'The Duck'. I did not realise that he was the history master, so my response to his question on my interest in history did not go down well. At that age, I considered that history was boring and could serve little purpose in the new world that we were then facing. He did not let on that he was the history master, but I think he never forgot what I had said to him. Later, he made his point when I received a prize in the fifth form, namely, a history book for which I have been forever grateful. I still possess and read it, perhaps thanks to that innocent reply I gave all those years ago.

My PRS reports were not an indication

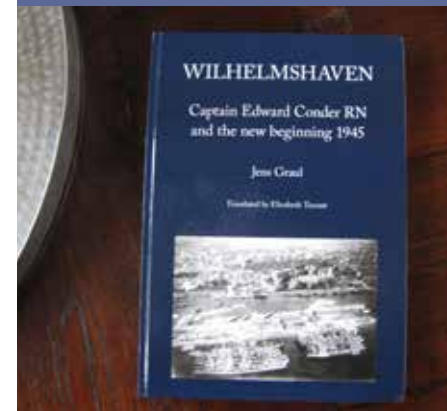
of academic success, but rather of a very happy sport and social life, which did not please my parents at the time. For English, my teacher wrote, "Michael seems to have insuperable difficulties with this subject. He is, I feel, too ambitious, wishing rather to excel than to improve. In his efforts he is writing nonsense and his handwriting, although artistic, is practically illegible." He would have been surprised to know that I have written three books, volumes of poetry and won four national public speaking awards. It may have been his exasperation and not his inspiration that changed my life.

The review put on by Howe for parents one 'Easy Weekend' sticks in my memory. During a recital, an army officer in the audience stood up and declared it to be rubbish. The We all squirmed with embarrassment for some poor pupil whose father he must surely have been. Lo and behold, another officer of similar bearing then stood up and began arguing with the first and it gradually transpired that this was all part of the act and the protagonists were the Carter brothers who had been expertly made up for the occasion.

The Snowball Waltz was always an opportunity to embarrass a couple who fancied each other, but hadn't the nerve to do anything about it. The couple named to start would be the hapless potential sweethearts who had to dance until the music stopped before they each selected another partner. The idea was to

keep the music playing and so leave the embarrassed couple to dance on their own for a long time.

Captain Conder and 1945



Those who remember our review of Jens Graul's book, 'Wilhelmshaven – Captain Edward Conder RN and the new beginning 1945' (see issue 79, pages 25-26) will recall that Edward Conder's daughter, Elizabeth Tarrant, produced an English translation of the book before publishing it as a limited edition. All copies were quickly sold and due to the growing number of enquiries a reprint is being organized. So, what better time to revisit the book and explain what lies behind the façade of what we all came to know as PRS Wilhelmshaven?

Edward Conder had a long and distinguished career in the Royal Navy, which he joined in 1915 contrary to the wishes of his parents. During WWI he served as a midshipman aboard HMS Renown and was given his first

command in 1932 before returning to his old ship as first officer and second in command during WW2. He accompanied Winston Churchill aboard HMS Renown to wartime conferences on two occasions and in 1945 he was appointed NOIC (Naval Officer In Charge) Wilhelmshaven, which is where we take up the story.

Led by Captain Conder, Naval Party 1735 moved into the former U-boat barracks on 10th May when the White Ensign was raised in front of the bunker by the administration building, known to us as Nelson. The state-of-the-art barrack buildings (central heating and double glazing as standard) were much better than anyone had experienced in the UK and had amazingly survived bombing raids. But more importantly to Captain Conder, they were close to the harbour and dockyard facilities for which he had been made responsible. Later on, the Naval Party was relocated and Captain Conder suggested using the former barracks as a school. Named after British Admirals Howe, Drake, Rodney and Collingwood (and Mathews, but this was later changed. Rodney Girls also became Blake junior girls house), the accommodation buildings, along with Nelson (later to house a NAAFI canteen and HMS Royal Rupert's chapel), retained their names up to the site being closed as a school in July 1972.

