

Price's Who's Who, Part 2

"G" Surnames

Gale	Mr. Arthur Stephen		1908 – 1934?
Gardner	Maurice William		1919 - 1927
Garton	Mr. Ronald		
Gateshill	Paul		
Gatland	Pat		
Gaulter	Brian		
Genge	Michael E.		- 1971
Gifford	Derek		
Gilmore	Ken		1964 - 1969
Gilbert	Mr. Bob		
Gleed	Terry		
Glyne Howell	Mr. Alan (aka Ghengis)		
Goddard	Robert		
Godfrey	Julian		
Goldring	David		
Gover	Paul M.W.		
Grace	Nick		
Grace	Paul		
Grace	Sally		
Gregory	D.E.		1912 - 1920
Gregory	Frank E.C.		
Gresham	Peter		1956 - 1963
Grimble	Bob		1954 - 1961
Grimble	Charles		
Grimble	George		
Grogan	Ernie		
Gros	Mr. E.H.F. (aka "Ham")		1963 - 1973
Groves	Nigel		
Gwilliam	Peter		1943 - 1946

Gale	Mr. Arthur Stephen	Dates	1908 - ?1934

18/12/**08** End of 1st year Concert, inc. Comedietta "The Duchess of Bayswater", with A.S.G as The Duke of Bayswater". Cadet Corps Officer 1914.

Mr. Gale's Retirement



All readers of the Lion must by now be aware that Mr. Gale retired at the end of last term. He joined the Staff of the School a very short time after its opening, and has thus devoted twenty-six or twenty-seven years of his life to its service. During this long period, the School has grown from less than twenty boys to its present size, and has built up its character and reputation so that Mr. Gale has helped it through what may well be the most difficult and perhaps the most important years of its existence.

There must have been many difficulties in those early years, the Staff was small, and so each member of it had to be prepared to teach almost any subject required, and of course, equipment was scanty. Progress would have been impossible without ungrudging and unselfish work on the part of everybody, and Mr. Gale most assuredly did give just that, not only in the early years of the School, but all through his years of service.

He never spared himself, either in or out of normal working hours. For many years he took entire charge of the cricket coaching of the first eleven, and his hours of service on the cricket field alone, must have made an imposing total. His personal influence and example always tended to promote a thoroughly good tone in the School without the least suggestion of cant, which he detested. His own standards were high, and he tried to encourage high standards in others.

Though Mr. Gale has left the School, he has not left Fareham, and Old Boys may like to know that he is to be found in Southampton Road at number 81. He still helps with the supervision of games on the School field, and takes a keen interest in all our doings, and I am sure that all who know him wish him every good fortune for many years to come.

In a letter to the Headmaster of the Day, Mr. Eric A.B. Poyner, in March, 1963 Lt.Col G Chignell M.B.E., T.D., a Vice President of the Old Priceans wrote of the late Mr. A.S. Gale

"*Bearing in mind his advanced age, the recent announcement of his death was not surprising, in view of the very severe winter which seems to have taken its toll of elderly people, but I think a note of appreciation from one who knew him for over 50 years might not come amiss.*

When the School was re-formed in 1908,he joined the Staff as Senior Master and with Mr. Bradly and Mr. Johnston formed the triumvirate which guided the fortunes of the School until each of them in his turn retired. "Foxy" Gale was a disciplinarian who, on occasions could fly into a rage that was quite awesome to the younger generation, but he had the twin gifts of an understanding of a boy's mind, and being able to make his subjects live, and as he taught me chemistry, it was at a very young age that I decided to make that my subject.

He was held in the greatest affection by the generations that he taught and was always willing and pleased to give advice and help to old boys in the difficult years immediately after leaving School: his rooms in Southampton Rd. were always open to any old boy wanting help or advice.

After retirement, he lived quietly in his beloved Ulverston district of Lancashire but he was physically active for many years and kept up a correspondence with those whom he knew almost to the end. He was a great influence for the good and his memory will always be kept alive by those who knew him."

Gardner	Maurice William	Dates	1919-1927

Maurice Gardner - Died August 6th 2001.



We are sorry to report the death of Maurice W. Gardner (1919-1927) at the age of 91.

A very distinguished and loyal member of the Society, it is reported that he has asked to be buried in his school blazer and tie.

Maurice's notice appeared in the Times as follows:

> **GARDNER, Maurice William**
> of Temple, Marlow and more recently of Beaconsfield. Bucks died peacefully on August 6th 2001 aged 90 and 11 months. Much loved and sadly missed by his family

*In 1985, **Maurice** W. **Gardner*** (1919-1927) became President of the Society of Old Priceans (LSOP), until 1989, the S.O.P. having supplanted the former Old Priceans Association in 1983.

Garton	Ronald	Dates	



“In the days when team games were of more account than various other, esoteric activities, we soon discovered that we had acquired a footballer and cricketer of distinction. It was only later … we discovered he had been a first class sprinter and that when a knee injury put him out of serious football, he was an amateur on the books of Arsenal F.C.”

“He taught Mathematics mainly, and there his passion for lucidity and accuracy was of maximum advantage to generations of careless Priceans …. One might argue with him over some small point - he liked arguing over small points and was a formidable adversary – but if ever one needed help in a matter of consequence, one could not want a more steadfast ally.“

”When I was at the School, (1955-1962). Biology was done and was delivered by Ron Garton – I can recall his introduction to this day – “Plants are more important than animals: they start the food chain”. Because of that, we will start with plants.” (groans all around). And so the first lesson proceeded with the structure of a seed – not exactly the kind of energy output expected to give a thrill! Still, I did remember his drawing of a half section of a runner bean seed, and still do! We never saw a living one, though.

Broken pencil - “Sharpen both ends!”, “I have, Sir. Both ends are broken!”. “Then cut your pencil in half and you will have 4 ends to use!” “I did that, Sir!” “Then you should take more care and get prepared the night before”. And so on. I have only learned recently that Ron was more a Chemist and Mathematician, which might explain his pedantry, and also a footballer, which might account for why he was determined not to be outdone or beaten – although the latter was more likely to be a function of Wick (Royds-Jones), with his friendly pats!

Gunge was completely indomitable: he always had a response to every protest. Ron used to take classes out for Nature Walks, into the lanes to the north of the School. He would call out the names of flowering pants, and we would write them down. Back in the lab, we would compile a list of all named flowers and copy it into our books. But “Why?”. “Why not!?” would come the reply! Such was (not) the excitement of Biology with Ron. You can’t blame a teacher dealing with a 3rd subject, for not knowing all the exciting bits.

But at this distance in time – 63 years on, my recollections of him are of a man with character, personality, even if it was unyielding and dour respectively. At least he had something by which to remember him, compared with many of the more modern kinds of plastic, tick box teachers. Ron would have created a lesson out of drawing the tick boxes! **David Goldring**

Tom Hilton taught us physical chemistry in the 6th - and thankfully no more of "Gunge" - and yes I do remember his - "You should know these things!" cry of anguish. I do remember we sometimes referred to him as "Dome" and I certainly remember being marched to the Head's study for calling him "Ginger" from the 2nd floor window of the Chemistry block as we espied him one lunchtime looking for wild flower specimens on the waste ground near the CCF hut. Cunning s*d affected not to have heard but must have, he sauntered into the Physics lab and then sprinted through it and up

the stairs to catch me almost red-handed just closing the window – I, and another who I can't remember got 5 of the best off of Bert - I guess he might have felt some kindred spirit and hence held off the 6th stroke which I was expecting.

George Heyd Smith

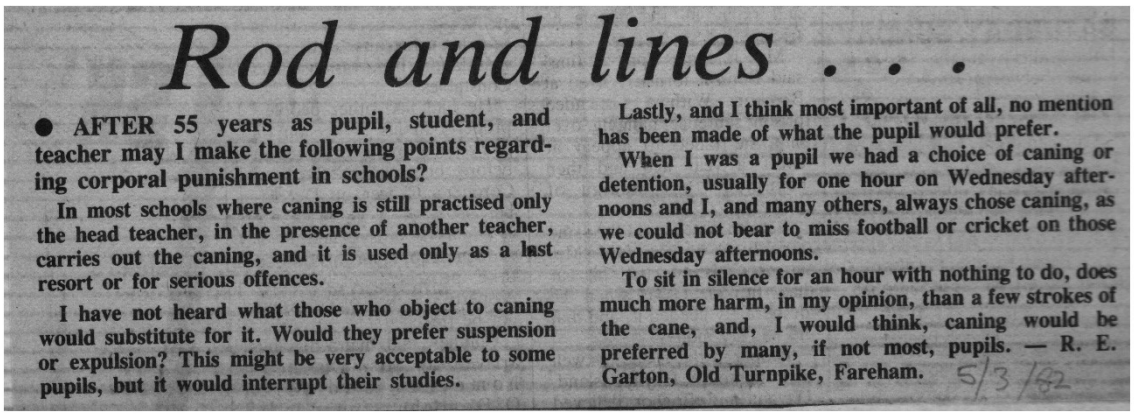
Another chemist, known by our generation not as 'Dome' but 'Gunge', which I understand was an abbreviation of 'Gunga Din' although no-one knew why. (Does anyone out there?) As younger boys, we were all a bit scared of him and his mantra of "It's your job to know these things!", said in a voice that always reminded me of Mr Growser in the 'Larry the Lamb' children's serial. (Good grief, how these things come back when you start reminiscing like this!).

He always seemed to start lessons by telling us what we had done last time and were about to do next time, so there was never very much time actually to do the lesson in hand. He went up markedly in our estimation when we were told he had once played professional football for Arsenal. Whether this was true or not I am not sure (I suspect it might have been for the Reserves) - but we were very impressionable at that age.

(see also **Gazetteer, Part2: Tom Bird**)

And, just to show that, in his retirement, Ron was not without his rationale from former years, in the local Newspaper, this appeared!:

05/03/92:



Rod and lines . . .

● AFTER 55 years as pupil, student, and teacher may I make the following points regarding corporal punishment in schools?

In most schools where caning is still practised only the head teacher, in the presence of another teacher, carries out the caning, and it is used only as a last resort or for serious offences.

I have not heard what those who object to caning would substitute for it. Would they prefer suspension or expulsion? This might be very acceptable to some pupils, but it would interrupt their studies.

Lastly, and I think most important of all, no mention has been made of what the pupil would prefer.

When I was a pupil we had a choice of caning or detention, usually for one hour on Wednesday afternoons and I, and many others, always chose caning, as we could not bear to miss football or cricket on those Wednesday afternoons.

To sit in silence for an hour with nothing to do, does much more harm, in my opinion, than a few strokes of the cane, and, I would think, caning would be preferred by many, if not most, pupils. — R. E. Garton, Old Turnpike, Fareham. 5/3/92

Gateshill	Paul	Dates	.

Paul Gateshill has never stopped writing and performing – and playing some great lead guitar (owing to my strumming for him for hours). He has also recorded two solo Albums/CDs and been an essential contributor to the four Albums/CD's produced by my brother Ivor and I.



Comment by Kevan Bundell

Dec.1971 – helped organise the event "Reflections of Summer". 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. 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. *Lonene* performed again in May 1973 – Paul Gateshill, Tracey Coles, Dave Cledwyn and myself .

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

Gatland	Pat	Dates	

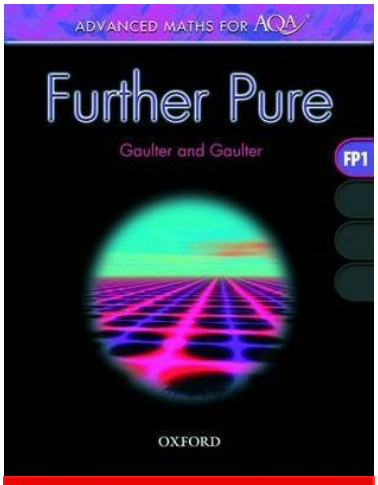
1968 Two sixth formers, Pat Gatland and Michael Knight – still with relatively short hair – managed to get permission to hold an evening *Folk* Concert. Presumably they had the help of one or other of the younger teachers (Mr. Johnson?). Certainly Mr Thomas (Physics) was involved as he had a spot playing the classical harp. By that time, guitars and folk-style songs were even being heard in church (*Kumbaya, Shalom chevarim*) – which must have helped. Everything was acoustic of course and the songs were both traditional and modern – but *folk*. Thus, they were the initiators of the brand!

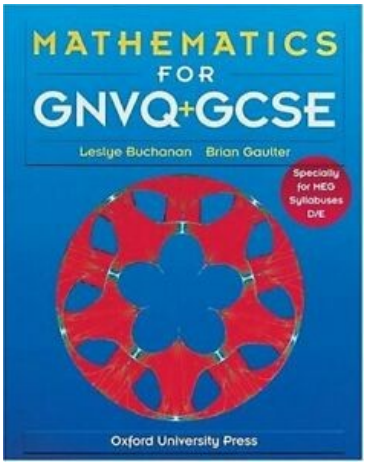
And that is no understatement. For it unleashed a powerful and productive genre of boys' achievements – many went on to become professional musicians or otherwise fully and gainfully occupied in their adult lives. And it wasn't confined to the folk music, for there was cross-over at other times, with other musical styles, and in Drama.

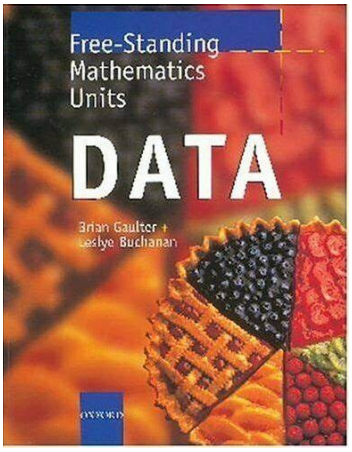
But .... ne'er a mention in the Lion magazines, or on Speech Night, or in other publications. This cannot be a credit to the School's overall educational responsibility and, seen in isolation, stands as a significant and negative indication of the pervasive elitism and narrow-minded attitudes that then prevailed, and probably still do so, now.

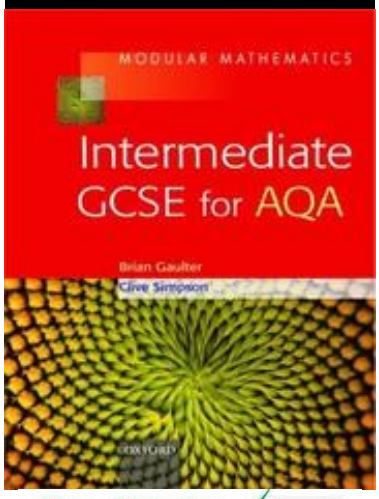
Gaulter	Brian	Dates	1964

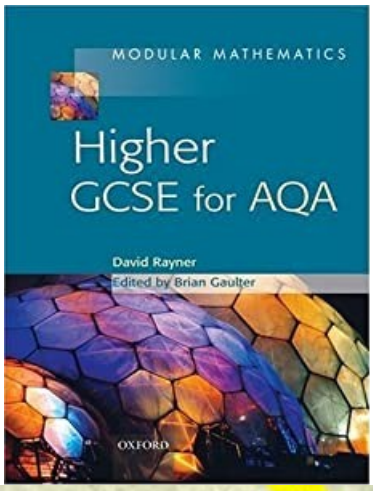
Taught Maths at the School. 1964 “Gondoliers" Props manager. A writer of many textbooks

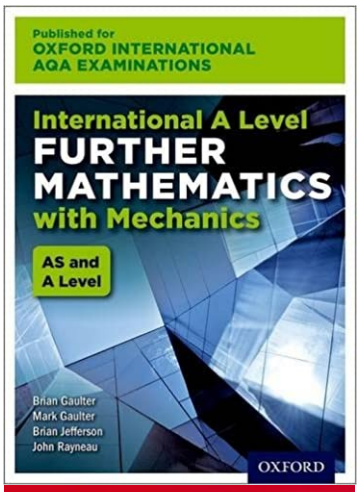


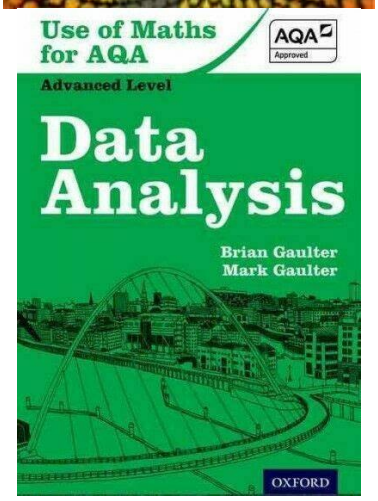


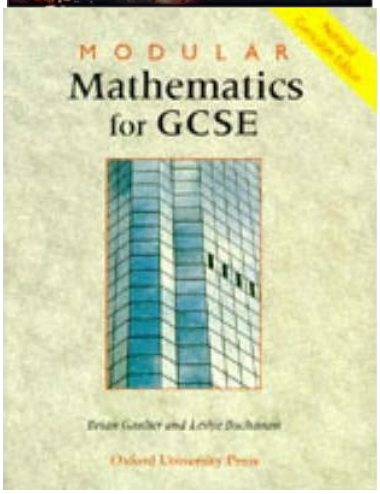


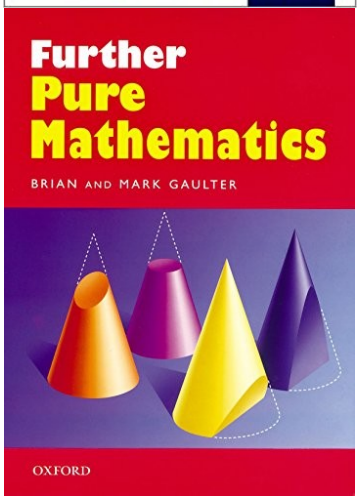


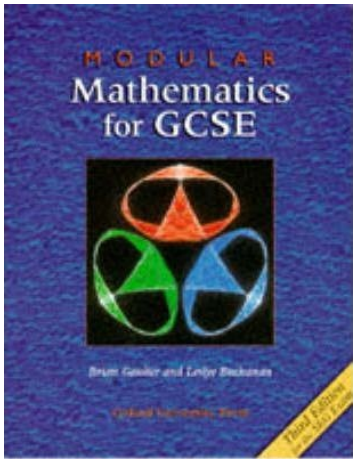


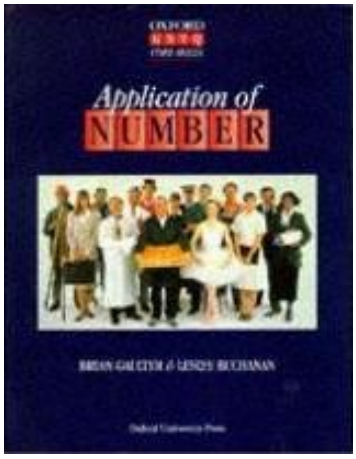


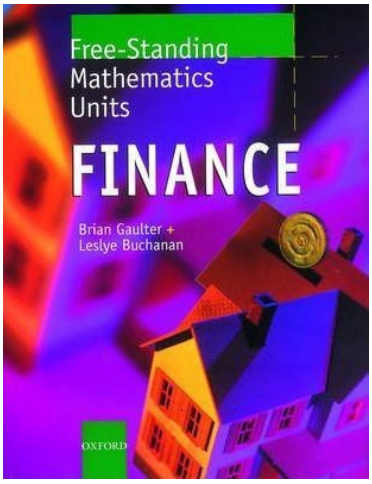












Opening a dialogue with Brian has proved difficult, through a variety of channels.

