

THE NEW CAVALIER



PRINCE RUPERT SCHOOL

WILHELMSHAVEN

1947 - 1972

Newsletter 96

AUTUMN - 2025

Contents

Editor's Letter	2
Report from the Chair	3
Letters to the Editor	4
Glorious Gloucester	7
Brush with Fame	13
Book Reviews	13
Where Fireflies Danced	15
Truro Mini-Reunion	16
Where Art Thou?	17
In Memoriam- E. Kerton	18
Diamond Wedding	18
Being Earnest in Jever	19
Madeleine's Final Word	23
Mini-Reunions	24
A True Love Story	25
Caroline's Final Word	26
A Special Place	27
In Memoriam- M. Pepper	28
The Future of TWA	29
New Finds, etc	30

Please note that copies of the tribute to Liz Bird are available via email, CD, USB or Blue Ray disc.

Contact me 01840 214948 or b.steels248@btinternet.com

Barbara Steels

Editor's Letter

Among the many topics we cover in this final issue of 2025 is our recent gathering in Gloucester, which proved highly enjoyable and was attended by just under 100 enthusiastic TWA members and their guests.

Sadly, this issue coincides with the retirement from TWA duties of a committee member who designed and co-produced no less than 35 editions of New Cavalier over 12 years. And he did so while also functioning as TWA webmaster. So, thanks from us all are owed to Andy, for the countless hours spent working on our behalf.

As our numbers start to dwindle, filling these pages becomes more challenging, so thanks to those who got in touch with their memories. The plan is to reach 100 editions of New Cavalier (we gave our promise to Liz), so please keep in touch.

Finally, we pay tribute on these pages to a couple who this year celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary. This sparkling achievement has only been recorded once previously in New Cavalier, so hearty congratulations to John and Gerry!

*Your editorial team,
Paul Levitt & Andy Renou*

Report From the Chair

I would like to start my report by thanking the Committee for organising a great Reunion in Gloucester. In particular I should mention Chris Belk, Dave Fullwood, and Clive Upton, who chose the hotel, negotiated a very favourable contract, and organised the details of catering, decorations and entertainment. None of these things are very straightforward – I’ve done it previously!

We had almost a hundred people there, although unfortunately one or two had to drop out due to illness. It was very gratifying to see everyone having so much fun, and to hear so many very favourable comments afterwards. During the Saturday evening dinner we raised a terrific total of £704.00 in donations and sales of historical school memorabilia, some of it from Liz’s personal collection. This amount has been donated to the National Deaf Children’s Society, a charity supported by Liz Hughes, whose husband Roger, many of you will know, was deaf. The video tribute to our founder and late President was very well received, and is available on the TWA website and Facebook. There was also a degree of sadness as we only just heard of the unexpected death of Mark Pepper, whom many there knew.

Your committee decided at a meeting on the Saturday morning that we would hold a final two-day reunion in 2027, which will be the 80th anniversary of the opening of the school. This is in

line with the thoughts of our founder. We are considering a date around the end of April that year, and the Reunion Sub Committee is already working on possible venues.

Our decision does not mean the end of TWA, of course. Your organisation will continue with its Newsletters and the website for as long as members want to meet informally and at mini-reunions. The next mini-reunion I expect to attend is the M4 Corridor Lunch which will be held on Sunday 14th December 2025, at Bassett Down Golf Complex (Melodie Beevers will send details to everyone who is on her email list at the end of October, payment and orders will be in advance).

*Terry Abrey (Collingwood 59 – 61)
Committee Chair*



Letters to the Editor



Not long before I left PRS, we were chosen to be on Top of the Form on the Forces Radio. Our opponents were The Royal School Armagh, who I was told were the winners of the UK series (they had lost by one point, actually). I was chosen to be the youngest member of the team, but unfortunately just before transmission a new family arrived at PRS and the younger brother was thought to be a good replacement for me. My Dad thought that this was because his father was an officer, but

I think he made that up. Anyway, they set a test for us and the other lad won, although we were asked different questions and I thought that it would have been fairer if we were both asked the same ones. It was a bit embarrassing for me as my mother had told all her fiends that I was going to be on the radio and I had no way to tell her otherwise. The good thing was that we beat The Royal School Armagh!

Bill Johnson (Rodney 55 – 57)



*Ed. – Cavalier Summer 1956 (p.58-59)
contains a report of the above encounter*

I think it was my last but one term at PRS (Winter 1960) and I was in a room on the Junior upstairs corridor next to the entrance to Mr Robert’s flat (“Robo” to us, but “Daddy Robes” to the Seniors). I had occasion during

the night to go to the toilet which was next door down the corridor. When I opened the door, I found something blocking the doorway. It took me a moment or two to realize that it was our boot locker. I shifted it slightly to enable me to get into the corridor but then saw outside Mr Robert's flat what seemed to be a coffin covered in the Union flag (it wasn't). This made me quite uneasy and when I looked down the corridor all the boot lockers were blocking all the doorways. When I came back from the toilet, and after careful consideration, I put the boot locker back in the doorway (just in case anyone thought I had been involved). Of course, I joined in the general hubbub in the morning when everyone else tried to get out of their rooms. As far as I know no culprits were ever identified.

