

Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"B" Surnames

Surname	Fore Name(s)	Dates
Bailey	Anthony	1944 - 1948
Bailey	N.F.	
Bard	Christopher	
Bartlett	William James	
Bassom	Andrew	Class of 1973 - 1978
Bayliss	Michael Alan	1958 - 1965
Bayliss	Tom	
Beckett	Andy	1968 - 1971
Bedford	Dr. Ian D.	
Bell	Tony	Class of 1973 - 1978
Bennett	A.C.	
Betts	Gordon	Class of 1973 - 1978
Bewers	Peter	1960 - 1964
Bird	Tom	1960 -
Boote	Mr. Ronald (aka "Acker")	1908 - 1934
Botterill	Mark	Class of 1973 - 1978
Boul	Haydn (Lawrence)	
Bourchier	Mlle.	
Bradly	Mrs Edith Beatrice (née)Hynes	1908 – 1934
Bradly	Mr. Stephen Reginald Neville	1908 – 1934
Braham	Dr. Ernest	1943 - 1945
Brent	Richard	1954 - 1962
Brickwood	Robert	1967 - 1974
Bridgland	Richard J.	1954 - 1962
Briscoe	Mr. Cyril	- 1974
Buckley	Mrs. Deidre	
Buckley	R.F.	
Bundell	Ivor	1968 - 1975
Bundell	Kevan	1966 - 1973
Boul	Haydn (Lawrence)	Class of 1973 - 1978
Burgess	Andrew	Class of 1973 - 1978
Burnham	Edward	
Burridge	Jeff	Class of 1973 - 1978
Butcher	Eric	1941 - 1946
Byng	family	Early 1940s

Bailey	Anthony	Dates	1944 - 1948



Born in Portsmouth, on January 5th, 1933.

Educated at St. Benedict's School, Fareham, in Dayton, Ohio, at Price's School 1944- 1948, then Churcher's College, Petersfield 1948-1950, and between 1952 and 1955 in Merton College, Oxford University – with a B.A. and an M.A. in Modern History.

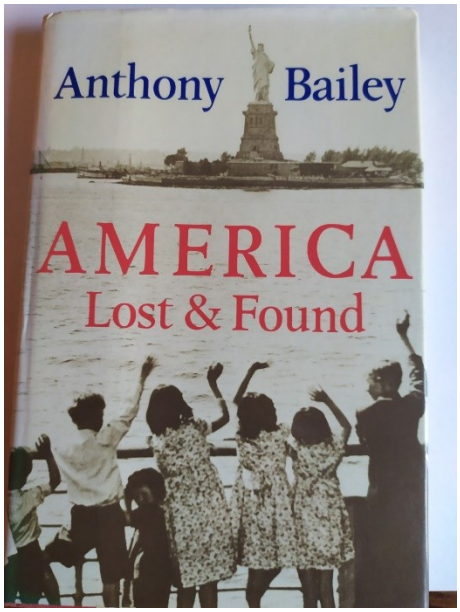
National Service: Commissioned as a 2nd Lt. in 3rd battalion, the Gold Coast Regiment, Royal West African Frontier Force.

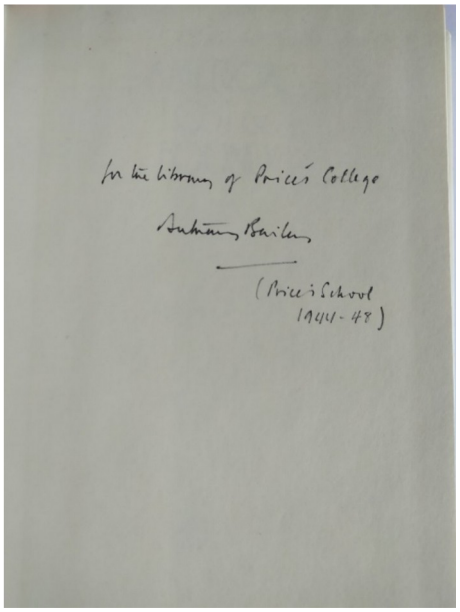


Staff writer for the New Yorker magazine 1956-1992.
Resident: Manhattan 1955-1960, Stonington, Connecticut 1960-1970, Greenwich, London 1971-2004, Mersea Island 2004 – present.

Married in 1957 to Margot Speight, with 4 daughters and 9 grandchildren

U.S. Overseas Press Club award – Best magazine Reporting from Abroad 1973,
Honorary Citizen of Oakwood, Ohio 1982.
Fellow Commoner of Magdalene College, Cambridge University 1994.
Lowell Thomas for Best Travel Book 1997
Author of 22 books, poems, short stories, pieces of reportage, and reviews. Work in many anthologies translated into Dutch, German, Italian, Spanish, Japanese and Hungarian





See also Creative Priceans Chapter in the "Lion Pride"

Obituary:

My father, Anthony Bailey, who has died aged 87 of Covid-19, was a staff writer at the New Yorker magazine for more than 35 years and the author of books about the lives and works of the artists JMW Turner, John Constable, Johannes Vermeer and Rembrandt.

One of his best known books, In the Village (1971), which describes life in a small American town and the sense of community that village life fosters, was written while Tony was living for a decade in the seaport town of Stonington, Connecticut. Reviewing it in the New York Times, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt said: “The spirit of Thoreau is everywhere.”

Tony was born in Portsmouth, Hampshire, to Cowper Bailey, a manager for the National Westminster bank, and Phyllis (nee Moloney), a former secretary at the US consulate. As a boy during the second world war, and at a time when it was thought a German invasion of Britain was imminent, he was evacuated to the US and lived in Dayton, Ohio with a foster family, Otto and Eloise Spaeth. Returning to Britain, he completed his schooling, and did national service in the army with the Gold Coast Regiment in Ghana.

After studying history at Merton College, Oxford, in 1955 he went back to the US, where joined the New Yorker as a Talk of the Town reporter and met his future wife, Margot Speight, an artist and writer. They were married in 1957.

Tony was soon writing long pieces for the New Yorker, describing adventurous walks around Manhattan, in Wales and on the Isle of Wight, as well as along the iron curtain, the islands of the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and the Côte d'Azur. He was an indefatigable sailor, and recounted his voyages along the coasts of Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts, through the Inland Waterway from Daytona to Norfolk, Virginia, and down the River Severn in a coracle.

His account of a walk along the Boyne with the Irish poet Seamus Heaney was one of a series of New Yorker articles between 1973 and 1979 that were collected later as Acts of Union – Reports on Ireland (1980).
He also wrote memorable autobiographical pieces about his experiences as an evacuated child in the US and his return there in 1955; and about his life after he went back to Britain for good in 1970. They were incorporated later into two volumes of autobiography, America, Lost and Found (1980) and England, First and Last (1985).

After leaving the New Yorker in 1992, Tony published books on artists that included Vermeer: A View of Delft (2001), shortlisted for the Whitbread biography prize.

Tony and Margot lived in Greenwich, south-east London, where he was involved with the Greenwich Historical Society and the Turner Society. They later moved to Mersea Island, near Colchester, Essex, where he was able to continue pursuing the passion for sailing and walking that is reflected in poems in The English Boat (2013) and A Walk along the Boyne (2018).

Tony is survived by Margot and their four daughters, Liz, Katie, Rachel and me, and nine grandchildren, and by his sister, Bridget.

See also Lion Pride Chapter - Price’s Creators

Bailey	N.F.	Dates	1963

CHRISTIANITY IN PAPUA & NEW GUINEA

I and four other young Englishmen are here serving in the Anglican Diocese of Papua and New Guinea under the patronage of Voluntary Service Overseas. Another volunteer and I flew out by Comet about six months ago. After a short but arduous journey we arrived at the main port of Papua, Port Moresby. It was here that we first saw how the other half of the world lives. It was indeed an eye-opener, as we saw malaria and T.B. infested boat-houses, scarce fit for pigs of live in inhabited by Papuan families. And yet Port Moresby is supposed to be civilised. It made us wonder what we would find when we finally reached our isolated Mission Stations. However a few days n Moresby enabled us to see another side of the picture; how the Government and the Missions were civilising and deepening the Christianity of the Papuan people. While at Moresby we were given our final postings to our respective Mission Stations.

As it happened, my companion and I were placed at adjoining districts, so we continued our flight together. We landed at Popondetta airstrip and were herded into a large truck (any vehicle less robust than a truck or jeep is useless in this country) and taken to the Mission Station. In due course I was collected by a mission jeep and taken down to my Station at Gona. The journey lasted about an hour and covered forest, grassland, and streams typical of Mission roads.

Gona is a small, isolated but attractive spot on the north coast. The warm blue sea breaking on the shimmering black sand, with coconuts and tropical flowering trees complete a very attractive scene. The Station has two Mission Houses. In one of which we eat and generally maintain a happy family atmosphere. This is sometimes difficult as there is always someone knocking on the door with a problem or a difficulty to be relieved.

Gona has probably the most modern conveniences of all the Stations with such amenities as a flush toilet and a small supply of electricity. Only four other Stations in the Diocese have comparable conditions, so one can see that living standards are still very low. The remaining buildings on the Station, the Church, Hospital, and School are dirt-floored buildings made out of bush materials. The Church has to cater for many outlying villages and consequently it is of very large construction. Seating is not quite what one expects in England – logs on the floor are not the most comfortable form of seating. The Hospital has four wards, a clinic, and an operating theatre. Because of the dirt floors, standards of hygiene leave a lot to be desired; the clinic is normally buzzing with activity especially for treatment to minor sores.

The School holds over 600 pupils, both day pupils and boarders, and is run by an Australian woman. The highest grade a child can reach here is 11-plus standard, or Standard 6 using the Australian system. A child may start at Prep class and work his way up through the school, or he may pass a Standard 2 exam at his village school and continue his education at Gona; a few very bright children go on to a Secondary School. Boarders are taken in from all over Papua and New Guinea; we even have boys from the remote New Guinea Highlands and New Britain.

My time is spent mostly on teaching. School starts at 8 a.m. and finishes at 2.30 p.m. to enable the children living in distant villages to get home before dark. My class is Standard 4; their ages are

between ten and fourteen, and they are capable of reading and writing simple English as well as tackling easy Arithmetic problems. From this one can see how they compare with English children at the same age. As well as teaching them, I have introduced them to the good old English game of Rounders, and it appears to have started quite a craze. Some of my other duties include running the store for the Papuan Medical Orderlies and Teaching Staff on Friday afternoons. It really is fascinating serving a Papuan, as first he changes his pound note into silver and then carefully spends one small piece of silver at a time. Between each purchase he will joke and chat and he may even go out of the store before he comes for his next item. When I first started serving them I thought I would soon cure them of this irritating habit, but now I have reached the conclusion that it is better to let them have their own way.

Occasionally one of us may have to go out on patrol or walkabout as it is called. A walkabout may last anything from a day to three weeks, and may cover jungle, swamps, lagoons, crocodile-infested rives, and humid grasslands. Carriers help with the load and villages en route provide hospitality. My first patrol is due very shortly, when I will be giving examinations in the Outstation Schools for entrance to Gona School.

N. F. Bailey.1964

Bard	Christopher	Dates	



Chris Bard, known to many of us with both awe and affection simply as 'The Bard', passed away on 2 September 2007. He was, while at Prices, a poet, a sketch-writer and performer, a comedian, an impresario, and an inspiration. He went on to become a Canon in the Church of England and a hugely popular broadcaster on BBC Local Radio, as can be discovered at http://www.bbc.co.uk/pressoffice/pressreleases/stories/2007/09_september/04//bard.shtml and at http://www.bbc.co.uk/essex/content/articles/2007/09/04/chris_bard_tributes_feature.shtml.

Kevan Bundell

Lion magazine contents:

Around spring 1968, he conceived the idea of producing an alternative magazine, to be called "The Black Lion", which would provide an outlet for writing deemed to be too conservative for the "Lion" and would aim to stir up the staid way of thinking of the Price's establishment. Articles on pop music, anti-war poems, anti-religion rants, anti-authority stances, in fact anything as long as it was anti-something could be considered for publication. I vowed to support the project in any way possible.

1968 Article on Revivalism in the first Black Lion. 1969 lots of B.L. contributions. 1969 Shooting Captain.

1970 By this time Pat and Paul and Michael had moved on and the responsibility for keeping the 'tradition' going had been taken up by Chris Bard (Prices Head Boy, or soon to become so) assisted musically by Dave Cummins (Pricean) and Martin (*Tink*) Wood (former Pricean?).

The Light Show introduced two key innovations to the tradition. One was to add poetry reading and comic sketches to the mix. Chris led in both. He wrote and performed obscure poetry and bizarre sketches involving, for example, woodpecker sound-effects and inappropriate French translations.

Chris Bard was a general inspiration to us all – an impresario rather than a musical influence – although I'm told he played the saxophone. He was a huge creative talent – founder of and contributor to the *'Black Lion'*, organiser of 'folk' concerts/shows/'reviews' and other events, Head Boy at Prices – when he seemed to take over morning Assembly, leaving the Headmaster and staff diminished in his wake.

1968

A SNEAK PREVIEW OF NEXT YEAR'S 'O' LEVEL CHAUCER

"THEE COMMURCIAL TRAIVELER'S TALE"

Whan Knyghts were auld
Or soe wire tauld
Theye hádd noe carrs of cawse
Ownle ai for weeled carte
Pulled bai a gert byge'orse
Thyre wire a laide called Danelby
A sympletain boi trayde
OO stoped tai eet hise miwlkoi waye
Unde ai shaidye glayde
Bai ther bai an fellowe cayme
Ainde stopped fyr ai reste,
He wire roidinge an ose ain carte
Wych haid trundled wythe zest.
He puled oot hise proide ain joy
Ai nyewe haye bagge foule of owtes
Bifore devailuaichun yt
Hadde coste foule fortee groats
He swunge hise bryghte nyewe barskett
Ainde wyth ai showe ofe fauce
He troide tew wunne eynde putte
Upponne thee frunt eynde ofe thee orse
Saidlye werse thee culler ofe thie moightye bagge
Fir it wire a glowinge poiple
Ainde scayred thee powr auld nagge.
He poushed ainde shuvved ainde jostled
Tai gyve thee orse yts feed
Butt boi thee wai yt shoide awoiye
Youd thunke foude yt dydent nede
"Hee'll ne'er do yt", sayde Danel,
"ne'er yne ai thousaynde yeers"
"Oill do yt ife yt kylles moie"
Said thee cartire noowe eiyne teers.
Danel sayde ympossyble, ainde wente on ainde on ainde on.
"What wylle oi nevre dai?"
Sayde He poulinge oot poipe ainde shagge
"Woi yurl nevyre putte thatte gert byge orse
Intew thayte littel bagge!"

C.F.J. Bard. Va.

A little extra from the Lion magazines:	Christopher Bard - Assistant Librarian 1968 & Librarian 1969. 1969 Shooting Captain.

Tributes paid to Rev Canon Chris Bard 4th September 2007. *By David Jackman*



Rev Canon Chris Bard

FRIENDS of Epping Upland's Rev Canon Chris Bard have spoken of their shock and sadness at the sudden death of their long-time vicar.

Rev Bard died on Sunday having flown to Ireland for a radio assignment.

Epping Upland Parish Council chairman Penny Smith said: "We're quite numb. His sermon yesterday (Sunday) was easy, upbeat, it was a happy thing. He talked about the home, hospitality and happiness."

She added: "He was happy, in his very special way he was tremendously sincere. He was committed to the village. He was able to go forward and spread the word through other outlets that came his way and put himself wholeheartedly into his ministry with so many different bodies."

Epping Upland churchwarden Colin Tankard said: "It was such a shock when we got the call. He took a wedding on Saturday, we had a working party in the grounds and he wandered round with me enthusiastic about the work we're doing.

"On Sunday he took two services, at Theydon Garnon and at Epping Upland at 11am, and he was his usual bright self, full of stories about his driving holiday. He was normal Chris - very busy and enthusiastic, having a laugh and a joke."

Ordained at Durham Cathedral, Rev Bard served two curacies in the Durham diocese before arriving at Epping Upland in 1981 when he also became diocesan communications officer, a post he held until 1991.

Since 1989 he had been local radio station BBC Essex's religious producer and had presented its Sunday faith programme since 2001.

As Team Vicar in the Epping District Team Ministry Rev Bard had special responsibility for All Saints Church, Epping Upland, and All Saints Church, Theydon Garnon. Four years ago he was appointed an honorary Canon of Chelmsford Cathedral.

Rev Bard leaves his wife Mary and daughters Sarah and Ellen.

Rev Geoffrey Connor, Epping District Team Ministry Team Rector and Area Dean for the Epping Forest Deanery, said: "Chris was a much-loved and valued person who will be deeply missed by a lot of people in our local community and certainly by his colleagues in the Epping District Team Ministry.

"Always stimulating and challenging we shall miss his ready wit and his insights into how people tick. We're just so sad and shaken by his sudden death and our hearts go out to Mary, Ellen and Sarah."

The Bishop of Bradwell, the Rt Rev Laurie Green, said: "Our hearts go out to Chris's wife Mary and all the Bard family at this tragic time. Chris's contribution to the church in Essex, over more than 25 years, has been extraordinary. So many people in the county will know and love Chris's voice through his many years as Religious Programmes Producer for BBC Essex. His work in Chelmsford Diocese as Communications Officer throughout the 1980s made a huge impact and helped to enhance the public's perceptions of the Church of England. And, whilst holding all these briefs, Chris has been a much loved and hard-working parish priest and colleague as Team Vicar in Epping Upland.

"I owe a personal debt of gratitude to Chris for sharing his wisdom and friendship with me through the years. He will be hugely missed, and will leave a great vacuum of knowledge and experience."

Rev Bard had been an Epping Upland parish councillor since 1985, was chairman of Epping Green Community Association, chairman of Epping and Theydon Garnon Joint Charities Trust, and chairman of governors at Epping Upland Primary School where he regularly led assemblies.

He was also chaplain of Capel Manor College, Enfield. He was delighted when the college's entry won a silver gilt award at this year's Chelsea Flower Show.

A keen gardener, Rev Bard was among the villagers who open their gardens on annual open gardens day, and for many years he wrote the weekly Bard's Eye View column for this newspaper.

Parish council clerk Valarie Slade said: "He will be so missed by the church, the village and the community."

Tribute paid to Chris Bard

Category: BBC Essex
Date: 04.09.2007

Chris Bard, BBC Essex's Faith producer and presenter, died suddenly at the weekend while researching a broadcasting project in Ireland.

Chris had presented the Sunday faith programme since 2001 and also made documentaries on the building of Brentwood Cathedral, the Weeley Pop Festival, Bradwell Chapel and modern Roman Catholic hymn writing.

Editor of BBC Essex, Gerald Main, says:

"All the staff at the station were shocked and saddened to learn of Chris's sudden death.

"Chris was a gifted communicator and broadcaster with the ability to distil the most complex issue into a simple idea our audience could connect with. He also played a pastoral role at the station – always willing to listen and provide support to those in need.

"Chris will be sadly missed and our thoughts today are with his family."

Chris made his first broadcast on BBC Radio Kent in 1975, and followed it by working as a volunteer on the Faith team of BBC Radio Cleveland. He started at BBC Essex in 1989 as a religious producer but had been involved with local radio in Essex since 1981.

After studying at King's College London and Canterbury, Chris was ordained in Durham Cathedral. He served two curacies near Stockton–on–Tees and worked in Arts and Recreation, being chaplain to Punk Rock in the late Seventies.

He came to Essex over 25 years ago to be the Bishop's press officer and Vicar of Epping Upland. He was also Chaplain to Capel Manor College (London's Horticultural College).

Chris leaves a wife, Mary, and two adult daughters, Ellen and Sarah.

One of CB's cards c/o his wife Anne

Chris Bard: Professional career

Chris attended Kings College London from 1972 to 1975, completing an AKC in Theology (equivalent to a degree). He met Mary (a Roman Catholic) at King's, and they married in 1975. A long relationship with the Association of Interchurch Families followed, and Chris eventually became Co-Chair of AIF.

From 1975 to1976 they lived in Canterbury where Chris attended St Augustine's College in preparation for the priesthood.

He then moved to Billingham on Teeside and was curate at St Cuthbert's in Billingham, and Chaplain to the Arts and Recreation in the North East (which seemed to require him to spend quite a lot of time in working men's clubs!).

In 1981 Chris was appointed Communications Officer for the Diocese of Chelmsford, and the family moved to the parish of Epping Upland, where he was the Team Vicar. Alongside this role, he helped to look after a couple of other smaller parishes.

For many years he worked for BBC Essex as Religious Producer, presenting and producing a Sunday morning programme which he fitted in before his parish duties later in the morning.

He was chaplain to Capel Manor Horticultural College in north London and during this time he worked with a colleague on a garden for Chelsea, which was awarded a Silver Gilt Medal. He was a strong proponent for the "Quiet Gardens' movement and was co-authoring a book about Quiet Gardens at the time of his death.

Chris believed strongly that women should be ordained. He worked for many years with the Movement for the Ordination of Women, and was at the General Synod when the vote to allow women to be ordained was passed.

Chris was an (elected) local councillor, and Chair of Governors for his local school,

In 2003 he was made an Honorary Canon of Chelmsford Cathedral.

"Copyright Chris Bard." Happy for anyone to send to family or friends, but commercial reproduction strictly forbidden'.

Copyright M. Bard.



See also Lion Pride Chapter - Price's Creators

Bartlett	William James	Dates	

W. J. BARTLETT, who entered the School in January 1908, and gained a county nomination to H.M.S. Fisgard in January 1910, was serving as E.R.A. 4th Class on H.M.S. Black Prince, when she was sunk in the engagement in the North Sea. One of the most popular boys in the School, a sturdy full back at football, a good wicket keeper, and a punishing left-handed batsman, Bartlett always maintained his interest in the School, and it was seldom, when on leave, that he missed coming up to the field to keep in touch with old friends, by all of whom his loss is sincerely regretted.

In Memory of

Engine Room Artificer 4th Class
M/2617
H.M.S. "Black Prince.", Royal Navy
who died on
Wednesday, 31st May 1916. Age 20.

Additional Information: Son of Walter James Bartlett, of Maylings Brickyard, Fareham.

Commemorative Information

Memorial:	PORTSMOUTH NAVAL MEMORIAL, Hampshire, United Kingdom
Grave Reference/ Panel Number:	15.
Location:	The Memorial is situated on Southsea Common overlooking the promenade, and is accessible at all times.

HMS *Black Prince* was a *Duke of Edinburgh*-class armoured cruiser built for the Royal Navy in the early 1900s. She was stationed in the Mediterranean when the First World War began and participated in the pursuit of the German battlecruiser SMS *Goeben* and light cruiser SMS *Breslau*. After the German ships reached Ottoman waters, the ship was sent to the Red Sea in mid-August to protect troop convoys arriving from India and to search for German merchant ships. After capturing two ships, *Black Prince* was transferred to the Grand Fleet in December 1914.



HMS Black Prince, 1914

She was sunk on 1 June 1916 during the Battle of Jutland with the loss of all hands.

Bassom	Andrew	Class of 73 - 78





Left Prices in 1981 and studied Mathematics at Oxford, graduating 1984. I did a PhD at Exeter followed by a lectureship, a readership and then a professorship.

Married in 2004 and the new wife (Gillian) persuaded me to accept a Chair of Mathematics at the University of Western Australia starting in 2005.

In 2015 moved to my present position as Chair of Applied Mathematics and Head of Mathematics/Statistics at the University of Tasmania in Hobart.

Andy's memories of Prices:

I enjoyed my time in main school although I probably didn't make best use of it. I was a year younger than most of the class and I probably suffered as a result, I struggled with things like English Literature and French and an extra year of maturity would have probably helped. Consequently I ended up with mainly B's and C's at O-level. Once I was into sixth form things were much better when I could concentrate on my strengths. Did a third year in the sixth form to burn up the year so I went to University at the 'correct' age. I was very glad I did this as I probably wouldn't have survived Uni otherwise.

A few memories of Prices, and an admission. I hated woodwork with a passion. (When it came to choosing between Art/ Woodwork/Music/RE for years 4 and 5 I took the last one, not because of any interesting religion but because it didn't involve anything practical!). I was scared of Mr. Mallatrat.

