

E Surnames

Eddowes	C.S.	
Edney	Philip (aka Spike)	
Edwards	Martyn	1939 -
Escolme	Jacqueline	1976 – 1898
Evans	Charles William	1954 – 1958
Evans	Edward	
Evans	John	1952 - 1959

Eddowes	C.S.	Dates	1912-1916

Oficina del Contador, Ferro Carril Central del Peru, after many days C.S.E. has sent us an account of his doings since the war.

He married, but in 1929 lost his little son, and his wife was desperately ill for a long time, but has practically recovered by now. From 1925 to 1929 he was in charge of Messrs. Barnett's Shipping Department, but the firm could not weather the financial depression, and went into liquidation, leaving him with an excellent recommendation, but without a job.

He soon found one with the P. S. N. Co., and remained as second in command of their Antofagasta branch till last year, when he resigned in order to find a job in Peru and became purchasing agent for the Peruvian Corporation, which controls British Railways in Peru. Shortly after taking over the job, he swam out to a cable ship in Callao Bay, but found the water so cold from the old Humboldt current, that he went down with rheumatic fever after landing, and had a very bad time, the effects of which are only now wearing off.

The Railway people treated him with exceptional kindness and wanted to have him moved into a private ward, but he stuck it out in the public one, and when the painful time was past could enjoy the funny side of his very varied fellow patients. He sends a long list of contemporaries of whom he longs to hear, and if any of them read this note, they will find his address at the top of it.
(12/34|)

Edney	Philip "Spike"	Dates	1963 -

In Spike's own words:

Price's: A Musical Underground

When arriving at Price's in '63, it was slap bang in the middle of the Mersey explosion but there were other musical movements happening too. London was delivering The Rolling Stones, The Who and The Small Faces, Manchester gave us The Hollies, Herman's Hermits, Georgie Fame, Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders, Birmingham launched The Moody Blues, Spencer Davis group, The Move: the out pouring of great talent was reaching us from all parts of the UK. Eric Burdon and The Animals from Newcastle, Lulu from Glasgow, Them featuring Van Morrison from Belfast. The list went on and on.

As I was focusing on my band based around mates from Northern Grammar School in Portsmouth, I wasn't actually looking to start new musical collaborations in my new surroundings. True there was interest in pop culture from my classmates but nobody seemed to play instruments. We would discuss latest releases and hits etc but if anything, the discussions seemed to lean towards a more folky, acoustic neck of the woods. Leonard Cohen, Dylan even Donovan were all held in high esteem. I just thought of this as 'girls' music.

As the 60's progressed I turned towards Traffic, Family and The Mothers of Invention. In 1968 I went to the first I.O.W pop festival to see Jefferson Airplane. I never went as far as liking 'The Doors' though because they didn't have a bass player and I thought that was an affectation that didn't meet my standards, besides Jim Morrison seemed to be a posturing twat. My feelings haven't softened

with time. I had definitive thoughts on what was acceptable and what wasn't. We discovered that the counter assistants in W.H. Smith and for that matter, Weston Harts could be charmed into letting us hear the latest sounds, just to check them out without having to purchase. They had little audio huts along one wall that two boys could crowd into to hear the tracks. It also helped that my auntie Velma got transferred from the Commercial Road, Pompey branch of Weston Harts to Fareham and she would even order in singles that I was merely curious about. In this way I got to check out 'The West Coast' sound of Buffalo Springfield and a whole bunch of 'psychedelic' bands such as Spirit, Strawberry Alarm Clock and The Electric Prunes - this list now sounds like a Monty Python script.

As far as sharing all this exciting new music with classmates, I remember that Trev Chadburn and Julian Cook both were 'mod' inclined, they also had excellent mod hairstyles. John 'Jed' Atrill used to run a disco up in Soberton on the weekends but as I lived in Portchester, it was too far to trek. One of my classmates, Olding I think, was a science geek and showed me a tech diagram of a 'fuzz box'. This was a distortion effects box used by the likes of Jimi Hendrix to create a unique sound on the electric guitar. Olding very kindly offered his services to make me a version. I duly paid him some hard-earned pocket money and within a couple of weeks he presented me with something resembling a wooden shoebox with a bunch of wires, foot switch and capacitors inside. The whole gizmo was powered by a 9 volt battery and produced a sound not a million miles away from an asthmatic duck wheezing, (or maybe it was just my limited talent). Anyway I was glad of his interest and input.

Around late '67 early '68 I discovered Dave Cummings. He was a 'folkie' at heart - Simon and Garfunkel etc. but he possessed an original Gibson J-160E. This was the acoustic guitar that both John Lennon and George Harrison played-be still my beating heart! I was gobsmacked by the coolness of such a possession and I couldn't even imagine buying one of those, what could the price tag have been? I had no idea, I just assumed that he had the greatest parents on earth-next to mine of course.

Dave and I had a couple of sessions, messing around and attempting to jam to see if we had any common ground. We found we both liked 'Family' and Janis Joplin thus we would work on tunes from both artists. Apart from a once monthly dose of classical music from 'Smudge' the maths teacher, who everyone claimed had 'shell shock' I don't recall there being any institutional popular music events. There were some light opera moments such as 'HMS Pinafore' but Gilbert & Sullivan weren't making any inroads to a teenage mind locked into Jimi Hendrix and Frank Zappa.

I do recall three tumultuous events. One lunchtime, towards the end of a summer term, there was a loud electric noise emanating from the assembly hall and when I followed the noise and the gaggle of pupils inside to witness the occasion, I was stunned to see some 6th formers and the current head boy -Vincent I think ??- with guitars drums and amps, playing current stuff. One song stood out: "Heatwave" a Motown classic also covered by The Who at that time. I stood and watched these boys play a couple of tunes before the afternoon bell called us back to our classrooms. I don't recall anyone singing, so it was an instrumental performance and I couldn't find out the purpose of it or the reason behind it. This perplexed me because it meant there was an undercurrent of contemporary music happening but I wasn't connected to it and I felt a bit cheated.

However, they were all 6th form and maybe even prefects so I'm guessing it was on a 'need to know' basis. At some point in '68 there was a school concert or performance of some kind where people got up and did something: poetry, sketches or the like. Again I can't recall who or what was the inspiration or genesis of this event but I do recall volunteering 2 separate musical offerings. I was pretty confident that I had some cutting edge stuff to offer! I persuaded the deeply shy Dave Cummings to perform one of our musical musings, medleying a bit of 'Family' with a bit of 'Big

Brother and The Holding Company' (Janis Joplin). I was hoping that Dave would sing a bit because he could but once there was an audience of our peers out there looking at us, his resilience deserted him and we ended up in instrumental mode which seriously limited our appeal.