Terry Abrey (Collingwood 59 – 61)



I am here devouring the contents of Summer 2025 and vicariously enjoying the tales of escapades and reminiscences. It brings to mind one

story that took place in 1998 and would have been on TV news. It was about a man who had become the first person to circumnavigate the world in an ultralight aircraft. As I watched, I thought OMG...I know that man! When I came to PRS in Autumn of 1956 at the age of 14, I was assigned to Howe house. My first dormitory arrangement was a double room which I shared with a Brian Milton. Later on, as head-of-house, I had the privilege of a single room, but my first year was shared with Brian. We were of an age and seeing as I'm now 83, Brian would be a couple months behind. It turned out that he was the man on the TV and was the first person to circumnavigate the world in an ultralight aircraft!

Peter Nash (Howe 56 – 59)

Ed. – In *New Cavalier* 69 of Autumn 2017 we wrote, 'Ex-PRS boy, Brian Milton (left in photo) was a Howe boy from 56-58 and returned as a Rodney boy from 60-62. He lives in London and has led the extraordinary life of an adventurer. His first major expedition was in 1968 when he drove a battered Austin 7 Ruby across the Sahara Desert to meet his fiancée! Ever since, he has combined a career as a TV presenter and financial journalist with a series of incredible airborne adventures around the world. In 1998, he became the first person to fly a microlight around the world, a feat that earned him the Britannia Trophy, one of the world's greatest aviation awards.

Brian's interest in microlighting grew out of his love for hang-gliding. He was the Founder of the British National League, which took Britain to world dominance in the sport for which he received the National Trophy from the Queen. In 1979 he was awarded the Prince of Wales Trophy, the highest award in British sporting aviation, for winning the American Cup. His 1987 flight in the Dalgety Flyer from London to Sydney in 59 days was at the time the longest microlight flight in history. The aircraft is now on permanent exhibition at Sydney airport. Web-savvy readers can find Brian's full story at https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brian_Milton

During a recent visit to Osnabruck, I had the opportunity to spend a few hours in Wilhelmshaven and visited the Fliegerdeich site. It reminded me that I had meant to respond to an item in Newsletter 93 regarding house names. I attended PRS for 5 terms starting summer 1951. My house was the block to the right of the main gate when facing the dyke. Straight ahead was a central block built against the dyke with an outside stairway (no longer there) leading to the upper floor level with the dyke. This was where we had our meals.

I have no memory of the use of the rest of this building. To the left of the main gate was another house block identical to ours. It was called Drake House. We were Raleigh house.

Both were junior houses, mixed sex, boys downstairs, girls upstairs. My

recollection is that this lasted for at least three of my five terms. Upon returning either after the summer holiday of 1952, or in January 1953, we discovered the girls had gone and been replaced with older boys. The name of the house was also changed from Raleigh to Collingwood. I think a similar change took place at Drake but they retained the name Drake. This time also marked the first rung of 'promotion' in my life being appointed fag to the house captain. I remember the odd biscuit but no weekly payments! I notice the name Raleigh on the mystery photo in edition 94, but this is not a structure I recognise. The entrance to Raleigh was as in the photo in edition 93 regarding Drake boys.

Thank you for the newsletters; I have learnt a lot about the school that I did not know whilst there.

Robert Hutchison (Collingwood 51 – 53)

It was lovely seeing my Dad's writing in the newsletter and thank you for your kind (and personal) in memoriam. My Dad would have loved to have read it. It would have made him feel very proud.

Tony Kinson





Our big reunion weekend was attended by just under 100 people, nearly all of whom were UK based.

The strongest representation was by ex-pupils from the mid-life of the school, but neither 47ers nor teaching staff were present on this occasion. The programme followed the established pattern of meet and greet on Friday evening and dinner followed by dance with DJ on Saturday evening. An additional feature was the special film created in honour of Liz, which was premiered to a packed audience. Similarly, some of the memorabilia items she donated were auctioned and the proceeds donated to a charity for the deaf that she supported.







Brush with Fame



Anthony Andrews is an actor whose name many associate with his iconic portrayal of Lord Sebastian Flyte in *Brideshead Revisited*. First broadcast in 1981, the TV series won him Golden Globe and BAFTA awards. Around this time, while on a walkabout in Malton (Yorks), a parked vintage car came



into view and a voice suddenly called 'Cut!' It turned out to be the voice of a film director and standing right in front of us was the unmistakable figure of Anthony Andrews. The sudden interruption to filming was not due to our sudden appearance on the filmset as unsuspecting extras, but because of a noisy passing motorbike. Amazed at being allowed to get so close to the filming action without the slightest hindrance, we hung around briefly for the retake. The principal film location for 'Brideshead Revisited' (Castle Howard) was a mere two miles away from Malton, but to my reckoning our brief encounter took place before this classic drama was filmed.
Ed.

