

Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"A" Surnames

Surname	Fore Name(s)	Dates
Abbott	D.F.	
Adams	Family	Early 1950s
Adams	John	Class of 73 - 78
Adams	Marcus	Class of 73 - 78
Adcock	Marcus	Class of 73 - 78
Agius	Les	Class of 73 - 78
Alderson	Mr. D.A,	1957 - 1966
Alderton	David	Early 1960s
Archard	David	
Anderson	Kenny	
Ardron	David	Class of 73 - 78
Alford	Sally	1974 - 1976
Allerton	Roger	1971 -
Anderson	Kenny	
Archard	David	1973 – 1981
Armstrong	Nicholas G.	Class of 73 - 78
Armstrong	Russell	Class of 73 - 78
Arnot	Dr. Bob	
Arnott	Richard	Class of 73 - 78
Ashton	Mr.George A.	1934 - 1959
Ashton	Mrs.	1934 - 1959
Askew	Bob	1962 – 1969
Astley	David	1959 – 1966
Astley	Neil	1964 - 1971
Austin	Mark	Class of 73 - 78

Abbott	D.F.	Dates	

The feature in the magazine on Price's in 1930 by Mrs. H.R. Thacker gave me great pleasure and brought back a host of memories too numerous to mention.

One most amusing incident which happened in 1935 is worthy of mention and primarily concerned Mrs. F.R. (Hookey) Brown who took History.

He was very fond indeed of using two particular words "extraordinary" and "colossal," which he would employ wherever possible e.g. 'it was an extraordinary battle with a colossal number of troops on each side.'

The incident occurred in 5A where a tally was kept surreptitiously by a member of the form during each history period, of the number of times each word was used. This new records could be ratified immediately by this official count!

In one particular history period, after a quite normal start, the ~~flow~~ words "extraordinary" and "colossal" flowed as never before.

Suddenly there was a quite distinct silence and Mrs. Brown looked across towards the left hand back of the form room (I can see it as if it were yesterday)

"Woodsford" he said "you must have a colossal number of extraordinaries marked down on that piece of paper"

5A expressed their extreme delight and approval in the usual manner.

D. F. Abbott.

Adams		Dates	Early 1950s

A family of 4 boys, each talented at sport, in Blackbrook House. Lion recordings are not easy to follow, as seldom were initials used and sufficient information to identify two of the 4 boys.+

J. Adams[4] – Junior Steeplechase Winner in 1951, and runner-up in the Senior age group in 1952 & 1953. In 1951, he also won the joint Victor Ludorum winner, along with Byng[2] (Cams House) {Byngs were another formidable sports family.] 1953 RLSS Bronze Medallion. 1956 RLSS Bronze Medallion, 1957 RLSS Bronze Cross. 1953, 54 & 55, appeared in the School Hockey 1st XI as a forward from where, in 1954 and 55 he was selected to play for the Hampshire Schools' XI. 1955 was the final recording of an Adams, as winner of the Senior Steeplechase. J.A. was also a member of the 1951 CCF Soccer team that won the Hampshire Army Cadets title.	

D.R. Adams was Junior Victor :Ludorum winner in 1952 and Senior Victor Ludorum winner in 1953, shared with David Rudling, of School House

Adams	John	Class of 73 - 78

		Unable to join the Reunion. Over the last decade John has been a Bikeability Instructor and Golf Coach for Fareham and Hampshire Schools. Before that, for nearly 16 years he was the Regional Manager of The Family Favourites Cancer League

Adams	Marcus	Class of 73 - 78





Lives in Devon.

Just to provide a bit more information on my last 50 years, I did not go to University until my mid-20's. I then studied Geology and went on to get a Masters Degree and a PhD at Reading University.

My working career has always been in the Water Industry working for different water companies and consultants. Obviously I want to retire soon, but currently I am still working in the South West of England.

My wife is French and we have one daughter.

Adcock	Marcus	Class of 73 - 78



It is with deep sadness we have to report that Mark, affectionately nicknamed 'Dougal', tragically passed away in his sleep on the 7th February 2023 at the age of just 61.

By a mix of chance and fate Dave Ardron was able to attend Mark's funeral at Porchester Crematorium and by doing so he had the opportunity to speak with some of his relatives. Consequently the information we have is a genuine account of some of the special things Mark did after he left Prices.

At the time of his passing Mark had been living in Fareham. Although single, he was much loved uncle and a huge favourite 'Uncle Dougal' to his nieces and nephews.

He was a brilliant engineer, particularly when crafting cardboard models.

Before he passed away it was fitting that he was working for Frictec Precision Engineering in Portsmouth a company revered for their craftsmanship and supplying quality goods to many multinational blue-chip businesses.

When he was not working Mark could be found at the Ageas Bowl as he was a huge Hampshire Cricket Club fan and season ticket holder. He was a fanatic

about all forms of the game.

Mark was liked by all his classmates and teachers. He had a gentle caring personality and never had a bad word to say about anyone. That same character was to be the focal point of his life.

He will be desperately missed by his family, friends and old Prices classmates.

Anderson	Kenny	Class of 73 - 78



Following a few brief months working as a Turner in the Dockyard, I trained and became a butcher for 20 years, working in Amesbury.

The new Millennium brought about a complete job change and since, I have been working for a Fareham based Fencing Contractor.

I have also worked for a Debt Collecting company.

I was married, but now divorced. I have two children.

Hobbies include Golf and Poker!

Agius	Leslie	Dates	1951 – 1957

Random Reflections on my school days, a short summary of my career and my current lifestyle

Having moved from Oxfordshire to Gosport early in 1951 I started at Price's School from September of that year and left in July 1957.

This was in the era of George Ashton as Headmaster and the masters that I can readily recall are Messrs

Hilton, (Deputy Head , Chemistry and O.C. of the CCF)

Royds -Jones (Physics),Thatcher (English), Foster(French), Howard Jones (History) ,

Garton (Maths), Howe (Latin/RI) and Thompson (Sport)

Although my academic achievements were modest (6 O levels and 2 A-levels) I am convinced that these teachers gave me a first class traditional Grammar school education which has served me well throughout my life and for which I am grateful.

I can't recall why but at the end of the first year some of us in my entry group moved into Class 3B instead of either 2A or 2AB which was the usual route. This meant that my progression thereafter

was 1 year in Form 4, 1 year in 5 (by which time I had elected Arts rather than Science) and 2 years in the 6th form.

I was placed in Westbury House and was proud of it. I also recall that one afternoon within a few days of starting our first term we were all paraded outside in a group and were confronted with the question “do you want to join the school Scouts troop - if so take a step forward”. As I was already in the Scouts out of school I remained still. Those of us who did likewise were then told that we had involuntarily joined the School CCF. In my case this led to a totally undistinguished school “Army career”!.

My preference and motivation was decidedly more to sport than the CCF. For starters I always hated having to wear the uniform and was never much excited about dismantling and then reassembling a “Bren gun”. Furthermore learning to play a bugle did not really float my boat and going on trips to Aldershot to play at “manoeuvres” even less.

Nevertheless, by the 6th form I had achieved the heady rank of Armoury Corporal but shamefully I did no justice to it. I secretly supplied small quantities of linseed oil used to clean the rifle barrels to clean the rifle barrels to the cricketers so they could oil their bats and I spent most of my time on the mezzanine floor of the armoury smoking woodbines and drinking “Camp Coffee” made on a Bunsen burner.

I did rather better in my sport than I did in the CCF. From the early years I played in both House and School “Colts” teams in football/cricket and hockey and eventually progressed to the 1st Eleven of all three.

Cricket was my stronger sport making a first eleven appearance when I was only in the fourth year. In my final year I won my first X1 “Colours “batting at number 3 and bowling fairly routine stuff - but straight and on a length. I finished the season with a batting average of 62. In truth this average was mainly due to the fact that I batted at 3 and as we had a great opening pair in Roy Kilford and Roger Starkey I was often still not out when we won. Perhaps a tad unjustly I was awarded the annual “Old Priceans” cricket bat for player of the year.

I took longer to emerge at Soccer mainly because I was heavy and slow although I could kick and head the ball OK and I read the game fairly well. In my final year I graduated from the 2nd XI to the 1st X1 and established myself at centre half. It was suggested to me that if I stayed on another year I would probably be 1st X1 Captain.

I was only a marginal selection for 1st X1 hockey and was one of the fourth pair in the school Badminton team. However, I was school Table Tennis champion for my last two years.

It was a great asset to the school (and so lucky for us) to have a wonderful playing field adjacent to the buildings to which - in free time - we could often retreat with some form of bat ,ball or stick . Morning breaks, however ,were mostly spent queuing up to buy buns and pretty good lunches were cooked on the premises. The school uniform was a major driver of the culture. As I recall dark blue blazers with white stitch edging. Caps were worn at very differing angles in a plaintiff gesture to signify a degree of individuality.

For family reasons I had decided not to try for University so in July 1957 - perhaps a year earlier than I would have wished - I left school behind to face the big wide world.

In earlier years I had thought that my career would probably be in the Civil Service or in Banking. In fact I turned to Insurance and in late 1957 I joined Eagle Star Insurance (at that time one of the UK's four largest composite insurance groups) . I started in Portsmouth as an 'A ' level trainee working as office boy doing the filing and writing cover notes for motor insurance.

My Branch Manager was a great mentor and insisted that I started studying immediately by correspondence course . Three years later I qualified as an Associate of the Chartered Insurance Institute (ACII) and then as a Fellow (FCII) in 1964 just before my 25th birthday and I had to wait for that before I could be elected.

By this time I was working outside the office (in today's parlance) as a sales representative. Within 2 months as a Fellow I was offered promotion to Branch Manager at Bishops Stortford in Hertfordshire - albeit a very small branch.

By early 1967 I was starting to look for a further career move in Eagle Star and expected to be offered a larger Branch. However, because by that time I had started studying for a Chartered Secretary qualification, it was decided that I should move to the Head Office Secretaries Department in the City. It was quickly evident that this was a major mistake.

Luckily - I met another major mentor who had just been appointed as the Company's Personnel Manager. He recognised my FCII and my branch background and offered me a move to his newly established function in the Cotswolds at Cheltenham.

So in June 1968 I moved to the Administrative Centre in Cheltenham as a Personnel Officer and in retrospect this move proved to be the "game changer" in my subsequent career with Eagle Star.

After 3 years or so of working to develop a new HR function - including time working with external Management Consultants - I was elected an FCIPM (Fellow of the Chartered Institute of Personnel Management) and after a further 10 years or so I had progressed to head up the function in the UK at General Management level.

My aim at that time was to be appointed to the Board as Personnel Director but Eagle Star was then taken over by the conglomerate BAT Industries Ltd .

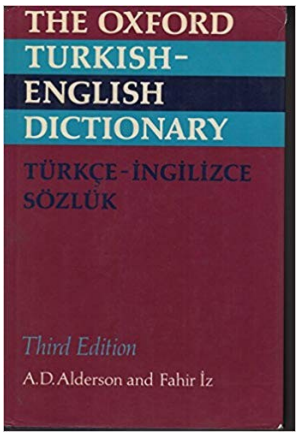
As I was basically an Insurance professional working in an HR Professional role I began to brace myself for redundancy. However to my genuine surprise. I achieved my Board ambition but not as Personnel Director. I was appointed as Executive Director responsible for the whole of the UK General Business with a revenue of about £1bn and some 4000 staff.

I took early retirement in 1991 and formed an Executive Search Consultancy (TAL) with a former Management Consultant friend. This focussed on UK Financial Services and traded successfully for about 12 years.

Since then I have lived a privileged life in the Cotswolds enjoying my family , three black Labradors, village life , old man's tennis and fairly frequent trips to our villa in Portugal.

Alderson	Mr. A.D.	Dates	1957 - 1966

A D ("Ada") Alderson was an authority on the history of the Ottoman Empire. The book he wrote was described (in Turkish) as follows: Alderson's book, written after 14 years of hard research, is a great contribution to Ottoman-Turkish historiography. Although he said that he did not bring a new interpretation, he brought together so many different materials so skilfully that he solved many problems from the past on his own.

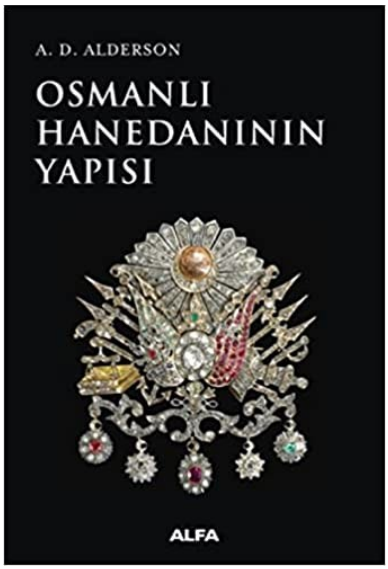


Authority on Turkish History (Ottoman Dynasty) and Language. Revision of Encyclopaedia articles.

Co-Editor of The Oxford Turkish-English Dictionary Hardcover – 1 Dec 1984, by H.C. Hony (Editor), **A.D. Alderson (Editor),** Fahir Iz (Editor).

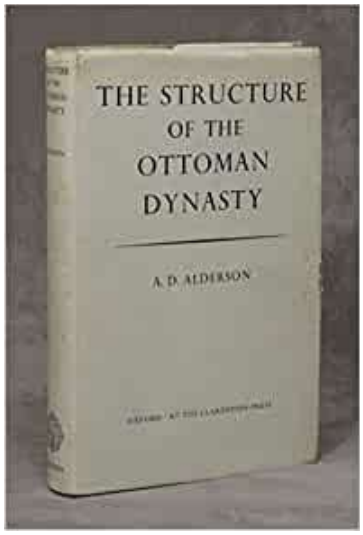
Review - *"The 2nd edition has been completely revised into a modern format. It reminds me of a large 'Collins' or 'OE' dictionary. There are more phrases and more detailed examples than in either of the other two dictionaries"*

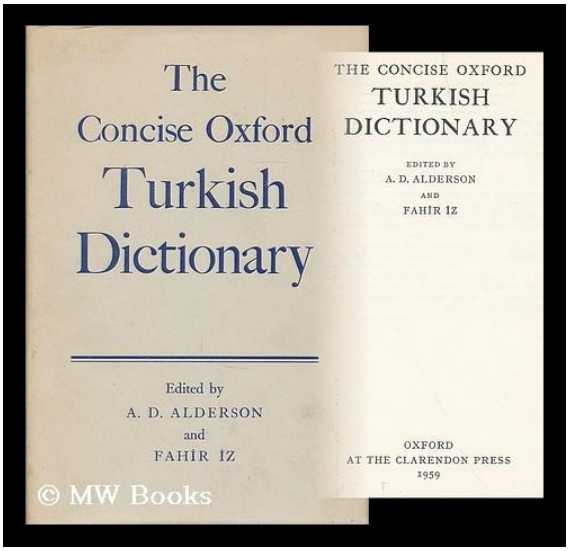
The book he wrote (→) was described (in Turkish) as follows: Alderson's book, written after 14 years of hard research, is a great contribution to Ottoman-Turkish historiography. Although he said that he did not bring a new interpretation, he brought together so many different materials so skilfully that he solved many problems from the past on his own.



Another review said: (Alderson) examines the pedigrees of Ottoman sultans, alliances born out of marriage and succession to the throne. How painstakingly he worked is evident from the 36 tables and numerous footnotes. But despite all this, the book is not just a genealogical archaeology, it also makes a great synthesis of a family that ruled a great empire for 600 years and played a vital role in Europe and the Middle East. Although he says that there is no Ottoman history, he draws a unique roadmap. c/o **Terry Richter**

The Oxford Turkish – English Dictionary went to 68 editions published between 1959 and 1995 in 4 languages and held by 614 WorldCat member libraries worldwide. Quite an impressive outcome!





The Structure of the Ottoman dynasty, by A.D. Alderson had just one edition published in 1956 in English and held by 8 WorldCat member libraries worldwide, selling at c £75 - £180 on various Internet sites, depending on condition and vendor.

Teacher of French, and i/c Library

Alderton		Dates	

Junior Steeplechase **Winner** 1964.
Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1965.
Senior Steeplechase **Winner** 1966

Alford	Sally	Dates	1974 - 1976

Christmas Cruise 1974

Under the watchful eye of Mr Poyner, Mr Briscoe and Miss Heron, a bleary-looking band of Sixth Formers, mixed, although to be more accurate, predominantly female with a spattering of the other "type", waved farewell to an equally weary bunch of parents. The vast territories of Russia, Europe and Asia Minor lay ahead.

We arrived at Athens airport after a three-hour flight, fairly uneventful when you consider that our predecessors – the riotous mob of '73, were struck by lightning and were almost forced to make a hasty exit by parachute over the channel. However, saved from such a perilous death, we savoured the delights of the Acropolis, the city and the ruins of Corinth and wondered at Agamemnon's tomb. We were though, rather disillusioned that this huge "bee-hive" had in fact, been built before the patter of Agamemnon's tiny feet was ever heard by the Greeks.

It was only on the second night aboard S.S.Uganda that possibly the most memorable incident, at least as far as Hillary dormitory was concerned, took place. Indeed, this anecdote is still frequently related. Suffice to say that pandemonium broke ,loose when a large plastic dustbin lid was hidden in someone's bed and the South African duty matron, most perturbed by the sight of uncovered refuse, asked in stern, Matronly words "Where is the *leeed* to this *beeen*?" Unaware of the lid's whereabouts, , a yawning "Hillarian" grunted from under the bed-clothes "Wasn't someone playing gladiators with it?" This, of course, met with stern disapproval from the matron, and even sterner from the gladiator in question! Nevertheless, no friendships were broken even if here was some rivalry amongst the 230 girls for the 13 boys!.

It is said that the annual rainfall for Yalta, in the Crimea, is approximately 90 inches, and it rather seemed as if 98.9 of them fell on the day we were there! Despite this, we thoroughly enjoyed visiting the palace where the Yalta conference was held after the 2nd World War, at which Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt were present. In the afternoon, we were given a guided tour oi the "Artek"pioneer camp where young soviets to place the mother country first and themselves second.. A group of very talented children from Yalta came aboard that evening after the "Uganda" had been thoroughly checked by Russian officials, to take part in a small concert which had been arranged. We all felt their talent was far superior to ours.