It all seemed a bit of a non-event until I realised that something was needed to liven up this performance and I stomped on the foot switch connected to Olding's Heath Robinson shoebox distortion unit and I launched into the opening riff of Big Brother's version of 'Piece of My Heart'. This was an iconic melody that galvanised the audience and perked them up, raising their expectation of what was to follow, which was-precisely nothing! Neither of us was about to sing it: we didn't have a mic or PA system as I recall, so it turned into the dampest squib possible! I could sense the audience's disappointment as we dropped back into our previous aimless musical mode.

Dave and I realised we were heading nowhere so out of desperation and because it was all we had, I launched into the riff one more time and as it climaxed, we brought the whole sorry saga to a welcome end. A light ripple of applause accompanied our crestfallen departure and I learned a very valuable lesson that stood me in good stead for many years to come: before venturing onstage, it is most useful to have a plan of action: decide what you are going to play and preferably have some sort of rehearsal if at all possible. It's just a shame that I hadn't really had time to let that particular lesson sink in because as soon as the next performer had delivered their poem, I was back on stage with my second musical offering which was even less prepared than the first!

I had invited the drummer and singer of my latest band, 'The Monk' to join me for an impromptu jam session. We had enjoyed some great evenings in Malc the singer's bedroom, improvising on random Indian style themes with bongos standing in for tabla drums and both the singer and I riffing our cod impressions of what Ravi Shankar and George Harrison had been so eloquently playing on Beatles tracks and other Indian music albums that were very much to the fore at that time. The trouble was, we were playing from the heart and improvising deepest thoughts and emotions, which means nothing was rehearsed and under the cold light of exposure to a listening: thankfully not paying, audience, we soon came face to face with cold sobering truth that what we were in fact playing was a load of old tripe. Bullshit Indian riffs with improvised vocals and bongos that are straight out a 'Carry on Psychedelic 60s' movie. The indifference emanating from the audience was palpable and if I thought the ripple of applause that greeted mine and Dave Cummings departure was risible, trust me, it was a standing ovation compared to what the Indian Jam Trio received. Again, preparation is the key to any decent performance unless you are a musical genius, which it seems none of us were.

My final attempt at bringing the cultural life of the school up to date was brought about by me doing the one thing I should never have done: I volunteered. I saw a notice about a proposed VI form dinner and when I enquired, it seemed that every year the VI form put on a gala evening that involved dinner and some form of entertainment. I was somewhat of a traditionalist back then, I mean I 'got it' but in 1969, with all the cultural changes raging around us, it seemed a bit lame to me. It may have been going on for decades; not that I was even aware of it to be truthful but in my final year, I had the urge to push for something with a bit more pizazz: let's shake it up a bit I reasoned.

The idea of a sit down dinner seemed as though they were turning us into grey old men before we had even left school! With that in mind I proposed the idea of a VI form dance. I think it may have been Eric Poyner who looked at me quite quizzically - I'm not sure he even knew who I was to be honest and his interrogation was along the lines of, "Hmmmm and who is going to organise this event" I was slightly nervous, "I will Sir" Doubt was growing in his voice, "And why do you think you are qualified to do such a thing?" I hadn't really prepared to be grilled with such depth or perception and all I had in response was, "I play a bit of guitar Sir". He seemed troubled by this and his

magnificent eyebrows knitted, " A bit? A bit? Are you sure that's enough? " I grew some fortitude, " I know the right people to contact Sir " The exchange ended with him requiring something tangible on paper for him to mull over.

Some of it was relatively easy, I had a direct line to one of the most popular bands in the area 'Gold Dust" They were a reformed version of 'The Blackout" who had won The 'Best Band Competition' run by Portsmouth Evening News, several times in a row. I had a passing acquaintance with their manager, Alan Matthews and he had a musical agency with a couple of other managers in the area so finding the suitable entertainment was not a problem. I then contacted the headmistress of Cams Hill which was the all-girls grammar school and arranged an appointment with her and her head girl. I explained to them that I wanted to put on an event with two local 'pop' groups and a soft drinks bar. They seemed mildly interested. I promised to print up some posters and tickets to send to them.

At this point I should have formed some kind of committee to help with the planning and execution but my arrogance and stupidity prevented me from seeing the benefit of sharing the load. In my head I just thought that nobody around me 'got' it. So I went ahead and booked both 'Gold Dust' and a 'Soul Band' from Southampton whose name escapes me now. I had listed the bands, their running times and the simple maths of 150 tickets at £1 each (not totally convinced about the price, it may have been 10 shillings) and given this 'plan' to Eric Poyner. The upshot of it was that really nobody was interested in organising the original dinner or anything else for that matter, so it came to me by default. The next thing I know is I'm a gig promoter. I got a couple of posters knocked up and some tickets printed: I sent a bunch to the girls school and persuaded W.H. Smiths and The Braemar Grill coffee bar to put posters up. Then I got summoned to Eric's office to be royally 'bollocked' for advertising outside the school but by then it was too late. The amount of duties were piling up: I had to arrange some catering. Luckily the head cook took a shine to me thinking this was all great fun and offered to order in some fizzy drinks and packets of crisps that would sell at cost or just above it. Pretty soon everything was lined up and all we had to do was wait. Things turned sour almost immediately, when I realised that in the first week I had sold about 15 tickets. I started to feel uneasy, surely everyone was on board for this? I started to check with my classmates and peers but their response was decidedly tepid. My first mistake was that I hadn't done any market research to gauge the depth of desire. It seems that most people thought that having an event on a Friday night was a pain, as they would have to go home, change out of their uniforms or VI form suits, then come back to school in their 'groovy gear'. This was seen as too much of a faff, when they could just go to their local youth club disco. As the days passed and ticket sales were still in sloth mode, the bottom was falling out of my world as the world fell out of my bottom. I had signed contracts to guarantee payment to both bands! I contacted Cams Hill: their sales were dismal too. I abandoned any thought of paying for a professional DJ and Jed Attrill was not keen on missing his regular spot out at Soberton, so I decided I would be the DJ; I would borrow my sister's little 'Dansette' portable player and put it through the band's PA system. I started to smell the whiff of failure and whilst putting on a show of bravura, I spent every day 'geeing up' my so-called mates. I began to suspect that they were teaching me a lesson for being too 'lairy' and full of myself. Of course I should have brought more of them on board to be part of it. I managed to persuade a couple of the larger rugby types to agree to handle the entry door. Things were looking decidedly grim.