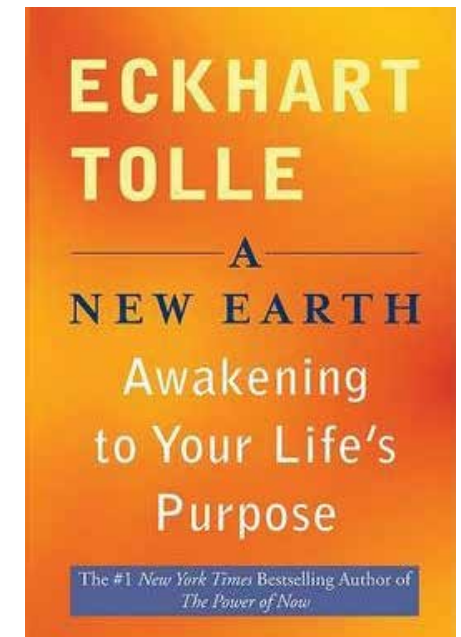
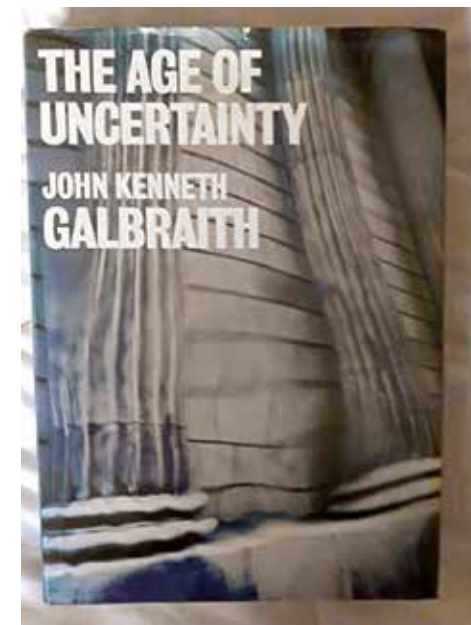
Book Reviews

Recent announcements about large increases in defence spending have brought to mind a book first published in 1977 to coincide with a BBC TV series. *The Age of Uncertainty* explains how historic figures such as Adam Smith, Karl Marx, Vladimir Lenin and John Maynard Keynes had a decisive influence on how the world has changed over the past 200 years. If the current world seems uncertain, think back to when the book was published. Galbraith maintains that in the post-Keynesian world, weapons expenditure is key to keeping up in the arms race. Things have even become a lot more complicated since the Cold War and fear of falling behind

is unthinkable. When peace remains fragile, deterrence remains the name of the game.

In the final chapter, the author had these daunting words to say. 'All of the great leaders have had one characteristic in common - the willingness to confront unequivocally the major anxiety of their people in their time. This is the essence of leadership. The truth that men seek to evade is that this small planet cannot survive a nuclear exchange; conflict in support of either national passion or differing ideology is grimly absolute. Our minds can extend to some distant war, but not to the nuclear holocaust. In an age when so much is uncertain, this truth we must confront.'

Ed. - The TV series (12 episodes) can be found on YouTube.



This book delves into the nature and mechanics of the human ego – one of two main elements that prevent us from accessing our true nature. According to the author, our ego is our biggest enemy because it causes a misunderstanding of our real identity. It does this by creating the false perception of ourselves as 'being separate' – a state that underlies almost all human actions and interactions.

This leads to the myriad problems we face, both individually and collectively. The ego begins to form in childhood as we learn to associate ourselves with our body and the ideas and feelings that arise within us. As we grow, the ego further associates with possessions, roles, beliefs, opinions, experiences, and stories, creating a

mental construct of “myself” and “my” that we mistakenly believe to be our true identities. As well as creating a sense of separateness, the ego has a constant need for self-enhancement. It seeks to defend and expand itself through comparison with others, leading to feelings of superiority or inferiority, judgment, complaining, and a profound feeling of lacking.

The ego is fuelled by being right, making others wrong, and accumulating possessions and accomplishments in a futile attempt to solidify its fleeting and illusory sense of self.

The author suggests we can tackle the condition ourselves, for instance, by implementing a “Right to Be Wrong” day once a week where we consciously abstain from correcting others unless it is critical. In this way we can train ourselves to encourage active listening and empathy, and help ourselves to recognize the value in diverse viewpoints.

The subject of ‘uncertainty’ is also mentioned briefly. It seems that when our ego is no longer running our lives, we can deal more easily with uncertainty and even enjoy it. ‘When you become comfortable with uncertainty, infinite possibilities open-up in your life. It means fear is no longer a dominant factor in what you do and no longer prevents you from taking action to initiate change.’

Where Fireflies Danced

Former PRS teacher, Pat Rigg, has had more of her poetry published, see

www.montecassinociety.co.uk

then, click on ‘Poetry’.

The following extracts are for those who are unable to access the website for whatever reason.

All of Pat’s poems of remembrance relate to Monte Cassino, where her late husband Brian fought while serving with 4th Indian Division during WWII.

REMEMBER THE FIREFLIES?

*Did fireflies dance at Cassino?
May, 1944?*

Nature’s magic. Savage war.

