Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"C" Surnames

Surname	Fore Name(s)	Dates
Callon	Barry	1941 - 1949
Cam	Mark	Class of 1973 - 78
Cameron	Alexander (Sandy)	1970 – 1977
Cardrick	Peter	Class of 1973 - 78
Carpenter	Ian	Class of 1973 - 78
Carpenter	Professor Peter	1955- 1962
Carr-Hill	E.	1931
Cawte	Anthony Dennis	1939 - 1945
Cawte	Chris [1]	1973 - 1978
Cawte	Chris 2	Class of 1973 - 78
	Chris 2	1973 – 1978 (School) 1978 – 1980 (College)
Cawte	Martin	1968 - 1975
Cawte	Stephen	
Cawte	?	1924
Connett	Professor Gary	Class of 1973 - 78
Clarke	Trevor	Class of 1973 - 78
Cole	Mr. John	1939 – 1946 (pupil) 1956 – 1973 (teacher)
Conlan	Arthur Underhill	1908 - 1914
Connett	ProfessorGary	
Cook	Howard	1974 - 1976
Coombes	John	
Corkett	Ian	Late 60s / early 70s
Costello	Dave	Class of 1973 - 78
Cozens	Bryan	1944 - 1951
Croad-Brangwyn	Michael	1944 - 1951
Crofts	A.E.	
Crossley	Steven	1961 - 1967
Crossman	Mr. Peter	
Cumberbirch	Tony	

Callon	Barry	Dates	1941 - 1949

Memories of school life as a Boarder at Price's School

At 9 years of age I started at Price's School as a Boarder from 1941 to 1947 and became a day boy from 1947 to 1949 when the boarding facility finished.

I arrived in the evening during term time at George Ashton's study together with my mother and grandfather, handed over to Matron who showed me to the dormitory and my bed, followed by a visit to the dining room where the boarders were doing their homework. Next day I was taken into school to join a class appropriate to my age group. Introductions were by a senior boy.

I quickly got into the rhythm of life at Price's School.

All boarders were confined to the school premises except for Sundays when we were marched across the playing fields and through the bottom gate to church. We had been issued with a three penny piece for the collection but on some occasions we just tapped the collection bag as it went by and kept the three-penny-piece. Very naughty!

I soon became one of George and Anne Ashton's favourites which allowed me to help with various tasks behind the scenes. On reflection, it was probably because I was one of the youngest boarders and George Ashton would have known that my father had died when I was four years of age. Although George Ashton was an authoritative figure I saw him as a father figure and we seemed to have some sort of relationship.

A Southampton Football Club Scout offered me a trial. I discussed this with George Ashton who said *"it was no career for a grammar school boy".*

Ollie Johnson, who was a teacher at Price's School before the war had returned after the war and, unbeknown to us, lived in the house overlooking the school sports field. I was always interested in sport, and one day when the field was officially closed we boarders started playing football. The next thing Ollie Johnson admonished us and sent us packing. However, Ollie Johnson having been a hockey player in his time, was interested in having a school hockey team. He produced some sticks and started teaching us boarders the rules of the game. I dropped football and took up hockey, and since then have played the game throughout most of my adult life.

Matron, having some connection with Portsmouth football team, had in her possession 3 tickets for a forthcoming home match which she gave to three of us. We had to approach George Aston for permission to go which he reluctantly gave, but consideration was given to the fact that it was Matron's idea in the first place. We took a bus from Fareham to Gosport Harbour and then the ferry across the harbour and onto a special bus to the ground. We noticed that a bus with a full load of passengers going away from the Portsmouth ground and we learned that the match had been cancelled due to the pitch being snowbound. We returned to school rather deflated and disappointed to say the least.

One of my friends was Peter Dennis Elliot Gregory, the older brother of the author of the book "Prices 1721". We lived fairly close together in Gosport so we were not only mates at school but also spent time together during school holidays.

D Day. We woke up one morning several days before D Day to find the school fields full of military lorries. We thought they were Americans with thoughts of approaching them with “got any gum chum?” but they turned out to be Canadians.

The top floor of the School House was our Dormitory and I remember it being larger than it is shown in the photograph. This was occupied by Juniors and when we passed our Eleven Plus we became Seniors and moved down to the floor below, which was divided into individual cubicles. We had a bed, wardrobe and desk each. I passed my 11+ (as all boarders did) but at the time there was no spare cubicle so I had to stay in the Dorm until one became free.

I was an original member of the Scout Troop, but when I was old enough I transferred to the Army Cadet Force where I reached the mighty rank of Corporal. *Reference the photograph of the band.* I was in the band at the rear playing the bugle.

The following are some answers to David’s questions:

- Prep - 6 to 9 pm Monday to Friday in the Dining Room.
- Parents allowed to visit - NO
- Boarding was full-time.
- Allowed out into town - NO
- Day-boy friends allowed in the evenings - NO
- Supplementary food sources permitted - YES the Tuck shop.
- Transport. My mother collected me by bus for school holidays. Far and wide - not known.
- Home sick or ill. The Doctor would be asked to visit.
- Cohesiveness. Plenty of comradeship. No sense of differences.
- The only time we saw home was during the school holidays.



Barry Callon at the WP300 Anniversary Lunch in May 2023



And, just prior to departing, here he is again with other SOP senior citizens: l-r Victor Hughes, Patrick Nobes, Brian Pearce and Alan Langridge



And his carer for the day, daughter Heidi

Cam	Mark	Class of 73 - 78





After A levels I was going into the Royal Navy but 2 months before going to Dartmouth I had a knee problem. After a year of deliberation the Navy decided they didn't want to take a chance and I was left wondering what to do. For a couple of years I worked in the boating industry at a time when companies were going out of business all the time.

the Airbus consortium.

So in 1983 I joined the Metropolitan Police and I had a fabulous thirty years virtually all of it as a detective including postings on the Flying Squad *(as much fun as you can with your clothes on)* and to the Foreign & Commonwealth Office in the Embassy in Saudi Arabia.

Whilst there I was looking across the room at the recently arrived Naval Attaché when he looked back at me and announced he had been in the year above me at Prices. Small world.

On leaving the Police I taught yachting and power-boating full time until my wife decided I was having too much fun being away from home. Probably something to do with the late start on children - now 10 and 7.
I joined the National Crime Agency for a couple of years before finding the perfect fit job as an investigator for the Maritime and Coastguard Agency. Unlike many of you happy retirees I'm destined to work into old age albeit I can't complain it's worth it.

We live in Hamble with various boats, kayaks, paddle boards and aim to get on the water as much as possible.

Mark's memories of Prices:

I joined in year 2 but was lucky enough to come into the A Class.

Has to be Charlie Tuck and 'Sebastian', a Green Flash if I remember rightly. I always managed to avoid it unlike my brother David (2 years above us). I was in a pub in Hamble and chatting to someone 5 years above us at Prices and the first thing that came out of our recollections was Charlie and Seb.

Biology with the older lady, can't remember her name and the competition to get ink down the back of her lab coat. That and dissecting bull's eyes.

The younger chemistry master who gave up his lunch times to help me with chemistry and a decent 'O' Level pass.

Mr. Colinette in Physics, a real gent and he sailed a Laser. I think Dave Ardron and I might have stalked him at a Hamble River Sailing Club open meeting.

Being given a 303 rifle and standing in the playground with it. Think we were expecting the Russians at any moment like a reverse Dad's army.

Hating the cross country run around the streets because I used to get stitches all the time. Now I'm happy going running - strange?

Smoke bombing the staff room on the last day.

The 80 bus home. How the conductor put up with us I don't know. I think we got a mention in assembly a couple of times. Someone's dad had the car showroom in Sarisbury Green and I think another dad was the landlord of the Bold Forester

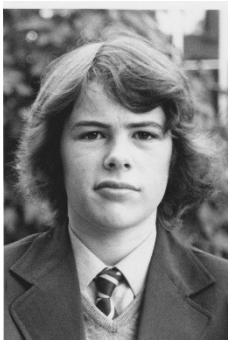
Clearly none of my time there was wasted. But how lucky I was to be able to go there.

Mark's memories of Classmates:

- In 6th Form Martin Austin's RD250 totally trumping my FS1E.
- Having a pact (Dinger?) to produce home brew. Bringing clinking bottles into school and stowing them in the lockers.
- Tasting in the Buccaneer.

- In Maths classes, I accepted early on that I was never going to be a maths genius but some would. Andrew Bassom, Martin Austin and others seemed to just get it.
- Who introduced me to Black Sabbath?.

Cameron	Alexander	Dates	1970-1977



My name is Alexander Cameron - Old Pricean from 1970-1977. Not that anyone used my Christian name back then, but if they had, it would have been Sandy, not Alexander. Favourite teachers - Messrs Johnson, Chapman, Jenkins, Glynne-Howell, Lowe, Bell (he directed me in The Birthday Party). Mrs Chaffey did a good job on my French A Level. Less fond memories of Messrs Tuck and Chadwick.

Doubtless one of the many who went on to be a teacher (degree at King Alfred's, Winchester, then PGCE at University of Manchester), I taught in Hampshire and Kent, became a Head Teacher in Kent, then moved to Cumbria to become an adviser with the LA. I retired in 2019 from my post as a Senior Adviser with the council.

At present, having just completed a house move, I can't easily lay my hands on any old school bits and pieces (which, wouldn't amount to much, unless I get my Mum to send me a copy of the Lion from circa 1970), but I'm happy to write some anecdotal stuff about those years. I noted in Tony Johnson's recollections that I got a name check as one of the founders of the film society, though we differ on some details (first film was not One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest - I don't think). My older brother, John Cameron, (not a Pricean) also got a name check in Kev Bundell's Folk Club write up. He (John, not Kev) recently sent me a programme from one of those folk events - I could track that down perhaps.

Alas, I've kept in contact with precisely no-one from my school days - probably because at the time of departure, I was desperate to shake the dust of Fareham off my feet and start anew elsewhere. I occasionally run across an ex in unlikely places; e.g. one of the Cawte Bros Steve I think it was - when I was invigilating 11+ in a nearby school in Kent, for example. However, I can still remember the register of names...Abercrombie, Allen, Arnold...I did a charity walk with Abercrombie from Fareham to Soton, though can't remember what the Charity was...and a 24-hour fast at Trinity Church.

Anyway, let me know if there's any written contribution I can make. I live in Scarborough now, and am not in a position to commit to travel south (when we're once more allowed).

Price's School: My Journey Beginnings

Curiously, before transferring from Fareham County Primary, I seem to remember being told more about Bishopsfield than about Prices, and how I wouldn't want to go there because "they would put new boys' heads down the toilets and flush them." I was so relieved when my parents showed me the letter I was best suited to 'bilateral or some such', and not to be going there – though I didn't know I'd even taken the 11+, never mind that I'd 'passed' along with 5 other boys1 from my school,

leaving behind the failures, including my then best friend, Mark Jeffries. Whatever terrors awaited me at Price's, it wasn't being flushed down the loo.

Worries did emerge, however: there was the shortage of braided blazers at Silvers, and having to show up without one; the problem of wearing a cap which no self-respecting eleven-year-old would be seen dead in; what kind of briefcase; and the Harrison Road children would bully us and call us doughnuts as we walked along Archery Lane to Park Lane. So John Freemantle, Peter Norman and I met together on that first morning, figuring that if we were in a gang, we'd feel less vulnerable. Gangs were okay in those days.

I can remember hanging sheepishly round the playground with millions of other small boys, some of whom were meeting their former primary school friends in such a way as to impress upon you that they were all old timers and had not a care in the world. Then we were herded into the hall, trying to ignore The Big Boys at the back who were Giants and Very Terrifying. Never mind them, though, there was then the display of staff in intimidating gowns marching across the stage, and the Headmaster (no nonsense about head teachers in those days) striding to the lectern with his gown flowing impressively behind. I don't think there was a school song, but there was a hymn that seemed to suit the occasion. I suppose prefects must have handed out hymn books as we entered; how else could we have tried to join in?



Price's College, Fareham, are presenting Harold Pinter's play, "The Birthday Party," in the College Theatre from March 31 to April 2. In this scene are Celia Avery as Lulu and Sandy Cameron as Goldberg.

Then we were divided into classes, probably by Mr Hilton. If he read out all our names, I don't remember, but I do recall that when he said, "1A, with Mr Openshaw", the Big Boys (I later discovered they were the Fifth Form and probably some precocious Fourths as well) all laughed.

Much is made these days of primary/secondary transition, where nervous 11-year-olds at least get the chance to visit the school, have lessons, sample the dinners, meet pupils and be told which class and which teacher they would be having. Not back then, though we did make use of their outdoor pool when I was in fourth year juniors. My teacher that year, Mr Dimmer, had a son at Prices, so we got some tales from him, but that was about it.

By the end of the first week, I'd collected so many text books, exercise books and equipment that my briefcase bulged and my arms ached from carrying them round everywhere. Eventually I twigged that I could trust the timetable and didn't need to bring the whole lot in every day…and no, I wasn't the only dope doing this!

Friends

If they're reading, they might like a name check, but at the time of writing, I can only remember Peter Norman and John Freemantle.

It didn't take long for class 1A to gel together and we evolved a sense of belonging, though one boy made his bullying presence felt, picking on one other in particular. Both had left before the end of the year.

In the first year, 1A was all boys with surnames from A to F. In the following year, the Es and Fs were given free transfers to 2B. I didn't notice what the knock-on effect was, too disappointed to have lost MED, PED (the Edwards, so named by 'Jock' Daish), Fray, Freemantle and Frost to a rival form.

One of the peculiarities of boys' making of friends is their casual inclusive exclusivity (or is it the other way around?). Anyone (inclusive) in 1A (exclusive) was entitled to charge about the yard allegedly playing together in the same game of football, for just 15 minutes at break time, but this had to be done. However, inclusion was sometimes a begrudging thing. When leaders eventually emerged to become team captains, and teams had to be picked, I was never picked, simply rejected with a shrug and "You can have Cameron," as I was obviously more of a liability than a budding centre forward. The hapless captain on the receiving end would groan, instantly disadvantaged by my mere name, worse than a three goal deficit.

Furthermore, you could only be 'in' if you were either good at football, or could 'pan' (that is, beat up) at least half of the 'ins'. Not that much panning actually occurred, so my lowly ranking was never proven (except in the football universe), just assumed because I was one of the smaller boys and had two left feet. Curiously, it was generally the other smaller boys who had some of the loudest voices on these matters, perfectly exemplifying the Napoleon complex.

The only aggro I can recall being visited on me personally (after being once and once only 'knackered' by the aforesaid bully who left) was much later in my time at the school, by a boy who took exception to - I don't remember what – during a Religious Studies period. He lost interest in thumping me on the back when I failed to hit him back.

Use of Christian names was strictly forbidden, on pain of being labelled a 'bum-chum' or some other 1970s synonym for a homosexual. I don't think the modern 'gay' had much currency then. This linguistic barrier to familiarity nevertheless failed to inhibit the forming of new friendships. In fact, it wasn't long before I had a stronger affinity with boys from as far afield as, say, Stubbington and Warsash than those who had come from my own primary school. These distances between homes could be quite significant, given that the catchment area for the school was, inevitably, wide and not all boys had access to easy transport, but we did visit each other's homes at weekends and during holidays. I wouldn't like to name names for fear of amnesia causing me to miss someone out, but over time, a definite group was formed that continued, though sometimes fitfully, into Sixth Form. That rite of passage also marked a strange ending and beginning. The 30+ boys with whom one had spent the preceding five years at school was whittled down by their not continuing beyond Fifth Form. Mind you, the whole ending of Fifth Form was a mess, since we all just went our own way after the summer half-term, revising at home when we weren't watching the first ever Cricket World Cup. Did we say goodbye to our permanently departing comrades? I don't think so. Perhaps as I couldn't play football or pan anyone, I wasn't invited to the Leavers Do (if there was one).

The next twin affront to my privileged and wholly male schooling was not just the arrival of girls (which signalled an immediate decline in my ability to concentrate in class) but late developers from Bishopsfield! We were briefly aghast, but overcame our beastly prejudice and made friends with whomever we worked with in our now much reduced subjects: from nine down to three. Whilst I can't blame girls for my failure to achieve the grades I needed to go to the university of my choice – there were other dysfunctions at home that were more than likely the main contributory factor – I can certainly lament my complete inability to know what to do with them. I can recall enjoying plain friendships with several, but the minute I tried to date any of them, I'd open my mouth and put my foot in it. I'd like to apologise now to the small number of young women that I actually succeeded in taking to the Golden Lion, Ferneham Hall, Embassy or wherever. I still cringe when I think of some of the tongue-tied things I said, and can offer no defence but…no, no defence at all. I guess I was a late developer too, and didn't catch up with myself until I met someone who helped me take my foot out of my mouth.

Needing BCC to secure my place at Reading to do law, I came up short with a B (French) C (English) E (Spanish) - though I console myself that the E was decent enough given I'd only started in 6th Form. Thanks to Mr Johnson, Mrs Chaffey and Mr Chapman for getting me through my 'A' Levels.

Since Reading was off the agenda, I ditched the idea of doing Law altogether. I didn't want to stray far from home at that time either, so I took up a place at King Alfred's College to do English with Drama instead. The College had just started to branch out from its teaching degrees and I succeeded in getting a BA (Hons). I so enjoyed the drama that I applied to do an MA in Theatre Studies in Lancaster (not afraid of leaving Hampshire now), but had to scrap that as I couldn't get a grant. By this time (1980), I'd definitely left home and after two years doing temp jobs in Winchester, I moved to Manchester to do a PGCE in Secondary English at the University. I switched to Primary subjects after enjoying a pre-course primary placement, then returned to Hampshire (1983) to teach at a Junior School in Odiham. Within the year, I was married to Leah, whom I'd met in Manchester, and in 1986, took up my second teaching post in Kent, near to her family in Canterbury. As you may know, men in primary schools are relatively uncommon, so my new specialism was PE, Boys Games and coaching the school football team. This was a far cry from what I had envisaged while at Prices, as I had loathed PE and games!

Anyway, I ascended the greasy pole to deputy headship at a school in Deal (1989) and then headship at a school in Faversham (1996). By 2002, I'd got a school out of 'serious weaknesses' and needed a change of direction, so moved to Cumbria to become one of their local authority advisers. By the time I retired in 2019, I'd enjoyed responsibility for training and monitoring NQTs; managing the governor support team and specialised in safeguarding training for governors; overseeing Primary Assessment monitoring and moderation; and as Senior Adviser, managing a team of advisers monitoring and supporting 100 schools (all phases) in the north and east of the county.

I do remember Mr Daysh saying he thought I'd be a teacher, but as you can see, the path was not a straight one. I sometimes wonder how things would have turned out if I'd accepted the bursary for Winchester School I was offered when in my second year at Prices.

Staff

“Remember Mr XXXX? He was such a laugh / wasuk!”

This is surely what offers the greatest scope for fun: the recollection of the idiosyncrasies of the staffroom. Is it priggish of me to suggest that such sport should be left behind the gym, out of sight, like miscreant Fifth Formers smoking (I was genuinely surprised by the staggering number of boys gathered there, breaking the rules, when I discovered that was where they hung out.)

Yes, of course we had many an amusing time laughing at the masters’ physical shortcomings, tics and odd habits. Yet we might be outraged if we were to discover what they had to say about us in the privacy of the out-of-bounds staffroom (“Don’t knock. Just wait outside until a master comes out or is on his way in. Then you may ask.”) Such a sharing would be unkind. Suffice to say that in academic terms, some teachers had a natural way with their pupils, others were pretty hopeless and many might struggle to teach in today’s classrooms, much as I would. As a local authority education adviser, I regularly marvelled at the skill and devotion I was privileged to see in so many of my county’s schools (not Hampshire) and felt slightly guilty that I probably more often rated an OFSTED ‘requires improvement’ than a ‘good’, though many of the primary-children I taught plainly enjoyed being in my class.