I spent the final week racking my brains to think what else I could do. I wasn't permitted to tell the local papers as I was under the strictest instructions that this had to be kept under wraps and 'in house'. I could only cross all my limbs and pray for the best: I was almost hysterical. Come the day I really felt like I wanted the earth to just open up and swallow me whole. I beat myself up over my ignorance and arrogance: was this how concert promoters felt? Come the day, I trudged sullenly off to school carrying my 'groovy gear' to change into. Late afternoon approached as both bands turned up on time and sound checked, it sounded absolutely horrendous in the assembly hall: all glass and

shiny wooden floors created a rolling echo chamber effect. After the sound checks and when the playing times were confirmed, there was a 'no man's land period' where the musicians went off to find food locally and I had to stay on duty in the empty hall to mind the equipment: I had no security!

Those couple of hours seemed like the end of the world. I had borrowed a mic from 'Gold Dust' and stuck it in front of the Dansette's tiny speaker. I whiled away a couple of hours choosing which of my 45's sounded the best. I didn't have the latest chart hits like a regular DJ but I had some classics and a couple of the new 'progressive' style singles. The kitchen lady turned up and laid out some cokes and crisps then the rugby guys came to handle the door plus a couple of masters, for a bit of adult supervision to make sure it wasn't an orgy or something; although something tells me that Andy Jay, our German teacher, wouldn't have been too perturbed! At 7:00pm I started to play the singles. Fortunately the 'Dansette' record player had an auto self changing system that held about eight 45's at one time, so I could leave it to do its thing. I paced nervously as the first band was due on at 7:30 and I was desperately worried that the hall would be just an empty echo chamber. People started to drift in two's and three's and by the time the first band struck up we were at about 50 people with more trickling in. This was, at least, a presentable and the band duly went on. If the numbers had been too low I feared that the band would prevaricate and demand to wait until numbers improved thus throwing the whole program out of kilter: we had a 10:30 curfew. I was also the MC so I nervously walked to the centre mic and with my heart in my mouth,

I introduced them and we were off. They were a Soul Band and although it was a little bit passé at this time musically, it was a comfortable repertoire and the atmosphere started to loosen: a few people started to shuffle around even. There were enough bodies in the hall to soak up the echo so the sound was not the debacle I had feared. I nervously flitted from the entry desk, around the hall to the gauge the vibe and then backstage. I wanted to ingratiate myself with the headline band, 'Gold Dust' as much as possible. I knew their drummer; Dave Houghton fairly well as I had been introduced to him by Trev Chadburn some time earlier. Dave and I hit it off with a shared humour and a similarity of musical taste. He only lived a few streets from Price's but being Catholic, he was sent to St John's in Pompey. The other band member I wanted to get to know was the singer/leader of the band; Kevin Gilson, the younger of three brothers, who was himself a musical prodigy: an accomplished keyboards, guitar and saxophone player plus a charismatic lead vocalist with a fabulous voice and great set of stage moves. He displayed enough talent to be Gosport's own Stevie Winwood. I spent a while chatting with them: the bass player was Kevin's elder brother Tony and the keys player was John 'Jock' McCleod; both had also been in 'The Blackout'. Interval time rolled around and there was a 30 mins period to change the equipment. I put on the selection of most favoured singles, in order to transition from the old school soul of the openers to the contemporary, 'edgy', more modern approach. I went to the entry table and there was a pile of cash looking more than a bit tempting: the rugby chaps were slightly nervous, as some local 'herberts' had turned up and pushed in without paying and they were concerned. I took as much cash as I could and realised I was a walking mugging victim just waiting to be taken down. Fortunately, I spotted the school caretaker and I approached him to take the cash off me: we slipped into the kitchen and I counted out the band money, then he took care of the rest. I was now over the moon as I had covered my immediate expenses and set about enjoying the last few mins of the band's set. I had a quick chat with Andy Jay about what to do with the locals and we concluded that as it was nearly all over anyway, there was little point in trying to eject them as that might prove more trouble than we wanted, so we should keep an eye on them to make sure nothing kicked off.

The Universe smiled on me that night as nothing did kick off even though a couple of the 'herberts' had reputations as troublemakers but as the music finished and everyone filed out, I had the deep satisfaction of knowing that I had actually gotten a 'result'. I had introduced a new concept to the

stuffy old school tradition and whether they continued with it or not; I have no idea. I didn't lose money, in fact there was a half decent profit that went god only knows where and it all happened with only me carrying the major fear of a financial disaster: I even imagined me working for years to pay off the loss like a student loan or worse: debtor's prison and the poor house: I went all Dickensian in my terror. However a good time was had by most, I'm guessing, as nobody mentioned it ever again: not a 'thank you' or even a 'p*ss off' so I guess all was probably good.

On the upside however, I had gotten closer to the musicians of 'Gold Dust', they were the players I had been trying to meet since they formed the band and now they accepted me as a 'mate'. I had paid them in full so there was nothing but 'thumbs up' from them and within 6 months they had asked me to join their band. I can honestly say that my world changed and my path was laid out for me.

In conclusion, it has occurred to me that although I may have considered my time at Price's to have been akin to wandering alone in a musical desert, what oases of talent and action that I did discover, really set me on the most curious of careers. There is more but you'll have to wait for the book. Thanks for reading this.

Cheers **Spike**

1967 Lion

Quite a Normal Occurrence Now

The club is dimly lit and is packed with teenagers. They are all brightly dressed and are impatiently waiting for the entertainment to start. The group appearing have an extraordinary reputation for giving a visually exciting act. The teenagers are waiting for their 'rave' to begin. Bright lights begin to flash; a cheer goes up; a dark suit leaps on stage with waving hands but no sound is heard except the whistling and cheering. The curtains draw back; the group begins; they leap in action; dancing begins; this is what everyone has come for. The bass guitar is so loud that it can be felt in the pit of the stomach; this is a fantastic sensation.

The group is now halfway through its act. They wreck television sets with axes and chop up effigies of Hitler and the Devil. The crowd goes mad. Suddenly the lights go up and the music stops. Bewildered, sweat-covered faces stare about, confused. A cry goes up, "A Fuzzy raid!!!"

A look of horror appears on some faces, a wry smile on others. A voice from a loud hailer cries, "Boys to the left! Girls to the right! Get a move on!"