Despite the adequacy of the accommodation, which was described by one Naval Party 1735 member as

being like that of a 'Five Star Hotel', Captain Conder was concerned about the amenities in Wilhelmshaven, which he considered to be generally poor. There was only one cinema in the town and this led to the construction of Churchill House, which became a naval cinema and concert hall. Winston Churchill's daughter, Mary, whom Edward Conder had met in September 1943 during a crossing of the Atlantic with her father aboard HMS Renown, laid the foundation stone on 13th June 1945. Described by Captain Conder as the first British building on German soil, Churchill House was capable of seating 500 people and was officially opened on 27th December 1945.

To support recreation for British forces in Wilhelmshaven, facilities for sports such as cricket, hockey, athletics, boxing, fencing, football and rugby were made available for the garrison troops, including Naval Party 1735. A squash court and shooting range were later added and the former German Navy's swimming baths served as a venue for water polo matches between Navy and Army teams. Similarly, ex-German Navy rowing and sailing boats were used for water sports and a riding school was opened at the German Navy's former riding and driving arena on Freilingrathstrasse. Gotthardt Leu, a former German naval officer, soon found himself as a riding instructor at the new equestrian centre. Educational needs were also catered for, including

lessons in German (given by Captain Conder's secretary), typewriting, driving, woodwork and carpet weaving. These were in addition to regular subjects such as maths, English, history and social studies.

Although they were important, all of the above were secondary to the main task of Conder's men, which was to de-militarise the country's largest naval port. All German ships had been ordered to go to Wilhelmshaven, where they were to be redistributed to the Allies or destroyed. This was a huge task. These vessels included the heavy cruiser, Prinz Eugen, which had been fitted with the latest German technology so was of great interest to the Allies. It had accompanied the battleship, Bismarck, on its ill-fated foray into the Atlantic. On their return to Wilhelmshaven, all vessels had to be guarded in case of sabotage. This was especially feared where U-boats were concerned. Their crews received special attention, not in the least due to their morale, which was always high. At the end of the war, 23 U-boats were sunk at the Wilhelmshaven harbour entrance and a total of 110 were later sunk in deep water off the Irish coast as part of 'Operation Deadlight'.

After completing his core mission in March 1948, Captain Conder left Wilhelmshaven and returned to the UK. He retired from active service in 1951, but would return to Wilhelmshaven in 1957 and declare

his fondness for the town. He died in 1970 following a heart attack while on holiday in Italy and never finished his memoirs. Fittingly, Jens Graul's book makes a touching tribute to Conder with the words, 'For Edward Conder, to whom Wilhelmshaven owes so much.'

Ed. - If you would like to order a copy of Jens Graul's book, please contact Barbara Steels

In Memoriam



Alex Briggs (Collingwood 52 - 55) passed away on the 25th September aged 82, following a short illness. Alex was a very popular figure at TWA reunions and kept in touch through the blog with many friends. On hearing the sad news, one said, 'I remember at the Southampton reunion, Alex said he would meet me at the station...and lo... when the door opened and I stepped off the train, there he was right in front

of me. I remember being so impressed by the way he managed my suitcase (I usually travel with everything but the kitchen sink) certainly belying his age in true PRS spirit! God speed, my friend, I shall certainly miss you. Helga (Smith) McNeil. Another said, 'I spent many an hour talking football and having a pint with Alex at various reunions, he being a Pompey fan and me lifelong Spurs fan. Although there were many amusing and critical quips about the ups and downs of both teams, we were staunchly Tory and although we attended PRS at different times, it was a pleasure to have known him through the association. I will always remember him and his wit with great affection.'(Norman King).

Alex's son, Paul, added these words: 'When I took him and collected him from the South Cerney reunion in the Cotswolds, I stayed for an hour or two and met a few of those Alex knew. It was immediately obvious how strong his friendship bonds were.'