Genge	Michael E.	Dates	



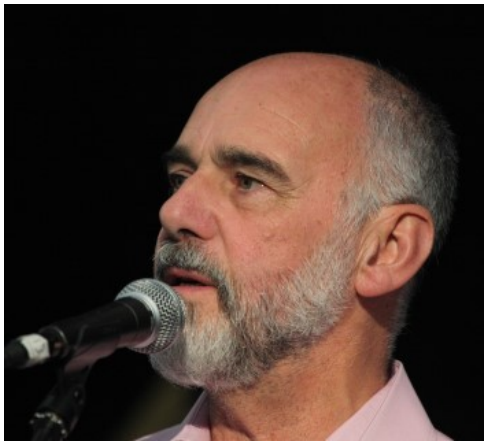
1st XV 1969.
1970 Rugby Captain and Head of School.
1970 Joint Swimming Captain.
1971 Selected to play for the Hampshire under-19 rugby XV

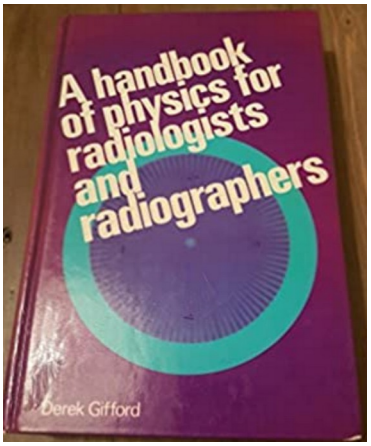


1970 “The Crucible” as the Revd. Pavis. Perhaps the most difficult leap of the imagination for all was to think and feel as a Puritan New Englander. *Rev. Parris* managed this very well and upon donning his puritan dress seemed to appreciate how genuinely shocking Proctor’s confession that he was a lecher would have been to a minister of that time; far more shocking, of course, than his lies. Indeed, although obviously suffering from nerves which caused him occasionally to falter at certain lines **Michael Genge's** portrayal of the self-centred and despicable *Parris* was full of acute perception. Particularly good were his reactions to what others said and his awareness of how what they said affected him.



Gifford	Derek	Dates	





No narrative available for Derek Gifford

Gilbert	Bob	Dates	



Alvis TD21

Bob writes from Thailand:

Still alive! I force myself to exercise but I must force myself to make it ærobic.

I'm performing the Primo of one movement of the Rachmaninov Suites for 2 pianos next week, directing a Mozart Divertimento K. 253 from the keyboard and conducting Strauss Junior's Explosions Polka with a full orchestra and explosions, so having lots of fun. Also doing lots of arranging. Just arranging the *Einsugsmarsch* from *Die Zigeurnerbaron*. Everything stops for music for Cooper (Bob's young son). He often gets out my baton and asks to conduct Strauss polkas on YouTube. He still loves the piano. He speaks 3 languages, English, Thai and Lao. He also loves to dance to pop music.

I did get in touch with Tony Smith. He used to live quite close to me and our respective parents were friends, which reminds me that I must inform him of the Funtley Reunion.

I used to go to school in a TD21, a TC21-100 and a TA14. My favourite was the TA14 which was very easy to maintain. It had a long stroke 1750cc 4-cylinder engine with advance-retard controls in the centre of the steering wheel. It had the old method of dipping lights, in which the offside light was extinguished. It also had one solenoid driven reflector on the near side, which directed the light to the left. I modified the offside headlamp with another solenoid driven reflector so that both lights dipped to the left. It had rod brakes - no messing around with fluid.

I can only visit the UK in July. This year, there'll be a Funtley School reunion in Funtley Village on the 28th July. If you are aware of OPs who were Funtonians, please ask them to get in touch.

I never thought Bob looked like Neil Sedaka - but then I knew him since we were both seven years old. He and I both attended Funtley Primary School, along with Nigel Davies (and when am I going to get that e-mail, Nigel?). Bob's father was headmaster there, and we all went on to Price's together.

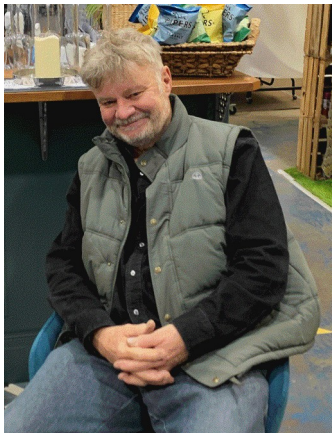


He and I played quite a bit of music together at the time - Bob on piano, me on flute. I also would like to know where he has got to - he's somewhere in the Far East, I have been told.

(**Ed.** Thailand, but he has not responded to contact attempts.)

Additional Lion magazine content.	1969 this may have been the occasion (Folk Music)where another former pupil, Mr Robert (Bob) Gilbert, came and played the piano in such a manner that we labelled him *'Discord Joe'.* He later joined the staff as Mr Boote's colleague and proved to be a dynamic, and possibly anarchic, contribution to the culture of the school. He drove to school every day in a very fine Alvis motor car. Dec. 1971 Bob Gilbert (Head of Music), played in Reflections of Summer. 1971 As Flying Officer in the CCF RAF section.

Gilmour	Ken	Dates	1964 - 1969



I started at Price's in September 1964. I was in Form 1A, and our Form Room was at the top of the stairs at the end nearest to the assembly hall on the northern side of the 2-storey buildings around the Quadrangle. It was next to the Biology lab. Our Form Master was Mr Alderson, if I remember correctly. I think the room was used as an Art room, and there was a pottery wheel in there, a treadle operated device which somebody discovered would make a piercing screeching noise if it was treadled furiously and the side of the hand pressed against the wheel. How and when this was discovered is lost in the mists of time, but it was responsible for much merriment at the time.

There were about 30 or more of us, amongst whom was a small bespectacled boy who looked pretty innocuous at face value. I know his name, but I'll just call him B. Anyway, one day, at about going-home-time, I remember Mr Alderson standing on the path leading towards our Form Room, saying something to me as I approached, a warning to stay back it turned out. To my amazement, he said our friend B was up in the Form Room smashing up chairs and throwing them out of the window. Call me wet behind the ears, but in those days I had absolutely no idea anybody dared to behave like that. At some other time, I can't say whether it was before or after the chair-throwing, I came upon B and another lad both with completely blue faces, having engaged in an ink fight. For those of more tender years, this sort of ink fight involved the use of fountain pens, flicking ink out of them at each other. I can't remember what eventually became of B, but perhaps he came right in the end, or perhaps they locked him up.

Ed. See Lion Pride Chapter 5: The 1950s, 60s an 70s for a more expansive, or should it be explosive account of Ken's times!

Gleed	Terry	Dates	



2016

I positively hated the CCF and all it stood for. I was so small that for two years they could not find a uniform to fit. When eventually they did the shirt was big enough to camp out in and my mother spent hours tailoring it to fit me. Tom Hilton then threatened to prosecute for "defacing army property". Can you believe it?

However, I got my own back when it was discovered that I could shoot. I was already a member of Hedge End Rifle Club and shot competitively for them. I was then detailed to go to the range to coach cadets and I did that for the . next 3 years. No square bashing and the only time I was brought into line was the Annual Inspection by Brigadier whoever

I am not, by nature, unwilling to play my part but as far as the CCF was concerned I did all I could not to be part of it. Even in later life I encouraged lads of my age to join the army just so that I may not have to go. Fortunately conscription finished 2 months before my apprenticeship finished so I never did go.



When enlarged, this target card shows 10 "bulls"

The Rifle Range.

One of the pleasures of Prices for many pupils was the rifle range in the old green hut. Parker Hale sights on 0.22 rifles and the smells of the spent cartridge and gun oil and not an ear-defender anywhere...

Terry Gleed writes about his experiences including shooting for England:

At about the same time as I went to Prices and into the cadets I joined Hedge End Rifle Club. I suppose I must have had a little affinity with the sport because soon after I was in the cadet 'squad' which went off frequently to Fareham to the rifle range. Howard Jones seemed to think I could encourage others to follow my example. I, of course, agreed as that way I did not have to do any drill.

I shot for some 8 years and then went off to sea with Cunard and did not return to shooting until 1981. I joined Sarisbury Rifle Club and shot in leagues indoors locally and also outdoors including Bisley for some 34 years. I was selected for the County XX team for about 25 of those years (Hampshire is still the County to beat) and during that time I was selected to shoot for England on 4 occasions and trialled for Great Britain five times. I only made it into the team once, in 1999, at the grand old age of 60. That was the highlight of my shooting career and is something which I shall forever remember. In 1999 I also made the final of the Small-Bore Championship of Great Britain in which I came 8th - not bad for a sport followed by many thousands of people. It is also one of the very few sports where male and female are totally equal and the Great Britain Champion for the last two years is a lady.

I have not been selected for the County XX for the last two years and am now firmly in the veterans class but pleased at 78 to still be competitive most of the time.

The sport of target rifle shooting is extremely friendly, very competitive and is nothing to do with the things the media love to throw at us given the chance.

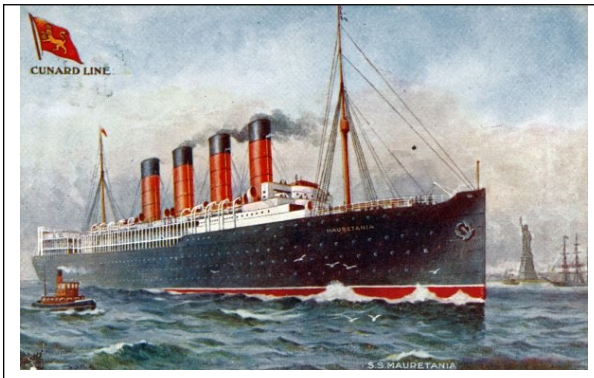
Re your last comment..... at the start we did not have ear defenders and today I wear aids. However during my period at sea, I was an engineer on steam ships (Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and Mauretania) where we also did not have defenders. (How can you hear a distant pump going wrong if you cannot hear it above the noise of everything else?) I am very proud to have known the older liners which are so superior to the 'hotels on water' which we see today. I am the proud owner of the Engine number plate from the Mauretania which liner I took to the breakers in 1965..... but that is another story.

Kind regards **Terry**

(per Michael Simpson) Terrence Gleed, was a classmate and friend of mine. He became a marine engineer and was for a time with the Cunard line and served as Third Engineer on the Queen Mary when the First Engineer was another Old Pricean. Quite a thought, the entire machinery of one of the most famous passenger liners ever built was in the hands of two OP's. Terry later became a very senior Engineer with I believe, the Hampshire County Council. He also represented England in the English small bore rile shooting team. I believe he may even have competed in the Olympic Games but I am not sure of that. Anyway, he has some interesting stories to tell.
I believe I have one or two mails from him somewhere with more details. If I can find them I will send you copies.

(kein Betreff) terrygleed@sky.com
Empfänger: Michael Simpson 06.09.2019

Hi Michael, perhaps I have now, once again, got your email address. I think it is 10 or 12 years since we corresponded and, having moved a couple of times since then, mislaid/lost/deleted your address and the rest is history. I was living in Warsash at the time but after a disastrous move in 2009 we are once again on an even keel (Ihope). I like the idea of reading your 'life' though how you decide what to put in I would find difficult. My girls approached me some years ago and wanted to know chapter and verse of my growing up and teenage years. Naturally I did not tell them everything (some things they should not know about their Dad) but I still managed about 70 A4 pages and still only got to about 16. I look forward to hearing from you and reading in due course. I am sorry you have been inflicted with Parkinsons but pleased to know it is under control. Another Prices 'lad' is Tony Cawte, my Chief Engineer when on the Mauretania. He, too, has it and his too is under control. Tony is older than us having left Prices in about 1946/7. He lives in Texas nowadays but does not expect to get back here again. I look forward to hearing from you and hope we can meet up again one day.Kind regardsTerry



RMS Mauretania



Engine Room Queen Mary

Rifle Shooting as a Sport

For all my formative years and up to the age of 28 I lived in Hedge End. At the age of 12 my father asked me if I knew that there was a Rifle Club in the village to which I replied in the negative. He went on to tell me that, after the war years, he had been one of the founder members of Hedge End Rifle Club. He then went on to explain what it was all about. He had set in motion a whole series of events which continue to this day.

Target Shooting is a sport not often making headlines except when there is an event brought about by unauthorised, illegal use of a firearm. It is a very unfortunate fact that, if only the media would report what is good and legal and not the opposite we may be seen in a different light.

As far as Price's School was concerned I went to the Fareham range with the cadets and, after joining the Hedge End Club and becoming a little proficient, I was delegated there every week, by Mr Briscoe, to show others what was required. This resulted in me not having to do square bashing which suited me down to the ground.

I was taught the basics at the Hedge End Club, which at the very start included rules and regulations about safety at all times, how and when one can purchase a rifle, how it should be kept safe, about the ammunition and the general management of the sport. I did not realise it at the time but competitive shooting was in its infancy when compared with today.

In Hedge End we were shooting at 25 yards indoors. The range was a converted Nissen hut, very much cut down. And the targets were conveyed to the butts via a conveyor from the firing point. Very Heath-Robinson but adequate. Cards were the targets of course never animals for any reason. At the time I knew nothing about outdoor shooting, Outdoors and at Bisley and so on would only become known to me many years later.

The club was affiliated to the Southampton Association and it was in their leagues that the competitive shooting started for me. Much of the shooting was carried out whereby a card was shot within your own club where it would be witnessed and dated and sent to a neutral adjudicator for marking known as Postal Shooting. Marking a card can be so precise where a shot is very close to a line that a gauge can only be put into a shot hole once. The second or more times are not considered accurate enough. Generally it would be teams of 5 and 6 or so in a league. The sport was very much a trusting sport albeit one had to have a witness at all times when shooting. This is just the same today.

It probably took me a year or so the get in a team and maybe a little more to be in the Shoulder to Shoulder team when we would go to other club ranges and they would come to ours. Hedge End

Club was not the highest achieving but was very competitive. Every so often there would be Inter Town matches when the team was selected from those performing well in their respective leagues. This, too, continues today and it is an achievement to be selected to represent your town. I was 17 before I was invited to a 'rep match'. Clearly I did not own a car but to get to a rep match in Southampton I would get on a bus, complete with rifle (in a sleeve) and would walk through the town to the range. Can you imagine doing that today?? But it was the way things were done then and no-one took any notice. At the age of 17 I owned a rifle, bought from the club for the princely sum of £10, and kept it in my wardrobe. Today I have a double locked security cabinet bolted to the wall on two sides which had to be approved by the local Police Firearms Officer. A good modern rifle is of the order of £3500. In the car for transportation the rifle is boxed and secured with a locked cable such that it cannot be stolen just by the car window being broken. Unfortunately this is a reflection of the times.

Hedge End Club ceased to exist in 1960 when the land on which the club was built was sold for development. It coincided with the time when I finished my apprenticeship and I joined Cunard Line where I would be employed for the next seven years.

I did not return to the sport for 21 years. I indulged in and enjoyed motorcycling Trials and Grasstrack riding for 15 years after I left Cunard and was employed ashore. However……. In 1981 I met a colleague whom I had known from the 50s and was still well into the sport of rifle shooting. He invited me along to his club, Chandlers Ford Rifle Club, and from that day on I never rode a motorcycle competition again. In the intervening 39 years so much has happened in the sport that it would take a book to record it.

I joined Sarisbury Rifle Club to enable me to get access to other competitions and I remain in that club today.

Over the years the sport has not changed much where competitions are concerned but the equipment used has changed beyond all measure as have the sizes of targets. In 1951 the target at 25 yards was about 8mm diameter. In 1966 it was reduced to 2.8mm and in 1989 to 1.6mm. The method of gauging was also changed from inward to outward gauging.

In 1981, when I returned to shooting, I also discovered 50 and 100 yard distance shooting at outdoor ranges. The target sizes were all proportional, very difficult and so much to take into account when wind and summer sunshine has such an effect on a bullet. For example the bull at 100 yards is 28mm diameter and is very difficult to get it right.

I was introduced to the ranges at Bisley in 1982 and that, too, was a totally different experience. On the first day there it poured with rain but the competition continued just the same. I wondered what I had let myself in for. I needed to get more practice and experience outdoors and to do this I joined Andover Rifle Club which, again, continues to this day. I was also able to get access to one of the foremost Rifle Coaches of the day, a gentleman called Don Maiden. He spent many hours with me and it was this which helped me immensely for the future.