The teenagers separate out; the dance floor becomes empty, while the walls are lined with people. Uniformed Police search the boys, while Policewomen search the girls. Twenty minutes later, having taken names and addresses, the Police file out. They have found nothing; they look dejected. The look of disappointment on their faces causes the teenagers to laugh, deliberately and sneeringly. A voice sounds over the microphone.

"It's okay kids! They didn't find anything!" A cheer goes up. A veteran member turns to a worried newcomer. "I shouldn't worry if I were you, mate. It's quite a normal occurrence now!"

The lights go off: the group starts up . . . . . .

P.Edney.

Wikipedia:



Philip "Spike" Edney (born 11 December 1951 in Portsmouth, Hampshire, England) is an English musician who, since the early 1970s, has performed with a number of bands, most notably with Queen in their live concerts, where his participation started in 1984. In the earlier phase of his career, during the mid-1970s, he recorded and toured with The Tymes and Ben E. King, playing keyboards, bass, guitar and trombone. Subsequently, in the late 1970s, he was musical director for Edwin Starr and, during the early 1980s, worked with Duran Duran, The Boomtown Rats, Dexys Midnight Runners, Bucks Fizz, Haircut One Hundred and The Rolling Stones. He also appeared with Peter Green on his comeback tour.

Edney's collaboration with Queen included mostly keyboards (his main instrument), plus rhythm guitar and backing vocals. Accompanying the band on its tours since 1984, he was also part of Roger Taylor's side project The Cross as well as Brian May's band when they toured in 1993 and 1998.

Edney can be seen on Queen's *Live at Wembley Stadium* and *Hungarian Rhapsody* concert films, playing rhythm guitar on "Hammer to Fall," and piano on both "Crazy Little Thing Called Love" and "Tutti Frutti." He can also be seen playing in the background during Queen's 1985 Live Aid performance at Wembley Stadium.

Edney formed **SAS Band** (**Spike's All Stars**) in 1994, playing their first gig at The Gosport Festival (near Edney's hometown of Portsmouth). The original band featured Cozy Powell on drums, Neil Murray on bass and Jamie Moses on guitar.[1] The band has constantly fluctuating personnel, including musicians from Queen, Whitesnake, Free, Roxy Music, Toto, and Spandau Ballet, and solo artists including Fish, Roy Wood, Leo Sayer, Kiki Dee, and Paul Young. Others that have appeared with the band include Suggs, Lionel Richie, Bob Geldof and Toyah Willcox.[2]

After the death of Freddie Mercury (who was Queen's main pianist), Edney took over Mercury's role on piano during Queen + Paul Rodgers 2005, 2006, and 2008 tours, playing all piano parts on a Korg Triton keyboard, in addition to all other keyboard parts. He returned as keyboardist for the Queen + Adam Lambert tours in 2012, 2014, and the 2015-2020 tour schedule. He has also been the keyboardist for the London production of *We Will Rock You* since it opened in 2002.[4]

Edney is also the musical director of the official Queen tribute band, the Queen Extravaganza

An Appreciation For Queen's Spike Edney

AUGUST 17, 2017 ~ TROY T.

I recently had the great pleasure of seeing Queen + Adam Lambert in concert. Wow, what a phenomenal show! Brian May, Roger Taylor, Adam Lambert and the entire band rocked. During the band introductions long time keyboard player Spike Edney received light, polite applause. Based on the response it was apparent that many were not aware of Edney's history with the band.

Edney began playing live with Queen in 1984. He handled piano, keyboards and backing vocals. He even played a little bit of rhythm guitar during the solo section of Hammer To Fall. Edney also played some keyboards on Queen's 1986 album A Kind Of Magic. When the band hit the road in 1986 Edney was once again on board. He may have been mostly off-stage but he was an important aspect of Queen's live shows. When Queen + Paul Rodgers opted to tour from 2005 to 2006 and again in 2008 it made perfect sense to bring in



29th August 2019

Spike Edney: Rolling Stone Interview

Queen Keyboardist Spike Edney on Live Aid, What Freddie Mercury Was Really Like - The band's secret weapon shares 35 years of Queen memories, from playing Trivial Pursuit with Freddie Mercury to discovering Adam Lambert on 'American Idol'.

On joining Queen...

I don't know what happened, but they needed someone. It's really about being in the right place at the right time. I was playing in London at a bar and a member of Queen's crew came in, someone I had known 10 years before. It was, "What are you doing here?" and yada, yada, yada. I said, "What are you doing?" He said, "I'm working for Roger Taylor. Queen needs a keyboard player. Do you want the job?" I went, "Yeah, of course."

Of course, that is not how these things are done. You usually show up somewhere and sit down near 200 other keyboard players, wait your turn and then go home and then wait for the phone to tell you that you haven't got it. This was different. I turned up to where I was told to go, I walked in and got interviewed by the legendary Gerry Stickells. He is one of the great men of rock & roll. Sadly, he passed away this year.

He said to me, "Do you have a passport?" I said I did. He said, "Are you available to go to on a world tour?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "OK, on Monday, you fly out to Munich and start rehearsals." I said, "What? That's ludicrous! What happens if they don't like me?" He said, "Then on Tuesday, you'll fly back." And here we are 35 years later.

Albums

- Queen: *A Kind of Magic* (1986)
- Queen: *Live Magic* (1986)
- The Cross: *Shove It* (1987)
- The Cross: *Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know* (1990)
- The Cross: *Blue Rock* (1991)
- Lucio Battisti: *Cosa succederà alla ragazza* (1992)

- Queen: *Live at Wembley '86* (1992)
- The Brian May Band: *Live at the Brixton Academy* (1994)
- SAS Band: *SAS Band* (1997)
- Brian May: *Another World* (1998; keyboards on "Slow Down")
- SAS Band: *The Show* (2001)
- Queen + Paul Rodgers: *Return of the Champions* (CD/DVD, 2005)
- Queen + Paul Rodgers: *Live in Ukraine* (CD/DVD, 2009)
- Queen: Hungarian Rhapsody (2012)
- Queen + Adam Lambert: Live in Japan (2016)
- Queen: *Bohemian Rhapsody: The Original Soundtrack* (2018)
- Queen + Adam Lambert: Live Around The World (2020)

Videos:

- Queen: *Live in Rio* (VHS/DVD, 1985/2013)
- Queen: We Are The Champions: Final Live in Japan (1992)
- Queen: *Live at Wembley Stadium* (VHS/DVD, 1990/2003/2011)
- Queen: *The Freddie Mercury Tribute Concert* (VHS/DVD, 1992/2002/2013)
- The Brian May Band: *Live at the Brixton Academy* (VHS, 1994)
- *46664 – The Event* (DVD, 2004)
- *Live Aid* (DVD, 2004)
- Queen + Paul Rodgers: *Return of the Champions* (CD/DVD, 2005)
- Queen + Paul Rodgers: *Super Live in Japan* (DVD, 2006)
- Queen + Paul Rodgers: *Live in Ukraine* (CD/DVD, 2009)
- Queen: Hungarian Rhapsody (2012)
- Queen + Adam Lambert: Live in Japan (2016)
- Queen + Béjart: Ballet For Life (2019)
- Queen + Adam Lambert: Live Around The World (2020)





Sat 4th June 2022 was a very special day in my long and varied career.