*Fireflies of Cassino,
Pin-pricks of flashing light.
Gun-fire. Mortars. Tracers.
Far-off Cassino night.*

*Sparkling battalions,
Skimming the paths of war.
Soldiers’ stories.
Legends. Lore.*

*Fireflies, darting, flying,
Flirting through Cassino’s hell,
Dancing, dying,*

Sentinels for those who fell



ONCE

*Once, they drank beer,
Called loved ones, my dear,
Collected stamps, paddled in the sea,
Listened to stories at their mother’s
knee.*

*Once, the girls tried to catch their eye,
The eye of soldiers marching by.
Once, they had homes, children, wives,
Families, friends.
Once, they had lives.*

*And then, there was war.
They defended their shore.
A war to be won. Job to be done.*

*They said farewell, kissed their wives,
And off they went to different lives,
To conflict, assault, attack, to war,
A million miles from their lives before.
They saw what man should never see.
A world of bombardment, brutality.
Horror. Terror. They witnessed it all.
Helpless, they saw their comrades fall.*

*In every theatre of war, the stories are
told,
Of men who never would grow old.
Once, they drank beer,
Called loved ones, my dear.
Once, they had friends, families, wives.*

Once, they had lives.

Truro Mini-Reunion



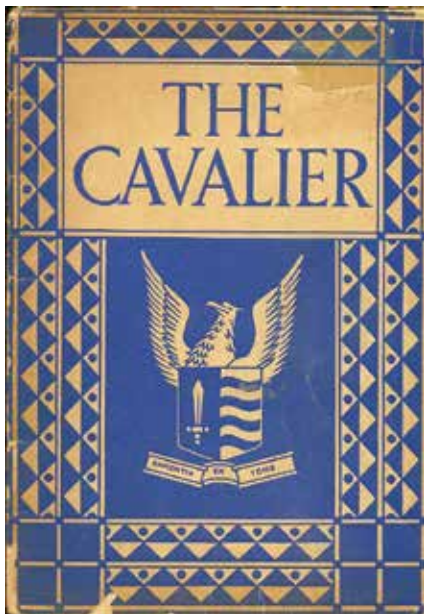
L-R: John Steels, Barbara Steels, John Frewer, Aiden, Liz Charge, Andi Charge, Val Bruce, Vivian, Ian Tofts, Hilary Tofts.

Our small but enthusiastic Southwest group met for another delightful lunch and catch up in Truro on the 11th June. and were very pleased to have a new member with us, namely, John Frewer. We missed Ron Watson who usually joins us, but was involved in a golf tournament in Bowood, and Rita Mead who has relocated to Wales.

We had our first get together in June 2022 and have met since then each June and November, once for a delightful day at Barbara and John Steel’s home in Wadebridge. Although we did not all attend PRS at the same time just being ex-pupils is enough for a flow of memories, connections and friendship and hopefully more will join us for future meetings. We have had others join us on occasion from much further afield, so all welcome!

Val (Salmon) Bruce (Rodney 53-58)

Where Art Thou?



This appeal appeared in the Summer 1954 Cavalier and made us smile to think that reader participation was just as important over 70 years ago. 'We feel that on the editorial side we have done something towards giving The Cavalier a new lease of life, but until all our readers are made to realise how much the magazine depends on them for its existence, we shall hardly have any cause to feel satisfaction. The literary section of this issue is a selection of contributions made over the last four terms – this is a rate of production that adds up to a starvation diet for a magazine which is committed to regular publication. The balance in hand at present is nil and the outlook for the future, if we judge only by the past, is not encouraging

for The Cavalier, which gives pride of place to original writing. We can scarcely believe that our satirists and wits find no foibles to expose, our observers no peculiarities to record, our poets no praises or beauty to sing; any more than we can think we have no satirists, wits, observers or poets. They have hitherto displayed a becoming modesty, which in this particular instance, however, is an unfortunately misplaced virtue; they have gone to earth and left us with the hope that they are still busy satirising, observing and versifying in the snugness of their lairs. Whatever their present whereabouts or occupations, sorts or conditions, we sincerely hope that each will take to heart this last injunction: 'Thou shouldst be writing at this hour, The Cavalier hath need of thee.'



Wilhelmshaven now!

In Memoriam



Jean Nelson, Ann (dyer) Costain, Mary Allen, Heather (Maule) King, Margaret Barraclough and Elizabeth Kerton

Elizabeth Kerton (nee Allen) – (Rodney 47–50) We were saddened to hear about the passing on 24th June of PRS 47er, Liz (Allen) Kerton (extreme right in photo). After checking to see what could be said about her, we only found this among Rodney House notes in the Summer 1949 Cavalier: "Another pleasant surprise was that Elizabeth Allen was made a House Prefect and thus became the Head Girl of Rodney House. As this is the end of the school year, we have to say goodbye to some of our members, among them Elizabeth Allen."

Elizabeth in the middle



Diamond Wedding



Our belated but heartfelt congratulations go to John Leggett (Howe 56 – 59) and his wife, Gerry, who celebrated their Diamond Wedding Anniversary on 29th May. This special occasion attracted royal recognition from the King and Queen in the form of a congratulatory message that is now proudly displayed in their home. The only previous occasion on which we were notified of an identical achievement was in 2017 (see page 4 of NL 71).