The next port of call was Batumi where we were welcomed by a brass band and throngs of cheering people. We felt particularly honoured since we were the first tourists to visit them on a ship of that considerable size. We spent two days there, which we felt was too long because although we went on several excursions, it was depressing to see such a spartan existence. (We didn't like the cakes, either!)

The hubbub and bustle of Istanbul was a far cry from the austerity of the Soviet Union which we had left behind. Here was a world of street soldiers and beggars, all eager to thrust their cut-price post cards and beads down your throat. We visited the Blue Mosque, St. Sophia and the Topkapi Palace. We were all very impressed by the treasures especially the 85-carat diamond, the 2nd biggest in the world. We spent the afternoon in the acclaimed "Grand Bazaar", which although an eye-opener, tended to be overpowering at times. Perhaps it was we who misinterpreted the amiability of the vendors, for lechery!

Of the events which took place on the ship while we were actually at sea, the most noteworthy was the quiz, in which we were placed 3rd, and the fancy dress competition, the race evening, the carol concert, the captain's cocktail party and tea with "Miss Breeze". The Captain returned our visit to her cabin by an untimely entrance into the Hilary dormitory later the same evening and various Hillarians were in stages of undress and some were playing "The Blue Danube" on the taps.

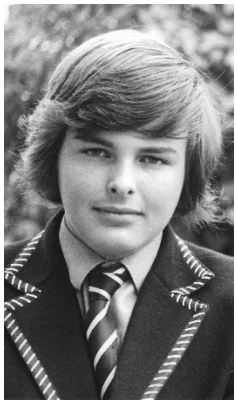
The coaches at Dubrovnik, our last port of call, were a considerable improvement on those at Yalta, which had leaked and rattled. But it was a shame to think the cruise was coming to an end. We had only half a day, hardly long enough to appreciate the beauty of this Yugoslavian resort. We bought and saw as much as we could in the time allowed and put our legs to good use walking the walls of the old city

After lunch, we waved a cheery farewell to the S.S."Uganda".all hoping that some day we might have another chance to cruise on her in the future. The fortnight had gone all too quickly. We should like to thank those intrepid members of staff who had the energy to keep up with us.

Joyce Young and **Sally Alford**

Allerton	Roger	Dates	1971 -

In a universe, a long time ago ….



I was lucky enough to attend Uplands Infant School and then Harrison Road Junior School. One day we had a funny test and a few days later mum and dad were told I had passed the 11+ exam and I was going to Prices. I liked this since it was a short walk from home. I had no idea how I had managed it ☺

I presented a huge financial burden on my parents. We had to go to Silvers in Fareham for the Prices Blazer – which cost more than anything else I had ever worn – and then a trip to Southampton to buy a briefcase. Sounds piddling today, but then no one had credit cards or spare cash. Mum and dad really had to go without just so I could go to school.

Prices was a collection of old and new buildings with traditional quadrangles, traditional teachers and traditional lesson plans. We all turned up as 11-year-olds scared to death and given timetables and common rooms and lockers and had no idea what on earth was going on. In reality, I'm not so sure that ever changed!

The same day we discovered 2 things – Prefects and a real Tuck Shop! Prefects – yes, they were really the last vestiges of the traditional fag system. They were Gods and managed us with praise and punishment. I don't know. Were they bad? They had followed the system and therefore knew what was acceptable – but in retrospect perhaps tyranny is never good.

The Tuck shop. The joy of lining up to buy jammy dodgers, tea cakes and a miscellany of comestible delights sounds pathetic today. Then, it was really heaven. Some kids came to school via Soothills bakery and bought up yesterdays "stale" delights and sold them at the same time. So yes, Priceans were "Doughnut Boys". Can not remember what our arch rivals at Bishopsfield were called.

Facilities. OK, this sounds either wonderful or pathetic. Just remember this was 50 years ago when you could buy a Woodbine cigarette and 4 blackjacks for tuppence (2 pennies or just under 1p today)

We had a grand outside swimming pool. With outside open air changing shed. I think the pool was 15 yards long? I remember changing in the rain, stuffing clothes into duffle bags to try to keep them dry and then swimming a million lengths in baggy black cotton swim gear to earn our proficiency badge. We had a real long jump sandpit – designed to make every hop, skip and jump hurt beyond belief. A discus net with the target range covering both the long jump sandpit and the upper cricket crease. Oh, and a lower cricket crease designed to make sure out fielding was a punishment. We had one main rugby field and used the Fareham playing field for main matches. I remember losing a few teeth and 2 shoulders on that field. I was so useless, but so keen. We played hockey and won county prizes. I played kicking goalie and spent 90 minutes in sheer terror. Think we had 3 tennis courts but I avoided them like the plague. We had a full CCF program so one of the bonus's of wearing scratchy WW2 surplus army gear was to have fun in the .22 gun range.

This sounds terribly elitist when typing it. It possibly was. It was what we had and we enjoyed it.

Teachers: School days are described as the best years of one's life. There are ample tales trying to encourage that view. Possibly even more trying to say different.

I was fantastically lucky to only meet teachers who wanted to teach, who wanted their students to grow, who thought that we mattered. I could go on for pages praising the wonderful ladies and gentlemen who guided us – but perhaps that one simple sentence said it all. I do not remember and probably did not know my teachers forenames. They were Mr or Mrs or Miss and they earned every ounce of respect we gave them. They should have been given 100 times more.

Perhaps a small list of names is not rude:

Mr Tuck: He was the PE and sports master and – frankly – scared the heck out of me. I was always trying at sport, but generally useless. He taught me that trying my hardest was good enough.

Miss Rush: I can not think of Miss Rush without tearing up. She taught me biology for 6 years and never gave up encouraging me and hoping that one day I would work out what on earth was going on. I never did. She never, ever gave up on me. I love you to this day Miss Rush.

Mrs Head and Mdm, Body: Two lovely teachers who for five years tried to teach me French. I think I turned them both to drink ☹

Dr. Glynn-Howell: Possibly the most wonderful man I have ever met, and who I never appreciated since I was too stupid. He was truly from a different generation and a different society. I regret I never lived in them.

Mr Bailey: My general maths teacher who taught so much more. Anyone who could keep 30 boys entranced when teaching calculus, playing 10 chess games in his head and getting us ready for the next day has got to be someone to "not worthy".

The Pack: Mr Wilkie, Mr Tomlinson and Mr Hall. Compared to so many of the staff they were so young and fresh, full of the latest ideas. They did things like BOTH teach and play sport! Know what it was like to talk to girls (yes, it was still an all-boys school then) Be able to both encourage and have a joke.

Mr Davies: History is stuff that has happened. HISTORY is understanding what just happened. Mr. Davies, thank you, more than you can know.

Messrs Poyner, Foster and Cole: Thank you for teaching us the true meaning of "P*ro Patria* ..."

Music: We had a school orchestra. We had practice rooms. We had fantastic music teachers who drove Alvis sports cars and wrote original Rock Opera school plays (tapes of "Macbeth – the Opera" available) and had full choirs with students and senior staff.

Arts: OK, every school has an annual school play. Don't they? Prices did. We did classics, we did comedies, we did Rock operas, we did Old Time Music Halls. We had stage boards to die for. We had stage lofts and wings that probably appear in many youngsters memories – good and bad. Every production had room for anyone and everyone.

Students: Good lord! I doubt if any of us qualify as angels, but I hope none are devils. I am ashamed to admit that I do not keep in touch just because the bonds that hold boys together through thick and thin are washed and eroded by time and families and events.



Toast: I was going to say "prayer" but I think Toast is more appropriate maybe.

- ***Let every master rejoice in the gifts they have given***
- ***May every student celebrate the gifts they have received***
- ***May we aim for better.***

Having been granted exceptional opportunities around the world with wonderful companies and remarkable work colleagues, yes, Prices was the **days of my life.**

Archard	David	Dates	Class of 73 - 78





Having left with just five 'O' Levels (not including Maths) and one Art 'A' Level my career options were somewhat limited particularly as the country's economy at that time was in a mess! *(Umm..... sounds familiar?)*

1980: I initially joined a print company in Fareham on a six month 'Youth Opportunities Working Scheme' and trained in Reprographics and Lithographic Printing. After working for three different companies I decided to make the break.

1983: I went self-employed and set up my own company called 'DEAsign' working as a support/back up lithographic printing press operator for local printing companies, as well as building up my own network of clients requiring design and print.

1984 - 88: One of the businesses I was supporting was a graphic design company based in Bishop's Waltham. The owner decided the time was right to form a stand alone lithographic business and he invited me to join him and his family. As an incentive I was given a 25% share of the company. We worked together until November 1988 when differences in the future development of the company meant we went our separate ways.

1988–2014: Along with my brother and my then just retired late father, we formed Meon Valley Printers in Bishop's Waltham. In 1996 we opened a second outlet in the centre of the town, Meon Valley Print & Copy Shop. My brother ran that whilst I looked after the lithographic side and the newly installed high volume digital photocopiers.

In July1998 we moved production to bigger premises in the heart of the village of Swanmore. At that time we had fourteen staff. Latterly as the noughties progressed the dynamics of the industry and the digital world dramatically changed and the online revolution took over. Competition and profit margins dropped like a stone thus radically changing the way we worked. A major company restructure took place, new digital technology was purchased, and as a consequence staff were shelved, all in a bid to remain as competitive as possible. We closed the Print and Copy Shop in 2006 as part of the restructure.

Meanwhile whilst all this was going on at 9.00pm on Saturday 19th January 2000 the Swanmore printing works was the victim of a stupid teenage prank. A sixteen-year-old boy set fire to a wheelie bin outside the premises. The prank backfired and the end result was over £70,000 worth of damage to the building, machinery and stock. My office was completely destroyed and the consequences of the fire virtually put us out of business. It took three months to rebuild the print works but somehow we continued working in extremely challenging conditions with the rebuilding being carried out around us.

In late April 2000, I was taken ill. Having worked solidly 24/7 for four months and under enormous stress levels my brain and body simply crashed. My GP advised immediate and prolonged rest…!

Throughout my working life, holidays or even short breaks were alien to me. For whatever reason I was addicted to working usually 7 days a week including Christmas and all Bank Holidays. In a 28-year period I had taken just 12 weeks holiday.
The health scare meant I took 4 whole weeks off in May 2000 and whilst on a short break to Dudley *(Why do you need to go to the Caribbean or Seychelles?)* I was introduced to a couple of people who had just built up a new successful domestic cleaning business. On studying their business model, I immediately saw an opportunity to do something similar in Hampshire and promptly in July 2000, with the collaboration of a friend, I started Hallmark Cleaning Agency, which covered the Romsey and surrounding Test Valley area.

Within two years we had thirty-three cleaners working for us plus we expanded the business by having two vans on the road with teams of cleaners carrying out deep end of rental cleaning for local estate agents.

Regrettably in the summer of 2013, I was to endure more health problems and it was then I realised I just had to stop. Both the print and cleaning companies were closed at the end of 2014.

Since then my career has pretty much come to a grinding halt

From 2015 to 2019 I did help edit and prepare artwork for three local Parish Magazines in the Meon Valley area and for a a couple of years whilst living in Devon I had a holiday let in Paignton.

With worsening health I am now a house husband, but I still harbour dreams that one day I might just be able to get back into part/full time work.

What else has David done:

33 years ago I somehow found time to help in the creation of my son, Mike. I never married his mother and we split up six years after he was born.

My ambitions to be a lifetime bachelor were dashed in July 2016, when I got married to Jill. Uniquely we were born on 01/03/1962, me in Plymouth and Jill in Bradford.

In 2011, I carried out a full renovation project of a small bungalow in Waltham Chase *(It was one of my bucket list of lifetime goals and with the help of a few friends in various trades I got the project completed)*

Property has always interested me but even with everything going on I have still managed to move house ELEVEN times since 2004...!

My dreams of wanting to be a car salesman were thoroughly crushed by the Careers Advisor at Prices in 1977, but suffice to say I have bought and sold over 120 cars since 1980 *(What do Career Advisors really know.....?)*

I am a passionate supporter of a local German Shepherd Dog Rescue Centre having adopted several dogs and helped create their website.

As for my hobbies I have never really had time to do much other than work, eat and sleep, (*mostly in that order)* but over the last decade my passion has been photography, some very gentle greenhouse gardening and a little bit of upcycling. I also have a very bad habit of spending too much time on Marketplace, eBay and Gumtree.

David's memories of Prices:

I arrived at Price's with my Wiltshire accent *(now long gone)* in September 1974 and was made to feel as welcome as a fart in a space suit! Bullying was rife in those days and as a newbie I received more than my fair share. I had previously been used to a mixed Comprehensive School in Wiltshire and initially found it very difficult to acclimatise to an all-boy environment. Everything seemed more aggressive and competitive. I was a country lad and use to the quieter side of life. However as the years went by and in particular as I got to know the 6th Form College girls, things got much better.

My OCD regarding bringing the same packed lunchtime meal every day created some notoriety and also started my business entrepreneurship, as I regularly sold tomato sauce sandwiches and cups of orange squash to Mark Botterill, Kenny Anderson and John Campbell.

I was the tallest in the class at 6' 6¾", very skinny and not that academically bright, particularly in Mathematics. Jock Daysh informed me a few years after I had left school that I was the only student at Prices to ever fail the Maths 'O' Level exam three times in a row with an Unclassified Grade !!

Having said that it was the frightful Mrs. Clarke (Maths teacher through the 2nd and 3rd year) who left a lifelong indelible mental scar when she wrote in my school report 'David tries hard but never gets anywhere!' Well Mrs. Clarke you

were at least 50% right!

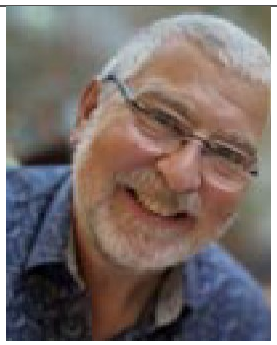
Gary Connett and I have stayed in contact throughout our adult life.

Bob Taylor (Art), Jock Daysh (Maths), Geoff Kerley (Geography), Ingrid Atkinson (Pottery), Mr. Stevens (Chemistry), and Mr. Brisco (Woodwork) were the teachers I respected the most.

I also distinctly remember the idiosyncratic personalities of Mr. Glynne-Howell (Latin) and Mr. Jenkins (English).

Ardron	David	Class of 73 - 78





Residing in: **Saint Denis de Gastines, France.**

My entrepreneurial curiosity was never going to be satisfied with continued study in further education so I departed 6th Form at Price's for the commercial world!

After a couple of years having fun which included running a night club, driving an ice cream van and working as a DJ for The Playboy Club it was time to get sensible and start a career! *(What great memories though!)*

My first career job was with Thorn EMI which was a wonderful company and put me firmly into career mode and gave me an appetite for learning about marketing and finance. I pursued that route, along with man management throughout my career. I was lucky to later work for some more great companies including the BBC and Hitachi.

As was common in the 80s, I relocated several times chasing jobs, moving through Swindon, Northampton and then to Nottingham where I joined Denby Pottery in 1992. At Denby I was lucky enough to work in some wonderful locations around the world focussing on export growth. I had an extended stay in Japan sponsored by the Japanese Government. *(It wasn't prison!)*

After this I settled in the Midlands in Droitwich and my 3 children grew up there. The eldest (35) is now a watchmaker in Sheffield. My daughter (26) works for The University of Edinburgh. My youngest son (33) is a tailor in London.

In recent years I have held a number of leadership roles in the assistive technology sector that helps vulnerable, elderly people and those with learning disabilities to live independently. Very rewarding. I finished my working career as a director with the charity MIND.

I have now retired and live in a beautiful farmhouse in France. When I moved here, the property was a wreck but the renovation work is now almost complete. Along the way I have learned no end of DIY skills - including plastering!

I live with my partner Jane. I still sail and have a Westerly 33 ketch that I cruise and race. I still follow Pompey and will never forget the day Jock Daysh told me he really was a Pompey fan!

Dave's memories of Prices:

Oh, so many. I look back on Price's with massive affection.

The fear of the Masters on day one and their individual ways.

- Charlie and 'Seb'
- Wilkie and his hard as nails demeanour. I remember one staff versus 1st XV Rugby game and he got the ball and it was like a turbo - never seen anything like it.
- The play 'Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew' (1974), Tony Johnson was producer and it was such a blast. I think my mother ended up making the costumes. - Sorry mum!
- Having a scrap at the top of the bank behind C12 and going to get the cane from Eric. Ouch!
- Those amazing school photographs and regretting I never tried the run end to end! In the picture at end of 1978, I think it was Martin Austin who was off that day for some reason so at the last minute before the picture was taken, we moved left and right to leave a gap so that there was a space that was him. If you have the picture look at the gap!
- I think it was Owens?? A Physics teacher, who told us that an 'O Level' was worth £5000 and an 'A Level' was worth £20,000. I might have the exact numbers wrong but we were all incredulous and laughed! Without doubt, what ever the numbers, Price's education was awesome.
- I have memories of every single teacher, mostly good, some bad! How tolerant they were! The strict ones, Noddy, Gengis, The Maths genius J.H. Jones. The wonderful Bob Gilbert. The old Priceans Jock Daysh and Sooty Cole. The list goes on and on.
- Playing hockey on bloody freezing winter days.
- Jack Jones playing blind chess in Maths class.
- On hot summer days, when in class in the new block and seeing the pool empty, abandoning the lesson to go swimming. Was that Mick Lowe maybe?
- I recall one day doing athletics with Charlie. We were on the far side of the field and he was teaching us to throw the shot. He said 'give a grunt when you throw it like having a pooh'. I proceeded to throw it then shouted 'Grunt' FFS!

More to swap for sure!

Armstrong	Nicholas G.	Dates	1967 - 1974

Nick is originally from the tiny village of Bursledon, outside Southampton in the south of England.

His School years record includes:	1972 Officer of the Infantry Company in Journey's End. 1973 "Mid Summer Night's Dream" as "Oberon" - I remember him ad-libbing . wonderfully when, in the middle of a scene, the characters supposed to appear on stage failed to show up on time . . . A.J.