I started out playing around Portsmouth and the South, in youth and social clubs during the late '60's and early '70's. Then, in what seems to be the blink of an eye, I find myself performing outside the gates of Buckingham Palace, for the Sovereign's Platinum Jubilee. I have to admit that this has given me pause to consider what a strange, wonderful journey it has been. The road from Portchester to this special place and occasion, has been full of surprises, twists and turns.
For the record, it's not the first time that I've been in this kind of situation.

Back in 1977, during The Silver Jubilee, I was press-ganged into playing the piano for a street party outside a pub in Gosport! Then twenty years ago, I had the good fortune and honour, to appear in the back garden of "Buck House" for the Golden Jubilee celebrations, so I guess this most recent event could be regarded as yet another return gig! Having also had the good fortune to be (the band) Queen's touring keyboardist since 1984, I've been present at a couple of other memorable shows; Live Aid; Nelson Mandela's birthday concerts in Capetown, Hyde Park and Radio City (New York)- all big events in their own right but I have to say that as an Englishman, I was very moved and very honoured to be part of last Saturday's performance.

Queen are in the middle of a UK/European tour that has been rescheduled from 2020, due to the pandemic. A two-year break had naturally created a bit of a 'rusting' effect on our abilities and most of us, having had COVID at some point, were definitely feeling a lack of energy and mental sharpness when we convened, back in May, to dust off the cobwebs.

We had played 2 nights in Glasgow with a planned day off before starting a 10 night stint at The O2 in London. The invitation to participate in "The Platinum Jubilee" was obviously much too good an offer for any red-blooded, patriotic Englishman to refuse; so any thoughts of the consequences of 5 shows in a row, were immediately banished to the "we'll worry about being knackered later" file. After the second show in Glasgow on Friday, we "did a runner" from the stage straight to the jet and were whisked off to London, checking in to the hotel, just off the Mall, at 1:30 am. There had been some merriment on the flight but we were all very aware of what lay ahead and the toll that this non stop run of shows, would take on us both physically and mentally. At this juncture, I must point out that three of us (i.e. 50% of the band), are septuagenarians and ought to know better than to be spending their waking hours gallivanting around the world's stages!

At noon on Saturday, partially rested, we set off for the Palace and were taken through various stages of security, where lively 'sniffer' dogs enthusiastically checked out our vehicles, running around the outside, banging their tails against our van and creating a weird rhythmic effect - that was surreal moment no.1.

We were delivered to the backstage area, which was a Portakabin "village", located at the bottom of Green Park, bordering on Birdcage Walk. The cabins were in parallel lines and we had our own private cul de sac, as everything was laid out with COVID precautions in mind. Most of the artists had been there the day before, so we were the last to sound check. Over the years since Live Aid, Queen have developed the policy of either appearing first or last, at such events. This policy has served them well and it especially worked on this occasion, as having sound checked last, our set up was left untouched until we performed, which is highly desirable; less to go wrong! The TV director wanted us to run our segment several times in order to get the camera shots lined up but this was so tedious because we know the tunes and it saps our energy to just keep repeating them, plus there are always voyeurs, staff and volunteers who enthusiastically react to the first performance but their enthusiasm wanes by the 3rd or 4th run through. This can be a bit of a downer.

Once everyone was satisfied with the sound and vision, we traipsed backstage where we boarded several golf carts for the 2-minute journey back to the village. This is the worst part of the day because it's just about hanging around and waiting, whilst trying to avoid the temptations of boredom eating and endeavouring to stay away from that table full of complimentary drinks!

One of the good parts of a day like this though, is that you have a chance to catch up with some contemporaries who we haven't seen for years, in many cases. I reconnected with Steve Sidwell, who was conducting the house orchestra; we go way back to 2002, when he orchestrated the original score for the musical 'We Will Rock You', when it opened at The Dominion Theatre in London. He also, coincidentally, organised the big band at my wedding in 2004. I was able to catch up with John Taylor of Duran, having played on their first 12" single, "Planet Earth" way back in the early '80's and later toured extensively with in 1990. Then I bumped into Penny Lancaster (Mrs Rod Stewart) and reminisced how I was the bandleader at *their* wedding in 2007.

It was a social whirl of name-dropping, showbiz bonhomie, networking and fake air kissing but it helped pass the time. My favourite moment though, was when a mêlée of security guards and makeup artists signalled the arrival of Diana Ross (oops! *Sorry)* "Miss Ross" to you and me. She was escorted by a phalanx of attendants and stopped to receive the admiration and cooing from everyone, posing for some photos and it was then that I noticed she was sporting a clear face shield; looking as though she had come straight from a Star Wars film set as Darth Vader's assistant. That was surreal moment no.2 which gave me a good chuckle.

Soon enough, it was time to scrub up and change for our 'turn'. A few minutes before the scheduled departure time, we gathered in our band lounge, where my rehearsal keyboard was set up and we launched into a few well-chosen vocal parts, in order to warm up and get our heads in the game. We were then, shepherded to the golf carts once more. This time, the cart I was directed to, had some dark netting dangling down all around it, resembling a mosquito net. When I queried its purpose, I was informed that it was there to act as a discreet veil to shield "Miss Ross" from prying eyes. From that moment I asked to be referred to as "Miss Spike" as I felt I was worthy of shielding too. I still have minor delusions of grandeur, apparently.

