

Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"H" Surnames

Hackett	David	1918 - 1923
Hall	David	1962 – 1969 (Pupil) 1973 – 1984 (Teacher)
Hancock	Peter	1966 - 1973
Hancock	Tim	- 1972
Harley	Trevor	1969 – 1974
Harrison	Ken	1939 -
Hatch	Jesse	
Hawkins	John	1969 – 1976
Hawkins	Michael George	1956 - 1963
Haysman	Fred. J.	1917 - 1919
Head	Anthony	1970 -
Hedger	Philip	1969 -
Hedley	Mr. Charles Richard Francis	1961 -
Henry	William J.	
Henry	Jack H.	
Herbert	Michael	- 1949
Hewetson		Post School: 1931
Hibdidge	Norman	1941 – 1946
Hiles	Tony	
Hill	Alan	
Hill	R.	
Hills	Michael	
Hills	Peter Louis	1932 - 1937
Hilton	Tom	1935 - 1872
Hoar	Ronald William Cecil	
Hoddinott	**Sir** John Charles, CBE, QPM	1955 - 1962
Howard Jones	Mr. Michael	
Huggins	J.H., **M.C.**	

Hughes	Victor	
Humphries	D.C.T. (aka “Dumps”)	
Hunt	Don	1941 - 1947
Hurden	J.C.	
Hynes	Ernest Stanley Patrick	1911 - 1915

Hackett	David	Dates	1918 - 1923

Charles Edward John Hackett (1907 – 1993)

A recent purchase of a book which I have been seeking for some time reminded me of a brief encounter in 1979.



I joined an expedition from Southampton University, to visit Roman remains in Libya. It was possible then, but not easy, entailing a flight to Tunis and onward coach journey south to the Libyan border and on to Tripoli.

We were issued with passes (in Arabic) to visit some of the off-the-track sites and accompanied by Mrs Olwen Hackett who was the doyenne of the Roman period in the country. At the end of the week, she came to our hotel for a thank-you evening. Her husband came too, and he said that he knew our area. It was not until they were leaving that it came out that he was an Old Pricean! Sadly, we didn't keep in touch and it was only in this year that information online has helped me to put this note together.

Charles Hackett was born in Portchester on 2 June 1907; his father was a RN Chief Armourer. He went to Price's about 1918, allocated to Westbury, and was mentioned as a runner in Juniors, and a bowler in Seniors. When he left in 1923, it was noted that "he used to make himself wireless sets as a hobby".

He joined the RAF as a boy apprentice on a Wireless course. He showed a talent for problem-solving, and enjoyed service in many different parts of the world, achieving the rank of Wing Commander.

After he retired, he moved to Libya and took a post in telecommunications in Misurata, finally for the Libyan Oil Company. His wife had passed away by then, and he developed an interest in the work of the group of British archaeologists. These included Olwen Brogan who had also lost her husband. They married - during a visit to England – at Droxford in 1974.They returned to Libya, until finally retiring to Cambridge in the early 1980s. Olwen died in 1989, and Charles is recorded in the Portsmouth registry as having died in 1993.

A very worthy Old Pricean.

Source: **Richard Bridgland**, via Derek Marlow

Hall	David	Dates	1962 – 1969 (Pupil) 1973 – 1984 (Teacher)

Ed: *David Hall was both a Pupil and later a teacher at Price's School, and Price's College*

Rather like Jesse James, I hear I am a wanted man!

A number of people have attempted to make contact with me as I appear to be in a rather unique position. A brief biography to contextualise:

Having passed the 11-plus in January 1962 from Fareham County Primary School, I joined Price's School in September 1962, proudly wearing my brand-new cap, carrying an initialled briefcase, and wearing short trousers - what a poser!

Other than sport, my academic career was not overwhelmingly shining, and I left in July 1969 to train as a teacher, in Reading.

Appointed to my first post at Portchester School, starting in September 1972, as a PE and Maths teacher, I resigned in the summer of 1973 after being appointed, by Eric Poyner, to work as a PE teacher, under Charlie Tuck, and teaching English under Tony Johnson.

Incidentally, I have never properly acknowledged the respect I have for these men; each taught me a lot and although I rarely see either of the latter two these days, I hope they are keeping well.