He moved in a serial fashion to larger and larger cities—Bristol, where he studied composition and viola at the University of Bristol; Venice, where he was a member of the orchestra of the famed *Teatro La Fenice*, and where he studied conducting at the Conservatorio "B. Marcello"; Richmond, VA, where he was a member of the Richmond Symphony while taking his Master of Music in Conducting at Virginia Commonwealth University; Washington D.C. where as a freelance opera and orchestra conductor he was in great demand; and New York, or more specifically, Brooklyn, where he has made his home since 1985. He has led opera performances with Virginia Opera, New York Chamber Opera, the Queens Opera Association among many others.

He is an accomplished violist, and specializes in Baroque music as a violinist, violist, and harpsichordist. As a music educator he has been Executive Director of the Preparatory Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College, and has been in demand as an orchestral clinician throughout New York State.



Maestro Nicholas Armstrong is Artistic Director and Principal Conductor of the Brooklyn Symphony Orchestra, ensemble in residence at the Brooklyn Museum. Nick is currently in his twenty-third season with the orchestra and he continues to lead the dedicated musicians through a demanding repertoire of unusual and thrilling music. Under his creative leadership the orchestra has grown significantly in size and ability, and now enjoys the reputation of being "one of the East Coast's finest community orchestras" — certainly its most fun! It is without doubt one of New York City's crown jewels and Nick is proud of the work his colleagues have done In bringing the orchestra to the Brooklyn Museum.

Nick's friend from School days adds: "*He was at Prices 1967 to 74, and, as far as I was aware, he never earnt a nickname. He was a very private, self-contained boy who had few friends, but those were always loyal to him. I include myself in that group.*

His first and abiding love was and still is music. Although a superb classically trained viola player, Nick's take on Stephan Grapelli and other jazz violinists was a joy to hear.

His second was the school dramatic society, let by Tony Johnson. We appeared in two plays together, in the title role in The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew, a great romp and, on a serious note, as Oberon in A Midsummer Night's Dream. There is already a photo of both of us in Bolligrew on the website already. He also appeared in Journey's End

CCF? Only if I must. When can I get out?

Sport. Nick was (and probably still is) to sport what Ann Widdecombe is to ballroom dancing.

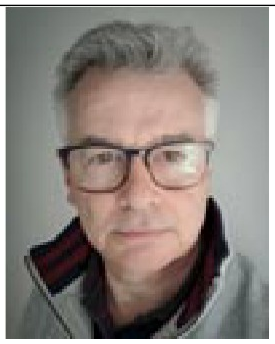
That's about all I can add."

Geoff Molloy

See also in Price's Creators Chapter in the Lion Pride publication.

Armstrong	Russell	Class of 73 - 78





After Prices I spent three drunken years at Portsmouth studying Applied Physics after which I had to get a job to clear the debt!

Found myself working in the defence industry on sonar systems chasing Russian submarines, which was great fun but the Maths was hard! *(I don't understand any of it now!)*

Through an accident of business restructuring I ended up working in telecoms, still in the defence industry, and studied for an MSc at Surrey in Systems Engineering.

I then moved into the commercial world to help O2 *(Cellnet as it was then)* launch GSM before joining Energis *(now part of Vodafone)* as a start-up, where I rode the Dotcom boom, and was involved in launching free internet access for the masses and working with BBC to deliver their networks.
and working with BBC to deliver their networks.

In more recent times I have been working in TV broadcasting and streaming with the Beeb, Channel 4 and others in Freeview and Youview and the whole Digital switchover of TV in the UK.

Now working at a movie TV channel Shorts TV in Shoreditch with the trendy kids!

Russell's memories of Prices:

- Painting the classroom with Reggie Harcus
- Parking John Collinette's Fiat 500 across the pond, and then just being asked to put it back!
- The pub at lunchtime - with Dave - in our school uniform!
- And so many more....

Arnott	Richard	Class of 73 - 78

Lives in Avon





After Price's I can't exactly remember the sequence of time, but joined a band called Jonny & the Tanx with Matthew Hartley and Ron Davies. Always interested in creativity, and whilst still at Price's, studied Art, Ceramics and Design & Technology at 'A' Level. I then studied Product Design at Portsmouth School of Art, whilst gigging with the band in the City of

Portsmouth. We lasted 5 years before splitting up. My first job was working in the Elephant Boatyard in Bursledon, the pay was £20 a week!

I left home at 18 to follow my dreams of becoming a drummer in a band and yet my second job, whilst still the drummer in Johnny and the Tax indicated what I could expect if I had no profession.

Boredom at work. No cerebral growth. FCUK that! After a year at Plessey Aerospace in Titchfield, I applied for a place at the prestigious Central School of Art in London to study Industrial Design. I clearly recall only applying to two schools and being offered a place at both. London or Colchester? The decision was easy. I moved to London in 1985 and after graduating with a 2:1 Degree in Industrial Design Engineering went for 100 interviews before being offered some freelance work for a small design company in Fulham.

Having turned down a job at Mothercare (Terence Conrad) My first full-time roll as an industrial design was working for an Architectural practice in Primrose Hill, who specialised in Medical products and I felt more on a career track. After a year, my role was made redundant and before I had served my notice was offered a Job by Sebastian Conran (Terence's son)

Then began an eight-year period of freelance work, working for some of the best design consultancies in London including Fitch, Seymour Powell, Tangerine (founded by Jonathan Ive, who found fame at Apple and transformed the Apple business relationship with customers, "by Design")

In 1996, having just finished a freelance stint at IDEO (which is still arguably the most widely known Design Consultancy in the World) I was recommended for a role as Principal Designer for Geoff Hollington, who already had Parker Pen, Herman Miller, and Knoll as clients. As Principal Designer, I led a small design team, which won a prestigious IF Design award for my work on the Kodak T700 camera and designed a suite of products for Cable & Wireless Communications, which sold in millions! I thought I had reached the pinnacle of the design career I was trained for. Then the shit hit the fan.

In 2000 I went travelling to Egypt for the Millennium Celebration. I had a great time but I unknowingly had picked up a virus, which brought my design career to an emergency stop…
I was fired for being unable to balance and do a full day's work. The virus had left me with a "vestibular disorder" and I couldn't really function as an "upright" member of the team any longer. This sacking made me realise that even after working 4 years of my life, working full tilt 8am-10pm some days, and putting my career first, I was still dispensable and it was a terrible shock to be just cast-off like I was, with only a month's salary tax-free instead of serving my notice. Geoff Hollington was subsequently sent to prison for something else and his name has largely been swept under the carpet by the design profession.

As I could not find my balance at all for at least a year, I decided to enrol full-time on a ground-breaking MA course in Design Strategy and Innovation at Brunel University.

My work, which is now known as Design Thinking was equally groundbreaking, only the University didn't recognise it as groundbreaking as they had no point of reference or precedence. It was only ten years later, when I sent my dissertation to an Australian Academic that I was validated for my own thinking. I led a student team which uncovered insights on design management at HSBC head office. The well received report, seen by the HSBC Board, covered Experience Design and User Experience opportunities for the Bank. Whilst still a post-grad student I also worked with Engine now one of Europe's leading Service Design agencies, known now as "Engine Service Design" When I worked with the founders, a partnership, it was just two ex-industrial designers with a bright idea. I helped them define how to articulate that bright idea into a compelling proposition. The resulting report, using first-hand design research investigated the creative/business relationship between Engine and Orange Customer Experience. It was called "The Creative Vortex"

After graduating from Brunel's "MA in Design Strategy and Innovation" - (MADSI) with a distinction I worked mainly freelance until exactly 20 years ago this month I had another life-changing experience.

I'd been working as a principal designer for a small design firm with small ideas and to be honest it was not a good fit. I was fired after a few months as the Partners of the firm saw my confidence and 'autonomous behaviour' as a threat. I had acquired "creative confidence"

At home on a quiet Monday, unemployed, I decided to clean the lean to windows at the back of my London flat. I'd climbed trees all my life and wasn't afraid of heights. I was washing the conservatory windows 20 feet up above a concrete well when the water that had been continuously running down my arm and falling on the latter made the rung I was on very slippery. I changed my foot position and slipped, the ladder fell sideways and I fell vertically hitting the concrete with considerable force. The crew that saved my life was from the HEMS team and was being followed by a BBC film crew working on a programme called 'Trauma' which subsequently went out to the public over BBC2. I was in Hospital for a month, chose to manage the horrendous damage without surgical intervention was in wheelchair for 4–6 months and learned to walk again in a year and a half.

It was the darkest moment in my life and yet I was still applying for jobs Worldwide from my wheelchair! I was so motivated “to get back on the (career) ladder” it is what kept me from going mad. I was isolated at home for 4 whole months not leaving the flat at all independently as I could not. It was a raised Ground Floor Flat with stairs.

After extensive hydrotherapy then rehab, then chronic pain treatment over a 7-year period, during which and whilst still on walking sticks, I was asked to teach undergraduates at Central School of Art’s famous Lethaby Building, where several years earlier (in 1988) I had graduated.

In 2007 after failing to get into Academia full-time, despite teaching for two years, as a Visiting Associate Lecturer, at one of the most prestigious design schools in the UK I decided in 2007 to leave London for Bristol. That was the same year my mother died and I wrote about the ‘big move idea’ in a short piece, which I published on social media, it was called “Cart before the Horse”. The idea was to put my career SECOND and my life FIRST and adapt to life in a new City with new possibilities.

Has it worked, well perhaps partly?

I set up my own Service Design consulting business “servicejunkie” in 2009 after arriving in Bristol and finding almost no-one who thought about the future possibilities of “design with a small d” as I did. I repositioned my consulting offer as design thinking coach and Service Designer.

During this period of my career, I designed and co-facilitated an innovation workshop for iNets (A Government quango) I worked with the cooperation of an NHS innovation lead, on a Co-Design initiative to redesign the “Drugs and Alcohol Service” in Bristol.

My intention was to re-position myself as a thought leader in design for the South West. I worked with Design Thinkers in Amsterdam too during this phase of my career.

I designed and co-facilitated a Co-design workshop for Age UK’s Bristol “Ageing Better” an initiative to address “Social Isolation and Loneliness in the Over 55’s”

I was still applying for Service Design roles, but was then offered a contract with a leading Bristol UX agency called Nomensa as Design Strategist in 2014.

In 2023, after completely ‘burning out’ as a service designer, I believe I have now made the ‘cart before the horse’ a working and lifestyle reality.

This professional identity shift was only made possible by volunteering at “The Bristol Bike Project” an innovative social enterprise, since 2009, firstly as a volunteer and then as a paid bike mechanic.

After being made redundant from Bristol Bike Project in 2020, after COVID-19 lock-down had made my Community work impossible to continue, I now run my own mobile bicycle mechanic service, which is called “iLovesMyBike” and was designed to better-serve Bristol’s diverse cycling Community.

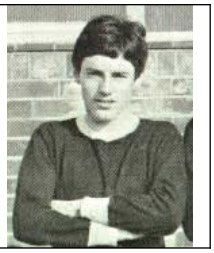
Arnot	Dr. Bob	Dates	1968-1969

Civil Status: Married with an 8-year-old daughter and a 6-year-old son
Date of Birth: 11th January 1952
Education: PhD, Institute of Soviet and East European Studies, 1985
Post Graduate Research, Glasgow University, 1975-1979
BSc (Econ), London School of Economics 1970-1973
"A' Levels Prices School Fareham 1968 - 1969
O' Levels Plympton Grammar School 1963-1968



I was at Price's for the tail end of my school career and took my A' levels there in 1968. My father had left the navy in Plymouth and was now working in Gosport and Price's was the nearest school following the same A' level syllabus. So in the middle of my sixth form years I changed schools. The teaching highlight for me at Prices was definitely JB Chaffey – probably the best teacher I ever came across (both in schools and university). He was a driven individual who really lived and breathed his subject. In 1968 we all flocked to see Julie Christie in "Far from the Madding Crowd". Chaffey announced he had also been to see the movie and as we all raved about Julie Christie – he raved about dry, hanging river valleys in the Dorset scenery - the perfect summary of Chaffey!

Whilst at Price's I was member of the First XI football team and the basketball team. I represented Hampshire at basketball and also South West England and had a trial for England schools in 1968. I was a year younger than everyone else in my year as I had been in an accelerated programme at my previous school and was destined to finish my A' Levels a year early. This meant I didn't have the opportunity to go back to the trials at the right age and also that I had a year off prior to university (what they now call a "Gap Year"). Amongst other things, I worked at Knowle Hospital as a kitchen porter; at Greens Bakery in Gosport as a figures clerk; and at Emrys Lloyd's tomato plantation in Titchfield as a labourer.

His School years record includes:	1968 an outstanding Basketball player - scored prolifically throughout the season, finishing as top scorer by a large margin and being selected to play for SW England in 1969. 1968 1st XI Soccer.		

I did OK in my A' Levels (As in Economics and Geography and B in History) but when Eric Poyner saw my UCCA form, he was horrified. He suggested Oxbridge but my first choice was LSE, then Sussex, Essex, Stirling, etc. All the universities in those days that had a reputation for student rebellion and his final comment was, "You are clearly not serious"!

It was an interesting time to be at Prices. The dominant ethos, which I would identify as conservative (with both a small and large C) and religious, was being challenged on every level. Superficially just look at the school photos in the early 60s and compare them with the late 60s – the earlier photos comprise embryonic members of the respectable middle class – the latter photos embryonic

members of rock bands! However, I really enjoyed the environment that Prices created that allowed pretty open discussion and thinking but this was more within the informal life of the school rather than in the formal life of the institution. I was already a socialist, propelled further in that direction in 1968 by the Prague Spring, the Tet Offensive (against the Americans in Viet Nam) and the May events in Paris.

After Prices and my year off, I went to LSE and got a BSc (Econ) degree and after a few years more work (more gap years!) as a postman in Southampton, working for a record company across SE England, and as a dustman in Fareham, I eventually went to the Soviet and East European Studies Institute, Glasgow University where I completed my PhD. I then worked in higher education for 25 years initially as a lecturer, then senior lecturer and then latterly Head of Department at Glasgow Caledonian University. During this period, I also taught at Glasgow University, Strathclyde University and Paisley University. I also delivered over 100 seminar papers, conference papers and guest lectures in universities in the USA, Russia, Finland, Poland, and Ukraine and throughout the UK. I also supervised and examined a number of PhDs in the UK. I wrote a book on the former Soviet Union as well as chapters in a variety of books (work of mine has also been translated into Russian, German and French) and as an academic I also produced the usual range of articles and reviews, in academic and popular journals.

From 1997 to 1999 I took a career break and went to live in Russia where I was the long-term resident advisor on a UK-government funded, local economic development programme. I lived a thousand miles from Moscow on the edge of Western Siberia in the Urals city of Yekaterinburg (famous for the last days of the Romanovs and the shooting down of the U2 pilot Gary Powers). This was a fascinating period of economic collapse and crisis at the end of Yeltsin period and the beginning of the Putin era. I also held visiting professorships at two universities in Russia.

On returning to the UK I was increasing disillusioned with higher education and I was offered a role with the British Council Development Services Department. This essentially meant identifying and bidding for complex development programmes funded by the international donors (for example, DFiD, the EU, etc.) So for the past 18 years I have been working in the world of development and this has involved a wide range of experiences dealing with various socio-economic issues in a variety of countries. Initially, I returned to Russia and worked on an award-winning poverty reduction programme in Leningrad Oblast.

Since then I have spent sixteen years working in Nigeria. Firstly as the Growth Component Manager and then the National Programme Manager for the DFID funded "Security Justice and Growth" Programme (2004–2010, £35 million). Then as National Programme Manager for the follow-on DFID funded, "Justice for All Programme", Nigeria, (2010-2016, £51 million). From 2017 I have been the Portfolio Lead for Justice, Security and Conflict in Sub-Saharan Africa for the British Council. During this time I have been the Programme Director for an EU Trust Fund programme, "Managing Conflict in NE Nigeria" (4 years, €21 million); Programme Director for an 11th EDF funded programme, "Rule of Law and Anti-Corruption" (4 years, €24 million); and Programme Director for the 11th EDF programme, Agents for Citizen-driven Transformation, (4 years, €15 million). The work in Nigeria has focused upon justice sector reform, policing reform, anti-corruption and anti-money laundering strategies, alternative dispute resolution (ADR), working with traditional rulers across the Muslim North of Nigeria, fast tracking dispute resolution, reviews of investment laws and land registration, rights and disputes. Latterly I have been heavily involved in programming responses to the *Boko Haram* insurgency.

Nigeria is a fascinating country riven by every kind of social cleavage possible: tribal, ethnicity, religion, region, class, etc. However, Nigerians are the kindest, proudest and most welcoming people and I have made many friends during my time here. I have also remarried here and I have two small children; my daughter (Lara aged 8) is a talented gymnast whilst my son (Okalo aged 6) is a

promising footballer. This year I will return to live in the UK and I will continue to work as an independent consultant. My wife (Patience) will continue as a Monitoring and Evaluation specialist working on development projects in sub-Saharan Africa. In this entire journey, my time at Prices played a really important role in a variety of ways; capping off the academic start to my career; teaching me lessons that extended well beyond the classroom; continuing a deeply engrained love of sport that later enabled me to play football for a Russian construction company team and basketball for a veteran's team without which I would never have been accepted and settled in Yekaterinburg!

Major Work Experience:

2016 – 2020: Portfolio Lead (Security, Justice and Conflict) Sub-Saharan Africa for the British Council

2016 – 2020: Nigeria Programme Director for three large EU funded programmes (€60 million+)

2010 – 2016: Nigeria: National Programme Manager, Justice for All (J4A Program DFID funded £40 million).