We had to pause while a convoy Rolls Royces bearing The Royal Standard swept out from The Palace in front of us, causing all and sundry to stand to attention; then we were permitted to proceed towards the Palace Gates, where we disembarked in order to walk around the statue of Queen Victoria. It occurred to me that she would most likely be revolving in her grave, horrified at all this malarkey happening outside her former house. We waited tensely at the side of the stage, until the TV stage manager gave us the signal to take our places. We moved into position and the crowd started to murmur excitedly with the apprehension; they could see the drum skin with the "Queen" logo emblazoned on it, so they were all aware of what was about happen. There was an uneasy silence, until some smart arse wag yells out "who's that old bloke on piano?" I assumed he meant me, so I turned, disdainfully and snapped, out of the corner of my mouth, "Elton John!"

At that precise moment, the screen burst into life and we witnessed for the very first time, the fabulous encounter between Her Majesty and Paddington Bear. It was endearing, funny and very moving. The final scene with them tapping out the rhythm on the tea cups was beyond priceless and then the military snares kicked in and we were off!

Adam Lambert began his long walk from the Palace Gates to the back of the stage and around the statue; all the time singing: thank God for the sound check because he could hear us perfectly and stayed totally in sync; avoiding all kinds of potential, musical train wrecks. Next, our attention was drawn up to Queen Victoria, where Brian May ascended on a lift to play the guitar solo: the audience went crazy because they all knew the significance and the connection with 20 years ago, when he played the national anthem on the palace roof. The crowd in front of us and the many thousands lining The Mall, plus the occupants of The Royal Box, all held their hands aloft for the "We Will Rock You" clapping routine. The song finished and the response was deafening; I waited for it to subside slightly then started tinkling the meandering intro to "Don't Stop me Now". This is one of the all-time, favourite Queen songs and the crowd joined in lustily, as we launched into it at a rollicking pace. We were having fun now and so was everybody out there. All too soon I was starting the familiar chords to intro We Are The Champions". Flags were being held aloft and waved at us from as far as the eye could see and of course, everyone knew the words. It was a joyous moment and made me feel quite emotional. As we came to the final crashing chords, Adam delivered "Of the World" and then it was done: a massive roar from the crowd; a huge wave of energy rolled towards us and I was thinking, "crikey! This is only the first

10 minutes, I hope they can keep this up for the next 3 hours!" I reflected on how proud my folks would have been and how they would have been happy that those piano lessons had finally worked out!

We left the stage with the roar continuing behind us and stopped for some quick photos with the Palace as back drop. Then we were back down in the real world, wending our way through a bevy of dancers and performers, lining up ready for their turn. Many cheered and applauded us, which was very gratifying and as we neared the golf carts, a tall, menacing, security policeman, dressed in anti-terror, tactical gear and holding a very imposing assault rifle, stopped me: I suddenly felt weird and a bit uncomfortable: had I been mistaken for some dubious unsavoury type? Was I on a list of undesirable miscreants and ne'er-do-wells?

He quizzed me, "Are you Spike Edney?" I felt anxious and nodded. There was a second when I wondered what he could possibly want with me. I held my breath. Then he blurted out "Can I have a photo with you?" With a big smile on his face! My relief was tangible, "Of course!" I gushed. We stood together, posing; him with his bulletproof vest, armed to the teeth and me in a glittery jacket and sparkly shoes; looking slightly incongruous. As we stood there, waiting for his buddy to snap the immortal shot, he quipped, "of course it's not for me…
It's for my dad! He's your biggest fan!"

Ah well that's show business.

Spike

P.S There is more but I'm afraid it will have to wait for my book!



Edwards	Martyn	Dates	1939-

Recalling the item on rifle shooting, Martyn Edwards writes:

I was interested to hear about John Tompkins since I remember him from the CCF. He was two years younger than me, and if my memory serves me correctly we spent a weekend up near Bordon / Liss in that very hot summer 1976. I was not in the slightest surprised to hear that he joined the armed forces.

I also remember the green rifle range at Prices. In the Fourth year four of us CCF Naval Section cadets were taken one lunchtime a week by Duncan Hill to practise shooting. He was a history teacher and he left teaching in his late 20s to become a market gardener up in Lincolnshire, if I am correct. I was sad to see him go as he was a good teacher.

There was a difference between shooting small bore .22 on the rifle range at Prices and .303 at Browndown. The kick when firing a .303 is an experience a 14 /15 year old boy does not forget. Ever! We fired a total of thirty rounds in a morning. To put that into perspective, prior to WWI British Army infantrymen practised the Mad Minute, the aim being to shoot 30 rounds into a circle with a diameter of 1 foot at 300 yards within one minute! That includes reloading the magazine (which had a maximum capacity of just ten rounds) with stripper clips.

I followed this up by shooting a 9 mm pistol and a Sterling submachine-gun at HMS Collingwood.

Regards
Martyn

I (MP) responded:
I don't know the name Duncan Hill - can you point him out on any photos?

I'm amazed that you were allowed to use a Sterling machine gun (I had to check the spelling because of the confusion with David Stirling of the SAS fame) - it was pretty trigger-happy and inaccurate, wasn't it?

BTW something I go on about a lot these days - did you use ear defenders?

Michael,

Thank-you for your e-mail.

You are right. The Sterling submachine-gun was perhaps accurate up to no more than 100 yards in semi-automatic mode. In automatic mode it had a mind of its own. Unless you knew what was coming, the muzzle end would shoot up (to pardon the pun) to two o'clock. Just keeping the muzzle end horizontal was a real effort – never mind aiming it. I suspect that you are right when you say that it was trigger-happy - I wouldn't want to be around if one was dropped on the floor.

Ear defenders? We used empty rounds! Possibly why my hearing is not that good today. By the time

I was a TA soldier some 15 years later, attitudes had changed in the armed forces and everyone wore proper ear defenders on range.

Incidentally, in my last e-mail I mentioned the kick from a .303 rifle. When the Russians were fighting in Afghanistan, the Taliban used a weapon that would kill Russian soldiers regardless of the heavy-duty body armour they wore. The weapon? Copy .303s manufactured on the NW Frontier. In common with other main battle rifles of the early 20th C, it packed a punch. Not for nothing was the 303 known as the Mercy Weapon.

That's all for now, as I have to get on with some work.

Regards, **Martyn**

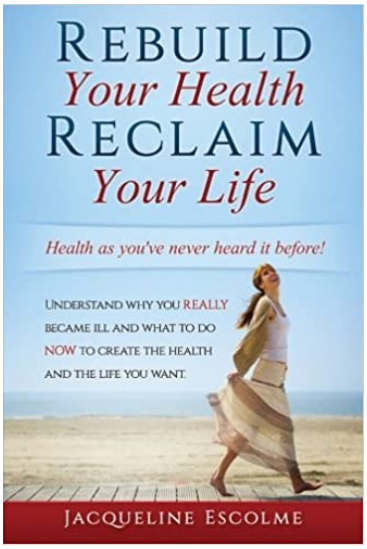
Escolme	Jacqueline	Dates	1976 - 1978



From Portchester School Jacqueline transferred to the mixed, Sixth Form Price's College in 1976 – 78, to study for her "A" Levels. Then on to Loughborough University for her degree course and later a period of nine years in Russia, becoming conversationally fluent in the language.