I recall that I once visited the school before it closed and had the pleasure of being invited into the staffroom. I think I met Tony Johnson and Mr (Roger?) Jenkins

Highlights

- Winning a Progress Prize in my first year
- End of summer term after exams, when we cajoled as many teachers as we could to give up on lessons and take us swimming or play games.
- Participating in three school plays: *The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew* (Man At Arms); *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Cobweb); *The Birthday Party* (Goldberg).
- School holiday in Lloret De Mar, Spain, 1975, with Mr Lowe
- Getting a decent enough clutch of 'O' Levels

Lowlights

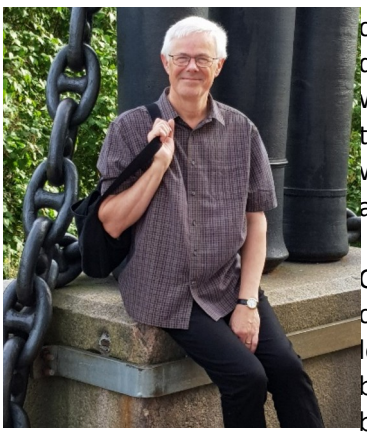
- Scoring a miserable 17.5% in my maths mock after messing about playing Dr Who quizzes with John Davies. The teacher had obviously given up on us both.
- Driving our new German teacher to leave the school: we were pretty merciless, mostly because we were annoyed that the previous teacher who was brilliant had also left. Mr Foster had to take over. That taught us!

Not quite getting the 'A' Level grades I needed for first choice Uni, though it all came out okay in the end

Reflections on the business of schooling

Looking back on school days from the perspective of retirement is an odd business, considering that looking forward when a teenager tends to entail only the relief of leaving (though hopefully with a set of useful qualifications, or the prospect of work). Now, as a 62-year-old, the recollections of most interest relate to the day-to-day mundanities and rituals, the pupils and staff, the amusing incidents and sometimes painful moments. Schools are successful if they turn out young people equipped for the work place or further and higher education. At least, despite the highfalutin promises in prospectuses and warm words in inspection reports, that is what success is reduced to.

But consider this: I started school aged four and a half and continued until I was eighteen and a half. That's fourteen precious years of my life spent focusing on what I succeeded in doing on one day aged 11 (enabling my entry to grammar school), and over a few hours aged 16 and again at 18. Successive governments for as long as I remember, (and before then, if the educational reports, Acts of Parliament and the accounts of countless colleagues in the relevant professions are also taken into consideration) have given greatest priority to measuring immediate end results and outcomes. The UK system for educating its young 'works', if what matters is not what happens while they endure the daily grind, nor what happens to them in the rest of their lives.[1] This project, to commemorate 300 years since William Price established the school, unsurprisingly asks that we consider the successes of the school. Let us hope that the material assembled for the



commemoration pays greatest tribute not to the glittering destinations reached by some, but the journeys of all, no matter where (or when) they arrived; to the extent to which the staff, their policies and practices contributed positively to the daily, weekly, termly and annual experiences of the pupils who attended.

Others' recollections of me may take a different view, but I think I can say that I had a successful time at Price's, because despite the lows, I believe I maintained motivation in the sheer diurnal business of 'going to school'. I endured, survived, enjoyed the bulk of my seven years. I made friends and learned how to make

friends; I studied, learned and remembered much of use and interest, not least how to learn. School is where so much of the rehearsal for adult life takes place, but it is also, of course life itself, the real thing. Being fourteen at school is not just a step on the way to being fifteen, itself one step away from GCEs and so on. In the same way that learning doesn't only happen at school, growing old is something we do at every stage in life, not just when we claim our pension. It should be respected at every age.

It is also important to recognise one's own contribution to the tapestry through the million interactions with other boys and girls (and any other hidden genders that were never spoken of in my day), with the teachers and technical staff, and the caretaker, chiefly memorable because 'the boys' seemed to make his life a misery. Similarly, whilst I can recall (though I won't name and shame in this context) teachers that subtracted from rather than added to my positive experience, I find it somewhat embarrassing, even after 50 years, that I can also recall teachers who were treated shabbily by the adolescent collective. I wonder how they would commemorate their time here.

[1] *Occasional attempts are made to deal with high viz problems such as bullying, school meals, social deprivation, special needs, but these matter only to the extent to which they hold back progress towards the sunlit uplands of quality grades, quantity of university entrants and much more recently, OFSTED ratings*

We are currently going through a significant period of reappraisal of our past times, often lamenting our national behaviour (through our imperial history and slavery in particular), our 1 Occasional attempts are made to deal with high viz problems such as bullying, school meals, social deprivation, special needs, but these matter only to the extent to which they hold back progress towards the sunlit uplands of quality grades, quantity of university entrants and much more recently, OFSTED ratings. apparent discovery of 'historical' child abuse as if we didn't know it took place 'back in the day', and our cultural ignorance in accepting the sexism and racism of 70s TV (and, worse, 70s TV celebrities). We have not yet resolved the oft-cited problem of judging the past through present standards. But how, on a personal level, can I look back at my time from 1970 to 1977 with only rose-tinted spectacles, thinking, for example, that corporal punishment was the norm for the day, and that teachers who perpetrated it, and head teachers who permitted it, were only doing what was deemed acceptable? The argument that 'it didn't do us any harm' and that 'we all grew up to be normal people' is not only a peculiarly selfish perspective, but fails to take account of the central argument I have been making about the primacy of the quality of daily life at school and not its outcomes. The fact that I can remember equally well, the whole class, waiting under the gym to each receive in turn the indignity of a 'tap on the bottom' from a teacher with a plimsoll, and the positive comments sometimes written at the end of my essays says something about the endurance of the negatives. Corporal punishment was wrong then, and we knew it, yet it was tolerated. I had to 'tolerate' it only a little. How many boys had to 'tolerate' it a lot, and how many memories of school are far less fond than mine, regardless of their haul of GCEs or their ultimate life destination?

Extracurricular activities

For those who hadn't already had too much school by the end of the day, there was plenty to be enjoyed after hours. In my case, this was perhaps the most memorable part of school, aside from the gratifying feedback when work was going well (which, of course, was not all the time).

Although I was once asked to join my year group's hockey squad, a master having spotted a brief moment of skill on my part, never to be repeated, sport was not my thing (although I did eventually take to both badminton and volleyball in Sixth Form). It was a dominant component of school life nevertheless, and as a loyal Pricean, I couldn't help share in the pride when hearing that the various XIs had thrashed Haberdasher's, or that Stephen Moran had scored a hat trick. There were so many

sports results to report that I'm not sure other activities often got a look-in at the end of assembly announcements, unless it was the list of pupils for detention, or to ask for volunteers for the choir, or actors to audition for a production.

That was more to my liking, and I joined the choir straight away. That meant after-school rehearsals and eventually, evening concerts (any excuse to put off homework). I can recall at least one carol concert and one with a more mixed programme, I think. I particularly enjoyed singing a Russian drinking song one year, but it wasn't too long before my voice started to break and as I struggled to sing alto (doesn't everyone, when it has no real tune?) I left.

One other announcement I recall responding to in my first year was for the free tickets to see Carmen at the King's Theatre in Southsea. I must have known the Song of the Toreadors, because I can't think why else I snapped up the chance. It's the only opera I have seen live and I've never become a fan. I also shouldn't then have been surprised to see my music teacher, Bob Gilbert on the stage, since it was he who was making the announcement and dishing out the tickets!

Next were the drama productions. I was first drawn to watching rehearsals for *Journey's End* starring Martin Head as Stanhope. I stopped by as often as I could, watching the story, staging and costumes taking shape, and was engrossed. I determined to join in when I could, and if I've got things in the right order, I got a part in *The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew*, then later, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I don't remember much about the former, perhaps because as a Man-At-Arms, I didn't have much to say or do, and wasn't on stage for long. I nevertheless enjoyed being part of something special, and this became even more apparent when I played Cobweb in the Shakespeare. It was a great production for two reasons. First, the story and our presentation of it created a magical atmosphere. I think Tony Johnson has noted elsewhere how the faeries at the end went among the audience with small penlights in the darkness while Puck gives his closing speech.

Second, it was the first opportunity I can recall working with girls, as Price's linked up with the Girls Grammar. I won't offer details, but my post-production depression was all the deeper for having fallen for one of the cast. I lamented that she would return to her school ignorant of the spell she had cast on me.

Price's offered a number of ways to travel abroad. My family wasn't particularly well funded so I never went on any of the cruises, but I was able to go on the package holiday to Spain. Swimming, snorkelling, drinking, seeing the sights of Barcelona and the Roman ruins at Ampurias were distinct highlights, as well as making friends with the girls school from Ashby-de-la-Zouch on the floor above ours at the hotel.

Once into the Sixth Form, my adolescent angst grew exponentially, and I was often tongue-tied in lessons, now given the kind of freedom and respect automatically switched on for 16-17 year olds, whether they could cope with it or not. I can still recall the embarrassments I endured. More trivially perhaps, while others started to speak freely about 'Tony' and 'Ray', I could not break the long years habit of referring to masters more formally.

Eventually, I relaxed somewhat and proceeded to find a way to project my personality. At Sixth Form Club, I could bring a sample of the music that identified my tribe. I wore a 'Dr. Who' scarf, and asked my sister to bleach then dye my hair. And I auditioned for the part of a 50-year-old Jewish gangster in Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party*. What a callow youth barely able to grasp a sense of his own identity could possibly understand of this role, I have no idea, but with Ray Bell and Libby Murphy's direction and empathetic support, I felt confident enough to have a go. I absolutely loved it. If I hadn't already applied to UCCA to read Law, and if Drama had been on the syllabus, I might have

chosen a different path. There is an obvious an irony that my failure to secure a place at Reading for my first choice subject enabled me instead to take a degree in English with Drama. Whilst I hadn't started my 'career' at Price's, the experiences I enjoyed were memorable. During the four years that followed, I appeared in a number of college and local amateur productions, including two of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as first Lysander, then Quince. Alas, my pitch for the West End, Broadway and Hollywood stalled shortly after, as I became one of Mrs Thatcher's 1 in 10 (unemployed).

My other attempt to gain global celebrity status (well, Fareham-wide, at any rate) was to take up the challenge of entering a public-speaking competition. We won our local round, then gained third place in the area heat in 1976. The following year, we were runners-up to another Price's team. For these successes, I owe a debt of gratitude to Roger Jenkins, who coached our team (me, Kay and Andy). Roger had previously helped me to A and B grades in my two English 'O' Levels and was undoubtedly responsible for both my love of English figures of speech, and my ability to confidently offer opinions on something I knew nothing about. (This skill was to prove invaluable in seminars at college, and at job interviews.)

Sometime during 1976, I briefly inherited the role of Chair of the Debating Society, which had been in decline. I don't recall its being particularly successful during my tenure, but we did have a lively debate about the controversy of the film director who wanted to make a picture about the life of Christ. I think it must have been Martin Scorsese, who didn't make the film then, as it wasn't released until 1988.

More significant for me, along with friends John, Kay, Bob, Gary and Andy, was seeking out Tony Johnson to ask about forming a film society. The idea was not my own, but given to me by my older brother, who suggested it would give us the chance to see films that wouldn't necessarily have made it to the local cinema (the Embassy). Obviously, we had to have a chair, a secretary and all the trappings of a committee, including compromised outcomes. The films we chose were really rather tame mainstream choices compared to the extracts of European cinema we were seeing in Tony Johnson's Film Appreciation class, but the business of starting up and running our own club was perhaps more important than the actual output. The Society was a success, at least in its first years. I hope it flourished until the school's closing.

In conclusion, there is no doubt that whatever went on during the serious business of studying in lessons, these extracurricular activities were an integral part of schools days, and contributed positively to my teenage years. In fact, without them, my schooling would have been just so much rote endurance. So, many thanks to the teachers who gave up the additional time to help ready the more rounded individuals who ??????????????



On the Chemistry Lab 1970 page, that's me, earnestly demonstrating pH to three eminent chem teachers! I'm assuming it was during my first year at the school - I only did chem for two years - so it was either 1970 or 1971. Mr Brown was my teacher in the first year (Mr Andrews in the second).

Sandy Cameron

Cardrick	Peter	Class of 73 - 78

Living in Yorkshire



I left Price's after 'O'levels and got myself a Mechanical Engineering apprenticeship with Hitemp in Fareham. I went into the drawing office in 1980. I got married to Catherine in 1985.

I went contracting as a design engineer in 1986 and started my own company in1990.

We started a mobility business in 2004 which my wife ran until we sold it 2021.

Most recently I have been working in the aerospace and biotech fields, designing bioreactors for the manufacture of Covid vaccines. I semi-retired in 2021 and we spent a large part of 2022 travelling.

Both our children have settled in the north, one in Leeds and the other in Newcastle upon Tyne, so we have sold up in Hampshire and now live in Richmond, North Yorkshire conveniently half way between the two children.

Peter's memories of Prices:

I was slightly surprised by Prof. Connett's comment about Stuart Day's behavior, then I started to write down these memories and realised how many feature Stuart....

Going to the British Genius Exhibition in Battersea Park in 1977 on the train, Stuart Day and Mark "Bill" Bailey rocking up with a half bottle of vodka and 8 large cans of Heineken. The vodka was decanted into a half full bottle of coke so it could be drunk openly on the train on the way up. *(Vodka and coke was my drink of choice for many decades after)*. On arrival at the exhibition we were ushered though the turnstiles by the teachers and then left to tour the exhibition without supervision. On leaving the exhibition an hour or so later we found Bailey drunk and Day all but unconscious in Battersea Park. We later ascertained that as soon as the teachers had turned their backs Day and Bailey had headed straight for the exit and then proceeded to polish off whatever was left of the vodka and coke and eight cans of Heineken. We had to practically carry Stuart back to the station for the trip home.

David Archard had written LED ZEPPELIN in bold letters on his blue Adidas bag using a biro. Due to the shiny vinyl nature of the bag these letters could relatively be easily rubbed off. A few minutes work by me and someone else *(I can't remember who)* resulted in David appearing to be a fan of a chap called ED ZEPPELI. *Sorry David!*

Gary Evans pouring practically a whole bottle of neat alcohol into the Xenopus toad tank resulting in them all trying to mount each other *(a bit like some humans when alcohol is involved)* at one time the stack of toads was seven high.

Maths in one of the terrapin huts: half of the class that were already in the classroom decided to try and stop the other half gaining entry by all piling against the inside of the door. After a few minutes of struggle the door was wrenched of its hinges. The door was placed back in its hole just in time for the arrival of J. H. Jones!

The trendy drama/history teacher, whose name I can't remember, was putting on a modern play with most of 5C? At one point the play required all the participants to run around the stage and randomly fall down, which was OK until it took the following fast moving thespian by surprise and they tripped over the one in front, resulting in a pile-up of most of the cast including the teacher himself. They would pick themselves up only to repeat the whole thing a few seconds later. For some reason I was stood at the back with Merv Jones who was practically doubled-up with mirth at the spectacle.

Merv Jones' "Chocolate Words" common spelling mistakes and putting -ley at the end of words instead of -ly, which if perpetrated resulted in having to bring in a chocolate bar which was given out to a lucky class member *(or Merv himself)* by means of Merv picking a random start point in the register and the perpetrator pick a number up to the class size +1 for Merv. Merv made his own "Chocolate Word" mistake in his comments at the end of someone's essay *(I'm almost certain it was Mark Adcock)* and that he meant he had to bring in his own bar of chocolate.

Cross-country runs with a cigarette, a match and a piece of strike down our socks *(pretty sure it was Day and Bailey again along with myself)* and stopping for a fag break in the alley leading from Southampton Road to Park Lane. Sometimes the constant pounding would have shaken all the tobacco out of the cigarette resulting in a sweaty wodge of tobacco in the bottom of one's sock rather than a satisfying smoke.

Sitting at the back in Merv's English class next to Stuart Day, at our form desks. If I annoyed Stuart *(which I frequently did)* he would take out his compass and repeatedly stab me in the thigh with it. I would try to prevent this by gripping his wrist as tightly as possible. Prompting Merv to ask if I was holding Day's hand again.

Waiting outside the chemistry labs by the lockers giving each other "dead-legs" by viciously kneeing someone in the thigh muscle. Day and Bailey *(again)* colluding to mete out "double dead legs" where the victim was simultaneously attacked from both sides usually resulting in his not being able to stand let alone walk for about 10 minutes. I think I might have been the victim of that one. Ahhh those were the days.

Radioactivity experiments in Physics with Mrs.Griffin, her gingerly removing the school's radioactive sample from a lead lined container with 3" thick walls and measuring the radioactivity with a Geiger counter. Then discovering that David Archard's dad luminescent watch was twice as radioactive as the school's sample!

Carpenter	Ian	Class of 73 - 78



After ‘O’ Levels, I stayed on into the 6th Form to study for ‘A’ Levels in Mathematics, Physics and Electronic Systems.

Deciding that I wanted to travel, and on the advice of a neighbour who had also served, I decided to join the Royal Navy. After passing the selection tests for an Officer, I arrived at Britannia Royal Naval College in September 1980.

After more than 3 years of training, in 3 ships and 6 shore establishment, it was finally time to start earning my keep at the Naval Air Station at Culdrose in the depths of Cornwall. Various appointments at sea and on shore followed, including 4 months in the Falkland Islands and a couple of years on the NATO Staff at Northwood. My last appointment was as the Deputy Base Supply Officer in Gibraltar. Having recently got married, I took advantage of a redundancy scheme and retired from the Navy in November 1993.

I was still trying to decide what I really wanted to do next when I won a contract role with the Ministry of Defence as a Service Manager for their new headquarters IT system. I had no burning ambition to be an IT consultant but, as my accountant said: "It's only a 12-month contract. If you don't like it, you can always get a permanent job afterwards."

16 years and 27 contract extensions later, I guess that the "experiment" had probably been a success! During that time, I held various Service Management, Project/Programme Management and Assurance roles as the MoD's IT system passed through various iterations and grew to 150,000+ terminals and 300,000 users across the whole of the MoD and Armed Forces worldwide.

Following another, and much shorter, contract with the MoD, I spent the next 6 years with Detica as it slowly morphed into BAE Systems Applied Intelligence; the "data exploitation" arm of BAE. I started as the Programme Manager for the classified networks, before moving across to cybersecurity.

At this point I decided to "go straight" and get a proper job! I joined Vodafone in 2017 as a Programme Manager in their Cybersecurity team. After a couple of years focusing on security logging and monitoring infrastructures, I switched to anti-malware for 18 months, but am now back with logging and monitoring.

I now live in Basingstoke with a large pair of speakers, almost as many CDs as David Archard had LP’s in the 5th Form, a half-finished novel, and a garage full of woodworking tools.

Ian’s memories of Prices:

Mr Brough the Physics teacher. His demonstrations were always a hoot as he was not exactly the best practical physicist on the planet. I remember two in particular:

- Before an experiment about capacitance he proudly explained that his rubber-soled

- shoes and the insulating rubber mat he was standing on meant that he couldn't electrocute himself this time. Whilst he was attempting to measure the distance between two metal plates, there was a loud "bang" and he was propelled backwards about a metre. He had forgotten to turn the power off (again!) and had earthed his body by leaning against one of the gas taps.
- We once spent 15 minutes watching nothing happening on an oscilloscope whilst Mr Brough poked and prodded at the various bits of equipment scattered across his bench. Eventually, one of us got bored and asked it the oscilloscope was supposed to be connected to any of the other equipment!

Mr "Sid" Bailey(?), the Maths Teacher. His attitude was: If you want to work, I'll help you all I can. If you don't, fine. That's your problem. I've passed my maths exams. Just keep quiet and don't disturb the rest of the class! Brilliant lessons. I think that we spent almost all of the 4th and 5th years working independently going through past "O" Level papers. If we got stuck on a topic, he would explain it on the blackboard.

At the Sixth Form College -The (only?) Rock concert they put on had four bands. I can't remember the other three, but the headliners were Girlschool. Absolutely blew my mate Jerry and me away! *(This was before they tour as support for Motorhead and became famous.)*

Ian's memories of Classmates:

Mark "Dougal" Adcock was a lovely guy. I was given the seat next to him when I joined the class at the start of the 4th Year. He made me feel very welcome and helped me settle in.

