

## The Wilhelmshaven Association

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# THE NEW CAVALIER



## PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

### WILHELMSHAVEN 1947 - 1972

Newsletter 85

Spring - 2022

Editor's Letter	2
Word from the Chair	3
Letters to the Editor	4
Letter from America	7
Introduction to Chester	8
Mystery Painting	10
The Book Revisited	10
M4-Corridor Mini-Reunion	14
PRS Boy & Maggie	15
More Echoes from the Past	16
Never Too Late	19
25 Years Ago	20
Mike Walker	23
In Memoriam-Clare (Haynes)Swatridge	24
Dilys (Cook) Patten	25
Tom Fisher	26
Tom's Final Word	27
Anne (Lawrence) Winter	27
50 Years Ago - Part 1	28
In Memoriam- Jack Newby	29
New Finds, Joined, etc...	30

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



*This magic moment captured on the dancefloor in the mid-fifties shows Neil Hay (Rodney 55 – 58) with an unknown dance partner. If you recognise her, please get in touch.*



This year is very special. In addition to our reunion in Chester, we will be commemorating the anniversaries of our school's founding 75 years ago and its transfer to Rinteln 50 years ago. It also happens to be 25 years since our big bash in 1997 when no less than 550 members of our association returned to Wilhelmshaven with family and friends. Those who attended this reunion will have their own special memories and we recapture some of them in this issue.

We also revisit a unique collection of facts and quotes from 182 pupils and staff who were at PRS Wilhelmshaven. The idea for what became known as 'The Book' was conceived exactly 21 years ago by a man who became one of its principal compilers. He tells his own personal story in this issue.

Further, we hear from a former pupil who was there at the end of the Wilhelmshaven era and made the transition to Rinteln in 1972. Naturally, we also include your letters and thank those who contributed to filling this latest issue.

Finally, we wish you happy reading and look forward to seeing you in Chester!

Your editorial team,

Paul Levitt & Andy Renou

## Word From the Chair

I am pleased to report that as expected, the Reunion at Chester is going ahead over the weekend of the 22<sup>nd</sup> - 23<sup>rd</sup> April. Bookings are still coming in so if you are still thinking of coming, please do this as soon as possible. We understand the anxiety that members may have in attending an event like this with the Covid virus on their minds. John and I will be doing Lateral Flow Tests before arriving and I suggest that this might be a good idea for others to consider. We will also be wearing face masks at times but this, of course, is a matter of personal judgement for others.

After discussion at our recent Committee meeting regarding the Membership Survey, it has been decided to extend this and the result will appear in the Summer Newsletter. There has been a good response so far, but we would like more. The link is on our website <https://www.prs-wilhelmshave.co.uk> It has been noted that we had no requests for a paper version of the survey for those who do not have access to the internet. If you are in this category, please contact Clive Upton, View Rosa, High Street, Seend, Wiltshire, SN12 6NU. Please include a SAE.

On Page 14 you will see a report from Melodie Beevers about the M4 Christmas lunch. Sadly I wasn't able

to attend this time but it is a clear indication that life is beginning to get back to normal even though we are still having to consider avoiding Covid. Let's hope that this was the start of a trend to us having more local get-togethers. There is already an idea from Val Bruce (Salmon) to have a mini - reunion somewhere in the South West, possibly in Cornwall. I'm certainly up for this and several others have shown an interest. The long standing regular lunches at Gamston near Nottingham, are already on the agenda so please feel free to attend any of these local events even if you don't live in these areas.

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

## Subs 2022/2023

Please note that subscriptions are due for those who did not opt to set up a standing order.

Payments can be made by standing order, Internet Bank Transfer, UK cheque, or to pay by debit/credit card use the PayPal option on TWA site Payments page. Rates: UK £10, Europe £13, and the rest of the world £15. A subscription form is only enclosed if you need to pay.

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

## Letters to the Editor

I really want to say how great you all are for keeping the TWA going and for creating such a wealth of information. I would like to offer my sincere thanks to you all for giving everyone stacks of memories otherwise forgotten and for the dedication of you all in updating what is an incredible website. I hope you get regular praise for your combined efforts because you all deserve it. Stay well and safe.

*George (Steve) Lennie (Howe 64 - 69)*

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There were a couple of pieces in Newsletter 83 (Summer 2021) that I found particularly interesting. Firstly, Mark Pepper (Drake 67 - 71) - with whom I didn't overlap with at PRS as I left in 1966 - mentioned in his letter how he had travelled out to Singapore from Southampton in 1958 on HMT Oxfordshire. I don't know if we were on the same voyage in 1958, but I found it a hugely exciting and memorable trip. One stand-out was the 30-foot statue at the mouth of the Suez Canal of the French diplomat who conceived of the canal, Ferdinand de Lesseps. When we sailed through it was barely two years after the 1956 crisis and the statue was still pockmarked with bullet impacts. I went on to see my first Arab riding on a camel on the bank of the canal. Also, the mostly Forces' children on board were thrilled to be entertained by the famed 'Gully Gully' man (magician)

who came on at Port Said with his snakes.

My family's journey didn't end in Singapore as my father was posted on to Taiping in North Malaya. We travelled by train, and I noticed that the windows were covered in steel mesh, apparently to counter Chinese terrorist attacks. From the British Forces Education Service primary school in Taiping, we children eventually spread out to secondary schools in Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, or the Cameron Highlands. I mention these things even though they are not PRS-centric but because it was part of the broader Forces' children's experience. Indeed, Mark's reference to attending many schools resonated with my own pre-Wilhelmshaven experience though mine was gained moving around Germany. The second item that caught my eye was the hilarious letter from Paul Dutton (Rodney 59-61). I don't recall if Paul and I overlapped - I was in Howe at the Bonteheim in 1960 - but I do recall being pressed into some sort of service on the Notorious Splash Pool for the Greater Good of the Inmates as shown in his photograph. The design was simple enough. Excavate some soil and fit a rubber membrane to make it waterproof. In hindsight, I can only presume that the project ran out of funding because there was no attempt to provide a proper surround to the pool. Consequently, once the pool was in use, the water was carried out onto the surrounding grass which then turned into mud and the resulting

mud was the transferred back into the pool. As can be imagined, this attempt at creating an oasis of sorts in sunny Wilhelmshaven was not a resounding success unless you liked swimming in mud. Anyway, it was all very character-forming, in line with the school's overriding ethos. Incidentally, I did wonder if Paul's alternative sports of crochet, genealogy and ornithology were ever actively considered for inclusion in the Olympics.

*Mike Franklin (Howe 60–66)*

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First of all, my thanks for doing a great job on the newsletter, which I always find interesting. In the last edition there was a picture on page 17 of a group of boys. The mystery boy (Ken?) is actually Mike Gregory who now lives in Wales. I think you are spot on with the rest.