We had to make a boat. It took me ages and it was hopeless. In the penultimate class the chisel slipped and I had two separated bits of boat. Oh boy I thought, I'm in for the high jump. Then inspiration struck. A few weeks prior Lawrence (Haydn) Boul had just left. His nearly completed boat was still in the cupboard, unloved. A swift application of the eraser and the word Boul was replaced by Bassom who only had saw off three bits of dowel for the funnels. I remember getting 6 or 7/10 for my efforts with the comments that it was all good except the funnels which were all of different lengths. *Cest la vie*. The boat still sits in the lounge and it provides a good story for visitors. My DIY efforts have not improved, I am strictly theoretical. If Lawrence wants his boat back at any stage he only has to ask!

Another memory relates to an English Literature lesson. I don't know why. We were reading Henry IV Part One and Dave was taking one of the parts. He had to read out the word 'misled' which he pronounced mizzled. Merv Jones stopped the lesson for 5 minutes while the subject was debated. I mentioned this to the better half (who is an English/History graduate) as an example of the peculiarities of the English language and how lots of words could conceivably be said in many ways. Oh and of course Merv had the 'chocolate' errors. If you made a grievous error in a weekly essay you needed to bring in a bar of chocolate to be raffled. I remember misspelling of words like fulfil,

separate or the saying ‘because of’ were all cardinal sins. I suppose his method worked since I can still remember all this.

Bell	Tony	Class of 73 - 78





I did a Law degree at Bristol Poly, then went to London to do my Bar Exams. I was called to the Bar in 1985 and have practiced as a Barrister ever since. I specialise in criminal defense work. I lived in London for 35 years but moved to Birmingham in 2019, which is where most of my work is.

Tony’s memories of Prices:

Mr. Jones (Latin and French?) handing out multiples of the word “latin” as punishment for some perceived misdemeanor, gradually increasing in number until one pupil (also called Jones?) had to do about 60,000 and we all had to help (Mr. J never looked at the finished work anyway!) He was also impressively proficient with a blackboard duster when it was hurled at an unsuspecting boy from 10 yards.

‘Knocker’ Norris having her mug superglued to the desk. And someone tying rope around the legs of her desk and gradually pulling it away from her.

Mrs. Crout (French and German), supposed to be pronounced to rhyme with “true” but never was, who I had a secret crush on.

Mr.Tuck and his weapon of choice, a training shoe called ‘Sebastian’.

About 10 different games of football being played in the Yard at the same time.

Cross-country runs (which I hated) round the back of Fareham and underneath what is now the M27. Singing Silent Night in German in the school choir in 1st Year.

Hearing Caroline by Status Quo for the first time in a music lesson - can’t remember the music teacher’s name but I had a crush on her too!

Tony’s memories of Classmates:

John Adams - Good cricketer. Gave me first taste of beer from a can of Skol, in the first year I think?

Kenny Anderson - I knew from Wicor Juniors.
Dave Ardron - Big Pompey fan.

Andy Bassom - The only one in the class to understand Maths. - All of it.

Lawrence Boul - Turned up on his first day wearing a cap. By lunchtime it was in the swimming pool. Mark Cam - I nearly killed us both leaning back as a pillion on his motorbike.

Bayliss	Michael Alan	Dates	1958 - 1965

Music was to play a large part in my time at Price's, and in my life generally afterwards, but up to that point it had been pretty non-existent.

1963 In production of "Patience", played in the chorus.

Drum Major in CCF Band 1964.

Read more in Mike Bayliss' longer account below.

Following School, between 1965-69 Mike attended Royal Holloway College, University of London, to obtain his B.A. He transferred to King's College, Cambridge for his P.G.C.E. (1969-70) and thence from 1970-72 pursued an M.A. at Birkbeck College, London University. He was at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth in 1972/3 and back at Birkbeck College between 1983-85 for an M.Sc.

In keeping with the careers of Modern Language graduates, there was a year of language immersion at a School in Douai, France (19567-68) and then into mainstream teaching, at Maidstone Grammar School from 1970 to 72. The call of the sea led him to a Commission at Dartmouth Royal Naval College from where he reached the rank of Lt. Commander in the Instructor Branch, between 1972 and 79.

Leaving the Navy, Mike became a Senior Administrative Officer in the Ashford Division of the Kent Local Education Authority and then, Deputy Divisional Educational Officer of the Swale Division, 1981-86, concluding as Assistant Area Education Officer and head of Personnel in North East Kent, 1986-89.

Mike is a Member of the Institute of Linguists, a Fellow of the College of Preceptors and for some later years was Lt. Commander in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Price's School Drum purchased

The Society received an Internet tip-off from a visitor and well-wisher to our website, Barry Miles, not an OP but a fellow Grammar School boy, that our old drum was being offered for sale by a shop in Cornwall.

Michael Bayliss recalled having "played" it in the past and has now purchased it. He writes:

I have now purchased the Price's CCF band bass drum. To save my phone bill, herewith attached to one message is a pic. of it I received from the vendor for (a) the OPs website, (b) our 'investigative

agent' Barry, to whom many thanks. You may be interested to know that the only other bidder was Bob Gilbert, who for some years has been living in Bangkok. He and I were exact contemporaries at Price's (1958-65) and both played in the CCF band. I didn't even know he was in contention for the drum until after I had bought it, and the chap selling it did not of course know we were acquainted until then.

The instrument has evidently had a 'paint job' at some point, as Bob G. and I both recall the lion on the crest having in our day been the proper blue and silver, not the sandy colour in the photo. I also don't recall that grammatical error on the front: "combine (sic) cadet force". I hope it is still playable after all these years - it has been used apparently as an occasional table, with a detachable glass top! It looks in good nick in the photo, but it won't be delivered to me for another week, so I can't tell yet. Although not a drummer, I was a tall lad and was on occasion roped in when no-one else was available to play the thing, complete with leopard-skin apron. (And where did *that* go to? It was a real one, and presumably valuable. And, for that matter, what happened to the side drums and drum major's mace?) I think it must have been on my slender qualification as Temporary Acting Bass Drummer that I was later appointed for a period as Drum Major simultaneously with being the Band Staff Sergeant!

So - perhaps we could have a reunion some time with said drum? I still have my old fife (which I can still play!) and it occurs to me that there are a quite a few ex-Price's bandsmen in the OPs whom we could get out of retirement for "the final CCF band parade of all time"! If the Committee is going to be discussing 'themed' events, you might wish to bear this in mind.



NB. This drum has been assembled incorrectly. The three “legs” should be on the right hand rim. The “frogs” are facing the wrong way and are applied to the wrong combination of rope strands. The ropes overlapping the left hand rim should have a circular rope passing under each “V”, back over the lower one, under the near one and, after pulling tight and taking-up a straight line, will induce tension into the roping and thus require relatively smaller amount of “frog” movement pass onwards to the next “V”. Painting decoration on both rims is not right – should have been wavy black on the white bands. See also note above. Ropes could do with being Blancoed! DG

A response to comments and queries re cultural life at Price’s School in the 1950s/‘60s.

1. Creative Arts at Price’s in the 1950s-60s.

You have remarked that "the unstated God that affected school life was Cricket, sometimes in the nth degree”, and that “the creative arts were very much the poor relation in The Lion's life and probably the school as a whole”. You also mention that you have no recollection of music or art lessons.

From my own perspective, I totally agree with what you say about this, except that there were art lessons in my time – two periods a week. I say ‘lessons’, but we were pretty much left to our own devices, and in any case you were obliged to give up art in the third year, along with woodwork, if you were moved into the fast academic stream.

In the CD of the (almost) complete series of The Lion, you will find somewhere or other – late ‘40s/early ‘50s? – an article written by Roy ‘Jock’ Daysh when he was joint head boy with John Cole (and he too later became a master at the school.) In that article, Daysh castigates the then-prevailing mentality that sport was the ‘*ne plus ultra’* of Pricean life, and says words to the effect

that “Pupils are here to be educated, so the main focus should NOT be on sport.” Not that it made any difference, as your own statement attests, because nothing seemed to change for at least another 15 years.

I went to Price’s in 1958 from Funtley Primary School as one of a group of four boys including Bob Gilbert, whose father was headmaster there; Bob later became music master at Price’s and an officer in the CCF RAF section, although you will doubtless recall him as a CCF band fifer when you were Drum Major. There were not many grammar schools available to those who didn’t live in Gosport or Portsmouth and we had the option of just two, either Price’s or Purbrook School near Waterlooville. I chose Price’s not just because it was local to my home but because I knew there was a cadet band, as it used to play every year for the fête at Highlands Infants School which was just behind our house. I fancied wearing the uniform and playing the fife, although I didn’t then play any instrument at all, not even the recorder – they weren’t around very much at the time.

Music was to play a large part in my time at Price’s, and in my life generally afterwards, but up to that point it had been pretty non-existent. There had been no instrumental tuition at Funtley, only a choir, and even then we sang from ‘tonic-sol-fa’ rather than normal music. Price’s, when I arrived, was almost equally as barren in this respect, again just a school choir which (if I recall correctly, but memory plays tricks) was only run on an occasional ad-hoc basis and I can’t even remember by whom. Looking back, I think we did nevertheless achieve a reasonable standard, and it was only then that I started to learn to read ‘real’ musical notation.

Otherwise, we had just one period a week of ‘music appreciation’, consisting of Maths master ‘Smudge’ Smith attempting with arthritic fingers to play a wreck of a piano in the dining room of the old school house – on reflection, he may have been one of the few members of staff at that period who had any musical skills at all. You may imagine what success he had in getting pubescent boys to sing ‘Cherry Ripe’ at a time when bands like the Beatles and the Rolling Stones were emerging on the scene! I remember Smudge was late on one occasion and a couple of boys started trying to play some current pop tune on the piano. George Ashton (then in his last year as headmaster) came into the room, and they were caned – one way of quashing any latent musical talent.

All this changed radically after Eric Poyner became headmaster, one of his innovations being to appoint Ron ‘Acker’ Boote as the school’s first specialist music master. Boote’s arrival (round about 1960-61) meant that musical endeavour was at last taken seriously. He revamped the choir, brought in peripatetic instrumental tutors and started up an orchestra. A little later he began putting on major productions, the first two being ‘Patience’ and ‘The Gondoliers’ by Gilbert & Sullivan which involved very many boys – plus girls from Fareham Girls Grammar School! – and in both of which I performed. More important to me personally, Boote was largely responsible for launching me on the path of ‘proper’ music, but before he arrived the other influence was, perhaps surprisingly, the cadet corps.

The CCF was compulsory, as you will recall, for all boys from the second year onwards. However, Bob Gilbert found out that you could join the CCF band in your first year on an unofficial basis, which we both did as probationary Fifers 3rd class and attended the Thursday night band practices then run by honorary bandmaster Bob Jarman. (This was when I first met you.) It stood one in very good stead as you learnt to be reasonably proficient at playing at least some marches once you joined the CCF proper, and also knew how to march and countermarch from the outset. And at that time the CCF band was also, somewhat incredibly, the only opportunity available at Price’s for learning to play any kind of instrument.

You have remarked somewhere in your account of school life that the band became a full-time section of the CCF in the early 1960s and devoted the Friday parades to practising, which certainly

improved standards. However, I became a cadet before that happened and passed Part 1 of the Army Proficiency Certificate ('Cert A') – unimaginable now to think that they let 14-year-olds handle and strip a Bren gun! But because of being a band member and having later on to forego 'regular' CCF instruction, I did not pass Part 2 – the only exam at Price's I ever failed! Annoyed at this, I studied on my own and eventually obtained the qualification shortly before taking 'O' levels. I passed out of Major 'Taffy' Howard-Jones' Cadre Platoon with the expectation of becoming an NCO when in the VIth Form: however, at that point Fate stepped in, in the guise of Ron Boote.

Boote had somehow discovered – I think Bob Gilbert told him – that I played the orchestral flute, which I had persuaded my parents to buy me for my 14th birthday: I reasoned that a flute is only a big fife (well, it sort of is!) so I ought to be able to play it, and I taught myself to do so in the absence of any other source of instruction. Boote was trying to expand his fledgling orchestra and I was signed up on the spot to be first flute, a position I duly took up when I entered the VIth. That put paid to my 'career' in the CCF because, as you have pointed out, orchestral rehearsals were timetabled during the same periods as cadets. (This didn't stop me attending band practices/ parades and rising to the rank of Fife Sergeant, later becoming Band Staff Sergeant: possibly nobody noticed, or cared, that I wasn't officially a member of the CCF at that point! Since we were short of band NCOs, I was also Drum Major for some of this period, despite never having been a side drummer, although I had on occasion played the bass drum for parades. The said drum is now in my possession, as you probably know, but you may not know that there was a 'bidding' war when it came up for auction on the internet – having acquired the thing, I then found out that my rival bidder had been Bob Gilbert, now living in Thailand: neither of us had been aware of the fact until then!)

Boote asked me where I was having flute lessons and was amazed to discover that I had never had any, being totally self-taught. I was duly despatched to see the peripatetic woodwind tutor (a new phenomenon at Price's at that time) and was curtly informed that I was not entitled to lessons as I wasn't doing GCE music. That was when I first learned the existence of what I came to call the 'charmed circle', more of which in a moment. Boote, to his eternal credit, was appalled at this reaction and fixed me up 'on the q.t.' to see a friend of his who was woodwind tutor at the Secondary Modern School on the other side of Harrison Road. This chap was Colonel Hudson, who I think was a retired Army director of music (probably a Lt. Colonel, in fact). The musical standard of the Harrison Road pupils was, to put it politely, not great: however, after finding out that I could already play the flute tolerably well, Hudson used to set the other lads practising scales or something while he and I played flute duos of increasingly complexity. This did wonders for my sight-reading and ensemble playing, but he never gave me any actual technical instruction, which I have always regretted as I had to pick that up for myself. (I always say I'm self-taught but had a very good teacher!)

Coming back to the 'charmed circle': I soon discovered that music in schools at that time was very elitist and under the thumb of the County music advisers: you were either 'one of us', or you did not exist. This might not have been the case later, but I can only describe how things were when I joined Price's; it occurs to me that it may also account for the lack of musical activity at the school before Boote arrived. I vividly recall Col. Hudson using his influence to fix me up to play in a local schools' musical festival. I arrived on the day to find myself in the company of some of those then studying 'O' and 'A' level music at Price's, a few of them fellow members of the school orchestra, but they had been relegated to the back row of the chorus. My playing first flute in the festival orchestra did not go down well with the musical powers-that-were – it was very evident that I was regarded as an illegitimate interloper who had dared to break through into their ranks, and it never happened again.

My brother Tom (who entered Price's seven years after me) experienced the same thing initially – although he had been having private piano lessons beforehand, he didn't get much of a look-in until he was awarded a County Music Exhibition for piano and horn. You asked me about this award: essentially, it gave the successful candidates free, high-level instrumental tuition during their time at the school. And, of course, an entrée into the 'charmed circle'. Tom went on to study up to LRAM level and obtained a degree in music at my old college, Royal Holloway – but while still at school after gaining that Exhibition, he found himself expected to rehearse and perform all over the county at the behest of the music organisers. Once you had managed to get inside the circle, it was difficult to get out.

2. "Was I tempted by the RM Band Service?"

Royal Marines musicians are 'other ranks', not officers, and all of the mentoring at Price's, in my time at least, was geared to the expectation that you would go on to college or University and/or enter one of the professions; if you did wish to join the armed forces, it was assumed you would enter as an officer. However, in my Naval career, I did encounter a good many RM directors of music and band members, which I will come to shortly.

Another reason why I could never have seriously set out to be a professional performer is the fact that I never studied academic music at school. Music was set against geography, and when it first became available as a GCE subject I had little knowledge of music theory (I have rather more now!) Since I was already embarked on an 'O' level course in geography, I didn't think it wise to change horses midstream. Also, not being a member of the 'charmed circle', I was never going to be a candidate for a County Exhibition or pursue study of the flute to the point of being able to consider it as a career option. I realised early on that music would never be more than an adjunct, although a very important one, to whatever profession I eventually pursued.

That didn't stop me from becoming (if I say so myself) a tolerably competent flautist. After I left school, I became first flute of the Royal Holloway College Orchestra – in fact, that is what I was at the time I was asked to play for that 'Iolanthe' production in the photo that Mike Peagram recently circulated. I was later ditto, briefly, in the University of Cambridge Department of Education orchestra, and went on to play with various decent amateur orchestras after that. My preference, however, was for Chamber music, and I developed a keen interest in that of the Baroque period (Bach & Handel etc), taking up the recorder, an instrument I'd never played at school but now pursued to an advanced level, and later the baroque traverso flute, very different from the modern one. My partner Rebeca is a very good pianist, and over the years we have both managed to play on occasions alongside some well-known professionals.

The nearest I got to military music was when I was in the Upper VIth. Walker (whom you will know of, as he also became a Drum Major) had joined the Corps of Drums of the Territorial Army band in Portsmouth. They were short of a flute player and it was suggested that I might like to come along and introduce myself. I immediately found myself to be their solo flute, as there wasn't anyone else, and I enjoyed playing with them for a few months – but only at rehearsals: I never paraded with them as I wasn't an official member. I then informed my parents I was going to join the TA. I must have been about 17 at the time (having gone through Eric Poyner's new scheme for doing 'O' levels after four years instead of five) and needed my parent's permission to do so. My mother told me firmly that I was NOT going to join the armed forces, so that was that! Except, as it later turned out, it wasn't, which brings me to:

3. "Why did I join the Navy?"

This is another aspect of my career that I can lay at the door of the CCF. I had always told myself that I never wanted to be a schoolmaster, but when I was about to graduate I saw everyone else going in for teacher training. I decided this would be another string to my bow if all else failed, and it was a way of ensuring another period of being an indolent student at the taxpayer's expense: so I duly went to spend a very enjoyable year at King's College, Cambridge. (As far as I can now recall, I spent most of the summer term punting on the Cam.) And once you have the diploma safely pocketed, what do you do with it except teach?

I landed a post as a French master at Maidstone Grammar School, an ancient foundation very much in the mould of Price's where sporting life was prominent and the teaching staff were expected to turn a hand to all things. I assisted with school music, obviously, and helped coach rugby and cricket (God help them! But my Dad had been captain of Gosport & Fareham Rugby Club, so I was given hints on training techniques). At the interview, they had asked me "What else can you do?" – I thought I was already offering to do enough, but said I had been an Army cadet at school and might help out there: on which basis, I was hired. What I didn't know until I arrived was that the vacancy was for 2 i/c of the RN section! And unfortunately for me (or fortunately, as it turned out), the chap in charge left the school very shortly afterwards; I was immediately promoted to the exalted rank of Lieutenant (CCF) Royal Naval Reserve, and became the O.C. of the section. In that guise, I met a number of officers and senior ratings from Chatham Naval Base, still a going concern back then, and thought (a) they were having a better time than I was, (b) they were earning a lot more than I was, so after a couple of years I applied to join the Navy proper and, rather to my surprise, was accepted and went off to train at Dartmouth RN College..

I won't bore you with the details about that, but four years later I found myself posted as Assistant Education & Training Officer at HMS Seahawk, the naval air station at Culdrose in Cornwall. There I met a fellow student officer from Dartmouth who had become the officer i/c the bluejacket Volunteer Band at Culdrose. I was invited to join, and this was when I started to become what I think of as a 'Royal Marines musician by proxy'! As is recorded in the talk I gave at the SOP Christmas lunch a couple of years ago (it's on the website), I duly turned up for my first band practice with my flute, on seeing which the director of music, a Royal Marines Band Colour Sergeant, exclaimed "You can't bring that there 'ere" (or words to that effect), "this is a Silver Band." I replied that mine was a silver flute: but apparently it did not work like that, so I spent the next two years happily teaching myself (once again!) the bass tuba, the baritone & the euphonium, never having been a brass player before and ceasing to be one for the next forty years after I left Culdrose.

I had only signed up for a 'Short Career' commission and my next, and last, appointment was at the Royal Marines Depot in Deal, where I was promoted to Lt. Commander and became the Base Training Officer, Senior Instructor Officer and Senior Naval Officer. At that time, the Depot housed the Royal Marines School of Music, so I came to know most of the Directors of Music and a few of the more prominent members of the Staff Band and Orchestra. It was there that I met Rebecca, and we played with some of the RM musicians in an amateur capacity before I left the Navy and we moved away from Deal.

Later on, I discovered the existence of the ophicleide, a 19th century bass brass instrument with keys rather than valves: it was then regarded as obsolete and of only historic interest, but has since come to prominence as a 'period' instrument for playing works of that era. I immediately wanted one (thinking the fingering would be like a flute – but I was wrong!), but had to wait until about seven years ago before ever seeing one available for purchase. I brushed up my, by then very dormant, brass technique and learned to play the thing. This was to prove the start of a new amateur musical career, because Rebecca asked me what the nearest modern instrumental sound would be: I said the euphonium – and so, for my birthday about 5 years ago, she bought me one. Cutting a long story

short, I rarely play the flute any more these days but I'm now the principal euphonium of the Broadstairs Concert Band. Our director is an ex-Royal Marines bandmaster and many of our players are professionals or former professionals, including a number who are ex-RM bandsmen from Deal. So, in the end, I DID get to play in a band with RM musicians!

Mike Bayliss
Old Pricean, 1958-1965



Mike Bayliss and the Ophicleide

"The Ophicleide - A Snake in the Brass"

- **An illustrated talk by Michael Bayliss, OP 1958-1965,**
given to the Society of Old Priceans at the RAF Club, Piccadilly
on the occasion of the Christmas Luncheon held on 3rd December 2016

Introduction

A short while ago, I was slightly taken aback when our President, Patrick Nobes, asked me if I would speak at the 2016 SOP Christmas lunch about my "antique instrument". He quickly explained that he was not being personal but referring to the rather unusual 19th century instrument that I play, the ophicleide, which is a bass member of the brasswind family. Unlike the brass of today, which other than the slide trombone all have valves, the ophicleide is fitted with keys resembling those found on old flutes, only much larger.

I should first perhaps explain why I play brass instruments at all, given that I was known at Price's as a CCF band fifer (as I still am for the London OPs when I 'fife' them into dinner), and later on as an orchestral flautist. The Royal Navy is responsible for the rot setting in, when in 1975 I joined HMS Seahawk, the air base at Culdrose in Cornwall. I was invited to join their voluntary bluejacket band and duly turned up with my flute, on seeing which the Royal Marines Colour Sergeant in charge exclaimed "You can't bring that there 'ere", or words to that effect, "this is a Silver Band." I said mine was a silver flute: but apparently it did not work like that, so I spent the next two years happily teaching myself the bass tuba, the baritone & the euphonium. By happenstance, I later discovered the existence of the ophicleide, then regarded as an obsolete instrument of only historic interest, and immediately wanted one. "That's for me", I thought, "a brass instrument with flute keywork" – I did not then know that the fingering system is nothing at all like a woodwind, or indeed any other,

instrument. Ophicleides were virtually unobtainable at that time, of course, but as luck would have it an antique specimen from about 1860 came on to the local market several years ago. I bought it, had it restored and learned to play it – and now I have six, including three modern replicas, as they have recently started to be manufactured again!

This talk will be in two parts:

(1) a very brief overview of the development of orchestral brass instruments up to the beginning of the 19th century, and how the ophicleide came to be invented;

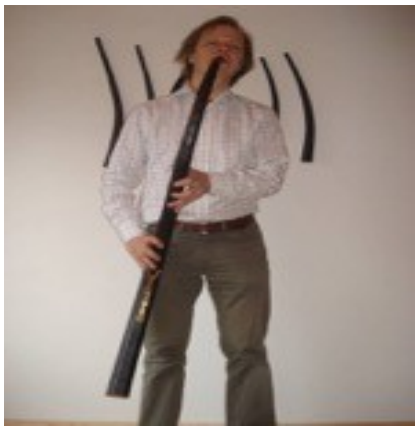
(2) the golden age during the 19th century of an instrument that was ubiquitous in its day, is now largely forgotten but which is at last re-emerging quite rapidly from obscurity.

1. The Origins Of The Ophicleide

The trail starts way back in the 16th and 17th centuries with the cornetto, or cornett in English – always spelled with two T's to distinguish it from the modern brass band cornet, a completely different instrument. Originally made from an ox or cow horn, the cornett was by that period made of wood covered in leather, still made in a curve, and played with what looks like a miniature trumpet mouthpiece. This classifies it technically as a brasswind instrument, but it has open recorder-style holes along its length. It is fiendishly difficult to play well, but in late 17th century Venice it had become a virtuoso's instrument that rivalled the violin in popularity.