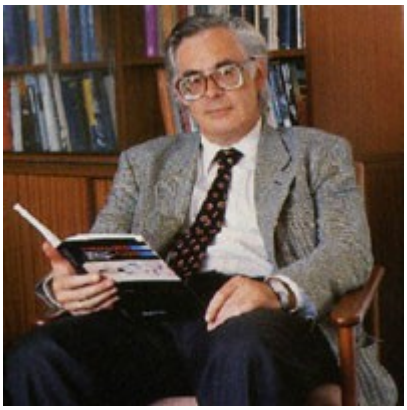
Dougal's essay: I think that it was in the 5th Form. Apart from Dougal, we had all made a complete mess of a homework essay and the English master told us so in no uncertain terms as he handed back our papers. He then waxed lyrical for several minutes about how excellent Dougal's essay was. How Dougal kept a straight face I don't know. Earlier he had confessed to me that he had forgotten about this homework until after he'd got back from the pub the night before it was due in. He'd scribbled it down in about 20 minutes, whilst sat up in bed, rather less than sober!

Stuart Day's knife. (Having gained permission beforehand!), Stuart brought a massive Bowie knife with a beautiful polished rosewood handle into school. The woodwork teacher was going to show him how to sharpen it. Whilst being sharpened, the knife slipped out of Stuart's hand. Instinctively, he tried to catch it. The tip of the blade must have cut into an artery in his hand because there was a fountain of blood which nearly reached the ceiling. Stuart yelled! and the woodwork teacher rushed over to him and managed to stop the bleeding. An ambulance was called and Stu spent most of the rest of the day at the hospital.

David Archard and his record/tape collection - He must have had 500 by the time we were in 5th Form *(About 400 more than anyone else I knew)*. Many by bands I had never heard of, but have since rediscovered and now listen to regularly!

Lunchtime on the last day of "O" Levels – Dougal and I, (with Simon Fletcher,Tim Reed and Gordon Grant from Class 5D) met up with a Merchant Navy friend of Dougal's at the Rising Sun in Warsash. Once the other customers had left, (Pubs shut for the afternoons in those days), the landlord produced a bottle of overproof rum. I think it was to celebrate Dougal's friend passing his Second Mate's ticket, but to be honest my memory gets hazy after that bottle appeared!

Carpenter	Peter	Years	1955-1962

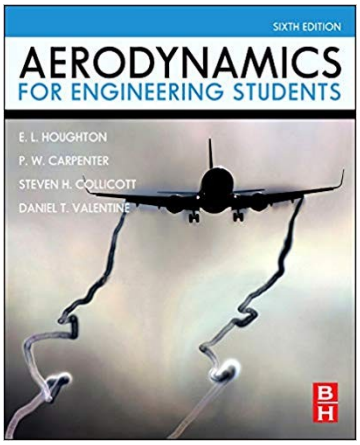


Warwick Farewell

It is with deep regret that the School has been informed of the death of Professor Peter Carpenter on Monday 21 April 2008 following a prolonged illness.

Following his first degree from the University of London, Peter moved to the University of Cincinnati, Ohio, for his postgraduate studies before returning to Britain and the University of Manchester as a Research Assistant. In 1973 he was appointed Lecturer at the University of Exeter where he eventually became Head of Department before joining the University of Warwick in 1990 as Professor of Mechanical Engineering. Between 1997 and 2007 Peter was Head of the Civil & Mechanical Engineering Division of the School of Engineering.

During his career Peter Carpenter made many significant contributions to the field of fluid mechanics. His interests were diverse and he believed in pursuing quality in research above all else. A review of Peter's output will demonstrate a number of strands and phases to his research career. In the early phase he worked on: supersonic free shear layers with large temperature differences (1971-1975); hydro elasticity and aero elasticity of panels (1982-1997); industrial heat & mass transfer (1984-1987); and the analysis of swirling flow in nozzles, ducts and jets (1975-1985) to which he made a key contribution.



A transition period followed as his interest and focus turned towards boundary-layer flow, which became his main area of research for a period extending over 25 years from the early 1980s. Despite its 100-year history, boundary-layer research remains one of the core areas of research in engineering fluid mechanics because it governs many of the important performance characteristics of objects exposed to a fluid flow. An understanding of boundary layers ultimately enables the development of techniques to reduce the drag forces and the power consumption of, for instance, aeroplanes, ships or other vehicles. Peter Carpenter was particularly interested in topics related to laminar-flow control and laminar-turbulent transition. Here he worked on laminar-flow control and turbulence Suppression by means of compliant walls (1985-2001), instability and transition of rotating-disc boundary layers (1997-2006), and flow control exploiting microfabrication techniques (2001-2007). Peter Carpenter also worked on many other topics including industrial aerodynamics and aero acoustics (1995-1997), and biomechanics (1977-2003).

In biomechanics, Peter's work on the swimming of dolphins was directly related to his interests in flow control and drag reduction. In 1936 James Gray, a zoologist, estimated that swimming dolphins required about seven times the power output of any other mammal in order to reach their high speeds. Since this seemed implausible there arose the question of whether dolphins are able to control the (boundary-layer) flow around their bodies in such a way that laminar-turbulent transition is postponed and, as a consequence, the drag forces reduced. Peter Carpenter often pointed out

that Gray's quantitative estimates were in fact inaccurate and with his collaborators went on to identify a means by which the dolphin's cutaneous ridges might provide an explanation to this paradox. Indeed, Peter and his collaborators rank among the world's leading scientists in the area of developing compliant coatings as a means of drag reduction. Their theoretical and experimental research of nearly 20 years has made major contributions to establishing the drag-reducing capabilities of compliant coatings.

Given his background in aeronautical and aerospace engineering it is appropriate that Peter also published research results on butterflies in gliding flight. However, he also worked on topics far removed from his aeronautical roots, for example Peter had a keen interest in the fluid-dynamical issues related to the medical disorder Syringomyelia, in which a cyst forms within the spinal cord. Peter's extensive work in both computational and practical fluid dynamics brought him international recognition and in 2007/8 he gained a DSc from the University of Warwick.

Peter enjoyed walking, swimming and had a great love of jazz that started in his student days and never left him. Peter is survived by his wife Sally, three children and three grandchildren to whom we send our heartfelt wishes for their sad loss.

…….

As an expert in fluid mechanics, Peter Carpenter's research took him into areas as diverse as butterflies' flight and the swimming of dolphins.

After a degree at the University of London, where he developed a lifelong love of jazz, he moved to the US, studying as a postgraduate at the University of Cincinnati in Ohio.

He then returned to Britain as a research assistant at the University of Manchester before lecturing at the University of Exeter, where he stayed for 17 years.

In 1990 he joined the University of Warwick as professor of mechanical engineering, and was head of the civil and mechanical engineering division for a decade, retiring last year.

Duncan Lockerby, assistant professor of engineering at Warwick, was taught by Professor Carpenter as an undergraduate and PhD student. "He was extremely sharp with a very gymnastic mind; he could jump from one very specific niche area to another without breaking his stride, which was very impressive," he recalled.

"He was just as comfortable being deeply theoretical as he was with practical problem-solving, and he was an intuitive and unselfish manager who instilled confidence and really cared about the professional development of his PhD students. He would come in and say, 'I was thinking about your problem while I was shaving', and it would turn out that he hadn't just thought about it, he'd solved it."

As a researcher with broad interests in his field, Professor Carpenter made many significant contributions to fluid mechanics over a long career.

One of his particular research interests was boundary-layer flow, an area he worked in over 25 years, which is key to reducing power consumption in aeroplanes, ships and other vehicles by limiting drag forces from air or water.

It was a related area of his work, on biomechanics, that sparked his interest in dolphins. In 1936 zoologist James Gray estimated that swimming dolphins require about seven times the power output of any other mammal in order to reach their high speeds.

As this assessment seemed implausible, theories arose that dolphins were able to control the boundary-layer flow around their bodies to reduce the drag of the water.

Professor Carpenter argued that Gray's estimates were inaccurate and went on to identify a means by which the dolphin's cutaneous ridges might explain this paradox.

Continuing the zoological theme, his interest in aeronautical and aerospace engineering also saw him publish research on butterflies in gliding flight.

He died aged 65 on 21 April after a long period of illness with cancer and is survived by his wife, Sally, and his three children.

john.gill@tsleducation.com.

Ed: It is ironic that Peter should achieve Professorial status, for he was known at School as "Prof"!

Carr-Hill	E.	Dates	1931

07/1931:

E. CARR-HILL, whose conscience as awakened by a letter form S. S. Smith in the March *Lion,* is now in Glasgow, and enclosed with his Life Subscription a long and most interesting letter.

He is with Kennedy and Donkin, consulting engineers, and provided with a car, he wanders about inspecting various steel works each day until 5 p.m., and then back to the office where he works until anything between 10 and 12 o'clock. His firm is chiefly occupied with the Central Scottish Electrification scheme which is now nearly completed after 3½ years.

Glasgow does not impress him, as all the "pubs" close at 9 p.m. every day and do not open at all on Sundays. All his office co-workers have now succumbed to the married state, and he seems to feel that his defences are rapidly weakening. He goes on to say:- "You may be interested to learn the reason of the universal hallucination "the Canny Scot" – due to the way they consider everything said *very carefully* before answering, - it's because they're such a lot of halfwits that they do not understand anything for about five minutes - and then they get it wrong. They have no sense of humour - because they don't like waste – and it's a waste of breath to laugh. The whole place is over-run with threepenny bits and tea shops where one may (I don't) obtain real Jacobean cakes.

"The policemen do physical jerks all day for the edification of the unemployed and to the utter mystification of the motorist and those that drive Austin 7's.

"Salvationists and street singers emerge in their hordes on Sunday and wake me up long before lunchtime.

"They 'play' a 'game' they call Association football up here which is really 'Chasing the Referee – *vide* the Scottish Cup Final; they drink "a half-gill of whisky – all ordered together when the other bloke is paying – a distinguishing habit, I think; and then they have the brazier cheek to say Scotland's a gr-r-r-rand country noo! They are not content with their own filthy weather, but they needs must pinch the London fogs into the bargain."

Would any Scotsman like to reply?

Cawte	Anthony Dennis	Dates	1939 - 1945



2016

Senior Engineer with Cunard Line on Queen Mary.
Living in Texas and achieved 90 only a few weeks ago (2020).
The photo was taken 4 years ago at a Queen Mary Association quarterly meeting.

I was born in Fareham Hampshire in 1929.

I started school at the Church of England Junior School in Osborne Road opposite the Sts. Peter and Paul Church. At the age of 11 years I won a Scholarship which gave me entry to Price's School instead of going to the Harrison Road School.

I was at Price's School all through the war years of 1940-1945.
The teachers were a mixture of Permanent Staff and Temporary Wartime Assistants. Permanent Staff included, Mr Johnston, Mr Shaddock, Mr Garton, Mr Shaw, Mr Thacker and Miss Jewel. The Assistants were Mr Marsh, Miss Harcourt, Reverend Roydc Jones, Reverend Braham and Mr Martin.

-

ANTHONY DENNIS CAWTE

During my time at Price's I was always in the 'A' Class and usually in the top five in the class. Occasionally I surprised myself, and the teacher, like when I came top in the Third Year Latin exam. Mr Johnston was amazed and very pleased. Similarly when I had very high marks in the Fifth Year English exam Mr Thacker was very complimentary.

My years at school in Price's were enjoyable and all the teachers were very good and helpful to me. During the war years we occasionally had lectures from Military Personnel on their actions during the war.

The most thrilling presentation was given by Wing Commander Braham, the Reverend's son. He described how he and his Navigator would fly at night to hunt German planes attacking Britain. He was Britain's Ace Pilot with a number of twenty-two kills to his credit when he spoke to us.

After listening to him I was convinced I wanted to be an R.A.F fighter pilot. When I reached 16 I went to the R.A.F Recruitment Office and was told that my education level would get me in but come back at 18 years of age.

After passing the Fifth Form exams and receiving a postcard welcoming me to the Sixth Form, I decided to start an Engineering Apprenticeship at the Portsmouth Naval Dockyard 1945-1950. As well as learning to use Tools and Machinery I studied at the Dockyard for two plus years learning Maths Engineering, also taking special lessons in the Drawing Office and Chemical Construction Installations such as A.S.W.E. on Portsdown Hill.

After completing my Apprenticeship off I wanted to fly in the R.A.F. but, No, they did not want any more flyers just Ground Crew.

Now, at this time, there was a National Call-up for the Military. I was told that I would be in the Army at a pay rate of one pound a week. I also had the choice between the Army and Merchant Navy. Cunard offered me eight pounds a week so off to sea we go. The average wage in 1950 was approximately five pounds a week.

I worked for Cunard Line from 1950-1966 sailing on the following ships, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Samaria, Caronia and Mauretania as an Engineer Officer. The Queens were on the Trans Atlantic run. The Samaria did the Canadian Service calling at Halifax and Quebec. The Caronia and Mauretania were mainly cruising in the Caribbean and Mediterranean.

I studied and went to Southampton University to sit the Second Engineers and Chief Engineers Certificates gaining the Seconds in 1955 and the Chiefs in 1957. Both tickets have Part 'A' & 'B'. Part 'A' is Maths and Science and Part 'B' is Engineering and Operations. Price's and Dockyard Schools were valuable help for Part 'A' for both Tickets.

My last ship was the Mauretania. I was appointed Senior Second Engineer in 1962. I was promoted Staff Chief Engineer in 1964 and did the cruises that year in that position.



I had come as far as was possible to go in Promotions and realised I needed to go back ashore and get a job with opportunities.

I got an appointment at Associated British Combustion (ABC) a private Company owned by Commander Cooper in Portchester. He offered me a position in his Technical Department and I accepted.

When I put in my resignation to the Cunard Manager he told me, that before he accepted it that I was in line for the Queen Elizabeth 2, but my mind was made up. It was, however, a nice boost for my feelings.



My position at ABC was learning the design and functions of the combustion equipment and visiting clients to resolve any problems we may have. This position introduces me to the Managers of all the European shipyards and power plants. A good example was in 1969 when Commander Cooper and I worked in the St. Nazaire shipyard to resolve a problem with the ESSO Anglia boilers - not our equipment. At that time the ABC Technical Manager resigned, and Cooper appointed me in his place.

Just after this time Commander Cooper sold the Company to a large American Corporation called Combustion Equipment Associates (C.E.A.) so instead of a 'one man' decision-making system we had a Board of Directors in charge. I was appointed to a Company Director at that time.

Paul Richards, the new Managing Director, asked me to transfer from the Technical Department and become the Sales Director. His reasoning being that I was always helping the Sales team and I knew all the important Company Managers with whom we did business. So that is how I started my Sales career.

From 1970 to 1977 we were extremely successful making a two year backlog by the time I transferred to the American Company in Connecticut. Unfortunately going to the USA did not work out as hoped. The main business area of the American Company collapsed taking down all the others.

While this happened I was approached by their big competitor the John Zink Company and was offered a position in their Houston Office which I accepted. I continued to work from Houston even when the John Zink Company was bought by the Kock Brothers. Equipment orders became larger in dollar value and delivered to more countries in the world. I was in charge of a Sales Area of North, South and Central America – also, if needed the Middle East and Europe. I often went to support the local sales effort as I usually knew the Company Managers to whom we were selling. Sales negotiations were made in the United Arab Emirates, Saudi Arabia, Europe, India as well as North, South and Central Americas.

I retired from full-time work in 1998 but worked as a Consultant until 2006 when I finally retired to the country North West of Houston.

Information Oddments.

I went to the 250th Anniversary at Price's School in 1971. There I met two Old Priceans who had been arrested by Mussolini's Border Guards whilst hiking in the Alps Mountains with Mr Johnston before the war. They told a fascinating tale.

I thought that the destruction of Price's School was a terrible thing to do. I was very glad that my three sons, Stephen, Martin and Christopher had the benefit of it's teaching before they went to Cambridge University to study.

P.S. **Terry Gleed:** Tony is a superb fellow both as an Engineer Colleague and a fellow Officer on the Mauretania which is where I first met him and stayed on the ship until he left. He's one of those men who does not lose his temper yet makes it quite clear what he wants and why you should get on and do it.

The Cawte Families.

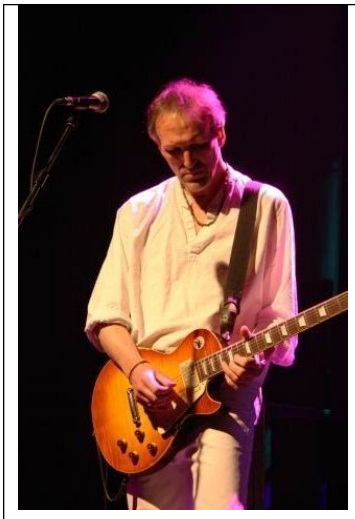
The Cawte Families.

?				?		
1 Anthony Dennis Cawte (Marine Engineer) 39 - 45 ↓				**5 Maurice Cawte ↓**	**7 Don Cawte = Olive ↓**	
2 Stephen Cawte 65 - 72	**3 Martin Cawte 68-75**	**4 Chris.[1] Cawte b 61 73 - 78**		**6 Chris.[2] Cawte b 62 73 - 80**	**←cousins→**	**8 Roger Cawte**
Selwyn College Cambs.	Corp. Chris. College Cambs	Musician Cambs.		Architect Designer		Sporty

- 2 separate families?
- 1 → 2 + 3 + 4
- 5 → 6, and 7 →8
- Some details for 1 and 4 in hand, but not enough
- 4 & 6 share same name, primary and grammar schools
- Were they all at Price's?
- Are they linked at the ? level?
- What of Nos. 2 & 3, 5, and 7 & 8? Information sought if they were at Price's
- Likely there are others?

Cawte	Chris [1]	Dates	1973 - 1978

Some content from the Lion magazine:	1971 most of us were singer-songwriters – Nick Manley, Lonene, Morningstar, Springwind. We were creating and delivering original songs and music – and our audience was kind enough to respond with enthusiasm. 1972 *Gromboolia,* in March **1972,** organised by Nick Manley and poet Alan Hill. The line-up was similar to the preceding concert but also included Andy Morely, Steve Cawte, Colin Andrews and a trio of Dave Andrews, Alan Smith and Colin Frances. See also: **Kevan Bundell in Gazetteer, Part 2**



Band Member, Guitarist, Music Producer, Composer
Guitar ability – Expert, Composer ability – Expert, Producer ability - Expert
Influences: Radiohead, Babeshadow, King Crimson, Genesis, Led Zeppelin, Focus, John Mclaughlin

2012	• Sydney Waste Recycle advert : *Session Guitar for George Kallis, composer*
	• Luck - feature film : *Session Guitar for George Kallis, composer*
2011	• Theatretrain - Now & Then : *Creator Backing Tracks for Albert Hall show*
2009	• Planet 51 - Sony feature film : *MD, arranger, composer and session guitar for songs in soundtrack*

Cawte	Chris [2]	Dates	1973 – 1978 (School) 1978 – 1980 (College)

Hi David

You are confusing me (Chris Cawte, born 1962) with Chris Cawte (born 1961). We were both born and brought up in Fareham, both went to Fareham County Primary and both went to Prices Grammar School. Chris was the year above me and, as you rightly say, was and is an excellent guitarist. There was never any doubt that Chris would go on to be a professional musician, even when we were still at school back in the 1970s!

THIS Chris Cawte, left Prices and studied Architecture at Oxford (Poly) and then 3D Design at Kingston. I have spent 35+ years in the design industry much of it as the MD of a design company (MET Studio, www.metstudiodesign.com) and latterly of a museum project management company (DesignPM, www.designpm.co.uk) which I set up in 2004. I sold my company to a French multinational in 2019 and am 2/3rds of the way through my earn-out period, intending to retire next year.

(Guitarist) Chris was always someone I had a lot of respect for as a youngster, partly because we had the same name, partly because he was a talented musician (surely something that most teenagers aspire to be?!) and partly because he was a genuinely nice guy.

Consequently I don't know Martin, nor do I know Rachel, but I would imagine there is a family connection if we dig back far enough.

Roger Cawte, however, is my eldest cousin. His dad (Don) was my dad Maurice's eldest brother. Roger was a very good sportsman, particularly excelling at cricket where he combined fast bowling with a pretty aggressive batting style. He was the classic all-rounder. I believe he held the record for the highest innings for any Pricean but I may have talked that up in my sub-conscious over the past decades! Sadly, I've lost contact with Roger though. Don died 10+ years ago and Roger's mum, Olive, died about five years ago, so I don't know where he now lives or how to contact him.

If you are now in contact with Chris though, please send him my regards and let him know that I was only this morning talking to Julian Godfrey (who was also at FCP and Prices in my school years) who he may remember as Julian was also a keen guitarist.