*Hilary Oliver (Drake 69 – 71)*

*Ed, - The boy second from right in the photo referred to by Hilary is Sandy McLean who now lives in Finland.*

\*\*\*\*\*

I was very saddened to hear of the death of Michael Jones-Lee in the previous newsletter. Michael arrived at Drake Boys a little ahead of me in 1956. Despite my poor memory, I do remember Michael well. One particular, but rather odd, reason is that we both fagged for one of the

prefects. I think I know which one, but my memory is severely tested. 'Duties' included cleaning shoes and doing the said prefect's maths homework, which puzzles me because aside from my RSA Arithmetic with credit, I have never been good at the subject. Michael on the other hand excelled in all its facets, which stood him well in his chosen career of an applied economist. He established a reputation early on researching the value of what is known as a statistical life, the value placed by society on reducing deaths in a group by one, a value often based on observing social behaviour in response to risk taking. Road safety is a common subject of application and Michael's work was very influential regarding government policy on road safety. He subsequently applied his probability-based approach in many other areas: health, environment in particular, and he had a world-wide reputation in this field.

*David Starkie (Drake 56 – 57)*

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I read with sadness in New Cavalier that Lol Todd has passed away. I met Lol in 1965 when we were neighbours living in married quarters in Rotenburg near Verden B.F.P.O 40.

This was just before I attended PRS later that year. Then in October 1965 we all moved to a place called Barme, about 17 km south of Verden where brand new married quarters had just been built in John F. Kennedy Strasse. We

had some great fun, playing football, shooting with Lol's air gun, exploring the vicinity and so on. His parents were very nice and I knew his sisters, Maureen and especially Lorraine quite well. I wonder if they remember me? Sadly, we lost contact after leaving PRS. Apart from Lol and his sisters, a whole bunch of former PRS pupils lived in Barme after 1966, including Stephen Sweeney, Clive Boden, Mary Strank, Shirley Mainwaring and (I think) Jeanette Lawry. P.S. Thanks for all the work that you and others are doing to keep PRS alive.

*Wolfgang Beckett (Collingwood 65 – 68)*

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My husband, Michael Clements (Howe 63 – 67) last attended a reunion some years ago with our daughter and son-in-law. They accompanied him because he was suffering from Alzheimer's and needed support, which I believe was offered by you all in bucket loads. I thank you for that especially as Michael always looked forward to the reunions. Indeed, when we were first married, I could only refer to PRS as 'Bloody PRS' because I was sick to death of hearing about it! It obviously had a huge impact on Michael's life and adulthood as he utilised skills from his years at PRS to enrich the lives of our children and hundreds of local children and adults. He started a cub pack and as 'Akela' the children enjoyed all the outdoor activities he had acquired from his Army Cadet days at PRS and

for well over thirty years he was an integral part of Lancashire Schools' Sailing Association, which involved most weekends teaching children how to sail. He supported water activities and residential courses as a qualified safety boat instructor, as well as helping to maintain the boats. His role of manning a safety boat at residential activities amusingly gained him the position of Honorary Girl Guide - I so like a man in uniform! Sadly, Michael has deteriorated so much that he is now resident in a care home and is unable to hold a coherent conversation anymore. He stopped reading well over two years ago, which was a tragedy as he was an avid reader. His room is still full of books as they are a familiar part of who he is, but he does not read them. Unfortunately, his interest in 'New Cavalier' has totally gone and he hasn't looked at the last couple of issues at all. But his rummage box has a number of copies in it including two very old ones, which had a different title and have pictures of Michael in them. Unfortunately, being a practical person, I must ask you to remove Michael from your mailing list. I thank you, however, for the companionship and enjoyment your events and publications have given Michael over the years. I will keep looking at the PRS magazines he already has and try to spark some memories of distant days. Thank you and best wishes.

*Frances Clements*

## Letter from America



I attended PRS from Spring 1949 until the Autumn of 1950 when my father was in charge of Lutheran World Federation Service to Refugees in the British Zone. As an eleven-year-old living in Bad Saltzflen, it was quite traumatic being put on a train at Herford all by myself in a strange country. I cried much of the way to Wilhelmshaven, but the moment I arrived at PRS my life became an adventure. I remember roaming in the old abandoned barracks and trying (unsuccessfully) to get into a bunker. I played the bugle in the Sea Cadets and remember polishing brass on the sail-training ship. I also remember polishing shoes of our head boy, who looked after me in times of crisis.

I learned to dive from the three-meter board at the swimming pool, but some of my fondest memories were at the riding stables learning dressage and jumping. During jumping I preferred a

horse with a little spirit. For fun and to impress the girls, I turned around in the saddle, sat down backwards, and quickly found myself bucked to the ground in front of the horse. After riding lessons, I would down a ginger ale with British crackers. A truly memorable occasion was my first kiss from an English girl in the basement of Collingwood during a game of spin-the-bottle.

Discipline in an English classroom was quite different from in the States - I received double strokes of the cane when I withdrew my hands from the first stroke. Each term I would arrive with an American accent and return three months later with a British clip. Always excited to return for the next term, I believe that my four terms at PRS gave me a degree of self-confidence and independence that served me well during my later education and professional career. After living for 40+ years in the metropolitan area of Minneapolis-St.Paul, it was great to retire to an 80-acre farm in the country where we still live. With all of the rioting and unrest in our cities during the past few years, I often think that if the rioters had gone to schools like PRS, we wouldn't have the problems we have today!

I re-visited the PRS site in 1987 and the commandant showed us around the place. We even managed to find the swimming pool and the old riding stables that were located off campus.

*David A. Nelson (Collingwood 49 – 50)*

*Ed. – David was Professor Emeritus at the University of Minnesota. He is now Senior Shepherd with Sunrise Sheep and Wool – see [www.sunrisesheep.com](http://www.sunrisesheep.com)*

## Introduction to Chester

Below you will see I have given details of transport availability in Chester and just a few of the many attractions.

The one attraction I omitted to tell you about is the shopping. You not only have the usual High Street stores but there are many independent shops including jewellers selling Chester silver and there are excellent Antique shops.

If you need food establishments there are a number of very good cafes and restaurants. I personally have had a very good light lunch at the Naughty Badger in Bridge Street – fresh, locally sourced food beautifully presented and not too bad on price. For dinner I went to the Sticky Walnut Charles Street, Hoole, Chester (a 15 minute stroll from the hotel). This restaurant had an excellent choice of starters, main courses and desserts. Both can be found on-line.