Different sizes of cornett were made, including the tenor (or 'lyzard') and a bass. However, of more interest to us in the present context is a closely-related instrument, the serpent, named after its double-S shaped body which was designed to make it easier to hold.

Serpentists like to think it was invented by Moses: *"Moses made a bronze serpent and set it on a pole" (Book of Numbers, Ch. 21, v. 9)*, but the real inventor was Canon Edmé Guillaume of Auxerre, France, who intended it to serve as the bass to the cornett family, since the true bass was very long and unwieldy to play, not to mention rather rare. Guillaume's intention was that the serpent should underpin the singing of church and cathedral choirs in France, which it did very successfully for the next two and a half centuries.



Left: Cornetts & Bass Cornett



Right: Serpent

We now fast-forward to the baroque era of the 18th century to consider the orchestral instruments of Bach and Handel's time. The violins, violas and cellos looked very much like those we have now,

and the woodwind – flute, oboe, and bassoon – are clearly recognisable as the forerunners of modern instruments: the clarinet had not yet arrived on the scene. The line-up there was broadly similar to that of a modern orchestra, although of more modest size. When we come to the brass, however, the situation is very different: we find just trumpets and horns, and these were defective in terms of playing scales as they could produce only the naturally-occurring notes of the harmonic series, like a modern military bugle. It was possible to play very high up ('clarino') where the natural notes come closer together, but this demanded a very advanced technique. There were normally no orchestral trombones, although the instrument had already been in existence for a long time. Handel and others experimented with their use, but they were generally reserved for religious music or town bands. And there was *no* proper bass brass instrument available at all – so the serpent was taken out of its context as choral support and, *faute de mieux,* pressed into service in orchestras by contemporary composers and conductors.

Later in the 18th century, we come to the classical period of Mozart and Haydn, when orchestral instruments remained much as they had been in the baroque era, with a few extra keys on the woodwind and the addition of the clarinet and the piano. The brass instruments had barely changed, although horn players had by now found they could get more notes by moving their hand inside the bell. Trumpets were still 'natural', trombones were still not present – and still no brass bass, so the serpent remained grudgingly in use.

However, there was a growing desire to have a proper treble brass instrument. Various attempts were made at developing a trumpet that could play extra notes, and this was eventually perfected by Anton Weidinger around 1770-1780 with his keyed trumpet. Concertos were written for it by Haydn (1796) and Hummel (1803) which remain major works in the repertoire, although now played on a quite different type of instrument. Michele Puccini (father of the opera composer) was writing for it even late as 1838.

We tend to forget that while Haydn was a contemporary of Mozart, he also overlapped with the early Romantic period and its principal composer, Beethoven. It was the latter who was instrumental in installing trombones as permanent members of the symphony orchestra by the beginning of the 19th century. But even by that time, the horns were still hand-horns, the trumpets were still for the most part 'natural'– and there was *still* no proper bass brass instrument! However, that was about to change.

The keyed trumpet did not catch on generally, possibly because Weidinger himself was very secretive about it, possibly because one critic said it sounded like a "demented oboe", but there were attempts to do the same thing with the bugle – or rather, the flugelhorn, which originally played only the 'natural' notes and was used in a military signalling context. In 1811, a maker named Halliday patented a keyed instrument which he called the 'Royal Kent Bugle', in honour of the Duke of Kent. Unlike the keyed trumpet, this proved a roaring success with the wind bands of the time since it gave them a high brass instrument capable of playing tunes in any key, the cornett having long since disappeared. It was manufactured by, among others, the Distin brothers of London, who were both makers and performers. One of them, John Distin, was unwittingly to play a crucial part in causing the ophicleide to come into being.

Not long afterwards, in 1815, there occurred a momentous event on the history of Europe: the battle of Waterloo. When the Allied troops were marching through Paris later that year, the procession included the band of the Coldstream Guards, among whom was John Distin, their star performer on the keyed bugle. History relates that one of the Allied commanders, Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, heard Distin playing it and immediately wanted one for his own band. A Parisian instrument maker named Jean-Hilaire Asté, generally known as Halari, was given the task of making a copy. He did so, and gave it a French name, the 'clavitube'. But Halari went further and

created a whole family of keyed brasswind instruments. These included an alto (which he called a 'quinticlave', playing in E flat at the 'quint' or fifth below the bugle in B flat) and a bass: and so begins the era of the ophicleide, as Halari named the latter for reasons that we shall see.





Left: Keyed Trumpet

Right: Keyed (Royal Kent) Bugle

2. The Golden Age Of The Ophicleide

The ophicleide was patented by Halari in 1821 – exactly 100 years after our founder William Price made his will – but it must have been already in use well before that, as its first recorded appearance was in Paris in 1817, played by a trombonist, in Spontini's opera O*lympie*. *(It is interesting also to note the preface to an 1835 tutor book for the ophicleide by a French music professor, Cornette, in which he refers to the origins of the instrument "in the period following the invasion by foreign troops after 1814". No reference to the battle, or to Napoleon's defeat, or the aftermath – a definite case of "Don't mention the war"!)*

Why did Halari give the new instrument such a strange name? It comes from two Greek words, *ophis* meaning 'snake, 'serpent', and *kleide* meaning 'lid', 'covering': so the ophicleide is literally a 'serpent with covered keyholes'. It is, of course, not a serpent at all – it is technically a bass flugelhorn – but this was a marketing ploy by Halari, who hoped it would replace serpents in bands and orchestras: which indeed it did.

The problem with the serpent was that when it was played loudly enough to be heard in an orchestra, this both forced the tone, making it coarse, and caused major tuning problems, already difficult enough on an instrument where, owing to limitations imposed by the stretch of the human hand, the finger holes are not in the right place anyway. Although attempts were made to improve the serpent in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, these did not really solve the problem. The instrument was abandoned relatively quickly, with the ophicleide substituted in its place as Halari had intended



In 2015, to coincide with the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, the Royal Academy exhibited Daniel Maclise's 1859 cartoon of *The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle,* which is about 40 feet wide and one of the largest of such cartoons in the UK. It was produced in preparation for a prestigious commission of a wall painting in the Houses of Parliament, which is still on display. Above is a detail from the cartoon depicting military bandsmen, including two ophicleidists. There is just one slight problem – in 1815, the ophicleide had not yet been invented!

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Two 'improved' serpents in straightened form.

Left: a so-called "Russian bassoon". *Right:* an "English bass horn", made entirely of brass.

Handel said in 1710 that "*It was certainly not the serpent that seduced Eve*", while in 1783 music critic Charles Burney averred that it was "*like a huge, hungry, or rather angry, Essex calf, badly blown and out of tune*." One commentator observed in 1844 that "*it might be dropped from the family of wind instruments without the slightest injury to art.*"

Not everyone approved. In its early days, some people complained that the bass end of the orchestra was being swamped by the loudness of the trombone & ophicleide section. Nothing changes – they still say the same thing, nearly two centuries later, about the trombones and tuba, which are now considerably louder than in the 19th century!

George Bernard Shaw complained that the ophicleide sounded like a "chromatic bullock", and it is certainly very easy to play the thing badly and with poor tone. But Shaw changed his mind when he

heard the great virtuoso Sam Hughes performing his signature piece, the famous bass aria 'O Ruddier Than The Cherry' from Handel's opera *Acis & Galatea*.

The fact that their instrument it is not the easiest to play may account for ophicleidists having had a general reputation for madness. Virginia Woolf once wrote in a letter to a friend: "*his father played the ophicleide... and died insane, as they all do*", while an article from the *Irish Times* of 3rd March 1945 informs us that: "*one of George Bernard Shaw's uncles played the ophicleide… and studied the figures of bathing belles through an opera glass, before committing suicide by stuffing his head in a carpet bag."*

Berlioz was one of the first major composers to exploit the ophicleide, although he hated the keyed bugle itself. (He expressed the view that its name must have come from the French verb '*beugler*', meaning 'to bellow like a cow'.) However, he saw the usefulness of the bass instrument, despite complaining in his *Treatise On Harmony* that the ophicleide was not taught well and good players were rare – which may have contributed to the poor impression some people had of it originally. Berlioz also remarked in a letter that "*of the hundreds who blow this instrument in Paris, there are only two or three who can play it properly in tune*" and he regretted that it was not taught at all in the Paris Conservatoire of Music. But he later met a French virtuoso named Caussinus, a former oboist who had taken up the new invention, and began to change his opinion: certainly, since that meeting the ophicleide parts in Berlioz's works become more developed and extended in range.

Berlioz also mentions the rather rare contrabass ophicleide, or '*ophicléide-monstre*' as it was known. He said it would be a very useful addition to the orchestra but no-one in Paris at that time would play one as it was claimed they demanded too much air!

It is interesting that, despite his earlier disparaging remarks about the ophicleide, Berlioz even gave it an on-stage solo in his opera *Benvenuto Cellini*. And he never did like the newfangled tuba, even when that became available to him later on.

Mendelssohn was another early ophicleide enthusiast. He wrote parts for it in several of his works, including his overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and his oratorio *Elijah*. When the latter was premiered at the Birmingham festival in 1834, Mendelssohn included a contrabass ophicleide. (Two years ago, the BBC undertook a recreation of *Elijah* using original period instruments. Tony George, professor of tuba at the Royal Academy of Music, played the contrabass: one of only two playable ones in the world, both of which are modern replicas).

The ophicleide soon established itself as the normal bass of the orchestral brass, and it was subsequently so regarded by composers right up to the time of Verdi and Wagner, who both included it in their earlier works.



Ophicleide made circa 1850 by the firm of Gautrot (Paris)

In orchestras, ophicleides were invariably required to play low down, both as the bottom end of the trombone section and to reinforce the bass line generally. It was rather different in the early brass bands, which had both high & low ophicleides: the first player used a smaller mouthpiece and his part corresponded to that of a present-day euphonium, while the second player had a large mouthpiece and played what would now be the bass tuba part. The alto ophicleide took the place of the modern tenor horn.

Anecdotes about ophicleides in bands are legion. My favourite is that relating to Stalybridge Brass Band, who apparently lost the 1860 championship contest at Crystal Palace when their first ophicleide player got his pocket watch chain caught up in the keys of his instrument!

Unlike the orchestras, where it seems the standard of brass playing was generally not high in the earlier part of the 19th century, the band movement produced many fine players. Amateur musicians, miners, mill workers and factory hands, they might be illiterate in English but could certainly read music and had the technique to cope with highly lavish and complex arrangements of the operatic music of the day. Professional ophicleidists included Sam Hughes already mentioned, the greatest player in England if not the world. I have a copy of a photo taken in the latter half of the century of the professors at Kneller Hall, the Army's school of music. The line-up includes Hughes on ophicleide, Alfred Phasey, another great ophicleidist who went on to become one of the first euphonium virtuosos, and Tom Sullivan, professor of the then-new tuba: he was the father of Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert & Sullivan fame, who also used the ophicleide in some of his works.

The mid-19th century saw the phenomenon of the promenade concert. Louis-Antoine Jullien was a Frenchman, based in England for about twenty years from 1838, who effectively created the 'prom' in England well before Sir Henry Wood and the BBC came on the scene. Jullien's mix of light music and the classics for the 'promenaders' helped to bring orchestral music to a wider popular audience.

Jullien was a great showman who attracted some of the best players from England and France, and at one point he even engaged Berlioz to conduct. One of his star soloists on numerous occasions was the French ophicleide virtuoso 'Prospère' (Jean-Prospère Guivier), who liked to use the contrabass: since he was a shortish man, the incongruity must have appealed to Jullien, and doubtless the audience. This caused *Punch* magazine to comment in 1852 on Jullien's "*gratuitous overuse of the ophicleide"* and add this ditty:

"With ophicleide, cymbals and gongs,
At first thou did'st wisely begin,
And bang the dull ears of the popular throngs,
As though 'twere to beat music in."





Left: 1844 caricature from *Punch* magazine of virtuoso player 'Prospère' with his "monstre" or contrabass ophicleide. *Right:* replica contrabass ophicleide being played by its maker, Robb Stewart, in the 1980s. (This is the instrument used by the BBC in the period performance of *Elijah* mentioned previously).

All good things must come to an end and, eventually, towards the end of 19th century, the ophicleide started to fade out. I believe there were two principal reasons for this:

(a) Bands were going over exclusively to the new saxhorn family of brass instruments invented or developed by Adolphe Sax. These all have piston valves and are much easier to play than keyed bugles and ophicleides. In addition, they were subject to active marketing: winners of contests on the ophicleide were known to have received euphoniums as prizes! In the orchestra, too, trumpets and horns were adopting the new valves. They also started to be applied to ophicleides, with the subsequent development of a much larger instrument, the 'bombardon', which was the forerunner of the modern tuba.

(b) Orchestras were getting bigger & louder, as they had started to do in Handel's day and are still doing now. The earlier brasswind simply did not have sufficient carrying power and were gradually replaced by larger wide-bore instruments, while the ophicleide was eventually supplanted by the heavyweight tuba – which, as a contrabass instrument, now often plays the ophicleide part of 19th century works an octave lower than intended.

The ophicleide was, nevertheless, quite a long time a-dying. Older players saw no reason to learn a new instrument, so it lasted as long as they did. The firm of Couesnon still had ophicleides in its catalogue in 1910 and did not actually stop manufacturing them until about 1920. The instrument prevailed the longest in Brazil, of all places, where the 'choro' dance bands are known to have retained it into the 1930s at least.

And in one sense, it never died anyway, just changed. Legend relates that Adolphe Sax, looking as always for a new sound, wondered what would happen if he were to place a bass clarinet mouthpiece on an ophicleide – and so the saxophone was conceived, that Frankenstein monster of an instrument consisting of an ophicleide body with the reed of a clarinet and the fingering of a flute!

The purported end of the ophicleide has inspired numerous poems. Brian Holmes, a.k.a. 'Professor Cabbage', wrote one which ends:

Farewell, O ancient ophicleide,
Your epitaph is chiseled:
"I died of ophicleidicide.
I tried, alas, but fizzled!"

But methinks its demise is much exaggerated. Many brass players are again taking up this allegedly obsolete instrument for its unique value. I would argue that the ophicleide is not, as is usually asserted, 'the precursor of the tuba' but, to quote a statement made about the Welsh crwth or crowd, "Historically, it represents the logical end of one particular line of development, not the early stage of another." Musical instruments all seem to go through a similar life cycle: at first, they are simply the norm; then they become old-fashioned; then obsolescent, and finally obsolete. But if one waits a little longer, they may come back as 'period' instruments – as the ophicleide is now doing. It is again being used by professional orchestras and ensembles in historical performance to recreate the sound-world of the mid-19th century brass, alongside period horns & trumpets and narrow-bore trombones, where the timbre, and volume, of a modern tuba is totally out of place. In the earlier part of the last century, recorders were regarded as no more than historic curiosities, and just look at their popularity today: perhaps the same may yet happen to the ophicleide!

Another major reason for its resurgence is that, as in my own case, a growing number of people are adopting it because of its totally distinctive sound. As happened with the re-emergence of the recorder, works are again being written for it by modem composers. I leave the last word to cellist Yo-Yo-Ma:

"If you love the sound of some musical instrument, it's like no other sound. It's really yours, it comes from deep within... You can express how you feel, send yourself into the larger world. You will always have that voice, and that's a pretty powerful thing."

See also Lion Pride Chapter- Price's Creators

Bayliss	Tom	Dates	

Tom Bayliss is a horn player, pianist, organist, accompanist, composer, teacher and comedian!
He gained his B.Mus degree from Royal Holloway, University of London, and his PGCE teaching qualification from Cambridge University.


1973

Tom taught music for 10 years, at Oundle School and then at Adams Grammar School in Newport Shropshire, and then returned to Cambridge to study at Westminster College.

He was ordained into the United Reformed Church and was a URC minister for 27 years. In retirement, Tom is still actively involved in many aspects of music in north Devon. He plays horn regularly with the North Devon Sinfonia, the Petrovian Orchestra and the Giocoso Wind Quartet.

In addition, he plays the organ regularly at his local parish church, and is the accompanist for the Winkleigh Singers chamber choir. He also conducts the South Molton Singers, a larger choir who sing everything from Messiah to Mikado!

Everything you always wanted to know about the horn but were afraid to ask!



ANOTHER musical event will shortly be heading to a picturesque Vale of Clwyd Church.

'Everything you always wanted to know about the horn but were afraid to ask...' is the title of a light-hearted look at the evolution of the French horn. This will be the event at St Dyfnog's Church, in Llanrhaeadr, on Wednesday, August 28 (7pm).

The evening's entertainment will be a very light-hearted look at the evolution of the French horn, with musical examples including a jazz piece by Madeleine Dring, and the version of the Mozart Concerto made famous by Flanders and Swann.
Assisting Tom will be local amateur musicians Kath Mitchell-Dawson as accompanist and John Harris as tenor and narrator.
There will be an opportunity for anybody to try the various instruments Tom will take with him, including a Wagner tuba, and refreshments will be served afterwards.

Beckett	Andy	Dates	1968-1971

I attended Price's from 1968 to 71 in the 4th, 5th, lower & upper 6th. I was a corporal in the Army section, although I managed to get a flying scholarship sponsored by the RN! Odd that. Anyway - I went on a camp with the CCF in either '68 or '69 which took place at the Junior Leader's regiment transport division in Taunton with Mr. Nash. I'm not sure now whether the camp was Easter or Summer.

My recollections of the activities include travelling there in the back of the CCF truck and being deposited in the middle of nowhere for a cross-country march over some distance (10+ miles) in the rain, wearing groundsheet capes and carrying 303's, or in my case a Bren for at least part of the time. There was also another march to an exercise area where we participated in blank firing 'manoeuvres', and spent a damp night in a copse. Other activities at the camp included:

- Live range firing with 303s, Brens, and on another day SLRs
- Driving instruction on SWB Land Rovers (round and round the parade ground)
- Inevitably, the assault course, square bashing and PT.

My contemporaries on the camp included John Fay, Chris Ryan (the other one, and David Jarman. My memory is that it was an army section-only undertaking.

I also recall a moment of light relief in the NAAFI where one of the regular Junior Leaders revealed that his apparently regulation attire consisted of just the collar and cuffs hacked from an issue shirt, worn as three separate items with his army-issue pullover concealing the lack of anything in between.

According to your chronology, my brother Nick, who is five years my junior, must have been around as the CCF was disbanded, as he entered Prices in the first year in 1969 and went all the way through to the U6th, so he would have left in '76 I think. He was Navy Section. The year behind him was the first co-educational intake. I'm sure his nautical headgear complete with Price's CCF ribbon is still gathering dust in my mother's spare room in Widley.

Regards,

Andy Beckett

Andy Beckett remembers 1968-71

Michael, I recently happened upon the SOP website, and was amused to find that (purely for alphabetical reasons) I head up the list of those with 9 'O' level passes in 1969.

I've never understood how I managed to pass them all, and have to confess that most of the grades don't bear close scrutiny. (I failed to pull off a repeat performance two years later when I scraped two passes at 'A' level). On the left-hand side of the same document I spotted my brother Nick who is five years my junior, and therefore joined that year.

Before I came across the 'O' level page, I had been trying to come up with as many names of my contemporaries as I could from the recesses of memory. The list reminded me of a few others, but I struggled vainly to put faces to a lot of the names.

I joined Price's in the 4th year (4a) in 1967 when my family moved from Gloucestershire. Chris Ryan joined at the same time, his family having just returned from Singapore. Both he & I 'commuted' by rail, he from Netley, I from Swanwick. Our fathers were both from the Army, so we naturally formed a friendship. Chris left after 'O' levels, along with Dave Jarman, to enter Welbeck, and they both went on to join the Royal Corp of Signals to the best of my recollection.

Names that I managed to recall independently were the "genius set" - Gover, 'Sandy' Shore, Peter Wood, 'Muscles' (Lamport I think), Martin Newbury, all of whom impressed me no end by being able to conduct games of chess without the aid of a board. Wheeler, who was just good at everything! John Fay, who lived next door to the school playing field. The explosive master Gilmour, who's experiments with weed killer nearly cost him an eye. 'Horse' Stribley who bought 'Fred' Barker's Red Isetta bubble-car, and tried to run it on coal gas (the permanent attachment to the chem. lab by rubber hose being a bit of a drawback).



There was quite a contingent of three wheelers in the sixth form of 70/71. Stribley's Isetta, John Cope's Berkeley Sports, a pale blue Heinkel (was it Warwick's?), and my own red Trojan - later sold for ten quid for spares.

I could hardly mention Stribley without his arch nemesis, Holt, whose greatest pleasure was to try and entice Stribley on a lunchtime trip out to some remote pub or other and then endeavour to maroon him there by clearing off in the only available transport. He was often aided by a certain Berry (I think he arrived in the L 6th), who played Mutley to his Dick Dastardly.

I also recall the famous Stribley/Holt scrap in the Library, which knocked all the books of the shelves backing on to the entry corridor.

Others who come to mind are Phil Hannam, who risked life and limb in my bubble car on occasions, and who had ambitions to fly, along with Steve Ward & Ian Virgo. I don't know whether they achieved this.

I am probably best remembered by my contemporaries as having joined the God Squad sometime in the 5th year, and being a royal pain in the anatomy thereafter. I got my just deserts in the 6th when Eric Poyner gave me the responsibility of the lesson reading rota for assembly. As at least 30% of those nominated failed to put in an appearance, I ended up reading the lesson every other day.

My brother tells me that I was known as 'fringe' by his classmates, as I had a long fringe which I was forever pushing out of my eyes whilst reading the lesson.

On the subject of staff, I remember several with great affection, particularly the good humoured Mr. Stevens (Gremmie - from Gremlin I think), my 4th yr form master and 5th yr chemistry teacher, who accepted the annual April 1st 'birthday' present of a toothless comb with remarkably good grace.

One episode I remember was when he ignited rather too much magnesium and aluminium powder in a folded piece of asbestos paper and disappeared completely in an acrid cloud, eventually emerging covered in grey ash.

Mathematics was and still is one of my better subjects thanks largely to the efforts of Messrs. Owens ('Porky') and Barker ('Fred' of the red bubblecar) who both strove to extract my best.

From my report dated February '68, it would seem that my English made rather a shaky start at Price's. Until the arrival of Mr. Jones ('Merve') my English master was a certain 'Trunk' - I don't remember his real name which may be just as well.

He was quite badly victimised by certain boys, and responded on occasions by a virtual withdrawal, he would remain at his desk and stare at the far wall for an entire lesson. From the best of my recollection, 'Trunk' remained with us long enough to nominate Kipling's 'Kim' as our 'O' level examination book. When 'Merve' succeeded him I happened to be off sick for two or three weeks. When I returned, having ploughed my way through 'Kim', it was to find that he had taken a class vote, and the text had changed to 'Cider with Rosie'.

At the parent's evening preceding the dreaded 'O' levels 'Merve' candidly advised my Mother that I would fail English Language if I didn't attend to my punctuation. As it turned out 'Eng. Lang.' was my sole grade 1 pass!

My brother cursed me for this, as whenever he failed to perform to Mr. Jones satisfaction, he was told he'd never do as well as his brother if he didn't "buck his ideas up".

Others have recalled the mysterious Mr. O'Neil. My recollection is that his mottled and apparently insensitive hands were rumoured to be due to an episode on the wartime Arctic convoys which he often referred to. I remember him saying that he once awoke and thought he was paralysed down one side, only to find that the duffel coat in which he had been sleeping was stuck to the steel bulkhead by frozen condensation.

'Penguin' as he was generally known, was relatively easy to divert by the introduction of certain subjects, the war being one, and the electric chair another. He could talk quite graphically on the inhuman nature of this particular form of capital punishment.

CCF 'memoirs': I was in the Army section of the CCF, and attained the dizzying rank of Corporal, whilst my friend and contemporary Chris Ryan made Sergeant.

I recall a summer camp, probably 1968, at the Junior Leaders Regiment in Taunton. We travelled there (or nearly there) by truck with Mr. Nash, who contrived to drop us off somewhere short of the destination, and we ended up arriving on foot having marched for what seemed like miles wearing groundsheet capes, carrying rifles, in persistent rain.

One of the 'high' points of the stay at Taunton was the exercise which degenerated to a cowboys & Indians style shoot-out across a field (blank ammo), with cries of "you're dead" - "no I'm not" etc. We spent the night in a copse trying to sleep, wrapped up shivering in our groundsheet capes (no tents). It started to rain in the early hours, and someone who had elected to sleep prone on his groundsheet ended up with a puddle in the small of his back. Who was he, I wonder? (It is just

possible that the march in the rain was to the exercise site rather than the camp, my memory is 50/50 on that).