2006 – 2010: Nigeria: National Programme Manager, Security Justice and Growth (SJG) Programme, DFID funded, (£36 million)

2004 – 2006: Nigeria: Growth Component Manager, Security Justice and Growth Programme

2002 - 2004: Russia: British Council Programme Director, Support to Poverty Reduction in Leningrad Oblast, DFID funded

2000 - 2002: Russia: Senior Consultant, IFC Russian leasing project

1997 - 1999: Russia: Long-term Resident Advisor, Yekaterinburg, KHF funded Local Economic Development Project

1976 – 2002: Work in Higher Education: initially a lecturer and then senior lecturer and then latterly head of department at Glasgow Caledonian University. During this period, I also taught at Glasgow University, Strathclyde University and the University of the West of Scotland. I also held visiting professorships at two universities in Russia (Urals Polytechnic University and the Centre for Business Innovation, UPI). I taught, researched, supervised research and eventually ran a large department (the Department of Economics in the Caledonian Business School) with more than 50 staff (including 3 full professors, 5 research fellows, 35 academic staff and 7 research students). During this period, I delivered over 100 seminar papers, conference papers and guest lectures in universities in the USA, Russia, Finland, Poland, and Ukraine and throughout the UK. I also supervised and examined a number of PhDs in the UK. I have written a book on the former Soviet Union as well as chapters in a variety of books (work of mine has also been translated into Russian, German and French) and the usual range of articles, book reviews, reviews in academic and popular journals. I am a Visiting Professor at Glasgow Caledonian University.

Ashton	Mr. George	Dates	1934 - 1959

July 1934 Lion:

SALVE

From over 160 candidates, the Governors f the School have selected Mr.G.A. Ashton, M.A., as the future Headmaster.

Mr. Ashton gained a Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge in 1916 and immediately the list was published, he enlisted and, after a few months training, went to France on active service, until June 1918 when he was sent home to take up an Officer's Commission and was about to return when the Armistice was declared.

On demobilisation, he at once went up to Cambridge where he took his Degree in Mathematics (Honours) in 1921. After gaining his Cambridge Training Department certificate in 1922, he was for five years an Assistant Master at Farnham Grammar School.. In September 1922 he went to Monmouth School where he is at present Senior Mathematical Master and Master of the Town House. While at Cambridge he gained his College Colours for Association football at trinity and was Hon. Secretary 1921-1922.

From the July 1934 edition of The Lion, amongst the Old Priceans' notes:

G. Chignell, the retiring Hon. Secretary, proposed the toast, ''Mr. Ashton''. He proceeded to give a few biographical notices concerning him, stating that he was Senior Maths Master at Monmouth School, having previously been for five years at Farnham. He had won a Scholarship at Cambridge; then War broke out, and he joined up on the day the results came out. He went through the War, came home for a commission, and then went to Trinity College, Cambridge. From that record, said Chignell, it was evident Mr. Ashton knew his job, and also that he was the right man. Mr. Ashton is, or was, a keen ''Soccer'' player, so that at least one of the School games was going to be well looked after. (Applause). He was sure Mr. Ashton would welcome the support he is going to get from the Association. The School was building up a tradition, and the Old Boys' Association was going to develop still further. He mentioned that practically every profession was represented amongst its ranks, and concluded by assuring Mr. Ashton of the loyal co-operation of all members of the Association.

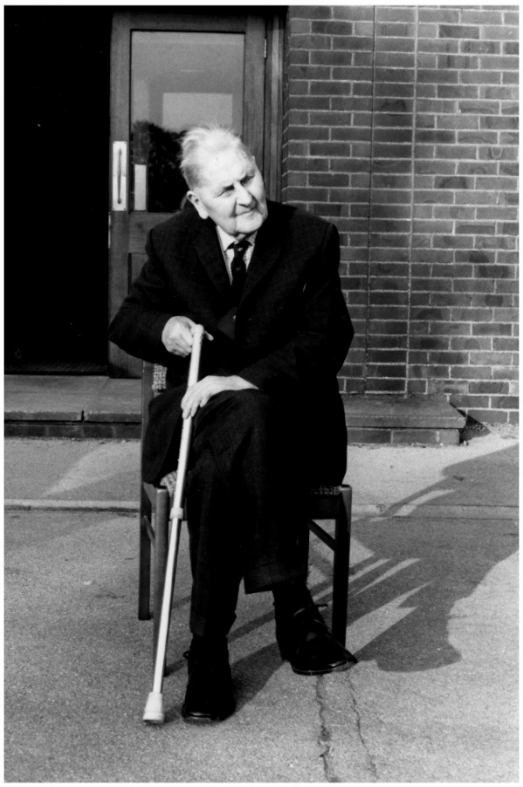
Mr. Ashton, in replying, mentioned that the Old Boys were a team, and that he was simply its new captain. He was very grateful to Mr. Bradly for producing such an Association. He extended a most cordial welcome on behalf of Mrs. Ashton and himself to all Old Boys to visit the School whenever they could come along.

September 1959: Lion:Lion: *"For 25 years, Mr. Ashton has been the Headmaster of Price's School and the majority of O.P.s have known no other Headmaster. To many of them, when they returned to the*

School, especially those who had been boarders, a meeting with Mr Ashton was what they chiefly desired for, although he could be stern with defaulters, it was his kindness and helpfulness they most remembered. Indeed, the Staff, School and the old boys had in him, a friend, nor have they lost one, for in what we hope will be a very happy and very long retirement, he will not be far away and, on occasions of School reunions, we hope that, with Miss Ashton, he will be able to rejoin us. He will not guess how much he would be missed if he did not. … His headship covered a particularly difficult period of the School's history. He had not only been confronted with the upheavals caused by World War II, but also with those caused by changes I in National education policy. Despite all this Mr Ashton , by his quiet but firm leadership, ensured that all facets of the School's life were maintained at a high level.



Celebration of George Ashton's 50 Anniversary of joining the School:



The pleasure of the company of

Nick Manley

is requested on

Thursday 7th June 1984 from 7.00 to 9.00 p.m.

at Price's College

in honour of Mr. G. A. Ashton, M.A.

to commemorate the

50th Anniversary of his appointment as

Headmaster of Price's School

Buffet Drinks

The pleasure of the company of

Alan Little

is requested on

Thursday 7th June 1984 from 7.00 to 9.00 p.m.

at Price's College

in honour of Mr. G. A. Ashton, M.A.

to commemorate the

50th Anniversary of his appointment as

Headmaster of Price's School

Buffet Drinks

(31)

THE LATE MR. G.A. ASHTON.
Former Headmaster of Price's School, Fareham.

When the news of the death of Mr. G. A. Ashton, M.A. (Cantab.) became known, great sadness was felt by many people far beyond the bounds of Fareham.

He was Headmaster of Price's School from 1934 to 1959, succeeding Mr. S. R. N. Bradley and handing over to Mr. E. A. B. Poyner. Although the history of Price's School began in 1721 there were only three headmasters in the 'modern' era after the school moved from West Street to Park Lane in 1908.

Mr. Ashton saw many changes during his term of office. Originally the catchment area extended well north of Fareham, covering Shedfield, Curdridge, Botley, Swanmore, Bishops Waltham and Droxford. Boys from Bishops Waltham had only recently stopped travelling to Fareham by train via Botley! In his early days there were less than 200 boys with many being fee payers and quite a few boarders. The 1944 Education Act began a period of change and expansion so that by the time he retired the school's population had doubled.

Mr. Ashton was a native of Yorkshire and had taught at Farnham Grammar School and then at Monmouth School before coming to Fareham. He took over a happy and successful school and zealously maintained its reputation. When he retired the 'Lion', the school magazine, recorded 'The Staff, the School and the Old Boys had in him a friend'. So it remained during his long retirement when he kept in close touch with the activities of Price's School and later, Price's College. Many Old Priceans visited him and he rarely forgot their names. He had been a firm disciplinarian, yet in retirement he invited his former pupils and his friends to call him 'George' and that is how he was known far and wide. His hearty laugh will not readily be forgotten.

To mark the 50th anniversary of George's appointment as headmaster, Mr. P. R. Watkins, the last Principal of Price's College arranged a re-union evening. Some 120 Old Priceans, former staff and friends paid homage to him

in a joyful and nostalgic evening on 7th June, 1984. Even this was not his final visit to the premises of his old school. On 20th July, 1984, the last day of Price's College, he attended the closing down ceremonies together with Mr. Poyner, the last headmaster of Price's School.

There remained one more anniversary, his 88th birthday on 8th February, 1985. He died on 26th February after a short illness. He was a man of quiet dignity and integrity. In a changing world he remained unchanged and kept his old and trusted values.

The funeral service was held at SS Peter and Paul church, Fareham, where he had worshipped for the whole of his life in Fareham and also accompanied his school boarders every Sunday until 1948 when boarding ceased. The large congregation bore testimony to the high regard in which he was held by the whole community.

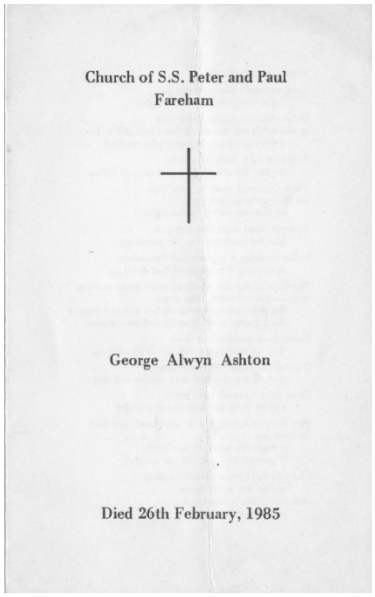
Mr. Ashton had spent all the years of his retirement at his house in Kiln Road, Fareham, where he lived with his daughter Anne. His wife Muriel predeceased him in 1957.

R. DAYSH.

By the Editor:-

It was most unfortunate that our last booklet which contained an article on Price's School was published too late for Mr. Ashton to see it. We have had several letters from Old Priceans expressing their appreciation of both the school and the article. Mr. V. Cook was amazed to see his name and school roll number among the extracts from the Admissions Register followed by the names of two of his very good friends, Dave Hayward and Johnnie Bark. They were all teachers and went to the same College in Chelsea. John Bark died in Wickham over a year ago but Dave Hayward lives at Blagdon Hill in Somerset. We are both intrigued to know why our names appear on Mr. Daysh's list. I look

The George Alwyn Ashton era


Church of S.S. Peter and Paul
Fareham

George Alwyn Ashton

Died 26th February, 1985

Excerpts from a longer article which looks not to have been completed, with necessary examples to make the point never quite making it beyond a summary of key dates. **(Ed.)**

Under the new Headmaster Mr G A Ashton, and with increasing school numbers Price's School could begin to aspire to high academic success.

Maybe the key to future success was competition. This was nurtured by giving prominence in the Lion to prizes for academic attainment. This was the first time that the Lion chose to list prize winners.

In December 1936:

Change was on the way because in December 1936 the Lion reported that at Speech Day "*the Headmaster pointed out that very few boys remained at School after they were sixteen, many of them thus leaving when they were just beginning to receive maximum benefit from their education*." July 1937 brought the first success to be mentioned in the Lion:

Speech Day too was a time to emphasise the new approach:

Gaining a County Scholarship was a first step towards a top University and in March 1939 the Lion recorded the next step: Those who went off to sit scholarship examinations were faced with a daunting experience.

The outbreak of War was recorded in the Lion and was felt keenly by the School from the outset because several of the long-standing masters volunteered for active service. By 1940 it was clear that University entrance would have to be delayed for the duration of the war: One Oxonian did manage to graduate and this was reported in the Lion of December 1940:

The War had an effect on academic success as reported in December 1941: Unfortunately, C J Verdon was a casualty of the War as reported by the Lion in July 1942.

Honours in war and honours at school began to go hand in hand:

In July 1943 the Lion reported: Any fears that C J Verdon had been killed were thankfully allayed: Then in the December issue: July 1944 brought the devastating news that I M H May had been killed:

No Lion appeared in December 1944 but in March 1945: July 1945 brought more news of success: By July 1946, the aspirations of the Headmaster for more boys to achieve high academic success were resumed:

By July 1948 the tide had turned as far as boys staying on for the sixth form were concerned

Impressive results appeared in December 1947. By January 1952 the pattern of success was established:

In May 1952 the Lion tracked the footsteps of those who had left earlier: by May 1953 it became clear the Lion liked to track Old Boys:

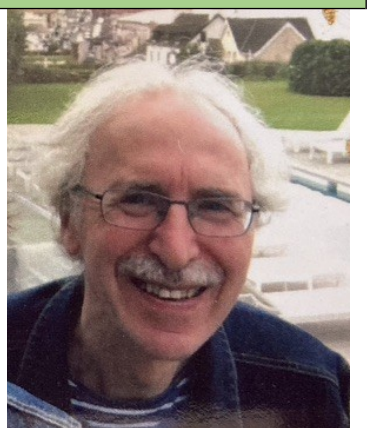
Shortly afterwards, following the death of Mrs Ashton the previous year, the Headmaster announced his retirement.

Ashton	Mrs.	Dates	

Lion Jan.1958:

"All who knew her will remember Mrs Ashton as a very brave and a very kind lady. For years her life had been a constant struggle against increasing ill-health and, although she never faltered in her resolution, it became clear to all, and not least to herself that she could never fully recover. In consequence those who joined the School in recent years saw little of her, but she won the deep regard of the Staff and many hundreds of Old Priceans, two of whom were her guests within a few days of her death. The end came, as she wished comparatively suddenly. May she rest in peace."

Askew	Bob	Dates	1962 - 1969



PRICES: THE CROSS COUNTRY RUN

I started at Prices in September 1962, and games were soon disrupted by the most extreme winter for 400 years. It lasted from Christmas, right through January and February to early March. After having wanted a white Christmas for many mild years, we became heartily fed up with being ice and snowbound. The field was frozen, and so we did Cross Country Running in the double games period. This was normal when the field was very muddy or frost-bound. It was unusual, and somewhat boring to do it for so long, but the repetitive practice must have done me some good. I found I could run well enough to be up with the lead runners. These practice runs were not through muddy fields, but on metalled roads, with perhaps a small bit of gravel path

I usually had to stop at some point, suffering from a bad pain around my left ankle. I now realise that one of my legs is markedly shorter, and the muscles of leg and foot needed a rest. I suppose I could have got support-strapping, or something, but I did not know about such things. I just walked on my heel, and half ran, carefully for a bit, and then began to gently run again. I usually managed to get back up near the front by the finish. It never occurred to me to ask for medical help, and I knew nothing of physiotherapists. Such Spartan ways can build some strength, if you are lucky!

Most people disliked the Cross Country Running. I did not dislike it, although I would rather have been playing football. I guess I did not mind so much because I was fairly good at it. I grew up in the country, so I may have been more used to it than some. Two mile walks to my primary school, and one mile runs to the bus, had given me the ability to run longer distances. I was usually in the first five, and I could get second or third, but I never remember beating my classmate, Collwill.

Later, as we grew older, a large group of runners would cadge a ride from a coach that regularly ran along the main part of the route. I guess the driver enjoyed helping them to break the rules! I never wanted to do this, however, because it meant hanging around in the cold to wait for the bus, and it saved no time. No one on the bus ever came in with the first runners because they never wanted to be found out!

The School celebrated this gruelling practice through the winter with an annual Cross Country Run, near the end of the Spring term. In my years it was called 'The Steeplechase', and the start was from a farm gate about 300 yards from Spurlings Farm, near the River Wallington. It was about a mile from the school, and the route went to the north across the fields, and turned right twice to return to the start. It was about two miles for the First and Second years, known as Minors. I think it must have returned close to the river on the far side for them, and then over the bridge to the finish. The Seniors, the Fifth and Sixth Forms, did nearly five miles, so it must have been about three and a half for the Juniors. The Seniors had to ascend, and descend, Portsdown Hill for the last part, but I can't remember if the Juniors went up there. I don't remember how well did in the first and second years, but I was probably somewhere near the front in the second year, getting a point for Cams House.



Colwill

The third year was my 'glory year'. We were running against the older 4th form, but Collwill was absent, and my other rival, Barnet, may not have run. The course must have been about 3.5 miles, and it finished running past Spurlings Farm, with a right turn over the bridge. I was in third position, as we approached the bridge and the final 200 yards. I decided to make a challenge to the 4th Former who was in front of me (I think his name was Perry). He saw me coming, and he put on a spurt as I neared. We ran almost neck and neck, very fast, to huge cheers from the spectators. We ran for about a hundred yards, full tilt, myself just a few inches behind him, but I then knew I could not beat him. So I just slipped back, and I ran the remaining 100 yards at a more easy pace. I should have made my move a hundred yards later, and then it would have been a spectacular close finish! But I got a 'third' for Cams against boys a year older than me, so it was still a great achievement!

Collwell got First the next year, but I did not run quite as well, and I possibly came about Fourth.

The 5th year was my bane. I was getting increasingly exasperated with organised sports and PE, and I avoided it at school. I felt that I was fit enough, running a mile for the bus daily, or else riding five miles to school on my bike. I did not want to run in the race because I felt that I would not do well, having missed the competition of school practices. But I was strongly 'encouraged' by my House, Cams, because even lower points would help.

So off we went over the muddy fields. I was probably not in the huddle that got off quickly at the front. But I was running well enough, and I was beginning to enjoy it. Then tragedy struck, about a third of the way around the course! I took a powered run to leap over a barbed wire fence, but I slipped on the mud at the front. I fell at speed, hard onto the spikes of the wire. I am sure I screamed! I thought my sex life was ruined forever, as I slumped over the spiky wire, caught helplessly on the spikes in the area of my groin. A couple of marshals tore away at my shorts to get me off. I had several long deep scratches from the wire the whole length of both legs, and they were bleeding quite a lot. But I found I was physically intact around the groin. My legs must have jerked together in protection, as I fell!
After recovering from the shock, I found that I could stand and walk. The marshals may have cleaned the scratches perfunctorily, but it was a couple of miles to proper first aid. I did not want to walk back the same way that I had had come, as a wounded spectacle. So I decided to run on. I must have made a great impression arriving at the finish with torn shorts, and deep bloody scratches. I wish I had a photo!

A teacher drove me in his car to the School, and I was received at the Sports Hall by 'Buzz' Ellis. He was, in fact, very good with his first aid. I would have got a shower, and he must have put antiseptic on the wounds. But what I most remember was his application of bandages. He gently put lint etc, over the worst bits. But he then put thick Elastoplast in great long strips over the full length of each of the wounds from high up on my thighs to near my ankles. Then he used a lot more Elastoplast horizontally around my legs in many sections, to hold it in place. He must have virtually used the whole school stock of Elastoplast rolls! I looked like a Frankenstein in callipers, and I thought I would never be able to get it all off! Thank goodness we wore long trousers which could hide the bandaging as I went home!