Alex greatly enjoyed his time at PRS and always had tales of chance meetings with old pupils. On leaving school he joined the RAF and was sent to RAF Locking near Weston-Super-Mare, where he found himself in the company of Mike Keen and Tony Carpenter. A keen jazz fan, Alex bumped into more former pupils when in the late 50's or early 60's he went to see Ella Fitzgerald in London, where he saw former housemates Tom Fisher and Ian Grant. Another rather amazing encounter was

when his younger sister came home on leave with her RAF boyfriend who turned out to be ex-housemate David Guilfoyle. In Portsmouth during the 60's he bumped into ex-Rodney boy Robert 'Biff' Jenkins and in the 80's when he was once in Ostend there was 'Biff' again!

As his son has already testified, Alex spoke so often about how much he enjoyed reunions. Writing on these pages he spelled it out, 'I attended Newbury and what a fantastic weekend it was. If you could bottle that you could have lived on it for weeks. Then came the weekend in Wilhelmshaven in 1997, which once again was fantastic and we enjoyed weather we never experienced in term time at school. Bristol followed and it was great meeting and greeting so many folk from our special school. It must have been special for so many to still meet and keep in touch today.'

PRS and Beyond

In a previous article (see issue 82), Roger mentioned some members of the teaching staff who added much to the life of the school by taking notable roles in extra-curricular activities. Here are some further teachers who in his view had an outstanding commitment to after-school activities.

Messrs Malins and Brown were the woodwork teachers and also gave much of their own time to the organisation and running of the very active Combined

Cadet Force. Major Malins and Captain Brown must have influenced not a few in taking up careers in the military. How



many also remember Mr Malins and his wife teaching ballroom dancing each week during the autumn and winter terms? Mr Brown added to his other roles as assistant housemaster in Collingwood. Firm but fair, one did not mess with Ron Brown. In 1993, I met him at the Newbury reunion and he looked exactly the same as he did in 1960. Sadly, he died only a few years later. Another example of the fine teachers we were blessed with at PRS was the softly spoken but very likeable Mr Gillman who taught English to a very high standard. No wonder that English literature is still an important part of my life via books and the theatre. When

TWA was founded by the redoubtable Liz Bird, I was one of not a few who asked about long lost friends and some of the teachers. In particular, I asked about my history teacher, Miss Marter and Liz's response was no surprise; "Miss Marter must have been rather special because dozens of former pupils have asked about her."

So, why did so many former pupils remember her with respect and affection? I should add that those same sentiments also applied to many other members of the teaching staff but, Miss Marter was certainly a template for them all. Quirky, passionate, warm and friendly, professional about her subject and committed to her pupils enjoying their history lessons, she taught me in the 4th and 5th forms. But my two years in the 6th form where she instilled my continuing passion for history in all eras were the most memorable. My specialist subject at A level was 'The Age of Discovery' and history continues to be an important part of my life. Max Hastings is a favourite author of mine and his account of the battered convoy, supplying Malta in 1942 was a gripping read. Charles Spencer is another favourite author and I can recommend 'The White Ship', and no difficulty on my part switching from the 1940s to the 12th century.

This links with another favourite teacher, the delightful Mr Dai Davis who, in tune with Miss Marter and history, made geography a key part of my life. I have said previously that Dai had the happy knack of engaging with his pupils as equals but,

they never lost their respect for him. Dai was another teacher who had the ability to enliven his subject and made his classes a joy to attend, not least because of his dry wit. Dai engendered in me a curiosity about our world which remains with me over sixty years later. That impact is best highlighted by my being a longstanding subscriber to National Geographic, which I still remember as one of the many monthly magazines always available in the excellent PRS library.