Other remembrances of the camp were getting to live fire the Bren gun and SLR on the ranges, driving SWB Land Rovers around the parade ground, and the squad having to carry a telegraph pole to and from the assault course, for no particular reason. The years have kindly erased any memory of the assault course itself, but I am sure I did very badly, as I was a bit of a blob!

Another feature of the CCF was the special sections that were forever being set up, only to fizzle out a short while later. One was the "Modern Weapons Section" in which we became highly proficient in stripping and reassembling the SLR, mainly because the other modern weapons we were promised never materialised.

Then there was the Artillery section which had a single visit to Larkhill where we took turns to fire a 25 pounder at derelict vehicles the other side of a valley. The rumour was that we were then going to get a decommissioned 25 pounder at Price's for gun drills and displays, but that also never turned up.

The one relatively useful section was the 'First Aid' section, taught by an officer from the Medical Corps. One participant actually suffered some sort of fainting fit during the lecture on mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, so we had an impromptu live demonstration on the handling of the unconscious. There is no intentional hyperbole in the above, but mistakes there may well be, memories being what they are. I bow in all cases to those with superior powers of recall.

I left Price's in 1971, grew my hair, and went to Portsmouth Poly to study engineering. I returned on one occasion to collect some work for Nick who was laid up with an ingrown toenail.

I made the obligatory call on Eric, who's immortal utterance was 'ah yes, I remember the face, but the name escapes me'

Regards, Andy Beckett **See also Lion Pride Chapter- Price's Creators**

Bedford	Dr. Ian D.	Dates	



I've been fascinated by the bug world for as long as I can remember.

From studying butterflies on the South Downs as a youngster, I went on to pursue a career in Research Entomology and ran the Entomology Dept at the John Innes Centre in Norwich up to my recent retirement after 42 yrs.

Following retirement I work as an independent entomologist, offering advice to companies that are developing environmentally safer plant protection products and I promote and encourage wildlife-friendly home gardening.

I have been fascinated by insects and other invertebrates for most of my life. Starting out as an Amateur Entomologist, studying and conserving butterflies on the South Downs, I went on to pursue a professional career as a Research Entomologist and ran the Entomology Department at the John Innes Centre in Norwich, until my recent retirement after 42 years. I can now follow my passion for all things Entomological at a more leisurely pace.

I also visit Garden Clubs, Horticultural Societies and National Garden Shows to give talks on various insect - related subjects and hold event days at Garden Centres, which include talks and drop-in 'Plant Pest Clinics'





What We Discuss:

The species that most need our help at the moment

Some of the best and worst habits us gardeners have that either help or hinder insects

Plants that are fairly common but do little or nothing to provide a food source or habitat

Public and private landowners collaborating in order to establish a network of habitats

The ecosystems of our gardens and our region-specific species

Are all pesticides a no-no?

How can we reconcile the need for wilder areas in our gardens and landscapes with the desire to grow food plants?

Insectageddon – exaggerated or as bad as reported?

.....

Ed: Ian's website shows from his bookings list for 2022 and 2023, just how popular and in demand he is!

See also Lion Pride Chapter - Price's Creators

Bennett	A.C.	Dates	

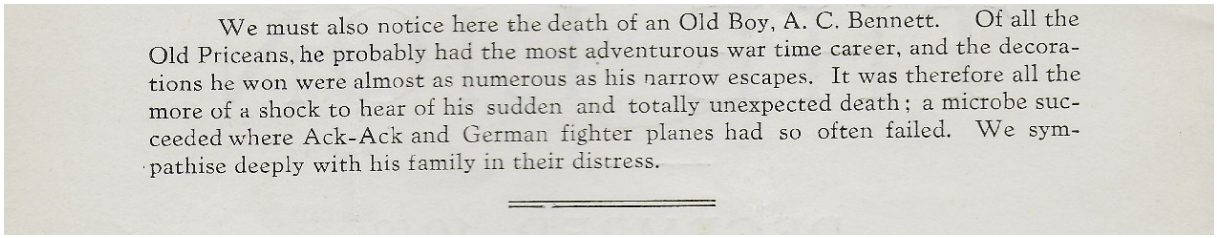
			
Distinguished Flying Medal	Air Force Cross	Mentioned in Despatches (x2)	Yugo-Slav Cross of Liberation

The DFM was awarded to personnel of the Royal Air Force and other British Armed Forces, and formerly to personnel of other Commonwealth countries, below commissioned rank, for "exceptional valour, courage or devotion to duty whilst flying in active operations against the enemy".

A.C. Bennett was awarded his DFM as reported in “The Airplane” in October 1942.

The AFC was originally awarded for "valour, courage or devotion to duty whilst flying"

Mentioned in Despatches (x 2) A member of the armed forces mentioned in dispatches (or despatches, MiD) is one whose name appears in an official report written by a superior officer and sent to the high command, in which his or her gallant or meritorious action in the face of the enemy is described.



We must also notice here the death of an Old Boy, A. C. Bennett. Of all the Old Priceans, he probably had the most adventurous war time career, and the decorations he won were almost as numerous as his narrow escapes. It was therefore all the more of a shock to hear of his sudden and totally unexpected death; a microbe succeeded where Ack-Ack and German fighter planes had so often failed. We sympathise deeply with his family in their distress.

Betts	Gordon	Class of 73 - 78





Seven years at Price's School/College gave me a collection of O and A Levels that took me into banking. I joined Barclays Bank at their Lee-on-the-Solent branch believing that I had signed on for a "job for life". *(How wrong was that!)* A number of years in various branches and success in banking exams took my journey to Head Office in London / Coventry / Knutsford and gradual changes of direction from branch banking into market research, HR and project management. Like so many other people my Barclays career was "freed up" through a redundancy programme. I saw this as a positive opportunity and moved into a project management role with Cendant International Membership Services.

Cendant gave me opportunities to work in Europe, Scandinavia and a few visits to America. I had a great time, met wonderful people and most importantly learnt that the Barclays' way was not the only way.
Ironically, having struggled with French at school, I had to develop enough language skills to get by in French, Spanish, German, Dutch and Italian. Some of it has stuck but now Cymraeg (Welsh) is my latest challenge.

After three years with Cendant I moved to Adecco to manage a number of IT projects. Adecco's culture didn't suit me so I left and set up my own project management business with a side-line in recruitment. That business was active from 2003 until 2014 when I decided to retire. At first it was difficult but I adapted and haven't looked back. I have absolutely no desire to work again.

Whilst running my business I also ticked off a few bucket list items: I bought a pub in my village; walked the Inca Trail to Machu Picchu; completed the Great Glencoe Trekathon (twice); qualified as a football coach and referee; and drove a Ferrari around Silverstone.

Outside of work I got married in 1988 and have two children. I have lived in Fareham, Southampton, Rugby, Holmes Chapel, Brinklow and now Dolgellau. My mum's side of the family are multi generation Welsh and in a way I am going back to Hen Wlad Fy Nhadau (Land of my Fathers).

I moved to Dolgellau in 2019 and wouldn't want to be anywhere else. From my front door I look across Cader Idris and Mynnedd Moel, mountains that I have

climbed many times.

My mum lived in Fareham until 2018. I visited her regularly and saw the old school transformed into William Price Gardens, Poyner Close and Coghlan Close. At least the names live on.

Gordon's memories of Prices:

There are so many. Perhaps the most poignant are:

- 'O' Level exams in the gym on hot summer days.
- Swimming lessons in the cold pool.
- Being one of the last boys to wear a Silvers blazer with the badge and full braid.
- Winning a six pence from Mr Glynne "Genghis" Howell and being told "don't buy a wife on the way home".
- Studying an OS map of the Thirlmere Valley in one of Mr Elliot's geography lessons which led to a lifelong love of maps and mountains.
- Reversible rugby jerseys – all blue one side, blue with a white stripe on the other.
- Singing Gilbert & Sullivan operettas in music lessons.
- The whole school photos.
- The playing fields reducing to make way for the Sixth Form Centre and additional classrooms.
- Sebastian!

Bewers	Peter	Dates	1960 - 1964

Interesting reading a 1963 "*Salvete*" page out of an old "Lion", particularly as I immediately noticed it contained an error. A certain B. St. G. Butler-Davis is shown as arriving in IVA in the Summer term of 1963. This would have been Brinsley St. George Butler- Davis, who was in the same form as myself in both 1A (1960-61) and 2A (1961-62). I seem to remember him LEAVING when we were all in 3A (i.e. 1963). He should have been on the "*Valete*" page, and as being in 3A not in IVA. Alastair Muir and Dick Boyce (also mentioned) DID join Price's in 1963 in the third form - I do remember that. So the page appears to be otherwise correct. I wonder if Mr. Butler-Davis ever noticed this mistake; as he left, he probably never collected his copy of "the Lion".

The page on Bert Shaw's retirement also brings back memories as I recall that on the announcement of his retirement during "Assembly", Bert got a resounding and spontaneous cheer from the whole school which actually moved him to tears. Certainly, he was a disciplinarian of the old school, which by the mid-sixties made him a little like a fish out of water. Nonetheless, he was popular with the boys and this despite his "hands-on" attitude to chastisement. The sort of methods that could land a teacher in court, even gaol, these days. You wouldn't keep your job at all, never mind for 38 years!

Being unsporty, I was never one of Bert's favourite pupils. Notwithstanding this I did get on well with him and he had a lot of respect for me. I'd missed a month's tuition just days into my first year at Price's after breaking my shinbone in a football game. On returning to the school in mid-October I found myself clueless in Latin lessons. For about a week Bert gave me extra tuition after school and was pleased with the speed with which I managed to catch up. So much so that he publicly praised my progress to the whole assembled school at the end of the year (and much to my embarrassment!). It is because of this that I always associate him with school Latin - despite the incredulity with which some old boys have greeted the idea of him ever having taught the subject.

Tuck Shop

I attended Price's 1960-64. During my stay there the tuck shop was no longer in the tin hall; that building wasn't even used as the woodwork shop any more. In fact for most of my first year there the "tin hut" - with the old toilets sited immediately behind it - was our classroom (1A) and we had Mr Alderson as form master. I seem to remember it ended its days as the CCF "Quatermaster's Stores".

Imagine schools having rifles and ammo on the premises these days!! Though perhaps Eton and the like still do.

In my day the tuck shop was always on the ground floor of the "old building", opposite the stairs. I recall they sold items there which were never available anywhere else: "Spud Puffs" and "Mint Bingos". I never came across these elsewhere, either before or since. They also sold some cheese flavoured crisp-type items, though I forget what they were called. Again, unobtainable elsewhere.

PETE BEWERS

Bird	Tom	Dates	1960 -



I arrived at Price's in 1960 along with F.E. (Francis) Thomas from Castle St. Junior School in Portchester. F.E. was a very bright boy and my friendship with him was pivotal in that I worked hard to try to keep up. He also had a wicked sense of humour and was fascinated by Mr. Garton. F.E. was an excellent mimic, and I wasn't too bad either. We quickly picked up on all the mannerisms on offer from all the staff, especially in the chemistry lab on the first floor.

With bated breath we waited for the inevitable “It's your job to do these things...to know these things ...etc.” It got so bad that one day when the great words were spoken I burst into brief but loud hysterical laughter, went purple in the face no doubt, and tried to pretend I had a particular interest in the bottle of conc. sulphuric acid in front of me, while there was a long and deafening silence in the room. He just carried on after a while, I felt so guilty.
Another gem was his routine with a gas jar of oxygen, which with a great flourish he would open… You can rekindle a glowing splint!... he would declare in triumph. I sadly forget his routine with hydrogen, but I do remember his best joke...

I don't remember precisely how it went, but the essence of it was that it concerned a cup of tea. This cup of tea was fortnight tea … long theatrical pause while boys scratch their heads ... and again in triumph he would declare … It's too weak!

F.E. and I produced a spoof newspaper in our third year called ...THE FACTS... a tabloid based on the Mirror and the News of The World. He wrote the vast majority of it, fictional fantasies about

particular members of staff, but the starring role was to go to Mr. Garton, of course. The story about him was illustrated by a drawing of the top of his head emerging through smoke and fumes, based on the famous photo of St. Paul's in the blitz, and I believe this may have been the origin of the nickname Dome Head shortened to...THE DOME.

Well my handwriting was better than his so I copied out his prose. It was passed around boys and of course was soon confiscated by a master. I was convinced that I would be expelled before the end of the day, for they would quickly recognise my handwriting, but nothing happened. Some days after, another master, it may have been Mr. Mullard was seen sniggering at this libellous rag hidden inside his class notes, whilst we were all getting on with writing something during a class. No more ensued, but I wonder what circulation it had achieved amongst the staff?

Whilst we were in 5R, F.E. Thomas produced a slightly less libellous newspaper called Remnants from the Remove, that would have been 1965, certainly predating The Black Lion.

Perhaps you might like to add these things (It is, after all, your job to do these things) to the site.

Best wishes

Tom Bird.

Blake	Hugh Cundell	Dates	1938 - 1944



A little of what he said about Prices School which it is clear was a happy time for him after being evacuated early in the war.

It seems his schooling was cut short because of the need to serve in the armed forces, but he specifically mentioned his two friends who were made prefects at around the same time. I know he kept in touch with both of them for many years afterwards, and I spoke with the widow of Vivian Knight only last week.

Hugh was born in 1926, and was brought up in the suburbs of Southampton. Spells at a local Church of England primary school, were followed by part-time schooling at a Grammar School (restricted hours due to the start of World War II) before he was accepted at Prices. The journey to school involved cycling to the local station, then a train ride to Fareham, walking the rest of the way.

Hugh has described himself as not being particularly academic, but he greatly enjoyed the cricket & football, particularly the matches against other schools. In his time at Price's he served in the Army Cadet Force, and finally a year in the 6th Form as a prefect, alongside his good friends Roy Daysh and Vivian Knight. At the time the Headmaster was George Ashton, and Hugh remembered his officer in the cadets as Major Shaddock, who was one of the teachers. He was known to his school friends by his middle name of 'Cundell' which was an old Blake family name. He then left school in 1944 to join the army.

He was commissioned into the Royal Hampshire regiment, and after training was moved to

Germany, when the war was nearing its end. After a spell in Berlin, he became a Signal Officer for the Oxfordshire & Bucks Light Infantry and transferred back to the UK. He was demobbed in 1948, soon finding work for a large cement company (which later evolved into Blue Circle Cement), moving to their Bristol office in 1949. There he met his future wife, Joan, they married in 1952, and work then took them to Gloucester, Cambridge (for 16 years), and then back to Bristol until retirement in 1985.
He then became an active member of Rotary, then was a founder member of the Bristol Brunel Probus Club. With Joan he was very involved in charity fundraising in Bristol over many years until they moved to a retirement village in 2007. At that time Joan's health worsened, and Hugh devoted his time to caring for her until her death in 2012, just one month short of their diamond wedding anniversary. Subsequently, Hugh has been very active in his local retirement community, and remained very independent right up until a short illness ended his life on 5th February 2023 at the age of 96. He will be missed by all who knew him, and remembered as a real gentleman who thought of others before himself

Boote	Ronald (aka "Acker")	Dates	

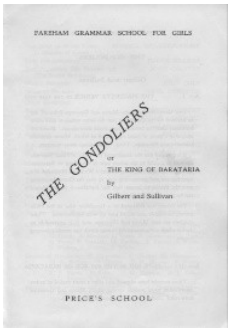
Terry Richter:

In my second year my form tutor was Ronald Boote. He was later to guide me successfully through O-Level music and gave me an enduring pleasure in listening to Bach and Mozart. I still find the Wagner hard going, though.

Ron Boote built a strong musical reputation for the school in those days. Initially choirs, then the orchestra, then several highly successful Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. If there was any way anyone in the school could get involved in these, he got them. I remember little of the first one, Patience, except that he took a central part himself as well as producing it. I found myself in the male chorus for HMS Pinafore and the cast also included John Chaffey and John Cole. All the sisters, cousins and aunts were supplied by the Girls' Grammar, where we practised and the performances took place.

The school had a peripatetic violin teacher and I scraped away for a few years, joining the orchestra as a second violin for any event such as a prize-giving. Quite understandably, Mr Boote employed professionals when required for the G & S. But there was, for me, one special advantage in being in the orchestra. The scheduled practice time was on Wednesday afternoons, coinciding with the operation of the CCF. It was the only way to avoid participation in the otherwise compulsory CCF

Further comments from the Lion magazine:



A significant change on both the music and theatre fronts took place with the arrival of music master Mr Ron 'Acker' Boote in 1962 or 63. It was he who introduced Gilbert and Sullivan to the school repertoire, which of course combined both music and theatre in the form of Light Opera. The first production was 'Patience' in 1963; then 'The Gondoliers' in 1964 (Making up the bulk of the cast were the choruses under conductor Ronald Boote, who also took charge of the Orchestra.),

'HMS Pinafore' in 1967; 'The Mikado' in 1968; and 'Iolanthe' in 1969. Musical Director in 1968 "The Mikado", with St. Anne's Girls' School. 1963 Music Director of "Patience" and played the character of Reginald Bunthorne.

Mr Boote also ran a school choir and the school orchestra. In 1965 the choir was enjoined with its FGGS equivalent for a combined concert – details unknown. In 1967 the choir joined in a Fareham Philharmonic Society production of Mendelssohn's *'Elijah'.*

Botterill	Mark	Class of 73 - 78





I have lived in the USA since 1981. I am now a US Citizen.
I have been married 41 years to Toni Dinai Botterill, We have two children, Brittany and Keighley.
(Brittany plays for Team GB as quarterback for their Flag Football Programme attempting to play in LA Olympics)

We had lived in Orange County, California for the last 20+ years, until recently moving to Phoenix, Arizona.

I've had a successful coaching and commercial career in sports both globally and in North America. I own a number of US and Internationally based Companies and am currently in my last role as a strategist with a global manufacturing company.

I am planning on retiring from my commercial roles this year and moving part-time to Europe to take up a role with FIFA.

Mark's memories of Prices:

I think of Prices quite often. I guess that is what you do when you age and you fondly remember the past as a way to bring meaning to your life. Often I think about the simplicity of life back at school and the friendships that were warm, meaningful and long at that time.

Ed: Mark was an excellent cricketer also, playing for the Hampshire U19 team in 1990 and 1992, and also the Hampshire 1st XI Soccer team in 1991. In 1992 he had trials for Aston Villa.

Boul	Haydn (Lawrence)	Class of 73 - 78





December 1974 the family left Hampshire for New Zealand. In the 70s it wasn't quite transportation to the antipodes, but in those days you were not flipping back to Europe on a whim. I didn't get back for around 20 years.

In NZ the school year starts in February, and the structure was somewhat different, situation akin to primary for a year.

After that it was back to a more Pricean environment at Christchurch Boys High. My experience at Prices had readied me for it and this time I thrived, popping out at the end with a very good academic record and a junior scholarship (of which only 400 were awarded nationally).

I still hadn't become any fonder of sporting endeavours though and contrived, by a variety of wheezes, to avoid compulsory sport for my entire time. Ironically I was quite fit as we lived a way from school and cycling to and fro with an after school delivery job had me quite lean and mean. I had also started to discover skating and skiing which seemed to suit me rather better than hockey or rugby.

University started well, with a first class degree quickly obtained and a scholarship for post-grad. At which stage I got rather comfortable with academic life and the opportunities for extracurricular activities. Alcohol certainly uncovered the extrovert Mr. Hyde.

After eight fun-filled years of post-grad existence I eventually gained a PhD. Apparently this leisurely course I was frowned upon by the powers that be. Some time later I met the university proctor socially and he commented that, after their experience with me, they changed the rules a bit to prevent interminable study.

At 30, employment beckoned and I fell into some government research into DDT residues in soil. It was a significant issue for some sections of the farming community at the time. This was not related to my PhD subject in any way, although did use similar techniques and skills. I duly became the local expert on the subject and even appeared on national TV to discuss it. But funding dried up, as it does, and I drifted into other chemical nasties for a while. But a government researcher spends much of their time chasing funding which is no fun at all. My way out was to become involved in a project looking at composting for waste treatment. This became a commercial spin-off and I was into the world of engineering and business.

I've joked on occasion that I travelled the exotic locations of the world to look at rubbish dumps and sewage treatment plants, which does sum up the job quite well. Selling, project managing and troubleshooting installs of large waste treatment plant kept me busy for over 15 years.

Outside work, I'd got married, bought houses, had a son and generally did the sorts of things that one commonly does. We'd also had a few big earthquakes to keep life interesting. No longer

compelled to play sports, I embraced them, with skiing, wind-surfing, mountain biking and ice hockey taking up time at various points in my life. Parenting was an unexpected joy and produced a young adult (Haydn jnr) who I am very proud of.

Then, after one sewage plant too many perhaps, it was time for a change. So I started doing my model-making hobby semi-commercially. The digital era presents many opportunities for custom modelling using techniques like 3D printing, laser cutting, photo-etching, and metal casting and I have embraced all of these. So these days I manufacture short run kitsets and parts from home under my NZFinescale brand.

Haydn's memories of Prices:

Having spent only 4 terms at Prices, as a pre-teenager at that, my memories of that time are relatively few. However, emigrating was a step change in life so that does tend to apply some sharpening to those mental images.

A long time after leaving Prices I came to realise that I'm a very introvert personality, and what that means. It probably didn't help my adjustment to grammar school. At Prices I was rather out of my depth, academically mediocre (at best) and becoming increasingly wayward in behaviour. Moving to NZ was, therefore, a life reset for which I feel very fortunate. Not that I don't have fond memories of Fareham, as I do, but they are somewhat tainted by a suspicion that had I stayed life might not have gone as well.

If there is one emotional scar I carry from those days, it's the impact of PE and the person of Mr Tuck. Wet weather meant cross-country runs and I remember wet chalk on the formation of the developing M27, followed by the embarrassment of shared showers and the threat of Tuck's plimsoll. In my memory it is all horribly Victorian. Sport was avoided wherever possible.

Embraced rather more enthusiastically was the run for the bus home. Prompt departure at the bell and a good sprint to West Street would see me on the early bus. Insufficient pace and I'd be twiddling my thumbs on the stop for the next one.

At that stage in life I was very enamoured of building plastic kits of military vehicles. School generally got in the way of this passion, but I do recall building the 1/35 Tamiya Schwimmwagen over a number of maths classes. Subsequent testing in the pond was disappointing. How I got away with this I can't now imagine.

I recall a trip to Wembley to watch a game of ice hockey and this kindled an enduring affection for the game.

I was always a little bemused at Religious Education. It seemed then, and still does, an odd subject for secondary schools. I am an atheist, I suppose, but it is not something I have spent time considering outside of those classes.

Receiving the names and photograph of my old classmates did, I was surprised to note, prompt fond and welcome memories of you and I recognised many. However those recollections are just impressions rather than any specific anecdotes.

I cannot remember who it was, but one classmate discovered that an old parachute cord burnt rather slowly and thus made an excellent slow fuse. I do remember re-fusing various fireworks and popping them lit into suitable locations around the school, where they would go off, as we strolled innocently by, many minutes later.

Bourchier	Mlle.	Dates	1908 - 1934

VALE

There are few among the thousand boys who have passed, or are passing, through the School who have not at one time or another been taught by MISS BOURCHIER. Joining the Staff within a few weeks of the opening of the School, she was for over six years responsible for the work of Form I, but gave it up in December, 1914, and some three or four years later rejoined to help M. Larguier put the French of the School on the sound basis which it has attained.

For many years, all beginners were under her instruction for their two first years, and much of their later success is due to her patient and thorough spade-work.

At School House, for over sixteen years she has acted as Matron, and those who have been under her care in the Sick Room have quickly realized what a skilled and sympathetic nurse she was, and how unselfishly she gave her every moment to ease their pains or cheer the long, dull days of convalescence.

She is leaving us at the end of July to take up her abode in a charming little house known as "Cricketers Pond," on the main road from Botley to Bishops Waltham, about half-a-mile from Curdridge Church. Her garden by the "Hut" has for many years been one of the attractions of Park Lane, and with increased leisure the garden of "Cricketers Pond" will bear witness to her horticultural skill, and we wish her many happy years to enjoy it.