Best wishes, **Chris**

Hi David

I trust you are keeping well and that I have not left it too late to get back to you with the notes I promised last month?

First I feel I need to provide you with a little context. When we last exchanged emails I had just been diagnosed with cancer (on 28th January). It was all very sudden and unexpected as I'd assumed that the lump they had been investigating was a benign lipoma. Anyway, long story short, it has been very rapidly resolved as I was booked in for surgery on 2nd February and the tumour was completely removed by some very skilful people at the Nuffield in Oxford. I appear to have been very lucky indeed. When I last wrote I had just had a full body scan and didn't know whether they would find more but by the time I woke up from my surgery on the afternoon of 2nd I'd been told that they

couldn't see any metastases anywhere and they'd successfully removed the cancer. Diagnosis to 'cure' in five days is as good as it gets I think so I think someone must have been smiling down on me.

The consequence of all this has been a very disrupted February and I've only just sat down to write the notes for you in the past 24 hours - conscious of your deadline. However, I am attaching a page of text in both Word and pdf forms and would be happy to send you photos to accompany this if you need them.

I trust it is all going well and look forward to hearing from you.

Regards

Chris

Chris Cawte [Grammar School 1973-78, Sixth Form 1978-80]

In hindsight, perhaps it was always inevitable that I would end up in the design industry. Academically I was always in the top half of my class but it was in our art classes that I felt happiest and given the freedom to express myself. We also benefited from two very good art teachers in Bob Taylor and Tony Hiles. Bob in particular was a big influence, brooking no nonsense in class but always making lessons interesting and encouraging experimentation in new media. He above all made me believe that it was possible to make a career out of art and design.

Ours was the final intake of the original Grammar School which meant that as we progressed up through the academic school years we were always the youngest, with each new year resulting in a bigger mixed sixth form as the boys school shrank in size. By the time we were in the fifth form we were some one hundred uniformed school boys amongst six or seven hundred mixed sixth formers! Unsurprisingly this led to some pretty loose interpretations of the school uniform by then – standards that would probably have appalled older alumni – but sensing the inevitability of it all the fifth year teaching staff were generally very easy going.

Despite our slightly shambolic appearance though, and perhaps subconsciously wanting the school to finish on a high, it was with a great deal of pride we were able to look back on our fifth year having recorded some of the best final year results in the schools' history.

From Prices sixth form and 'A' Levels I found my way to Kingston Polytechnic (now, Uni) to study 3D Design after which I worked for a while for a designer called Ben Kelly, who designed the famous Hacienda nightclub in Manchester for Factory Records. Leaving Ben's office in 1990 I then took a design role in a young exhibition design practice called MET Studio and by 1998 I had worked up to the MD role and an office of 45 people working across Europe and the Far East. The office's specialist sector was in large national museums and corporate showcases but in this time amongst many land based projects we also completed **two design refits of Cunard Line's QE2. These were projects that I ran on behalf of the company** and were some of the most interesting years of my career.

The first of these refits took place in Hamburg in 1994 and the second in Southampton in 1996. I was regularly joining the ship on the run over this three-year period and as a routine part of the job was lucky enough to visit places as far apart as Hawaii, Hong Kong, Calcutta and Cape Town, as well making numerous North Atlantic crossings. Looking back, it was a fantastic experience that I was privileged to have experienced as my grandfather had been a shipwright in the naval yard in Portsmouth and had instilled in me a fascination for ships and naval history.

By 2004 I was an equity partner, and we'd **won a Queens Award for Overseas Trade** but I hankered after more control over my career and wanted to return to the 'coal face' of projects, so I left the company and set up my own business – DesignPM – which would be focused on the project management of large museum and corporate visitor centre projects. By 2019 I had grown the business to circa twenty people and had negotiated a sale to a large French multinational. Currently with a staff approaching thirty and projects in Europe and the Middle East, **the company is probably the largest specialist PM company of its kind.**

As I come up to retirement in 2022 I have no doubt that Prices Grammar School, and some very good teachers, gave me the confidence to think beyond the (probably imaginary and self-imposed) confines that had restricted previous generations in my family. My only regret is that it could not continue to nurture other young boys and girls in the way it had shaped me in my formative years.

Cawte	Chris[2]	Class of 73 - 78

Ed.: *This piece was written on commission for the David Archell and the David Ardron-organized Reunion for the Class of 73 – 78 event held in September 2023 at the Marwell Hotel, and I add it in, without any editing, to supplement the material sent to be as a part of the earlier work done for the WP300 publications, of which his "Piece's Who's Who, is but a part.*

Living in Hampshire





After a year of Architecture at Oxford Brookes I did a design degree at Kingston Poly (University) graduating in1984. After a few years working for an architect (Simon Conder) I had a spell working for an old tutor (Ben Kelly - designer of the Haçienda in Manchester) before finding my way to an Exhibition Design company (MET Studio) in 1990.

By 1998 I had worked my way up to the MD position but by 2004 I was ready for a new challenge so I set up my own consultancy specialising in the project management of large scale museum projects, almost entirely overseas (www.designpm.co.uk). Projects ranged from the National Museum in Qatar through to the Guinness Storehouse in Dublin and included sites in Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Poland, UAE, China and Singapore. I ran my company for 18 years before retiring in 2022 on completion of a three year earn-out period after selling it to a French multinational in 2019.

In parallel with this I lived in London from 1981 through to 2006 during in which time I met and married my wife Lindsay with whom I have two children: Ellie (1995) and Tom (1997).

In 2006 we decided to leave London and return to Hampshire where we have been ever since, living in a small village to the east of Winchester, which is ideal for two of my leisure passions: cycling and fly-fishing. Fishing is a pastime I share with three old Priceans I have remained in constant contact with since we left the sixth form; Richard Hall, Gary Evans and Glen Williams with Julian Godfrey additionally part of our group. I also try to meet with Marcus Adams when passing through Devon where he has lived for a number of years.

Chris's memories of Prices:

We lived close enough to Prices for me to be able to see the back of the school from my bedroom

window. I could pop home during the morning break if necessary and still be back before the bell. As a consequence maybe the school felt more physically present in my formative teens than it did for most.

I have vivid memories of break time football on the large tarmac playground, and skipping school dinners in order to get the maximum time for cricket on the sport field in the summer lunch breaks. Amazing to think that we'd largely spend all our time together in classes but still want to extend that into the breaks and play football or cricket together as a class too.

I remember the reversible jerseys we used for games, and the wet and cold cross-country runs up Park Lane, down North Hill and along Pook Lane before looping back into Fareham. Hard to imagine that being done these days.

I remember us stamping down ice on the tennis courts one cold winter in order to make a slide and then proceed to skid along it in our trendy 'wedge' soled shoes. I also remember us confined to class during one lunch break, probably due to larking about in a lesson, and then using the blackboard to concoct lewd lyrics to pop songs of the day.

I recall us straining out of the A Block windows to catch a glimpse of the sixth form girls in the outdoor pool, and I remember us tying Andy Bassom to a chair and suspending him over the pond (sorry Andy!). Our class also made up the bulk of the school basketball team which was one of the best in the county *(I'm sure that one season we won every game we played - we were very much the team to beat).*

I remember itchy CCF shirts and a compliance with school uniform rules that pushed the limits more with each passing year.

Mostly I remember a bunch of bright, promising and generally good-natured young boys, rubbing along pretty well together. Clearly we all had slightly different experiences of our time at Prices. Some days stressful, many days dull, occasionally exciting, but my abiding memories are all positive and I look back on my time there with a great deal of fondness. Fifty years on, I still feel that the teachers and pupils I shared my time with at Prices set me up for life and there is nothing about my seven years at Prices that I would change if I had my time again.

Chris's memories of Classmates:

I remember Peter Cardrick for his long hair, football skills and being one of the first to have a motorbike. I don't ever recall Peter having his tie tight or top button done up at any time we were at school. In my mind's eye he always had a bit of his shirt untucked too.

I remember Russ Armstrong well as we went to Fareham County Primary together prior to our time at Prices. At FCP, together with Ian Teasdale, Chris O'Leary and Kevin? we played football against the rest of our class every play time, and usually beat them. However, our 'football' was usually an airflow ball and occasionally a glass marble. We soon discovered that wrapping an airflow ball in masking tape made for a better game. Five us went from FCP to Prices: Russ, Julian Godfrey, Glen Williams, Steve Reeve and myself.
Russ was a keen sportsman and particularly enjoyed Hockey, as I remember.

Andrew Bassom, I think, was the baby of the class as I believe he was a year younger than the rest of us *(although I might be wrong about John Adams)*. In those teenage years, with us all visibly

growing by the term, heaven only knows what it must have been like for him to always be the youngest in a school that didn't have a fresh intake each year. He wiped the floor with us all with his Maths ability though! I remember Andy's blonde busby hairstyle and always having regulation school uniform *(and probably had the braid for longer than all of us).*

John Adams usually sat in front of me and Marcus in class - at least when we were in the A block. John was always one of the smaller boys in the class but I think he may have been a year younger than the rest of us? He never seemed to lack confidence though, and always tended to come to the fore in the breaks during the summer as he was a keen Cricketer, batting in particular as I recall. John had an older brother at the school I think. John and Dave Curry tended to hang around together at school.

Trev Clarke and Jeff Burridge were another pair who tended to hang around together at school. I think they had both been to the same primary school together and lived near each other on the Uplands estate. I remember them both being cheerful lads and always up for a laugh.

I am not quite sure how or when Marcus and I came to be close friends but it must have been in the first year as I don't recall a time when we didn't sit together in class. We have kept in touch ever since. Strange, but we discovered some years after we first met that his grandad and mine were close friends in the years immediately after WW1.They lost touch when Marcus's grandad emigrated to Canada in c.1922. He eventually moved back to England but the contact had been broken by then. I don't recall how we made the discovery but I can still remember seeing Marcus's grandad turning up on his moped at my grandparent's house in the early 80s to meet again for the first time in sixty years!

Gary Connett always seemed to wear his school uniform more smartly than everyone else. *(Did he have his blazers tailored I wonder?)* His hair was never out of place, even when playing basketball for the school, which he was very good at. Gary was one of those pupils who always appeared to me to know where he was heading.

Martin Austin I recall as being calm, rational and more grown up than your average school boy. Tall, long straight blonde hair.

Gordon Betts was a reserved lad, always very good at Hockey. Like Julian Godfrey and Rich Hall, he had an older brother at the school

Cawte	Martin	Dates	1968-1975

Martin Cawte (Westbury 1968-75) – his Memories

Tony Cawte, my father, was at Price's during the war (1939-45) along with those great Priceans, John Cole and Roy Daysh. He later became a marine engineer and chief officer on the Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary.

Price's inspired me and my brothers Stephen (1965-72) and Christopher (1973-78) to a love of learning, music, sports and friendship. I was especially inspired by 'Tim' Foster (French and German), Alan Glynne-Howell (Divinity, Philosophy, and so much else), Nancy Head (French), Tony Johnson and Rita de Bunsen (English), amongst so many outstanding, caring staff. Price's was, for me, something of a salvation from a difficult home life – I loved it and could not have been happier

at any other school. It was learned and humane at a time when many single sex schools were not. I was lucky to be there.

Price's helped my elder brother into Cambridge at Selwyn College (1972-75) and me into Corpus Christi College (1976-79). I realize now, the depth of learning I drew in from all the above-mentioned staff, was far greater than I could have guessed. Only Winchester College would have given me an equal education and that at great expense.

I remember the sheer friendliness and encouragement of the staff, the loyalty and encouragement of my friends and the tolerance of Eric Poyner, a great Headmaster. I was lucky enough to know George Ashton too. I chiefly remember, in a way we all satirised, but which I think is now true, Eric announcing at the beginning of each new school year "The ripples, from a school such as this, spread out far and wide across the great pond of life". We all thought this was very funny – this was the age of Lindsay Anderson's 'If' and of 'Monty Python' after all; but the years have proved him right. His pupils have spread across the world to do great work, whilst others have remained dedicated to Hampshire and its welfare.

God rot Mrs Thatcher, amongst other things, for, as Education Secretary, closing the School. Those of us who gained from Price's are left to be grateful and to spread the values of fellowship and of a fine institution. William Price was a bold and a good man and he made a difference to all our lives.

P.S. I have just seen on the Honours Boards that my friend and contemporary, Ian Spencer, was killed in the Falklands in 1982. It is difficult to know what to say. God bless him.

Cawte	Stephen	Dates	

1968/9? did well in the Alverstoke and Lee-on-Solent Tournaments, Cawte reaching the quarter finals in the U16 singles and the Hants and Isle of Wight U18.
Cawte also won, for the second year running the U16 singles in the Park Lane tournament.
With Skilton, lost narrowly in the mixed doubles semi-finals at Lee-on Solent, Ian Corkett being runner up.
Cawte also won, for the third year running, the under 16 singles in the Park Lane Tournament.

There was another Cawte, present in 1924	

Chaffey	John Bernard	Dates	1958 - 1989



As a young RAF Officer

John Chaffey was simply one of the best, a select group that includes few peers.

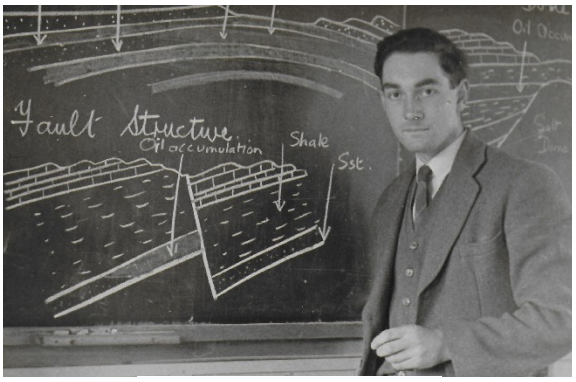
He arrived at Price's School in 1958, along with another newcomer, Mike Oxford. Together, they achieved more than the sum of their parts

Up to that time, the curriculum had been a very predictable, old Grammar School arrangement. A classic physical science course, or a traditional Arts based alternative. Teaching was hitherto, quite staid.

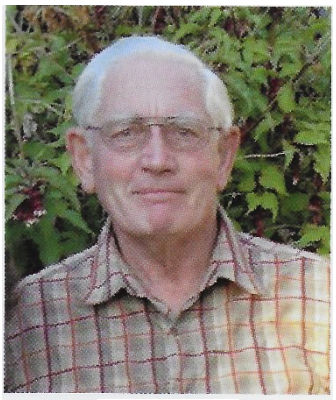
In ways that could never have been anticipated, JBC opened the door for many pupils to build a mixed arts and science course that was to energise so many who did not quite fit into the established and somewhat complacent country Grammar School. The "A" level results of his first examined year were amazing, one student scoring 90% and many others with very high marks. And that had a catalytic effect on the approach of lots of others, in his beloved Geography and in other subjects too.

He was simply a nice guy, young and energetic, never short of the relevant knowledge, and with a lot more besides. Disciplinary issues were not a relevant discussion item. Pupils in his classes wanted to learn: John was such a change from his predecessor.

He was a skilful drawer of board diagrams and maps in ways that printed materials of the day, and even electronic aids of the present era (2020) could not out-perform. It didn't take long for him to instil his style in the School with an ambitious programme of Field Trips locally and further afield. Along with Mike Oxford in Biology, he pioneered the normality of week-long residential field trips. There never has been a better way to learn a subject than this kind of immersion. The residential element not only gave pupils an early chance to live away from their own domestic environment, but it was the context for much better pupil-teacher relationships, enduring ones.



As most of us like to remember him



In his later years

JBC was not just a Geographer, no one string to his bow, for he was to emerge as a keen participant in and producer of School Gilbert & Sullivan operas, and singing in the Choir too.

As if there wasn't enough to do. He took over as organiser of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, which is why he probably managed to arrange a 2 week holiday-cum-Duke of Edinburgh Expedition to Le Massif Central in 1968.

Perhaps a fitting tribute to John is summed-up in these words from Dr. Bob Arnot, who already had 6 years of Grammar School education before he joined Price's School:

"The teaching highlight for me at Prices was definitely JB Chaffey – probably the best teacher I ever came across (both in schools and university). He was a driven individual who really lived and breathed his subject. In 1968 we all flocked to see Julie Christie in "Far from the Madding Crowd". Chaffey announced he had also been to see the movie and as we all raved about Julie Christie – he raved about dry, hanging river valleys in the Dorset scenery - the perfect summary of Chaffey!"

(Dr Bob Arnot)

1963 In production of "Patience", played in the chorus 1964 "Gondoliers" as Don Alhambra del Bolero, (The Grand Inquisitor). 1966 Co-Producer of "HMS PInnafore" 1967 Produced The "Mikado". 1968, in "Iolanthe" on the Chorus of Peers. 1969 Co-produced "Iolanthe"	

Inspiring isle

Author John Chaffey has been all over the world, but it's hard to beat the Isle of Purbeck, he tells **Kevin Nash**

JOHN Chaffey has travelled far and wide, from the wildernesses of Antarctica and Alaska to the heights of the Andes and Himalayas.

Along with wife Ruth, he's a fan of long-distance walks and loves climbing.

He has seen at first hand sights the rest of us will only ever encounter on our TV screens – yet maintains that some of the greatest views on earth are just a stroll from his Dorset home.

John's latest book, Purbeck Landscapes, looks at a relatively small corner of the county and shows that, in many ways, it is a microcosm of Britain; one of the most interesting areas, geographically and geologically, anywhere in the world.

The so-called Jurassic Coast, stretching west from Old Harry Rocks, of course, is now a World Heritage Site, to rank alongside the Grand Canyon and Jordan's ancient long-lost city of Petra.

But there's a host of other wonders on the Isle of Purbeck (not least that it's not actually an island), from the heathland to the limestone quarries, and from the distinctive villages to the unique charms of Wareham and Swanage.

John, 75, knows the area like the back of his hand. Born in Christchurch, he remembers Easter Monday trips to Purbeck with his parents in the immediate post-war years, "since when it has been a constant source of inspiration to me".

For the past 40-plus years, he has walked extensively throughout the area with Ruth, 70, and the couple moved to the village of Corfe Castle nearly 20 years ago.

John has written or contributed to 16 books, including Geology Walks In and About Dorset, Heritage Coast and Dorset Landscapes.

"I've written four books since turning 70, which I'm quite pleased about," he says.

He leads walks, for the National Trust, and field trips, for the Geology Association. A former secretary and chairman of Dorset Geologists' Association, he's now president – and one of his books, New View of Britain, was a best-seller, used as a set text for A-level geography students.

John, who studied at Southampton, and was senior lecturer in Earth Sciences at Fareham College, has also written educational material for the Dorset Coast Forum and Weymouth and Portland Borough Council, and was a member of the Dorset and East Devon World Heritage Site Steering Group.

He is keen on photography (all the pictures in the latest book are his), and he and Ruth have climbed almost 200 Scottish peaks (the famous "Munros") between them.

But the Chaffeys' real passion is walking. "We've done the South-West Coast Path," says John. "And we've walked the whole of the Normandy coastline too – although not all in one go, of course!"

● Purbeck Landscapes by John Chaffey (Dorset Books, £14.99) is available from local bookshops or Halsgrove Direct, 01884 243242 or halsgrove.com

8 January 20, 2007

Texts for Students	Dorset Texts

1985: Worldwide Issues in Geography (issues based) 1994: 16-19 Core Geography (A Level Syll.)* 1994: A New View of Britain (16-19)* 1996: Managing Wilderness Regions (16-19)* 1996: Natural Hazards (decision-making exercises) 1997: Managing Environments in Britain and Ireland (16-19) ***Awards by Geographical Association**	2003: Coast and Country (with Dorset Geologists Association) 2003: An Illustrated Guide to Dorset and East Devon Coast 2004: The Dorset Landscape: Its Geology and Scenery 2006: Purbeck Landscapes 1994- 2016 Dorset Life Magazine Articles- 2005- 2016 Dorset Geologists Newsletter Contributions

Further Activities

Chief Examiner A Level Geography-University of London
Senior Examiner A Level Geography and Geology-University of Oxford
Dorset Geologists' Association-Field Trips (President)
Worldwide Travel and Research
13 Long Distance Paths in GB and Normandy
113 Scottish Munros climbed
Purbeck Arts Club Choir (President)
Belvedere Singers Swanage

John Chaffey (an email received from his wife, Ruth☺

John passed away last week at Swanage Hospital after a long illness. He joined Prices in 1958 so was a contemporary of John Cole, Roy Daysh and Eric Iredale. We married in 1962 and had 2 children -David in 1963 and Helen in 1966. John remained at Prices then at Prices College and finally the Tertiary College leaving in 1989. He and I took advantage of an offer of early retirement having moved to Corfe Castle in 1988. I believe he was much admired as a successful Geography teacher and he also introduced A level Geology. He wrote text books and other books on the local area and enjoyed a busy but fruitful retirement becoming President of the Dorset Geologists Assoc. His dates are as follows: 1931-2017. I hope this may be of interest to your Association.