Jacqueline battled serious illness from her mid-twenties and spent ten years studying natural health and alternative medicine to rebuild herself naturally, after her doctor gave up on her.

She writes on sassy self-preservation and transformation, and specialises in helping women who want their energy and their lives back.



Writer and mother Jacqueline Escolme battled serious illness from her mid-twenties and spent ten years studying alternative health and the mind-body connection after being written off by her doctor. This life-changing journey into self-help and personal development revolutionised her approach to wellness and gave her a unique understanding of the human body.

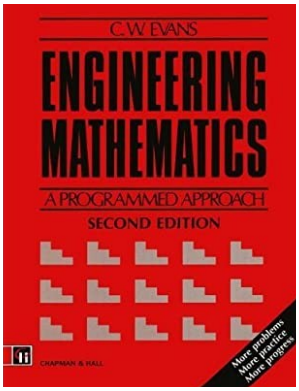
While travelling as an expatriate in Russia, America, and South Africa, Jacqueline studied and explored everything from "old-fashioned" to "unconventional" health practices. She qualified as a Natural Nutritionist and Transformational Coach and continually tested and applied her learning to develop the unique and truly integrated, mind-body process she describes in Rebuild Your Health, Reclaim Your Life.
Jacqueline now resides in the UK living a life she once thought impossible, enjoying vibrant health and vitality. She remains an. eternal student, passionate about health and supporting others to achieve true healing and well-being, in less time

Evans	Charles William	Dates	1954 - 1958

Price's School in the 1950's – Charles Evans (Blackbrook 1954-58)

At our primary school in Fareham we had classes exceeding 50 pupils (boys and girls) and in 1954 when the time came, all of us sat the 'scholarship' examination; more generally known later as the 11+. It was in two parts and we had to attend premises in Harrison Road for the second part of it. Only those who passed the first part went on to take the second part. Those who were successful in both parts could go to a grammar school. Those who passed the first part only were offered a place at the "Building School" in Portsmouth. I believe borderline cases were interviewed. Only three boys passed into Price's School and fortunately I was one of them. My parents bought my uniform from the Co-op (the official outfitters were 'Silvers' but they were too expensive). Long grey trousers were permitted and I proudly wore mine with the traditional blazer, grey shirt, tie etc. (The trousers didn't last; they got torn at the knee so I was back in shorts.) On that first day, I made my way up Trinity street with my new satchel, past the playing field, remembering to turn right before the Headmaster's house along a small footpath which led to the back, the fire escape, the quadrangle and the other school buildings. Only new boys were present at the time we arrived, although if I remember correctly there may have been a few prefects and others around. At the appointed time a bell rang and we entered the school Hall for the first time, where we met the Headmaster Mr Ashton, his deputy Mr Shaw and the two teachers who were to be our form masters; Mr Garton and Mr Smith. Mr Smith looked older than Mr Garton and seemed less approachable. Mr Garton on the other hand seemed friendly and amenable. I think we all hoped to be his form but we were receiving our first lesson in school life; never judge by appearances. We were divided into two forms alphabetically by surname. I was therefore put into 2a with Mr Smith. Those whose surnames began after the letter H were assigned to Mr Garton. We soon learnt that Mr Smith was malleable but Mr Garton was a stickler for discipline. We were later divided into three sets for mathematics and science. In time we became acquainted with the rest of the school and got to know the staff too. The headmaster Mr Ashton was known by the boys as George but not to his face of course. Although it was his real name it was also partly a nickname. At one time it seems he was called Farmer George possibly because he was a heavy man, and often wore a coat and a trilby hat. Mr Ashton was well known and respected in Fareham, he was a magistrate but not gregarious and so may not have been particularly popular. Mr Bert Shaw his deputy who taught us geography had married Mr Bradly's daughter and was popular with the boys particularly as he was knowledgeable on sport, especially cricket. Other highly regarded members of staff were Mr H R Thacker (English Literature) and Mr Tom Hilton (Chemistry). When I arrived the most impressive building was the new science block. The physics laboratory was on the ground floor and was the domain of Mr Iredale; an excellent teacher and very popular indeed. Upstairs was the chemistry department which was the sole preserve of Mr Hilton. He didn't teach the first form so we had to wait a while to benefit from his tuition. New buildings were required and it wasn't long before the pavilion with changing rooms and showers was erected. Before that we had very limited facilities and had to change for P.E. and sports in the cloak room. There were several activities that were not universally popular. Chief among these was the cross country running on frosty or foggy winter Saturday mornings. On one occasion some brave boy in our year had the temerity to hand a petition in at the staff room suggesting that it be cancelled. This did not go down well and the top brass made sure we knew that such an action would in future have serious consequences. Another unpopular activity was pulling the heavy roller up and down the crease on the cricket field. Those who rushed out of the lunchroom were often nabbed for this duty