I joined the English Small Bore Shooting Union which was the Association governing the selection of the England representative team. In due course I entered their competitions and in 1999 was selected for the England team to shoot against the Army team at Aldershot. This I could never have imagined at one time but, on the day, I was able to achieve the highest score in either team and was presented with a medal for so doing. This was my introduction to the upper echelons of shooting and over time I represented England on five occasions.

For five years I had also entered the postal trials (shooting on my home range at Andover) for the Great Britain team. This was initially the competition from which was chosen the contestants for a further trial at Appleton, just outside Liverpool, during June of each year. I got into the final trial on four occasions but did not shoot well enough to be considered for the team. However I did shoot

well enough on the fifth occasion and this culminated in shooting for the Great Britain team in 1999. This was the last time, at the age of 60, when I could no longer input the necessary practice time and decided to revert to local shooting only which continues today. Now at the age of 81 I am so very fortunate to still be able to be in the sport albeit not at the highest competitive level as had once been the case.

There are, however, other "prizes". In 2016 I was asked to be President of my own Club, Sarisbury and in 2017 a similar request was made by the Hampshire Small Bore Rifle Association. I consider these appointments to be very great honours which I shall always treasure.

Amongst the things which stand out about shooting are the great camaraderie which pertains throughout the sport, the fact that it matters not whether you are male or female you have totally equal opportunity to excel at any and all levels. It is a pity that it has become a relatively expensive sport where equipment is concerned but it is also a fact that, if maintained properly it can last a lifetime. Any club, worthy of the name, has enough equipment to be able to start a beginner on their way. He/she can access very good coaching and decide, in their own time, whether to take it up seriously or not.

Some more Lion magazine content:	1953 He won the Junior school Table Tennis Tournament. 1955 Defeated Kilford in the School Open quarter-final – a strong player. *"As far as International selections were concerned that happened towards the end of the 90s culminating in shooting for England 5 times and then Great Britain in 1999 just the once.*

Glynne Howell	Mr. Alan (aka Ghengis)	Dates	



I first encountered the formidable Mr Glynne-Howell at the too tender age of eleven as he attempted to teach us Latin. In my case at least, he failed utterly. In my first year final exam I was awarded a mark of three percent – one for writing 'amo, amas, amat', the other two for spelling my name correctly. He was a generous man.

Mr Glynne-Howell was otherwise known to us as 'Genghis'. On the one hand this displayed our profound schoolboy ignorance, on the other it was unarguably appropriate. He would bear down upon us, dark of gown and of physiognomy, take us by the cheek between finger and thumb, and shake us like rabbits; he would steady our face with one hand and slap us with the other, admonishing us to 'Take it like a man'. He would then extract his handkerchief from his pocket and fastidiously wipe his hands of our contamination. This was not at all what we were used to, but we were far too young, and intimidated, to protest.

And yet there was also humour. 'Don't bray like an ass' he would say as a victim struggled to translate some incomprehensible passage. Or more particularly, to myself : 'Bundell, you are like an ape staring into space - you see everything, and comprehend – nothing.' He was right of course.

Later on he also taught us 'A' Level Religious Studies, by which time we were of course a good bit older, and he less intimidating. Nonetheless, it was only many years later - after I had left school,

after I had lived in India for a while, and after I was married to an Indian - that I came to some kind of an understanding of where Alan was coming from.

He was coming from a world which no longer existed. India gained its independence from the British Empire in 1947. The Raj was finished. Like many others of Anglo-Indian descent Alan, and his wife Tessa, were faced with a decision as to where to build their future. He had done well in an India ruled by the English language and its culture. He had obtained both Bachelor's and Master's Degrees in English, from the Universities of Bombay and Benares respectively, and won a William Shakespeare Cup along the way. He had trained as a teacher and then taught at the prestigious Church schools of Bishops High in Pune and the Cathedral School in Bombay. He had taught the sons of Rajas, as well as the sons of other important members of the Hindu, Christian and Muslim communities. But the world in which he had been brought up, and in which he had competed, was quickly fading - and England had always been referred to as home.

In 1962 the Glynne-Howell's decided, like other members of their family, to move to the UK. Alan first taught at an independent girl's school in St Ives, Cambridgeshire. One wonders what the girls made of him - and he of them. Presumably he did not require them to 'Take it like a man'. In 1965 he joined Price's. As many will recall, Price's was at that time a traditional English Grammar school, with something of the English public school about it, and was led by a Headmaster, Mr E.A.B. Poyner, of firm Christian convictions. These characteristics would no doubt have helped Alan feel at home.

However, this was the nineteen sixties and England, like India, had also changed, and was changing still. At Price's Alan was largely put to teaching Latin, obligatory in the first year, but never a greatly popular choice thereafter, and Religious Studies – of which he was Head - but again a minority pursuit beyond the statutory one class a week. Meanwhile he was denied the opportunity of teaching his beloved English Literature. I believe this may have been at least partly owing to a perception that Alan's approach to the subject was rather old-fashioned. And so it no doubt was. Yet Alan's old-fashioned erudition and use of the English language were glorious, and I for one have never recovered from them.

At the same time, outside of school, Alan suffered on occasions the prejudice and name-calling that those 'of a dusky hue', as Alan put it, had to endure in a provincial town at a time when non-white faces were not at all common. This must have been particularly unpleasant for a man of Alan's background and sensibilities.

Another thing I understood from living in India was that Alan's assaults upon our eleven-year-old cheeks were not in fact acts of aggression but rather of affection. In India grown-ups commonly pinch the cheeks of children or give them a gentle slap while admonishing them for some minor misdemeanour, or indeed for none at all. And the children grin back at them.

And yet, as I recall, Alan was always rather serious about it. He was fearsome of aspect (as he would have said), and, often, it hurt. In fact, he was conflicted. We were his pupils and therefore dear to him. But we were also an ignorant and rather ordinary bunch of boys, from very middle or working class backgrounds. And above all, we were unwashed.

Alan's fastidious wiping of his hands after every contact was not merely a performance. It was also a comment upon and a criticism of our personal washing habits. No doubt small boys everywhere are among the least fragrant members of society. However, Alan was also possessed of a particularly sensitive nose. In India his pupils would have routinely bathed every morning. In England in the 1960's, before the general arrival of domestic showers, a bath once a week was more the norm. Of course we were also obliged to take showers at school after PE and Games, but it was amazing how quickly boys could rush in and out of the shower room, and then climb back into clothes which had probably already been worn for the best part of a week.

At some point in 1967 or '68 Alan fell ill and was away from work for a term or more. When he returned we were all shocked to see that his formerly coal-black hair had turned quite white. Unfortunately his health was never of the best in his later years, especially after he retired in 1975.

Shortly before he retired Price's became a sixth form college and there were not only boys about but also girls. This gave rise to new opportunities for Alan to express himself in his characteristic and inimitable style. Tony Johnson, then Head of English, tells the following tale :

A phrase that passed into the folk memory of staff at Price's College was his. Rounding a corner on his way to the staff room, he reported to us that he had just seen two students in "amorous juxtaposition". Even to this day you have only to mention that phrase to bring laughter to old colleagues who have met for lunch."

It was my brother Ivor – also a pupil of Alan's – who first began to visit Alan at home, and then I joined him. This was when we first met Tessa. By this time Alan had clearly forgotten, or chose to ignore, my achievements in his Latin class. His conversation was always riddled with sage – I assume – remarks, quotes, and aphorisms in Latin. Sometimes he would translate, but often-times he would not. Fortunately there was more than enough of the same in English to give me some chance of joining in the conversation.

Later on my wife and I visited, usually for afternoon tea, sometimes with our children. Alan and Tessa would also come to tea with us. I remember an occasion we visited when both Alan and Tessa were, by then, less nimble than they had once been. My wife, in very Indian fashion, soon took over the serving of the food and tea and Alan and Tessa were obliged to be waited upon, as befitted their age and status. Alan was flustered and embarrassed at being looked after in such a way in his own house, but at the same time I felt he was also moved by the touch of his old home and culture.

Alan passed away at the very end of December 1989. His memorial service was conducted by another of his former Price's pupils, Peter Hancock. We continue to have Tessa round for tea and in any case Alan is often mentioned and in our minds. It was a very special experience, in a variety of ways, to have had Alan as a teacher. Although I understood, if not quite nothing, only a limited amount of what he might have taught me, it was a gift to have known him.

Kevan Bundell (Price's 1966 - 73) 11.04.11

Alan in his own words:

From *'Under the Old School Topee',* Hazel Innes Craig, British Association for Cemeteries in South Asia (BACSA), Putney (1990, 91, 96).

Corporal punishment was the ultimate and much-used sanction at boys' schools in India. Alan Glynne-Howell, a pupil at Bishop's High School for Boys in Poona from 1920 to 1928 still recalls the canings he received at this famous school, founded by Bishop Harding, the second Bishop of Bombay, in 1864. He grew to love and revere his English and Latin teacher, Ralph Doran Aikin, 'the single greatest influence in my life', and received the last caning he had at school from his 'Guru'. Incredibly, this was for obtaining 72% in the Senior School Latin test.

'This was, I believe, the highest mark in Standards VII, VIII, and XI (I was in Standard VII aged 15) and all did the same test. I felt wounded and betrayed. But then in the annual examination I got 86%. I never forgot his rehabilitating comment: "That is more nearly what I expect from you!"

Another brush with authority, this time for a prank involving the destruction of a drinking water cistern which poured its contents on to the unsuspecting H.M.'s wife who was doling out provisions in the store room below, led him to the Head's study for retribution.

'When I was ushered into the dreaded presence I was surprised and quite disarmed at the sight of the smiling aristocrat behind his magisterial desk... He lighted one of his Havana cigars and addressed me through a cloud of fragrance. "Now, deah boy, would you care to examine the pattern of this excellent carpet?" and he indicated the spot. Unsuspecting and in my boyish naivety, I actually stooped down by the chair. Four stinging swipes from that practised cricketing and golfing arm reduced me to a state of catalepsy. When I was able to stand again, a letter addressed to my father was thrust into my hands.'

Alan Glynne-Howell went on to become a school master himself after a distinguished academic career at three of India's foremost universities, Lahore, Bombay and Benares. Although philosophical about the punishments meted out to him and his fellows in India's public schools during the British Raj, deeming them as a means towards self-discipline, he harbours a lingering doubt:

'But now, have we advanced or regressed from that era when patterns of the British Public Schools were sedulously imposed in educating young Anglo-India? (I use the term in its widest social aspect.) As an old school master who was so closely concerned with the fashions and standards of old Imperial India, and who has experienced too the enlightenment of the present days, like the knight bereft, in Tennyson's Idylls, I stand defeated - quite - "revolving many memories", and the end is sadness.'

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MARCH 3, 2014

A further appreciation of Allan Glynne-Howell, written in response to my Appreciation (KB) which you should read first, by my fellow former Pricean and classmate,

Michael Daysh.

AGH was one of very few teachers for whom I had great respect. He was a pearl before a load of swines, and I wonder what made such a man want to teach us. Not that I am complaining, but you would have thought that he would have taught in a posh school, where his classical talents would have been appreciated.

I do give him a thought occasionally, because he was influential and had my respect. I would just tell you a few things I recall:

Blood-red ink in his fountain pen, which he used to write in a masterful, flowing sort of a way. It was a bit like he was painting with his pen. His signature influenced mine, because he always put two dots under his name. Somehow the two dots conveyed authority. My dots have become a line, but with the same intention.

I took to Latin myself, and failed O level only because the criminally incompetent ***** took over. He (A G-H) was a good Latin teacher, and it's now part of my kids' "take the piss out of father" routine to imitate me explaining the meaning of an English word by reference to the Latin derivation. It helped greatly with French and Spanish too. That is in fact Allan's lasting legacy to me.
He did teach English at some point. I definitely know he taught me (and therefore you, I assume) because I recall him managing to make Shakespeare quite interesting. Maybe he was just standing in.

He was one of the few teachers who always wore his gown, and he would have looked better swaying through the cloisters of some ancient public school, rather than the smelly corridors of Price's. It was part of his public persona, and added to his considerable gravitas. I now realise that the best teachers are great actors, but it works: We would never have mucked around with him like we did with ******, for example.

The horrible day when somebody had written "Genghis" on the blackboard. He walked in and walked straight out again. I am sure that he took it as a racist insult, and I am sure that it was meant as such. ****** took the blame, but I don't think it was him at all. I don't know who it was. I do know that most of us were shocked both by the racism (although we did naively use abusive terminology, I must admit) and by AGH's reaction. We just didn't understand about any of that in our 99.9999% white middle class world.

His very Indian way of leaving a long gap before the end of a sentence. I'll mimic it next time I ……. see you. It is a good teaching technique. My lecturer at college did the same. It makes you think about how the sentence should …….. end.

I am glad that others remember him fondly. I always say you only die when you're forgotten, so he's got a good few years left!

Michael Daysh. Feb 2011.

" .... The other devout staff member who taught us was Alan Glynne-Howell. Part Welsh, part Burmese/Indian and incredibly over-qualified to teach us to whom he referred as "the great unwashed", he was known to the boys rather unkindly as Ghengis or occasionally Cyclops. He was not a well man, being practically blind in one eye and having various heart ailments. He was a regular worshipper at either Trinity or St Columba's, I'm not sure which. He taught us English and Latin but I believe was also qualified to teach RE and Geography.

After I left Price's he invited me to tea at his home; Earl Grey without milk and dainty scones. His wife Tessa was a delightful lady, although being of Indian descent, she was very much "in the background" and lived to the ripe old age of 100.

I was most honoured to be asked to sign one of his poems "Other Men's Sons" which was a lament at not having children of his own (although there had been a rumour that he may have had a son who was killed in a mountaineering accident).

In our time at Price's there was still a morning assembly every day with a hymn and Bible reading. I seem to recall this stopped when it became Price's College. Nader Fekri as an Iranian and presumed Muslim, who is coming to speak at the lunch in May was excused the religious part of assembly and had to wait outside the hall until the general notices were being announced. I seem to remember that this may also have applied to Catholics like Rudi Kohnert but after 50 years I may be wrong on this".

Enough musings from me. **Mark Knight**

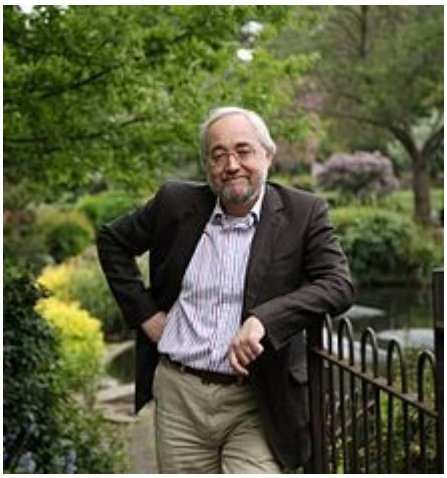
.... I can confirm that 'Genghis' was indeed a regular worshipper at Holy Trinity, West Street, Fareham. I was a choirboy at St Columba but quite often went to sing at Trinity and Genghis was always there.

Unlike Mark, I was never invited to tea with him and his wife, but he did encourage me to study RE as one of my 'O' Level choices. His lessons were always thought-provoking and I'm sure that he is one of the reasons why my faith hasn't diminished over the years. Like so many teachers at the Grammar School, he had a great personality and a special way of teaching any subject including Geography and Latin.

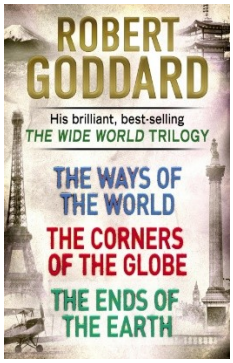
One memorable Latin lesson with Gengis will remain for me forever.....homework was usually having to learn 10 Latin words or phrases and then being tested on them, or their translation, at the next lesson. Gengis had a staff stick (I assume from his days in the army) and he would line the class up along by the windows of the terrapin hut. He would go along the line tapping you in the tummy and giving you a question that you needed to answer. If you were wrong, you went down the line and if you were right you would go up the line punching each pupil you pass in the stomach on your way. It sounds quite harsh now, but it was mainly done in good spirit until Charlie Binstead (a large boy in our Class who boxed for Titchfield) got a question right (quite an unusual occurrence in itself !) and hit Clive Little in the stomach quite hard. At this point Clive recoiled and put his backside through the window of the hut ! Needless to say, the story was covered up and the school caretaker was not best amused as it was he who had to clear up the mess !

Phillip Reynolds

Goddard	Robert William	Dates	



Robert was educated at Bathampton County Primary School then Wallisdean County Junior School and Price's Grammar School in Fareham before going on to study history at Peterhouse at the University of Cambridge. After unsuccessful attempts at careers in both journalism and teaching, he worked for a time as an educational administrator in Devon before becoming a full-time novelist. His thrillers usually have a historical element and settings in provincial English towns and cities, and many plot twists. They usually involve the lead character gradually uncovering a conspiracy which has long been kept secret, by means of historical documents such as diaries or by means of word-of-mouth accounts that have been handed down from one person to another. His first novel, *Past Caring*, was published in 1986. He has since written more than twenty novels; the majority were *Sunday Times* Top Ten bestsellers in the UK. A 1990 book *Into the Blue* was the inaugural winner of the W H Smith Thumping Good Read Award, presented to the best new fiction author of the year. His 1997 book *Beyond Recall* was nominated for the Edgar Award Best Novel prize but lost out to Mr White's Confession by Robert Clark.



Robert's book *Long Time Coming* won the 2011 Edgar Award for Best Original Paperback and was nominated for the 2011 Anthony award in the same category.

In 2019 , Goddard was awarded the Cartier Diamond Dagger by the Crime Writers' Association for his outstanding lifetime's contribution to the crime fiction genre.