### TRANSPORT

The Queen Hotel is opposite to the railway station and there is a regular shuttle bus service from there into the centre of Chester, which is free if you have a bus pass, There is of course, a taxi rank at the railway station as well.

If you would like to look further afield there is a regular Merseyrail train service to the centre of Liverpool which takes 45 minutes and is under £6 return.

There is a hop on and off Tour bus which has a stop by the railway station.

### TOP ATTRACTIONS FOR CHESTER

#### **Grosvenor Museum**

Founded in 1885, the Grosvenor Museum houses Chester's biggest collection of local and international history, with 2,000 years of history spread over three floors.

#### **Chester Zoo**

Chester Zoo was opened in 1931 by George Mottershead and his family. [2] It is one of the UK's largest zoos at 51 hectares (130 acres).[3] The zoo has a total land holding of approximately 160 hectares (400 acres).

#### **Chester Castle**

Chester Castle is sited at the southwest extremity of the area bounded by the city walls. The castle stands on an eminence overlooking the River Dee. In the castle complex are the remaining parts of the medieval castle together with the neoclassical buildings designed by Thomas Harrison which were built between 1788 and 1813. Parts of the neoclassical buildings are used today as Crown Courts and as a military museum. The museum and the medieval remains are a tourist attraction.

### ***Chester Cathedral***

Chester Cathedral is a Church of England cathedral and the mother church of the Diocese of Chester. The cathedral, formerly the abbey church of a Benedictine monastery dedicated to Saint Werburgh, is dedicated to Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Since 1541, it has been the seat of the Bishop of Chester.

### ***Chester Rows***

The Chester Rows, continuous two-tiered timber galleries with a signature black and white look, are the town's most iconic spot. Some of the buildings date back to the 13th century, while others are Victorian copies, and today they are filled with shops and boutiques. The Rows can be found on Watergate Street, Northgate Street, Eastgate Street, and Bridge Street, and the most famous building, the Three Old Arches, is on Bridge Street. It's a good spot to shop for souvenirs or to grab a photograph.

### ***Cheshire Military Museum, Cheshire***

The museum has been housed in the former A Block in Chester Castle since 1972. It covers the history of four British Army regiments connected with the County of Cheshire from 1685 onwards: the Cheshire Regiment, the Cheshire Yeomanry, the 3rd Carabiniers, the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, and also the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School. The building is recorded in the National Heritage List for England as a designated Grade I listed building.

### ***Grosvenor Park & Miniature Railway***

Plenty of access points and filled with interesting things such as the miniature railway, Jacob's Well, the cafe, ponds, etc. The place is kept in prime condition by the council and the friends of the park. Full of grey squirrels, pigeons, moorhens, etc. Very popular, plenty of seats and picnic tables with a great cafe. Old church ruined gable ends, an ornamental well, etc.

### ***Chester Roman Gardens***

A charming garden constructed in a Roman Style. A path runs through the garden from Pepper Street to the river.

### ***Eastgate & Eastgate Clock***

It really is a focal point of the city and well worth a visit and an ideal photo opportunity, both from below and above!

### ***St John the Baptist's Church & Chester Roman Amphitheatre***

Situated next to the amphitheatre and well worth a visit. Not far from the city centre, and there are a couple of information boards at the amphitheatre to give a little more knowledge.

### ***Sick to Death Museum***

A gory story of medicine throughout time. And following that Carol Goronwy suggests that you stroll through

### ***Overleigh Old Cemetery***

It is situated on Overleigh Road by

the Grosvenor Bridge. Apparently it has some interesting and unusual monuments.

*Chester has walking and bike tours as well as the Storyhouse cinemas and theatre complex which is in a large, impressive Art Deco building.*

*If you need more information or details the Tourist Information Office is situated in the Town Hall, Northgate Street, Chester.*

Terry Abrey

### **Mystery Painting**

Does anyone recall the painting that was given to the school by the German staff in memory of the German children's Christmas party in 1948? We found a reference to it in a note that was signed on behalf of the German Staff and which read as follows. "How many of you present this afternoon remember the 6th of December last year and have been talking about it for 12 months. Now again 312 boys and girls aged 5 to 12 will have the pleasure of this happy day. It is a funny chance that exactly 156 girls and 156 boys have got invitations. Look at the shining eyes, babbling mouths and you will see how thankful we are. Dear British pupils, today we don't want you to go home without giving you a present as an expression of our gratitude. You are living in this school on the North Sea far away from your country. In memory of the time you spent here, a Wilhelmshaven artist painted a picture

showing a scene of the sea in the neighbourhood of this school behind the Fliegerdeich. Wherever you like, you may put it on a wall of your rooms and know what you did at Wilhelmshaven for the best of our youth has not been forgotten."

*Ed. – We asked a few 47ers about the above, but although some recalled the party, none remembered the painting. One, however, recalled the Christmas party thus: 'The school all gave up their weekly sweet rations (4ozs I think) for a week so the German children would each have a present to take home after the party.' Vic Longyear (Drake 47 – 50)*

### **The Book Revisited**

It is getting on for twenty years since The Book was compiled, so we found it an opportune moment to remind ourselves of memories that were shared in it. In the preface, our founder and life president wrote:

Asked to remember their school days, most ex-pupils of PRS recall yesterday's agony upon leaving and today's ecstasy of being able to re-live those days with others who shared a unique and extraordinary experience that was 'Wilhelmshaven'. More than just a school, this home-from-home provided a haven from the uncertainties of Forces life and teenagerhood. This book is a well-deserved tribute to a wonderful school.

*Liz (Bird) Hughes (Howe 61 – 64)*

*Interestingly, we have this unique insight from someone who was among the first to set foot in Wilhelmshaven after the hostilities.*

We were a group of 130 sailors who carried unfamiliar rifles and bayonets, which were a greater danger to us than the Germans. Commanded by Captain Conder, our objective was to take and occupy the port of Wilhelmshaven. We were very unready to face the enemy. After hours of bitter fighting the garrison surrendered and we moved into a badly battered town. It was the 5th of May 1945. I returned to Wilhelmshaven fifty-four years later (1999) expecting to relive the excitement I experienced as a young sailor. However, as an older and wiser man, what I saw and felt was strangely different. As I looked around the empty barracks, I felt somehow cheated. Sometimes the past is best left in the past.

*Tony Brehony (RN Party 1735)*

*The following extracts are from the earliest years (1947 - 51) when John Smitherman was Headmaster:*

It was not the first school for children of the British and Commonwealth Forces: there had been those from Afghanistan to Zululand. It was, however, the first time that a combatant in a major war said to a very recent enemy, 'Here are our children, we trust in your inherent

decency to do them no harm and even to educate them.' The school did not have a company of soldiers to guard it. Indeed, civilian guards as did exist were mostly citizens of Wilhelmshaven itself. They honoured that trust for 25 years. That is why PRS was unique and why Wilhelmshaven will have a special place in the memory of those who attended the school.