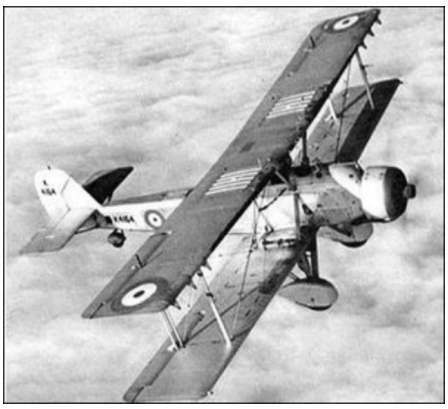
Ruth Chaffey.

John was a prolific Field Worker and his trips figure highly in the list of School Trips, both locally and further afield, including residential trips. When not accompanied by students his holidays often seem to have a field study element, commonly abroad. And in later years he took over the management of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme in the School, within which, almost inevitably, he was busy on plans for the Expedition element of the challenge.

DORSET GEOLOGISTS' ASSOCIATION 1858
President John Chaffey
Titanites giganteus
NEWSLETTER April 2017
Editor: Doreen Smith 13 Sheridan Close Frampton Dorchester DT2 9PL Chair: Alan Holiday alanholiday@btinternet.com
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Chalk	Frederick George	Dates	1958 - 1989

He is commemorated on a memorial plaque in Droxford church. I know that he was born 10th Sept 1914 and came to Price's on a scholarship from Droxford school.



The RAF Command Archives shows:

Malta crash, 5 June 1936 Author: Hugh A Halliday Time Stamp: 14:59:16 15 October 2004 Post: Related to my query re 1937, collision, F/O John Asher Sutherland (believed to be a Canadian in the RAF) **died of injuries sustained in a crash in Malta on this date (AC1 Frederick George Chalk also killed).** Aircraft reported to have been a Vildebeest. Can aircraft type and unit be confirmed ? Are any details available as to this crash ?

The RAF Command Archives shows:

RE: Malta crash, 5 June 1936 Author: Chris Charland (Guest) Time Stamp: 02:24:08 16 October 2004 Post: No. 22 (TB) Squadron was operating the Vickers Vildebeeste Mk. III at Hal Far, Malta. The squadron originally moved to Hal Far on the 10th of October 1935 as a reserve force during the crisis in Abyssinia. It was re-designated a torpedo bomber unit circa May/June of 1936. No. 22 (TB) Squadron re-located to Donibristle, Fife on the 29th of August 1936.

RE: Malta crash, 5 June 1936 Author: Alan Smith (Guest) Time Stamp: 15:27:36 16 October 2004 Post: Air Britain shows Vildebeest III K4608 of 22 Squadron **suffered an engine cut after take-off from Hal Far, stalled and crashed with 2 killed.** Presumably this is your aircraft and crew.

Clarke	Trevor	Class of 73 - 78



I recall that at the time of leaving (mid-1978) job prospects were on a bit of a downer so, after an eye-opening day release to Cyanamid *(where the entire day was spent in a white lab coat wearing plastic glasses looking at some sort of machinery),* I applied for some banking jobs.This was simply because my Maths 'O' Level grade was evidence I could add up. I threw a lot of applications out there and got two bites, Barclays and some merchant bank in London called 'Schroders.' In a rare sense of adventure, I went with Schroders even though I didn't know what a merchant bank was.

Living in Australia.

To cut a long story short, after 22 fun years at Schroders discovering what the City was about and that markets went up and down at times you couldn't predict, I moved to Australia in 2000.
Now to be fair the important factor in this big move was not the start of a new millennium but that I had married an Aussie girl called Jo 8 years earlier and we had 2 young boys and we needed to choose where to bring them up. So off to Brisbane we went with no job or home lined up. After 4–5 months of increasingly serious job hunting, I landed a role at the Financial Regulator (ASIC) even though I had no idea what they did. *(pattern here?)* I'm still there today after nearly 22 years although there is an "organisational review" underway, so who knows?

We travel back to UK, basing ourselves in or near Fareham, roughly every 2 years. It has been really great to keep in touch with family, friends and of course supporting Saints - sorry Dave!

Trevor's memories of Prices:

This fantastic exercise of reminiscing 'Form A' memories with other classmates has reminded me of so much about Prices that I had long since forgotten. I enjoyed my time at Prices helped by a few good friendships and what I recall was a good group of blokes all learning about life. A few memories in no particular order whatsoever:

Not sure how I got a good Maths 'O' Level grade but maybe Andrew Bassom helped?
Playing hockey against the girl's 6th Form team and our goalkeeper *(can't recall who he was)* getting the ball right in the nuts. The PE teacher (young bloke not Tuck) shouted "don't rub them, count them!"
Lying on old dusty rugs in the rifle range firing live bullets, I still can't believe this was allowed at our age back then. The punch up between Bishopsfield and Prices on the playing fields *(I was just spectating :))*
Throwing the javelin at school sports day, in between other events! Did they really think we were that accurate? Playing school-yard football at every possible break, got through a lot of school shoes.

Anarchy in CSE French lessons, poor bloke. Good for card game skills though *(double pack Black Jack I think?)*

Cold swimming pool and rainy cross-country
Long school photos, that really was technology ahead of its time.

Trevor's memories of Classmates:

I have been lucky enough to know Jeff Burridge forever as we lived a few houses apart, our families were very close and we went to the same schools. An interesting fact is that our wives have the same birthday, although a year apart!

I recall when Steve Moran *(in the year above us all)* was signed to a professional contract by Lawrie McMeneny, the Southampton manager, at Prices. We got the heads up from Jock Daysh and were allowed to go along and get autographs in the car park. I think George Daysh, Kenny Anderson, Jeff and I were there, maybe some others?

I met Kenny Anderson quite a few times at football in the early years but no contact in the last decade. He was a larger than life character, good laugh and always remembered me and Jeff.
Stuart Day was a bit of lad, always trying it on, including new and inventive ways to get me to share some of my packed lunch! To be fair, I usually had too much anyway.
Dinger Bell and Johnny Adams seemed to get into a fair bit of strife with the school rules, not necessarily at the same time though.
I recall Marcus Adams and Chris Cawte helping me out with study or homework or something. Maybe one of you was good at Maths!

Coghlan	M.R., and other family members.	Dates	

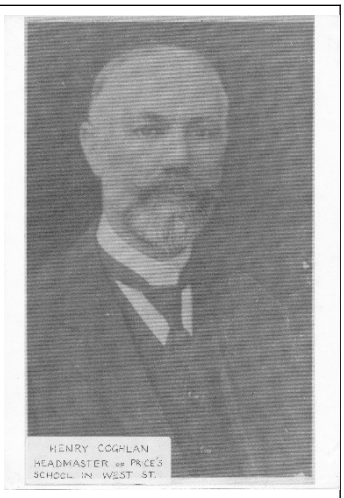
Henry Revans Coghlan, pictured right, was the last Headmaster of the West Street- located Price's Charity School.

Cogy Coghlan was at the College when it opened in 1974. Son of H.R.C.

M.R.Coghlan: **Sportsman of the 10s Decade** (shortlist).

J.F. Coghlan attended the School , and aged 84, died in 1912. He was also a Trustee of the Price's Charity.

Family undertakers in the Fareham area.



From the Coghlan Family Tree:

It would seem that the original John Coghlan was a prison officer on a ship carrying French prisoners. He originated from Southern Ireland bringing the prisoners to Southern England, and the ship had to seek shelter in the Solent during a wild storm. The prisoners were taken to Portchester Castle. From

here his Great-great-grandfather Michael set up a carpentry business in Portland Street in Fareham. The main business was established in 1861.

M.R.Coghlan: 2nd Lieut., London Regiment. Visited school, in O.T.C.,at Aldershot; managed to get into a third line German trench, is now in England. He was recently operated on for appendicitis, and is now convalescent. He is at present at Osborne. Since gone to France, where he promptly caught influenza. Now a Captain and the Adjutant of a Prisoner of War Camp, but the adhesions which followed his appendicitis, have put any active share in cricket, etc., out of his reach for some time to come.

3/22 M.R. COGHLAN is on Wallardie Tea Estate, Vandiperivar, P.0.S., India, 3,500 feet above sea-level and rejoices in finding it really cold sometimes. He is in the middle of a large district with some fifty Europeans within a ten-mile radius He seems harassed by elephants. A drove of twenty-one visited him the other day and had great sport in pulling down a new bridge which he had just built.

"My father was the last Headmaster at the old School house in West St., and I was born there!"

Life in a Prisoner of War Camp.

To begin with, Prisoner of War Camps are by no means the jolly spots imagined by readers of the *Daily Mirror* and J*ohn Bull*, who having heard of that Garden of Eden, known as Donnington Hall, fancy that the average Prisoner of War 1s literally bedded on roses. I can assure you, from personal experience, that the Camps I have seen are not merely dull, but, in the words of the immortal Old Bill, "blinkin' dull." The first time I saw the leaden and cavernous face of the typical Hun prisoner I despaired of ever getting any fun whatsoever out of the brute, but up to now I have managed to extract quite a lot of amusement out of this unpromising material.

Of course, the great game is "putting the wind up" the prisoners, which is quite a simple matter—in fact, when I feel at all depressed I usually recover my cheery outlook on life by gurgling ferocious sounds at them on parade, assuming at the same time a fierce and uncompromising expression (!); rather a good imitation, in fact, of George Robey, when he bellows forth his historic "Shurr up!" This expression appears to have become quite popular among the prisoner N.C.O.'s, who, imitating me, yell this at their shivering subordinates on the slightest provocation. No one of course has the foggiest idea what it really means, but the effect is wonderful.

At this Camp they are rather a mixed lot. Germans in one camp of course, and Austrians in another. These latter represent practically the twelve lost tribes—they all talk different languages, and no one is able to understand anyone else, which really accounts for most of their disasters during the war. We keep them separate from the Huns, as although technically Allies, they hate each other like poison, especially since they lost the war.

We employ them in all sorts of ways, and make them generally useful—their duties range from building huts to pressing slacks for the officers. 'They are even employed by our batmen as understudies, and it is no uncommon sight to see a British batman superintending a pair of boots, belong to his master, being cleaned by a prisoner, amidst threats of dire penalties. Others are employed in filling in trenches, making new roads, etc., for which they receive a rate of pay which would hardly become popular among members of Trade Unions. However, they don't strike, as they have no M.P.'s to back them up, and any disobedience of orders is apt to lead to a more or less lengthy sojourn at a local breezy Health Resort, known to a select few as Woking Detention Barracks, where the staple luxury consists of bread and water. When they behave themselves, however, they really get quite decent food, but not enough to overload their tummies, which would be bad for

them—the theory being that it is good for them to be hungry after a meal so as to look forward to the next. This trick, of course, is copied from the daily routine of British Schools! They also have a kind of tuck-shop, known as the canteen, where the chief delicacies consist of potatoes, tobacco, candles and soap—the latter, however, they do not always eat, although they usually refuse to put it to its ordinary use; being wine-drinkers by habit, and consequently opposed to the use of water, except when it is forcibly thrown over them once a week by hefty Provost Sergeants—the function popularly known as a bath, and which they dread more than quod!

They also have amusements—of a kind. They sing weird stuff called Folk-songs, whilst someone tinkles on a mandolin, which is a derelict instrument which steadily declines to play in any known key. They also extract deathly sounds from a violin, the strings of which appear to have worn themselves out tying up pre-war parcels.

These heroes all hail from Austria, and their occasional liveliness is in marked contrast to the staid and stodgy demeanour of the neighbouring Huns, who neither smile nor do they sing, but occupy their minds unceasingly with the reconstruction of their somewhat battered Fatherland.

No attempts at fraternisation ever take place between these dear friends and allies, except perhaps occasionally throwing a brick at each other over the barbed wire between them. The Austrians murmur, "Gott strafe Deutschland," and this is not to be wondered at, they having awakened to the fact that they were merely the catspaws of Germany from the start; in fact, if it were possible for them to hammer large nails into Hindenburg's real head, they would probably do so with more zest than they ever knocked them into his effigy !

The prisoners are allowed to write two letters weekly—that is to say, if they can write, most of them can't, and the average letter consists of three crosses and an incorrect address, which does not in the opinion of the Censor convey much information of national importance to enemy countries. They are mostly peasants.

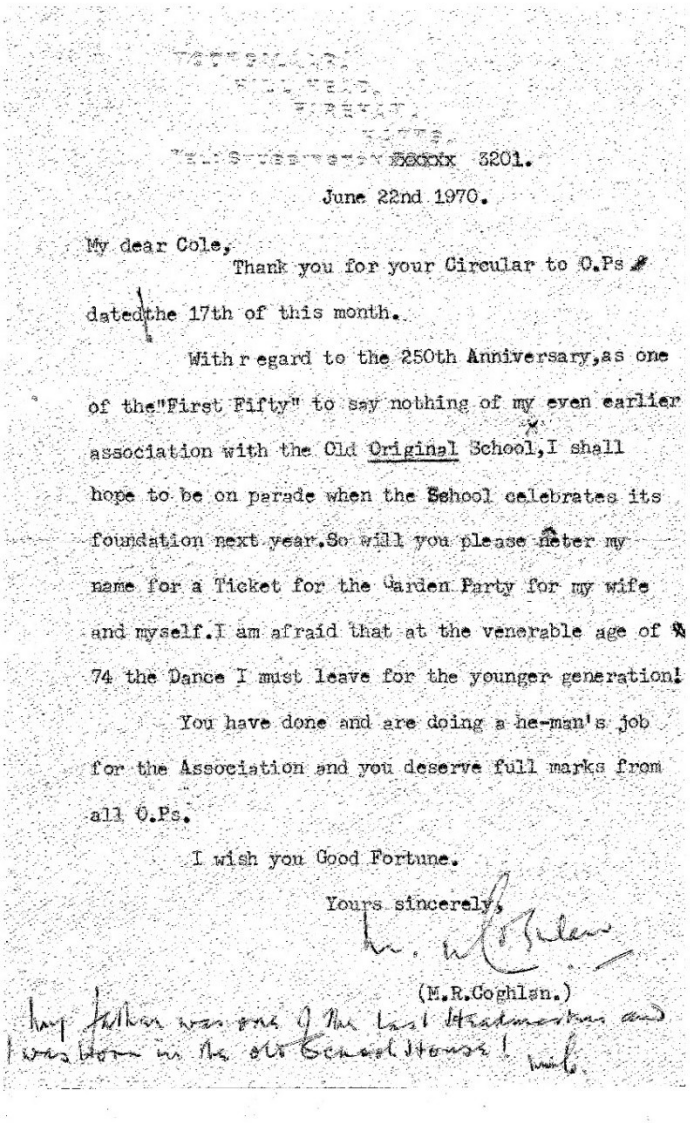
When the Armistice was declared, the Austrians went mad with delight, not so much because of their utter defeat, but because they imagined the day of their release had arrived. (What 'opes!) They first of all sounded the "Cease fire," and then their version of the "Last Post," which is really a very decent tune—during which time they were standing to the salute. They afterwards cheered lustily, thereby infuriating the Huns, who saw in this demonstration another proof of their treachery, and who hurled stones, tins, and potato-peelings at their Allies' heads, occasioning one of the bloodiest battles since Cambrai this being fought with the usual barbed wire entanglements between the combatants. :

The Huns were also very furious because a large effigy of his Satanic Majesty Kaiser Bill, whose body on this occasion was surcharged with gunpowder, was burnt on a pole by the Guard just outside the compound, amidst dances and delight, together with society songs, of which the principal phrase seemed to be "——— the German Kaiser!" "What!" they cried, is *this* British Kultur? Is this the way to treat the All Highest?" (He really was the All Highest that particular evening, being perched on the top of a pole some seventy feet high!) whereupon they fell to eating their potato peelings with renewed vigour.

Well, now you know all about it, and, of course, it is needless to add that we treat our prisoners very much better than they ever treated theirs—but we don't boast of this, because that is the British way of doing things.

M. R. COGHLAN.

Blackdown, February, 1919



June 22nd 1970.

My dear Cole,

Thank you for your Circular to O.Ps dated the 17th of this month.

With regard to the 250th Anniversary, as one of the "First Fifty" to say nothing of my even earlier association with the Old Original School, I shall hope to be on parade when the School celebrates its foundation next year. So will you please enter my name for a Ticket for the Garden Party for my wife and myself. I am afraid that at the venerable age of 74 the Dance I must leave for the younger generation!

You have done and are doing a he-man's job for the Association and you deserve full marks from all O.Ps.

I wish you Good Fortune.

Yours sincerely,

(M.R.Coghlan.)

My father was one of the last Headmasters and I was born in the old School House! M.R.C.



4 JAN. 1978

2003-1

60 years, not out . . .

Eighty-two-year-old cricket enthusiast Mr. Michael Coghlan knows all about long innings.

His 1914 record of 1,000 runs in one season at his old Fareham school — now Price's College — has never been beaten.

Now he has celebrated a big innings of another sort with his wife Gladys — their diamond wedding.

Mr. Coghlan, of Old Street, Hill Head, whose father was a headmaster of Price's when it was situated in West Street, served in France for part of the first world war.

Later, he became adjutant at a prisoner of war camp near Camberley, in charge of 13,000 prisoners.

After the war he left to become a tea planter in southern India, where the couple stayed until 1953, when they returned to Fareham.

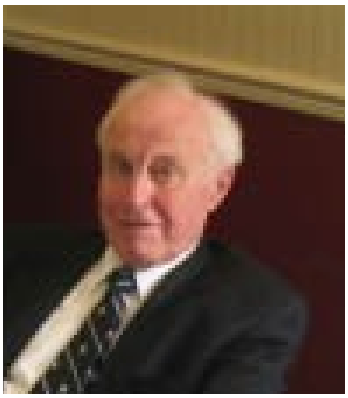
Mr. Coghlan met Gladys (82) at a wedding, when an uncle was marrying a cousin of his future wife. He was a page boy, and she a bridesmaid.

Cole	John	Dates	1939 - 1946 (pupil), & 1956 – 1973 (teacher)

Post School, John was at Portsmouth Municipal College 1948-51, and on a PGCE course at King's College, London University 1951-52.

He taught Maths at Batley Grammar School 1952-56, and was Head of Maths Dept. at Price's 1956-73, becoming Deputy Head there 1973-74 and then Vice Principle at Price's Sixth Form College 1974-84.

2006 →→



Here are some reflections at his retirement "do":

It started in 1939 when I arrived in 3A having been transferred from Gosport Grammar School which was being evacuated to Eastleigh. 3A was based at the left-hand end of the corridor leading to the Chemistry Lab. And you probably remember that the rooms on the left had a partition which could be folded back to make one large room for exams or talks etc. This room was later to become the Lecture Theatre with the Language laboratory underneath. The black boards were on pulleys and you could have lined or squares if the teacher so desired I went from 3A to 4A avoiding the dreaded Remove whose room housed the Detention List which was in great demand in those Wartime Days. There was a great schemozzle once when the list was stolen and ended up in the incinerator in Gosport.



Remember the air raid shelters on spare ground over the wall, to which we would have to go when the siren sounded, and the great happiness which erupted when would the prefects came into the classroom to announce "There will be no prep tonight"?!

The Tin room where we used to eat cold lunches and it was shelter for wet lunch times. Ollie Johnston always called it "22The Iron Room" which was a bit grandiose a name for it.

The outdoor toilets at the rear of the woodwork room. Tom Hilton used to say that he thought it was a retrograde step to put the toilets inside. While they were outdoors boys who made use of them during lessons were visible on entry and on their exit by Staff usually Thacker or Boggy Marsh who would be teaching in the rooms looking on to the playground.