Born in Fareham, Hampshire in the United kingdom 13th November 1954, Robert Goddard is an accomplished full-time English novelist, with a writing career spanning more than 20 years. Robert Goddard writing has been classified under various categories from thriller to mystery and crime as well as historical romance. As a matter of fact, Robert is considered the master of some very compelling and engrossing plot twisted stories and also as one of the most renowned advocates for the traditional virtues of pace, narrative drive and plot. As an author of so many best-selling novels out there.

Robert Goddard studied in Bathampton County Primary School, then known as the Wallisdean County Junior School and in Price's Grammar School. That is before going to study history at Cambridge University. However, before Robert become a full-time novelist, he had unsuccessful attempts at Journalism and in teaching, as a matter of fact he even worked as an educational administrator in Devon, before finally settling as a full-time author and of course as a novelist. Currently, Goddard is married to

Vaunda where he has not only identified Vaunda as a joint holder of the copyright to his work, but they also live together in Truro at Cornwall.

From a collection of more than 20 mystery thrillers, that will indeed enthral and satisfy you as a lover of such genre, to unprincipled chicanery and unforgiven betrayals as well as unforgotten jealousy, are just but part of the infinite capacity of imagination and intrigues that Robert Goddard

books will present to you. Basically, Robert novels and especially his thrillers do have a historical settings and elements staged in some provincial English towns and cities bringing in a number of plots twists. Plus, his books always involve the lead character, gradually unravelling a conspiracy which for a very long time been kept as a secret, and through means of historical documents like the diaries or simply by word of mouth testimonies that have been handed down from one individual to another.

After publishing his first novel Past Caring in the year 1986, Robert has over time emerged as the author of so many best-selling novels. He has proceeded to write over 20 more novels and majority of which have been listed by Sunday times as some of the Top ten bestsellers in the United Kingdom. Moreover, Robert Goddard is also an award-winning author, heralded with some of his books such as Into the Blue, published in 1990 and which won the W H smith thumping Good read award and which was then presented to the best author of the year. Secondly, is the Beyond recall of the year 1997 and which was nominated for the Edgar Award best novel prize, even though it lost to Mr White's confession, not to mention the Long time coming, that won the 2011 Edgar Award for the best Original paperback and which was also nominated for the 2011 Anthony award actually in the same category.

One of the main character that Robert has featured or written so much about in his writings is Harry Barnett. This character not only appears in Robert's only published short story, the Toupee for a Bald Tyre but also in some of his books such as Into the Blue, Never Go back, Out of the Sun to form a chronological series that features this central character, much as these books are distinct in their own right. Moreover, Robert Goddard has written so many interesting books such as the In Pale Battalions, the corners of the Globe, In the Blue, Closed circle, Caught In the Light, Never Go back, Long time Coming to mention just but a few. Similarly, he has written some series such as the Harry Barnett that comprises Into the Blue, Out of the Sun as well as Never Go back. Another series is the wide world Trilogy which constitutes the Intersection, The Ways of the World as well as the Corners of the Globe.



Corners of the globe for instance is a very intriguing book. Here, during the spring of 1919, James Max Maxted, a former great war flying ace returns to the trail of treachery and murder he set out on the Ways of the World. He had left for Paris after avenging the murder of Sir Henry Maxted, his father and is convinced that the only person that knows the mystery of events that leads up to his father's death is Fritz Lemmer, some elusive German spymaster.

Therefore, to find out more, James gets employed under Lemmer's network under false colors and is then dispatched to Orkney Isles, that is where the German High seas Fleet has then been interned in Scapa Flow. Basically, his mission is to recover some document secreted aboard one these German battleship. However, the information that this document contains is so explosive that Max is compelled to break the

break the cover and instead embark on some desperate and on a very dangerous race to the south. He is now being pursued by men who are trigger-happy just to get rid of him in order to retrieve this document

This breathless and unending case takes Max to London from far North of Scotland and all the way to Paris, where the world's government are still but bartering over the spoils right in the aftermath

of the Great war. The stakes here are so high and it is a matter of life and death to everyone involved.

Another Book that features Harry Barnett is the Out of the Sun. Here Harry is informed that his son suffering from a diabetic coma has been hospitalised. He thinks that a mistake might have occurred since he doesn't have a son. However, Harry soon discovers otherwise. David Venning, a very brilliant mathematician working in the realms of knowledge that perhaps a handful of individuals on this earth could comprehend, is now suspended between life and death. Although, Harry's paternity is resolved, other darker mysteries quickly intercepts. David's tragic condition appears either to be self-inflicted or an accident. However, his precious notebooks are missing from his hotel room in which he was found. Elsewhere, two other scientists that were employed have also died in almost a similar and suspicious circumstances. Harry is now propelled into an arena of conspiratorial intrigue. He then travels to Europe and to the United States in search of the truth in the bid to help the son that he has never met.

Actually, the brilliant writings by Robert Goddard has scored highly and although one of his novels, Into the Blue was adapted in the year 1997 for television and starred by John Thaw in the lead role, Robert Goddard was however, not so impressed with the outcome of that adaptation following his utterances in an interview where he requested that future adaptations should do justice to the original story.

Publication Order of Harry Barnett Books

Into the Blue	(1990)
Out of the Sun	(1996)
Never Go Back	(2006)

Publication Order of James "Max" Maxted Books

Intersection: Paris, 1919	(2013)
The Ways of the World	(2013)
Corners of the Globe	(2014)
The Ends of the Earth	(2015)
Panic Room	(2018)

Publication Order of Standalone Novels

Past Caring	(1986)
In Pale Battalions	(1988)
Painting the Darkness	(1989)
Take No Farewell	(1991)
Hand in Glove	(1992)
Closed Circle	(1993)
Borrowed Time	(1995)
Beyond Recall	(1997)
Caught in the Light	(1998)
Set in Stone	(1999)
Sea Change	(2000)
Dying to Tell	(2001)
Days Without Number	(2003)
Play to the End	(2004)

Sight Unseen	(2005)
Name to a Face	(2007)
Found Wanting	(2008)
Long Time Coming	(2010)
Blood Count	(2011)
Fault Line	(2012)
Panic Room	(2018)
One False Move	(2019)

6.9.66

The hymn books flew through the air like bats - as I recall. I should emphasise that last phrase - as I recall - because memory is notoriously fickle and my recollections of my first day at Price's might easily conflict with those of other contemporaries. But, accurate or not, here is what I remember of Tuesday 6th September 1966.

I assembled with the rest of the new intake in the yard in front of School House at 10am (an hour after the start of the day/term/year for everyone else) in weather which - as I recall - was cool, cloudy and breezy. We were all arrayed in brand-new blazers and ties that were destined to become steadily more and more threadbare as our school careers progressed.

Tom Hilton greeted us from the first landing of the fire escape of School House, gown flapping in the wind. I have no idea exactly what he said, but it all sounded faintly terrifying and the Praetorian Guard of thuggish-looking prefects gathered around him didn't do much for my peace of mind either. (I was to discover later that such appearances were in most cases - but not all - deceptive.)

After Hilton had taken his leave, the prefects began distributing hymn books by the novel method of tossing them out across the heads of the new boys jostling below them. Word had it that there were just enough to go round and woe betide anyone who failed to secure a copy. I bagged one, which is still in my possession - Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1916 edition (it's good to see how up to date Price's was on the hymnal front), inscribed with my name and form - 1B, with 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6AL and 6AU added over the years that followed.

Was this a well-established ritual by that stage? I don't know. Perhaps someone does. It would be interesting to find out. School House was a pile of rubble by September 1967, of course, so the new intake that year must have been received in slightly altered circumstances. Maybe 1966 was the end of the line for this particular brand of initiation.

We proceeded to our forms. 2B was housed in Terrapin 1 (or was it 2? - I'm not sure now how the numbering worked), where we met our form master, Alan Glynne-Howell, an intriguing combination of the exotic and the urbane, whose love of literature and the English language was to have a big influence on me over the years. We were seated in alphabetical order, which explains why my earliest acquaintances all had names beginning with F, G or H - Rob Futer, Ken Gardner, Pete Hancock, Geoff Harrison, Ray Howell.

My desk was near the back of the first row, close to the fire exit, which was later to prove my undoing when I impulsively left at the end of a lesson through the rear door, an offence considered worthy of being sent to Tom Hilton for a caning. I angled for a reprieve by arguing that it was in the

interests of the staff as well as the pupils to make sure the emergency exit was functioning properly and was rewarded with a wintry Hiltonian smile, but no reprieve.

I suppose we must have started timetabled lessons that morning after break, though my next distinct memory is of lunch, perhaps because I was confronted with food as close to inedible as anything I have encountered before or since. New kitchens of an acceptable standard were still a year or more away in the future. In the meantime much of the nosh was delivered in a sinister green van (which was in fact the only green element in the cuisine). I was by no means a fussy eater (with two elder brothers it didn't pay to be) but I have to say the Price's lunch was more than I could stomach. I went in hungry and came out feeling sick.

The afternoon passed, as did the queasiness. There was a history lesson with Pete Chapman, who sought to enthuse us regarding the looming nine hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Hastings. It's occurred to me since that children's knowledge of history hinges on the anniversaries that coincide with their schooling. The centenary of the First World War gobbled up classroom time in the last decade, but the Norman Conquest probably didn't get a look-in. Never fear, though. Its moment will come again in 2066. And Harold will still get it in the eye.

I think the final lesson of the day was geography on the top floor of School House, in a room which would today be considered unsafe, with daylight visible through a hole high in one of the walls. I think I considered it more than a little alarming even then. The topic of the lesson was the meaning of the symbols on Ordnance Survey maps, which meant I was soon able to impress my parents on Sunday afternoon drives by telling them whether the church in the village we were approaching had a church with a tower or a steeple - or neither. An invaluable skill!

I believe the last period ended at 3.50 (late by today's standards), followed by registration back in Terrapin 1 (or 2). None of my fellow pupils had bailed out during the day - as I recall. I'm pretty sure I left by the back gate into Harrison Road. Obviously rear exits were already a favourite of mine. Perhaps I'd watched too many episodes of The Fugitive.

Back home, my mother naturally asked how the day had gone and I said it had gone pretty well, which actually it had. I've always counted myself lucky to have gone to Price's. It provided an education which nowadays parents would have to pay a lot of money to secure for their child. I reckon all of that day's intake were very fortunate, even though we didn't appreciate it at the time.

That doesn't apply to the food, of course. Before I'd sat down to tea, I'd raised with my mother the possibility of having a packed lunch in future.

ROBERT GODDARD July 2022

Goldring	David	Dates	1955-1962

House Notes: R.J.Tyack:

"Much of the credit for our present position in the Reed Cup competition must go to Goldring, who has put in a great deal of work to the House sports, and if other members of the House, particularly seniors, give as much support as they can next term, in their attendance at sports and swimming practices I feel sure we can win back the Reed Cup."

I was not expected to pass the 11+ examination. My primary School in those days, was St. John's College, in Southsea, although I had done my Infant years and early Junior time in Portchester. For 2 years, it was the long bus journey from home to Southsea that dominated life, with homework to do when I got home. That was usually a 2-bus journey in both directions. I wasn't successful or happy there. Life was generally miserable. My handwriting was bad enough constantly to get me into trouble, and I seemed to struggle at most subjects. Lunchtimes were spent trying to find somewhere out of the rain or cold, to each my packed lunch, for there was no provision for those not taking School dinners.

I was never sure why my parents sent me there – possibly it was the cheapest Independent School in Town. It was there that I discovered I could run fast, and for a long time! The 11+ exam was in 2 parts. The Portsmouth area people were allocated, or not, a Selective Grammar School place after the results of Paper 1, which I took at Portchester Secondary School. I had to return there also to take Paper 2, which was for those living outside of the Portsmouth Education area, and in to Hampshire area. Isle of Wight folk had to take 3 exams because there were so few Grammar School places on the Island.

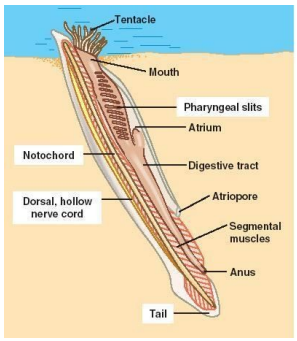
To everyone's surprise, I passed the 2nd paper, and was offered a place at Price's School which, up to that point, I had never heard of. Still, it was rather nearer than St John's College, just a single bus journey. I re-joined several of the Primary School boys I knew before St. John's but the succession of 2 schools outside of Portchester meant not much of a real social contact with local boys.

Nonetheless, I used to join-in the almost daily soccer matches played at the Portchester Castle, during the lighter evenings and at weekends and, as I got older, I went to the Youth Club that was based in White Hart Lane, at the Secondary School.

There is not a lot I can remember of my first three years at Price's, save for the fact that it was a struggle. Only when I went, in successive years, from class 4C to 4B did anything much change. The History course was less classical Kings and Queens, and date based – it dealt with American History, delivered by P.E. teacher Graham Thompson, and was much more interesting.. And then, in 4B, with the impact of the arrival of Mike Oxford and John Chaffey, respectively to teach Biology and Geography, did any respect of success arrive on the horizon. 4B, then into Lower 5 Science, where I could escape Latin, History and English Literature, did things start to look up. That 5th was the breakthrough Year, with success on the athletics track, winning the Junior Victor Ludorum with 4 event wins.

A modest set of "O" levels, was followed with a French, Geography and English "A" level set that soon got rearranged to Biology & Geography, with "O" level German, and even the German disappeared by Christmas. With a Biology & Geography "A" level combination, I had time enough to spare in my Lower Sixth timetable and, armed with a syllabus book, I set about covering the parts of the Botany and Zoology courses not included in the "A" level Biology lessons. That introduced me to a study of parasites which helped to explain why the deposits of poo which the School cat left in the labs had small lengths of whitish, slightly wriggly things in – they were detached tapeworm segment

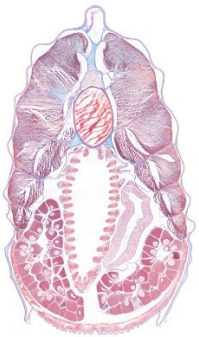
groups which, in the wild would have lain resistant on grasses, awaiting consumption by an herbivore to complete the life cycle.



Simple chordate anatomy of Amphioxus



Lancelet in vivo


t/s Lancelet counterstained

Mike R. Oxford oversaw the extra work in those new syllabi, but also introduced me to making microscope slide sections , using wax-impregnated tissue, the Rocking Microtome to cut the sections and the counter-staining techniques to make them visible once mounted in Canada Balsam on the glass slides. I would spend hours doing that and once did a whole set of serial sections of Amphioxus – amounting to a set of 100+ slides.

Microscopy of mammal tissues, and of the anatomy of other internal parts of various animals – dissections of cockroaches, locusts, earthworms, dogfish, frogs, rats – all part of the wide variety of biology practical work undertaken back in the 1960s, now mostly disappeared from syllabi, to the detriment of dissection skills needed by medical students which now need to be learned during their University courses, and a reduced awareness of the variety of plant and animal life. Plant histology took up much time, too, as with a study of the life cycles of many types of the lower, and the flowering plants.

The latter part of the Fifth year, and during both Sixth Form years, Athletics, managing the School House Reed Cup competition efforts and the CCF and its Band occupied a lot of time and effort that, for the first time began to yield success and pride in what was happening. Still, I wasn't expected to do well, but examination outcomes dumbfounded the expectations of the staid, and classic curriculum deliverers. I was awarded an Open Scholarship at Cardiff University and later a State Scholarship on the basis of excellent "A" level results but because it was not at an Oxbridge College, it didn't really count and there was no real, internal praise coming. It was presumed I would get the comeuppance with modest "A" level results, but that didn't happen.

University life at Cardiff was enjoyable – I had three years assured Hall of Residence accommodation, and free Undergraduate and Graduate Gown, Hood and Mortar Board. Botany, Zoology and Geology in the first year with successively, Geology and Botany being dropped, life was very busy, on lots of day and other, residential Field trips all over the UK, and all paid-for by the Local Education Authority. My Scholarship – then at £40 per annum (c.£670 in 2022), eked out a slightly more comfortable undergraduate life.

The limiting factor throughout all of my Sixth Form and later education, my employment too, was the lack of chemistry at any level – my slow, late development (that proved fruitful at the end), meant I never got to grip with the fundamentals of chemistry. And that was what horrified me when in post-retirement days, much later in life, I was given a top set, GCSE chemistry class of Hong Kong Chinese girls (i.e. very bright, workaholics!) to teach at Badminton School, in Bristol. Then, I just had to get down and learn it all , which I did through thorough Summer Holiday study – gain an insight into what hadn't been taught while at Price's – no atomic structure, no Periodic Table, reactivity, mole concept etc. My son, who by then had his PhD (in chemistry!) to his credit, pleaded with his Mum not to let me do it! He must have feared greatly for the world of chemistry, if I had left a trail of inadequates behind me! "You are an experienced Science teacher. Get on with it!" was the Head teacher's reproach. And I did. All in my set got at least the (high) grades expected, some exceeded expectations and none failed!

Post Graduate Teacher Training at Loughborough College. A.S.E. nominee on **Biological Education Committee of the Royal Society,** Founded Avon Schools' Athletic Association. Coached National Champion and International athletes. Published a set of 72 photographic transparencies and teaching notes on Osteology through the country's main laboratory. Founder & Director of the Marlwood International Chess Tournament 1973-1985. Founder and Organiser of the Thornbury Carnival 2009-2017.