I expected to find infection when I removed Buzz's bandaging. The mud would have been polluted with bacteria, cow urine and dung! It was not easy to remove the bandaging after a couple of days, but to my delight, there was no obvious infection. I carried the long scars for many years. The lower ones gradually disappeared, but the upper ones remained until very recently. Now, fifty-five years later, I can see only two short stretches of the largest scars. I am sure you will want to know that my reproductive ability was not impaired, and I have engendered two children successfully. But my desire to compete in competitive Cross Country Runs was irrevocably destroyed. I had been damaged enough, and I utterly refused to ever do one again!

My brother, two years younger than me, did win, one year; so I now believe that I could also have won, if I had got medical/physio strapping support for my weaker left leg and foot. But no one in school suggested such things. They were primitive times, but they made us rugged. I am over 70, and I can still run a mile, if I wish!

Are there no other photos of the Cross Country Runs? I can only find photos of the three winners in the 1963 LION, one of them being my old classmate, and rival, Collwill. I am afraid that Cross Country Running did not have the high status of team games which had competition against other schools, but it deserved to have some record. It was a spectacular event with hundreds of boys and staff. They lined the finishing area, straggling all along the high road banks. The final stretch is still much the same today. But the trees are much

bigger, and the banks, once lined deep with boys, are now very overgrown; and they threaten to close in on the road. You would never think of the sweating runners of fifty years ago, weary after five miles running through mud and hedges, rousing themselves for a last sprint to the huge cheering crowd of spectators in Prices blazers.

Extract from the LION October 1963

Because of last year's cancellation, there was a great deal of interest in this year's Steeplechase, especially how the runners would cope with the new longer course….
The three courses were arranged over public footpaths in the Wallington River area. The Senior course, the longest and most difficult, started near Roche Court; we then had to run across a couple of fields to the first hazard, a narrow path flanked on one side by a fifteen-foot drop. Next we had to cross a stream and climb a long uphill ploughed field. The next mile or so was fairly flat, on paths; we then left the 'beaten track' and crossed more fields, barbed wire, hedges, a stream and a bog. The course joined the road at Boarhunt, but not for long; turning west at the Church we started the long trek to home, encouraged by isolated bands of supporters - we needed it. At last after nearly five miles we came to the last hill, mercifully down hill to the finish.

Robin (Ginty) Jenks

REVOLT AND SCHOOL REVOLUTION

Bob Askew's Memories of Prices 1962-1969

- PRICES AS A FIRST YEAR AND LATER
- PERSONAL REVOLT IN THE HEADY 1960s
- CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION, CCF, PE AND GAMES, DEMOCRACY

PRICES AS A FIRST YEAR AND LATER

I feel that I benefitted greatly from my time at Prices. The teaching was excellent in general, and there was an ethos that drove learning. We were made into an elite, separated from other schools by the 11 plus exam, and it certainly seemed to me that it would be wrong to fail to learn as much as possible. At the same time, I felt the elitist segregation very unfair. I was acutely aware that all of my male schoolfellows at Primary School were going to a Secondary Modern school, where the teaching was less high in profile, and where they would leave, aged 15, without any qualification.

Only two of the primary school girls passed the exam, so most of the girls, likewise would leave without a qualification. I may have railed against the restrictive outlook of the school under Eric Poyner, in my later years at the school, but I have always appreciated that he ran a well-disciplined school, and I am pleased that I got good O and A-Level grades as a result. Kiddle, a Senior Prefect in our first year, told us stories which revealed that Poyner had achieved a tighter control than his predecessor had held in his final years. He told us, for example, that there had been boys in cars 'roaring around the field' on Sports Day.

It has been interesting dredging up my recollections from over 50 years ago. I have concentrated on my memories of social and political feelings, from my point of view as a pupil at Prices, because we felt those days to be a great time of potential change for the better.

INAUGURATION, DISCIPLINE AND TEACHING

I came to Prices in September 1962, the only boy from a small rural Primary School. I was proud to have passed my '11 Plus', but I was alone, and somewhat overwhelmed. The school smacked of elitism in those days. We wore the rather fetching school uniform blazer, with braid edging and cuffs; and this marked us out as 'different' from the other secondary children. Masters wore gowns, and we were in awe of them as First Years. We also reluctantly exchanged the short trousers, worn by every boy at primary school, for 'adult' long trousers. This discouraged the wrestling and romping that we had enjoyed in primary school. The trousers were expensive, and could easily get torn or permanently damaged by grass and mud stains. So the uniforms were effective in making us more sedate.

To instil a sense of 'fear and respect for the traditions of the school', older pupils caught First Years and 'ducked' them, thrusting their heads into a toilet bowl and flushing the chain to soak their heads. I managed to escape this, but most did not.

A Second-Year, by the name of Cooper, was placed on our lunch table to ensure order on we new First Years. He liked to give us a hard crack on the back of our heads with a heavy serving spoon, without reason. I am sure that it was hard enough to crack your skull. I was lucky to get to move to the other side of the table, which backed onto the wall, to escape this. I still prefer to sit with my back to the wall in restaurants, after all these years. Such are the deep scars of even minor bullying! I can't remember any other bullying by older pupils after this.

The school seemed well-ordered under the august head, Eric Poyner. There were detentions for an hour for major misdemeanours, and caning as an ultimate sanction. Caning was very rare, however, and I can only remember one instance of a boy from our class being caned. I believe that the chain ducking lapsed after our year. Perhaps we were not natural bullies when we became Second Years, and I certainly did not want to do it to anyone. It could have come from the top, however, with Poyner posting prefects in the toilets to prevent it. We were generally ignored by the older pupils after our introduction, and I cannot remember any instances of bullying from the older years.

CLASSES AND TEACHING

We were divided alphabetically, and so my first year class was 1A, under Alderson, an excellent teacher of French. The boys of 1A, followed the rules well. This was probably because our classroom was opposite the head's study, and it was passed by most teachers on the way to and from the staff room. I remember one teacher saying that he could not understand why 1A always did better than 1B in every single year. He thought it was because of the status of the 'A' in their class name. But 1B had the most remote classroom in the school, on the third story of the old Headmaster's block. They got longer breaks between lessons to misbehave, and they could see any teacher coming across the playground, long before they ascended three flights of stairs to get to the classroom. I believe that this gave them a sense of freedom and independence which took some while to take root with the boys from 1A.

The atmosphere of serious teaching was strong, and we were immediately thrown into lessons of greater depth and intensity than I had been used to. But I found it all very interesting, including French and Latin, of which I had no experience at all. The whole class attended to lessons, and there was only insignificant 'messing about'.

There was to be yet another 'selection' at the end of the First Year. The highest scoring pupils from 1A and 1B were to be united into 2A, and they were to take their O-Levels one year early.

I thought that I had done well enough getting 13th position out of 30, but I still went into 2B. I was upset about this at the time, but I soon came to appreciate that I could learn better at a steady pace, rather than being 'hot house driven'. Two classmates, Dave Cummins and Steve Haite, went into 2A, only to be bounced back down into 3B in the third year! I believe that the fast-track four year 'Remove Class' stopped after our year. It certainly led to a strange passage through class numbering. 2A became 3A, but then became 5R in their fourth year. 2B progressed to being 3B, but then became 4A, and 5A in O-Level year!

I learned Latin, excellently taught by Mr Shaw, in the first year, but the school dropped it for 2B upon his retirement. I jumped at the chance to do Woodwork in my second year, but Academic elitism gave low status to Woodwork and Art. I felt it to be a narrow-minded belittling of artistic and craft skills, but I was ambitious, and I decided to give up Woodwork when we had to choose our paths to O-Levels in the 3rd year.

Academic elitism, and aping a Public School, led to an overpowering drive to make us aim to get to University. If you were 'second rate', you were still expected to remain in the academic world, and to train to be a teacher. A third acceptable, but more lowly path would be to join one of the forces. I clearly remember that the only 'Careers Advice' we had, was a single day in the 6th form where they said exactly this, and only advised us on applying for university etc. I cannot remember the precise details, but I was later told of a pupil who revisited the school after becoming a head of a big organisation in industry. Poyner was blind to his achievement in the 'real world', and tried to get him to apply for University!

I was in fact very keen to go to University to study English when I was in the 6th Form. But I also had a great feeling of 'inadequacy'. I felt that I had been trained within very narrow lines, and I was not fit to do anything else. The Careers Day had given us nothing to suggest that there were any other paths that we could take, outside of academicism.

The teaching at Prices was excellent, on the whole, but there were one or two weak teachers. Percy's History teaching largely consisted of getting us to copy explanatory cartoons out of text books. I had him for several years, and I did poorly in this favourite subject of mine at O Level. I can also remember wasting much of one year's English lessons writing out lists of adverbs, and other parts of speech. Tony Johnson was a breath of fresh air when he arrived in our third year, and encouraged independent writing.

It is a testament of the school's good teaching that almost all of us did well at O-Levels. I know, however, of two who fell away. Martin Gateshill had rheumatic fever in the 5th year, and he missed much of school as a consequence. Poyner persuaded him to leave just before he would take his O-Levels. I thought this very unfair because he might have achieved some passes, even if they were low grades. But Poyner probably persuaded him to go, in order stop him lowering the school O-Level grade percentages. 'Snowy' was another who did not take his exams. He should have done well at O-Level, but he had an uncontrollable nervousness about exams. Surely he could have been given some psychological support to cope with this? The continuous assessment that was later incorporated into education would have helped both of them. But such are the vagaries of the selection system which toss you aside, if you are not fit on the day. I know that Martin Gateshill did well after leaving school, but I am afraid that I do not know what Snowy did afterwards.

ELITISM AND CONSERVATISM

My father was a sheet-metal worker and a Labour voter, but most of the pupils seemed to come from a richer and more elite background than I had been used to. Many had parents in the Forces, and there was an ethos that Conservatism was the only acceptable outlook, and that working people and the Labour Party were to be frowned upon. My friends did not hold this outlook, however, and there were no battles between working lads and toffs. I now wonder if there really was such a large conservative majority. The overt conservatism of Poyner, many staff, and some vocal pupils, may have made us believe that it was more than it was. But it did strongly appear to be so. A lot of pupils may have just voted Conservative to go with the flow, and to support the school's 'aping' of a Public School. There was even a reasonable Labour vote in the school mock-elections in October 1964, although the Conservatives won easily. But the cracks were beginning to show. I remember the enthusiasm of the young Maths teacher, Gaulter, as it became apparent that Labour would win the General Election.

I suppose most people just accepted that Poyner and the majority of teachers were Conservatives, and conservative in outlook. It was that kind of place, pretending to be a public school! If you wanted to get on, you just let it go. We learned our lessons, and forgot about the ethos when we were outside of the school. I discussed and argued Labour/Socialist politics with fellow pupils, but we talked about a lot of other things as well.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTION: CCF, PE AND GAMES.

I was a tame pupil for my first three years at Prices, unquestioningly following rules to the letter. As I got older, however, I got angry about some of the flaws of the system. We joined the Combined Cadet Corps in the third year, and this 'got my goat' because I was by nature a pacifist. I also saw it as an utter waste of time. Wearing a uniform was enforced, but otherwise, my experience of the Naval Section was 'useless boredom'. Two periods of every week were wasted chatting in an obscure classroom, while the 'Able Seaman' in charge sat with his feet on the master's desk. He occasionally got out a board which had nautical knots on, but we never learned anything.

Every 18-year-old in the country had, until recently, been required to do two years National Service in one of the forces. We were lucky that we did not have to face this, but, from what I heard from Tony Johnson, National Service had been a similar sham, and an utter waste of time. I accepted that we should have an army, navy and air-force, but I did not hold a high opinion of life within their ranks; and I thought it outrageous that we were forced to play at being soldiers at school! I particularly hated the idea of blind obedience to authority, because many awful things had happened in the world through this.

Even the discipline in the CCF was a farce. We were supposed to get into trouble if we turned up in ordinary school uniform, but this was frequently ignored. We just got a 'telling off', every now and again. On one occasion there were about seven of us without uniform in the Naval section. Iredale, the teacher in charge of the Naval Section, angrily told us all to turn up at his Physics Laboratory after school for detention. Dave Cummins and I wondered whether we should just ignore this, but we eventually decided to go. We were the only ones to turn up, so we expected to be told we were good boys for turning up, and be allowed to go, while the others might face any retribution. Iredale was speaking to someone outside the Physics Lab door, and he did not acknowledge us, so we were forced to wait for a long time while he talked. Then, at last, he asked us what we wanted (he had obviously forgotten about the detention). We told him that we had been out of uniform. He angrily told us that we were 'a disgrace', and that we were to stay behind in detention in the Lab for an hour. We were outraged! He had totally forgotten about all of the other defaulters, and we were to suffer: the only two who had dutifully followed his orders! So we lingered a while, while he

continued his conversation, and when he looked away, we just turned and ran. He never chased us up about it. So not one of the seven defaulters ever paid for their misdeed. Such was the arbitrary sham of discipline in the CCF!

In the fourth year, I persuaded my father to write a note to say that I wanted to conscientiously object. I argued my case with Poyner, in his study, and to my surprise, he agreed that I could opt out. I was able to spend those two periods in the library, usefully getting my homework out of the way. A group of fellow pupils tried to conscientiously object after me, but Poyner just said 'No'. I was willing to protest with them, but they just gave up. I was very angry about this because I wanted masses to leave, and then the CCF would end. But I could do nothing. Poyner had deftly side-stepped any criticism that the school did not cater for conscience, and I was to be the school's token 'Conchie'. I had made my strong protest, however, and I, at least, could make good use of my time while the CCF sadly wasted that of others.

PE AND GAMES

I also objected to doing PE and Games on a Wednesday when I got to the Fifth Form, because it took three periods of study time away. I enjoyed football, some other games, and cross-country running; but hated playing cricket (probably because no one tutored me in batting, or even bowling and throwing.) I ran a mile to the bus every morning, or else rode 5 miles to school, so I felt that I was getting enough exercise. I wrote a note 'from my father', about my day's absence for 'illness' on every other Wednesday, when I was scheduled for games. I then wrote it every Wednesday, when games became weekly again. I thought that my class teacher, or someone, would eventually see the straight lines of regular absences in the register and confront me.

They never did, so I did schoolwork at home on Wednesdays.

DEBATING, CCF AND GAMES

Despite having conscientiously objected, I felt that all pupils should be free to choose whether do CCF, PE and Games. I wanted the issues discussed by the pupils. The new theatre/debating chamber was installed where the old 1A Room was in the Summer of 1967. Poyner agreed that we could have a debate there on the issue. I made a striking Poster for it with the title 'Why do we need the CCF and PE?' or something like this, and I put it prominently on the noticeboard, where it could be seen the length of the main corridor. There was a threatening figure of Tuck (the PE teacher) with a whip, and little cowering pupils in shorts. I also depicted Taffy (Howard-Jones), who was in charge of the Army Section. I gave him a swastika arm band, and depicted him overseeing a rigid troop of soldiers. It was a bit naughty to use the swastika, but it did symbolise the tyranny and blind following of orders, that I despised. The poster soon disappeared, and I went to complain to Tom Hilton that 'someone had stolen it'. He said that he was the one who had taken it down. This was not much of a surprise, but I wish I had asked for it back, to take home. I immediately made a tamer replacement, but it had striking colour, almost like a red sunburst. The posters worked well. They had been noticed, and a lot of people came for the debate.

I was unfortunately not successful in presenting my argument in the debate, itself. I wrote my argument, and I read it out like an essay. I had no experience of public speaking, and I made none of the emphases and pauses that could have helped my performance. Chris Bard was skilled in debate, so he came across better in opposing me, and we lost. Chris was not physically very strong, but he was mentally very able, and he had a great sense of humour. We became good friends later, but I failed in this chance to encourage a strong school opposition from the boys towards the CCF. I was

not so concerned about PE and Games. I thought they were a good thing for the lower school, and I just wanted them to be made entirely optional in the 5th and 6th forms.

I continued to absent myself from them without any consequences.

Bob Askew July 2022

DEMOCRACY AND SCHOOL COUNCIL

Bob Askew 1968 Diary Extracts

Since writing my memories of Revolt and School Revolution at Prices, I came across a notebook-diary covering January to June, which I had written at the time. It had many details that I had forgotten. This was a period when the youth of the country grew in independence, and was criticising the establishment and demanding change. In the 6th form we had seen our fellows in Secondary Modern schools leaving at 15, earning a wage, and living freely. Many of us wanted to be given more independence, and to be recognised as a voice in the school. Most of us disliked being forced to wear a uniform, and to follow such routines as the religious morning assembly.

Wed 13th March We went to see the Houses of Parliament to see democracy in operation. We had also covered democracy in the French Revolution in History lessons, and the questioning of society's restraints in English literature.

Thurs 21 March 6th Form Freedom Conference. This would seem to be a response of the Head and teachers to the desire for more freedom and democracy in the young. It was probably a big event at a Cosham school, with lectures rather than pupils discussing.

Fri 22 March Parents Debate. I guess this was about the balance between parental constraint and giving some freedom to teenagers. Mon 25 March Head talk on Discipline of the School. I guess he said that there had to be some order, so that pupils could work.

Wed 1st May. Barry Pollock and I went to see Poyner about Games. We were asking that they should not be compulsory in the 6th Form. Poyner was good enough to give us time to talk, and to invite us back next week.

Wed 15 May End of English lesson discussing the Ages gap, advance of our generation etc. It looks like Johnson gave time in English lessons for discussion of the troubles between young people and their parents' generation.

Thurs 16 May Again discussing change and pupil involvement in Johnson's English, and also in Perry's History.

Fri 17 May Andy Barnet and I went to Poyner in his office, and talked about change, and he seemed to agree to change and democracy. (We wanted the whole 6th Form to be prefects, so that there was not a small elite group.) He held back, but was tentatively very enthusiastic. He even put forward the idea of a 6th Form Council himself. We were in high spirits. I felt like going up to Johnson & saying 'Eric's come over,' or something similar. We talked about it in English.