*Keith Firth (Rodney 48 - 49)*

We thought we would grasp the chance to broaden our horizons and see a little of Europe too. Our adviser told us not to even dream of going to that boarding school 'they' were setting up in Germany because we would have to put other people's children to bed! In spite of this advice we were interviewed, had medicals and were offered jobs. We eventually arrived in Wilhelmshaven in June 1947 to find that the school was not due to open until July, so what to do in that month? We were told not to drink water, so we drank beer. We were not trusted to count beds and furniture, so we slipped away to the bunker roof to sunbathe during that glorious summer. We also swam from the Deich. But then the seventy guinea pigs arrived and our holiday on the roof and in the sea was ended.

*Ruth Fallows and Sheila Thomason (Staff 47 - 53)*



Finally, we have John Smitherman's own reflections on the start-up of PRS:

The British Zone in Germany was larger than Wales; it would have an unknown child population scattered in pockets of unknown size all over the place. The problem was complicated by the fact that girls as well as boys would be coming out. Would they take kindly to boarding school life? And how would people react to such schools? It soon became evident that everybody expected their children to be admitted. Thus, what is believed to be the first boarding school under the 1944 Education Act came into being in Wilhelmshaven on 1st July 1947.

In February 1947, I saw my first school buildings. Overlooking a great harbour was a barracks completed in about 1942 and almost undamaged.

Could we put a school in it? We were shocked to find how much room a boarding school actually required: a barracks for 600 men will hold about 300 pupils just. We called in the Royal Engineers, made hasty plans for adaptations. When the necessary alterations were made, the figure fell to 247 and we could not find room for even three more beds!

We had arranged for two boys' houses and two girls' houses and then had the bright idea of mixed houses. The more the boys and girls saw each other in their house life, the more like brothers and sisters they would become. That decision was one of the most important we made and I was quite certain it was one of the factors leading to a thoroughly good tone for the school.

I arrived in the afternoon of 1st June 1947, complete with my Volkswagen car, my wife, our cat, our maid and a three-ton truck full of our household possessions. I had last seen the barracks beautifully spick and span as only a naval establishment can look. Now it was dead, empty and lifeless, except for workmen knocking down walls. Everything looked chaotic. My heart fell. The first boys and girls were due to arrive on 1st July - how could everything be ready?

We soon realised that there were surprising shortages. It was greatly to the credit of the German people of

Wilhelmshaven that in spite of their high unemployment and despite the obvious temptations the school offered to them, we had no more trouble than we did. Although at times we wondered at the advisability of putting a school in such a town, we never had cause to regret our decision.

The last 48 hours before the children arrived were incredibly hectic and very happy. We were doing 1001 things and all being very cheerful about it. At long last, 1st July came. It was a very motley collection that gathered for our first assembly. They were dressed in all manner of clothing and particularly the girls appeared rather old for their age. It was soon evident that many of them did not relish the idea of school at all. A few had actually left school for good in England and one or two actually had jobs. Without exception they had been out of school since Easter and many for as much as nine months.

The busier we made them the better it would be for all. There were very good playing fields, a fine running track and stables belonging to the garrison, a superb swimming bath and yachts in the harbour. Several tennis courts, too, including two in the school grounds. After assembly each morning, I used to ask them what they would like to do in the afternoon. This was a peculiar way to run a school, but it ensured that everybody was busy and happy. The children certainly were tired. They had never played so many games in their lives.

The faith parents had in the school made us feel very humble. It brought home to us the tremendous responsibility we had and at the same time helped us enormously in the trying times. The problems we faced were so frightening that it was at times difficult to remember that one of our first responsibilities was to teach. This was made all the greater by the fact that books and apparatus were by far the hardest of all our requirements to come by.

Music was tucked away in a room that had the advantage of being away from the rest of the school; it was about the only advantage it had. It was too small, too low and for months it had a rotten piano, but Stanley Sackett, the music master, was a combination of saint and genius to put up with such a room and to get the children to sing and take the interest in music that they undoubtedly did.

We never knew when our pupils would leave. After a while we managed to get a regulation passed that enabled those within a year of their exams to stay on. One girl left before she arrived in that her father phoned while she was en route for Wilhelmshaven to say she must return to England at once. The average time at the school was only two years, so it said a very great deal for the teaching ability and perseverance of the staff that the standards reached were achieved at all.

It seemed to us that a little old-fashioned discipline was wanted in work, behaviour and everything else.

The result was quite remarkable. Short canes were issued to the staff. They were used with discretion, but certain offences were dealt with thus. Within a few weeks the classes were entirely different. Work and behaviour improved and the school became tidier.

What does PRS mean to us all? Not merely a place where boys and girls learn mathematics, history and so on. It is a place where they learn so many other things that to list them would be quite impossible. We are all together in something that is very exciting, something that very few other people have ever had the chance to do, creating a living organisation from nothing. One thing we shall all of us be able to say in years to come is, 'I was there at the beginning.'

*John Smitherman (Headmaster 47 – 51)*

#### M4-Corridor Mini-Reunion

After having missed our annual 'Festive Lunch' last year due to covid restrictions, it was great to be able to go ahead and organise a 2021 lunch at the Chiseldon House Hotel in Swindon on Sunday December 12th. Although not as many members were able to attend as in other years (a few had to drop out at the last minute due to illness, etc.), it was just great to be able to meet up with 17 members and partners who were the only diners in the dining room. This was fortunate as there was plenty of cheerful greeting and a great deal to catch up on. The food was excellent and there was plenty of choice for the pre-ordered meal. The party included Terry Abrey, Di Braithwaite, Marj Burden, John and Sue D'Rozario, Niki Fenn, Jim and Barbara Hanlon, Paul Hayward, Bob Innes, Lois Jones, Chris and Susan Lewis, Kitty MacGregor, Graeme Rothwell and David Starkie. I look forward to being able to organise a larger Festive Lunch in 2022!

*Melodie (Hayter) Beevers (Rodney 58–59)*





## PRS Boy and Maggie



The lady needs no introduction, but do you recognise the person staying well out of hand-bagging range on the extreme right? It is, in fact, former PRS pupil, Roger Stokoe (Collingwood 56 – 60) who met the PM during his service with the NHS. His story ‘PRS and beyond’ in the previous issue refers.