I entered the world of Examining early on, as a means of earning some extra income. In my 2nd working life, the whole of the Christmas holiday was dominated (and spoiled) by the 700+ scripts of "Overseas Health Science" I had to mark. Admittedly, I chose to become Marker, but the physical pile of scripts was enormous. Over the years, examining proved to be a real chore. I hated it, but became trapped in the cycle of paper-writing, marking and results grading, each year needing to work to pay the Tax on the previous season's income. I rose through the ranks to become a Question paper Reviser, then Chief Examiner at a C.S.E. and A/O levels, ultimately responsible throughout the South West region, as Chief Moderator for the Human Biology suits of subjects which included Physical Education studies and also Child Care! I happened to be working at that time with the Child Care expert for the South West, so that was a help. And, my two kids were in their infancies at the time, also.

Two other major occupations have been as Director for the first 13 years of its life of the Marlwood International Chess Tournament, held in Alveston, South Glos., a major Junior event for School teams of 12 players. At its largest, there were 37 teams and with Team managers and a big Reserves event over the weekend, there were 500 players, including teams from the Isle of Man, Jersey, Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland (4) and the Republic of Ireland (3), Denmark & Germany, as well as from the best Chess-playing Schools in England. For 3 years each, the event was Sponsored by the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and by the Royal Mint Coin Club. I don't play Chess myself but can "organise" things. My School team won the B.C.F. (Minor) Clubs' Championship in 1987.



Magnus Magnusson presents the P.S. National Championship team with their Trophy



We always had a good representation of good girl players in the School teams

Thornbury Carnival, founded in 2009, grew to be a big, 1-day event in July, attracting crowds of 10,000+. There was a big Parade through Town in the morning, usually led by a Military Band, generally Sponsored, or given a Cat 1 deployment, which meant we paid nothing for their presence. I organised the first 8 of these events. At its peak there were 3 entertainment stages with a tribute band-led finale in the evening. Together with the Friends of Thornbury Carnival, there was a financial asset base of £50,000 when I stepped down. Although charity fund-raising was not its main role, the Carnival fed about £20,000 back into community funds. The Carnival provided a platform for other charities to do their own funding. As Carnival organisers, our immediate aim was to avoid a loss in any year but better, to accrue a bank balance that was large enough cover all of the next year's costs is the event should ever be a complete wash-out.





And my final "big thing"* is in this William Price 300th Anniversary Celebration. *Public, that is, for I also have a family History project going …

And, a bit more of D.G.'s school days, from the Lion magazines..	Sgt. In CCF. Drum Major 1961 and 1962. Junior Victor Ludorum 1959 (Max. Pts.). Senior Victor Ludorum 1961. Senior Victor Ludorum 1962

Godfrey	Julian	Dates	

In the South East Hampshire Schools' Tournaments Godfrey did well to win the second year singles and partnered Daysh to win the doubles.

1975 2nd year S.E. Hants Schools' L.T.A team winners included Godfrey (Captain).

1977 represented S.E. Hampshire U15 Basketball team,

1979 College Mixed doubles – Julian Godfrey and Sally Grace beat Mike Jordan and Ruth Collins 6-2, 6-3.



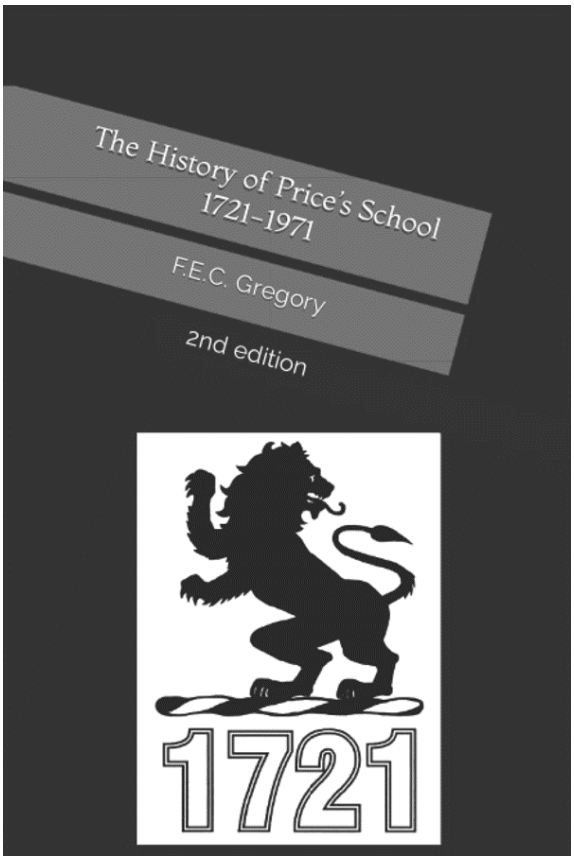
Gover	Paul M.W.	Dates	

Paul first became a part of this WP300 project following a chance encounter with him at an SOP Christmas Lunch at the RAF Club in London. We were mutually unknown at that time.

In trying to describe the breadth of the WP300 publication product I had taken on, he showed Interest on two fronts. Firstly, he had experience and / or knowledge of book production which was very relevant to the outline plans I had at that time – something to get to work on at a later date. The second interest obviously appealed to Paul in that it related to work on the William Price family – known to have offered obstacle to earlier researchers, and clearly outside of my capabilities. That is not to say I did not have the interest in W.P.'s family, etc., but that, amongst all of the other things to be done, leaving such a challenging topic to tackle was much better left to someone else.

That judgement soon proved its worth for it hadn't taken long before Paul had done much to cover previous research and more, to begin progress into new territory. The drafts he showed me were of a high standard of research that has since shown itself throughout all of his travails. Paul has not just found new evidence, and new frustrations, in delivering a narrative that he has always held lightly as a truth, but he has taken the trouble to account for his own research methods and sources. The latter might not appeal to many readers but they show to other genealogical workers' benefits that derive from careful, recorded, research paths deigned to test the rigours of possible conclusions from data gathered.

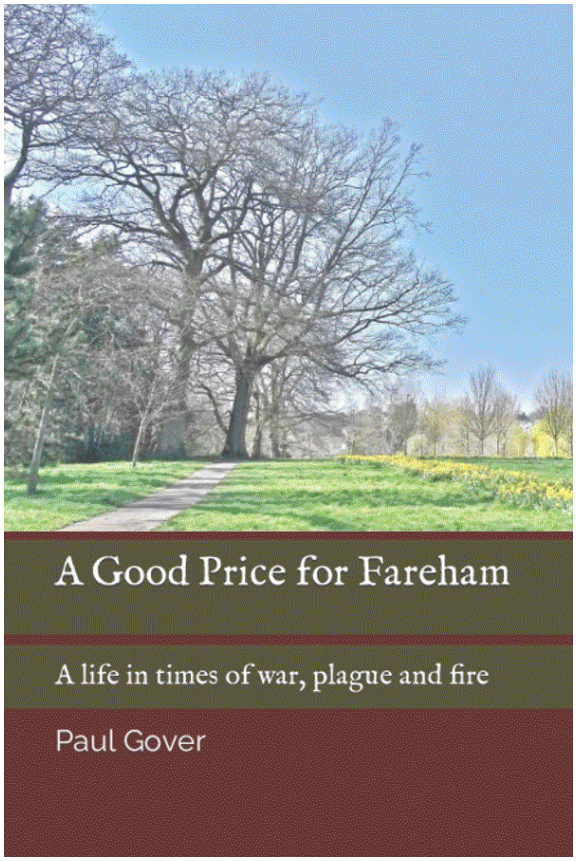
Nonetheless, his work gradually produced some interesting ideas of family structure and wealth sources, and was evidently a piece of work that merited independent publication in its own right.



In the beginning of this work, the W.P. family story was mooted to be a Chapter in the Lion Pride publication, amongst the many others in the wide-ranging review of the School since its opening on the new, Park Lane site, in 1908. Paul's story had spread much further however, beyond the socio-economic confines of the Fareham area with much content beyond the original confines of his targets. Propelled by the search for the details of the W.P. story, the Lion Pride interest in the objectives of the original ambition outstripped the parameters of the L.P. book and the outcome has been a Chapter more strictly adhering to "our" W.P. and his later years.

The publication in 1971 by the Trustees of the W.P. Charitable Trust of the "History of Price's School" by Frank E.C. Gregory, provides a record of the workings of the W.P. estate and the machinations of the Trustees, local Church and other education-orientated parties, with the Charity Commissioners over the management of the foundation fund. It was never my intent to re-open that 250 year span of work by the original charity school, but rather to pick-up the threads of life in its descendant manifestation in 1908 on the Park lane site of what was then a Secondary School.

What became of the "second" phase of the Price's School is dealt with in a quite different way in the 300th Anniversary outcome: "Lion Pride" which is a multi-authored product.



Helping Paul with the sociological, and religious context for the times of William Price, and around them, was Mike Duffy, an Emeritus Professor of History at Exeter University,. Who has contributed a n essay on the Charity School movement, as it has framed the story of the W.P. School. Mike's contribution is to be found in the Lion Pride publications. Dr. Charles Evans has also added a somewhat ethereal overview of the School's fortunes with a ghost / spirit of W.P. making return visits to his heritage and evaluating their compliance with his Will intent. Appropriate for a Mathematician, Charles has awarded % ratings to his visits!

The 1971 Gregory tome has remained much used, for its background contextual information. It was never a wonder of presentation even in its day, and this 2nd edition has benefitted much from Paul's skills in presentation with an improved display. That edition is available, @ £4.99 via Amazon, along with Paul's tour de force "A Good Price for Fareham" which incorporates the wider research findings of Paul's endeavours.

This is also available at same cost and from the source.

Work towards the completion of his two tasks – the History, 2nd edition, and the "Good Price" treatise has been additional to the other, considerable work imparted to the overall project, work that is, as yet, unfinished. \it was his transcription of the Lion magazine, 1st series, 1915 – 1921, that has informed much of the basis of wok in the Lion Pride text. Not simply a text scan involved, but quite a bit of secondary editing to ensure that everything reads as it should. And a secondary phase of editing that has removed the acres of text space occupied by ultra-detailed cricket scorecards!

A later intent to transcribe the Lions of the 2nd, later series, 1922 – 1974, has been allocated the back-burner on account of its size!

In many, and valued ways, Paul has deployed his skills in support of the work of others.

Thus, a great deal of appreciation is due to Paul for all of his input.

David Goldring

Grace	Nick	Dates	

A twin brother with Paul Grace, also a tennis player and brother of Sally (ditto) and Susan Grace.

Of his School life ... here are some extracts of Lion magazine entries:



1970 made an immediate impact. As the regular first pair losing only two rubbers out of 15. Team 1971 The same side played in all nine matches and were undefeated thus becoming undisputed winners of the league.

Team 1971. The same side played in all nine matches and were undefeated winners of the League.

The Grace twins did not lose a set throughout the season, greatly enhancing the confidence of the other pairs. 1971 selected for the Hampshire under 15 tennis VI.

1972 saw the formation of the school's first under 19 tennis team. The Grace twins formed the anchor spot for the team and were ably supported by Cooper, Wilson, Spencer I. and Spencer S. The team performed fairly well considering their ages which indicated a potentially auspicious future.

The Grace twins played six times for Hampshire juniors against other counties, trained with the Hampshire squad throughout the winter and had good success in the Lee-on-Solent, Alverstoke, Winchester and Sheen (Surrey) junior tournaments.

1973 The Grace twins once again formed the under 19 side first pair. Away from school, success went again to the Grace twins who won the under 16 doubles of the Ryde (IoW) and Alverstoke and were runners-up in the under 18 doubles at Ryde and under 16 doubles at Lee-on-Solent, their home club.

1974 The Grace twins all represented the Hants under 19 tennis VI throughout the 1974 season. With Stuart Wilson, he also won the under 19 doubles title. The Grace twins, Stuart Wilson and Rowan Legg represented the backbone of a very successful senior team which was awarded the Rawlings Cup for the most successful Hampshire School playing in the Boys Schools' Lawn Tennis Association's Glanville Cup National Knockout Tournament.

1975 For the second year running, the senior team won the Rawlings Cup for the most successful Hampshire school competing in the National Glanville Cup competition. Members of the College senior team featured in many of the Hampshire junior tournament finals at Lee-on-Solent, Alverstoke, Southampton and on the Isle of Wight. Stuart Wilson, Paul and Nicky Grace did well in senior tournaments **Mark Knight**

Founder / Director of Nick Grace Management.



NGM is one of the world's leading producers of international theatre productions and in the last 25 years has presented shows in 59 countries worldwide. NGM is an established producer, general manager and booking agent, combining all three strands under one roof and successfully managing some of the biggest and best-known touring productions over this period. We pride ourselves on our ability to provide bespoke management to all our shows.

Associate Producer, General Manager and Booking Agent of the MAMMA MIA! International & UK Tour.

The hugely successful English-language International Tour premiered in Dublin in September 2004 and, to date, has visited 111 cities in 41 countries and been seen by over 6.2 million people.

Lead Producer for APOLLO 11 – The Immersive Live Show, which premiered at The Rose Bowl, Los Angeles in July 2019 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the first moon landing, staged in a ground breaking, purpose-built venue, The Lunar Dome.

Co-Producer, General Manager and Booking Agent for WALKING WITH DINOSAURS – The Arena Spectacular (2018/19 International Tour) and General Manager and Booking Agent the 2009-10 & 2012-13 tours in the UK, Europe, Japan and S.E. Asia, which in its first year alone was seen by over 1.8 million people.

Co-producer, General Manager and Booking Agent for the BLUE MAN GROUP WORLD TOUR, which opened in Singapore (March 2016) and toured to New Zealand, China, Philippines, South Africa, UAE, Saudi Arabia, Switzerland, Luxembourg, Italy, the UK, Germany, Austria, Czech Republic, Monaco, Israel and Turkey.

Booking Agent and Tour Management for WICKED International Tour 2017/18, with International dates in Singapore, Hong Kong, Philippines, China and Switzerland.

Tour Consultants for The Walt Disney Company on THE LION KING season in Basel, Switzerland (2015).

Producer of BATMAN LIVE – World Arena Tour, in collaboration with Warner Bros. Consumer Products and DC Entertainment, which was performed in 16 countries in 6 different languages across Europe, South America and North America 2011-12.

Associate Producer for the 2008 South African production of SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (Johannesburg) and the 2010-11 South African production of MAMMA MIA! (Cape Town and Johannesburg).

Producer of BOUNCE – THE STREETDANCE SENSATION, premiering in Stockholm (2001) with two highly successful London seasons (The Roundhouse and Sadler's Wells), as well as two European tours and one tour of South Africa.

From 1995 - 2007, NGM pioneered and become market leaders in presenting arena musicals in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Finland with productions of CHESS, EVITA, JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR, FAME, HAIR, GREASE, SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, CATS and STARLIGHT EXPRESS.

For over 10 years, NGM exclusively represented Dame Kiri Te Kanawa worldwide and managed over 300 engagements, including a televised concert in the Australian Outback; her 50th birthday celebration (Royal Albert Hall); the Millennium Concert in Gisborne, New Zealand (broadcast live in

over 80 countries with an estimated audience of one billion viewers); and an outdoor concert in Brazil that attracted more than 100,000 people.

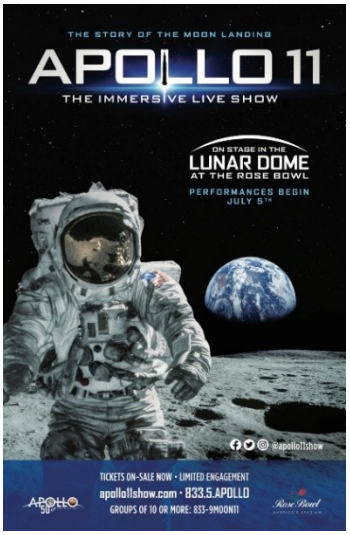
Where we have been, so far!

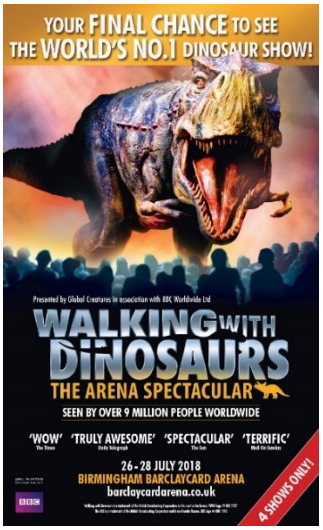
Argentina	France	Luxembourg	Slovakia
Australia	Germany	Malaysia	South Africa
Austria	Greece	Monaco	South Korea
Bahrain	Holland	New Zealand	Spain
Belgium	Hong Kong	Norway	Sri Lanka
Bulgaria	Hungary	Oman	Sweden
Brazil	Iceland	Philippines	Switzerland
Canada	Indonesia	Poland	Taiwan
Chile	Israel	Portugal	Thailand
China	Italy	Qatar	Turkey
Croatia	Japan	Republic of Ireland	U.S.A.
Czech Republic	Jordan	Russia	UK & Northern Ireland
Denmark	Latvia	Saudi Arabia	Ukraine
Estonia	Lebanon	Serbia	United Arab Emirates
Finland	Lithuania	Singapore	













NICK & PAUL GRACE'S JOINT MEMORIES of growing up in Fareham during our Price's Grammar Years and our careers in the entertainment industry

We both came from a tennis family, a family consumed by tennis !

Our father was the President of the Lee-on-Solent Tennis Club and the annual Lee on Solent Tennis tournament (which was, for many professional tennis players a warm-up prior to Wimbledon) being the most exciting week of the year. Every year my parents found club members who were prepared to host the players (rather than staying in hotels) which gave it a reputation as a very friendly tournament. Every night of the week during the tournament, around 10-20 tennis players would come back to our house for dinner and to play table tennis with us. We specifically remember both David & John Lloyd and the highlight was meeting Yvonne Goolagong who won the tournament one year.

We spent every summer holiday playing in junior tennis tournaments, most notably Lee-on-Solent, Alverstoke, Ryde (Isle of Wight), Winchester, Southsea, Sheen and Chichester as well as training and playing for Hampshire County and of course playing for Price's Grammar in school competitions. Paul was a more accomplished singles player but we both won many doubles tournaments, our strength being we were almost identical twins wearing the same outfits making it difficult for the opposing players to target our individual weaknesses !