We occasionally check the RAF Jever website (Jever Steam Laundry) for anything PRS related. During a recent search, we found this programme from 1957 when PRS teachers entertained the staff at the RAF station with a performance of 'The Importance of Being Earnest'. The caption merely stated that the play was presented in the Officers' Mess at RAF Jever on Friday 25th June 1957. An additional note stated that Miss Jennifer Peel of PRS teaching staff went on to marry Peter Jones from 4 Squadron and Margaret Urquhart to marry Dickie Barraclough also from 4 Squadron. This latter information came from a Gladys Watson. Jennifer and Margaret

were both at PRS and Jennifer wrote the following touching story in The Book about how she and Margaret met and became firm friends.

The day came when I was to set off – a Sunday. Mother, Father and I arrived at Leicester London Road Station, having packed two trunks. The leather one that had been to India and back was brought from a newspaper advertisement and the other had been bought for my trips to college during the days of luggage in advance. I handed over my travel warrant to Harwich at the booking office, only to be asked what my 'Rout' was. 'He means route,' muttered Father. 'I'm

going to London to catch the boat train from Liverpool Street,' I said. 'Oh no you won't,' came the reply. 'You go the cheapest shortest rout – via Peterborough and March.' Panic in my heart and on my face. 'You're all right,' muttered Father again. He knew his train 'rouTs' by heart and there were no connecting trains that way on a Sunday, so I was permitted to go to Harwich via London.

We proceeded down the platform and there lined up already were my brother, sister-in-law and their three children. I was fine kissing Ma, Pa and everyone farewell, but when my four-year-old niece said, 'Wiedersehen Auntie Jennifer', I rushed for the carriage door and hid my tears behind a very big grin.

My grubby train at Liverpool Street had TEEACHERS chalked on the side. When we arrived at Parkeston Quay, we moved into a vast transit shed and stayed there until it was time to board the ferry. With the equivalent rank of officers, we were first on board and allocated cabins, but it was impossible to sleep until the tannoy had stopped. Eventually we were virtually 'ordered' to have a good night's sleep and silence reigned.

At the Hook of Holland, we were put onto a train to Hamm, where we would have our induction course. On the train I first encountered evaporated milk in tea, because German cows were considered to be TB prone – in fact you could see them being

milked in the fields – so all the time I was there, right up to 1963, it was evaporated milk in coffee and cocoa.

At the boarding school in Hamm, we were lodged in the children's bedrooms and had lectures during the day on Germany and its recent past. The time had gone when there was no fraternisation, but we were still instructed to be careful of making friendships with Germans because of the sensitivity of the relationship between 'occupiers' and the 'occupied'. After five days, we embarked on trains for our ultimate destinations, eight of us to PRS: a chaplain, a teacher of general subjects, two science masters and their wives, one female PE and general-subjects teacher, one female history teacher and one female PE teacher. We had envied her orange coat and fur coat and now learnt why she was so at ease – she was returning to her alma mater – she had been one of the first pupils at PRS in 1947. School trains held no fear of the unknown for her – unlike the rest of us, she knew what she was doing and where she was going. She and I found ourselves sharing the same flat in Rodney Girls and thus began a friendship that has lasted until this day. Her name; Margaret Urquhart.

Jennifer recalled the visit to RAF Jever in The Book, as follows:
Apart from my attempts to instil a love of history into my pupils, my other interests were in music and drama

and I loved supporting Bryn Evans and Kevin Callan in the excellent productions they put on. I was allowed to produce the Junior Nativity Play and to train its choir, and I was in the make-up department for the school plays. My most challenging task was to turn Diana Woodward from an 18-year-old into a 50-year-old looking liking like a 30-year-old. There was some enormous talent in the pupils and also in the staff, as we showed in Kevin's staff production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. We did it twice for the School and then took it to RAF Jever. Bob Cocks as Canon Chasuble, Cecily Holt as Miss Prism and I as Lady Bracknell (all of 28 years playing 39 years) had a wonderful time backing up the two couples.



We found the following description in the Autumn 1957 *Cavalier*:

The Staff production of Oscar Wilde's 'The Importance of Being Earnest' was a successful attempt at using 'the theatre in the round' - a stage form as old as the amphitheatres of Rome, but in a school production it presents many problems of staging, lighting, entrances and exits. Ideally, the audience should be looking down at the action on a central stage. Where this is not possible, as in Churchill House, it is to the credit of the producer that so many sit and enjoy the play on the raised stage, even though there were many cricking necks at the back of the hall.

'The Importance of Being Earnest' is a wholly farcical plot offering a gay opportunity for flinging jest after jest before the audience. If audience reaction is any indication of enjoyment, this opportunity was not lost. Algernon Moncrieff played by Mr Callan sustained tempo and pace in a sensitive, polished performance. Earnest in name and in voice was Mr Evans and it was quite in keeping that his accent might indicate a sojourn among the Welsh hills during Earnest's formative years. Cecily Cardew played by Miss Lyons employed the wit and vivacity of her part to good effect in an attempt to ignore or shatter the conventions of the society she lived in. Lady Bracknell maintained that cold dignity of the older generation

like a female undertaker, and it was refreshing to see no attempt by Miss Peel to borrow the mantle of Edith Evans. Her daughter, the Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax, was the gentle, well-bred girl in the hands of Miss Kilner, ready to swoon at the sight of John Worthington's handsome moustache and six feet of virile manhood.