*Bonteheim as you have probably never seen it before (photo Rene Spielmann)*

## More Echoes from the Past



It is universally acknowledged that the Wilhelmshaven winters were so exceedingly cold that the sea in the Jadebusen often froze over. But when my life began in late January 1940, it was the coldest month for almost 50 years and even the River Thames froze over. During a snowstorm, which lasted for four days, my mother walked three miles from Tottenham to hospital in Hackney with a thick layer of snow on her coat covering her baby bump (me). At that time my father was a pharmacist and within only a few months after I was born, we moved from the flat above the chemist shop to a rented bungalow on the north bank



of the Thames. This was just before the first air raid on London in September, with 57 consecutive nights of bombing. My father enlisted in the RAF in 1942 and subsequently trained as a navigator, wireless operator, air gunner and bomb aimer in the U K and Canada.

My memories of life in Walton on Thames are many: receiving a biscuit tin of very, very ripe bananas from Canada, dressing up for a fancy-dress competition as a teacher, complete with mortar board, gown and cane, playing Monopoly for the first time and playing Postman’s Knock at a children’s party aged 7 - and cheating! More memorable was the river itself. We had a rowing boat and I learnt to row at a very early age, even going on my own as far as Walton Bridge and back, quite an adventure for a six-year-old. As a baby I was once in the boat with my mother when I accidentally fell into the water. Fortunately, I was wearing a waterproof cape that opened out and kept me afloat. Despite not being able to swim, my mum jumped into the water in an attempt to save me. Luckily a neighbour saw what was happening and saved us both! On another occasion, aged eight, I fell into the river and the same neighbour pulled me out. Whilst at Walton, I went to the infant school, widely known as the ‘Tin Rattler’ because of the noise of the rain on its corrugated iron roof. Rather unusually, I was the only pupil who went to school each day by a combination of rowing boat and bus.

After a short stay at the junior school, we were off to Kenya from Liverpool to Mombasa on HMT Scythia at a leisurely maximum speed of 18 mph. Everlasting memories of this time are the required series of injections, buying good sunglasses, drinking orange juice at breakfast and being seasick crossing the Bay of Biscay. We had onboard school lessons and I recall the Suez Canal and the flying fish. We lived for two years in Nairobi, which being almost 6,000 feet above sea level, had an ideal climate with little humidity. This was unlike Mombasa, which was sweltering. My father was stationed at RAF Eastleigh where he was navigator aboard an Avro Anson flying the Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell, around many different parts of Africa. Here



I was a day pupil at St Mary's and travelled to school not by boat and bus, but in the back of a gharri.

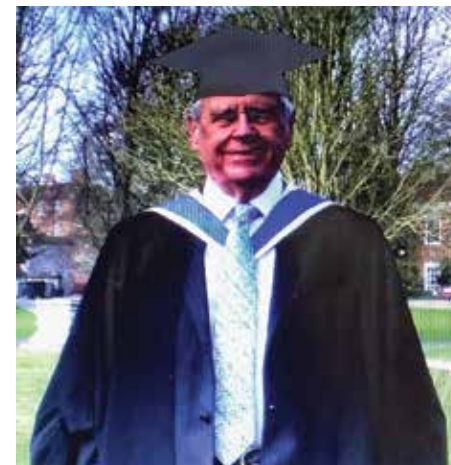
Despite being only eight years of age, my school curriculum now included Latin and French. However, we were soon on our way back to Southampton on HMT Empire Ken to grandparents in Portsmouth and then yet another school where the head told my parents that I was like a pie-crust without any filling! Our next move was to Devon and four delightful and memorable years living in the Exe Valley. I spent a year at the secondary modern school in Tiverton where I won a prize for woodwork and was top of my class for the first and only time. I went to Tiverton Grammar School where I played catch-up on the year I had missed.

It was at this point that I joined PRS, where I spent seven happy terms and enjoyed my time immensely. I remember serving in the house tuck shop when a Mars cost only 3d. Was it a mere coincidence that four years later, my holiday job was working in the Mars factory where eight tons of bars came off the production line every day? Perhaps not! Despite having a sweet tooth, the Deich runs we did before breakfast kept us very trim. I still have a very vivid memory of being weighed and measured in Churchill at the beginning of each term. The results were recorded at the top of each term's report, but for some obscure reason, not when you became a sixth former.

Fagging for seniors was a way in which juniors could earn a few pence more each week to spend at the tuck shop and I still remember William Filby, my fag, who worked for me for the incredibly large sum of 2/6d a term. Thank you, William! In short, PRS was the best school out of the eleven schools I attended and I still hold it in great regard 63 years later.

In 1960, I went to King Alfred's College, Winchester to train as a teacher, one of the first students of the new 3-year course and the first year the college had admitted women. The previous year's male students had taken part in a three-legged protest walk to Southampton and wore black ties with an a la Isle of Man logo as evidence. You've guessed it - many of them went out with the newly arrived young ladies and some even married them! Sylvia and I revisited the college exactly 40 years to the day when we had met and a TV crew was there to film the occasion. They were there for three hours, recorded 28-minutes-worth of nostalgia, interviewed us about how we had met and the quality of the college food. We appeared that day on the Meridian TV 6 o'clock News for all of one minute and 50 seconds. The piece was probably aptly (or not aptly, depending on your point of view) titled 'College Love'. In 1963, I began my teaching career in a progressive Leicestershire school - integrated (or disintegrated) day, team teaching et al, with hundreds of inquisitive visitors, including AS Neill of Summerhill

fame, who had the children in my class guessing his age (84) which to me seemed ancient, but not now. By 1967, I was in charge of PE and games (I needed the extra money) and Gordon Banks, whose son was a pupil at the school, occasionally came to watch the football matches I was refereeing. Our team could have done with having him in goal!



After nine years as a teacher, I was appointed head of a newly built primary school (then costing only £100,000) and was able to appoint all the staff (100 applications for the post of secretary) and choose all the books, equipment, furniture and even the name of the school. Sylvia just picked the curtains and carpets! Parents of note were Professor Ken Pounds FRS (X-ray astronomy), (Sir) David O'Dowd (Chief Inspector of Constabulary) and Chris Balderstone (footballer, cricketer and umpire). In 1990, Allan Ahlberg (writer of many children's books) who had been my first deputy head, heard about my

impending retirement and offered me a job as his general manager. I accepted! My first office was in our touring caravan parked on the drive, with an extension cable, electric typewriter, cordless telephone and a cardboard box as a filing cabinet. Working from home meant that we could have days off and go away without having to consider school terms. And a bonus was that I was able to meet many famous authors. Finally, aged 78, I retired, except, of course, for vacuuming, ironing and drying up, plus a little gardening when coerced. On reflection, as forces families we never had the time to do the gardens in married quarters with our frequent moves!