1914 1924

Bradly	Mrs. Edith Beatrice (nee Hynes)	Dates	1908 - 1934

18/12/19 End of 1st year Concert, inc. Comedietta "The Duchess of Bayswater", with Mrs. B as "The eponymous" Duchess. 1936 produced, with the help of the Trinity Church players, "Eliza Comes to Stay", in support of the Pavilion Fund

A copy of the 1911 census return for Price's school, then only three years old at the Park Lane site, which I had come across by chance. I was immediately struck by the Indian connection. Edith Beatrice Bradly, wife of first headmaster S R N Bradly, has her birthplace stated as "India, Malabar Hill, Bombay (Resident)", while Assistant master Richard Oliver ('Ollie') Johnson, then living in the school house, has his as "India, Colabra, Bombay (Resident)". On top of which, the birthplaces of no less than four of the thirteen then-resident boys were also in India: two of them, Leslie Russell Judge and Cyril Ridsdale, are described as from "India, Surat (Resident)" and – wait for it – two brothers, Robert Bernard and Richard Harold Scott hailed from "India, Calcutta (Resident)."

A SHORT HISTORY OF PRICE'S SCHOOL –

Edith Beatrice Hynes (Mrs S R N **Bradly**)

"In the name of God Amen the 24th day of August, A.D. 1721, and in the 8th year of His Majesties Reigne, etc, I William Price of the Parish of Fareham in the county of Southton timber merchant and so forth: Item I will that my land and estate at Crocker Hill Item and my farms and lands at Elson … Shall immediately after my decease be put into the hands hereafter named for Trustees (The Minister and Church Wardens of the said Parish of Fareham) for the erecting and forming a Charity School in Fareham."

So reads the Will of the Founder of Price's School and the greatest benefactor of the little town of Fareham.

More than 200 years ago in a cottage situated where the present Fire Station stands, and the former dwelling place of William Price, our school first had its being. Thirty children were to be chosen by the Vicar and Church wardens of the parish, and the will goes on to say " And I do hereby further order and direct that the said 30 children shall be yearly clothed with an upper garment of blew cloath (and of noe other colour) to be decently made and of such goodness, etc."

Until 1901, when the old school closed, the boys of Price's wore blue cloth suits with silvered buttons and a hat with a metal lion on the front (the present school badge was copied from this). These suits, together with a pair of boots, were provided annually by the Trustees. Six boys were chosen to sing in the choir of the Parish Church at the 3 o'clock service on Sunday afternoons.

These six were: called "blue boys" and were given an extra suit of clothes and wore gilt buttons and lions. All the boys were elected by the Vicar and Church wardens The entrance examination which consisted of reading from the Bible, was held on Ash Wednesday in the Market Hall, and they wore the uniform for the first time on Easter Sunday. Those boys who did not attend regularly were fined and the money was expended on prizes for the well behaved.

One "old boy" of 74 who still lives in Fareham, relates how one 1st of May he played truant and went round with a May bough "hoping to collect a little pocket money."All I got," he said, "was one penny! And when I went back to school I was fined three halfpence, had a good thrashing from the schoolmaster, and another when I got home." So he didn't get much for his money! He, also stated that the Headmaster in his day was a regular tartar and kept a cane, "a nasty thin one," and a birch rod and three pairs of handcuffs hanging on pegs; he said he had never seen the handcuffs in use, but had evidently often felt the cane! Probably the handcuffs were a survival of the olden times as also was the traditional punishment which too, is only hearsay. This was only for very bad boys. The biggest boy in the school was made to hold the culprit on his back while the master birched him publicly, on market day, in front of the School and in view of the townspeople.

In 1845 the original old buildings had become so dilapidated that it was necessary to pull them down and a new schoolroom and dwelling house for the Master was erected on the old site. Some of you may remember this building: it was only demolished to the regret of many about ten years ago, to make room for the present fire station. It was a quaint, pretty old place after the style of the present Parish Hall, then the Market Hall which was built in 1847 by voluntary subscription, on land belonging to the School ; it was given to Price's Charity but on the understanding that it should be used on market days and for farmers' meetings, etc.

In the days of William Price, and for many years after his time, there were no board schools or county council secondary schools, and unless a boy was fortunate enough to get into a church school, of which there were comparatively few, or lived in a town where there happened to be a grammar school and his parents were well-to-do enough to pay for him, he had a very poor chance of any education at all and the greater number of poor boys never had the opportunity of even learning to read and write, so that When old Mr. Price left money in 1721 to found a school, it was a very great boon to the town. Of course, in those days, education was considered much less important than it is to-day, and if a poor boy knew something of the three R's, viz., reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, he was considered quite a scholar.

Two hundred years ago, just as is still the custom the Headmaster of Price's School was appointed by the governors of the trust and the Vicar of Fareham; and I think it may amuse my readers if I give two examples of the report of the governors on their choice of a new Head.

(*Extract from an old document, dated 1724.*)

After a good deal of what appears to the un-legal mind, unnecessary talk: we find the following, written in beautiful old copper-plate:—

> *"* Now know all Men these Presents that we the present Minister of Fareham whose Hands and seals are hereunto set by Virtue of the Power to us given by the said last Will and Testament of the said William Price (at the request of John Barnard of Fareham aforesaid who to the best of our knowledge and belief is a person of a sober Life and Conversation and fitly qualified for the purposes hereinafter mentioned) Have therefore nominated Constituted Appointed put and deputed And by these Presents do Nominate Constitute Appoint put and depute the said John Barnard School Master or Teacher of the Said School and the children therein to be taught and instructed according to the said last Will and Testament in the Room of Henry Stanton late School Master or Teacher deceased Giving and hereby Granting unto the said John Barnard the yearly salary or Payment given by 'the said Will to the School Master or Teacher given or allowed And we do hereby humbly request the Right Reverend Father in God Benjamin Lord Bishop of Winchester to grant unto the said John Barnard his Licence for the better and more effectual Authorizing*

him to be School Master or Teacher of the said School as aforesaid In witness whereof we hereunto set our hands and seals the eleventh day of February in the Twenty second year of the Reign of his Majesty King George the Second over Great Britain and in the year of our Lord 1748.

Sealed and delivered by the Revd. Mr. Thos. Appleford Woolls Minister and by Sir William Gardiner Bart. and Mr. Danl. Lavington Church Warden in the presence of:
JOHN AUBREY, RICHARD BARQUS, THOS. APPLEFORD WOOLS, *Vicar*. WILL GARDINER.
DANL. LAVINGTON.

(This is copied exactly from the old Document, punctuation and all complete.)

Extract from the Minute-book of the Clerk to the Governors, 1907 :

"The Governors interviewed the 5 selected Candidates for the Headmastership of the New School, and ultimately it was resolved that Mr. S. R. N. Bradly, Assistant Master of the Modern School, Bedford, be appointed Head Master of Price's School as from Jan. next-——Subject to his acceptance of the post."

J.E.TARBAT 24 October, 1907.

Not quite so long-winded or perhaps so dignified, but after all it meant much the same thing. But we have jumped some 70 odd years ; let us go back.

All this time from 1721 to 1845, when the new buildings were erected, the little school had been going quietly on teaching 30 poor children dressed in "blew cloath " to read their Bibles and do simple sums. Talking of cloth, tailoring in those days must have been a much less costly trade than it is now. I have beside me an old account book with an entry, "Paid Kneller for 10 coats £2 10s. — 1821."

About the year 1857 some of the land bequeathed in the will, which was situated round and about Elson and Hardway, was wanted by Government for the Ordnance Department and the Admiralty, and it was sold to them at a high price, which greatly increased the capital of Price's Charity (small plots of land round Hardway have continually been sold right up to the present time) and in consequence the yearly income was a great deal more than was needed for the maintenance of so small a school. In 1853 the Rev. W. S. Dumergue became Vicar of the Parish, in the place of the Rev. Wyndham C. Madden, and now began a series of disagreements between: the Trustees, led by Vicar Dumergue, and the Charity Commissioners, as to how the trust money should best be expended, which lasted for 28 years. In 1859 a request was made that grants might be paid from the charity to the National C. of E. Schools, to Fontley School, and the Sunday Schools. This request was refused, excepting in the case of Fontley, who were granted £30 per annum.

In 1866-67 a covered passage was added to the School buildings, and the Master's garden was converted into a playground for the boys.

In 1870 the present School Board was formed, and compulsory education began. This really sounded the knell of the old Charity School, for though it struggled on for more than 30 years, it very soon became behind the times. In 1873, the accommodation in the existing church schools being deficient, a public meeting was held in the Market Hall, and a resolution passed. This was, that a request should be made to the Endowed Schools

Commissioners to grant permission for part of the funds of Price's charity to be applied to the building of new schools. The request was
refused, but a new scheme was proposed and drawn up to the end, that a higher grade school should be opened in the place of the old Price's School. At a meeting of the townspeople it was agreed, by a large majority, that the scheme should be adopted, but Vicar Dumergue and the other trustees could not see their way to agreeing to it, and it was again shelved, and the school continued on the old lines.

In the meantime the Board Schools became an established fact, and flourished, and poor little "Price's" became very inefficient. Three of the Old Boys, who left the school in 1862, 1872, and 1875 respectively, and still live in Fareham, say that latterly it was difficult to get boys to go to the School at all, and that many of those who did go, only went for what they could get—viz., a suit of clothes and a pair of boots!

In the year 1880 the endowment was five times what it originally had been, and the Trustees again tried to persuade the Charity Commissioners to allow them to use the money in enlarging and maintaining the Church Schools, but were again refused; they still holding to their scheme, of building what is now called a secondary school.

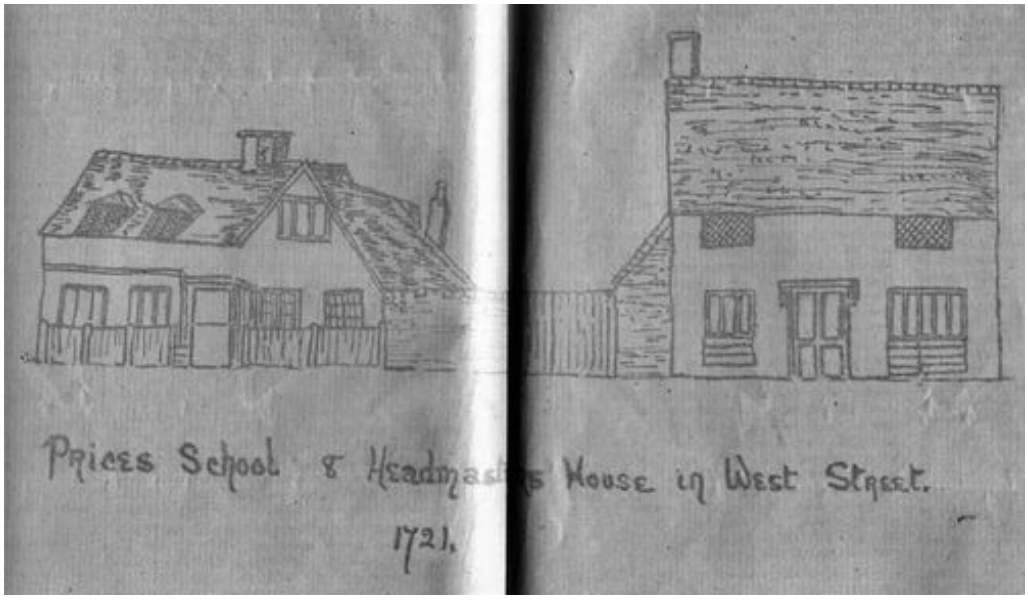
In 1882 they drew up yet another scheme, but by this time the parishioners and townspeople were also divided, some siding with Vicar Dumergue and the Trustees, and some with the Charity Commissioners; and there was much bitter feeling upon the matter. In 1881, old Vicar Dumergue, who, though undoubtedly a fine old Churchman of very high principles, was possibly not very far-seeing, published a Remonstrance against the new scheme which he considered unjust, and it was again discarded.

In 1885 he died, and his place was filled by the Rev. T. Gore Browne, and the next six years seem to have been peaceful ones for the Trustees of the Charity, but in 1891 the Charity Commissioners again began to bestir themselves, and drew up
another scheme, the third since 1873, which was again thrown out, the Trustees not considering it as in accordance with the true intent of the Will of the Founder. There was a shifting clause in the said Will, to the effect that, should it be impossible, for any reason, for the Testator's wishes to be carried out, the money should all revert to Christ's Hospital (The Blue-Coat School). This of, course, would have been a great disaster to Fareham.

In 1892 the Trustees proposed that the old Price's School should be incorporated with the National Church Schools, a grant being paid to the latter, so that a certain percentage of the children should be elected by them to receive bounty, in the way of clothing and exemption from any school fees (elementary education was not free at this time), but the Charity Commissioners would not agree to this. It was then proposed that a certificated master should be appointed, and a better education given to promising boys who were likely to benefit by it: a technical school was also suggested, or that it should be placed under the Science and Arts Department.

In 1897 yet another scheme was proposed and seriously considered by the Trustees. This was amended in 1898, and again in 1901, and once more in 1906; and at last, on the 18th of July in that year, it was finally accepted. Under this scheme, beside the Vicar and two Churchwardens, who were *ex officio* Trustees according to the will, there were to be fourteen more representatives, and instead of Trustees, they were from this time forward to be called Governors. At this time the Rev. J. E. Tarbat was Vicar, and he was elected chairman, which office he holds up to the present time.

At the first meeting of the Governors, it was decided to carry on the old school until Christmas 1901, and then close it down, as it was now quite out of date. The remaining boys were sent to the National School and given an allowance for clothing, instead of the suits of "blew cloath"; and so ends the early history of "Price's Charity School." But there was life in the Old Dog yet, and in 1908 he became very lively, as we all know.



In 1903 the site for the new School at Uplands was purchased. In 1904 the present playing-field was ploughed and cleared, ready for sowing with oats, preparatory to laying it down in permanent grass in the spring. In 1907 the Market Hall was sold to the Vicar at a reduced rate, on the condition that he relinquished all rights which he possessed, to use the future school buildings as a Sunday School ; and in 1910 the old School in West Street was sold to the District Council, and was shortly afterwards demolished, and the present fire-station built in its place.

Mr. John Sandy, himself an old Price's boy, and now for many years a Governor of the School, was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the new scheme, and it was on his proposal, seconded by the Vicar, at that time the Rev. T. Gore Browne, that it was finally accepted. When the ground at Uplands was purchased in 1903, and the boundary wall on the north side of the School was built, some adverse critic wrote across it in white chalk, "Sandy's Folly"!

In 1908 the present school buildings were completed and Mr. Bradly became Head Master. A formal opening by the Marquis of Winchester was held on Jan. 18th. At this time the School consisted of three boarders and thirteen day-boys, five of whom were Price's scholars ; their number being increased each September by five, until there should be twenty.

By 1914, when the Great War began, there were Old Boys gave their lives for their country. In 1921 the Bicentenary of the foundation, a Celebration Festival Service, was held in the Parish Church and an address given by the Bishop of Southampton.

By this time the numbers had increased to over 200, and a large army hut was erected, providing accommodation for a Junior School and a Physics Laboratory.

Since the War there have been great changes, and owing to the increase in the cost of education, the foundation has proved inadequate to meet the expenses, and the governors have been

obliged to seek further help from the Local Education Authority, until such time as the endowments increase sufficiently, or some new benefactor arises to enable the School to become once more independent.

Elizabeth Beatrice Hynes (Mrs S.R.N. Bradly (July 1922**)**

Further comments from the Lion magazine:	18/12/19 End of 1st year Concert, inc. Comedietta "The Duchess of Bayswater", with Mrs. B as "The eponymous" Duchess. 1936 produced, with the help of the Trinity Church players, "Eliza Comes to Stay", in support of the Pavilion Fund. **See also Gazetteer, Part 2.**

Bradly	Stephen Reginald Neville	Dates	1908 - 1934

THE HEADMASTER

It would not be fitting that this issue of *The Lion* should appear without some attempt to express our appreciation of the work done by Mr. Bradly for the School and all connected with it, during the past twenty-six years or more. There must have been many in Fareham when the School started in its present form, who wondered if it would ever come to anything worth while, and Mr. Bradly himself, as he faced his school of seventeen pupils on the first morning, must have wondered too. Picture the difference—to-day nearly any form contains more boys than the whole School did then—the staff to-day numbers well over half as many as the School did then. We may guess at the hard work and enthusiasm which must have been responsible for such a change.

Mr. Bradly himself modestly disclaims the credit for the progress the School has made, and points out that but for the work of the Masters he could not have succeeded. So might an architect disclaim credit for a building he designed, on the ground that many others worked at the erecting of it. Everybody knows that the work of any body of people depends enormously on the personality of the man at their head, and the work of a school is no exception. All who have worked under Mr. Bradly have always felt they were working *with* him. He has always been ready to discuss the running of things with members of the Staff, and often modified his own plans in consequence. He never doubted that we were as anxious as he was to do all we could for the School, and because he had faith in us we had to try to justify his faith.

There must be very many, both masters and boys, who have had reason to be grateful to Mr. Bradly for personal kindness shown to them. Reflecting on the number of such instances one knows, and remembering how very ready Mr. Bradly is to hide his light under a bushel, one realises there must be hundreds of acts of kindness known only to himself and the recipient, and which nobody else ever will know. It is typical of him, for example, that he would always do the work of an absent master himself if possible, rather than curtail the free time of one of the staff. It is a pity that for obvious reasons I cannot give details of some of the many examples of his kindness both to masters and to boys, but I can, at any rate, assure him that these are remembered and appreciated.

Faults, of course, can be found; but such as they are they spring from his virtues, and do not lessen our affection for him, but rather give it warmth.

The whole School, past and present, must regret Mr. Bradly's retirement. He is most definitely among those people we are really glad to have known, and we hope he will find as much real happiness in his leisure as we are sure he found in his work.

July 1934. O.P.A. Secretarial Notes – Guy Chignell;

REUNION DINNER.

At the fifth Annual Dinner, Mr. S. R. N. Bradly, M.A., presided over an attendance of 86 members, including Sir Thomas Inskip, K.C., M.P., the Attorney-General, Rev. A. Cory, M.A., Chairman of the Governors, and Mr. Ashton, Headmaster-elect.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, the Rev. A. Cory proposed the toast "The School". He stated that when he first came to Fareham he did not know anything about the School, but since that time the School had made its imprint upon him. It would seem that practically every profession was represented amongst the ranks of the Old Boys, but he did not know of any parson, and he wished the Old Boys could produce from their number a parson, so that he could preach the sermon at the annual gathering. The School had reached a mile-stone in its history this year, when sadly bidding farewell to Mr. Bradly, who had built up a wonderful tradition. Mr. Cory mentioned that Mr. Ashton, the new Headmaster, was present, and said that he must be gratified to find such a body of interested people to support with goodwill the future tradition of the School. Mr. Bradly had put the ball in play and would be treasured by Mr. Bradly as a reminder of all who had contributed.

Sir Thomas stated that it was one of the greatest honours he had received since he had come into this Division, to be allowed to give this token, and wished Mr. Bradly the best of health in his retirement.

The toast was accorded musical honours.

Mr. Bradly, in replying, said perhaps it was a good thing Sir Thomas did not know everything there was to be known about him. A sad thought arose when it was remembered that a dear friend was no longer amongst them. He referred, of course, to the late Monsieur G. Larguier. The Old Boys had turned up in a perfectly marvellous manner. He considered it worth while retiring if only to satisfy Chignell, whose ambition it was to get an attendance of at least one hundred members. He was glad to say they had got it that day.

As MR. BRADLY emphasised both at the A.G.M. and at the Dinner, we are not to feel that we have said "good-bye" to him, even though he will no longer be presiding over our meetings, and his declared intention to wear the Old Boys' tie, which he has kept in tissue paper for a year or two, not only gives point to that fact, but should quite incidentally do much to popularize further that article of attire!

MR. and MRS. BRADLY will be living quite near Fareham, and with the welcome which Old Boys will receive from them, and the very cordial reception which MR. and MRS. ASHTON have promised them at the School, we anticipate even larger attendances at meetings than in the past.

More, MR. BRADLY has placed his field at the disposal of members wishing to camp, and we may yet see an O.P. Summer Camp at Fareham, an innovation which we believe would be greatly welcomed by some of our hiking members.

. . . .

With regard to MR. BRADLY'S departure from the School, there is much to be said, and all of it difficult to say. The English language is not constructed to touch the depths of emotion, and no words can adequately express our simultaneous feelings of pride, regret and congratulation in and to one who, with the able co-operation of MRS. BRADLY, has so long and so well given so much to so many, and to one who, in his own words, feels that he has made of all our members —friends.

Indeed, proof of that (if needed) was given not only by the almost unanimous response of our members to a suggestion that we should give MR. BRADLY some small souvenir of his Headship, but also by the extremely nice letters with which subscribers without exception accompanied their contributions. We suspect that emotion almost mastered MR. BRADLY when, in closing his speech of thanks at the Dinner, he repeated the motto he first gave to the School—"Quit you like men—be strong"; and the finest reward we and the generations to come at School can give him is to try to live up to that ideal for which he has striven so long and so gallantly.

Mr. Bradly's Letter.

May I take this opportunity of thanking all those Old Boys who joined in the present which was made to me at the O.P Dinner in July, and also for the exceedingly handsome Hot Water Jug and its inscription, which reached me later?

I had a vision of days of leisure, when the school bell no longer called me to try to do my job, which would give me an opportunity of writing to them individually, but, so far, there has been so much to be done, that correspondence has fallen sadly behind, so please take the will for the deed and make note of my new address, "White Canons Catisfield, Fareham," where both my wife and I shall be most pleased to welcome any of you who feel inclined to look us up." **S.R.N. BRADLY**

Lion Editorial, May 1956

In our last issue, we briefly recorded the death of Mr Bradly, who was the first Headmaster of the School from the time of its reorganisation as a Grammar School in 1908 until his retirement in 1933. During that time he imposed his personality on the School, as is the way with fine Headmasters, and its numbers increased from less than 20 to close on 200. More over the quality of work up to School Certificate standard was high and after 19028 a Sixth Form was made up and in which the foundations were laid for the more advanced work which has since been developed. On the Sports Field too, we did well against Schools which were a good deal larger than we.

Everyone who met Mr. Bradly knew that they had come into contact with a man of exceptional quality, Admiration and affection grew as one saw how vital he was at the end of a long day of sustained and concentrated work, how he remained equable and unperturbed in the most distracting conditions and how his habitual courtesy never disturbed his judgement of men. He had few superiors in cutting through irrelevancies and getting to the core of as problem. One has still not expressed his personality to those who did not know him for every action was part of the man and trivial acts, the tying of a shoelace, or the shaking of a mat were as stamped with his individuality as matters of far greater moment. Hence, the interest and affection he aroused ; if he walked into a form room, and wrote three figures on the board, twenty-five boys would be agog to find out what was going to happen next.

It is a long time since he left Price's School but he is not forgotten by those who were on his staff and those whom he taught – nor will he be.

Lion - May 1956:

Mr.S.R.N.Bradly

Most members will by now have learnt of the death of our Vice-President. Mr. S.R.N. Bradly on 15th January last, in his 84th year.

The funeral service on Wednesday 18th January at SS Peter and Paul was conducted by the Revd. A.H.Watkins (Vicar of Fareham and Chairman of the Board of Governors of Price's School), assisted by the Revd. D.W.Hoare (Vicar of Holy Trinity, Fareham).

Many Old Boys were present, along with the Headmaster and Staff of the School, Prefects, and representatives of the Governors, the Fareham Bench and Council, and many local bodies.
The coffin was accompanied by six Old Priceans into Church, and again to its final resting place next to the graves of Mrs. Bradly and Mr. Johnston, I Fareham Cemetery.

President of the Association since its foundation until he retired in 1934, Mr. Bradly was always ready with help and advice and his keen interest in our activities continued all his days.
When Headmaster, nothing gave him greater pleasure than to have his Old Boys around him, and for the casual visitor, there was always a bed available somewhere in the School House. When he moved to white Canons, this hospitality continued and, knowing how much pleasure our visits gave him, it is a pity they were not made more often.

Up to the end, whenever health permitted he was t be seen at School on Old Boys' Days, always the centre of an animated group, delighted to have a chat over old times.. He rarely missed an

annual Dinner, an occasion always made the more memorable by his presence.

The younger generations of Old Boys will no doubt remember him mainly for his achievement in bringing Price's from its modest beginnings in 1908 to its acknowledged position as one of the County's outstanding Schools, in every field, and they will know less f the man himself. To us older men, that is their loss, our gain.. Particularly to those of us who were privileged to be in his care as boarders, he was much more than schoolmaster. He was a father and friend as well.