Mon 20 May. Poyner discussed a 6th Form Council with Lower 6th Arts, and we were well received when we spoke about it with 6th Form Science people. Later discussion was 'not quite such a success'. Probably because we were not used to debating. And perhaps some strong voices against? Poyner did 'most of the talking' so he seems to have been supportive, and probably giving the structure.

Wed 22 May I did not go to the Founder's church service in St Peter and St Paul. So I missed the irreverent mock funeral procession with Roger Ching and John Chesters. Both I and the Chesters group were kicking against the unwanted tradition of religious services.

Fri 24 May I felt a dilemma between pushing for change, and wanting to be out of it. I am also disillusioned by friends who did not want to take part, or to have any democracy. I was also sad that Barnet was proposed as head, and not me!

Members of the Lower 6th were given the responsibility of reading a religious piece at Assembly. John Chesters mocked this by reading the Assembly 'lesson' in a pathetic, unbearable 'rise and fall' manner. Taffy told him afterwards that 'he needed practice'!

Meeting with Poyner. There was naturally some confusion and dissension from some pupils. It would seem that Poyner set the terms for the 6th Form Council. He was controlling the organisation, but it was probably useful because we had no experience of organising, or setting up groups. He said there were to be 11 groups, and each should elect a leader. I argued for electing leaders first, and for a more egalitarian rotor system. There seems to have been a wide-ranging discussion, but Poyner then insisted on getting on with the division into groups, and soon to do the voting. The choice of leaders seems to have worked reasonably well. There was a follow-up vote for a school leader amongst ourselves, and Barnet was chosen. Poyner wrote a set of rules, got them duplicated, and gave them to us in the afternoon. It would seem that Johnson and Perry were very sympathetic and encouraging. Some staff were firmly against the idea, but others were sympathetic, including some surprising members, such as Chaffee.

Perry said we could discuss the new system in the last half of his History lesson, but Poyner came in, and said Andy Barnet had only been voted leader for the meeting. This seemed a deceitful betrayal because Poyner didn't want him! He said that there would be no privileges given until results, which was actually a good incentive for us to do the duties. After Poyner had gone, Perry advised us to 'clamp down on the lower school' to make a good impression. This was good advice because we were rather naive!

I heard of a reactionary move from Briscoe to attack the surface appearance of change/revolt: He told Martin Short that he would not be allowed in the Technical Drawing Room until his hair was cut.

Mon 27 May I rushed around the playground, passing on Perry's advice to go in 'hard' in managing the lower school, to prepare to get an ordered assembly. The Assembly went OK. I would seem that we wanted to stop the traditional punishments, such as caning, and Poyner spoke with us about this. Lawford was upset at my criticism of the CCF.

Tues 28 May Assembly Barry Pollock read from rostrum. Committee Meeting. Andy Neal putting motions. Barry Pollock elected chairman, but he moaned for a while, and then left. Motions supported? But there was a vote to only meet on Tuesdays, which meant the next meeting would not be until two weeks later, because of half-term.

Fri 7th June Headmaster's period, and Committee Meeting were 'subdued' with Andy Barnet, Andy Neal and Barry Pollock absent. Agreed to my proposal that the meeting should not be restricted to the leaders, and that anyone could come along.

Mon 11th Some complaints from fellows about getting no privileges yet, but they accepted it. Discussions and half agreements. Mon 17th June Headmaster's period. ? Poyner saying 'let's not change!' Committee Meeting. Others were now allowed in, and some turned up. Read Head's notes. Anger that Head was now only going to publish replies on the noticeboard [it would seem he was

not going to give us so much time in future], and there were some complaints that there was no school dance yet. I proposed an Arts Club and someone shouted me down. I withdrew a bit.

I was keen to have an Arts Council and pupil-run magazine. I discussed it with Johnson and he was supportive.

END

The Diary run out of pages about 4 weeks before the end of summer term, and I cannot recall details of subsequent meetings. I think that we must have been given the old Head's study as a common room as a 'privilege', around this time, because the earlier meetings were in the library, or in classrooms. The meeting where I made the mistake of saying that we could 'slander the masters' was in the common room, and so probably in this period. When the school reopened in September, Poyner went back on the agreement that all 6th form should be equal as prefects. I then gave up with the school, and I did nothing beyond attending A-level lessons. The Committee Meeting, and the desire for a pupil-run magazine seem to have lapsed in the general disillusionment.

PERSONAL REVOLT IN THE HEADY 1960s

LOVE. PEACE AND HAIR

The mid 1960s were heady years. We loved the rock and folk music which was rarely played on the BBC, but we could find it on Radio Luxembourg and the Pirates. Reception was poor, but it was wonderful to hear our music on the radio. Bob Dylan's 'Times they are a Changing' was almost an anthem to us, and we believed that things would change politically for a fairer more egalitarian society. In 1967, the year of love and peace, there was such a strong embracement of these ideals among younger people that we felt that the world would truly become a better place. To be 16 that year was, to quote Wordsworth 'very heaven'. The pop music of the time embraced the ideals, but the music itself progressed, so we did not 'grow out of it', as previous generations had. The Beatles became wonderfully inventive, as did many individuals and bands now merely labelled as 'progressive'. Youth culture, as a whole, was developing and becoming powerful. We expected the church and the establishment to embrace the ideals of love and egalitarianism. Why not? We had had Jesus's message of pacifism and love pressed upon us in Religious Assemblies and moral teaching throughout our school life.

The first hints of a backlash were the church's heavy-handed and heartless condemnation of the whole of youth, because free love without marriage was part of the culture of freedom. They could, and I believe should, have allied with the greater ideal of 'love and peace' that was held in common. We were sad about the backlash, but dismissed it as ignorant conservatism, and carried on, knowing that we were in the right.

HAIR TROUBLE

In 1965, I thought that we should be able to wear our hair long like the Beatles and other groups, but the school said it should be short, like our parents' generation. I did not agree, and so I let it grow. No teacher pulled me up in lessons about it, but I had to be wary of Poyner, and Tom Hilton. If they spoke to me, I had to make the choice between cutting it, or leaving the school. I generally managed to keep out of their way most of the time, but I occasionally had to make this choice. Tom was not so bad: I would just run the other way if I saw him coming, and he never tried to follow it up after.



Bob Askew, aged ??

In 1966 the Mommas and the Poppas group became a great inspiration with their strong vocals and 'Hippy' lifestyle; and the men sported beards and moustaches. I let my embryo moustache grow. It was rather whisky and did not show much, so I was rarely told t cut it. I had stronger stubble on my chin, but did not think the school would accept a beard, so I let my sideburns grow. They were quite thick, and I gradually let them get longer. I was told to 'take them off' a few times, but I merely shaved them higher, and gradually let them get lower again.

FLAIRS AND UNIFORM TROUBLE

I had no problem with the school uniform up until the 5th form. The blazers were rather expensive when bought from Silvers, but I thought them a good thing because they gave a sense of equality, with everyone looking the same, no matter how rich or poor. Most of us wore the silly caps as little as possible outside the proximity of the school gates, so they were no problem.

When Sonny and Cher appeared on Top of the Pops in 1965 with 'bell-bottom' flairs, I became inspired. They looked much better than the boring school trousers, or the silly Naval bell-bottoms that we were forced to wear in the CCF. They were not available in any Fareham shops, even if I could have afforded them. So, around 1966, I got my standard dark grey school trousers, undid the seams, and inserted 'V's of similar fabric at the bottom. I did a good job with the sewing machine, and they flapped around wonderfully! I was sure the school would try to ban them, but neither Tom nor Poyner, nor anyone, said anything. They probably had not noticed. So I added white string laced all around the hem. That had the desired effect, and Tom told me it had to be taken out. But he had been distracted from the flairs, themselves, and he had said nothing about them. So I could say he had legalised wearing them, if anyone else said anything! I soon made much wider flairs, but I was never told that they were not allowed.

I had happily accepted the school uniform up until the 5th form, but I felt that we should be free to wear what we liked in the 6th Form, like our fellows in colleges

In the 6th Form, we were directed to wear grey suits, or the lower school blazer. I decided to keep my dark flairs and wear a light grey jacket with them, as lip-service to the suit. I got away with it for some time, until Tony Johnson confronted me about it. (Was he told to do this by Poyner?) I said I did not have matching suit trousers. He told me that I must then wear my old blazer instead. I had been ready for this for some time, and I told him my that brother was wearing it. He seemed deflated by this, and he gave up. My brother was not exactly wearing it, but he might have needed it sometime!

So I was able to continue at Prices with long hair (usually), and a light grey jacket and dark grey Flares, which was not the 6th Form suit, nor the alternative of a standard uniform. I also replaced my ugly, heavy glasses with light John Lennon style ones. It was my little rebellion, and also an

embracement of the changing times that I expected to come. Gradually, many of the school had started letting their hair grow a little, and many media personalities who were not rock musicians sported Beatle-like haircuts. Rock Music and young song-writers were becoming mainstream. We felt that this indicated that the world was changing to accept the positive views of youth; and that love and a democratic equal society would prevail. We were too young to know that it was only a surface fashion, and that many of the long haired personalities remained 'establishment' underneath.

I find it heart-breaking to look back from today with much of our selfish unequal society still intact. But the 'world was our oyster', at that time, and it seemed that it would soon become the better place that we desired,

POST EXAM FREEDOM

Post O-Level exam time was a breath of freedom for us. We did not know if we would return for the 6th Form, and we felt free of all school bonds. We ignored the rules, and just did as we wanted. The teachers theoretically expected us to do 'private study', but they were unlikely to bother us because we might not stay on for the 6th Form anyway. We just got our names in the register, if we could be bothered to, and then we spent much of the time in the sun on the beach at Meon or Lee. It was a great time of personal freedom, and I believe that we matured quite a bit through having it.

DEMOCRACY

I had started occasional political discussions with Poyner in 1967 and 68, wanting to get more democratic activity in the school, rather than having everything thrust upon us from above. He was actually very good about this, and he received me for discussions in his study many times.
Poyner could see that there was a strong undercurrent of desire for change from younger people throughout the country. To his credit, he did not immediately weigh in heavily to stamp it out in Prices. He listened to myself and others when we asked for more democracy, such as a school council where pupils could suggest change, and give their response to any policy that came from the top. In addition, we wanted an entirely pupil-run magazine to discuss and communicate our ideas. I also wanted there to be no elite Prefects when we became the upper 6th. I thought that the whole upper 6th should be Prefects, and everyone share the duties. I was not sure what we wanted in detail, but I strongly wished for pupil participation, and I felt that we could work out the detail in democratic discussions and debate.

I, and others, had been asking for some time to have a 6th form Common Room for all 6th formers, to replace the elitist Prefects room. We thought there could be debate and discussion there, together with a fuller involvement in the workings of the school. The old School block had been demolished in the summer of 1967, and in the summer term of 1968 we got the old Head's Study as a 6th Form Common Room.

For the Lower 6th, this was again a time of freedom. Teachers were tied up with exam surveillance and marking, and we were largely left to ourselves to do 'private study'. So we were free to have discussion and debate whenever we wished.

We had some good discussions in the Common Room, but I was not experienced in debate, and I was not always careful what I said. I wholeheartedly believed in introducing democracy, pupil participation and decision-making, but I did not plan out any of my speeches. I just put my thoughts into words as I went along. On one occasion, I was doing well in a discussion about freedoms, and having an independent school magazine run by the pupils. I said that we should have our own

magazine so that we could say what we wanted; but I once carelessly included 'slander the masters', as an example. It was an unfortunate phrase. I only meant was that we should be free to write what we wanted. But Ryan and some others of the 'Right' persuasion seized on the phrase, and they made a highly critical response. The phrase was brought up again and again, no matter how I tried to deflate it. So I think we ended very divided, without the large majority that I had hoped for.
We did, however, achieve an undertaking from Poyner that all of the 6th Form should be Prefects, and not just an elite few. The other minor achievement was getting an empty plastic bucket over Poyner's head! We were enjoying our new independence, and we felt the Common Room to be our own, and that no Master should enter uninvited. So we put a bucket upside down on top of the half-open door. Poyner was very angry when he stormed in one day, and this made him even more angry, but it was a great achievement!

I might now question whether this lent any weight to Poyner's later decision to renege on his seeming willingness to give us a greater roll within the school. But I don't think so. We never thought this at the time, and he continued to discuss possible change with us.

The 'everyone a Prefect' idea would start immediately for us in the final months of the Lower 6th. So we all bought Prefect's ties, and did minor duties, and I think we organised ourselves into groups of four to six. One of the group's duties was taking turns to stand on the stage before the morning assembly started, to instil order and a moderate volume of speech. We then had to get total silence just before Poyner and the staff arrived. This gave some status to us, as we stood on the stage in our group before the staff arrived, and we felt we were being recognised, and would be given a greater role in school decisions

The experience of being in control from the stage later led to the 'Revolution Assembly', or 'Mock Prize Giving' of December 1968, which Kevan Blundell writes about elsewhere. I had given up on the school at the stage, and I missed it by skiving off to see the shops in Gosport. But, judging from the kind of sketches that I had seen in the past, it was mere humorous satire. I thought they might be told off for going a little too far in satirising a visiting military dignitary. But Poyner was draconian in expelling two pupils, and he suspended others, so that they were never to return to school premises. Several good people were lost to the school. Poyner had grabbed a chance to behead any further 'Revolution', and to frighten prospective adherents! I think it was a massive over-reaction, and very unfair. To cap it all, Poyner then 'allowed' a couple of them to take their A-Levels at Prices in the Summer. This let him 'have his cake and eat it'. He had the pupils separated from the school, where they could not 'corrupt' it, but he kept the kudos of their good exam results in the school figures! I saw it as Machiavellian manoeuvring to thwart 'rebelling' pupils, in that optimistic and heady time of political hope throughout the country.

Another Prefectorial duty was checking that there were no pupils in the classrooms at break and lunchtime. I am afraid that this lapsed, especially after the making of the new elite Senior Prefects. My group just sat upstairs in the new block, chatting and doing homework. Tom came in once, doing our checking work for us. Perhaps he realised that the checking had become inconsequential. We thought he would be furious with us, but he just said that we were OK, and could stay because we were working. I guess he had not looked at the rota to see who should have been checking the rooms!

We were all hot for change in the school. People of our age did not have to wear a uniform at the Technical College, or at work. Nor were they required to attend a daily religious assembly, and do compulsory PE and Games, etc. There was a huge Anti-Vietnam protest that March in Grosvenor Square. Youth Revolution was in the air nationally, and voiced in rock and folk songs as well as in political movements. Andy Barnet and I became influential democratic representatives, and we had

discussions with Poyner about more choice and democracy. Poyner once said to me 'I could make you a leader in this school', but I did not respond, believing he wanted to get me on his side, and then force me to make compromises. It was generally felt that both Barnet and I had a good chance of being made Head Boy. But I now feel that he planned all along to allow the pupils get some freedoms to reduce the pressure for change, and then to reimpose a hierarchy. He asked us if we would agree that returning Upper 6th formers could be *ex officio* Prefects. We could see no problem in this, seeing them as mere A-Level repeaters. On the first day of Autumn term, Poyner made every returning Upper Sixth-former a Senior Prefect, thus re-creating an elite, and he made one of them, Young, the Head Boy. We had been cheated, but we had theoretically agreed that they could join us as prefects. I was very angry about this, which I felt to be trickery, taking our egalitarian and democratic progress from us.

Most of the Upper Sixth felt they could do nothing, and so there was no strong protest. The imposition of elite Senior Prefects took away the kudos of everyone being Prefects, and most gave up doing any duties. I certainly lost my enthusiasm to work with the school for change, and I retired from almost every aspect of school life after this. I did my A-Levels, but I got out of the school buildings on every opportunity that I could. So, sadly, I did not contribute to the Black Lion or any other positive aspect of the school that did come into being.

I later became friends with Chris Bard, who had beaten me in the debate on CCF and Games. He had an unassuming appearance, but a Machiavellian steeliness underneath. He shared the same outlook as us, but he had seen our defeats, and he plotted a different path of rebellion. He cynically decided to join the system, pay lip service to it, and get what he could out of it. He changed the library index system so that the older librarians could not work it, when they returned from exams. So they had to make him the head librarian, on his path to power. I was very pleased to hear that he was later made Head Boy. He probably achieved some of the things that we had wanted through quiet manipulation, rather than overt 'revolution'. He eventually became a Curate, and I believe that Poyner would have been upset if he had seen the irreverent humour of his self-made Christmas Cards, or if he had heard him sing his own composition 'It's weird but it's fun'!

I guess that we did achieve something through our activities by bringing the desire for pupil recognition and participation to the fore in 1968. Our sights were perhaps too high in expecting to get some control of school policy, but we probably would have been happy with a school council to give us some element of recognition, and to feed our views up to the management. Student representation has followed all over the country, and even Prices got the Black Lion pupil run magazine, and student concerts. I was upset to hear that the school was to change to a Sixth Form College, thus ending over 250 years of history. I had hoped for an amalgamation with Fareham Girls Grammar to make the school a larger co-ed. The change to a Sixth Form College, however, did bring it nearer in organisation to what we had desired. It is a huge upset that the college was soon closed. Even then, the old buildings could have been saved and incorporated into the housing estate. But even these have been taken from us.

This exercise in memory has given me a better understanding of my past. I am glad that I spent those days at Prices School, and I still feel that it was a wonderful experience to live through that time of heady idealism, despite our failure to get big change in the school in one fell swoop.

Bob Askew,

(Prices 1962-69) June 2022

Bob Askew and Musical Education, Prices and afterwards

MUSIC AND HAMPSHIRE FOLK SONGS

EARLY MUSIC EXPERIENCE

I would have liked to learn a musical instrument when I was young. But instruments were rare in the 1950s. The radio had taken over, and few people played, or even sang. Like most children, I wanted to tinkle on a piano, on the very rare occasions when we visited someone who had one. There were no cheap toy keyboards in those days, and there were no instruments played at home. My father was given a violin from someone in turn for a favour, and he would get it out and pretend to play when we had a visitor, but none of us ever attempted to learn it. It seemed so complicated. The strings had to be tuned, and we did not know how. And then there was no marked place to put your fingers to get the notes. Playing an instrument was another world, a mystery to us, that 'richer, talented and more educated people' did. (I later learned to play the violin quite well, so the myth of inability deprived us of musical development as children)

Locks Heath Church of England Primary School was not much use either. The school did not teach recorders, or any instrument. One of the teachers could play the piano, but she only used it to accompany singing. Musical education was learning a song by practice. The girls then had to sing it first, and then the boys sang it after them. The boys were invariably less confident, and the teacher delighted in shaming them against the girls. I still don't understand what she was trying to do. If it was intended to build confidence in singing, it certainly had the opposite effect on the boys!