Both our sisters (Susan & Sally) were also extremely accomplished tennis players with Sally being the most successful becoming a National Champion Under 12 and playing for Great Britain

Every year we would all go to Wimbledon to watch the tennis and, due to the players and organisers we knew, we would always end up in the private players enclosure and meet all the players !

Some of the most entertaining moments were watching doubles at Wimbledon, such as with Nastase & Tiriac and Newcombe & Roach.

On one occasion our Mum sent the school a sick note – so Paul & I could go to Wimbledon – only to be sitting just below the scoreboard so the cameras picked us up all the time – the secret was out!

At that time we all played with wooden rackets with wooden presses – then without presses – then along came metal rackets (outrage!). Racket choice was also simple – Dunlop or Slazenger (or for the rebels: Wilsons)

School life also consisted of playing football with a tennis ball in the school playground in every break and going to the school tuck shop where we bought wagon wheels, jammy dodgers, ginger nuts until we reached the second senior year and being allowed to leave school premises – going down to the bakery to buy pasties, Chelsea buns, doughnuts – which we ate on the walk back to school (healthy eating wasn't on anyone's radar back in the '70's!)

The only memories of school life that we remember as not that enjoyable was Army Cadets (CCF) - apart from going on an orienteering field-trip and getting lost in thick fog in a field – following a 'bell' only to eventually find it was attached to an angry bull!

Neither of us had any ambition to forge a life in the entertainment business but looking back, our life at that time did consist of regularly going to concerts nearly every other week in Portsmouth or Southampton: ELO, Rod Stewart & The Faces, Stone the Crows, Lindisfarne, Genesis, Santana, ELP,

Wishbone Ash, Average White Band, Uriah Heep, Rory Gallagher, Argent, Roxy Music, Moody Blues, Al Stewart, Steeleye Span to name but a few.
We also hired a minibus and went as a group to Wembley Stadium to see Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young's final concert – with The Band and Joni Mitchell. Another memorable trip was to the Crystal Palace Bowl to watch Beach Boys, Joe Cocker, Melanie, Richie Havens and Sha Na Na.

Music was a huge part of our lives, buying 'Melody Maker' or NME (New Musical Express) religiously every week – and going to record shop and listening to records in the record booths (the shop assistant had to put the record on the turntable and tell you which numbered booth to go to)

There were also many memories of going up to London to see theatre – most memorably: James Stewart in 'Harvey', Alan Bates in 'Otherwise Engaged' and Peter Firth in 'Equus' – and going to see Monty Python live at the Southampton Gaumont

Neither of us were musicians but we regularly attended school concerts to support our school friends, the most accomplished being Ivor Bundell and Joyce Smyth (formally Joyce Young) – who is now the manager of The Rolling Stones.

Joyce (Smyth – Rolling Stones) won't mind me saying she had the most beautiful voice (known as 'Joyce The Voice' - but we did have to listen to quite a lot of renditions of Streets of London' by Ralph McTell !)



After Price's, following a gap-year and a series of unlikely events, I found myself working as a stagehand at Sadler's Well's Theatre. I then completed a stage management degree at The Guildhall School of Music & Drama, began working as a production manager (initially with London City Ballet) and ultimately forming my own company (NGM) which is now one of the world's leading producers of international theatre productions, presenting shows in 59 countries worldwide (www.ngm.global). I'm not sure what other career would have allowed me to travel to all four corners of the world and to work with and meet so many inspirational people.

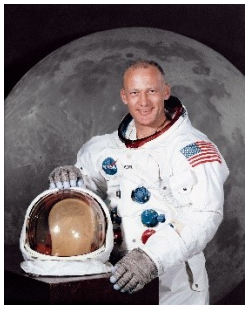




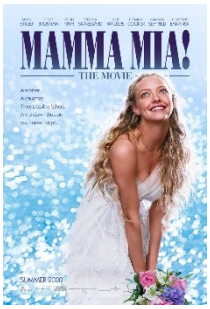




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For over 10 years, I also exclusively represented the opera singer Dame Kiri Te Kanawa worldwide and managed over 300 engagements, including a televised concert in the Australian Outback, her Millennium Concert in Gisborne, New Zealand (broadcast live in over 80 countries with an estimated audience of one billion viewers) and an outdoor concert in Brazil that attracted more than 100,000 people.

Grace	Paul and Nick	Dates	

A twin brother with Nick Grace, also a tennis player and brother of Sally (ditto) and Susan Grace.

Here are some School age comments from the Lion magazine:



1970 made an immediate impact. As the regular first pair losing only two rubbers out of 15.

Team 1971. The same side played in all nine matches and were undefeated thus becoming undisputed winners of the league.

The Grace twins did not lose a set throughout the season, greatly enhancing the confidence of the other pairs.

1971 selected for the Hampshire under 15 tennis VI.

1972 saw the formation of the school's first under 19 tennis team. The Grace twins formed the anchor spot for the team and were ably supported by Cooper Wilson Spencer I and Spencer S. The team performed fairly well considering their ages which indicated a potentially auspicious future.

The Grace twins played six times for Hampshire juniors against other counties, trained with the Hampshire squad throughout the winter and had good success in the Lee-on-Solent, Alverstoke, Winchester and Sheen (Surrey) junior tournaments.

1973 The Grace twins once again formed the under 19 side first pair. Away from school, success went again to the Grace twins who won the under 16 doubles of the Ryde (IoW) and Alverstoke and were runners-up in the under 18 doubles at Ryde and under 16 doubles at Lee-on-Solent, their home club. Paul Grace won the under 18 singles at Lee and was losing finalist in the under 18 singles at Ryde and under 16 at Alverstoke.

1974 The Grace twins represented the Hants under 19 tennis VI throughout the 1974 season.

1975 For the second year running, the senior team won the Rawlings Cup for the most successful Hampshire school competing in the National Glanville Cup competition. 1975 With Stuart Wilson, Paul reached the final of the Boys Schools' Southern Region L.T.A. Tournament at Chichester. In the National Nestlé Tournament Paul won the zone group competition and went to Queen's Club for the zone finals.

Members of the College senior team featured in many of the Hampshire junior tournament finals at Lee-on-Solent, Alverstoke, Southampton and on the Isle of Wight. Stuart Wilson, Paul and Nicky Grace did well in senior tournaments.

PAUL:

I had no interest in theatre (or dance) when growing up. I had no career ambition to work in theatre after A Levels. I was heading towards a degree in architecture. But a voice in my head told me to investigate theatre. So my Dad dropped me off in Trafalgar Square one day and I knocked on theatre doors all day until someone offered me a job - a 3-month season with Royal Shakespeare Company, working backstage. It was over 40 years ago. I remember it so well. The two young unknown actors starring in the play were Ian Mackellen and Judy Dench. I watched all 90 performances from the wings and was hooked !

I eventually did an arts degree at Wimbledon School of Art and found work at Sadler's Wells Theatre to support myself. This is where I discovered dance! So, you could say I accidentally discovered dance, and I have never managed to escape from it since (not that I want to) !

I then spent 35 years presenting classical ballet around the world – from a tiny stage in Barnstaple to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, to the ruins of a Roman amphitheatre in the Jordanian desert – and everywhere in between.

The 2 main companies I worked for were London City Ballet (LCB) and Birmingham Royal Ballet (BRB)

LCB was a relatively small ballet company based in London, touring around 35 weeks a year in the UK. We also toured extensively overseas – which I loved. My initial job at LCB was principally to sweep the stage and drive the touring van, building the scenery in all our touring venues. 10 years later I was running the company as General Manager.

The Princess of Wales (Princess Diana) was the Patron of LCB. So, of course, I met her several times (formally and informally). I was humbled to be an invited guest inside Westminster Abbey for her funeral.

23 years ago I moved to Birmingham to be Technical Director at Birmingham Royal Ballet. Within 6 months my daughter Rebecca was born. With my son David arriving a couple of years after that. BRB (formerly Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet) has been located in Birmingham now for over 30 years and has established itself as one of the world's leading classical ballet companies, touring principally around the UK. The company has travelled extensively abroad as well, to countries such as South Africa, China, Japan, USA to name a few. I've worked under 3 great Artistic Directors, Sir Peter Wright, Sir David Bintley, and most recently for Carlos Acosta

I've always been intrigued by production values. But even more by the process of getting to the finished production as much as the show itself.

Through my work I have been blessed to work with amazing creative people – designers, choreographers, musicians, dancers, costume makers, scene painters etc. I met many inspiring and interesting people along the way! ...including some from outside the profession. For example, I once met King Hussein of Jordan in a wonderfully chaotic arts festival in an open-air Roman amphitheatre in the middle of the Jordanian desert. He and Queen Noor arrived in separate white helicopters which hovered so low that they created a sandstorm in the auditorium. Meanwhile the Jordanian army band played on, dressed in kilts and playing bagpipes ! It felt as though I was in a Ridley Scott film ! (I believe King Hussein trained with the British Army in Scotland, hence the kilts and the bagpipes!)



Paul with Sir David Bintley



Nick with Buzz Aldrin

NICK:

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By Sadler's Wells Theatre - Own work, CC BY-SA 4.0, https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=47147916

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BIRMINGHAM ROYAL BALLET

Grace	Sally	Dates	



She became a National Champion Under 12 and played for Great Britain before she went to Price's.

1979 won the Price's College Championship, and with Alison Christie won the College Tennis Doubles Championships. With Julian Godfrey won the College Tennis Mixed Doubles Championships. The hat trick!

A couple of seasons previously, Sally had been rated among the top British girls at under-14 level and now at the age of 16 she had to make the decision whether to give up competitive tennis or continue her playing career despite the injury. No doubt pleasing the county selectors, she elected to continue playing along with the attendant swimming, weight training and other specialised exercises required to strengthen the back that had caused her so much trouble.

Gregory	D.E.	Dates	1912 - 1920

1st XI Soccer Captain 1918. 1st XI Soccer Captain 1919

The appended letter from D. E. Gregory may be of interest:—

H.M.S. "Sussex,"
At Taranto,
October, 1929.

Dear Chignell,

Heaven, we are told, is paved with good intentions. That being so, I must have supplied the paving for a good many streets. Knowing that I am considerably in debt to the O.P.A., I had intended to write and enquire the amount of my liability, and to enclose a blank cheque; but since receiving your letter I find that a postal order will meet the case, which is not so bad as I had anticipated.

I received your letter when we returned to Malta after our last cruise, round Greece. Owing to the trouble in Palestine, we only stayed in harbour long enough to re-fuel and re-store ship, and then did a record trip to Jaffa, averaging 28 knots on the trip; leaving Malta at 13.30 on a Saturday, we arrived at Jaffa at 06.00 the following Monday. This ship was told off for that job as we are the fastest ship on the station. Naturally, once on that spasm, all thoughts of anything else had to be dropped.

I was a member of Headquarters Staff as Transport Officer, and had a wonderful time commandeering cars and 'buses and supervising the arrangements for transporting the troops and all their baggage, etc. Naturally, we were all armed, but unfortunately had no, or only a few, occasions to use them. The total "bag" of the landing party was two dogs, one cat, and one donkey, shot during some of the night raids on outlying villages.

We spent 16 days ashore, 16 of the hottest days I have endured, temperature between 97 and 105 degrees. Life for the first few days was rather hectic. Landing in a rush as we did, we had no time to take even a shift of uniform. Meals and sleep had to be taken where and when one could. After a few days the district became quiet, and more or less settled, and we were able to land a few stewards, commandeer a hotel, and get an officers' mess going in quite good style. Life then became more or less bearable.

I visited several Arab villages while on patrol, and found the natives fairly peaceful. We partook of black coffee with them, and made attempts at conversation, through interpreters. I saw no signs of any arms, but their flowing cloak and baggy trousers could have hidden a complete armoury. Most of the Arabs we captured during night raids carried murderous curved knives.

We left Jaffa to join up with the Fleet, visiting Italian ports in the Adriatic, Zara, Brioni, and Pola; then coming South to Taranto. We leave here next Tuesday for Corfu. Ten days there, and then back to Malta for Christmas.

You may be surprised to hear that I have been married for over two years. Unfortunately, I am in Italy and my wife in England, but she is coming out to Malta shortly, as the ships of the Mediterrean Fleet spend quite a long time at Malta during the winter months.

I have not the faintest idea when I shall be able to put in an appearance at an Old Boys' match. I have not been home or to Portsmouth since the beginning of 1927, and I have still two more years to do on the Mediterranean station.

I hope I am only one of a goodly number of O.P.'s to whom your letter brought the realisation of the need of funds for the O.P.A. Good luck to it; may it long flourish.

Yours sincerely,
D. E. GREGORY.



Heavy cruiser HMS SUSSEX

This letter also included in the Old Priceans Chapter:

It is our sad duty to record the death of D.E. Gregory, who was a Price's boy from 1912 to 1920. But for him, and one or two other notables, the Old Pricean's Association would not have been formed when it was, in 1921, and he helped nurse it through the difficult early years. In later years he became one of our most loyal members, in spite of illness.

For much of his life he served in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy and when he retired, as a Lieutenant Commander, he continued teaching at Taunton's School until his final retirement only a year or two ago. Since then, he has not enjoyed good health.

He was a quiet man, endowed with great ability and high ideals. It is safe to say he will be missed but remembered for a long time. We remember too, his widow and two young sons, both now Old Priceans, in their bereavement.

Gregory	Francis Edward Coulton, aka "Frank" or Errol	Dates	

1964 Shooting Captain. Author of "A History pf Price's School", 1971.



Bristol University (History & Economics) and then Southampton University (International Relations), In late 60c /early 70s, a member of Staff at the University of Southampton's Dept of Politics.)

Author of: Dilemmas of Government;

Britain and the European Community F. E. C. Gregory, Martin Robertson, Oxford. Paperback, 152 pages + Appendices. Black and White £5.95.

Britain and the E.E.C. edited by Roy Jenkins. Macmillan Press, London. Hardback £20.00, paperback £7.95. First Published April 1, 1984. Several editions with different collaborators. No image of this book available

Frank Gregory, (Emeritus) Professor of European Security at the University of Southampton, presented a high-profile policy brief on security issues at the UK's borders at a symposium organised by one of the UK's most influential think tanks tomorrow .

Professor Gregory discussed the effectiveness of border controls, in particular at ports and airports, in relation to issues such as drug trafficking, human trafficking and counterterrorism. He also evaluated aspects of the in-country controls applied to these issues.

The symposium was organised by the Institute of Public Policy Research (IPPR) and forms part of the IPPR's independent all-party Commission on National Security in the 21st Century.

Professor Gregory's policy brief concluded that the UK National Security Strategy, UK Border security strategy and establishment of the UK Border Agency indicated governmental awareness of the need for a much more integrated form of risk and threat management system at both traditional and overseas 'borders'. Although his report says it is too early to assess the 'value added' contribution of these changes, Professor Gregory highlights the issues that need further consideration from policymakers.

(**Ed:** How apposite that concern, of 50+ years ago, was for the present and recent past days!)

These included the enhancement of data collection and data management systems relating to all aspects of people movements; ensuring that the eventual outcomes of the discussions about the nature and scope of the police presence at the borders in the context of the integration of other services, represented by the UK Border Agency, do provide for a genuine capability enhancement in policing terms; and provision of more appropriate performance indicators backed up by comprehensive and robust data collection systems for a better understanding of the risk management/harm reduction work of the border agencies with respect to counter-terrorism and the disruption of cross-border organised crime (with particular emphasis on the drug trafficking problem).

Professor Gregory's brief, entitled "UK Border Security: Issues, systems and recent reforms", is being used by the Commission on National Security in the 21st Century as part of an ongoing assessment of Britain's security and how policy in this area should be shaped over the next decade and beyond. It will publish its final report in June 2009.



Author of "The History of Price's School", pub 1971 The Trustees of Price's Charity.

This is substantially a review of the socio-economic clashes between the Charity's Trustees and various authorities over the expenditure of monies to accommodate the increasing demands for new buildings to accommodate rising numbers on roll. Organisational arrangement changes are dealt with, but really, there is little that deals with the routine and occasional aspects of the life of the School, to which the publication of the Gazetteer parts 1 and 2, and the History Extension (working title) are a sequel, and an antidote

Reprinted in 2020 as a 2nd Edition under the control of Paul Gover, available via Amazon @ £4.99

Gresham	Peter	Dates	1956-1963

Peter Gresham recalls Prices. I [M.P.] have moderated Peter's candid recollections bearing in mind the difficulties which" Friends Reunited" experienced concerning former staff:

I discovered the SOP website only recently, but was fascinated by David Wybrow's reminiscences. I have a vague memory of him as a tall, rather awkward lad – and, as he says, a bit hairy (though not as hairy as `Spud' Tanner) who marched in the CCF with at least two left feet.

But he has tempted me to add my own personal memoir. David says that Price's was his `first real school'. It was my only secondary school, but I am less certain about the `real' bit. I turned up, proud to have made it, for competition was hot in those days, on a rainy autumn day in 1957, one of a cluster of half a dozen from the same primary school. One of us, a boy called David Gibson, was just a bit `vertically challenged'. As we stood in the shingle quadrangle between School House and the old wooden pavilion, a laconic, sophisticated third former passed by with some of his friends and remarked `My God! Look at Lofty.' Poor Gibson was never known as anything but `Lofty' from then on.

We soon settled into the lower school – the lowest form of Pricean life. I was in 2a which made me feel I'd had a start in life. Bert Shaw, the deputy head, explained to us that there had once been a first form but that it had been abolished when the school had joined the state system and took pupils only after the eleven plus. My form master was called Foster but was better known to boys as `Flossie'. He also taught French. At the end of my first term, during which I had done little work, he wrote on my report `Resting upon one's laurels is not the best way of retaining them'. I have tried to remember this from time to time over the past forty years.