The delightful couple Miss Prism and the Rev. Canon Chasuble D.D. were matched to perfection in superb characterisations by Miss Holt and Mr Cocks, the one still clinging to the faded zest of youth and the other bubbling with enthusiasm for her female charms, despite his celibate, dog-collared bachelordom. Lane and Merriman, manservant and butler, looked the part to every

hair of their greying sidelocks and both Mr Alexander and Mr Yelland endeavoured to give every satisfaction. In the limited times for rehearsals, with their many problems, it is to the credit of all concerned that a staff play is ever performed let alone performed to the satisfaction of producer and audience alike. And in this respect, credit must not only be given to the players but to those who worked diligently at the unrewarding tasks of stage manager, wardrobe mistress, prompter, make-up and properties. This team consisted of Mr D. Clements. Miss I. Ball, Miss Saunders, Mr Davies and Miss Urquhart who together helped to give the school two evenings of entertainment under the direction of Mr K.D. Callan the producer.



Wilhelmshaven postcard found on the RAF Jever website.

The appearance of Madeleine (Hallett) Thomas' name among the obituary notifications led us to include the following story from *The Book*.

I met Peter Thomas in the Autumn Term 1953 when I was aged 14 and he was nearly 16, which I thought impressively old and knowledgeable. I was walking along the long corridor in Raleigh and towards me was coming a tall, thin boy I had never seen before. My stomach turned right over and I was really surprised, because that had never happened before – I felt quite disorientated. We were both in Form 4B and I soon found I was very, very aware of him in class at all times and was actually beginning to find he was quite irresistibly fascinating and utterly attractive to me; I wanted to be in his presence at all times. Well, of course, that was not what PRS was all about and a further complication was that I already had a boyfriend, the really great Chris Lisle, who came after other good ones: Mike Wright and Terry Fraser.

I actually stayed at PRS until the end of the Sixth Form, because my parents considered 'it was a good idea to get a girl out of the way until eighteen-years old and then she could marry someone appropriate in the Diplomatic Service'. Anyway, so along comes Peter Thomas, in my eyes intellectually very

able, physically quite irresistible and to make him even more attractive, courageous in boxing, which was even more impressive when he became Boxing Captain for the School. There is a snag in this story: he did not really seem at all interested in me. In fact, I heard he rather admired Jennifer Boyer. Oh dear, what to do? Well, I worked much harder at schoolwork to compete with that smug Peter Thomas and make him notice me. The result was that much to my dismay, I was promoted to the A stream, so I was no longer in the same class as him.

There were crush pins, go-betweens, messages, saved seats and somehow, he decided he was interested after all, so we became an item in January 1954; it had taken me only a term to achieve my desire. Now my troubles really began. As I became more enamoured of him, found him increasingly interesting and became really crazy about him. Friends, sport, class work and everything else just paled into insignificance. I caught a few minutes with him between lessons, went for extremely long Deich walks, went into town together, hanged out, were 'pathetic' behind the gym and behind Churchill and at the Sportplatz.

We must have been a nightmare during the next three years when we remained inseparable. Young love, first love was very powerful, what with all those hormones, too. The German librarian was always saying:

"Madeleine Hallett, stop talking to Thomas, or I will send you to Mr Pacey". One rainy weekend afternoon we were out of bounds in Raleigh and the cleaner came rushing in and shouted: "Schnell heraus! Mr Pacey kommt!" We were so mesmerised that we did not jump out of the window to escape, as we should have done, but listened to his slow footsteps coming down the corridor and opening every door. He came in and found us and we made a lame excuse: Peter was teaching me to play chess.

Peter had given my whole PRS experience a romantic and sensual glow, but it came to a sudden end. My Housemistress had a serious talk with me and told me I must break up with my boyfriend and think of my future. She would make me a Prefect and Head of House if I did so, but I was unwilling and unbeknown to her, I was thinking about my future, too, but it was not the one she wanted for me. Peter had to go to see Mr Pacey and the news was not good. In the Headmaster's view, being nineteen-years old, Peter should forget about a second year in the Sixth Form and do National Service, and that is what happened. The school probably thought we were too friendly for comfort, though they need not have worried, because the huge societal pressures did have a strong influence on restraining one's behaviour.

Peter did his National Service in Germany, so we managed to meet a

couple of times in Berlin. I did my 'A' Levels, worked in a Consulate for the Foreign Office and had a couple of other boyfriends to keep my parents happy. Peter and I were married in April 1960, with quite a few PRS friends as guests, and over the years we had four children. Our love life began in wintry Wilhelmshaven all that time ago and it is still going strong in sunny Somerset! It was wonderful going to all the reunions, meeting everyone and looking at the memorabilia. All of it is bathed in a golden glow and makes Peter and I think how lucky we were to meet up in such an extraordinary place as Prince Rupert School.