Starting in September 1973 coincided with the last boys' intake (including my brother Richard Hall), I continued to work at the school until its demise.

Reluctantly, but with probable little choice, I was appointed to the new Tertiary College - about which I have nothing further to say, due to the libel laws of this country.

My time at Price's School, and College, were the happiest times of my teaching career.

Although the challenges of introducing a sixth form college were immense, I like to think that we all made a success of it.

I held a variety of posts during the metamorphosis between school and college, initially taking over from Charlie Tuck as Head of PE, then becoming a Pastoral Senior Tutor and eventually becoming the pompous-sounding Director of Admissions and Student Affairs. The latter part of the title often needing clarification for friends and colleagues! I am reminded, at this juncture, of Alan Glynn-Howells' famous comment, quoted by Tony Johnson a couple of years ago, about students "perambulating the campus in amorous juxtaposition".

Having been associated with Price's since 1962 until its closure, I should be happy to assist in any way I can in the 300-year anniversary.

Please feel free to pass on this message to anyone who has been trying to make contact, in particular Charlie Tuck. I have a few items that may be of interest including the official closure/reorganisation notice and the last school photograph of the 'rump' and staff who taught them.

Kind regards, **David Hall**

A View from Both Sides of the Desk (David Hall: 1962-1969 (pupil), 1973 onwards (staff)

Part 1: The boy becomes a man

Dressed in his new school blazer bought from the Co-op, (where Wetherspoon's Lord Arthur Lee is now) not Silver's, he crossed the recreation ground from his house in Leigh Road to start at Price's. (September 1962).

Sitting cross-legged with over a hundred other new boys in the small hall (which also doubled as the gym and was later to be the library) with a raised dais at the front, he awaited his name being called out as boys were placed in one of four classes, alphabetically. He landed in 1A, Ada's (Tony Alderson) form and with 30 others, were marched to their classroom.

Various business activities followed, including timetables and giving in 7/6d (a 'voluntary' contribution to school funds). Price's School aped the public school system whereby it allocated pupils to houses. He was allocated to Westbury House (red) not Cams (light blue), Blackbrook (yellow) or School (green) and his new life began.

Heeding what his former class teacher (the avuncular Harry Dimmer) at Fareham County Primary School had told him, he would now be 'a small fish in a large pond' and he realised at morning break that he was, indeed, a minnow. The older boys were everywhere, and the free school milk left in crates near a green corrugated hut/classroom were greedily consumed by those who knew the system.

Classes began. The teachers – sorry, masters – seemed so old; many wore academic gowns. At this time, several who had started in the profession pre-war, were coming up to retirement. Bert Shaw for Latin ('urbs, urbs, urbem, boy, not urbum!'), no doubt first used in the 1930s, remain in his memory. Later, when he became a teacher himself, he also had his frequently repeated jokes but not as many as John (Sooty) Cole (OP) with whom he spent a great deal of time as a colleague, some years later. "David, do you know what '*in loco parentis*' means?". "No, John". *"*Daddy's a train driver!"

Ralph Thatcher for English, Eric (Smudge) Smith for Maths, Ron (Dome) Garton for Chemistry (reputed to have played in goal for Arsenal), Tony Alderson (the esteemed author of the Anglo-Turkish dictionary) for French (and latterly Bill Openshaw), Ted Royds-Jones (Wick) for Physics, Alan Glyn-Howell (Genghis) for RE, Howard-Jones for History, Cyril (Jewy) Briscoe for Woodwork and Graham (Willy) Thompson for PE. John (JB) Chaffey for Geography, Tony Hiles for Art, Dick Hedley for Biology and Ron (Acker) Boot for Music, seemed, (as indeed they were) young by comparison.

For this boy, PE was the highlight of the week. The changing rooms were the cricket pavilion, and boys scurried off to the Hall when they were not cross-country running or out on the pitches for various physical activities. His ambition to teach the subject one day and perhaps become Head of PE somewhere, was forged then. He was overawed by the life Graham Thompson seemed to lead and the notion that one could indulge in sport all day,

every day, appealed. Getting to know Graham some years later, and with personal first-hand experience in his thirties, he soon realised that muddy pitches on cold mornings were not the paradise to which he had once aspired.
He remembers the caretaker Pete Crossman, a diminutive man with a giant Alsatian, whose immaculate RAF uniform on CCF inspections remains in his memory. Wally Baker, a lovely man, was groundsman at some stage, following the legendary Wilbur; both inhabited the subterranean lair under Eric Poyner's study.