I had done little schoolwork because there was so much else to learn, so many arcane rituals, unwritten codes of behaviour, so much oral history to gather. In those days, we were in the presence of giants, the great men of the upper school, like Ivor Noot and Colin Tudge and, of course, Marcus Miller who was even then alleged to be quite the cleverest man who had ever lived. And we were bullied by the fifth formers, who made us wait at the tuck shop window for saffron buns at 2d a time and acted as a sort of brutal praetorian guard for the men of the upper sixth.

I saw an ad a while ago, seeking to recruit those who had forgotten their own schooldays into the teaching trade. `No-one forgets a good teacher' it said. It occurred to me that it was just as easy to remember the foolish, idle, incompetent ones. Those at Price's were a mixed bag in those days. Bert Shaw was avuncular, kindly, stern but fair and seemed to have an endless supply of anecdotes. Ralph Thacker was quite the best teacher – and one of the best human beings – I have ever known, erudite, cynical, sharp-witted, grumpy, he remained a good friend for many years after I left school. Short, almost bald, with a round, impish face and a strange ability to look windswept on the quietest of days, he would patrol the school with his gown wrapped around him like a black cloak looking like a local imitation of Ghandi, addressing `b,b,boys' fiercely, with an excited stutter.

All the masters wore gowns in those days: one Latin master, a Mr Jervis, better known as `Jerk' used to keep the right sleeve of his gown tied in a knot and would creep up on boys spying through the holes in the wooden partitions in the main building, striking them suddenly with the said knot. He also kept a very old, smelly plimsoll as a means of punishment, which he seemed to enjoy. He left the school one summer, without warning, [edited out] and was succeeded by Bruce `Twitch' Vail.

David Wybrow's Latin master (and my own in the first year or two) was P R Chapman, affectionately known to one and all as `Louis', a good-natured raconteur who spoke with an Australian accent, always referred to us as `gentlemen of intelligence' and answered every question by starting with a long, drawled `Well….' For a term, there was a competition running in the lower school, to see which class could count the most `wells' in one lesson. When the record was broken – provoked by the

posing of just one more question before the bell went – form 3a burst into spontaneous applause, causing poor Louis mystification and frustration as none of us had the courage to explain the cause.

Garton, the chemistry master, was known to my class as `Gunter' but I have no reason why. By the time I was in the fifth form this had changed to `snotrag' being quite close to a backslang version of his name, alternated with `gunge'. He had an almost total inability to recall any proper noun, or even many vulgar nouns, but referred to almost any object as a `thing'. We counted. He could get more `things' into a lesson than Louis could manage `wells' but we did not applaud. He was rumoured to have been a good footballer in his youth and to have had a trial for Arsenal F/C. One year, he turned up with a shiny new car, a beige Wolsely 1500, having, apparently, won £1,000 on a premium bond. He was miserable and humourless and unfriendly almost all the time, though, surprisingly, had an exceptionally attractive and vivacious wife (`Delightful creature' said Ralph Thacker `not a brain in her head'). On the last day of one autumn term, as we were due to break up for Christmas, those of us unfortunate enough to have him as our form master gathered with heavy hearts for the very last lesson of the year. He addressed us with the funniest speech I had heard at the time, reducing us to uncontrollable giggles, all the time maintaining his straight, stern, face and morose expression.

Shame on young Wybrow for failing to remember the `lesser celandine' – those country walks were one of the best parts of the life of the school. The other things that got us off the premises were the cross country run, the pond in the field opposite the school, in Park Lane, (which froze over in winter and was placed `out of bounds', thus encouraging us to risk the ice) and the field days organised by the CCF..

The CCF was led by `Colonel' Tom Hilton. [deletions] My own, rather subversive, military career was hampered by my inattention and insubordination: I would never make the `cadre squad' and pass Cert A Part 2 and get to be an NCO. But one of my very best friends, Steve Dowse, became the Company Sergeant Major and I was miraculously and improperly installed as an unofficial, acting, lance corporal in the school armoury, so while most of my fellows were out square bashing, I could play with guns, smoke and drink coffee in the warmth of the armoury and generally enjoy myself - and disrupt one memorable field day with stolen thunderflashes.

The story of the chap with the false hand rang some bells with me. I cannot remember his name but I recall another incident in which he and some other boys had cooked up a potent home brew in the chemistry lab (not, I suspect, without the knowledge of Tom Hilton who combined his staunch establishment conservatism with a streak of mischievous anarchy) and went to the bottom of the school field, among the trees, (where we all used to adjourn to smoke) to enjoy it. Afterwards, at lunch, he became a little soporific and quite reasonably, rested his head on the table. Because of some unrelated incident, silence had been demanded and the short-sighted master in charge (I think it was `Duck' Mollard') thought he was talking and ordered him to stand up. The boys on either side held him in position while they finished their meals with one hand.

Many of my memories of life at Price's are of disruption and misbehaviour. Having no other school for comparison, I am not sure what kind of education it gave us. But some boys did well. Of my own intake only one, so far as I know, went to jail. Others went to good universities or to Sandhurst or Dartmouth, or to work in banks, or as surveyors, solicitors, teachers, accountants and civil servants and became utterly respectable.

Much of what I learned was not on the curriculum. With Alf Webb and Colin Philips and Peter Kiddle and Francis `Errol' Gregory and Mick Duffy and some others, I helped to start a debating society and learned to speak in public. We were much encouraged by some of the staff, like Eric Iredale, (Dog) G. Thompson, Eric Smith, John Chaffey, Ralph Thacker and some of the other unforgettably good teachers. Eric Poyner thought the idea was good but was less pleased with the radical content of some of the debates. He once complained to me that I was undermining his authority and

challenging his most cherished beliefs: he was not pleased when I retorted that this was exactly my intention. Our history teacher, Howard-Jones – also known as `Abdul'- tended to disagree with most of my radical views but nevertheless encouraged my political explorations with great good humour because he enjoyed an argument. Even punishments from H-J were fun – always an essay of specified length (`Give me three sides boy' – meaning write enough to cover three sides of foolscap paper) but usually on a ridiculous and amusing subject. Once, after I had made a rude remark about his name, he affected to mispronounce my own: "Grease'em, your ancestors probably worked in a candle factory. Give me two sides on 'Tallow', by Thursday".

I certainly learned quite a bit about disruptive behaviour. By the time I got to the sixth form there was a small war going on between the Arts and Science Lower sixth forms, of which the *causus belli* was the rightful ownership, or at least possession, of an elderly, bent and battered tuba. Only violent conflict, it seemed, could resolve the matter – although, on one occasion, in a moment of conciliation and reasonableness, we cultured classicists did offer it up for the head of Brian Turner, who had irritated us by being much too intelligent for a scientist. The original provenance of this instrument is unknown to me but the battles caused some damage to the prefabricated hut in which the sixth form was accommodated at the time. Once, we were all banished during break times to the coldness outside, just like the lower school, because of depredations to one of the internal walls. This struck me at the time as a grave injustice. We in lower VI Arts were heavily outnumbered by the scientists – about four to one. We could defend our temporary possession only by retreating to our library and blocking the door like Horatio at the bridge where ` a thousand could well be stopped by three'. I rather saw myself as Herminius Lartius, armed with a chair leg. It was definitely not our fault that the frustrated scientists, with commendable logic, decided to try and gain entry through the adjoining wall.

Nevertheless, some of the techniques learned held me in good stead during the street demonstrations of the later sixties when I was involved in radical politics.

I was not quite as rebellious as some others – IG Williams, Hugh Curtis, Chris Leslie come to mind, along with and a chap called Harris who started his own scandalous and humorous rival to the school magazine called the `4A Times', to which I contributed some scurrilous (and probably libellous) drivel.

I got into a certain amount of trouble on the school sports day. Along with some friends, I contrived to enhance the dullness of one of the races by running in army boots and football socks, carrying a CND sign on a six-foot pole and wearing a top hat (which I subsequently discovered had been stolen from George Ashton some years before and secreted in the sixth form block). As I finished the race, Martin Lea drove his ancient, bright yellow (and barely roadworthy) convertible Morris Eight onto the field to carry me away. The local paper photographed my triumphant finish. Eric Poyner shouted angrily at the reporters that there would be hell to pay if they dared publish the picture. So the editor withheld it from the paper, but put a large copy in the front window of the newspaper office in West Street for two weeks. Martin Lea went to Lampeter to read theology and became, I believe, an exemplary parish priest. Steve Dowse, who had procured the hat, went to Sandhurst and was commissioned in the Ox & Bucks.

Mr Poyner was also disturbed, I was told, at reports (unproven) that I had been running a book on the races that day. He might have been more concerned still had it been reported to him that some of his staff had placed bets with me – but they were even more loyal to the law of `Omerta' than the sixth formers. And so, after all these years, am I.

Some of my rebellions were quite orderly and principled and would probably be considered praiseworthy today. Early in 1963, I and some friends (Dave Black, Mike Dillon and some others) formed a local branch of the Young Socialists and sought to hold our inaugural meeting at a room in the school, after hours and at the proper rate. Eric Poyner – who had told me that he was `a

Conservative because I believe in what Britain stands for' - insisted that this would not be tolerated. But I had checked the law, which was clear that any `maintained school' could be used by any political party or candidate as of right and as chairman of the YS I was an official of the Labour Party, which was, of course, represented on the local and county Councils. Faced with the option of a formal complaint to the education authority, he backed down and we got our inaugural meeting. He issued a press statement to say that although several members were pupils at the school, the YS was not an official society of the school.

A short time later, we had resuscitated the previously moribund Fareham end of the Gosport & Fareham Constituency Labour Party and several members of the staff had signed up : worse still, I suppose, from Eric Poyner's point of view, some of his brightest and best pupils supported me: Colin Philips, (who later took a first in philosophy at Trinity, Cambridge) quite the cleverest person at the school, was my vice-chairman. He and some school staff members (Eric Smith was a leading light) supported a sort of palace revolution and I became, at only seventeen, chairman of the local Labour Party.

Looking back, I can understand what a trouble I must have been to Mr Poyner, who was keen to modernise the school but not quite to the extent I had in mind, and took the first opportunity to persuade me to go – a sort of `resign or be sacked' proposal. By this time, I had already tired of school and reckoned that to fight it would be a waste of energy. Highbury Technical College offered economics at `A' level, which the school did not, and I could work and earn money outside of the disciplines of the school.

I left with some very happy memories of so many good people. Two things, I carried through life. One can be attributed, in part, to my adversary. As one of his reforms, Poyner decided that sixth formers should not concentrate entirely on their `A' Level studies, but introduced a compulsory hour a week of Musical Appreciation. It was provided by a chap called Boote, a rotund and rather diffident character who encouraged us to explore. Though mainly an exponent of baroque, classical and romantic music, he encouraged an interest in Jazz and shared my own enthusiasm for the works of Desmond, Hampton and MJQ. He was sometimes dismissive of rock music, which was then coming into its own, complaining that it was too `simple' compared with great works of the classics. I felt then, and still do, that he was missing the point. The simplicity of an Eddie Cochrane track belied the genius and the whole history of Blues that lay behind it – the musical equivalent of a Mondrian painting or Picasso line-drawing, its simplicity was the essence of art, not a detraction from it. But I think he gave me, and many others, the intellectual and critical toolkit which enables us to get a great fund of pleasure from all kinds of music. I was reminded of him, last summer, at our local opera festival, listening to an aria by Puccini which he had once played to us all those years ago. *Un Bel dí*.

The second was an abiding love of literature, much encouraged by Ralph Thacker and my other English teachers, Messrs Openshaw and Sterk, which sustains me to this day. One of the best features of Price's in my time was an atmosphere of intellectual inquiry, a love of learning for its own sake – which, perhaps, made up in some way for the total lack of vocational guidance.

A third would be an abiding dislike of Rugby – but that is another story.

Peter Gresham, November 2002

Showing dissident tendencies that today might attract the attention of the U.S Intelligence Services, though which were not entirely unknown at the time, **Peter Gresham** writes:-

"The CCF was led by `Colonel' Tom Hilton. [deletions] My own\*, rather subversive, military career was hampered by my inattention and insubordination: I would never make the `cadre squad' and pass

Cert A Part 2 and get to be an NCO. But one of my very best friends, Steve Dowse, became the Company Sergeant Major and I was miraculously and improperly installed as an unofficial, acting, lance corporal in the school armoury, so while most of my fellows were out square bashing, I could play with guns, smoke and drink coffee in the warmth of the armoury and generally enjoy myself - and disrupt one memorable field day with stolen thunderflashes."

[**Ed: *** Peter's career, that is.]

Grimble	Bob	Dates	1954 - 1961

Brother of Ken and George Grimble.

Watton in Norfolk 1960. My memory for 43 years ago is somewhat hazy but I do remember that the RAF camps to which "Biscuits" took us were fantastic fun, a mix of barely controlled anarchy and fun. I cannot recall which camp it was but I remember taking part in an after dark raid on the dormitory of the Charterhouse School which involved the sliding of a full and malodorous dustbin at high speed down the centre aisle between the beds of the slumbering toffs. This was followed by a giggling scamper back to the Price's dormitory, rapid lights out and under the covers. About five minutes later an apoplectic regular NCO had the lights on and was screaming at us that we were all up for 'jankers'--- whatever that was, and were to report on the parade ground at 7am. Ah happy days! I don't know if any other old lags can help my memory by putting names to faces. In the Watton picture (? means I cannot remember who they are)



RAF Section Cadets at Camp - Watton in Norfolk 1960

back row: l → r: Carpenter, ? Mclarty, Me, ?,?,?,?,?;

middle: Bennett, Hugh Roddis, Biscuits, Blake, ?;

front: Mike Keith, ?, ?, Bevis (nick named mouse)

Some old memories in the dusty recesses of my brain:

.

I remember well the day when, in morning assembly, Headmaster G.A. Ashton) 'Gash' informed us in his inimitable –'what what what' sort of way that we had a Biology teacher and would any boys that wanted to do Biology come down to the front of the assembly. Well, I thought, could be interesting, let's give it a whirl, and joined the small group of boys at the front.

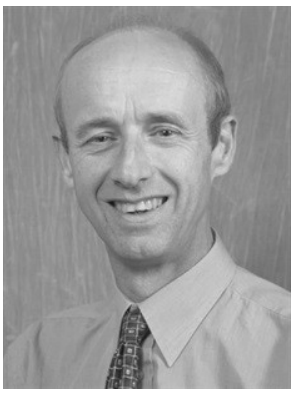
I can't remember who was in that group. Some of the names on Mike Oxford's list ring a bell, McLarty for instance who went on to be a GP. Mike Oxford is nearly right about me, I'm Grimble not Brimble. There was also King, who had a hook for a hand, having blown off the original while preparing a pipe bomb.

We weren't quite as brilliant as Mike thinks but did achieve 'O' level from scratch in a term. We did 'A' level Biology in two years I think and I also whiled away my three years in the sixth form by doing Zoology as well. I must say that I'm really glad that I made that spur of the moment decision to join the 'Biology boys' down at the front of the hall that morning. Mike was a fantastic teacher and inspired us all. I remember, under his guidance, unofficially dissecting a dead mouse I had found. The smell put me off eggs for a while, but not off Biology. Dogfish, worm, frog and rabbit exposed their innermost secrets to us under Mike's guidance.

The aroma of formalin and xylene is still evocative to me.

The reference to Flatford Mill rings a bell as well. We went there on our first field course and the following year to Dale Fort in Pembrokeshire. At Flatford Mill we did a lot of tromping about the countryside collecting unfortunate species which crossed our path. We also did transects of a river involving wading in with bamboo poles, to profile the river bottom. Some of us made intimate contact with the river bottom, taking the aroma of black slime back to the hostel. The boys had a dormitory in the Mill building and the girls in Willy Knott's cottage - Constable must be turning in his grave. His revolution rate must have increased still further during our stay because of the nightly riot which occurred in the dormitory. A purple faced warden (new species maybe?) made his feelings loudly felt saying that our nightly behaviour was putting the Mill in danger of falling into the river. What would the National Trust have said!

The trip to Dale Fort was an equally wide-ranging experience. Days were spent squelching about on the rocks identifying *Fucus vesiculosus, Chondrus crispus* etc (sorry about the spelling) and digging in the sand. Again we hauled lots of wild life back to the centre's lab for identification at the end of the day. Razorshells were a great favourite. They announced their presence by squirting water up out of the sand. They had a phenomenally fast rate of burrowing when disturbed. One had to pounce and dig fast to catch them. Those we caught were in a foul mood as was apparent when we got back one evening from a trip down to the village (I think to the pub—Red Dragon or something like that) and found the razor shells merrily hosing seawater out of the specimen tanks they had been put in. In these safety conscious days I feel so sorry for the present kids doing biology. They do not have the same free rein of experience and imagination that I had under Mike's guidance.



I went on to do Biochemistry and Physiology at Cardiff University, and am now about to retire at Southampton where I am a Professor of Nutrition in the medical school. In between I researched and taught on Nutritional problems in Uganda and Ghana for a couple of two year spells. Otherwise I have spent my time researching and teaching on nutrition, immunology and genetics at Southampton – and oh yes, in my early days as a lecturer, teaching histology. I was volunteered to do this when the Head of Department heard me say that I had done a bit of histology at school! Looking back I'm enormously grateful that I responded to that 'could be interesting, let's give it a whirl' moment at the end of assembly and to Mike Oxford for starting me off on what has been a wonderful academic journey.

Best wishes, **Bob**

During his career at Southampton Professor Grimble initially carried out research into the effects of nutrition on metabolism during pregnancy and lactation, but for the past twenty years has

researched into the interaction of nutrition, genetics and inflammation. In 2002 his group was the first to demonstrate that the ability of fish oil to suppress TNF-α production by leukocytes was influenced by genotype and in 2003 gave the first demonstration that fish oil reduces inflammation in plaques of patients with severe atherosclerosis. A paper by Professor Grimble, on the finding that the lipid-lowering effects of fish oil, in middle-aged men, was modulated by cytokine genotype was awarded the prize for the best paper in the ESPEN journal, *Clinical Science*, in 2004.