In retrospect over thirty-six years the characteristic which impressed me most was his essential fairness – one always got a square deal from "Pop", even though it might be underlined by some tenderness behind!

A very human Headmaster, a great gentleman and a true friend – this is the man for whose passing we grieve.

Maurice W.Gardner

Stephen Reginald Neville BRADLY

1870 - 1956

School: Yet to be ascertained.

University: Cambridge. Exhibitioner (holder of a Fish Award) at Queens' College. Subject: B.A. then M.A. in ?

Teaching career: Bedford Modern School

Headmaster: ***1908 - 1933***

Mr Bradly, the first Headmaster of "our" Price's, was fondly known as "Pop". Many will be surprised to realise on reflection that the sobriquet "Pop" needs an explanation. To those of generations younger than ours a definition is necessary - it is many years since we heard anybody use the word in the old way . "Pop" is another version of "papa" which is short for "pater", i.e. father, dad, daddy. How enviable is that nickname! How proud any of us would be were we at the end of this troublous life, and faced with the question "And what do you consider your major achievement as Headmaster?" able to answer, "My pupils chose to call me 'Pop' - their father."?

What sort of person applied for the first Headship of a school that did not exist, and would start with 18 pupils and a staff of fewer than half a dozen? What was the salary being offered? Not huge, I imagine. What experience had he on which to base his development and running of a school? We know he was an assistant master at Bedford Modern School. Was a he educated at a boarding school? Being the sort of man that Bradly was, as we learn from one of the tributes to him, he would have consulted his wife and would not have undertaken this task without her approval, for he could not have done the job without her full support.

Not only did he and his wife foster the family feeling in the tiny school at the start, but, even more amazingly, managed to keep it as the school increased in size. If you read the Old Boys' notes in The Lion, the delight and enjoyment that was experienced at the reunions is very clear.

We have the homely image of Mrs Bradley singing duets with members of staff, others sing, or do comic turns, “Forty Years On” is sung with gusto, all joining in. “It has never been more enthusiastically sung’’, “the old school song never sounded as good” were the sort of comments made about its being sung.

To make a school one’s own is not easy; to make it ***and*** the pupils one's own is very difficult, for you can't *make* pupils’ affection. Certainly you cannot win their affections instantly; not infrequently a positive first impression wears thin with experience. You don't instantly instil real values that will last and that pupils will adopt as there own unless you do have their affection together with their respect. Not only did Bradly have the affection and respect of his pupils, but he inspired his staff with loyalty to him and the growing school. Diverse characters such as R.O. Johnston, A.S.Gale, J.Shaddock, and (rather later) H.R.Thacker, held him in high esteem. Many of us knew these men, and others, and they were honest and trustworthy through and through, whatever their faults, and they did not follow blindly.

Given affection and respect, a leader can instil values that will last. Through all that is written in The Lions and elsewhere there seems to me to be observable high principles of fairness and honesty. T.Frost, one of the original 18 boys, wrote concerning the ceremony of the opening of the school on 18th January 1908: ‘I think that very few of my sixty years passed without my recalling his (Mr Bradly’s) rather shrill voice giving this small group of young boys his first message… “Quit you like men. Be strong.” Looking back, I think he would have liked these words to have been the school motto; I feel sure that it was the basis of his philosophy as a headmaster. It was because of this perhaps that I have no recollection of being aware of the restricted teaching facilities of the school in those days. *

Is it fanciful to suggest that the restrained, almost understated, but without doubt sincere, nature of the tributes to him (quoted with this appreciation) were the result of the calm and fatherly handling of people and situations that they had observed and learned form him?

His practical achievements cannot but command our admiration. He launched and ran a new school, with all the administrative burden that entailed; he oversaw and organised its swift expansion; he selected the short list, interviewed and appointed new members of an ever-increasing number of staff; he and his wife ran the boarding house and cared for the boarders, many of whom had no parents within easy reach but would have worries to be attended to; he taught as many as 27 periods in a week, and stood in for absent staff. The account of his work can easily be expanded; he appeared to have boundless energy. Always there was a welcome for any Old Boy who dropped in to visit him; the numbers who did this is a tribute in itself. In addition to all this, he and his wife had to face the reports of the deaths of their dear “sons” killed on the battlefields of the Great War, and the daily wait for news. He had to support members of staff who returned traumatised from the war - those of us who knew Mr Shaddock will remember the effect of shell-shock he carried all his life, but we do not know how much he, and others, needed support from their leader. Mr Bradly always found time. Efficiency will win respect; “finding time” for people will win affection.

After his retirement he returned to the school and regularly attended the Old Priceans’ gatherings. His presence (and his few absences, for instance when he suffered a car crash) were reported with care on each occasion. He would not have been invited back (neither by his former pupils, nor by his successor) with such warmth had he not been an exceptional, and exceptionally well-liked man. **C.P.Nobes** Jan 2021

Braham	Dr. Ernest	Dates	1943 - 1945

Dr Ernest Braham came to the school as a part-time teacher of biology in the 1943-44-45 period of the war. His full-time job was being Vicar of Newtown (he also practised as a psychologist and often regaled us with stories of the people he had helped!).

John Neville and I went to his church on Armistice Day 1944 to play Last Post and Reveille at the commemoration service. I recall his thundering from the pulpit about the "diabolical machinations of Nazism" - I had to look that up when I got home in order to discover precisely what it meant.

I met him subsequently at Portsmouth Municipal College when he was doing another stint of part-time teaching. He was a lovely man, albeit a hopeless disciplinarian, and of course was very much liked by all his pupils and students.

C/o **Brian Pearce**:

Ernest was proud to have come from good Yorkshire working man' stock, and was a believer in self-education. While Ministering at Bristol, although he had earlier graduated from Manchester Methodist Theological College, the Revd. E.G.Braham obtained a B.A. from Bristol University with a First in Philosophy. Later, while at Bolton he obtained his B.D, degree from Liverpool University. He clearly believed that learning did not cease with schooldays. Living in London, the Revd. Braham was further educating himself at King's College where he was preparing himself for the Ph.D. which he obtained in 1935 with a First in Theology.



His son, Wing Commander John Randall Daniel Braham DSO, DFC, came to the school with his navigator and told us of his operations in a Bristol Beaufighter. He was an acclaimed night-fighter ace and described how he and his colleague used to "stalk" their prey. Some few months later he was shot down over Holland during a daylight sortie and became a POW. I remember this incident vividly as I was in the staffroom, having been summoned by George for what I suspect was to be a painful interview, when Dr Braham entered in some distress to say that his son had been shot down and was missing. My fellow miscreants and I were immediately dismissed never to be summoned again.

Distinguished Service Order and 2 bars, Distinguished Flying Cross & 2 bars, Air Force Cross,
JRDB was the most highly decorated airman of the RAF in World War II.

He claimed 29 enemy aircraft destroyed, probably destroyed one more, and damaged 6. He was the top scoring Allied ace flying twin-engined fighters and was fifth in the list of all the top scoring RAF fighter pilots in all the theatres of war.

He was born on the 6 April 1920 in Holcombe, Somerset, his father a Methodist Minister and a Doctor of Theology who had served in the Royal Flying Corps in World War I.

Braham was educated at public school in Taunton in Somerset and Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Blackburn, Lancashire.

In December 1937 he joined the RAF as an Officer Cadet, attaining his pilot's wings in August 1938.

Some years later, in the late 50s I was serving at SHAPE in Paris when I saw Wing Commander Braham again when he was appointed to the staff of that headquarters. However, I never got the chance to tell him that his calamity had saved me and my chums from ours. I think his father would have laughed though.

Every best wish, **Jack Shepherd**

Bob Braham (From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia)

Braham was educated at public school in Taunton in Somerset and Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Blackburn, Lancashire.

In December 1937 he joined the RAF as an Officer cadet, attaining his pilot's wings in August 1938.

John Randall Daniel 'Bob' Braham (6 April 1920 - 7 February 1974), Distinguished Service Order and 2 bars, Distinguished Flying Cross & 2 bars, Air Force Cross, was the most highly decorated airman of the RAF in World War II.

He claimed 29 enemy aircraft destroyed, probably destroyed one more, and damaged 6. He was the top scoring Allied ace flying twin-engined fighters and was fifth in the list of all the top scoring RAF fighter pilots in all the theatres of war.

Ed: JRDB has been included as a part of the family of Dr. Ernest Braham. His son came to the School to speak. His career has been also a special interest of O.P. Brian Pearce. With his gallantry awards, who would not want to celebrate an association with such a man?

Brent	Richard	1954 - 1962



At an S.O.P. Lunch

Leaving Certificate

Lion: "*Alternately wildly enthusiastic and patently indifferent, he was nevertheless, extremely likeable; a fine all-rounder, he was a very useful outside left for the Soccer 1st XI and a good left arm spinner who would have played more were it not for the "terrible twins" Rowley & Storey. He passed his "A"£ Levels very creditably and will continue his studies at Hull University."*

Richard died of cancer in 2018

A Schools' Inspector.
Sometime SOP Archivist.



Richard at the 2008 Exhibition

Brickwood	Robert	1967- 1974

Thank you David for your reply and experiences at Prices which I found of great interest. I agree we do share common experiences and background. Your plans for the history addendum look very interesting and refreshingly unconventional which in my opinion is exactly what it needs. The newsletters however do not hint at this unconventional approach and I assume from the contents of your email that is a deliberate ploy by you to remain under the radar and avoid alerting the old guard straight line thinkers too soon about your editorial intentions. Cunning! I genuinely now look forward even more to its publication and particularly to any controversy it may arouse.

In answer to your second email I was at Prices 67-74. As I stated earlier I was an outsider, underachiever and did not participate in conventional school life beyond the minimum. Unfortunately there is nothing of conventional interest to share. My sole claim to fame at Prices is that in the 1973 school photo, recently uploaded on the SOP website, I am the only pupil not wearing a school tie – I don't remember how I got away with that. My last contact with any of my Prices peer group was circa 1976 and mainly a result of my extremely 'jaundiced' feelings at the time about the experience of attending the school and also moving away permanently from the Fareham area. I do however have some further general points and info I give below that are probably of no use to you but hey ho……..

One point I would make to you is an education at Prices was merely the first step in life's journey. I may have been a tail-ender on leaving Prices but subsequently modestly succeeded (1st class Hons in Engineering, Chartered Engineer and career zenith of Equity Partner of a 650 staff engineering consultancy business) which eventually eased and finally eradicated my 'jaundiced' views of Prices. I do believe that pupils from working class families with working class values were somewhat disadvantaged by lack of family encouragement, knowledge and emotional support compared to their middle class peers and from your email it appears you experienced that and broadly agree with me. Looking back, as a confident adult, at my schooldays, I believe Prices subliminally inculcated something within me that I took advantage of after leaving the school rather than something I actively exploited whilst at the school. I also believe that probably applies to quite a few other Old Priceans who were late developers. The obverse probably also applies i.e. that there were high-flying pupils lauded for their academic and/or sports successes that took a flatter or even downward trajectory in later life. In the round I have concluded that Prices was fundamental to my later academic and career success (albeit modest in comparison to the celebrities) and I would probably not have achieved as well had I not passed the 11+. For that I am thankful to Prices

I sense that if you can develop the ingredients within your history that provides a sense of inclusion to all OPs it will be a roaring success – as you state it needs to somehow grasp the essence of the

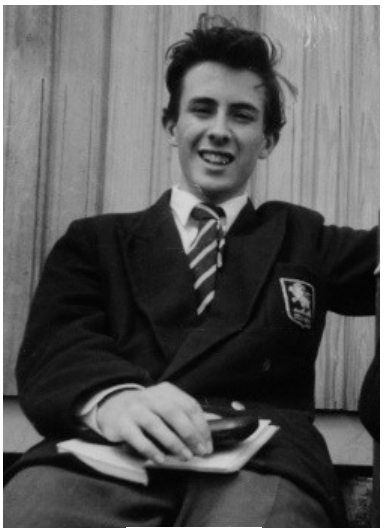
day-to-day school life and culture which was so very much more relevant to most pupils than the prizes, trophies, bells & whistles etc. used by the School to publicise its purported excellence to the wider world. I agree a liberal smattering of anecdotes, warts and all, is the way ahead and if skilfully implemented will probably have every OP reading your history anxiously feeling their pockets for their prayer books to avoid a detention.

…

The fact that SOP do not publish a members list is not helpful, data protection laws are cited as the reason. Not seeing anything from my peers (the interesting ones/ kindred spirits) or even knowing if they are OPs is a turn-off to me and probably to others. As previously stated the SOP is run by a different generation with different values and objectives. A real turn-off if you hated the CCF, disliked sports …

Bridgland	Richard J.	1954-1962

A Retrospective



Sept., 1969

I came to Price's in September 1954, one of 74 intake. We were divided by alphabet into 2A - A-K and 2B L-Y, and into one of four Houses seemingly randomly - I was allocated to Blackbrook. This was followed by a 'welcome' (?) address by the imposing Headmaster, George Ashton MA Cantab, informing us that we were the "10-15% cream of our age group" and were expected to perform as such. The next setback was the information that House points were only awarded for sporting achievement, so no chance there.

The first year in 2A passed fairly uneventfully; our Form Master Mr Smith also taught maths, and under his guidance, one day in term 3, I had a eureka moment and suddenly understood quadratic equations (forgotten now of course). It became clear that boys divided into three, those whose names regularly appeared in the 'Lion' for sporting, and / or academic achievements; those whose names appeared regularly on the detention board for non-approved activities, and those who remained fairly anonymous, which included me.

The years rolled by and In pursuit of my objective of low profile, I gained no house points, had no detentions, and only appeared in 'The Lion', when I joined, *Salvete,* , and left, *Valete,* and 'O' & 'A' level results . It was therefore a very fair summary which appeared in Prefects 'Leaving Certificates' in 'The Lion' of May 1962.....

".....although not outstandingly brilliant as a student, was hard-working and conscientious. He was one of the quieter members of the Sixth Form, who took an interest in archaeology, and in music and in the various musical societies. While he did not take a very active part in some aspects of school life, his friendly character will be remembered by all who knew him".

Career advice was minimal - 1. University, 2, HM Services, 3. Civil Service, and 4, Local businesses. I tried 1, but was only interested in Archaeology which narrowed the choice to three universities. I

had an interview with Prof. Richard Atkinson (of TV Silbury Hill fame) but the competition was too great. So, back to number 3, which resulted in HM Inspector of Taxes in Southampton. This was usefully placed - in the early 1960s, the Gaumont hosted a series of Rock 'n Roll shows, and I had the excitement of seeing the Everly Brothers, Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Roy Orbison, the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals etc etc. Those were the days!

After three years of Executive Officer training I was posted to London. Luckily, this coincided with setting up the first computerised tax system, and I beat my way through a series of mathematical aptitude tests (thank you Mr Smith & 'O' level Maths!) to be one of six selected from 100+. After two years of some very interesting work, money called and I moved to a software house writing code for, the then new, disc drives supporting a production control system. It so happened that in due course, the system was bought by Hawker Siddeley Aircraft - later BAe, and I came to the Hamble site (formerly Folland Aircraft) to work on installation. Later, I moved across to Design as Technical Computing Manager. This eventually wound down, so after 21 years, I changed direction to Local Government, and finished the last eighteen years of my working life as IT Manager of Chichester District Council. So much for career planning!

During my career in IT, (hardly invented when I was at Price's) I kept up my interest in Archaeology, both digging and research. Once I retired, I turned my back on IT, rewound back to 1961, and this time, secured a place at Winchester University. Result - BA (Hons) 1st Class Archaeology, leading to freelance lecturing and writing. My main interest is the Roman period, and in particular, the military. Perhaps echoes of Price's CCF?!!

I now lunch at random intervals (we were averse to being too organised) with five other survivors of the infamous, woodwork hut-based VI Arts - not bad going after 55+ years!

Richard Bridgeland BA (Hons) 1st Class MBCS CITP (if you've got it, flaunt it!)

Richard Bridgland

I remember 'playing' hockey in my first term - avoided the ball as much as possible much to Willie Thompson's scorn. Winter term was the dreaded 'Cross Country running', across where Miller Drive is now, but managed to miss most of that too!

Briscoe	Mr. Cyril	Dates	

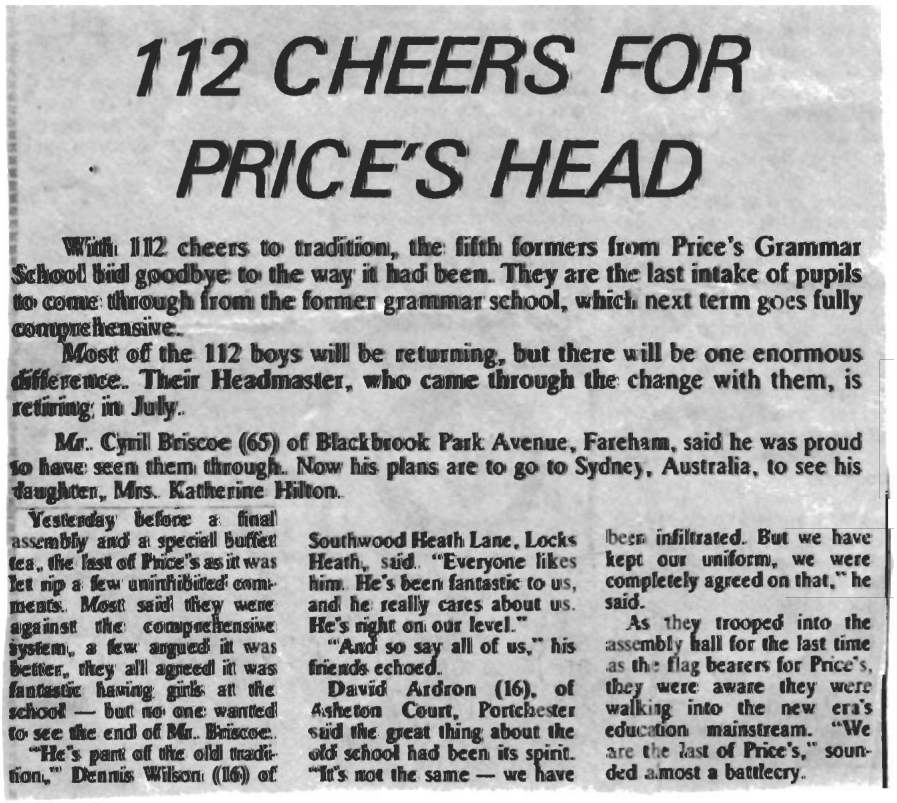


Cyril 's retirement as Head of Main School at the Price's Sixth Form College, with the last cohort of Price's School intake prior to the Sixth Form College becoming just that, a mixed co-educational establishment in 1974, marking the closure after 86 years of the Price's (Charity) School, Variously teacher pf Woodwork, Technical Drawing and, in the rank of an Army Captain, was O.C. the Air cadets' section of the CCF. Ultimately, on the retirement of Mike Howard-Jones (Tom Hilton's successor), Cyril, then a Major, was Promoted to Lt.Col., Officer Commanding Price's CCF.

As the process of transition of the School to College proceeded, Cyril was delegated responsibility to oversee the rump of the *School* intakes through their final years until, in 1974 there started the first of the mixed Sixth Form College's intake

AKA "Biscuits", his workshop always had the aroma of the glue pot. He also took into his stride, the teaching of Technical Drawing, a strange addition to the School life, as it was so poorly equipped for such a curriculum

What has been little remarked-upon is a major achievement for Cyril, in the founding of the Swimming tradition at the School. Started in 1949, with colleague Mike Howard-Jones, what was initially a Swimming Club came to be a fully-fledged curricular activity with a very active extracurricular supporting component. A tradition that lasted for the best part of 25 years. Under his wing, there was a very successful programme of A.S.A. and N.L.S.A. awards. This was an unusual example of how an extracurricular activity became a mainstream feature that led, ultimately to the building of the School's own Swimming pool.



112 CHEERS FOR PRICE'S HEAD

With 112 cheers to tradition, the fifth formers from Price's Grammar School bid goodbye to the way it had been. They are the last intake of pupils to come through from the former grammar school, which next term goes fully comprehensive.

Most of the 112 boys will be returning, but there will be one enormous difference. Their Headmaster, who came through the change with them, is retiring in July.

Mr. Cyril Briscoe (65) of Blackbrook Park Avenue, Fareham, said he was proud to have seen them through. Now his plans are to go to Sydney, Australia, to see his daughter, Mrs. Katherine Hilton.

Yesterday before a final assembly and a special buffet tea, the last of Price's as it was let rip a few uninhibited comments. Most said they were against the comprehensive system, a few argued it was better, they all agreed it was fantastic having girls at the school — but no one wanted to see the end of Mr. Briscoe.

"He's part of the old tradition," Dennis Wilson (16) of Southwood Heath Lane, Locks Heath, said. "Everyone likes him. He's been fantastic to us, and he really cares about us. He's right on our level."

"And so say all of us," his friends echoed.

David Ardron (16), of Asheton Court, Portchester said the great thing about the old school had been its spirit. "It's not the same — we have been infiltrated. But we have kept our uniform, we were completely agreed on that," he said.

As they trooped into the assembly hall for the last time as the flag bearers for Price's, they were aware they were walking into the new era's education mainstream. "We are the last of Price's," sounded almost a battlecry.

In 1960, with formation of the Sailing Club

<u>The Retirement of Mr Cyril Briscoe.</u>

Educated in Liverpool, Doncaster and Northampton – where he taught for several years before coming south in 1946, Mr. Briscoe, nick-named Biscuits, was appointed to teach Art and Woodwork – that lasted until 1959 when he dropped the Art, but took-on Technical Drawing.

Boys will remember his friendly but firm attitude, and will have benefitted from his skills, and enjoyed his sense of humour.

In the Cadet Corps, he stood out as the individual he was – his Officer's cap always at a jaunty angle. Taking charge of the RAF section, he retained his Army allegiance, uniform and rank as a Captain. Even in Cadet Camp photos, with all around him in smart RAF kit, there was Cyril in his Army gear. He eventually rose through Major to take overall charge as Lt.Col.!

In 1977 he became Head of "Main School" – title given to the rump of 11+ entrants working their way through the College to complete their time.

He was always a most loyal and co-operative and wise colleague who dealt with problems and misdemeanours in just the right way. All who knew him enjoyed their association with him and gained thereby.

We have lost direct contact with this most amiable and skilful of men. I am sure he will never completely sever his links with Price's and hope we will see him during the many happy years of retirement we trust he and his wife Mary will enjoy. **E.A.B.Poyner.**



The staffroom presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Briscoe

Ed.: Cyril / "Biscuits" was one of those strong characters that become indelibly associated with an organisation. His northern accent was an immediately impactful experience. The huts in which he taught woodwork would never have passed muster for modern day safety issues, but that was not his fault – it was the facility given to him. It was the glue pot aroma that stood out – an ever present experience.

As starters in what became a faltering career in joinery, or as a "chippy"(nickname for a carpenter, ntbcw a chip shop!), first experiences with shaping timber were not with nice, clean-cut regular pieces, but with remnants of "pre-loved" wood derived from redundant desks or other features – normally warped, inked and heavily waxed, to immortalise the random gougeings of bored pupils ("carvings" would certainly have been an overstatement!), such timbers were a nightmare to plane – and those tools were never sharp, anyway! Life was much more productive in his Technical Drawing class, for nobody had any prior experience and so, there was no earlier-life advantage.



During the demolitions of1967, piles of timber like this, would have seemed like manna from heaven for Cyril's classes

Cyril was one of the "rocks" of the School, even-tempered, and tolerant, with a firm control. I enjoyed his influence in the CCF and it was fitting that this reliable and steadfast man should rise to become its Officer Commanding, in his later years. And it was greatly to his credit that he imparted

so much time and effort to overseeing the role of Swimming, the Club that developed around it, and the addition of the swimming pool as an asset for the School.

David Goldring

More from the Lion magazine	AS Lt.Cadet Officer 1947. 1963 Stage management for "Patience". **As Capt., O.C. RAF section 1959. Retd. As Lt.Col. O.C. CCF**

December, 2023; Just a few days before sending-off for Website up-loading, all of this "Price's Who's Who" folder, I received via the SOP website, the letter below, from a Paul Clifford.

My name is Paul Clifford and I am the grandson of Cyril Briscoe who was an Old Pricean, woodworking teacher and leader within the RAF cadets. Of course he passed away many years ago, although I do still remember him well, taking me for swimming lessons and the smell of his workshop and tomato shed.