We were taught 'Do Re Mi…' through practice, but that was the sum of our formal music education. We did, however, enjoy the BBC's 'Singing Together' on the radio which included the learning of some folk songs, and we all became familiar with hymns through communal singing in assembly. We enjoyed these two activities where boys and girls sang together without shaming competition, but we did not get a very strong grounding in music at my primary school. (I was very happy to find that the school today regards music as very important, and that they have lessons for 'instrumentalists' as well as singers).

MUSIC AT PRICES

My limited musical experience was not enough for Prices in 1962. I would have liked to have trained to sing in the choir, but I failed Mr Boot's audition. I think I could have done OK, but he was very condescending about 'Doh, Re, Mi', and told us to sing a scale of 'Vey, vey, vey…'. So I sang the first notes well, but I did not know where the last note in the octave was, and I just faded at the end. Boot said 'Next', and I was out. My friend Colin Burgess was lucky enough to get into the choir, but Boot soon threw him out with a feeling that he 'could not sing'. This phrase was frequently used in those days, shaming many into never trying to sing throughout their life. Boot certainly never tried to give the support and advice that we needed. In our adulthood, it became known that almost everyone can sing, and only a tiny percentage were 'tone-deaf'. Most of my fellows had given up by then, having lost the chance to embrace music when they were young.

There was opportunity to learn the violin at Prices, but I never thought to bring my father's, and ask to do it. I was also worried that it would be costly, and I believe that all those who got violin tuition had some previous experience. Most of us felt that the standard would be too high for any of us ever to achieve. If we had known that the 'orchestra' was perhaps not of Olympian perfection, we might have asked again for a chance to join.

My music experience at Prices was limited to communal singing in assemblies, plus, some 'Music Appreciation' in later years when it was too late. I found it very difficult to sit and listen to classical music by then. I did not listen to pop music either, thinking it the 'simple rubbish' that many people

in the media implied. My father repeated what they were saying: 'they only strum guitars, and can't play the notes on them'. The overpowering elitist bias in the media, education and elsewhere, resulted in most people having no realisation of the power of relatively simple music!

RECORDS AND PLAYING MUSIC

When I became friends with classmate, Barry Pollock, he introduced me to attractive pop music like the Beatles, Rolling Stones and Animals etc. I immediately liked it, and related to it. We listened to records for free in booths in record shops, and bought a new one occasionally. We also rode long miles on our bikes to buy second-hand records in Portsmouth. We lent them to each other, and sometimes swapped them temporarily with other friends. Records were expensive, and the only way to hear a range of them repeatedly was to make these exchanges.

'Folk singers' such as Bob Dylan, Donovan and Joan Baez were part of the scene, and I decided that I had to get hold of a guitar. I wanted to write my own personal and political songs, and perform them. The school certainly had no interest in encouraging anyone to learn the guitar, so I knew that I would get no help at Prices. Guitars were not cheap or easily available in early 1965, but I eventually got a very poor one. I think my father must have bought it very cheaply from a second hand shop, or else picked it up when it was being thrown out. Its machine-heads were very worn, so I was not able to learn how to tune properly by ear. I had to learn by chord shapes, and retune it after (and sometimes during) each song! It must have sounded awful.
But I gradually learned the basics, self-taught, with some input from classmate, Dave Cummins, who could give chords to me. He had a lovely Hagstrom guitar, and he was a wonderful musician. He could mimic any song really well, immediately after it came out. It is a great pity that Prices music policy totally ignored such talent, along with the potential of untutored 'wannabe' musicians like me. An open pupil's music concert would have encouraged everyone. I cannot even recall hearing anyone from the schools formal music education perform. We never heard the school orchestra, let alone any solo musicians. I have also become aware of the fact that the CCF band were never given an opportunity to show their talents in assembly or in concert. If they never had the chance, what opportunity was there for anyone playing 'pop' or 'folk' music. Music was a narrow elitist activity at Prices, but even this was demeaned and sidelined as insignificant 'Art', way beneath the academic core of learning.

Over the next years, I worked hard to learn songs with chords from cheap song books, or else supplied by Dave Cummins. I gradually got better, but I wasted a lot of time, through ignorance, persevering at 'impossible' chords, and other blind alleys.

I learned some popular folk songs with a friend from a younger class, Dave Garside, but I cannot remember finding a venue where we could perform. I wanted to progress musically, and I later worked hard to learn solo Country Blues guitar. I got to know the mathematical basis of music, and I even learned Indian scales to get a wider variety of sound. But times were moving on! Good cheap guitars had become available, and lots of people were learning to play very well. So I decided to give in to,my desire to perform, around 1971. I would just use the guitar now and again for my own pleasure. I later learned to read and play music notation, and I learned the recorder and the violin, to a reasonable standard. If primary school had given me a start, and Prices had taken me up, I might have learned musical proficiency at an earlier and more useful time in my life.

MY DAUGHTERS AND MUSIC

I had two daughters, and I left old musical instruments, bought from boot sales, lying around. They took them up, and later asked for tuition. Hazel passed her grades in flute and harp, studied Folk and English at University, and became a member of the folk group Lady Maisery. Emily learned recorder, cello and piano, taught herself violin, and graduated in Early Music at the Guildhall school of music. They perform as a duo, The Askew Sisters, and both also teach music. I would not have progressed so far myself, but if they had been born in 1950, they may not have got very far with music at all, and their talents would then have been lost to the world. I still get very angry when I think of people of my age who still believe that they 'cannot sing', and cannot play instrument, because of the dismissive and elitist attitude towards music which was so pervasive in Prices, and other schools, in the 1950s and 60s.

I have spent much time working for Social Services in Residential and Day Care for people with disabilities, and I found my musical ability very useful to bring songs and music into their lives. My last years of employment were in Southwark Studies History Library, which exercised my strong interest in History, and it was somewhat less hectic!

HAMPSHIRE TRADITIONAL SONGS

I liked rock/pop, but I have always been interested in traditional folk songs, and this interest became stronger as the years have gone on. I became interested in the traditional folk songs of Hampshire, my own historical heritage, about 20 years ago. Others did it before me, but I took it upon myself to research and publicise the local folk songs of Hampshire. I have given talks and worked with singers in concerts, and on CDs. I spent many days poring over microfilm, and in laboriously photocopying material. Few people knew about Hampshire folk songs at that time, but they are now becoming better known, since the English Folk Dance and Song Society has put them on their website. Anyone can now view every one of them, free of charge. There were over 1000 collected from many localities all over Hampshire. Most were noted by George Gardiner, just over 100 years ago. Over 30 were noted in Fareham, where I went to Prices, and 17 in Locks Heath and Titchfield where I grew up!

They may be regarded as minor literature, but together with their tunes, Ralph Vaughan Williams stated that many 'within their small compass' were equal to the works of the greatest composers.

I have also worked on English folk ballads or 'story songs'. I researched them and I have run a discussion session which has dealt with 50 of them over the past 8 years.

I am only an average singer, but I enjoy singing these traditional folk songs, especially those that were sung by our forebears in Hampshire. They were sung by untutored singers in their working culture, unknown and unappreciated in the mainstream world of music. In many ways they were an 'underground culture', very similar to rock and pop music before 1967, when the BBC brought out Radio 1 and 2 to play them en masse. The folk songs were 'unknown', until the likes of Vaughan Williams and George Gardiner started to search for them around 100 years ago; and they used their melodies to found a new English orchestral music.

I am very happy to use my limited musical ability to air these songs. My hope is that even more people will come to know them, and to hear them sung by musicians with more beautiful voices, and greater talent than myself. There is room in this world for everyone to sing or play!

Bob Askew July 2022

PRICES SCHOOL VISIT TO SOHO IN 1967

Bob Askew remembers an interesting Coach Trip

(I have referred to three friends as A,B and C because I have not been able to contact them all to see if they are happy to be named in this 'memory')

I regretted the loss of girls at school from my start at Prices, and I wished it had been co-ed. I knew that I was going to a single sex grammar school, aping a Public School, but I regretted it more strongly as I grew through adolescence. Girls had been separated from us, and I was wary of talking to them. Ribbing from classmates may have been a factor, but the separation was huge, and the gulf almost impossible to cross. I exchanged a few words with a girl now and again, but I never got a proper girlfriend until the end of my teens. Several fellow pupils said that they felt the same at Prices.

Sex in a single sex school in the 1960s was much hidden. The 'F' word was known, but little used. You got called a 'homo' if you sat too close to anyone in the first year. And in the second year someone told me that everyone was either 'a homo or a sex maniac!' and demanded which I was.

In 4th year Biology we learned about the reproductive organs of the rabbit, and we were told that humans were much the same. That was the extent of our sex education! I don't know about pupils who did not do Biology, but I expect they gleaned information from friends. It is surprising what children said even in primary school. I don't think many parents told them anything about sex. There were high kicking leggy girls on shows like the Black and White Minstrels, but that could be claimed as 'mere dance!' You might find nude breasts in the Daily Mirror and Sun, but nudity on the TV was virtually nil. There was a magazine 'Health and Efficiency' that had photos of nudists, and Playboy was being published, but they rarely appeared at school, and I don't recall getting to see one myself. The only instance that I can recall was a colour photo of Brigitte Bardot in see-through knickers that someone brought in one day. We had certainly not seen a full-frontal nude in the flesh.

In 1967, Tony Hiles, the Art teacher, took us on a coach trip to London see the National Gallery, and the Tate Gallery. Rail fares were expensive for us, and the coach hire was much cheaper. I found it wonderful to see the masterpieces in real life, and for free. There was no colour TV in those days, and the majority of pictures in Art books were reduced to monochrome. I was certainly inspired to go further in Art by the trip. And so was Friend B, who recently told me that his eyes were opened by the really vivid colours of the masters there.

Others on the trip were inspired by something different: the cheapness of a coach trip to London! Keyworth, and some friends, decided we could organise a trip to London ourselves, without teachers. We could see the sites, and the shops, and we could even wander through mythical Soho unchaperoned! Most of the class liked the idea of the coach trip, and so we set off independently to explore the big city. I think was November 1967, so we were aged about 16.
I don't know if any of us had girlfriends, and I think we were probably all virgins, although we did not admit it. (Elite single sex schools do not help male-female relationships in the awkward years of adolescence). As we ploughed through the London traffic, Keyworth, and others near him, looked down upon a cab where a man had his hand up a young woman's skirt. I missed it, but the prudish ways of our parents and teachers had been breached. Sex did exist, and the older generation indulged in it!

We got out of the coach, and split up into manageable groups. I was with Friends A, B and C. I think most people just wanted to see the shops and cafés of London, and perhaps to wander trough Soho, in the hope of seeing some semi-naked advertising pictures. After some wandering around, I said that we should do something that we could tell the others about. I suggested going into a strip club,

and all agreed. We thought we could pass for 18 (coming on 21), but It was not as easy as we thought. I think we were refused at one or two clubs, but we were finally accepted by one of them. It cost 10 shillings, which was a lot of money, but we decided to pay. Then came a blow. The club was a front, and the real club was somewhere else. A young chap was directed to lead us there. We all started walking briskly. Then he started running very fast, in an attempt to lose us, zigzagging and turning off side-streets. But we were very fit, and we caught up with him; then we kept very close beside him. There were four of us, and we looked angry, and managed to convince him that he would not get away with it. None of us were brutal, and we probably would not have hit him, but he did not know that!

I don't think any of us could have found our way back to the first place after our tortuous journey there, but we eventually got to a real Strip Club called 'Gina's". We were then told we must also pay an additional 10 shilling registration fee. We were very angry at this sudden doubling of the entry fee, and we grew threatening, wanting our money back. We finally negotiated that one person's membership fee would get us all in as 'guests'. Friend A paid it, and I believe we agreed to pay him our quarter later. We went in, at last, after being told that we were to 'stand at the back'. We may also have been told not to drink. We accepted this because we knew that we were under 18; and it was probably 21 to get into a strip club in those days. We went down the stairs to a darkened room which had a bar across the back, and a brightly lit low stage at the far end. We were standing, but we had a good view over the front rows of heads in the narrow room.
This was to be our introduction to sex and female nudity. Most men are attracted to the naked female form, but in a single sex school there was little contact with girls of our own age. It took some time for most of us to master our inhibitions, and develop an ability to chat with girls. Seeing a young woman naked had been a fantasy.

A young woman came onto the stage fully clothed to some tinny music. She gradually took off each bit of clothing. She had a G-string on underneath, but it was more than we had seen before. After moving around for some time, she finally unclipped the G-String. She quickly turned to face us, totally naked, with her legs together, and the curtains slammed across. It was a wonderful revelation, as I realised for the first time that women had pubic hair. We did not see any of that in the National Gallery! And I now knew what that dark area was in the Brigitte Bardot photo! The show was repeated with different routines, and a number of different young women. I particularly remember 'Rusty Springbock' who wore a high blond wig, and a long split dress to look like Dusty Springfield. But the star of the show was Gina, who was very attractive with 1960s blond hair. Her performance was probably twice as long as the others; and unlike them, she carried on for quite a time totally naked. I don't know if it was legal, but everyone appreciated it.
We eventually came out. The show was repeated in a continuous loop, so we probably came to leave after the first act came around again.

We were 'walking on air' In the dull car-polluted atmosphere of Soho. We had done something new! We passed the bright lights and the showy nude posters knowing what we had experienced, and which the others probably had not.

I cannot remember where we ate. It may have been at a Lyons Corner House because Tony Hiles had favoured the one in Trafalgar Square. We eventually got back to the coach on time, and we found that no other group had been to a strip club, and so our kudos was very high.

On the journey home, there was some singing, and some mildly raucous behaviour. It was nothing to worry the coach driver, being no worse than the average seaside trip, and probably much milder. We did the customary collection for the driver as we neared Fareham, and all seemed to be going well. The coach driver had seemed happy to have us, but he muttered 'What a —-lot' just before

Keyworth was going to give him his collection. I later found out that Keyworth decided to keep the money, and good for him! We never paid Friend A our share of the membership because he was happy to have the kudos of keeping the card for himself. We may have hoped to revisit the club with him again, but we never did. I believe that he did go there himself, but I don't know if it was with anyone from Prices.

I find it hard to explain the Strip club. It was certainly 'seedy' but that was because Strip Clubs had a semi-legal status. It was an effective entertaining 'show' with a stage, with some lighting and music. It seemed like a secret collusion between adult men and women to celebrate sex. The men watched, and the women gave a nice insight into the beauty of naked female flesh. It had a frisson of being a bit 'rude' and 'illicit', and It felt like an introduction to the adult world. I felt good after having seen it. Only a metropolis like London could harbour such things. They would have been frowned upon, and quickly closed down, if anyone had tried to open one in Fareham in 1967.

My friend B thought otherwise. He remembered that the visit was after the dreamy '67 'Summer of Love'. He was profoundly affected by the so-called "underground"; tune in, drop out mantra; how the world was going to change with a soft revolution. His view of the strip club was that it was part of the 'old order', and stuck in the 50s.

He felt that the place was 'seedy' and that it was degrading for the women. I think he felt that they were exploited. So he spent his time looking away from the stage and chatting to the bar maid. But I did not feel like him. I felt that the women were doing it of their own free will, and possibly getting some enjoyment out of it. There was plenty of other work in London, and I felt that they must have been paid reasonably well. I don't know what Friend A and C felt. It would have been interesting to know, but we did not talk about it. We did not want to talk crudely about the women, and I think we just thought that we all felt the same. I guess Friend A must have felt positively because he wanted to keep the ticket!

I started to draw studies of nude women, after the trip, inspired by some paintings in the National Gallery, but much more by the real life nudes in Soho! It was good art practice to get the proportions and anatomy right, but I probably enjoyed it for other reasons as well! I wanted to progress in Art, and I thought that I might support more inspired work by selling nude paintings. Later, I chose to study English at University, and my career took another path.

Friend B, like most of us had awkwardness with girls. 'I don't think Prices was good for me in that way. I had always wanted to go to a mixed grammar'. He remembered one classmate saying he had sex at 13/14. One or two others said they had sex with girlfriends at 16/17.

Friend B, like many others, got fed up with the narrow ways of the school early in the Lower 6th. He left the school for work, and he partnered at 17, achieving the intimacy we all longed for. I progressed to make some friendships with girls, but it was several years until I had my first time, and again saw such intimate sights. I think I would have had relationships sooner in today's more enlightened world, or even if it had been a co-ed school in those days. But I still feel that the trip was a good stage on my path to independence and adulthood. I have not thought about it for years, but this recollection has brought no regrets. Clubs with naked women have become commonplace today, and there is an excess of sex and semi-nudity in the media, which I think demeaning, and certainly boring. It was a rare 'exotic' and 'illicit' thing in 1967, and I still think that it was a great thing to have done.

Bob Askew July 2022

Further Lion magazine content:	**Bob** -- 3rd in 1965, **Junior Steeplechase Winner 1968.** Jan 1970 Part of a growing band of would-be Folk

	Musicians, gathering around Bard, Cummins and Wood

NB: **Ken** Askew - Brother of Bob	1st XV 1969. 1970/71 Rugby Squad	

The Price's Doughnut...

Pete Border takes up the story:

In response to Bob Askew asking about the Prices bakery and the origin of our 'Doughnut' nickname, I can provide the following information:

Prices Bakery had two sites in Eastleigh.

One was a bread bakery in Toynbee Road which produced 'Mothers Pride' when we were at school and the other in Leigh Road which produced cakes (including doughnuts) and confectionery.

They were bought up by Manor bakeries with the cake factory producing Mr Kipling cakes (Kipling Road runs parallel to Leigh Road, which I suspect is where the name came from) and the bread factory was turned over to producing Hovis. They then became part of Premier Foods which first decided the cake factory was no longer viable, closing it in 2005, and the same fate hit the bread factory in 2012.