Memorabilia of the West Indies Cricket Tour, 1975

He recalls some classrooms near the staff room being turned into a lecture theatre. The 'marble' flooring outside the hall leading to Tom Hilton's study (also the medical room) sticks firmly in his memory; whilst awaiting their teachers after break, the boys could hear Tom approaching due to the metal 'taps' on his shoes. Boys were suspiciously quiet at their desks.

Much of the next few years blur in his memory. He was in the Navy CCF section for a few weeks, being transferred to the 'signals' section, led by Tim Foster, as this appeared to be the softer option. No uniforms needed to be pressed, the antiquated radios always had flat batteries and were left in damp conditions in the rifle range, thus not working and the section could be dismissed early. Two cocoa tins with strings attached would have been more efficient. The optimum soft option was the armoury, where the chosen boys would gather, locked in for 'security reasons', and allegedly share the odd cigarette, or two.

In his short naval career (incidentally, he still has not received a military pension!), he remembers working with others to practise putting up three poles, called shear legs, in a wigwam configuration. The team became very proficient. On being asked by the Admiral on Inspection Day, what the contraption was actually used for on board ship, no-one could answer, as they had not been told.

New buildings arose, demolition occurred, masters retired and fresh, younger (normally men) were appointed. In his memory, at some stage appeared in his school career, not necessarily having the invidious and unenviable task of teaching him:

Don Percival (OP): History
John Wise (New Zealander): PE
David Stevens: Chemistry
Tony Johnson: English and Drama
Andy Jay: Languages, particularly German, and first XI football
Dick Bateman: Geography and football
EHF (Ham Gros): lower school English and indefatigable cricket coach for junior teams
Brian Gaulter: Maths (if you misbehaved you were told to write out several theorems)
Charlie Tuck: PE and latterly some Maths
Trevor Owens (Porky): Maths
Roy (Jock) Daysh (OP): Maths
Max Perrin: Chemistry
??? Parfitt: Biology
Len Garvey (ex-Navy?): Physics
Eric Iredale: Physics and CCF Navy Officer
Bruce (Twitch) Vail: Latin and Careers master

Hywel (Buzz) Ellis: Geography and RE
Malcolm Perry; History
Eric (Hovis) Brown; Chemistry
Arthur Barker (OP): Maths and CCF Navy Officer
Mervyn Jones: English and staff Cricket

He played every sport he could, particularly football, hockey and cricket, precociously earning a place in the first team while being relatively young. In those days, football was played in the autumn term and hockey in the spring term.

He was given responsibility for the tuck shop in the lower sixth; Old Priceans of this era will remember a small cupboard with a hatch opposite the ground floor physics lab. He became a prefect and rose to the dizzy heights of temporary groundsman with Geoff Jarman, after A-levels exams in the summer of 1969 (Geoff was the senior partner in this relationship as his father was the legendary Jack Jarman, groundsman at Park Lane recreation ground, with the often-shouted war cry 'Get off that bike!'. Eric Poyner often told interested (and confused) parents that before he had appointed David Hall to the teaching staff, he had been the school groundsman!

In January 1973, during his first teaching position at Portchester School, he saw an advertisement in the Times Educational Supplement, the teachers' go-to for jobs, for a scale 2 (promotion). The post was for a PE and English teacher at his old school; Dick Payne, assistant to Charlie Tuck, was leaving. More in hope than expectation, he hurriedly completed an application form and dropped it into the school letterbox at Price's, early the next morning. During afternoon break, a telephone call to the Portchester staff room, saw Eric Poyner inviting him for a chat the same day, which resulted him being appointed by 18:00! Charlie Tuck was called in and asked if he would approve the appointment, and fortunately, he did. Many happy years ensued, working with Charlie, and the writer will always be grateful for his support and encouragement. Eric Poyner told his recruit, some time later, that he knew that the young man would fit in. He hopes he fulfilled the trust placed in him. Years later, as a senior teacher sitting on interview panels that seemed to go on interminably and were often exercises in going round in circles, he recalled his own, much quicker and simpler, interview procedure and appointment.