Remember the .22 rifle range at the rear of the buildings?
To the rear of that was the Physics lab where all the experiments went wrong because the floor was very shaky when people moved about When we queued up to wait to go in we could always see Shad coming from the staff room with his little case.

I never liked teaching in the room opposite the staff room, you could be in the middle of an erudite Maths lesson on Pythagoras to 4c when the door would burst open and George would appear, cane in hand. "Step this way Mr. Cole would you? And you would have to witness a caning in the staff room.

When the remaining Masters came in for break they always knew when a caning had taken place as the table was pushed up to one end to give George room for his swing.

During the war years Staff were very difficult to get and we had several strange characters especially on the French Staff. Comte de Guiche was one such who used to conduct his lessons by going up to each of us individually and instructing us in one aspect of the language.

Then we had Mr. Lundy who claimed that Lundy Island was named after him. Apparently he as quite a keen fisherman and came in to teach us one day and said " I caught a very fine trout in the Meon on Sunday". "Rubbish" came the reply from 4A "Don't you believe me?" "No" "Well here it is" And he pulled it out of his jacket pocket wrapped in a handkerchief, to a round of applause.

Woodwork Masters were a rare breed, before the war Norton Palmer held sway in the old green Woodwork room. At one Staff meeting there was a great discussion about a boy named Chambers who apparently was a great troublemaker and everyone was wondering what to do about him, Norton Palmer spoke up "I never have a bit of bother with him, When 3B come in to the woodwork room I sets him on turning the grindstone in the corner and if he stops I whacks him with a bit of 2 by 1.

During the war we had Pincher Martin who spent hours talking to trying to convert us to Socialism, there was not very much wood about during the war

And so it seems was true when Cyril Briscoe took over and was heard to say to one class "Be careful with that wood, it doesn't grow on trees!!".

All our Derby day draws in the staff run by Ron Garton seemed to be won by Cyril, so much so that it was known as Briscoe's Benefit!"

I remember George's old car, a blue Morris DAX 42 which used to be stored in the garages next to the woodwork shed, and when a sick boy needed to be taken home or some other emergency, it would emerge from the garage, with engine racing and brake just before it hit Thack's room. We always declared that when George wanted to sell it he could advertise it as, ONE CAREFUL OWNER < AS NEW>!

We all remember dear old Shad, Who gamely ran the Cadet Corps throughout the war. At one Staff meeting a long discussion had been held about the ability of one particular boy who was not performing academically very well. It was a question of whether he should be promoted or not. One member of staff said "No promotion! He doesn't learn anything" *Shad made the profound observation* "If he doesn't learn anything it doesn't matter where he doesn't learn it!"

I always like to have a little guessing competition: "*Who would have said this*?" *"Y_y_you b-b-b-blistering lot of i-i-i-diots."* *"Yes, OLLIE of course."*

You remember that one Prefect had to be on late duty at the gate at the end of the drive at lunchtimes, Well it was my turn on this particular day and I was returning to the old Sixth Form room and was just coming through the outside doors when Ollie appeared from the direction of the hall. And being a polite young man I stood aside to let him enter the Sixth form room ahead of me. Unfortunately a reception had been planned for me consisting of a set of books being carefully balanced on top of the door, which cascaded down upon poor old Ollie as he pushed the door open. And caused him to utter the aforesaid phrase, and the whole sixth form were kept in a private detention!

Moving on to postwar days I came back in 1956 appointed by George and with great trepidation entered the Holy of Holies the Staff Room. There were all the masters who had done their best to teach me, Tim Foster, Bert Shaw, HR Thacker, Tom Hilton , Ron Garton, Howard- Jones, Royds -Jones and they all seemed pleased to see me and made me very welcome. Strange to be on Christian name terms with those awe-inspiring figures. Bert Shaw was Deputy

Head and as I was Head of the Maths Department (George had decided to hand over), I found that dear old Ron Garton was in my department as he now taught almost entirely Maths, but we got on extremely well and his exam results were always pretty good. Not like the member of staff who once said at a staff meeting when the Maths department urgently needed someone to fill in during the war "I'm no mathematician, but if a quadratic equation has got a root, I'll find it!!!"

Just a few unscripted sayings to finish with:

Dear Eric Poyner, on Empire Day In Assembly, Reading the Queen's Message and ending up with" signed ELIZABETH *REX*".

And on another celebrated occasion In order to distinguish between the WHITBY twins, announced, "*Mrs. Pemberton would like to see WHITBY P. in her office*"! (Think about it!)

During GCSE exams which I was in charge of, on one occasion a boy came rushing in very late and as I took him to his place I whispered "*Missed the bus?*" "No." he replied "*Mr. Daysh's Group*"

On another occasion one boy was completing the cover of his answer paper, and under the heading Centre Name he had written JAMES. Obviously his real name was Michael James Brown!

Well I hope I haven't bored you too much with my personal memories, I always think that William Price's Family symbol "The LION" is something which we can all take a great deal of pride in for its educational achievements in Fareham which alas vanished because of the blinkered Education Department in Gosport.

A woman commissioned a well-known artist to paint her portrait for a fee of £300. He agreed and she immediately wrote out a cheque and gave it to him.

Artist "I thought we had agreed a fee of £300 but you have made your cheque out for £400."

Woman "Yes I know but I find it a bit embarrassing. Would you mind painting me in the nude?"

Artist "Not at all provided I can keep my socks on as I need somewhere to keep my brushes.!"

……

I've got an infallible betting system for the races" said Smithers " I just think of something that has happened to me recently and then I look for a horse that fits. I'll give you an example. A couple of weeks ago I dropped a teapot - so I backed BROKEN CHINA and it romped home at ten to one. Then the day after I had been playing Roulette at the casino so I backed WHEEL of FORTIJNE and it won at five to one. Last Christmas, we went to the pantomime so I backed CINDERELLA at a hundred to eight and it came in second so I netted £250.

Sounds good to me" said friend Brown. “I'll try it myself”. When they met in the Village Home a week later Smithers said "How did you get on with my betting system?" "Didn't work for me" said Brown." I was walking to work yesterday and my hat blew off. The nearest horse I could find was WINDS OF CHANGE" And did it win? said Smithers. “Came in last" Said Brown.

The winner was some French horse called MON CHAPEAU"

A young girl whose job it was to sell cosmetics by telephone called one number and when a male voice answered she asked to speak to his wife, "I am afraid my wife can't speak to anyone at the moment as she is dying" *said* the man sadly, "Oh I am sorry" said the girl." So am I" said the man "I wanted her to stay Brunette!”

Charlie Smithers died and went to Heaven. The pearly gates closed, so Charlie has to ring the chimes. St.Peter appears. "Why! Charlie, it is good to see you. We have heard a lot about you. Your earthly life was a bit dodgy in places so you will have to take the entrance test before you can get into heaven

"Nobody warned me about entrance exams" said Charlie" But if that's the rule I'll do my best"

"YOUR test has four questions " said St. Peter" and you are allowed time and a calculator to answer the questions"

Question 1 What days of the week begin with the letter T?

Question 2. What are 1 and 1 together

Question 3. How many seconds are there in a year?

Question 4. What is God's proper name?

So Charlie takes away the paper and the calculator, and after a little while he returns,

St.Peter goes to him and says" Well Charlie, what are your answers?

"What days of the week begin with the letter T?

“Well - TODAY and TOMORROW.”

St. Peter's eyes open wide and he exclaims" Well Charlie, that's not the answer I expected but I guess I didn't set the question correctly so I give you credit for that answer!".

So what about the next question? What are 1 and 1 together?”, Well" says Charlie" I make the answer Eleven'. Again St.Peter did not get the answer he expected but had to give Charlie credit to question 2.

Then said St.Peter, " How about the next question? “Well”, said Charlie" This was a tough one I thought about this one and made the answer 12. "12?" said St.Peter. “How in heaven's name do you make it 12?" “Well" said Charlie" There can only be 12, January second, February second, March second”

Hold it" says St.Peter" I see where you're going with it. That wasn't quite what I had in mind but I have to give you credit for that one too. Now how about the final question, What is God's proper name?

“Well" says Charlie" I know that one. It's HAROLD.”

“HAROLD " says Peter “Why HAROLD?

"Well it's in the LORD's prayer, Our father which art in heaven, HAROLD be thy name!"

Some further details gleened from the Lion Magazine	CSM 1945. Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1945. 1st XI Cricket Captain 1945. 1st XI Soccer Captain 1945. **Sportsman of the 40s Decade** (shortlist). As a teacher:1963, played Lt. The Duke of Dunstable in “Patience”.1966 Co-Producer of “HMS PInnafore” 1967 as Nanki Poo in “The Mikado”, with St. Anne’s Girls’ School. 1964 “Gondoliers” as Marco Palmeiri. 1968 in Iolanthe as Earl Tolloler.

Conlan	Arthur Underhill	Dates	1908-1914

A. W. CONLAN, entered September 1908, left July 1914 (London Matric., 1914, Ramsay Exhibitioner, Head of School, 1913-14), for St. George’s College, Kingsway, where he was working for a higher Civil Service Exam. Joining the Inns of Court O.T.C. in May 1915, he very soon was gazetted to the 2nd Batt. London Irish as 2nd-Lieutenant, and in due course went to the Front, being stationed near the Vimy Ridge. His battalion was ordered to counter-attack after the capture of one of our positions by the enemy, and he was last seen at the head of his platoon entering the German trenches, from which he and his men drove the enemy, but were later driven by enfilade machine-gun fire. No definite information has come to hand of his fate. He is officially returned as missing.



In Memory of

ARTHUR
UNDERHILL CONLAN

Second Lieutenant
18th Bn., London Regt
(London Irish Rifles)
who died on

Monday, 22nd May
1916.



ARRAS MEMORIAL,
Pas de Calais, France
Bay 10

Commemorative Information

Location: The Arras Memorial is in the Faubourg-d'Amiens Cemetery, which is in the Boulevard du General de Gaulle in the western part of the town of Arras. The cemetery is near the Citadel, approximately 2 kilometres due west of the railway station. The Memorial

commemorates almost 35,000 casualties of the British, New Zealand and South African Forces who died between Spring 1916 and 7th August 1918, with the exception of casualties of the Battle of Cambrai in 1917, and who have no known grave. The design, by Sir Edwin Lutyens, consists of a cloister, 25 feet high and 380 feet long, built up on Doric columns and faces west. In the broader part of the site the colonnade returns to form a recessed and open court, terminated by an apse. The names of the casualties are carved on stone panels fixed to the cloister walls.

Historical Information: The Memorial commemorates almost 35,000 casualties of the British, New Zealand and South African Forces who died between Spring 1916 and 7th August 1918, excluding casualties of the Battle of Cambrai in 1917, and who have no known grave. The design, by Sir Edwin Lutyens, consists of a cloister built upon Doric columns and faces west. In the broader part of the site the colonnade returns to form a recessed and open court, terminated by an apse in front of which is the Arras Flying Services Memorial. The names of the casualties are carved on stone panels which are fixed to the cloister walls.

The **London Irish Rifles** (LIR) was a volunteer rifle regiment of the British Army with a distinguished history, and now forms 'HQ Company' (London Irish Rifles) of the London Regiment and is part of the Army Reserve.

Connett	Gary	Class of 73 - 78

		After leaving Prices, this is what Gary has been doing: • Went to Bristol Medical School. • Went all over the place training. • Ended up in Southampton University Hospital as a Paediatric Respiratory Consultant. • Now Professor of Paediatrics with increasingly wacky ideas about the causes of asthma. • Need to retire soon.

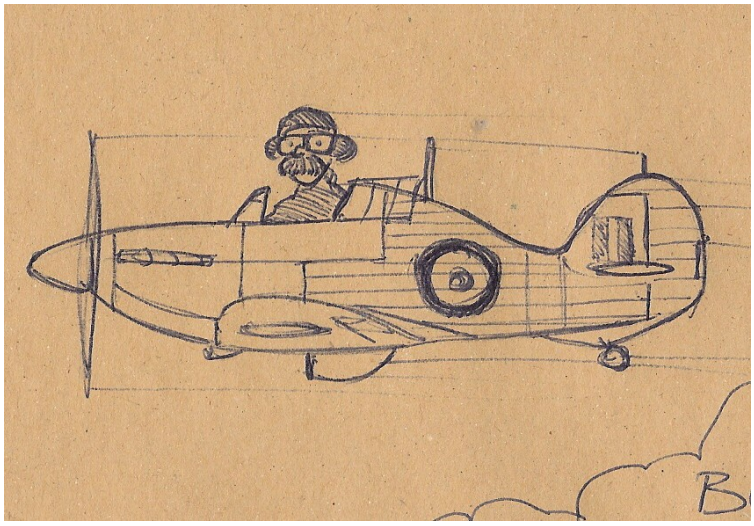
After leaving Prices, this is what Gary has been doing:

- Went to Bristol Medical School.
- Went all over the place training.
- Ended up in Southampton University Hospital as a Paediatric Respiratory Consultant.
- Now Professor of Paediatrics with increasingly wacky ideas about the causes of asthma.
- Married with 26-year-old twins.
- Need to retire soon.

Gary's memories of Prices:

- Hazy
- Stuart Day's outrageous behaviour
- When Bishopsfield school invaded and the subsequent fights on the playing fields
- Getting onto the roof of the new block
- Playing loads of Basketball
- Mr Tuck's size eleven plimsoll
- Getting served beer in the pub at the top of the shopping centre despite wearing a school uniform
- Sixth Form Girls…. !

Cook	Howard	Dates	1974 - 1976





C/o Historic Aircraft Association Internet sourced:

Howard has been involved in the historic aircraft world for more than 30 years although his career was in running and building sports and leisure centres, writing funding bids and running large events. This was after service with the Parachute Regiment – so the only service aircraft he flew in he always jumped out of! Howard's working with historic aircraft started in 1989 when he joined the *Messerschmitt 109 "Black 6" team* and learned the ways of flying vintage biplanes with the Tiger Moths of the *Cambridge Flying Group.* He later "moved up" to fly Harvards

Howard became Display Director of the Rougham Air Display to learn the ropes in the display world before becoming a Display Pilot himself. After nine years with *Black 6* Howard joined the *Historic Aircraft Collection* and later *Vintage Wings of Canada*.



He has flown many types including the Spitfire Mk.V Hurricane Mk.XII and Mk.IV, P51 Mustang, P40 Kittyhawk, Feiseler Storch and at the time he was the only person in the world flying historic fighters that was not a professional pilot, engineer or owner. A self-confessed Hawker devotee he has displayed the Hurricane and Nimrod II. He also flew the Hurricane in France and Malta during the *Merlins Over Malta* commemorations and has led the *Little Diamond*, *Red Sparrows,* and *Four Chip Formation Teams*.

Howard has for years been instructing pilots for their initial and renewal Display Authorisations. Howard also has an MA History from the University of Birmingham, is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and is a Liveryman of the Honourable Company of Air Pilots. For years he knew many of the greats of aviation history – from Erich Hartmann to Eric "Winkle" Brown. He writes articles for *Pilot, Flypast* and the German *Klassiker* magazines (and for the HAA website and Facebook sites) and when not around the world of historic aircraft he is a lecturer on cruise ships.

Howard is Honorary Commander of the 493rd Fighter Squadron US Air Force "the Grim Reapers", call sign "Magnum" (it's the moustache!) and has flown the F15 Eagle.

Cruise Ship Speaker for Peel Talent - www.cruiseshipspeakers.com - delivering a range of Enrichment (Military History), Port and Destination subjects.

Delivered a range of successful community facilities from zero to completion; community centres, football stadia, all weather pitches, sports pavilions, raised millions in external funding bids, run a myriad of successful events such as Magna Carta, WWII Commemoration, air displays and the Olympic Torch Relay. Negotiated new payline, terms and conditions for merging authorities.

Howard has been flying historic aircraft for 25 years. He has flown and displayed a wide range of vintage aircraft from Tiger Moth, Stearman, Harvard, Spitfire Mk V, Hawker Hurricane and Nimrod II, P51 Mustang and P40 Kittyhawk.

Howard writes for a number of aviation magazines including flight test articles for "Pilot" magazine and the German "Klassiker" publication and other magazines around the world.

As a historic aircraft formation and aerobatic air display pilot, Howard has flown with a number teams over the years; Historic Aircraft Collection, Vintage Wings of Canada and "Red Sparrows" formation team.

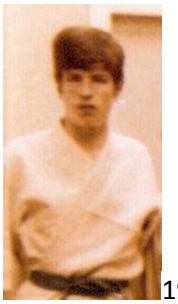
Howard teaches and mentors new and current formation display pilots in the UK and Germany from basic formation up to Air Display Authorisation level.

Liveryman of the Honourable Company of Air Pilots
Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society (FRGS)
Honorary Commander of the 493rd Fighter Squadron United States Air Force The Grim Reaper

Kendo (Japanese "Way of the Sword") 3rd Dan Black Belt and Instructor

A couple of Lion photos from Howard's School Judo days:


1973


1973

Guest speaker at the 2-22 SOP Christmas Lunch at the RAF Club in Picadilly.

Coombes	John	Dates	

Another of your excellent initiatives and humbling for us lesser folk who enjoyed the privileges of Price's and the perceptive encouragement of that mentor to so many, the legendary Tom Hilton.

Must seek out this Alan Smith as my sister Yvonne and me spent much of our war years, particularly during the blitz, "evacuated" to our uncle's farm at Swanmore. Must find out from her the name – she has a much better memory for these distant memories! I can remember well being given "charge" of a single harrow horse-drawn plough (no tractors until about mid 1945) when not very successfully hand milking cows and searching for chickens' eggs from the free-range hens all over the farm. Uncle Bill, a WW1 vet, was a bit short with us two kids but a couple of Land Army girls drafted to the farm tended to smooth over our more obvious indiscretions. A high spot, once or twice a week usually at night with hurricane lamps, was ferreting for rabbits which seemed particularly abundant in that area!

David,

Your most detailed and painstaking research into the Prices Sports and Cadets was commended to us by Charles Evans at the AGM today. Conversation at the Luncheon inevitably turns to "School Reminiscences" and your excellent summaries much quoted.

You obviously have/had access to contemporary documentation (Lions etc) that I no longer possess but some comments (obviously of a purely personal nature and from memory) are forwarded for information and possible verification.

Sports. A truly creditable piece of research. I question my dear friend Patrick Ridett's 52? attribution for the Mile. From memory I recall winning the Mile in 51 or 52 in under 5 minutes reputedly "A First" much to the delight of my mentor Tom Hilton. The previous year I think it was won by Groves, a "distance" runner of some repute. It was the year the track was set out parallel to Harrison Road. You are of course quite correct track events in excess of 100yds were something of a Steeple Chase on both the Harrison Road and Trinity Street layouts. You made reference to my successes in the School's 52/53 Cross Country which together with Rodney Porter we replicated in both Cross Country and Athletics at Hampshire ACF events returning, I recall, from one County X Country Competition with a vast Rose Bowl and Athletics Competitions at the Aldershot Stadium with a

goodly haul of "Gold Medals".

Cadets. I remember well our years as 2 Coy 14 Bn R Hants ACF. It was indeed a "Cadet Run" business with Tom Hilton, Howard-Jones, Flossy Foster and later Briscoe keeping a fatherly eye on things. Groggan was the leading light and I but a lowly Sergeant. In 51/52 we rebadged as RA and formed two Batteries. I recollect that Tom was reluctant to put Gregory or Dimmock into the RSM slot and kindly gave me the post. The "Inspection" that year (was Brig Colville the Inspecting Officer?) was our first as Gunners and the March Past on the Playing Fields with the Band doing its stuff with yours truly proudly leading the Parade and giving the "Eyes Right" as we marched in review order past the Saluting Base. I also recall, as RSM, taking a detachment from School to Mons Barracks Aldershot for a Bofers Gun Course. It was winter. I well remember the "Tortoise Stove" in the freezing huts there and RSM Brittain (the Mons OCS RSM) taking me to task for not paying the appropriate compliment (Eyes Right) to an Officer in Princes Avenue as I marched a squad of some 30 cadets back to the billets. I met Brittain many years later (I was now commissioned) and we had a laugh about it as he had long forgotten the incident but I certainly hadn't!!