*John Simes (Rodney 55 – 57)*

*Ed. – Those with a really good memory may recall that we published a piece by John titled ‘What I did after leaving PRS’ in December 2008.*



*The late Sue (Paddy) Brannaghan (Hood/Collingwood 60 - 66), who sadly passed away last year*

### Never Too Late



*John Azzaro (Collingwood 59 – 60)*

Those of us with a good memory may recall an article ‘Judy Remembers’ published in NL81 by Judy (Watkins) Hallett in which a reference was made to the late John Azzaro. His family was stationed at RAF Jever and after a quick search it turned out that news of John’s passing never reached us. In the meantime, however, the above photo has come to light and we would like to hear from anyone who knew John and might have a few words to share about him.

Ed.

### 25 Years Ago



They travelled back to school from all over the world by train, boat, coach and plane. The occasion was the 1997 PRS Golden Anniversary Celebration Weekend in Wilhelmshaven. The following reactions are just a few of the many memories of that unforgettable weekend. We extracted them from the reunion report written by Liz (Bird) Hughes, who made the first few comments.

On the (Eurostar) train the atmosphere was described as incredible. After the transfer to coaches in Brussels, few slept. This was to be the pattern for the whole weekend as it turned out. On Friday, the three coaches arrived in a grey, drizzly Wilhelmshaven. ‘Typical Wilhelmshaven weather,’ they thought. But NO! From that moment onward it got hotter and hotter, and more humid. ‘As long as it is dry...’ were the

words in my order, not thinking that it could possibly mimic ‘Something ‘Out of Africa’. The childhood memories of Wilhelmshaven being somewhere close to the Arctic circle were shattered!

On Friday, people arrived throughout the day. Some from the early coach party checked into their hotels and made their way immediately to the main-site. We recognized them...they were the ones with hankies to their eyes! In the rooms housing the exhibition we were met with a large number of PRS trophies that had not seen the light of day for decades. Thanks to Tony Marmon (Teaching Staff 70 -72) these trophies were given to TWA and are a real find. I examined them closely. The light was not good so I looked towards the window. There I saw Mavis staring towards the school

field and bunker – the first of many to be overcome that weekend. When we parted on Monday she said, ‘Liz, this has been the happiest weekend of my life!’ ‘How can that be?’ I asked, ‘You’ve been crying all weekend!’ We laughed, hugged and went our separate ways.

The ‘polishing party’ – Mavis Thompson, Pat Woods, Sheila King, Averil Jolleyman and myself, spent Friday afternoon surrounded by large honour boards, slowly reviving the trophies. In the middle of the activity Rodger came in and looked studiously around at the huge assembly of memorabilia. ‘And where is all this lot going to after the reunion?’ I put my head down and whispered to the polishers, ‘I haven’t told him yet.’ We all tried, unsuccessfully, to stifle our giggles. Inside the Pumpwerk, bar and restaurant staff were scurrying around. Outside, some drinkers were unwittingly acting as appetisers for the mosquitos preparing for their ‘gourmet weekend’ of 550 hot, sweaty, perfumed and coiffured ‘sweatmeats’ oblivious but duly anaesthetised to the onslaught!

A most interesting visitor to our hotel was Mr Cunningham who had been the ‘School Keeper’ from 54 to 72 and spoke of 12 German personnel who worked for him maintaining the fabric of the school. They were invisible to us, but we should have known that someone moved all those chairs in and out of Churchill for the various events. He also told us of the repair work that was

needed in the boys’ houses at the end of every term and seemed a bit bemused by us being so in love with the school. The people of Wilhelmshaven were genuinely welcoming. Two elderly German ladies who had worked for the school for two decades reported how happy they had been and remembered the children always laughing and singing. Saturday evening was extraordinary. Many local people who had been connected with the school accepted the open invitation to join us and the delight of everyone was plain to see. They couldn’t believe the good time we had and the next day a local newspaper asked, ‘What happened to the stiff British?’

The next day there was a queue to get into church, which was filled to capacity. The service itself was one of the most moving experiences of the whole weekend and there was hardly a dry eye in the house. We meandered out of the church totally drained. Later that day the pastor came to see me. He looked rather nervous as he thanked me for the biggest collection ever made at that church.

I am still in the clouds. How can I ever thank you enough for one of the most wonderful weekends I have ever spent? I don’t think I have laughed and cried so much – ever. The weekend was just perfect from beginning to end. What a pity it had to end. I cried when I saw the mainsite and then again in the chemistry lab where we often came



*Didn't they all look young? Enjoying the fantastic weather at the '97 Wilhelmshaven reunion are, L-R: David Howells, Derek Beams, the late Pete Rees, Mike Beams (elder brother of Derek and former Head Boy no less!), Norman King, Ron Preedy and Roger Hall – all of Drake.*

close to blowing it up. It was wonderful to see Miss Washington, Miss Tebbs and all the other staff who made the effort to go.

*(Wendy Wyatt, Collingwood 59 – 62)*

I thought that Newbury lit a fire in my soul, but splendid as it was, it was a mere shadow of the Wilhelmshaven experience. Every second of every minute was so emotive – major lump in throat time. I met loads of lovely people. Two events really stick out for me. On the Saturday I revisited Raleigh for the first time in 36 years and walked to the end of the corridor. There was the window I used to train-spot through with Ron Wilson. With not a sight or sound, I could visualize Mr Evans pacing up and down in the music room. I have to admit being close to tears

the atmosphere was incredible. The following day I made a pilgrimage to my old home, Drake Boys. Just entering the building was hard enough, but my old room was cordoned off. Undaunted, I scurried underneath and was amazed at how small it was. How did four of us actually get in there with all that furniture, etc?

*(Terry Friend, Drake 59 – 61)*

Just to say ‘thank you’ is so totally inadequate. The whole weekend was euphoric. Was there a highlight? Many, many of them. Coming round by the guardroom and looking across to the main-site left me totally choked.

*(Anne Dobson, Howe 59 – 61)*

What an occasion! What a reunion! Newbury was nice, but Wilhelmshaven

was WUNDERBAR! Some memories: seamlessly metamorphosing from a 57-year-old into a 15-year-old, dancing for the first time (really) since 1963, crying in church as the four children read out the names of deceased pupils and staff (it wasn't just the names which affected me but the sheer length of the list), arriving back home on a high and my wife asking me if I was on drugs, dropping off to sleep on my first night home and hearing my wife say that she would like to come to the next reunion!

*John Simes, Rodney 55 – 57*

*And the final word from a local...* My company has organized a lot of events in the past 25 years. Your reunion in August was not the largest, nor the most splendid, but it was certainly the most impressive, not just for us who had to organize it, but also for the Wilhelmshaven citizens. You came back home and we all felt the emotions of that weekend.