and soon learnt ways of making themselves virtually invisible to the prefects who were hunting for bodies. The grounds man, Wilbur, was a short man who seemed to have little regard for the boys and did not interact with them. More popular was Alf May who unfortunately was bent virtually double by some affliction. He was able to polish desks with ease but standing vertically to speak to the Headmaster was a struggle to behold. Members of staff together with their nicknames were Garton (Gunger), mathematics and science, Iredale (Doggy) physics, Mollard (Duck) religious education, Smith (Smudge) mathematics, Foster (Flossy) French, Chapman (Louis) Latin, Rev Royds-Jones (Wick) Physics and Mathematics, Howard-Jones, History, Briscoe (Art and Woodwork), Thompson (Physical Education, Sport and English). Nicknames usually evolved but were not assigned unkindly. Perhaps the exception was Wick, a Church of England clergyman. He was a very tall thin wiry man who wore National Heath glasses. He always seemed to have a runny nose and resembled a lit candle with the wax dripping. He administered 'friendly pats' to miscreants allowing the full weight of his bony hand to fall on the unfortunate boy's head. One master who had left the school before I arrived had the nickname Isaiah. The way this arose shows both the extraordinary sense of humour that was endemic at Price's but also a certain callousness that is sometimes present in the young. The master in question had been severely injured in the First World War and had received facial reconstruction. Apparently it was very obvious to all that saw him that 'one eye's 'igher than the other'! The Head boy D E N Robertson-Fox and the school prefects, the most senior of whom was Percival, seemed like grown men to me when I was the age of eleven. Percival succeeded RoberIson-Fox as Head boy and after university joined the staff of Price's School. I had an early interaction with Robertson-Fox in the dining hall, situated on the ground floor of the Headmaster's house. The Head boy was supervising the arrivals for the first sitting and when I had taken my seat, I observed that I had not been supplied with a water mug. I saw there were several near to where he was standing and I asked him if he would please pass one to me . He did so gracefully and as he placed it on the table in front of me, without a hint of unpleasantness,said 'I am not your servant.' I have never forgotten this, for to my mind it showed the exceptional quality of the man. So many in his position would have pulled rank and told me in no uncertain terms to get it myself. I have often thought of this encounter and I have always held him in the highest regard. He may not have been a notable scholar but he was universally recognised as a leader and an exceptional Head boy. When many years later I joined the Old Priceans one of my first aims was to locate Robertson-Fox and shake his hand. Imagine my disappointment when I was told that he had been killed in Aden on active service by a land mine shortly after disembarkation. I mourned his loss then and I still do. He was surely among the very best that Price's School produced.



Charles William Evans' family moved to Fareham in 1950 and he attended Price's School from September 1954 until December 1958, when his family moved to London.

He and his brother then became pupils at Alleyn's School, Dulwich, South London. From there he went to the University of Southampton where he read Mathematics with ancillary Music.

In his first term he won the Universities Arts Festival prize for a play he had written that summer

He corresponded with and encouraged the left wing novellist Edward Upward, who lived to be over 100, and whom he had got to know at Alleyn's.

After graduation he became a mathematics lecturer spending almost his entire career at what is now

the University of Portsmouth where the majority of his work involved teaching mathematics to engineering students.



He wrote a number of research papers on mathematics and also a text book "Engineering Mathematics" that went into three editions. He rose to become Head of Mathematics and Statistics and after retirement did voluntary work first as a magistrate in Fareham and then with the Institute of Mathematics and its Applications where he was a member of Council and an Honorary Secretary for 12 years.

He also spent several years working for Science Council on their Registration Authority for Chartered Scientists

He was chairman of the Old Priceans Association for a number of years before ill health caused him to withdraw. He was then made an Honorary Vice President and committee member for life.



He also did voluntary work at Portsmouth Catholic Cathedral until he left Portsmouth to live in Locks Heath. He has four children and seven grandchildren.

In later life he became a life member of Hampshire Cricket.

Evans	Edward	Dates	



From Mogadishu to Ottawa. Edward has been a member of the Foreign Policy Team in Ottawa since May 2016. Prior to that he was posted to Mogadishu, Somalia. Political Officer.

Itinerant British diplomat now back at HQ trying to catch up on ten years of British TV. Formerly Ottawa, Mogadishu and Jerusalem.



Breaking the Ramadan fast with members of Canada's vibrant Somali community in Toronto.

A diplomatic life is often one of contrasts. One year you can be working on climate change, another you're promoting human rights in North Africa.

That's what makes this career so varied and challenging. Sometimes this contrast can be so great it's hard to see the thread that connects all of the work we do. My recent career has typified this existential angst. From Mogadishu to Ottawa. From body armour to Beaver Tails and poutine.

Having spent 14 months based at the **UK's Embassy in Somalia** – the only European country with a permanent presence – I had seen both the pain of the past, while getting glimpses of a better future. I had seen girls return to school for the first time in 20 years and witnessed the suffering of those caught up in continuing violence. Somalia is making real progress, but it is fragile and often painful.

Taking up my posting in Ottawa I thought would be a complete contrast – walking to Parliament in Ottawa beats being cramped in the back of an armoured personnel carrier any day. And the style of work is different. Being a UK diplomat in Canada is about trying to find ways two close allies can work even closer together on the challenges facing us in the 21st century. In Somalia, I was trying to help build the very foundations of the state after decades of civil war. Two separate worlds surely?

But in a globalised age, issues do not respect borders. A stable future for Somalia has local, regional and international repercussions. And it matters personally to the Somali diaspora around the world. A diaspora who have found a home and a future in Canada.

Finding myself in a Toronto restaurant breaking the Ramadan fast with members of Canada's vibrant Somali community, my former life collided with the new. We spoke about our hopes for the Somali elections and discussed the best beaches in down-town Mogadishu. We talked about Toronto politics and their pride at the election of the first Canadian of Somali descent to Parliament. Growing up in stable countries can make you complacent about democracy. For Canadian-Somalis, the right to vote for leaders in peaceful elections was still a source of great pride. An opportunity that they hoped all Somalis would one day experience.

We also spoke about what it meant to be a modern Canadian. A nationality which is defined by values rather than ethnicity. The Canadian-Somalis I met felt accepted as part of the nation, while given space to celebrate their unique culture. And I sense this is the experience of so many here – a culture where many have a different heritage, but blend together to create something new (poutine is apparently great for breaking the Ramadan fast). And it is through this celebration of diversity that this amazing country gets its strength.

As a UK diplomat I want to get to know the modern face of Canada, to understand where we can work together to tackle shared challenges. This means taking the time to get outside the Ottawa 'bubble' and explore different provinces, cities and cultural identities within Canada.

Regardless of where a diplomat is based, be it Mogadishu or Ottawa, this approach will always be the thread that joins together the different lives of diplomats posted far from home.



1977 Blue Peter, Nelson's Column





Poloff delivered reftel demarche to PSI POC Edward Evans,

Missile Policy Desk Officer in the Counter-Proliferation Department at the UK Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO), on November 20. Evans responded that while the FCO had a keen interest in attending the PSI Exercise LEADING EDGE, due to travel funding contraints it would most likely be unable to attend. Evans said, however, that the UK would be sending three Customs experts to the LEADING EDGE.

Evans	John	Dates	

Junior Victor Ludorum 1956. Senior Victor Ludorum 1959. In U16 swimming team, 1956. 1959 Badminton team. 1st Xi Hockey Captain 1959 1st XI Cricket Captain 1959. **Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist):-**	At a time of great performers, John was a standout sportsman and an endearing personality. He went on to play soccer for significant local teams, and had a gainful working career as a Bank Manager