Madeleine Hallett (Hood/Drake 1953–1957)

Mini-Reunions coming up shortly

Gamston Lock, Nottingham, NG2 6NP on Thursday 30th October at 12.30 - Phone venue 0115 9989507 to book for the Marg Garford group.

The County Arms, Truro, TR1 3PY on Wednesday 5th November at 12.30 - Phone venue 01872 273972 to book for the Val Bruce group.

M4 group at The Bassett Down Golf Club, Nr Swindon, SN4 9QW on Sunday 14th December. Melodie Beevers has a long list of contacts and will send out details.

A True Love Story

This touching article appeared in our 75th issue of Autumn 2018.



9th January 1938 – 3rd August 2018

When The Late Pete Thomas (Rodney 53-56) arrived at PRS from Farnborough Grammar School, a girl called Madeleine Hallett (Hood/Drake 53-57) immediately became intrigued. He was not only good-looking and a courageous boxer, he was also intelligent and had a great sense of humour. In December 1954 they started going out and maintained their friendship despite being discouraged by various members of staff. 'Luckily we ignored them,' says Madeleine, 'although I was punished by being the only person in the upper-sixth form who wasn't made a prefect.' But their closeness had not escaped the attention of 'der Kopf' and Pete was asked to leave PRS.

He returned to the UK where he was eligible for National Service and a

whole year passed before they would see each other again. In the meantime, Pete was posted back to Germany and had joined the Tank Regiment, while Madeleine had left school and now worked for the Vice Consul in Berlin. They saw each other only three times during the two-year period of Pete's National Service, but Madeleine knew that he was the man for her. She made plans: if Pete didn't ask her to marry him, she would request a posting overseas, maybe to Australia. It was 1959 and when an unwanted ring suddenly became available (Pete's friend's marriage proposal had been turned down), this heaven-sent gift prompted Pete to pop the word and in 1960 the couple were married near Dorking.

Pete, in the meantime, had left the Army and was training as a research chemist at Courtaulds in North Wales. Now married, the couple moved to Cwmbran where they earned GBP 22 a week between them. A year later their son, David, was born and their daughter Ceri the year after. Six months later Madeleine gave birth to another son, Michael, who sadly had a heart murmur from which he died a year later. As Ceri grew older, she quickly overtook David and what Madeleine had always suspected came to pass; her first-born child had brain damage. In 1967, their fourth child, Elizabeth, was born to complete the family. In the meantime, they had moved to Bridgwater in Somerset, where Pete carried out voluntary work

at homes for the elderly and raised many thousands of pounds for people with learning difficulties. He was also the local chairman for Mencap and was instrumental in setting up respite care – an unheard of concept at the time. Despite these interests, he still found time to study Social Sciences at the Open University and after qualifying took a job as a social worker. Asked why he had never applied for a more senior position, he replied that he had seen enough squabbling for promotion during his life as an army officer's son. He retired in 2003, when the couple were active members of a Ramblers' Society. They led walks, including the entire 650 miles of the coastal path. Pete became ill in 2013 when terminal cancer was diagnosed. He was given two years, but lived for five more years and died on 3rd August 2018. He was immensely proud of his children and his five grandchildren. In attendance at his funeral were five representatives from his PRS days who no doubt smiled at his final choice of music, namely, 'Always Look on the Bright Side of Life' from Monty Python.



Carolyn's Final Word

The previous issue included a quote from The Book by Carolyn Cairns (nee Dore), but having since heard the sad news about Carolyn (In Memoriam list refers), we thought it appropriate to include some additional text that she penned in The Book.

I remember, as a punishment, having to wear school uniform every weekend. I used to put my dress underneath my uniform to get past Miss Washington, who never seemed to notice my rapid weight gain on Saturdays and Sundays.

I only recently discovered that there was a school cinema at the weekend and never went, so must have been banned and gated permanently. I remember arriving on the school train, apprehensive and singing dirty songs on the school buses, which now seem so tame.

The end of term tradition was sleeping anywhere but in a bed. Five of us placed a time capsule under the roof tiles near Collingwood Girls; each of us swearing undying love for whoever the current boyfriend was. I remember Matron thundering down the corridor yelling, 'Dates please girls' and 'Eef you are seek, I vill giff you a sheet for ze MI Room.' Thanks to Miss Tebbs for teaching me excellent English, but I still cannot do clause analysis. Mr Monger flicking bits of chalk at me in French lessons because I was so hopeless. The delicious sausages, pancakes and doughnuts we ate

in Nelson. Green wreaths hung in Churchill near the end of Christmas term. Going home on the school train, happy but sad all in one.

Carolyn Cairns (nee Dore) Frobisher/ Collingwood 53 - 56

A Special Place

Bearing in mind the demise of so many of our old school friends, I and my FB-admin colleagues (Chris Biggs and Erik Farr-Voller) considered it inevitable that we would hear from relatives seeking information. Many knew about their relative's activities, but did not have any pictures or other information. Since then, we have received many such requests and have enabled relatives to find pictures of their loved ones and the various school



areas they knew well. There is however one heartwarming story which stands out.