Recent research, supported by the BBSRC and industry, has also examined the metabolic response to surgery, the influence of vitamin E on inflammation in rheumatoid arthritis, the influence of genomics and inflammation on morbidity and mortality in cancer and in the elderly, and the influence of genomics on clinical outcome in chronic obstructive pulmonary disease.

In addition to teaching and research at Southampton University he was seconded to the University of Ghana at Legon by the Ministry of Overseas Development from 1977 to 1979. For many years Professor Grimble has been active on the executives of national and international scientific societies devoted to Nutrition. He served as Programmes Secretary and Secretary to the Nutrition Society, as the UK representative of the Federation of European Nutrition Societies and as Chairman and member of the scientific committee of the European Society for Clinical Nutrition and Metabolism (ESPEN).

Professor Grimble is a frequent contributor to international conferences on Clinical Nutrition and contributes regularly to Clinical Nutrition courses organised by ESPEN, Nestle and Southampton University.

Grimble	Charles	Dates	.

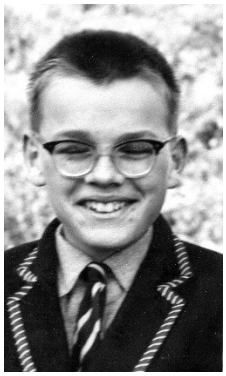
Hi David,

Me the shy one????? Cor blimey mate, not a bit of it!!! 48 years in Sarf Lunnun have had their effect on me.

I admire what you are doing to keep the old flame alight- I have done the same with organising 6 reunions for the Primary School in Alverstoke where 7 Grimble siblings were educated, and the same for the 1967 and 1968 intake of the Geography Department at UCL where I went after Price's. It takes a chunk out of one's life, but it is all worthwhile because the bonds created at these places last a lifetime.

Funnily enough, I haven't tried to do the same for Price's because the job was being done well by others, such as yourself and Patrick, but Bob and George have kept me in the loop with SOP stuff, and I did come down to a couple of get-togethers before Tom Hilton & Eric Poyner passed away.

I will jot down something for you, in the coming weeks, once I get an idea of the sort of thing you are looking for. It won't look like the 'Past Experience' bit of a job application form, it may refer to the passions in my life; Eric Clapton, Pompey, creating more community cohesion, particularly in supporting primary and secondary education, my Christian faith, my family, if that's what you are looking for.



1963

Any contribution to the Price's saga will have to pay homage to the late JB Chaffey who was an inspirational teacher who gave me a love for, and an understanding of, the natural and man-made landscapes around us, and for the outdoors. My friends include a number Old Priceans, like Graham Barrow who went through Alverstoke and up to O levels at Prices, and who shared the love of geography that JB inspired. Funnily enough, after 48 years of London life, I have returned to the south coast here at Seaford, and have met up with Keith Ford, an Old Pricean of the 1961 intake, who did not share my very positive experience of the place, and in Beckenham, I re-encountered Geoff Kelsey, of the '59 intake who similarly was of a more technical rather than academic mindset and became a surveyor.

A brief CV would summarise me along the lines of "*Although I didn't follow up my 2.1 Honours degree in Geography, I followed a career based in SE England, in social housing (LB Lambeth for 18 years from graduate trainee housing manager to Assistant Director of Housing, and then as Group Director for London & Quadrant Housing Trust for 17 years).*

During that time, I probably project-managed the renovation and building of over 15,000 social homes for rent (proper affordable homes!), in South London & the South-East. Stand-out projects included the development of 350 homes, (a significant part of the Duchy of Cornwall estate) in Kennington, working closely with L&Q's patron, the heir to the throne in his role as Duke of Cornwall, reviving and repurposing brownfield sites such as old railway sidings at Bricklayers Arms, Eardley Road, and Norwood Junction, transforming the estate in Merton that was the location for the outside shots of that long-running soap 'The Bill' knocking down tower blocks and building more humane lower rise housing (the filmmakers had to find somewhere else that reflected gritty inner city policing as the estate had become too nice!). This career which I loved was fed by my love of buildings, and people, and fitted me better than a career in either social work or surveying / architecture would have done. It is ironic that the 2 first educational establishments I attended have both been repurposed as housing!!

Retirement to the south coast has seen a continuation of my passions, where as a retired volunteer, I had a big hand in researching and shaping and then steering through the local Neighbourhood Plan as a 3-year endeavour, creating a £30m housing project for 140+ affordable homes on the local gasworks site, and am now engaged in extending a local nature reserve, more that doubling its size, as a significant contribution to this part of the South Downs National Park".

SHY? Naaah! My contribution to a slice of society has been in bricks, rather than books.

Grimble	George	Dates	

My brother Bob Grimble asked if I would answer for him. Yes, it was me at the end of the row (bottom right), sitting next to Johnny Brookes. I never knew why we called him Trog, but then again why was Trevor Marlow called Tank or Tug? Well if he was playing on the other side at rugby you soon knew when he tackled.

John Mitchell gave a great overview of that event. I was in the naval cadets and reached the rank of CPO by default and was also a First Class shot and knew how to press and wear the uniform correctly.

That process was highly symbolic and related to Nelson, the “Immortal Memory”. The black silk neckerchief was apparently still worn as mourning for his regrettable demise. Actually, there is a plaque on the deck of HMS Victory which states “Nelson fell here” and I’ve tripped over it as well. I didn’t accompany John on the voyage to Scotland but we did something else very exciting together. During the Spring Equinox gales, the Navy took a lot of cadets out for the day in a flotilla of 3 Leander-class frigates, escorting the cruiser HMS Tiger (or one of that class). The weather was bright and rough and it was only when we rounded the Nab Tower that it became even more lively! Our flotilla was strafed by Blackburn Buccaneers and hunted submarines and fired 400lb depth charges from its Limbo mortars and then finally the big 4.5” guns. The mortar fired something like an old-fashioned dustbin high into the air and it fell silently, splash, into the sea. A few seconds later, that bit of sea erupted with a roar and then a few seconds the concussion wave hit the ship with a big hammer and we all jumped up off the deck and the crockery in the mess did the same. It was a fabulous day out and they fed us well. All this for 1/-.



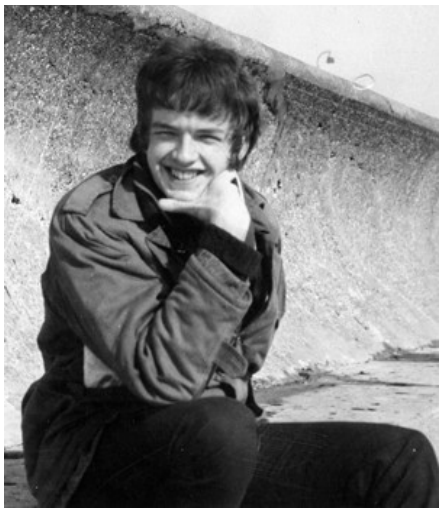


In 1969, I went up to UCL to read Biochemistry and my Price’s friend Tony Roberts (AN Roberts) started medicine at the same time. Because I’d been accelerated two years I took A Levels at 16 in 1968 and spent (what we now call a Gap Year) my 17th year trying unsuccessfully to get into Cambridge and then working at the Ultra TV factory. In the photo, the man on the right could have been me (but wasn’t) and 40 times each hour I would collect a TV from another line, carry it to the end of mine, collect a circuit board and switches from another line and then screw in the channel selector and tuning switches with a pneumatic nut-runner before sending the set down the line. On arriving at UCL I was incredibly fit and relatively rich (see photo)! Tony had taken his A-levels at the same time as me and we enrolled at the same time. How so? Well he had spent his Gap Year in the Falkland Islands with VSO. Another Price’s friend, Brian Kellett, studied Oceanography at Swansea and did his PhD with the British Antarctic Survey.

I now work 1 day/week at UCL as Professor in the Division of Medicine and research and teach the dark side of nutrition. It has been a very interesting career in clinical research and its taken me around the world. One of my best memories was to spend 3 months in Bangladesh with WHO to help the government set up a salt-iodation project to combat the terrible iodine-deficiency goitre* which affected 1 in 10 of the population overall, and 90% in the northern regions. This program has been very successful and in 30 years has reduced the incidence to less than 3%. This may not sound like much but this simple programme has spared tens of millions of people this crippling condition. I've attached a photo to give an idea.



Note the goitre swelling (caused by an iodine deficiency in the diet, hence no thyroxine, which affects metabolic rate) on the left side of the neck under the necklace. →→



I enjoyed Price's enormously even though the 5 mile bus-ride in from Gosport could be a bit of a trial on a wet Friday. It gave me a great education and so many of the teachers were outstanding. One who inspired me was Dr Smith (he appears in one of the photos in the newsletter) who brought a breath of modernity and fresh air to chemistry. He was mild in character and drove a Fiat 600 Multipla which was small enough for some of the larger 6th formers to lift out of the car park onto the plaza in front of the "new" School Hall. He also demonstrated chromatography which revolutionised my PhD studies and I even used it as a lab technician at Haslar Hospital one summer, to measure hormones in samples from sailors on long voyages in nuclear submarines.

I hope this memoir helps John Mitchell to whom I send best greetings.

Kindest regards
George

Grogan	Ernie	Dates	

CSM 1945 and 1946. 1st XI Soccer Captain 1946.

After leaving Prices, Ernie entered the civil service and apart from a short time in National Service, he worked in various departments until his retirement in 1988 when he was working as an administrative secretary at Principal level in the Department of Education.



1947 1st XI Soccer

He was married for 64 years to Patricia who survives him and he had two children and 4 grandchildren. He was always keen on sport and played a

variety in his youth and continued to follow cricket and football long into his retirement. He recently celebrated his 90th birthday with his family in Chesham where he and Patricia lived in a retirement apartment having moved there from Hampshire 6 years ago. He will be greatly missed by all the generations of his family and all who knew him.

Thank you, **Carolyn Charman**

Gros	Mr. E.H.F. (aka "Ham")	Dates	1963 - 1973

He served the School for a "mere" 10 years but in that spell, he became renowned for his work with Hockey, Cricket, the Library and the "Lion" magazine, and as Librarian.

He taught largely in the lower school and coached mostly younger boys, giving-up endless hours to these tasks. He had the respect, nay –affection of all boys and staff alike. It will be difficult to replace him. Indeed one well-known person remarked it will take four men to fill his place. We are grateful for his devoted service and he takes our best wishes into retirement in Gosport. May it be happy and fruitful.

Ed: Not a man I knew in person but, in reading through Lion magazines, it is clear he was a man with a high work-ethic, taking advantage of all opportunities to enable boys to utilise the chances to gain benefit. His range of interests and capabilities was impressive. Clearly, he had a capacity to apply learning and skills in a generic manner and this made him the kind of man all organisations, Schools especially, would like several copies of!

Groves	Nigel	Dates	

1972 At the Hampshire Schools' Regatta Senior's Challenge Cup winner. Librarian 1973.

Nigel Groves build a beautiful Mirror 14 racing dinghy.

This part of Price's School history is known only to a few. I now notice I was wearing my CCF jumper which I borrowed from the stores' swag bin!

Mr Hedley tried his best to harness us to developing academically correct methods but the experience in the group was years ahead of their time.

All of us went on to successful careers in communication, engineering, Naval Officers, sales, shipping companies, and Wiggle (Nigel Groves) even became Vice Principal of Barton Peveril



Artists impression of the new Nobel Building at Barton Peveril

Barton Peveril Sixth Form College in Eastleigh say they expect that a new environmentally friendly building that is currently under construction will attract an "Excellent" rating when it is BREEAM assessed.

The Nobel Building is part of a £4.2 million investment in facilities at the college and is on course for completion by July. It will be fitted-out over the summer holiday period, when Estates and IT staff will be installing more than 1200 items of furniture and adding 200 new PCs to the existing network.

From September 2013, the Nobel Building's 17 classrooms and 1956 square metres of floor space will provide a new home for the Psychology and Maths departments, as well as additional teaching space for Sport and PE.

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Designed by HNW Architects and built by Fareham-based Amiri Construction, other facilities within the two storey structure include a staffroom, private study area and a coffee shop for the use of staff and students.

Up on the roof, 84 solar photovoltaic panels will produce more than 17,000 kilowatts of energy each year. A 14,000 litre rainwater harvesting tank will collect water from the roof and utilise it to flush toilets.

Back inside the building, around 200 low energy LED light units will be installed, together with proximity sensors to ensure they are not left on unnecessarily. Barton Peveril say that [weather permitting], this will allow 17% of the capital cost of installing the solar panels to be recovered during the 2013/14 academic year.

Vice-Principal and project manager, Nigel Groves, said:

"The Nobel Building represents a significant investment in first class teaching facilities backed by the college's ongoing commitment to sustainable buildings."

"Barton Peveril has invested £2.72m of its own capital reserves and borrowings, with the remaining £1.48m achieved through a successful bid for a government grant."

"Both HNW and Amiri have a strong track record for their work in the education sector and I am delighted with the way site teams are managing the project in order to ensure minimum disruption to teaching and the local community."

As the BREEAM website explains, BREEAM is the world's foremost environmental assessment method and rating system for buildings.

There are now 250,000 buildings with certified BREEAM assessment ratings and over a million have been registered for assessment since the scheme was launched in 1990.

BREEAM also hold an annual awards ceremony, with awards going to the highest scoring building assessments certified under BREEAM Schemes in the preceding calendar year. The winners for 2013 include 10 Downing Street, a Data Centre in Newcastle, the Magistrates Court in Newport and a Waitrose supermarket in Bracknell.

Gwilliam	Peter	Dates	1943 - 1946

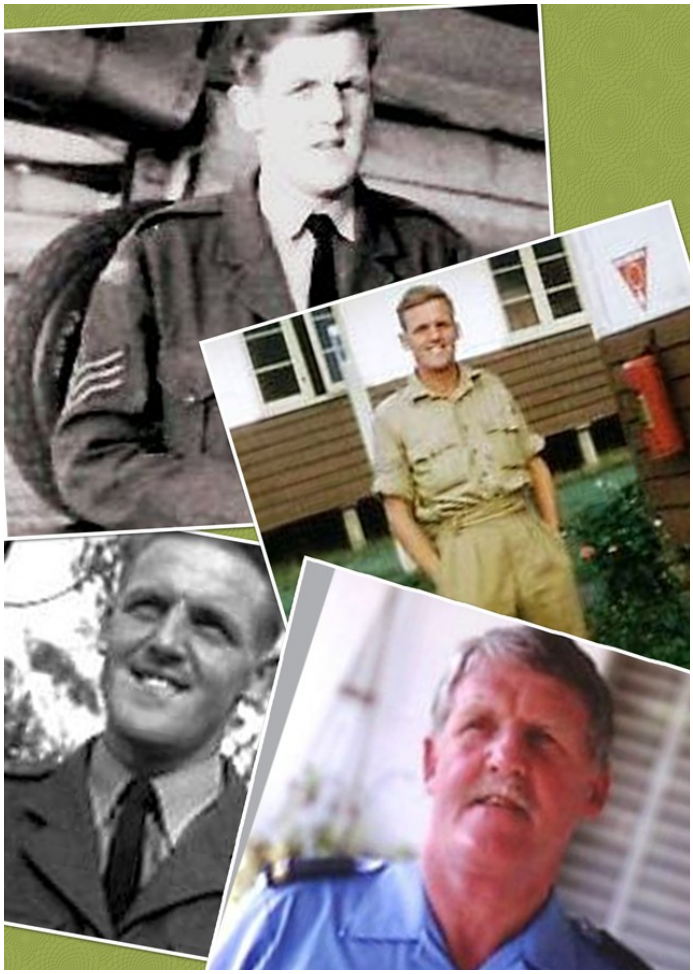
Peter Gwilliam followed in the footsteps of his oldest brother, John Gwilliam, and attended Prices School from1943-1946.



After leaving Prices, he was accepted into the Royal Air Force and began a 5 years apprenticeship at RAF Halton studying electrical aviation engineering. He passed out from Halton in December 1951 and began a career working with aeroplanes and travelling to many places around the world.

In 1956, he was sent to Australia to take part in the Atom Bomb tests that were held at the Monte Bellos islands north of Western Australia. He was stationed at the RAAF Pearce at Perth in April - August. In August 1956, he then went to South Australia to RAAF Edinburgh Field to be part of more 'A' bombs being tested at Maralinga in the South Australian desert.

NB John Gwilliam: Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1942. Junior Steeplechase Runner-up 1945. Senior Steeplechase **Winner** 1946. Senior Victor Ludorum 1943



During his time in Perth, he met a girl (my mother) and in November 1956, they were married in Perth. During 1957 and 1958 while still stationed in Adelaide, he was sent to Christmas Island (in the Pacific Ocean) for 3-4 months to be involved in 'H' Bomb explosions. During this time, he had to fly through the atomic clouds to take radiation samples etc. In March 1959, he returned to the UK together with his wife and 4-month baby (me).

The following two years were spent at RAF Colerne near Bath in Somerset.

In May 1961, when his time with the RAF ended, he returned to live in Perth, Australia with his wife and daughter. Three more children were born in the following years.

In October 1961, he started work with a West Australian airline called MMA, they were later taken over by Ansett Airlines and he was with them until he retired in July 1987.

In 1998, unfortunately he was diagnosed with cancer and, following an operation, spent 6 months having chemotherapy. He never really enjoyed good health again; more cancers and then dementia. Maybe it can be connected to the time he spent with radiation at the detonations. We will never know. Unfortunately, the bosses and the British Govt. involved in the tests did not want to discuss it

Dad died 10 September 2011. He was a very smart (good Prices education!), gentle and witty. His wife, four children and seven grandchildren miss him; sadly, he did not live to see the great-grandchildren who have since arrived.

Linda