*Rudiger Kramp,  
Freizeit in Wilhelmshaven*



Mike Walker



In the previous issue (see p.4 'Letters to the Editor') reference was made to former Head Boy, Mike Walker Collingwood 53 – 57), who Marion (Shaw) Oliver (Howe 64- 67) remembers as being her Form Master when she attended Hornchurch Grammar School in Essex. This was during the term prior to joining PRS. Mike had previously attended TWA reunions with his sister, Ann and the next time Marion bumped into him was in 1997 at the Wilhelmshaven reunion where she took the above picture. Sadly, Mike passed away on February 22, 2015 after being hospitalized for an infection following a skiing holiday.

In Memoriam



Clare (Haynes) Swatridge (Drake 63-67) very sadly died in July 2021 following a brain tumour diagnosed in 2019. She and I arrived in Wilhelmshaven in January 1964 after term had started. The weather was a shock to the system after a year at Khormaksar School in Aden, where our fathers, who were in the same regiment, were stationed. We had moved around together and had known each other all our lives. Allocated to Drake and Howe, we were in the same form and did the same subjects. Memories of Clare are from two A-level subjects in particular. Part of the Domestic Science curriculum was to spend a weekend in 'The Flat' in the Domestic Science block to put into practice our cooking and hostessing skills. I can't remember which long-suffering staff member was invited to experience this, but recall being 'spooked' by knocking on the windows in the night. The thing that sticks in my mind from the Science lab was dissecting a dogfish over several weeks and the sickening smell of the preserving fluid. Clare enjoyed belonging to the Riding Club which she

attended with her good friend in Drake, Gill Turner, known to some as Bubbles because of her very curly blonde hair. Clare was appointed as Head Girl 1966 -1967, her male counterpart being Clive Boden. I don't know if we were aware when we joined PRS that we would be spending the remainder of our schooldays there, but we both counted ourselves very fortunate that we did. We kept in touch over all the years since then. After school Clare trained at Pershore Horticultural College, which led to a lifetime career she loved and she became chief plant buyer at Cheshire Garden Centres. Clare made her home in Rainhill and became very involved with the local Civic Society where her expertise and knowledge of plants was put to good use. For over twenty years she organised an annual garden competition, set up a gardening club and most recently had established an Eco Garden. The lady who gave me this information described Clare as being self-reliant and determined (perhaps her time at PRS had something to do with that) and said that having known Clare had enriched her life. What a lovely tribute!

*Marion (Shaw) Oliver – Howe 64- 67)*



*Mainsite as it is today*

## Dilys (Cook) Patten



(Frobisher/Collingwood 54 - 57)

Dilys sadly passed away recently aged 80. She was very much involved in acting at PRS and received good reviews for her role in 'She Stoops to Conquer' on pages 38 and 41 of the Spring 1957 edition of The Cavalier. She qualified as a teacher and in 1999 was appointed head of Two Village Church of England Primary School in Essex. A former colleague who felt privileged to have worked with her for a number of years said she was a formidable woman who was a true inspiration. She had touched the lives of many and greatly missed by all who knew her. After Dilys retired from teaching, she went to live in Greece. The photo shows Dilys (Dilly to her friends) and Carolyn (Doré) Cairns (Frobisher/ Collingwood 53 -

56) taken outside Churchill on their visit to PRS in 1958. Carolyn, who sent us the picture and was a great friend, said, 'She had a lovely nature and will be sadly missed.'

*Dilys shared with us the following memories of her PRS days in The Book.*

The boy's arm along the back of the girl's chair being silently jabbed by a duty member of staff; no buns or cocoa being left if you were late getting to Nelson for morning break; having to stand in the corridor for talking after lights out; no showers, just a bath rota; eating Wurst and mustard at Karstadt on Saturday mornings and wondering who we would meet in town; the Elvis hits 'Heartbreak Hotel' and 'Don't Be Cruel'; laundry day - everything flat and starched; Mr Callan leaping around in English; pupils chanting 'Schnell Fahrer' and 'Langsam Fahrer' on the bus to and from the Sportplatz; room inspections, going out of bounds at night - just once! Who was I with? We jumped off a high wall behind our house and someone jarred both ankles really badly; Mr Evans playing the violin in music lessons and turning the songs into jazz; Eileen Beeton ironing her bra into points; occasional boxing matches on Saturday nights; Mr Callan wearing a black tie and announcing, 'In the red corner...'; the school - wonderful!

## Tom Fisher



Tom passed away unexpectedly on 7<sup>th</sup> December near Perth in Australia. His former housemate, John Baillie (Matthews/ Collingwood 49 - 55), remembers him from the early days in BAOR. 'I first met Tom and his family in Iserlohn, where they lived just around the corner from me on Märkische Strasse. Long after Tom and I left PRS, I was visiting members of my family in Adelaide and flew to Perth with my

wife to visit Mike Keen. Mike set up a mini-reunion at Tom's house, which Mike and I attended together with Gerry Jones (PE instructor) and the Minister twins. Anita (West) Backley (Drake 52 - 54), who lives in Auckland, New Zealand, recalls that in the early 50's Tom was part of the "in" crowd of that era with Mike Biggs, Tony Neyland, John Meadon, and Keith Johnson. They were always smartly dressed and wore beige trousers and a navy blazer. Anita visited Tom in Perth for a mini-reunion that also included Gerry Jones. Tom and his wife, Chris, later visited Auckland on a cruise and Anita gave them the grand tour of Auckland. The photo shows Collingwood prefects with Tom sitting third from right and Housemaster Mr Monger seated in the centre.



## Tom's Final Word

When I walked from the train through the gate by Nelson, my first feeling was one of depression. PRS was small, consisting of a long triangle with a road down one long side, a stretch of water down another, with a huge bunker seemingly covering most of the third. The classrooms were Nissen huts and Churchill House had to be everything: assembly hall, church, theatre, gymnasium, music room, and so on. However, unprepossessing as it seemed, PRS had an immense impact, an inner beauty which bonded pupils as nowhere else. We soon came to love the place and longed for the holidays to end, so that we could get back to our friends.

I was one of the few pupils who managed to go to PRS twice, and the second time was so different from the first, with lots of changes. I was now a Sixth Former, so much more preferable than being pushed around when I was a Junior. I was one of five Prefects and between us we had some fifty junior boys to share our fagging duties, but it was so cumbersome that we soon settled on one 'volunteer' each, whom we paid one shilling a week. Those were halcyon days. To be a Prefect gave me the feeling of a good life and some of us even had bicycles. Wow.