My son, is 17, and I'm proud to say is the regimental sergeant major in Wellington School, Somerset. He is also a master cadet with the Devon ACF. Last year I gave him his great-grandfather's pace stick which was presented by Price school upon his retirement I believe. Pierre very competently led yesterday's cadet contingent parade through Wellington and proudly used the same pace stick. It must have been many years since it was last on a formal outing!

I would dearly love to obtain a photo of my grandfather with his pace stick if you might be able to help source me one.(Ed: Sadly, no such image available.)

Attached is a photo of my son Pierre from yesterday with Cyril Briscoe's pace stick.

I hope this email is of interest to you and look forward to hearing from you.



My reply (part of) to Paul:

I am writing an update of the History of the School since 1908 when the Price's Charity School was opened on a new site in Park Lane, Fareham. There had been an earlier History of Price's School published in 1971 by a Frank Gregory. a 2nd edition of that book is available via Amazon, but that does not have much to day about the Cadet Force then.

My publications will be down-loadable soon from the SOP website. There are 2 volumes - 1) **"Lion Pride"** has 24 themed Chapters, of which Ch.8 has c. 60+ pages and some illustrations. That volume will have all of the content including images of the Cadet Force. and several photos of "Cyril" / aka "Biscuits" amidst groups of cadets mostly at Summer Camp. At this stage, I cannot recall when Cyril had taken charge of the RAF contingent, but do recall that he always paraded in his army uniform, probably because he couldn't be

bothered to attend a familiarisation course to equip him as an RAF Cadet Officer. 2) This is a "**Price's Who's Who"** with about 300 entries, all arranged alphabetically. Some people have mentions in both publications.

I had Cyril for Woodwork, and he was always a friendly and accommodating man, never known to get angry or punitive with errant boys. He also taught a 2-year technical drawing course. I wasn't very good at TD - I had no drawing instruments or board to do the homework, at home and so homeworks were always poor - in days long before Schools were expected to supply basic equipment, as is the case nowadays for children with learning difficulties. It didn't help either that I had absolutely no knowledge of understanding of technical or mechanical stuff, tool or fixings - another reason for a dismal failure at "O" level times - in those days, if a pupil was no good at anything / much, it wasn't taken as an automatic failure by the teacher(s), more a matter of just being no good! But, in spite of all that low achievement, I still liked Cyril, with his Yorkshire accent, and horribly smelly woodwork workshop - there was no metalwork.

As the O.C. of the RAF section, he always wore his Army uniform, and it must have been very annoying for the regular soldiers at Camp that Cyril always wore his Officer's peaked cap at a jaunty angle, and had a Yorkshire accent (not then common in the south of England)

Now, all of this is a roundabout way of saying that until you raised the matter, I had never heard of "The Brsicoe Cane", and I have read all of the School magazines. It seems as if it wasn't reported in the School's Lion magazine, However, I will add to the C.B. file in the "**Price's Who's Who**" publication file where C.B.'s entry will be in the "C" Surnames file

I remember him well, for I was a pupil at the School from 1955 to 1962. I enjoyed the CCF as it was then - a Naval section appearing a couple of years after I left, and when the School had grown numerically to be able to support the three sections. In those later days, the RAF section grew to be the largest section, and the smartest (save for it's O.C.'s cap!

Hi David,

Many thanks for such an interesting reply to my email. You are of course correct that it is a drill cane and not a pacing stick. I have attached a photo of the engraving which shows "COLONEL BRISCOE - FROM THE LAST OF PRICE'S COMBINED CADET FORCE 1978". I was a mere 4 years old back then.



I had no idea that he was known as Biscuits. Presumably from all the biscuit jointing in his woodworking classes. Also it's quite funny that you referenced his cap at a jaunty angle. I had spotted that and just thought it unintentional but I should have known better that it was his preferred style. That and his insistence to wear an army uniform must have caused great annoyance with some.

Ed: The Cane referred-to was an award to Cyril *from* members of the CCF on Cyril's retirement, in 1978. I had left the School some 16 years earlier and so, knew nothing of it. His retirement in 1978 was, in effect, a retirement from the Price's College. And that explains why there was no mention of the award on an annual basis, as was the case for the "Butler Cane", in Memory of the death of Cadet Sgt. Butler.

It is a sadness that the eventual closure of the CCF in 1979, was not even remarked upon in the College magazine. And hence, no reference to the service of so many Officers.

Buckley	Deidre	Dates	

I was reminded that the Buckleys were our neighbours when we moved into Shedfield Post Office in 1966. The Buckley familiy then moved to Shirrell Heath where they lived at Daysh's Farm, Hospital Road, from 1968 until 1982. I have very fond memories of Mrs Buckley. She would offer me the occasional lift home after orchestra practice, stopping at Pages Newsagent in Wickham Square to pick up her evening paper. I expect she realised it was a good walk from Price's to the bus station with bassoon and briefcase in hand to catch the no. 53 home!.





Whilst not excelling at music, I do have very happy memories of Mr (Bob) Gilbert, Mrs Buckley, the school orchestra and the music department. The bespoke hi-fi system with the speakers mounted into concrete pillars was state of the art in the 70s. It was always my aim to build a system with a Garrard 401 deck and SME arm. Alas this dream still remains unfulfilled.

Neale Fray

Comment from the Lion magazine:	Another music teacher, Mrs Dierdre Buckley, was also recruited to help inspire us (the Folk Music group!|)

Buckley	R.F.	Dates	

SHIPWRECKED IN THE BAY OF BENGAL.

It was at 9.30 p.m. on Friday, 20th June 1924, while on a voyage from Calcutta to the South Sea Islands, that we struck Preparis Reef. By 10 p.m. there was about seventeen feet of water in the forward and after holds, and the vessel took such an alarming list to starboard that the Commander ordered us to the boats. I got my boat hoisted, but was unable to swing it outboard, owing to the heavy list the vessel had taken. So my boat's crew split themselves up amongst the three other boats. The Chief Officer and I lowered his boat, and as it was on the weather side we had no small task in getting the boat clear of the stricken vessel. We then stood by all night lying to leeward of the vessel. Early on Saturday morning we went alongside. The vessel took off the Commander and procured extra provisions, viz water, bread, marmalade, and last but not least, a bunch of bananas — so we are not able to sing that worn-out song, “Yes, we have no bananas to-day”; not that anybody was in a singing mood. The vessel finally sank at 10.30 a.m. (Saturday), and I must say I felt lonely and sad to see the last of what had been my floating home for nearly tour years and which I did not expect to leave in the manner I did—but such is life.

Preparis Island was in sight, about fifteen miles away. So we set sail for it, hoping to spend that night on dry land. The island is not very large, and uninhabited, but it was a case of “If you know of a better ‘ole, go to it.” We got up to the island about five o'clock in the evening, and, finding that there was a big surf breaking and numerous rocks, thought it advisable not to attempt a landing. We rowed well clear of the land, and put out our sea anchors, intending to await daylight on the following morning, and then to try to find a safe landing place. “Tea” was partaken of. Needless to say, it was not a great deal, just half a cigarette tin of water, dry bread, and a banana. We tried to get a sleep, but nobody was very successful, as a lifeboat’s thwart, with its iron bolts sticking in one's ribs, combined with an occasion small sea down the back of one's neck, can hardly be said to induce sleep.

At daybreak on Sunday, much to our dismay, we found that the wind, sea, and current bad drifted us out of it of the island. We estimated that we must have drifted fully twenty miles, as the island was about 270 feet high, we set sail again for the main land. Unfortunately during the first night in the boat, we smashed our rudder, but on Saturday, whilst steering for the island, we were able to manage the boat by steering with an oar. When setting off on Sunday for the mainland, the wind was stronger, and we were only able to sail at right angles to it, namely, in a South-Easterly direction. The wind was South-West, the South-West monsoon, with its usual weather—rough sea and swell. Our other two boats were able to steer to the Northward, so we soon lost sight of them By noon, with the aid of rope, we were able to fix our rudder in such a manner as to enable us to steer at will, so we continued in a North Easterly direction. The wind and sea being behind us, we made good weather and attained a speed of about four knots (five miles per hour)

Things then progressed very nicely. There was nothing to do but sit back and admire the scenery, save during the night, when all hand would be awakened put fresh rope on the rudder, as it kept chafing through. At six o'clock on Monday morning we sighted a steamer, but unfortunately she was too far away to see us. We did not mind so much, as we could tell by the colour of the water that we were getting near to land. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when most of us were more asleep than awake owing to the heat of the day, we sighted an oil tanker, which we saw, could not miss seeing us, so we altered course to intercept her. It was a grand feeling when we saw her alter course to bear down on us, as we knew she had sighted us. I am glad to say we were all safely aboard her by

five o'clock. We were glad to hear our other two boats had been picked up during Sunday night, all hands being saved.

Thus ended an unpleasant experience. When we were picked up we were within six miles of a light-vessel, and would have seen her when darkness set in. We had sailed 140 miles in 35 hours. We were landed in Chittagong, to the eastward of Calcutta, four days later, at which place I spent twelve days. Then I proceeded overland to Madras, and joined another one of my Company's vessels, which, to my regret, was not proceeding to England. We completed loading in Ceylon and Cochin, for Boston and New York, via Port Sudan, Suez Canal and Gibraltar. Spending the month of September in New York, we loaded for South Africa, all ports from Cape Town to Delagoa Bay, also the islands of Reunion and Mauritius. From Mauritius we went to Western Australia, also to Melbourne and Adelaide, loading for the United Kingdom and Europe. The voyage terminated at Liverpool towards the end of April, after 1 had been absent nearly twelve months from the home coasts.

R. F. BUCKLEY.

Bundell	Ivor.	Dates	1968 - 1975

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive!"

(William Wordsworth)

I was fortunate to be the youngest of three brothers at Prices in the late 1960s, comprising: Bundell Major, Bundell Minor, and Bundell Mini Minor (myself). I had an idea of what to expect – or thought I did.

After only a week at Prices, I was off with tonsillitis, the bane of my childhood years. On my return some two weeks later I had a bit of catching up to do. "What's Physics", I asked my classmate but got no reply. Some five years later I knew: F = MA, S = UT, Left-hand Motor Rule, Right-hand Dynamo, and how to avoid pieces of chalk that hurtled like missiles towards the inattentive – and more often than not hit their intended target.

I did two years of Chemistry, which mostly involved making coloured circles on what looked like blotting paper, or lighting a Bunsen-burner and trying to melt a test tube. My most notable achievement was to be off school the day my classmate and chemistry partner was too quick off the Mark. Before Mr Stevens could say: "Don't light" BANG! "the gas in the tube ….." - I still retain my eyebrows to this day *volente deo.* After that I elected to continue to study Latin instead and, although much of the learning was rote, it was interesting and has been useful to me in life and literature. For example: "*Pyrrhus exaltat, in vestibule, in lumine*, like a snake that has shed its skin in winter ….." (Virgil's Aeneid) a phrase I have often had occasion to use while delivering a farewell speech at work or simply doing the washing-up.

I had been fore-warned about the arbitrary powers, the arbitrary execution of powers, and of first-formers, exercised by Sixth Form Prefects. These were men in grey suits who wore school ties, like the rest of us, but otherwise were completely different. They were only distinguishable from the Masters inasmuch as they did not deport themselves in Dracula-like gowns-cum-capes, often with a dead ferret hung round the neck. Thus cowed they would scowl their way at a rapid pace through

parting seas of schoolboys, heading to their next meeting with destiny and doom on the educational battlefield.

You must now imagine the next five years as a blur of: football in the playground, fear of P.E., French vocabulary on cross-country strolls (my best time 44 minutes, winner 18 minutes), audiovisual French ("*Bonjour Amelie!*") and the entire geo-economical history of the United States, together with glaciated uplands (hanging-valleys, corries, bergschrunds), the poetry of Dylan Thomas on a hill covered with ferns, puzzling the square root of 1 as somewhere between 0 and 2, and getting unsolicited laughs for my translation of "to put out the cat" (*extinguisher le chat*).

And now I have reached the Lower Sixth Form and meet Coleridge and Wordsworth for the first time. I read a lot of Literature in the sixth form. In fact I read the same six texts several times. I am enthralled by the poetry of the Romantics. This is my cup of tea and I have never really escaped its influence, as my songs and poetry attest to this day. And then – horror of horrors – girls will be joining us at Prices next year! And all my hopes of becoming a Prefect and exacting my revenge for the untold injustices suffered in earlier years, are dashed. Adding further insult to injury, it then transpires that there is no Head Boy appointed in my final year at Prices and I am adrift in the Upper Sixth. My teachers retire suddenly with illness or struggle to continue part-time despite illness. My contemporaries are applying for University but I decline to do so. A senior teacher asks if I am trying to grow a beard? Clearly not. I have a full beard and have had for the last six months. I still wear a beard, though it is now much reduced and a different shade of gold, having devalued into mostly silver.

There are of course many things I have not mentioned in this excursion into the past e.g. Hockey Club dinners, friendships, fights, truanting on Sports Day to play chess, my final appearance for the Under-14 cricket team somewhere in the far north of the county, Army Camp in Cornwall, dive-bombing the cooling towers of Didcot power station in a Fairey Swordfish (aka Chipmunk) ….. Perhaps another time some further tales of boredom and derring-do may surface. Other memories remain submerged and perhaps lost forever. That is probably a good thing.

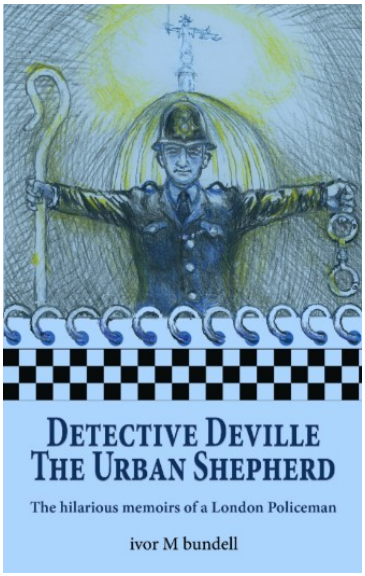
https://www.devilletruecrime.co.uk/about

After Prices I took a year out before going to Queen Mary College, London, to study English. I then taught English as a Foreign Language in France, Spain and Egypt. On my return to the UK I took up a place at York to do a Masters in computing & psychology. Subsequently I worked at the University of Edinburgh and later at the Open University. I also developed expertise in database systems with both software suppliers and major City firms. The later part of my career was in project management and group facilitation, working in local government. I am now retired and writing and making music in the Peak District. All my contacts from Prices are through music, one way or another. It is interesting how our extra-mural and sometimes subversive activities led to such long-lasting friendships!

Paul Gateshill, Ivor and Kevan Bundell, Chris Nash, Michael Daysh, Nick Kahn and Nick Manley have become regular performers at *Tanglefest*. This is an annual *Summer Garden Party and Concert* event which happens in Curdridge.



Me 'n my bro, Kev. on my right



A book wot I rote!

We also all recorded an actual LP in 1976 called *Presence*, which is now available as a CD. Details of our various doings – and some of our songs to listen to – can be found at www.bundellbros.co.uk . I particularly recommend you have a listen to *'Mr Mitchell's Angel'*.

Younger brother of Kevan. Played in a group called PINT, and later in the Andy Vores band.

See also Lion Pride Chapter- Price's Creators

Bundell	Kevan	Dates	1966 - 1973

I joined Prices in 1966 at the tender age of eleven. I did not like it at all. One of my first experiences was to be hit round the face by the Religious Studies master for failing to say 'Sir'. I had no idea that I was supposed to say 'Sir'. I was appalled. Then there was Latin, French and Maths. I had absolutely no idea what was going on. I couldn't believe the amount of homework we were set. Nor could I do it. At the end of the first year I was awarded three percent in my Latin exam – two for spelling my name correctly and one for writing *amo, amas, amat*.



Things improved a little in my second year. I got my older brother and his friend to do my French and Maths homework on the bus home (no more Latin by then). Unfortunately, there was still sports and cross-country running – or minor-jog, stich and then walking in my case. I was last to be chosen for football and quickest to return to the cricket pavilion. (Mind you, I loved the gym, especially Pirates - but that only happened once a year). There was CCF, which involved uncomfortable uniforms, square bashing and stuffing my hair up inside my beret. (Flying down at Hamble and RAF camp were not too bad though. I'm trying to be fair here).

I took my 'O' levels seriously and managed to pass them all except maths. I remember my parents discussing my weakness in maths with Mr Poyner on the first day I joined the school. A special eye would be kept on that, said Mr Poyner. Huh ! In fact, the school had no provision whatsoever for the needs of individual pupils. You managed or you didn't.

Finally, I reached the Sixth Form. I wanted to study English, Biology and Art – subjects in which I had always flourished and been at the top of the class. But no, you can't do English and Biology – not an arts and a science subject. Having been seduced by the arts in my teenage years, I chose English rather than Biology. I have spent the rest of my life being interested in biology and science. My children both did Biology degrees. I have hardly read a novel in my adult years.

I chose Religious Studies as my other 'arts' subject, thus finding myself commonly known as Kev the Rev.

At the end of the Lower Sixth, I suddenly found myself called out In School Assembly for having come top of the year. I was boggled. I was used to competing with a couple of other classmates to become bottom of the class every year. But there you are, that was the result of studying subjects in which I was interested and which I could comprehend. In the end I got two A's and a B in my 'A' levels and was the first of my family to go to university.

So, Price's did me proud - in its own way.

More info. From the Lion Magazine:	1969 in the Christmas Concert Choir. 1972 Joins the Black Lion editorial team. 1970 show "Something to Remember" on the lights. December 1971 back to the concert format. We called it *Reflections of Summer.* I was a

sixth-former and organised the event together with Paul Gateshill and others. Perhaps that's why our band – *Lonene* – had two slots in the programme while everyone else only had one! 1973. *Lonene* performed again in May– Paul Gateshill, Tracey Coles, Dave Cledwyn and myself.

From Black Lion No. 20 (after his time): The next edition in my collection is number 20, of March 1975. ... The Black Lion has become a serious periodical, with reports on a talk given by the former UK ambassador to Cuba ... There are also belligerently critical pieces about the new College, including: the Headmaster's banning of a Rag week magazine, the decision to establish a Student Common Room, and the existence of a Staff/Student Committee. The items are against the banning of course, but also *against* the Common Room and the Committee ... Later still there was a Prices' College magazine promoted by English Teacher Roger Jenkyns which particularly provided space for creative material ... Overall, I detect a change in the Black Lion which began even before the Sixth Form College arose. The Beast began in the anarchic surrealism of the Sixties in general and in that of Chris Bard and Co in particular. (*'Chris was always pushing the boundaries'* says Tony Johnson) ... . One thing that did not change was the editorial tradition of slagging off the multitude for its apathy.

THE OLD OAK'S BATTLE

The wind blew, the rain fell, no stars shone in the dark sky, the moon itself had disappeared. Down in the village the last lights were going out as the people went to bed.

The wrinkled old oak tree stood majestically on the hill towering above the village like a sentinel. It was Autumn and the leaves had nearly all fallen from oak.

The wind blew, stronger, plucking the remaining leaves off the trees and hurling them through the air. In the oak sat an owl huddled up against the trunk blinking to himself. He would go hungry tonight.

A mouse sat shivering in his hole amongst the roots of the oak: he would not get any food tonight.

The storm grew stronger, the oak flung its great boughs around like a madman, rotten branches came crashing down and twigs flew down the hill with the wind.

The branch on which the owl was perched creaked. Fightened, the owl tried to fly to a safer perch only to be blown to the ground. The owl fluttered upwind of the tree and launched himself upward where he landed back in the boughs. This time he found a safer perch.

The oak continued to groan and creak under the force of the gale. The whole tree quivered from the topmost twig to the roots as a large crack appeared along the side of one of the massive boughs. The crack widened, the branch sagged until it touched the earth, then it snapped off completely and thundered to the ground.

By now the leaves had gone, every one and twigs also were being swept away. The roots shook, some broke as the tree tilted to one side.

Down in the village the owl saw chimneys fly into the air, dustbins clattered and rolled along the street. A sapling was torn from its roots and carrier down the High Street like a movie monster. Tiles slid off the church tower and a thatched roof flew upwards like a cloud of smoke to land some fifty yards away in a pine.

The oak meanwhile was on the verge of falling its roots trying to get a grip in the wet muddy soil, it groaned, creaked and with a wrench tumbled downwards. The ground shook as the Goliath hit the earth.

In the morning, after the storm had blown itself out the villagers found the tree. The mouse had run away but the owl, faithful to the end, lay, a crumpled ball of feathers, below the mighty trunk.

K. Bundell 2A

Paul Gateshill, Ivor and Kevan Bundell, Chris Nash, Michael Daysh, Nick Kahn and Nick Manley have also become regular performers at *Tanglefest*. This is an annual *Summer Garden Party and Concert* event which happens at my place in Curdridge.

We also all recorded an actual LP in 1976 called *Presence*, which is now available as a CD. Details of our various doings – and some of our songs to listen to – can be found at www.bundellbros.co.uk . I particularly recommend you have a listen to *'Mr Mitchell's Angel'*

Dramatis personae.



Chris (No-holds) Bard was an impresario, poet and creator/performer of surreal sketches. He was a huge creative talent - founder of and contributor to the *'Black Lion'*, organiser of 'folk' concerts/shows/'reviews' and other events, Head Boy at Prices - when he seemed to take over morning Assembly, leaving the Headmaster and staff diminished in his wake. He went on to become a Canon in the Church of England and a hugely popular broadcaster on BBC Local Radio, as can be discovered at :



http://www.bbc.co.uk/pressoffice/pressreleases/stories/2007/09_september/04//bard.shtml

There seems to be a general consensus that *Dave Cummins* was the most talented and creative guitarist of the time. He also had a wonderful Swedish *Hagstrom* acoustic guitar with a built-in pick-up - unheard of in those days.





Martin Wood - Tink - (Mar[tin K]enneth Wood) played with Dave from early on. Together, they were an inspiration and wrote some great songs, with Nick Manley too - see below.

Unfortunately, Chris, Dave and Tink are no longer with us.



Patrick moved to Australia, where he continues to write and perform a folky manner together with his daughter Meg and others. Some of their music can be heard on YouTube *https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCbx-GIVzm6rANKKQdtJaQ7g*



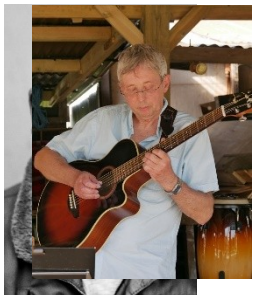
Nick Manley started as a solo performer - as described above. But he also played in *Springwind* and, writing songs together with Dave and Tink formed the wonderful band *Red Shift* - https://soundcloud.com/theoriginalredshift Nick has since had a long and prolific writing and performing career in various bands and solo - much of it in France. He now gigs around the South of England.

Nick Kahn originally learnt to play classical guitar and this led him to write some beautiful instrumental pieces performed together with Mick Daysh and Jackie White on flutes. He has since gone on to write and perform fine songs, often accompanied by his daughters Anna on bass and Eleanor on guitar and by Mick Daysh on flute.





Mick/Michael Daysh fluted with most of the above. Mick still flutes, but nowadays he also writes songs and sings, with guitar or keyboard and a band. Mick also plays with electro-acoustic classical guitarist Chris Nash.



Andy Vores was a prolific composer/song-writer on piano. Having also been a rock drummer, his piano-playing was often frenetic. In fact, he sometimes played faster than his fingers could follow. The results were very different from the songs the rest of us wrote on guitars. He was also a showman and liked to organise large numbers of musicians, singers and even dancers on stage to help perform his creative complexities. He went on from Prices to study music composition at Lancaster and then moved to the US, where he became a successful modern-classical composer and Chair of Composition, Theory and Music History at the Boston Conservatory. http://andyvores.com/andyvoresbio.html

Chris Nash went on from Prices to take a music degree and to record instrumental music with Andy Sandham. He has also performed regularly in folk, rock and jazz bands. He has also partaken of an instrumental guitar duet, 'Nash and Thompson', playing jazz, acoustic and classical pieces (https://soundcloud.com/search?q=nash%20and%20thompson



Paul Gateshill has continued to write and perform, with various others. He has recorded two Albums/CDs of his songs (which can be found via Spotify, Amazon, YouTube).