On the 26th May 2025 I received a request from Lindz (her FaceBook title) also known as Lindsey, whose mother was Lesley Graham (Drake 1970). They had planned a visit to Wilhelmshaven with Lesley and Lindsey's Uncle Andrew (brother of Lesley Graham) to see for themselves where Lesley had been at school. It was to be a nostalgic journey for Lesley, but she sadly passed away prior to the planned trip. Nevertheless, Lindz and Andrew decided to make the journey themselves.

The next I heard from Lindz was that they were at the maritime museum not far from the KW Brucke. I directed them down the Fleigerdeich to the last two houses standing from our time there and to the school crest affixed to one of those buildings.

They then crossed the Grodendam (Causeway) to where our main site used to be. Apart from the old Sanitorium/sick bay, the only building now standing there is a bunker. With the aid of a picture, I then directed them to the Coronation Tree close to Churchill, a location that Lesley would have known well. Here they said their prayers and goodbyes. May She rest in peace.

Ian Tofts (Howe 58 - 61)



The Coronation Tree, close to where Churchill House was situated.

In Memoriam



It is with much sadness that TWA announces the unexpected passing of Mark Pepper (Drake/Lawson 67/71). Mark met his wife Rosie Lyons at PRS and they have been stalwart TWA members from the very early days. More recently Mark has been a valued member of the TWA Committee with a special status of Wilhelmshaven Representative, liaising with the Town about various TWA activities. Mark had also chaired the Facilitation Fund created by our Late Founder Liz Bird. We are all very saddened and send our deepest sympathy to Rosie and family. In a message received from Rosie, she said, 'He loved everything to do with PRS, and was so proud of having been a pupil there.'

PLEASE READ THESE SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FUTURE AND RESPOND
TO: - suggestions@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk or 01840 214946

This is where we are now:

1. There have been no offers to replace Terry Abrey as Chair in April 2026.
2. There have been no offers to replace Andy Renou to take over as Webmaster at the end of 2025.
3. There have been no offers to replace Andy Renou's role in the lay-out of the New Cavalier.
4. Our Late Founder and President, Liz Bird, sadly passed away nearly a year ago.
5. Our Membership is 350.

The Committee has already decided that the Reunion planned for late April 2027, will be the last biennial Reunion 2 day event. This decision has been made because of diminishing numbers and financial implications. There will be a focus on encouraging local mini-reunions organised by members.

The above items 1 - 5 have brought us to a situation that in order for TWA to continue, we need to plan for our future. I have come up with a few proposals that the Committee has discussed and we now want to put these to our Members for their input.

Proposals and possible decisions referring further to 1 - 5 above:-

1. In the absence of a replacement, Terry has been asked if he would be prepared to stay on as Chair until after the 2027 Reunion. He has agreed to this and I have also offered to stay on the Committee until this time.
2. In the absence of a replacement for Andy Renou, we will have to employ someone to be Webmaster unless a volunteer steps forward.
3. The task that Andy has professionally performed for the last 12 years on the New Cavalier art lay-out, would require a specialist for this task. In the absence of someone stepping forward to volunteer, the cost would equal the existing cost of producing the Newsletter and postage, thus doubling it to somewhere in the region of £1000 for each edition. Paul Levitt our Editor has always said that he will retire after Newsletter 100 and this works out as **Spring 2027 MEMBERS** - Should this be the last hard copy of the New Cavalier?
4. We owe everything in TWA to Liz.
5. Our membership is decreasing due to natural causes and because there are other ways that former pupils can locate 'old' friends at no cost. TWA started in the early days of social media in the era of Friends Reunited but now other social networks had taken over this sort of role.

New Finds

Name at PRS	Name now	Years	House
Terry Luckhurst	Terry Luckhurst MBE	1954	Mountbatten
Re-joined			
Laurie McGarry	Laurie Salemohammed	1961 - 64	Rodney
Janet Cambell	Janet Jones	1959 - 65	Rodney
In Memoriam			

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

Carolyn Dore	Carolyn Cairns	1953 - 56	Frobi/Collingwood
Elizabeth Allen	Elizabeth Kerton	1961 - 65	Rodney
Madeleine Hallet	Madeleine Thomas	1959 - 60	Drake
Robin Watson	Robin Watson	1950 - 55	Rodney
Ronald Wilson	Ronald Wilson	1953 - 54	Rodney
Mark Pepper	Mark Pepper	1967 - 71	Drake/Lawson
Graham Watson	Graham Watson	1957 - 60	Collingwood

Further suggestions to consider:

6. To open the 2027 Reunion to all former PRS pupils rather than just TWA members.
7. To continue with TWA but to stop subscriptions from 2027. (On the assumption that the hard copy of the New Cavalier is not produced.)
8. To continue the Facilitation Fund availability until the 2027 Reunion and then to close it and transfer any funds into the main TWA account.

Barbara Steels Hood/Rodney 57 - 61

Please respond:

suggestions@prs-wilhelmshaven.co.uk or by phone 01840 214946

The Wilhelmshaven Association

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