A major influence in my final term was Mr Kevin Callan, a man who seemed to enjoy life to the full. For

light relief I signed on to do Bottom in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It may not have been how Shakespeare envisioned it, but it was tremendous fun. The 'mechanicals' performed rather like the Goon Show plus Larry, Mo and Curly. I think we amused the younger, less critical audience and we certainly enjoyed ourselves. At the end, as Puck recited: "If these shadows have offended, think but this and all is mended" to the gentle music of Mendelssohn, I felt extremely sad. The next day we would be leaving. This time the leaving left a void. It seems from my recollection that the longer one stayed, the more senior one became, and then the better PRS became also.

*Tom Fisher,  
(Matthews/Howe/Collingwood 48-49,  
52-54)*

## Anne (Lawrence) Winter (Drake 57-59)

Anne passed away unexpectedly in Buckingham on 21<sup>st</sup> September, 2021 aged 77. A widow with three children, she kept in touch with her friend Carole (Harris) Owens, who brought us the sad news. Carole said, 'Many of our former housemates will remember Anne, in particular, Elisabeth Dathorne nee Maggs aka 'Maggsie', Catherine Rees aka 'Titch' and Shirley Skirrow.'

## 50 Years Ago - Part 1

Nick Brown's family lived in Singapore prior to his father's posting to Germany with the Royal Signals. Having moved to Herford, Nick and his brother initially attended the local day school, but it would not be long before they would be on their way to Wilhelmshaven for an experience that Nick vividly recalls. It is just over 50 years ago since my older brother David and I went to PRS Wilhelmshaven. We were in the same year at school and I remember feeling a sense of excitement and adventure when our mother said she had a shopping list for blazers, caps, jumpers and P.E kit - all to be labelled with our name and laundry number. Finally, the day arrived and we travelled up to Wilhelmshaven with my father by car.



The photos show me (right) posing with my brother David in the back garden at Glatzer Strasse and sitting in the car before being driven to Wilhelmshaven. On arrival we went to our respective houses - my brother to Lawson or Collingwood on the Dyke and I to Mountbatten on the main site. My first roommate was a boy named Peter Gosney and being one



of the younger ones, it wasn't unusual to share with older boys so they could keep an eye on you. I was later moved to another room with Simon Fuller, and a lad named Dicky. Everyone seemed taller than me, but Simon and I were of similar build and had lots in common, so we got on well. We made model (Airfix) planes together and also played in the same football team (see team photo with Mr Torode on p.7 of the previous issue).

At Mountbatten, we all had to line up in the court yard each morning in military style. The straightest line would lead the walk to the dining block for breakfast. We would return to tidy our rooms and make our beds (with hospital corners) before we left for class. Each room had a chart and we normally checked our room-cleanliness scores at morning break. After school we would go straight for tea. At supper, my favourite supper meal was egg and chips doused with tomato ketchup, which to this day reminds me of supper times at PRS. I recall that at the end of Autumn term, the canteen staff brought in flaming Christmas puddings to each table, except ours seemed charred from excessive burning.

After supper it was upstairs to the prep

room where we did our homework sat in groups. We had to be silent with our heads down or we were taken outside for the cane. One evening I was hit on the ear with a pea shooter. Recognising the culprit, I retaliated and the teacher saw me. Ordered to bend over for the cane, to my horror and embarrassment, I inadvertently broke wind. Whether it was from fright, or the egg and chips from supper, I will never know, but it saved me from a caning! After prep we polished our shoes for the next morning. Those found in the locker room after time out received the sole of an old plimsole on the behind as a punishment.

We had two matrons, one for each floor. They were firm but fair and my favourite was very kind and approachable. I can't remember her name, but her husband was in a submariner in the German Navy. I loved the sports with Mr Marmon who to my delight also moved to Rinteln when the school moved in 1972. He was somewhat of a hero and always wore Adidas trainers. He also drove an MG with spoked wheels – the first I'd ever seen. I also loved the cross country runs to the Dyke and back, even when it snowed. I always seemed to be first and still take part in cross-country events to this this day. I especially enjoyed the interschool events against Kings and when my group, Phoenix, won the school athletics competition, I was nicknamed 'Speedy' by some older girls. Those were the days! *To be continued...*

*Nick Brown (Mountbatten 71 – 72)*

### In Memoriam



*Jack Newby (Drake 51-56)* We were saddened to hear that Jack passed away on the 11th February. His friend, John Hollingsworth, knew him well. "Jack arrived in Drake at the age of twelve, when his father was posted to Berlin, and joined me, and Charles Passant, in Class 2A. He was one of the few pupils lucky enough to remain at PRS for his entire schooling, whilst I didn't return in 1953 when my father was unexpectedly posted back to the UK. He was particularly proud of the fact that, in the sixth form, he was in a class of one for Latin with Mr. Monger! We were out of touch until meeting up again at the big Newbury reunion. From then until the onset of his illness, we met together with Charles Passant every three months at 'The Green Man', Stanford for lunch. Since then, we were in touch by 'phone, almost on a weekly basis until he was admitted to hospital. He was in good spirits and responding well to antibiotics. He was going to ring me when he felt a bit better but deteriorated rapidly. Extremely popular at school, he continued to be so at reunions, even with people he hadn't met at PRS. I shall miss him."

### New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Stephanie Crew	Stephanie Mitchell	62 - 65	Drake
Richard Jones	Richard Jones	70 - 71	Lawson
Chris Le Cheminant	Chris Le Cheminant	Late 50s	Collingwood
David Le Cheminant	David Le Cheminant	Late 50s	Collingwood
David Nelson	David Nelson	48 - 49	Collingwood
Sally Partington	Dr Sally Dunn	60 - 61	Hood Rodney
Alan Purnell	Alan Purnell	69 - 72	Lawson

### Joined

Chris Biggs	Chris Biggs	71 - 74	Lawson
Elizabeth Buckland	Elizabeth Brophy	59 - 61	Drake
Lynn Hall	Lynn Bradbury	69 - 72	Blake Collingwood
Cheryl Medway	Cheryl Thornton	63 -	Drake
Jennifer Osbourne	Jennifer Biggs	71 - 74	Collingwood

### Re-joined

Kathryn Davenport	Kathy McAllion	64 - 66	Drake
Adrian Ladd	Adrian Ladd	68 - 72	Shackleton

### In Memoriam

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

Anne Lawrence	Anne Winter †	57 - 59	Drake
Wendy Burry	Wendy Bowra †	51 - 57	Drake
Michael Clements	Michael Clements †	63 - 67	Howe
Thomas Fisher	Thomas Fisher †	48 - 54	Howe Collingwood
Clare Haynes	Clare Swatridge †	63 - 67	Drake
Jack Newby	Jack Newby †	51 - 56	Drake