Paul has also been an essential contributor to the four Albums/CD's written and recorded by *Ivor and Kevan Bundell.*

Details of these albums - and some songs to listen to - can be found at www.bundellbros.co.uk . (We particularly recommend you have a listen to *'Mr Mitchell's Angel').* You can also find Paul's albums in a history of our various musical adventures at Prices and beyond.

Another old Pricean, *Martin Gateshill* – a friend of Dave Cummins and brother of Paul - never played at one of Price's Folk Concerts, but has interesting things to report of earlier days :

'The very 1st electric band to come out of Prices was in 65 or 66. It featured me on Drums and I regret I can't recall the names of the others. It was the creation of the incredible English teacher of the time, **Mr Johnson**. I think that was how I crossed paths with Dave and Tink a little later. The three of us formed a Trio called The Ash in 65/6 doing mainly The Who covers. I have a very scratchy recording of a couple of songs.'

***Kevan Bundell** (1966 -73)*

.....

Rebellion - 1968 **29.01.21**

Price's annual Prize Giving Ceremony for 1968 took place on the 18th December. The Chairman of the Board of Governors – the grandly be-whiskered Rear-Admiral R L Alexander RN (Rtd) - was the chief guest and disher-out of prizes. As was customary, he gave an exhortative speech to the assembled school.

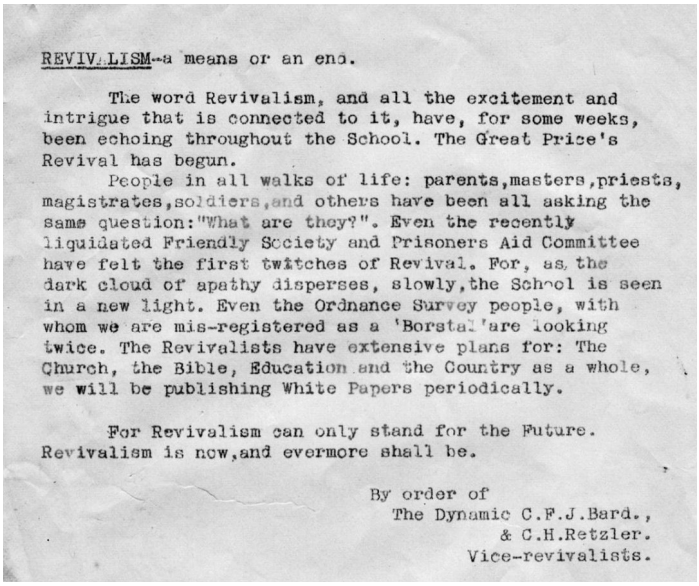
The subject of this speech was the wreck of HMS Birkenhead and the so-called Birkenhead Drill. The frigate HMS Birkenhead had been converted into a troopship and sent to South Africa to support the British colonists. Fully laden with troops and some family members, it foundered on rocks near Walker Bay in February 1852. When the Captain saw that all was lost, he gave the order "Abandon ship!" The normal drill in those days was "Every man for himself!", but on this occasion all the troops lined up on deck and stood to attention, with no-one breaking ranks even though the ship was sinking fast, thereby giving the other passengers - including women and children - the chance to reach the lifeboats and be saved. This action of outstanding bravery was widely celebrated and gave rise to the maritime tradition of "Women and children first!" - known as the Birkenhead Drill - which has become the accepted order of evacuation and has saved many lives. Admiral Alexander, regretting but setting to one side the fact that 445 lives were lost in the disaster, extolled the overriding virtues of courage and discipline, and of course exhorted all pupils to take this lesson to heart. This sort of speech was perfectly normal at the time and according to the finest traditions of Prize Giving. No doubt we all clapped or even three-cheered at the end of it.

On the 20th December - two days later - three sixth-formers stood up on stage at the end of Assembly, *after* the Head and teachers had left, and enacted a satirical and hilarious take-off of the above event. The *chef d'œuvre* of the spoof Prize Giving was the speech, which featured the courageous exploits of Captain A A Snotgrinder and his band of British heroes, who in 1892 attempted the first external ascent of the Eiffel Tower. Closely roped together, the men inched their way up the massive iron structure. All went well until, nearing the pinnacle of the tower, the rope suddenly snapped and the Captain and his men fell hundreds of feet to the ground below - and to their unfortunate deaths. However, due to the courage and discipline of the crowd watching the event, who had remained standing motionless as the disaster unfolded, only 23 spectators were killed...

The whole school laughed. Mr Poyner, on hearing the laughter, returned to the Hall to see what was going on. At least one of the three satirists was expelled, as I recall, and the other(s) suspended - a curious punishment, I thought, because it then means you *don't have to go to school...*

I am not sure if it was immediately after this event, or after further rebellion, that the school was made to assemble in reverse order for the morning Assembly. That is, the first-years were at the back and the sixth-form was at the front. I would have been in the middle. It was very odd to see those in front rising taller rather than shrinking smaller. This arrangement went on for some time.

This act of rebellion - the hilarious and seditious speech - may well have been inspired by the 'philosophy' of *Revivalism* which had recently been declared on the last page of the very first edition of the soon-to-be-notorious ***Black Lion****:*



REVIVALISM--a means or an end.

The word Revivalism, and all the excitement and intrigue that is connected to it, have, for some weeks, been echoing throughout the School. The Great Price's Revival has begun.

People in all walks of life: parents,masters,priests, magistrates,soldiers,and others have been all asking the same question:"What are they?". Even the recently liquidated Friendly Society and Prisoners Aid Committee have felt the first twitches of Revival. For, as the dark cloud of apathy disperses, slowly,the School is seen in a new light. Even the Ordnance Survey people, with whom we are mis-registered as a 'Borstal' are looking twice. The Revivalists have extensive plans for: The Church, the Bible, Education and the Country as a whole, we will be publishing White Papers periodically.

For Revivalism can only stand for the Future. Revivalism is now,and evermore shall be.

By order of
The Dynamic C.F.J.Bard.,
& C.H.Retzler.
Vice-revivalists.

It was of course also inspired by the satire boom of the early and mid 1960s - with Peter Cook and *'Beyond the Fringe'*, and David Frost and *'That Was the Week that Was'*. Price's Prize Giving - and much else besides - was still of a more formal and conservative age and clearly ripe for challenge.

By 1968 it was probably about time that someone made the challenge.

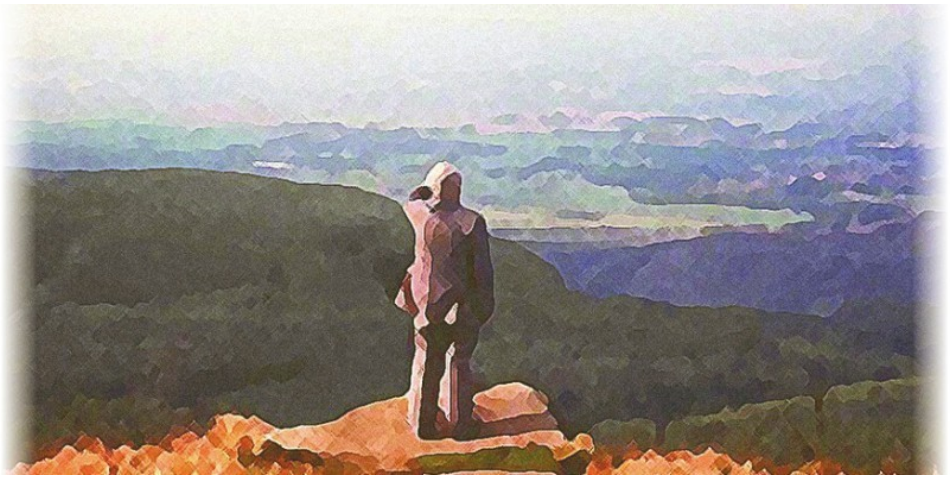
(Fortunately, no one picked up on the Lindsay Anderson film *'If'*. I'm pretty sure there was live .22 ammunition down in the shooting range...)

Rebellion was not confined to a few sixth-formers. Two or three years later, Deputy-Headmaster Tom Hilton, who had been a teacher at the school since the 1930s, was due to retire. He gave a leaving speech to the assembled school. As I recall, he noted that one teacher against thirty or so boys was impossible odds and that the bluff had been called. This was not a complaint by the way. His other main point was that the important thing was that, above all, we should *enjoy* ourselves. As he spoke one could see Mr Poyner's eyebrows - severe at the best of times - very nearly cross over themselves in their silent outrage.

Well done.

*Recalled by : **Kevan Bundell** (1966 – 1972) and Alan Hill (1965 – 1971)*

Welcome to Kevan's Miscellany . . .



My miscellaneous topics are listed on the Menu Tabs above. I hope you find something of interest.

If you were looking for ***The Bundell Brothers*** ***or 'Ivor & Kevan Bundell ~ contemporary and original folk ~ and further . . . '*** please click on the 'Our Music . . .' Tab. You'll also find there a link to Paul Gateshill and Veronica Towers and to our 1976 album *'Presence'*. The 40th Anniversary double album edition of *Presence'* is now available via the *Ivor & Kevan Bundell* site.

On the other hand, if you would like to read an ongoing, autobiographical series of writings on the themes of ***Birds, wildlife, places –*** and other things besides – please click on the Tab of that title above.

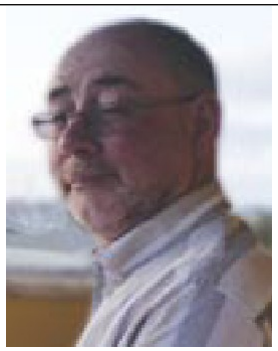
The ***Sirumalai*** tab takes you to an illustrated book and other items about the *Sirumalai Hills* of Tamilnadu, South India, where I lived for a while in 1980 and continue to visit.
The ***Gallery*** and ***More . . .*** tabs take you to all kinds of miscellaneous items.
If you'd like to send me a message please *Leave a Comment* below the relevant item or e-mail me at *kbundell@yahoo.co.uk* Always happy to hear from old friends – and from new ones.

Thanks for looking. ***Kevan*** **(See also Lion Pride Chapter- Price's) Creators**



Burgess	Andrew	Class of 73 - 78





I found O levels relatively straightforward. Not easy, but not too bad. Consequently I did quite well. But the chickens came home to roost at A level, because I hadn't learned how to work hard and apply myself. So a D, an E, and an O level pass in a subject I already had, brought me down to earth with a bump. No Uni for me! Which was fine because I was fed up to the back teeth with school by then.

So what next? Being Price's, the so-called "careers advice" was all about getting boys into Uni. If you hadn't got the grades or didn't want to take that route, there was very little help - you were on your own. And you were made to feel you had rather let the side down.
Of course this was the time of Maggie's 2 (later 3) million unemployed, so jobs weren't easy to come by. When my Mother remarried at the end of 1980 and moved back to her home village near Cambridge, I had nothing to keep me in the Fareham area, so I went too...and kept applying for jobs.

One of those was an advertisement in the Cambridge Evening News for clerical assistants to work for various Government Departments with offices in the local area. They wanted 5 O-levels including Maths and English...tick, and no mention of A-levels...double tick!! I applied, was interviewed, and thought little more of it. A little while later I got a call from a totally different Government Department offering me a job at a site of theirs in the next village. Over 42 years later, I am still with them! Though not as a clerical assistant in a Godforsaken Cambridgeshire village, I'm pleased to say! In fact, just like Prices itself, that site has been sold off, razed to the ground, and built on.

Promoted early on by lucky circumstances rather than any merit whatsoever, in 1984 I picked up a second promotion, left home and went to work at another site at Hendon, right opposite the Police College and next to the RAF Museum. That move saw the start of my proper career, in IT. It was during this period that I was lucky enough to be able to attend quite a lot of Pompey away games and I remember bumping into Dinger at a couple of those. I particularly remember Pompey scoring an own goal straight from the restart at Wimbledon (look before passing back next time, Blakey) and watching them win 4-0 at Millwall while standing in the home end (and living to tell the tale). Living not far from Wembley, I also got to see a few England games. The Hendon site was closed in 1987 and subsequently, you've guessed it, sold off, razed to the ground and built on.

I was rusticated (!!) to Leighton Buzzard in Bedfordshire for 3 years. My highlights there were buying my first house and meeting my future wife Ginny. No ranking implied. Amazingly, I think the Leighton Buzzard site is still open. Even more amazingly, after all these years Ginny is still my wife and best friend. Not sure how either of those things happened.

Another promotion saw us move in 1990 to Gosport. Purely a coincidence, not a grand homecoming. In fact I remember being none too happy with being offered a job in that area, but promotion was promotion and it turned out OK.

After 5 years we moved on again to Wiltshire, where we still live today. Although it has been sold, the grand colonnaded building I worked at in Gosport was listed, so has been converted into posh flats rather than being bulldozed.

After 17 years working in Bath at two different sites (yes, they have been, both of them!!) and a 4th promotion, and being at Wembley with my late father to see Pompey win the FA Cup from the Cardiff end (a long story), in 2012 I moved office, though not home, to North Bristol. A final promotion followed in 2018. Almost 8 years of tiring daily commuting were brought to an abrupt halt by the first lockdown and things have been rather different since. I now go into the office on average once a week and spend the rest of the week working from home. Not the best situation when one has a team to manage, mentor and support, but it has certainly cut down the travelling time and budget. Though I'm sure I'm working longer hours than ever now that I don't have a specific train to catch - not many stop at my backwater station, though at least I don't have to put my hand out to stop the train, as in the early days!!

But all good things come to an end, and I plan to retire next April after 43 years and get stuck into some long overdue home and garden projects that I simply don't have the time or energy for at present. Hopefully Ginny will be able to retire around the same time and we can spend more quality time together instead of homeworking from different rooms for a lot of the time.

So there you have it, a bit staid and boring compared to some of you, but that fits my character rather well, I reckon.

Andrew's memories of Prices:

Not a time I look back on with any great fondness, if I'm honest. I had a handful of good friends - Howard Davies, Martin Dawes, Andrew Christie and Peter Hardingham (who I knew from junior school) but I was quite soft and innocent, so found many of the others a bit intimidating - most of them unintentionally, but some of them very intentionally - though they were mainly from other forms, I must add.

Being late on the first day - the school bus was full and sailed past my stop. Odd echo on my very first day at work - my great uncle worked on the same site and was supposed to give me a lift, but forgot. That was the one and only time I have ever hitchhiked to work.

Mr Gilbert the music teacher climbing onto the piano to fire an imaginary ack-ack gun at passing aircraft.

Learning to program the Commodore Pet that was located just outside the staff room. That was probably the most significant thing I ever learned at Price's, given my future career.

Hating the cross country run through the M27 building site. Can't imagine that being allowed nowadays. Mrs Green appearing on Sale of the Century.
Being allowed to watch Virginia Wade at Wimbledon in 1977 on the big TV. I have never been into

tennis, but a skive was a skive!

Genghis and his command of language. Can't remember why , but we had all fallen short of expectations and he said we were all donkeys. "Does anyone know the collective noun for donkeys?" he added. Several hands went up, several boys got it wrong. Then he got to me. "Would it be an ass-embly, Sir?", I asked smugly. Quick as a flash he came back at me "That was a terrible pun Burgess. What should we do with him boys? I think we should ass-ass-inate him. There, you're a double donkey Burgess." Genius. Total genius.
Mr Bailey, who somehow turned my Maths from basket case to A grade. What a shame I didn't get him at A Level too. The Aladdin's cave that was the little sweetshop at the top of Trinity Street.
Two or three of us getting thrown out of the arty-farty Mrs More-Gordon's drama lesson, probably due to boredom, then sneaking back in via the stage and her not noticing. I vaguely remember we switched to another English teacher the following year, maybe Merv Jones, and him being appalled at how little we had learned with that nice but hopeless lady.

Daily sessions doing the Telegraph crossword in the library. We got quite good at it and I still have my very battered copy of Roget's Thesaurus to this day.

And finally, the Hampshire Schools cruise on the SS Uganda in around 1976. I had never been abroad or flown before and it was a revelation. As ever, there were a few bullyboys on the trip but it whetted my appetite to get out and explore the world. That is my and Ginny's big passion - 58 countries to date and 3 more booked. I was lucky enough to spend my 40th birthday at Abu Simbel in Egypt and my 50th on Easter Island. 60th was to have been a trip through the Panama Canal, but Covid put paid to that so I spent it watching boats going through the locks of the Cardiff Bay barrage instead. Needs must!!

Burnham	Edward	Years	1957-1963

I arrived in September 1957 and according to the Lion Journal was placed in School House. Left in the summer of 1963.



Ted, a National Archery Judge

Memories - did not like to participate in any of the sports.
I did enjoy the school trip to Germany, (can't remember the year), Mr Foster, I think, was the lead teacher for the trip
As Chairman of English Archery, I attended a reception at Buckingham Palace for Team England prior to the 2010 Commonwealth Games. My role as Team Manager took me to a number of countries including India for the Commonwealth Cup in 2006. I was invited to become a member of The Royal Toxophilite Society in 2003. The Society, founded in 1781, has had continuous Royal Patronage since 1787. My wife and I were invited to a Buckingham Palace Garden Party in 2012 where we saw the Queen and Prince Philip. The Society has permission to shoot, on occasions, in the grounds at Windsor Castle where the Queen, when in residence would visit and meet the archers on the day. An informal occasion to which she often drove herself.

Appointed as senior Judge to the Civil Service Archery and Royal Air Force Archery Association, and accepted the post of Vice President to the Civil Service Archery.

I have been interested in photography since childhood. Qualified as a professional many years ago and obtained a distinction with the Royal Photographic Society. I joined the International Pentax User Group and have had a number of my submissions in my portfolio noted by the organisation as "Photo of the Week".

Supplied some photographs to the Royal Collection Trust that were published in the 2019 "George IV Art & Spectacle" book that accompanied the exhibition in the Queen's Gallery at the Palace and later around the country.





Photos copyright: Ted Burnham

I quite enjoyed the CCF, RAF section, and obtained my A/B gliding certificate, but did not join the military on leaving school . My air experience flying from Hamble was in Chipmunks, I also gained a glider pilots licence in 1962, training was at Mudeford airfield, Christchurch

Left school in 1963 and joined Lloyds Bank as a cashier/clerk for 3 years.

Joined the Post Office in their Computer Division in Portsmouth. This Division was later taken over by British Telecom in 1968. After a few years I was moved to London at the start of a new project for the Customs & Excise (C&E) / Freight Agents cargo system for Heathrow Airport in 1970. This project was developed further to include Gatwick, Manchester and was bought by some overseas customers. 1972 – 1974 a member of a team contracted to the MOD to provide operations and training for a system that BT provided to the RAF, then back to the Heathrow system in '74.

After the successful implementation of the Heathrow project I was moved to the Procurement Division of BT. This entailed evaluating and testing new large computer systems on their suitability for use by BT. I also looked after the sales of BT's redundant computers which had been replaced by new machines within the company.

I took early retirement from BT in 1994 as the department was down-sizing and joined the Royal Berkshire Ambulance service in 1996 as a "999" control room staff member, later becoming IT staff with the service, leaving in 2004. The building also housed the GP Out of Hours Service.

2004 I joined a local charity "Keep Mobile" as a driver of a 16-seat accessible minibus, the *charity* provided transport for residents of Berkshire who were unable to use main stream public transport due to disability or long-term illness.

In 2005 the GP Out of Hours (OOH) service asked me to join them to look after their IT equipment and software systems, also managing their surgeries and drug purchases for use the by OOH doctors to prescribe to their patients. This post was 365/24 on call. I was later invited to take the post Deputy Chairman of the NHS Out of Hours Trust and retired in 2008.

On retirement I volunteered to help the local **R.E.M.E. Museum** in Arborfield, digitise their extensive photographic collection so that photos would be available to researchers and other interested parties. The R.E.M.E Museum has now relocated to Lyneham in Wiltshire; too far to commute as a volunteer.

I have always been interested in photography and studied City & Guilds (London) photography in my spare time obtaining a distinction in exams and modules. I also obtained qualifications with the Royal **Photographic** Society and the British Institute of Professional Photography.



In 1994 I took up the sport of **archery** and successfully represented Berkshire at various tournaments around the country. Whilst an active archer I studied and became a judge for the sport, progressing to National level for target archery. The pinnacle of this achievement was to be invited to attend the London 2012 Olympic and Paralympic Games as a World Archery Technical Official for the sport. During my archery career I served for 5 years as England Team Manager and then as Chairman of the English Archery Federation.



Photo copyright: Ted Burnham

See also Lion Pride Chapter- Price's Creators

Burridge	Jeff	Class of 73 - 78





I started an apprenticeship on my 16th birthday at RNAY Fleetlands, Gosport and became an Aerospace Electrical Engineer in the civil service working for the Fleet Air Arm. I moved to HMS Deadalus, then later with my wife Sally, we moved to RNAS Yeovilton.

Moving on to the 90s and we moved to Bristol where I worked for British Aerospace as part of the Airbus consortium. Three kids later an opportunity came up for us to move to Toulouse, France with BAe, and 25 of the next 30 years were spent in South-West France though we moved backwards and forwards 4 times on various projects. I worked on Concorde, before and during its crash and was part of the project management team getting back into service - that was a fascinating time. BAe sold their shares to Airbus and about the same time I moved into Communications and loved it. For the last 20 years I worked in most Comms roles and have been lucky enough to travel to some great places with work.

Our kids are all now in their 30s, *(so adults in theory!).*

The only benefit of Covid for us was the chance to take a package and early retirement at the end of 2020. We sold our French farmhouse end of last year and are now back in Bristol making plans. We love travelling, and pet and house sit when we can which is fun and gets us around to different places. We have a small apartment in Barcelona which is great get away for us as we are only 15 minutes from Bristol Airport. Still a Saints fan I'm afraid.

Jeff's memories of Prices:

I was one of the youngest in the year and struggled from the start really. I have fond memories of our own class and a few of our teachers.

I was a member of the green 'School' house and we used to meet in the debating room.
I remember the library as quite an impressive building - till it burnt down. Playing chess there with Mr Jones taking on all comers.

Horribly cold swims in the outdoor pool.

Using the gun range in the early years on the bottom field, and getting 100 lines for a mud fight when I accidentally broke a window in the girls changing rooms when throwing mud.

Mr Tuck and Sebastien (size 9?), Pete Cardrick was one who suffered from him I

recall. I felt the wrath of Mr. Fosters cane once along with a few others after a disastrous chemistry lesson.

The time Bishopsfield School had a day off and they attacked us from the bottom field near Harrison Road after climbing over the fence. Madness.

In the CCF I joined the RAF and had an eye-opening trip to Germany for a week in the 4th year *(I think)*, with Mr Wilkie and his moustache.

I really liked Jock Daysh in Maths, he let Trev and me leave the class when the manager at the time Lawrie McMenemy arrived to sign Steve Moran.

I don't know the connection as to how England cricket captain Tony Greig came to school for a talk one evening. I still have his autograph.

Assemblies, and the curry we had sometimes for school dinners.

Butcher	Eric	Dates	1941 - 1946

I found this picture (below), of the Prices Scout Troop with me and John Coghlan, I think in either 1941/42. We are both in the second row up. As seen, I am the second in from the right, and John is the second in from the left .

The camp was at Rogate. We camped in ridge tents, one of which can be seen in the background.

The Scout Master was the Rev Royds Jones otherwise known as “The Wick” (nobody knows where his nickname came from). I know the boy next to me is John Coghlan who was a close friend but cannot identify anyone else. I remember parents came to visit half was though the week to see what we were doing , with a number of cakes brought to help us survive.



Best Wishes **Eric Butcher**

Byng	family	Dates	1941 - 1946

Another talented sporting family, an accurate record of which is not possible because of the variable practise of naming, of the Byng 1, or Byng I (II, III etc.). Sharing in the collection of these achievements.

Junior Victor Ludorum 1947,
Junior Victor Ludorum1949 (Max. pts.),
1st XI Soccer 1949,
Senior Victor Ludorum 1950,
Senior Victor Ludorum 1951 (Max. Pts.).
1951 & 1952 1st XI Hockey. Hampshire Schools' Hockey.
Senior Victor Ludorum 1952.
All time, cumulative athletics 2nd place scorer.
1952 Badminton team.
1952 In School Table Tennis team.
1952 1st XI Cricket.
In 1951 CCF Junior Cricket team that won the Hants. CCF Soccer Championship.



Teddy (Byng²?)	Junior =Victor Ludorum 1947 and Victor Ludorum 1949	