Keep up the good work. Catch up with you at one of the SOP events.

John Coombes (School House)

Sports . I've now found an old newspaper cutting with details of the Hampshire County ACF 52/53 Cross Country Championships when the Prices Team took 1st Place. I was third, my Gosport Borough Athletic running mate Alan Newell a worthy 1st and Rodney Porter from Price's 4th. As Price's Team Captain I proudly accepted the Rose Bowl much to Tom Hilton's delight. Among these odds and ends I also unearthed some Certificates from the Hampshire ACF County Athletics Championships in June 1952 at Aldershot where among, other events, I was First in the Senior Mile event. It was I think that year that I also lay claim to the "School Mile Record First" of under 5 Minutes on the "Harrison Road" Track layout.

Cadets. We must have changed from Hampshires to RA in 1952 and I recall being "promoted" by Tom Hilton to RSM of the two batteries that we then had, in time for the Annual Inspection that year. I was certainly badged RSM when I attended the Gunnery Course at Mons OCS in Jan 1953 as indicated in the att telegram and further referred to in a newspaper cutting on my commissioning from Sandhurst, together seeming to justify my earlier comments.

I have never managed to refer to copies of the Lion 1952/3, can't seem to locate the CD and attempts to get down to the Winchester Archives have been frustrated by family priorities and more recently Covid Lockdowns. Perhaps your perceptive mind and fuller records may be able to shed more light on what have for some years been apocryphal reminiscences!

Looking forward to meeting up again .

Stay Safe, **John Coombes**

PS. Still having computer gremlins so don't trust the Default Reply Arrow (Could take you to an ancient bookmarkpeople.com address which was binned many years ago but lurks on a server somewhere and chases round looking for a postbox). Many pundits have failed to sort this and now the great BT - Tier Two are trying to resolve it! Best to just type in - To: john.52@btinternet.com.

Post War Edinburgh Tattoo

Coombes and Cuff, 1950?

(Apologies not sure of exact date or Peter Cuff's School; think it might have been Gosport Central as he was very keen on a young lady -June Hill – from that School and also a member of the Bridgemary clique.)

Peter Cuff was a great mate, a fine swimmer and seemed to live on mashed potato and meringues. His Father was at HMS Daedalus Lee on Solent but being posted to RNAS Burscough during our upcoming School Holidays. Not wishing to add to his parent's and younger sister's moving problems we decided to go to Edinburgh to see the first Post War Tattoo – like you do!

Again memory fails, am not sure now if this was the 1950 Tattoo or the 1949 Massed Pipes and Drums in Princes Street and the Princes Street Gardens Whatever, we went and got caught up in the hectic swirls of tartan and deafening skirl of the "1000 Pipers" through Princes Street and later on the Castle Esplanade. Here from rickety benches fixed to scaffolding stands we watched some Highland Dancing and the massed Pipes and Drums Beat Retreat their Lone Piper on the Castle Battlements closing out the evening.

Regrettably I was coming down with some fever/headaches and with no mobile phones found a telephone box to ring HMS Daedalus. The Cuff's were still sorting themselves out for their move and suggested we head for RNAS Burscough and get sorted there. With little we could do we headed south and with two lifts were in Ormskirk a short bus ride from the Base. On arrival we were courteously received, Peter's Dad was to take up Command here, and escorted to the Base Commander's house where a Sick Bay attendant quickly diagnosed Chicken Pox, quarantined us and arranged for Food to be provided by the Station Ward Room. He also suggested I take a daily Potassium Permanganate bath – to stop scars!

Left to our own devices we soon ventured out into what appeared to be a deserted Base – holiday, post war closure??? We found an Aladdin's Cave, the Base Photographic Hut, fully stocked and ready to go. So, boys being boys, we decided to develop our few 125 Folding Kodak shots taken en route. Having mastered the Darkroom Disciplines we moved onto enlargements and other special effects, all courtesy of HM!

Still, time marched on, the word was the Cuffs were due in the next few days. Peter was advised to stay put and I decided to make myself scarce and head off South, fortunately able to call in on other friends from Bridgemary now in Warrington (Risley, part of the new Atomic Energy Directorate). Keeping up with friends immediately postwar was itself a bit of a challenge!

Fit and fortified I hitched back to Fareham – lorries, fledgling commercial travellers and one motorcycle, scary!

Now all this is a bit back to front so how did we get to Edinburgh in the first place?

Leaving Fareham, with a tatty old England/Scotland map from a school atlas, we headed for London St Albans, having been advised to get on The Great North Road and the general direction seem right. A car lift to Guildford and a lorry to St Albans saw us on our way camping that night in a field outside the town. A quick breakfast (don't remember washing ever entering our heads) and we were soon in a lorry heading for Northampton, Towcester to be more precise. Not quite what we planned but at least going north. We camped here for the night, with Baked Bean sandwiches and cocoa trying to fathom out where this Great North Road went as we were now on the A5!

However onwards and upwards and kindly drivers saw us in Stoke-on-Trent where darkness and thick fog defied further progress. As we seemed to be off the road on a very large grassed area or possibly field we pitched our little tent, made some butties washed down with cocoa and were soon sound asleep. Early next morning we were rudely awakened by heavy traffic noise to find we were on the approach to a new Industrial Complex and Bus Terminus!!

Heh ho, so off we go with no shortage of lift options (postwar Hitchhiking was the default way to get about and drivers very “cooperative”). A lorry going to Manchester seemed a good option so we piled in and by lunchtime were pulling into his Depot and being fed and watered in their Canteen – Fry Up, Rice Pudding and mugs of tea. Well fortified we were anxious to press on and found ourselves squeezed into an old Traveller's Hillman, stock and all, en route to Carlisle. Little did we realise how near we were to RNAS Burscough and Ormskirk! Still you've had all that and we were trying to find our way to Edinburgh. Pottering around Carlisle we had time for a quick look at Hadrian's Wall and picked up a lift to Gretna not really realising its significance. Our lady driver was a mine of information and suggested we get on the Dumfries road to Moffat and Biggar, with luck we'd be there by nightfall!!!

All these directions and strange names were a bit confusing but, with the help of our trusty scrap of map, fell into place and sure enough by early evening we'd had a lift to a little village, Boghall, on the Pentland Hills just short of Edinburgh. Our driver suggested we go up the hill just outside the village where we could camp. This we did and, with the most stunning views, settled down for supper and a well-earned kip. The next morning up with the lark, wash and brush up in the little stream nearby and into the vibrant city of Edinburgh – the rest of course is history but the memories were lasting and the hospitality we enjoyed *en route* unforgettable.

I'm sure there was much more to this little trip but memory fails with the passing years.

On the way to Edinburgh



And on the way back!



Maps courtesy of Grandson, Dominic Coombes

Route out

Route back

Day 1 • Fareham • Devils Punch Bowl, Godalming • Guildford • Staines • Battle of Britain Bunker, Wren Ave, Uxbridge • St Albans	Day 3 • Stoke-on-Trent • Manchester • Salford • Preston • Lancaster • Carlisle • Gretna
Day 2	Day 4

Day 1 • Fareham • Devils Punch Bowl, Godalming • Guildford • Staines • Battle of Britain Bunker, Wren Ave, Uxbridge • St Albans	Day 3 • Stoke-on-Trent • Manchester • Salford • Preston • Lancaster • Carlisle • Gretna
• St Albans • Northampton • Cannock • Stoke-on-Trent	• Gretna • Dumfries • Carronbridge, Thornhill • Biggar • Edinburgh
Return Day 1 • Edinburgh • Dumfries • Gretna • Carlisle • Preston • Burscough	Return Day2 • Ormskirk • Warrington • Shrewsbury • Cannock • Northampton • Towcester • Oxford • Winchester • Eastleigh • Fareham

John Coombes

Hi David,

Pleasure to read all about your early travels. As you rightly say it was a different ball game then seemingly little "danger" and hitchhiking the default way to travel. Uniform was preferred by servicemen but Peter was not in the ACF so we were in scruff order.
With telephones few and far between the only emergency contact we had for the Edinburgh Run was Daedelas so, when the lurgy struck, we rang them. They knew about the Cuff's impeding move and suggested we head to Burscough and they would inform the Cuff's and alert Burscough. It all seemed to work and was the most practical option!
Having looked high and low and having only taken half a dozen photo's en route (ancient camera and film at a premium) and now some 70 odd years and 30-40 house moves they're lost to the world.
Coming home solo I recall a couple of lifts to Warrington (Risley) and after a few days there it was a two-day run back to Fareham in lorries but cars in or around towns. Great days.

No I've given up on the Pilgrim's Way. It was our first foray - too long ago and while an interesting venture at the time would over tax my aged memory. I can remember it took best part of a week going with a fair amount of walking along what is now the North Downs Way. Our route took us from Winchester via Arlesford/Farnham to Guildford then off through Dorking/Westerham to Aylesford. I recall that the proper route then went North to Rochester but we stuck on the North Downs via Charing picking up the A28 into Canterbury. I remember a lot of walking and we decided

to stick to the roads coming back to Fareham, the A25 through Maidstone to Dorking/Goldaming and then the A3 to Portsmouth ring bells and it was but a short hop via Portchester to Fareham.



John Coombes ready for the Mile in 1952

A “Graduate” of Fareham’s Redlands Lane School, under the immediate postwar “11+ Initiative” nothing was more daunting than being “invited” to Price's to be interviewed by the Headmaster, George Ashton flanked by Tom Hilton, my later mentor, and the formidable Thacker. Seemingly the country bumkin from the depths of Bridgemary was not found wanting and suitably suited and capped, by Silvers of Fareham, I found myself in the hands of Boggy Marsh, my Form Master, and a regime of specialists including English (Thacker), Physics (Royds- Jones “Wick”), Chemistry (Hilton “Tom”), French (Foster “Flossie”) and Latin (Johnson “Ollie”) - who ever made that a basic subject? Ollie was at his best sharing tales of his European travels or forming us up to pick dandelions off the First X1 wicket when he wasn't directing a well-aimed blackboard rubber in your direction for getting your *mensa*'s or *amo*'s incorrectly declined, to say nothing of being lifted from your seat by your ear if you were nearer to hand and screwed up your translations of Caesar's Gallic Wars! Still there was always light relief with Briscoe, in the Woodwork shed or better Miss Jewel trying to tame breaking adolescent voices!

Certainly “Gunga Din” Garton's logarithms held me in good stead later both as a fledgling Gunner and at Sandhurst while Briscoe's introduction to wood and metal work, to say nothing of technical drawing, paid dividends while in the MOD (Operational Requirements) with Tom's Chemistry and Shaddocks Physics provided a lasting interest in all things scientific. Just an aside, Tom's demonstration of the hydrolysis of water and the future of fuel cells to power vehicles, predicted by William Grove in 1842 and further developed by FT Bacon at Cambridge in 1959, epitomised the seeds of knowledge planted into young brains to blossom in later years. Left much to our own devices, particularly in the Vth and V1th Forms, to learn by “investigation” rather than being taught by rote I remember well nearly blowing up the Chemi Lab after making Nitrogen Tri-iodide (Iodine and Ammonia) with Rodney Porter and others. In the rush to clear up at the end of the Period Rodney threw a filter paper, now dry, into the waste bin with the resultant loud explosion from this very unstable contact explosive but this didn’t stop us taking some of the still damp crystals to Woolworth’s and discreetly dropping them on the floor to pop and crackly when stepped on as they dried. Left in peace in the V1th Science Hut Rodney and I spent many a happy hour getting the old Motorbike stored there going, much to the annoyance of our “more seriously minded” colleagues deep in the mysteries of Bridge or Chess!!

I found little success on Prices Playing Fields until Royds-Jones took me to task for “Not trying”. Already a member of Gosport Borough Athletic Club, I thought, well we'll see about that - think he was miffed that I wouldn't join his scouts and decided to go along with Tom's Cadets, then badged Royal Hampshire Regiment, albeit with ancient uniforms and even older breach loading carbines! In later years we were badged Royal Artillery and kitted out in “Battle Dress” with 303’s and Brens together with Field Artillery training at the local TA and Mons OTC in Aldershot.

My greatest success was getting into the School from the immediate postwar outback of Bridgemary in the first place and being encouraged by Tom Hilton to join the Army. While I never achieved the

heights he wished I enjoyed ever moment and felt grateful to Her Majesty for paying for me to "See the World" meet loads of interesting people and make small contributions to the furtherance of our military endeavours.

I'm minded how ancient I'm getting when I was invited to the 150th Anniversary of my first Command (fledgling major) of a unit in Colchester where we celebrated its 100th Anniversary!!! A hectic couple of years thereafter sorting Operational Requirements in the MOD, with Northern Ireland a daily challenge and next day deadlines keeping you on your toes, but some light relief providing the RM with a "Northern Flank Battle Mobility" winner the Hovercraft. Good excuse to go to Norway each winter and dig in the snow when not battling with Michael Hessletine at British Hovercraft in Cowes. Perhaps Turkey both with CENTO and NATO were opportunities to see places and people that were beyond my imagination. The Turkish soldier has a very special place in my memory - he is a fearful force when roused. In Contrast the now President, Recep Erdogan , a visitor to our house in Ankara, something then of an Anglophile, promised so much as an aspiring "People's President" but having clawed his way to the top let power and money go to his head. I keep meaning to write to him and find out why he found it necessary to build, at vast expense, a new Presidential Palace in the Presidential Grounds (a couple of blocks from our apartment) relegating Ataturk's Presidential Palace, good enough for the Nation's Founder, to a Museum!

The Woolgar cup was won by Southampton, with a total score of 2,939, against Portsmouth's 2,932.

The women's competition, the Albion cup, keenly contested, was won by Portsmouth with 1,167 against Southampton's 1,165.

During the evening highest possibles were scored by Mr. W. A. J. White (British Railways, Eastleigh), Mr. H. E. Long (Curdridge), Mr. S. Collacott (Fareham) and Mrs. Barraclough (Andover).

Army cadet championships

TEAMS from schools who had obviously put in some intensive practice outpointed those from other units in the Hampshire Army Cadet Force cross-country championships at Winchester on Saturday.



Brig.-General Fraser, D.S.O., presents the senior championship cup to the captain of the 14th Cadet Regt., Fareham team (Price's School), after the cross-country Championship at Winchester.—Photos: Rice, Winchester.

The senior trophy was won by the 14th (Hants) Cadet Regiment R.A. from Fareham, comprising lads from Price's Grammar School. With 22 points, they ousted by five points the team of the 13th Cadet Battalion Parachute Regiment from Farnborough Grammar School, who were holders of the cup.

Cadet Heseltine, after leading the field up to the final half-mile, lost valuable seconds when he missed the course and rounded a clump of bushes. At that point, Cadet Newell (Gosport) managed to take the lead and Heseltine could not overtake him.

Team work, however, told in the case of the 14th Regiment. The fact that they gained 3rd, 4th and 6th positions gave them the cup.

Cadets Newell, Heseltine, Coombs (Fareham), Adams (Fareham), Brown (Andover), Porter (Fareham) are among those from whom the county team for the pre-Service competitions at Corsham next week-end will be selected.

The junior trophy was again won by the 13th Cadet Regiment who, having the first four men home, returned the remarkably low total of 10 points. Second were 3rd Cadet Bn., 60 points; 3, 14th Cadet Regt. (Fareham), 61 points; 4, 1st Cadet Bn. (Andover), 97 points; 5, 17th Cadet Bn. (Portsmouth) "A" team, 140 points; 6, 12th Cadet Bn., Parachute Regt. (Southampton), 156 points; 7, 17th Cadet Bn. "B" team, 181 points.

The trophies were presented by the County Commandant, Brigadier F. H. Fraser.



Teams from Schools that had obviously put in some intensive practise outpointed those from other units in the Hampshire Army Cadet Force cross-country Championships last Saturday.

The Senior Trophy was won by the 14th (Hants.) Cadet Regiment, R.A. from Fareham, comprising lads from Price's School. With 32 points, they ousted by 5 points the team of the 13th Cadet Battalion, Parachute Regiment, from Farnborough Grammar School who were holders of the Cup.

Cadet Heseltine, after leading the field up to the final half-mile, lost valuable seconds when he missed the course marker and rounded a clump of bushes, at which point a Gosport cadet managed to take the lead until the end.

Cadets Heseltine, Adams, Coombes and Porter have been selected for the County team for the service championships next week.

Commissioned

RECENTLY commissioned in the Royal Army Service Corps was John Stuart Coombes (20), only son of Mr. and Mrs. E J. S. Coombes, of Bettina, Wych Lane, Gosport.

A keen athlete, he is a member of Gosport Borough Athletic Club. He gained his colours for cross-country running at Sandhurst Royal Military Academy,



where he was the captain of the team.

Educated at Price's School, Fareham, he was a W.O.1 in the School Cadet Force.

Before going to Sandhurst he did basic training in the Royal Artillery.

At the military academy he was awarded first science prize after competing an electronics course, and was placed 88th out of 300 in the order of merit in gaining the commission.

For the record the July 52 Lion Sports Day coverage mentions my record time for the Senior Mile of 4 mins 55 secs much to Tom Hilton's delight who had hope to see a sub-5-minute mile on the Books notwithstanding the uphill 100m on the Harrison Road Track behind the old Physics Hut, while the April 53 edition comments on my Steeplechase triumphs embarrassingly adding “The best middle and long distance runner this School has ever seen”.

As for the Cadets I was privileged to Captained the Cross-Country Team that won the Hampshire ACF Cross Country Championships. My Gosport Borough Athletics running mate, Alan Newell representing Gosport ACF, won the event having snatched the lead from Haseltine and myself at a poorly marked turn. I was also lucky enough to clinch a Third in the 880yds and to win the Senior Mile for the School Cadets at The Hampshire ACF Athletics’ Championships held at Aldershot Military Stadium. This edition of the Lion also kindly mentions my acceptance for Sandhurst and contribution to the Cadets, proudly leaving as the Cadet Regimental Sergeant Major

Some further detail from Lion magazines:	BSM 1951, RSM 1952 of Cadet Battalion. Captained the Cross-Country Team that won the Hampshire ACF Cross Country Championships. Senior Steeplechase **Winner** 1952. 1952 Badminton team + 1953. Senior Steeplechase **Winner** 1953

Corkett	Ian	Dates	Late 60s / early 70s



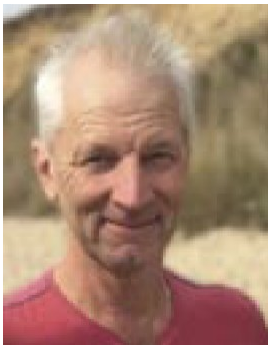
1968 was runner-up in the Park Lane Tennis tournament.
1969 in the Christmas Concert Choir.
1970 Basketball team.
1972 Basketball Vice Captain. S.E.Hampshire U14 & U15 Basketball teams
1st XI Cricket Captain 1972.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1973.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1974.
Sportsman of the 70s Decade (shortlist)

Natural Sciences at Cambridge.

Regretfully, it has not been possible to trace Ian.

Costello	David	Class of 72 - 68





After leaving Prices, this is what Dave has been doing:

After I left Price's with my one 'O' Level in Art, I had a job as a landscape gardener, mainly cutting grass and hedges for naval houses in Gosport. The job morphed into artexing, coving and plastering on new housing so I became self-employed.
I currently work for a housing association that refurbishes bathrooms and kitchens around the Aldershot area.

I still live in Portchester, and really enjoy holidays particularly Iceland (my favourite!), China and Bali.

I am really interested in old classic cars and at present I am working on a 1950 Dodge Wayfarer. I enjoy local history and recycling commodities!

Dave's memories of Prices:

All a bit hazy but I do remember:

- Stuart Day with his Bowie Knife
- Outdoor swimming pool.....Cold!
- Cross Country Runs *(I was nearly always last!)*

- Helping Dave Ardron set up for the school disco just to get out of lessons
- The Art Class in Harrison Road with a Bren Gun on the table *(Wish I had that!)*

Cozens	Bryan	Dates	1944-51

1st XI Soccer Captain 1949. 1st XI Football – 1951 - Junior and Senior Prices Army Cadet Soccer Title Winners.



At an LSOP function

My father **Bryan Cozens** who was an old Pricean 1944 -51 sadly passed away peacefully in his sleep from Coronary Heart Disease on Saturday 16th February. We had recently had a lovely family meal to celebrate his 80th Birthday.