The combined influence of Miss Marter and Dai led to me travelling all over the world. Although much hindered by the pandemic, my bookings for the next two years look good. My passion for travel and culture, which is shared by many former pupils, can be blamed on our military parents and, not least, our teachers. Places visited range from the Antarctic to the wilds of Kamchatka, Bhutan and Namibia. Our cruises are more expeditions where we get to grips with wild nature and local people. Sailing through Drake's passage in a small ship in a force 7 on the outward trip and force 11 on the way back to Tierra del Fuego was somewhat bracing. And climbing up to the Tiger's nest monastery and travelling around Bhutan was compelling.

My life after PRS was mainly spent working in the NHS and healthcare generally. As a young manager at a big teaching hospital in Manchester, I spent a very happy and fruitful two years running the graduate training programme for managers at the University of Manchester. There followed a variety of

senior management roles before moving to Brent as the CEO and later to a health authority in Hertfordshire. A highlight was being invited to 10 Downing Street and then Chequers by the PM, Margaret Thatcher. There were some enjoyable if sometimes tense meetings with the likes of Ken Clarke and Edwina Currie, which were never boring. Being handbagged by Mrs Thatcher was a real pleasure. I knew my place and when I got tired of the politics, I could leave my office and reconnect with the real world by visiting wards and departments and discussing matters of real import with the staff. I eventually left the NHS and during the ensuing few years, I worked as a consultant

on some changes to hospitals in the UK. I also spent some time in India on a health project before having a portfolio of non-executive functions, including being chairman and vice chairman of both NHS and private healthcare bodies. Finally, at 72, I called it a day. Let it be said that in all of this, PRS gave me a very good grounding in getting things done. As a house monitor and school prefect, we had to organise activities, as well as trying to control a house full of lively boys. Although I'm now turned 80, this grounding has enabled me to continue organising charity events via golf days, etc., while still enjoying life!

Roger Stokoe (Collingwood 56 – 60)

Annual Accounts

I am pleased to report that the TWA accounts were in a healthy state at the end of the 2020/2021 Financial Year. Due to COVID there were no face-to-face Committee meetings or trips re the reunion.

Summary of the Accounts as follows (2019/2020) are in brackets for comparison.

General Fund b/f 2020/2021	£3,334.13	(£3,629.32)
Total Income available including subscriptions and Merchandise sales	£7,643.63	(£8,081.62)
Total Expenditure on Merchandise, TWA site Hosting, Stationery, Zoom Meetings, Newsletters Printing and Postage, PayPal Charges.	£2622.21	(£4,747.49)
Balance available to be c/f to 2021/2022	£5,021.42	(£3,334.13)
Contingency Reserve for 2021/22 remains at	£4,000.00	
Facilitation Fund b/f 2020/2021	£4,995.73	(£5,053.73)
Income from Donations	£100.00	(£110.00)
Less Grants	£139.70	(£168.00)
Balance c/f 2021/2022	£4,956.03	(£4,995.73)

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

New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Margaret Christiansen	Margaret Draycott	61 - 62	Frobisher
Martin Trewhella	Martin Trewhella	66 - 67	Rodney

Joined

Anne Carpenter	Anne Hilton	54 - 56	Collingwood
Eric Nicholls	Eric Nicholls	57 - 58	Collingwood

Re-joined

Patricia Bousfield	Pat Graves	53 - 56	Frobisher Howe
Nicholas Brown	Nicholas Brown	71 - 72	Mountbatten

In memoriam

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

Brian Bailey	61 - 64	Collingwood
Alex Briggs	53 - 55	Collingwood
Leonard Flint	53 - 55	Collingwood
Michael Jones-Lee	56 - 59	Drake
Victor Longyear	47 - 50	Drake
Paula (McEvan) Hughes	50 - 51	Drake
Sue (Paddy) Bannaghan	60 - 66	Hood Collingwood
Terry Potesta	54 - 57	Howe
James Wilson	60 - 64	Rodney
Dilys (Cook) Patten	54 - 57	Frobisher Collingwood