I attach links to articles in the Southampton Echo about the two closures and a link to a Facebook page that includes a photo of the confectionery factory. If you scroll down the comments on the right of the Facebook page there is also a photo of an old Prices horse drawn delivery cart.

https://www.dailyecho.co.uk/news/5572632.mr-kipling-to-close/
https://www.dailyecho.co.uk/news/9529830.hovis-bread-plant-at-eastleigh-to-shut/
https://www.facebook.com/EastleighHistory/photos/manor-bakeries-leigh-road-formerly-prices-southern-confectioners-famous-for-mr-k/2063006330457042/

Nowadays the Confectionery factory in Leigh Rd has been replaced Hendy Ford and the Bread factory Toynby Road site is now a housing estate and Jewsons. The housing estate contains street names such as Granary Lane and Bakers Crescent, it also has a Bakers Quarter children's' play area. Regards, **Peter Border**

Astley	David	Dates	1959 - 1966



I had contact with Graham Hartridge through the Friends Reunited website the other day. He sent me the attached picture of me,

The picture was taken after we (with Fred Pitt (deceased), Graham Hartridge) and Roger Fisher received our Duke of Edinburgh Gold awards.

I was pleased to have received this from Graham as I lost all my school pictures in 1974 in a cyclone. You may also like to retain it for the SOP website as I don't think you have too many from our era.
Regards . . . David Astley (1959-1966)

Neil - David worked as a journalist after Price's, and emigrated to Australia in the late 60s. I was with him when Cyclone Tracy destroyed the city of Darwin in 1974 where we were both working then. I came back to England to go to university as a mature student. He moved from journalism into construction, trading and garden supplies, before switching back to media and running a network of broadcasting organisations in Asia from Kuala Lumpur before retiring to the Philippines. That involved a lot of travel and he's returned to travel writing in his retirement while looking for a new place to live. You could drop him a line to dastley@gmail.com He does follow the Old Priceans on Facebook

David -

Mon 11/07/2022 11:06

The biggest influence that Price's had on my life was not so much the D of E Gold Award, but more the mentorship of our Geography teacher, the late John B. Chaffey. It was through him that I became interested to explore the rest of the world. The D of E scheme certainly played a role in awakening an adventurous spirit which continues today as I travel full-time in my 'retirement' as a 'digital nomad'.

Neil is correct in that I worked in a number of different occupations, but those were primarily in my younger years. I started my career in media (as a reporter on the Chichester Observer and Portsmouth Evening News) and finished my career in media in 2010 (as Secretary-General of the Asia-Pacific Broadcasting Union having managed television networks in Australia and Asia). I've worked on all five continents and lived for extended periods in Australia, Malaysia and the Philippines. Currently, at 74 years of age, I am still working part-time as a travel writer and photographer, and have a digital library of nearly a million travel photographs from 94 countries.

From **David Astley** (1959-1966)

My geography teacher and form master, J. B. Chaffey, had the biggest influence on my career choice from my schooldays at Price's, although I didn't end up doing exactly what he had in mind. He encouraged me to become a geologist because I always scored high marks at geomorphology in his classes, and my interest in geography in general stimulated a yearn to travel.

However, instead of taking up a 'respectable' career as a geologist, I ended up working as a travel writer, which was not something that was ever on the lists of the career advisers at Price's. That led to working several years in the print media, following by a transition to radio and television whilst working in Australia, followed by satellite television management in Asia, and finally an eight-year stint as Secretary-General of the Asia-Pacific Broadcasting Union based in Malaysia before retiring in 2010.

After retirement I went back to what I enjoyed most at the beginning of my career – travel writing and photography – and now 12 years into my retirement and aged 74, I'm still travelling the world as a digital nomad, rubbing shoulders with digital media 'influencers' 50 years my junior, but enjoying being away from the high-stress rat race of the traditional media world. It wasn't what J. B. Chaffey envisaged, but I'm sure he'd understand why my career took a different path because he was always one to instil a sense of adventure in his pupils.



David Astley is a travel writer who has established gardens in tropical Australia, Malaysia and the Philippines. He currently lives in Thailand. He's authored several books on tropical gardening and was host of the weekly television program 'Darwin Gardener'.

A Brief History of David's involvement

There are thousands of travel blogs and dozens of online travel magazines on the web. Most cater to backpackers, families travelling with children, specialist adventure travellers or various luxury travel niches. There are not so many catering to older travellers, especially for those travelling in Asia.

Older travellers — whether they be empty-nesters, early retirees, baby boomers or senior travellers — tend to look for destinations and travel experiences where they can take things at a slower pace. They may have enjoyed white-water rafting and zip lining in their backpacking days, but now they are more interested in learning about the history and culture of places, and sampling local foods with a bottle of good wine at the end of the day. Many are retired, so are not constrained by dates by which they have to return to work. Some spend months on the road, seeing places that they never had time to visit during their working years.

In 2018, veteran journalist, photographer and traveller, David Astley, decided there was a need for an online magazine catering to this category of traveller in Asia, because the continent offers more to older travellers from Europe, Australia & New Zealand, and the US & Canada than many other parts of the world. As well, retirees living in Asia are travelling more than ever before, making countries like China, Turkey and Thailand amongst the most visited in the world.

David is well into his senior years having theoretically retired in 2010, but continues to be involved in media activities through travel writing and digital publishing projects

Ed.: David has been a serial contributor to this travel blog, and readers are encouraged to visit its website to make their selection of his output, of which just two examples follow:

Following Doctor's Orders—Reluctantly

September 14, 2021 by **David Astley**

My heart specialist has a wicked sense of humour. Every six months when I visit her for my check-up, I walk through the door of her consulting room and she says: "Wow, you are still here. I thought you'd be dead by now."

I'm 73 and I have severe atherosclerosis, caused by a combination of high cholesterol, stress and 25 years of cigarette smoking (commenced in the years when there were no health warnings about the dangers of smoking).



Atherosclerosis is hardening of the arteries. Its severity is measured by the amount of calcium in the plaque deposited inside the arteries. This is determined by means of a CT scan, and patients are given a calcium score. A score of 0-100 is good. Anything above 400 is bad. My calcium score is 1500 —or "off the scale," as my doctor calls it.

That puts me into the top 5 percent of candidates for a heart attack or stroke, but apart from one angina incident about 12 years ago, I've not felt like I have a serious health issue.

Sure, I can't climb mountains like I used to, and anything more than about 50 steps uphill leaves me out of breath, but aside from that, I still feel healthy.

My doctor keeps telling me that I need to slow down and take things easy, but every time I've tried to do that, I get bored. So bored that I feel I'm going to die of boredom, not a heart attack.

So I've kept working because, deep down, I'm hoping my doctor has got it wrong about my risk of a heart attack. After all, my dad is still alive and well at 98, and he smoked and had high cholesterol too.

I'm not working for anyone except myself now. The stress that contributed to my atherosclerosis came from 30 years of working in the television industry, trying to manage on-air personalities with egos that often exceeded their talent, audiences that you could never satisfy and boards of directors and shareholders who wanted to squeeze more profits from the stations for which I worked.

So it was with some relief that I "retired" 11 years ago, and left behind the world of endless meetings and office politics, and set out on a new journey on my own. I had started my media career as a travel journalist and that was how I was going to end it.

I travelled, wrote and edited a blog for older travellers and contributed to travel magazines. And I enjoyed every minute of it—that is, until a year ago when the coronavirus pandemic struck.

With borders closed around the world, limited flights, and quarantine lockdowns in many countries, my "new career" as a travel writer had come to an abrupt halt.

Like many others, I was stuck in my home office, nervous about venturing out for groceries, paranoid about getting a haircut, wondering about how long it would take to develop vaccines, and most of all, missing the buzz of boarding a flight with my laptop and camera to visit a new destination.

There's only so much that a travel writer can do from home. An article about virtual tours, maybe, one about preparing for future trips, perhaps, and others about countries that have brought the pandemic under control and are planning to reopen their borders to socially distancing tourists.

After that, the boredom set in. I tried venturing onto some Facebook travel groups to relieve the boredom. I got involved in a debate about whether blocking middle seats on aircraft would help prevent the spread of the virus from asymptomatic carriers. I commented that any amount of social distancing would surely be a help.

The response was horrifying. A Facebook user from Indiana replied, "Crawl back into your cave old man," and suggested that the coronavirus was an ideal way to rid the world of old people who were a drain on social security systems.

We had to die to save the economy, he said. Many other forum members "liked" his comment.

Needless to say, my venturing onto the Facebook debating stage was short-lived. For the time being I returned to my cave and tried to cope with boredom as best I could. My heart specialist would have been pleased that I'd slowed down, but this is not the way I envisaged spending these precious years of my life.

One Man's Vaccine Side Effects

April 11, 2021 by David Astley

As a frequent traveller, I'm used to having vaccinations and regular booster shots, and I have never had any adverse reactions to them. Even those like yellow fever and typhoid, which are sometimes regarded as "the nasty ones," as far as side effects are concerned, were a breeze. A slightly sore arm was the worst that I've ever experienced. The only vaccination I've not had to date is the one for Japanese encephalitis.

So, it was with no trepidation at all that I turned up at our local clinic for my first COVID-19 shot. I joined one of two lines of over-70s shuffling forward, socially distanced six feet apart, in through the front door, onto a seat in one of the treatment rooms, where the vaccinations were administered by two nurses under a doctor's supervision, then out the back door in an impressively well-organized, assembly-line process.



Driving home, I felt smugly satisfied that I could tolerate vaccines without any after-effects and went about my normal routine for the rest of the day (although I did forgo my usual glass of wine with dinner, just in case). I went to bed feeling on top of the world, knowing that I was on my way to building some immunity to the deadly virus that had disrupted our lives for the past year.

When I awoke in the morning, I momentarily forgot that I'd had my COVID shot the day before—until I swung my legs over the side of the bed and felt a strange tingling sensation in my buttocks. Then I realized I was not feeling well at all. It was like I had a hangover, but not the usual alcohol-induced hangover, where you have a throbbing headache and feel sick in the stomach. This was like a hangover that penetrated through my whole body.

I tried to stand up but had to steady myself on a chair because I was feeling dizzy. I sat back down until the dizziness passed, then slowly made my way to the kitchen for breakfast. Strangely, I hadn't lost my appetite, but I was very thirsty. I remembered that the nurse at the clinic had told us to drink plenty of water, so I guzzled down a large glass, followed by another of freshly squeezed orange juice.

I ate some breakfast and then decided to go back to bed. For the next two hours, I experienced some of the weirdest sensations I had ever felt. There was a dull pain under my rib cage that came and went. From time to time, I felt mild stabbing pains in different parts of my body. Nothing that wasn't tolerable but uncomfortable. I would feel a twinge in a knee. That would go away after a few minutes but then I'd feel pressure on a toe. That would disappear after a while, and so it went on, wondering which part of the body would feel funny next. Through all of this, I was feeling very spaced out and dizzy if I tried to stand up.

I didn't feel too concerned because it was mostly low-level discomfort, and I'd read that the COVID vaccination can have these sorts of side effects on people. I'd read too that the sensations I was experiencing were because my immune system was reacting to the vaccine and doing what it is supposed to do.

After several hours, the strange pains disappeared, but I continued to experience my "hangover" for most of the rest of the day. I stayed in bed until I started feeling better, about 10 hours later. During the evening, I felt tired but relatively normal—until I lay down to sleep. As my head hit the pillow, I became aware of a loud thumping noise in my right ear. I initially thought that maybe it was a blood vessel near one of the auditory nerves in the ear, but then I realized it was beating faster than my heart and at a more irregular pace.

I turned onto my side, and then to the other side, and sat up a few times to see if it would go away. It didn't, so I got out of bed and walked around, shaking my head, but the noise persisted. I tried some neck-stretching exercises, but that made no difference.

The noise was the only thing that worried me all day. It wasn't painful, but it was loud, and it was unlike anything I'd experienced before. I'd also not read anything about such sensations after a vaccination, so I wondered if it was unconnected.

Suddenly, the noise changed to a gurgling sound, like the last of the bath water disappearing down the drain, and then, as quickly as it had started, it stopped.

"That was bizarre," I thought to myself, and I waited to see if it would return. But it didn't. And so I returned to bed and I slept.

The next morning, I felt fine, just a little tired. It seemed like the vaccine had done its work, and that worrying, gurgling sensation in the ear was the farewell signal from the side effects.

I mentioned to my daughter what had happened, and she remarked that I'd had a much better experience than one of her friends, who had received the AstraZeneca shot. She was 30 years younger but had vomited the day after she received her jab. And a friend of mine, who is three years older and who had just had his second Pfizer vaccination, told me he had no reaction whatsoever to either dose.

It appears that people react in different ways to the various vaccines, and there's no way of telling in advance whether you will experience side effects or what they will be.

Vaccines are normally developed and tested over a five- to 10-year time frame, but the COVID vaccines have been developed in under a year. This was achieved because of the commitment of scientists and governments who recognized the threat to humanity the disease presents.

For me, the risks associated with a new vaccine are nothing compared to the risk of catching COVID and becoming seriously ill or dying. The stories of the suffering of people who are experiencing "long-COVID" were enough to make me want to be vaccinated at the earliest opportunity.

I'm told that the side effects from the second shot are usually worse than the first dose, but that's not going to deter me from completing my vaccinations. I'm now prepared for what's to come and will schedule a rest day for the day following my second shot. I feel privileged to be among the first to have been vaccinated.



He's been travelling for more than 50 years and has visited 96 countries to date. He's stayed in all types of accommodation from cheap backpacker hostels to luxury 5-star hotels. He's flown the best and the worst airlines in the world. He's seen plenty of travel scams too in those 50 years!

David is currently based in Thailand after living in the Philippines for more than 10 years, and travels extensively throughout the Asia-Pacific region. In 2002 he created a travel blog – xyzAsia.com – to document his travels when he was based in Malaysia as Secretary-General of the Asia-Pacific Broadcasting Union. He also used the blog to record his experience with a detached retina the following year.

Following his retirement he continued updating the blog whilst travelling through South and Central America, but then the blog was dormant for a few years whilst working on media projects in Bangladesh, Philippines, Thailand and Vietnam.



Pitfalls of Building a House in the Philippines

Tropical House & Garden MAGAZINE

David is a prolific contributing author to this publication. Here are some pf his articles.



Yearning to Return to Beautiful Costa Rica



White Gardenias



Bundaberg Distillery and Brewery Tours to Enjoy



Kiribati: One of the Least Visited Countries in the Tropics



Using Plants to Stabilize Slopes in the Tropics



The World's Best Orchid Gardens in the Tropics



Learning More About Uncommon Tropical Vegetables

Astley	Neil	Dates	1964 - 1971



He is best known as the founder of the poetry publishing house Bloodaxe Books.

In 1982 Astley received an Eric Gregory Award from the Society of Authors for a short collection of his own poems*, The Speechless Act*, later published by the Mandeville Press in 1984. His first book-length collection, *Darwin Survivor* (Peterloo Poets, 1988), was given a Poetry Book Society Recommendation. A second book of poems, *Biting My Tongue*, followed in 1995. He has also published two novels, *The End of My Tether* (2002/2003), which was shortlisted for the Whitbread First Novel Award, and *The Sheep Who Changed the World* (2005).

See also: Gazetteer, Part 2, for a more extensive reference to his poetry publications.

Brother of David Astley, also in Gazetteer, Part 2

Austin	Mark	Class of 73 - 78





I rode north to Loughborough for 3 years of civil engineering plus a year in South Wales fabricating and erecting steel bridges.

After graduation in 1984 I embarked on a career with various construction design consultancies starting in the town of my birth; Reading, then Qatar, Botswana and back to the UK in 1994.

Six years in Botswana was the best. Among many projects I was on a team supervising the construction of 150 miles of highway across the semidesert to serve a diamond mine. I lived at one end of the new road in a 'village' of 50,000 people where there was a decent hospital so my Type 1 diabetes was reasonably controlled.

In the village I found an ex-pat bible study group where I met another ex-pat, Faida, who I taught to drive using my work truck. Yes, we fell in love and were married at St Paul's Cathedral Blantyre, Malawi, not London) in 1990.

We set up our new home in Francistown, Botswana, joined a church there and in 1992 our daughter was born. In 1994 we took a few months off and travelled within the US where Faida had studied previously. Then we moved to the U.K.



After a brief spell improving the London Underground we moved to Manchester which has been our home ever since. We joined Ivy Church and are still a part of the Church serving Jesus in our adopted city.

Our son was born in 1995 and supports Man. Utd. (along with his Mum), although now living in London (Don't all Utd. Fans live there? I remain a Saints fan!

I project managed the design team for the 2002 Commonwealth Games Stadium which we later transformed into Manchester City's new 'Etihad' Football Ground.
I worked on the team taking the Second Runway at Manchester Airport through a public enquiry (remember Swampy?) and then changed firms to work on railways and Sports Stadia.





Midlife crisis hit. I returned to motorbikes, this time, off-road so trained for and completed a South Africa adventure in 2010.

After flying around the world chasing more stadium design work, I left the consultancy world and joined the Square Kilometre Array (SKA) team at Jodrell Bank, Cheshire in 2013.

From this UK base, I guided the design teams for the power and infrastructure serving 2 big data radio telescope arrays in arid regions of South Africa and Western Australia.

I retired from paid work in 2021 as construction was starting and the infrastructure design was sufficiently complete.

So I now ramble around the Peak District each week, do the Park Run most weeks and I mentor high schools kids who unfortunately have not had the foundational benefit of a Prices' education.

I also recruit volunteer coaches for the Manchester South & West group of the 'ReadEasy' charity (www.readeasy.org.uk) which coaches adults to read on a one to one basis. Please do let me know if you would like to coach where you live.

Martin's memories of Prices:

- Outdoor swimming pool was awful.
- Latin with Genghis.
- 1st year Biology and worm surgery.
- Sebastian:
- Fear of walking after school to the bus station through the shopping centre; playing snooker (did we pay?) and eating copious quantities of peanuts.
- Trying basketball (not successfully but my son was much better at it than me)
- Andy Bassom who carried me, and probably many others, through Further Maths with Sooty Cole.
- Mark Cam and our motorcycling exploits.