He had such fond memories of his time at Prices School where, as well as studying Physics and Maths, he was very involved in all things sporting: Hockey Captain I think, County Hockey, Football, Cricket, he loved it all. He continued his love of sport by Playing Hockey for Harrow. His spoke avidly about his Christmas meals with the Old Priceans at the RAF club in London and relished renewing acquaintances.

Daddy did 2 years military service in the canal zone, Egypt and Suez Canal, in the Signals as an engineer and found the skills learnt invaluable when he went to work for British Telecom as a general manager in Peterborough (where he met my mother Jean at the local Badminton Club), then on to London. He was Controller of Operator Services for the London region, a board level role and also did a lot of work on the International Telecommunications side travelling all over the world which he loved and being one a group of 10 involved in the transmission of the first man on the moon amongst other work with NASA.

Having been fortunate enough to take early retirement he and my Mother pursued their hobbies in Harrow with the local geology society and eventually becoming secretary of the national Geology Association (the GA). He helped with St. Mary's Harrow on the Hill PCC and took up Golf. His main focus for the last 20 years was organising and taking part in sponsored walks for the local Harrow Hospice St. Lukes. He raised about £2000 annually. He loved helping people and drove patients to their treatments. For the last 4 years he did a sterling job as principal carer for my mother, Jean after she developed Alzheimers. He even took her regularly to concerts by the LSO at the Barbican. She has now moved to a care home near us in Somerset where we can all visit frequently and bring her to our home. She loves visits from her two granddaughters.

Kind regards **Rosemary MacKeith**

President **Patrick Nobes** writes:

I shall do my best to be at Bryan's funeral. I played in the 1st XI hockey and cricket with him, and was given one or two chances to open the innings with him, but he made runs and stayed there, and I didn't! He was a regular 1st XI soccer player, and occasionally I was promoted from captaining the 2nd XI to join him. He was very difficult to beat at table-tennis. He was a fine and reliable chap, and I'm pretty sure he would have made a better Head Boy than I did, but he gave me great support. (His only faults were that, although he was a Gosport boy, he was in the science sixth and was not in School House.) He was a great cyclist, and would have cycled round the world given half a chance. He was master of the Provincial bus timetables, a battered, much-used copy of which he kept in his pocket. He was very knowledgeable indeed about Big Bands, and introduced us to Stan Kenton *et al* courtesy of Miss Jewel who invited us to talk about the music of which we had knowledge - "Buzzy" was one of the very few capable of doing that.

I was not surprised to read his daughter's account of the things he did to help people - just what one would have expected. It was a delight to see him again at the OP Christmas lunches in recent years.

I attach, for the second time in a few months, a photo of the 1951 Hockey XI. Bryan is on ROJ's right hand. (Previously I'd sent it re Keith Devlin, who left us just before Christmas.) If I can find it quickly, I'll send later as another att a poem, written c 50/51 in which he features.



1951 Senior ACF Soccer Bryan Couzens

Croad-Brangwyn,	Michael	Dates	1944-1951

Homily:

Peta and Michael were mother and son, intelligent hard-working people who lived quietly and especially in the last few years, very privately. Peta had been quite a glamorous lady in her youth! She married John Croad just before the war - her first husband was a gold and silversmith, Michael was born in 1939 and then John sent Peta and Michael home to Fareham away from the bombs. The marriage didn't last, but Peta was a tough lady, and found work for herself as a driver for the Hampshire Fire Officer during the war.

When she retired, Peta devoted herself to looking after Michael, and they supported each other. (As we've heard ...)

Michael had a long, 22 year, career in the army, working in the Signals Corps on Electronics and Communication in the years when the technology was changing very rapidly. He travelled extensively. After leaving the army he worked for Marconi, and kept up his connection with Price's school through the Old Priceans. Michael's great interest was in stamp collecting, and he also really enjoyed making and collecting Lego models. He had a heart for the young people in the family and always wanted to know how they were getting on.

Crofts	A.E.	Dates	

Killed during the U Boat attack on HMS Royal Oak in Scapa Flow, 1939.

Sinking of HMS Royal Oak

"The place where the German U-boat sank the British battleship Royal Oak was none other than the middle of Scapa Flow, Britain's greatest naval base! It sounds incredible..." William L Shirer, journalist, 18 October 1939.



The German submarine *U-47*, under the command of Prien, approached Scapa Flow through the narrow approaches at Kirk Sound with surprising ease. It was high tide and a little after midnight on 14 October 1939. *U-47* first sailed towards Lyness but, finding no ships in the area and encountering no resistance, then turned to the north where HMS *Royal Oak*, HMS *Pegasus* and possibly HMS *Iron Duke* were spotted (Wood, 2008, p.92). A total of 51 ships were in Scapa Flow at the time, 18 of which can be described as fighting ships (Weaver, 1980, p.39).

When the first torpedo struck HMS *Royal Oak* at 12.58am, the dull thud confused the sailors – they thought the muffled explosions were an on-board problem, perhaps an explosion in the paint store. They certainly did not think it was a U-boat attack. A second salvo failed to deliver a hit but the confusion surrounding the first hit gave Commander Prien an additional 20 minutes to return to his firing position, reload, and fire a third salvo. This third discharge landed direct hits amidships. Such was the ferocity of the explosions, the ship heeled over alarmingly and all the lights went out. It had been fine weather so all of the ship's hatches were open. Undoubtedly *Royal Oak* would have taken longer to sink and more lives would have been saved if the watertight hatches had been closed; but it is not normal procedure to have all hatches closed when in a supposedly safe harbour with no alerts.

When the ship rolled its gun barrels shifted, pulling the ship faster beneath the surface. Water crashed through the open hatches and men asleep in their bunks were unable to get out in time. It took just minutes for the battleship to sink. Hundreds fought for their lives in the water, trying to swim for shore through thick fuel oil and in freezing temperatures. A total of 834 men lost their lives. Many of the men are buried in the Lyness Royal Naval Cemetery on Hoy (Wood, 2008, p.92).



Crossley	Steven	Dates	1961 - 1967

Very good to hear from you David.

I will be happy to write some things down, although I was most definitely not a model student, but more of that later.

It would need to be a little while before I am able to concentrate properly on it
as am very busy at the moment.

I wonder if anyone has school records of, in my case, Cricket matches, as I was very good back then even managing to take 9 wkts in a House match and then watching in horror as the Wicket-keeper got the last on a Run-out. I played for the 1st Eleven a few times when still a 5th former.

When looking for anything a while ago a photo came up of a School Choir and by chance I noticed my 12 yr old face in there which was terrific to find but almost nothing else - perhaps that's when I reached out and somehow found you --- ?
My wife who also was at RADA has asked them for any info on John Oliver Neville who was after my time and hers. He was mostly known only as Oliver Neville I believe.

I will send on any findings,

Best, **Steven**

UNDER 15 COLTS CRICKET

After a highly successful season the under-fifteen Colts side have the fine record of losing only one match in the whole season. Thanks to well-attended practices and a good spirit, the team gradually developed into a first-class side. Although the batting was sometimes disappointing, the bowling and fielding reached a very high standard. Chesters, Attrill and Weston showed promise as batsmen, while Crossley, Doyle and Tindall bowled excellently. Our grateful thanks are also due to Bryson for his unfailing presence and encouragement as scorer.

The following boys have represented the School; Withers, Crossley, Attrill, Haigh, Weston, Chesters, Rogers, Dunbavand, Tindall, Westbrook, Doyle, Marcus, Hall, Salt, Ingram, Miller.

Colours for consistently good performances are awarded to Crossley, Doyle, Tindall, Weston, Chesters.

S. C.

RESULTS

v CHURCHER'S COLLEGE		Won
Price's	34 (Weston 15)	
Churcher's	31 (Doyle 4-19, Tindall 3-10)	
v GOSPORT C. G. S.		Won
Price's	41 for 8 (Chesters 10)	
Gosport	40 (Crossley 3-8, Tindall 3-3)	
v HAVANT G. S.		Won
Price's	39 for 2 (Attrill 25 n. o.)	
Havant	38 (Crossley 7-4, Tindall 3-10)	
v PRIVETT		Won
Price's	85 for 8 (Weston 18, Chesters 11)	
Privett	84 for 5 dec. (Crossley 3-25)	
v PURBROOK G. S.		Won
Price's	75 for 8 (Hall 17, Weston 14)	
Purbrook	71 (Crossley 8-13, Doyle 2-8)	
v PORTSMOUTH TECH. H. S.		Lost
Price's	77 (Weston 33)	
Portsmouth	78 for 7 (Tindall 2-15)	
v ST. MARY'S COLLEGE		Won
Price's	39 (Chesters 19)	
St. Mary's	34 (Doyle 5-19, Tindall 5-6)	
v PORTSMOUTH N. G. S.		Won
Price's	40 for 5 (Weston 16)	
Portsmouth	36 (Crossley 2-16, Doyle 6-17)	

Aggregate = 23 for 66!

At School:

In truth I was neither a good student nor did I have much fun at all - I had ADHD not diagnosed back then - reports many times said 'Steven Spends all his time looking out of the window' 'Steven has poor concentration' etc. etc. spent a fair time in detention and left after a poor showing in the O levels.

I really liked English language and Literature and we had a wonderful English teacher Colin? George just down from I think Oxbridge and he gave me a list of books to read George Orwell etc. So two O levels both A's I think, really encouraged by Mr. George.
His first words to us were basically 'I'm a cruel man but fair' (thanks Monty Python) and it really worked - we behaved well in his classes.

I loved the new swimming pool played Cricket and Football turning out for the first eleven at 16 and represented the school against the Bishop of Portsmouth Eleven who were adults (didn't do well but then they had a Sikh with turban who bowled leg breaks - I think I was out quite quickly.

We had a wonderful trip on the HMS Dunera - an old troop ship and we flew to Venice joined the Boat, then Istanbul and Corfu and Delphi and visited the Oracle - really eye-opening for young English boys who'd probably only ever been on the Isle of Wight ferry! There were girls too from Fareham Grammar which also was an eye-opener.

I did not enjoy the CCF being ordered around by boys my own age, even being in the Navy which had by far the best kit - no brass to polish and great trousers - when I went to RADA I set the fashion by going to Camden to an Army Navy store and buying some - bell-bottoms of course and others followed my suit as those were inexpensive. I liked the Rifle Range and became Marksman First Class - never had to use that qualification thankfully. There were lots of Red Squirrels in the pines.

To sum up almost my very first class was Latin with the deputy Head (was it Mr. Shaw?) and muggsy here decided to put up his hand and say (My older brother was at Portsmouth Grammar so - much bad wisdom from him) 'Sir isn't Latin a dead language' you can imagine how well that went. I am not much for looking back but I did write down a fair amount months ago but have not sent. If I remember anything specific and interesting I'll send quickly. This is really just for you as an excuse but you can use some of it or not as you please and congratulations to you for an enormous amount of work,

Best, **Steven Crossley**

I still am thankful that my 11 plus got me to a Grammar school - must have been IQ and English as Maths for me was gobbledygook - mostly still is - don't whatever you do give me a bill in a restaurant for several folk a dark cloud comes over my brain and someone else gets the job.

I overcame some of the fear from working a cash till, where you had to do the counting of course back then quite quickly, and playing Darts in early pub jobs, so simple numbers were no longer a problem.

I still had a much better education than the poor buggers across the road at the bottom of the playing fields in those Barrack-like wooden huts who were ejected at 15 (were they there when you were?) I had friends at Primary School who were very bright but from real working class families where something like having books in the house was Verboten and the 11 plus - who cares?

I had always wanted to be an Actor from very early - which in 1965 (when I had to see a teacher who asked what did I want to do - and laughed when I told him) was virtually impossible - they said. But thanks to the Education system back then within local councils who paid for me to attend, along with a living allowance - 5 pounds a week I was on my way.

In my class was my very good friend of 40 years Alan Rickman who was not only an iconic actor but an all-round very good guy. There were only 4-5 good Acting colleges back then - RADA, Central

(where my brother Gary became Principal in the late '90's) LAMDA, and Rose Bruford which was a degree course to become a Teacher but also very good and also Webber Douglas.
So with all the whingeing, most of it was down to me, knowing so little of the world at that age.

I'll have another look at some of the stuff I put down but am in London for a while and then New York - something my wife and I have been doing crazily for years. Not planned - just life. She is an accomplished Actor and also a wonderful singer who works with Philip Glass - the avant-garde composer. She is a Texan from Amarillo who was at RADA just after me.
More info than you need I'm sure ---.
Very best, **Steven**



A graduate of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art **Steven** works in New York and London. He has played a host of Leading roles in Theatre, TV, Film and Radio Drama. **Steven** most recently appeared in THE BLACKLIST on NBC TV (James Spader) as villain Espen Van de Merwe.

Steven is one of a select group of narrators who have recorded over 200 audiobooks. Superlatives are many in reviews of his work, for which he is a multi 'EARPHONES' Award winner.

He graduated from the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London and has established an acting career on both sides of the Atlantic in Theatre, Television, Film and Radio Drama; performing with distinguished Theatre companies in New York and London.

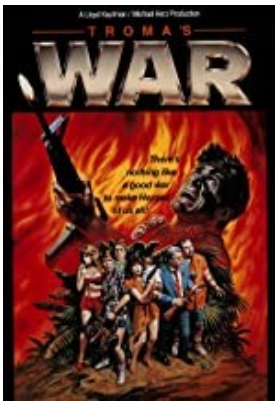
He is a member of the internationally acclaimed company 'Complicite'.

Diverse roles in more than 25 Films and TV productions, an actor, known for Privateer 2: The Darkening (1996), Troma's War (1988) and Performance (1992).

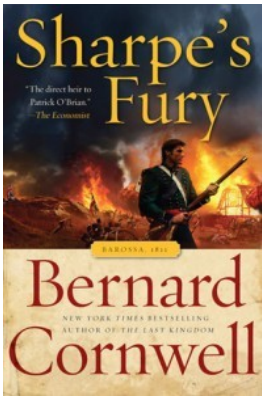
His Audiobook performances cover an eclectic range of subjects in both fiction and non-fiction, from thrillers, mysteries, classics and histories to children's fantasy and biographies. These include works by writers such as Salman Rushdie, Pat Barker, Joseph Conrad, Oscar Wilde; and Sebastian Faulkes, Zadie Smith, Ian McKewan, Bernard Cornwell, Tana French, CJ Sansom to name just a few.



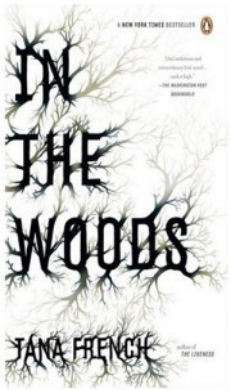


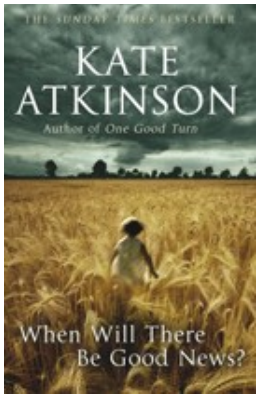


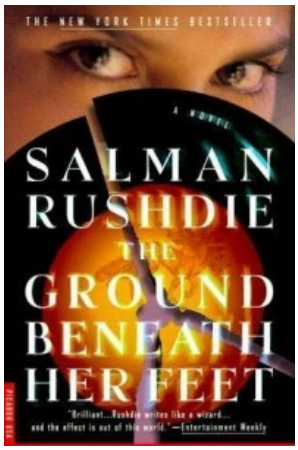












(Winner of the UK's prestigious 2010 MAN BOOKER Prize for Fiction) —– there is a sense that the three male leads are facets of one personality with a schismatic approach to Jewishness , Crossley, however, is able to give each one their own unique voice. In The Finkler Question, Crossley gives a masterclass in narration. His characterizations are colorful without lapsing into caricature, and he unfailingly gets the intent behind each line, each rhetorical question, each instance of passive-aggressive indignation (and there's a lot of that). Especially with this book, the narrator has an important task: the physical attack that kicks off Treslove's identity crisis hinges on a linguistic confusion, and Crossley's obsessive delivery of each permutation of the attacker's garbled words is just one very funny moment in an excellent performance."

Dafydd Phillips for AUDIBLE.com

"There's fierce intelligence at work in this book and it's not only Rushdie's. ***Crossley*** *gives a remarkably perceptive performance. If Rushdie is a roiling sea then* ***Crossley*** *is an exquisitely crafted ship able to ride out every roaring wave, introducing a score of exotic, brilliantly etched characters. All of them are fully animated by* ***Crossley*** *whose wry sardonic and sly reading is never short of captivating".*

- AudioFile Magazine on "The Ground Beneath Her Feet" Rushdie

Crossman	Mr Peter	Dates	

1964 Maintains the swimming pool - works to keep the pool in excellent condition. 1968 The Pool has been repainted, in light and dark blue. Additional to all of this work, were some new, metal filter containers, also made and installed by Mr.Crossman.

Before joining Price's. Peter had been an RAF Warrant Officer, 1st class. Considering that status within an organisation where there are no N.C.O.s more senior to him, with that of being the Caretaker in a School wherein, *de facto*, he was virtually at the bottom of the Staff list, represents some change in circumstances.

That the School CCF had an RAF section might have been a significant reason for his recruitment, for he certainly joined-in the delivery of support in a way that continued the climbing status of that section of the CCF, soon to be the most popular. Sadly, there is no record of his service to the Price's CCF, making it almost as if it didn't happen! But that was the fate of non-teaching Staff in Grammar and Public Schools where they were certainly victims of the Elitist establishment. Even if, by today's (2023) standards, the Price's environment wasn't so overtly elitist, there seemed to be little evidence to deny that aspect of life.



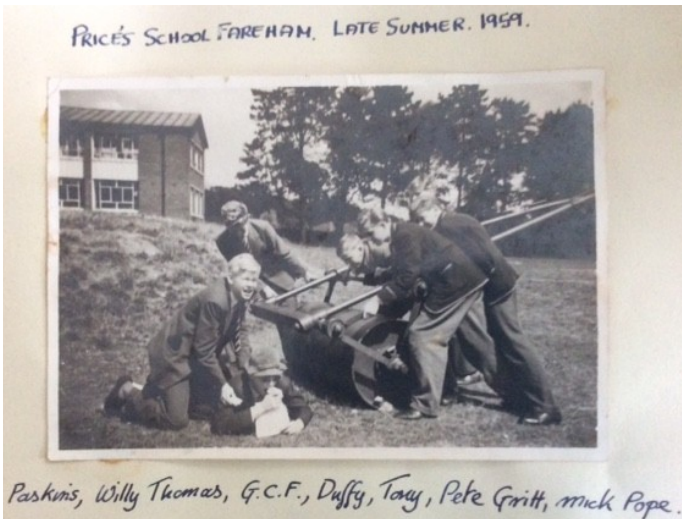
Peter's caretaking duties were undoubtedly carried-out to satisfaction, but his work did not end there, It was the advent of the swimming pool that seemed to give him more energy. Then pity is that development was not accompanied by much evidence of its construction. In any event, it was built without much thought to changing facilities, or of water treatment or hygiene measures. Its maintenance and the enhancement of facilities seemed to fall on Peter's shoulders, with occasional help from older boys. Water filtration, changing shelter provision and painting all appeared to fall to his lot. What an ultimate disaster the decision to close the pool must have been.

Price's was the only School for miles around to have a pool. There was no such municipal facility in Fareham as was also the case re: a public library, though earlier. There is an image somewhere of the empty pool functioning in the late 60s / early 70s as a rubbish dump. What a wasted facility, cared-for with so much effort by Peter, it having nurtured so much swimming and life-saving skills over the years. But pools such as this one were ever at risk of demolition on the sheer scale of running costs.

The loss of such a resource must have been a matter of great sadness for Peter Crossman.

David Goldring

Cumberbirch	Tony	Dates	



I don't know if this will be of any interest to other old lags.

I have just rediscovered old photographs from the summer of 1959. It is of the lower showing their creativity.

For clarity: "Tony" is me, "GCF" is Graham Fuller.

Many regards and fond memories of sixty years ago

I wonder what sort of Risk Assessment would be expected for this activity today?! And whom to blame if …