During the summer term in 1973, he met Tom Hilton for timetabling and business issues and became reacquainted with many staff who had taught him in his school career. In those days, the beginning of term staff meeting was held at 6pm the night before term started, he was told this was to allow the all-male staff to visit 'The Sun' public house afterwards: a second staff room! Tim Foster (then Head of Languages and Head of Main School (the rump) Designate) collared him, saying the new teacher's view would be from the other side of the desk now, hence the title of this piece.

Random recollections:

- He detested cross-country running and was violently sick on the steep hill in Pook Lane at the end of the race, all over an unknown master's shoes; he apologises belatedly for not knowing who he was.
- Playing football at break and lunchtime using the old metal school-house fire escape as the goal.
- A talented boy, who shall remain nameless 'adjusting' the Hall grand piano strings early one morning before assembly, resulting in an interesting version of the chosen hymn.
- Playing club cricket aged 14, proudly wearing his school sweater with colours badges stitched on. A sarcastic comment from one of the older men playing to his fellow fielders

followed as he came out to bat at number 9 'This batsman's got a badge. We better watch out because he's bound to be good'. He scored 3 runs.



- Spending a week in the old Royal Hospital Portsmouth with a groin injury after being injured whilst scoring in an under-15 football match. He suffered for his craft!
- Winning his only school prize, a new Gray Nicholls bat, courtesy of Charlie Tuck, for scoring a first XI century against Portsmouth technical High School; apparently the first for many years.
- 1st XI Cricket Captain 1969. 1968 1st XI Soccer

Part 2: teaching in earnest

Having had a probationary year at Portchester teaching PE and Maths (to the lowest sets of third and fourth years, as was) he did not intend to move straight away. His under-14 football team won the local cup (those boys would be in their early 60s now!); the cricket team also did well. His Head of Department, Ivan Mullice, gave him tremendous support, but the opportunity to return to his Alma Mater was too good to miss. In his personal life, he met his future wife Fran, a Portchester School maths teacher and volleyball coach.

September 1973 loomed, and he started what was to be the happiest and most rewarding period of his career. Little then did he realise that he was to remain until the end of the Price's era, first school and then college. The school routine was exactly as he had remembered it, daily all-school main assembly in the Hall, with form assembly on Friday. Eric gave him a copy of 'A Book of School Worship', edited by Norman J. Bull (priced 10/6d), which he still has. He was Form Master initially for 3A, based in the new 'A' block on the middle floor. Old Priceans of a more recent era will remember the sliding screens that could be pulled across to make a bigger room for exams etc. John Chaffey's Earth Sciences department (as Geography and Geology became) took over the top floor, as they had in the old school house. What is it about geographers that they need to be on top of a building?

In some ways, the time warp was reassuring, and he slotted into place easily. Speech Day, Founder's Day, Sports Day, House Sports competitions still were fixtures until 'the rump' of boys (last intake) meant that there were insufficient bodies to allow these traditions to continue. Minors became Juniors, Juniors became Seniors, with nobody to follow. Then the girls and some female staff arrived, giving Price's a new complexion.

There was some apprehension from the traditionally male staff, without doubt, as the change occurred, but many of the female staff brought a welcome dimension to the institution. Many were exceptional teachers and although it is invidious to mention individuals, he will break a golden rule and mention Mrs Rita de Bunsen (LRAM) who took a degree as a mature student after bringing up her family and made a significant contribution to the life of Price's. The 'rump' boys, who were fortunate to have Rita as their English teacher, were the luckiest boys alive. Tony Johnson, Head of English and Drama could say more. At the time he started, other younger staff were beginning to be appointed. Some of his contemporaries were:

Bob Taylor (Graphic Design and Major in the CCF)
John Tomlinson (Maths)
Ian Wilkie (Biology and Rugby)
Nigel Groves (OP) Craft, Design and Technology (later VP at Barton Peveril College)

Peter Watkins' booklet 'Price's College (1974-1984)' includes staff lists for 1974-1975 (p49/50), 1983-1984 (p51/52) and staff leavers 1979-1984 (p53/54).

Cross-country running was still on the PE curriculum particularly useful when the pitches were put of action due to inclement weather. The new gymnasium on stilts was far too small for year groups to participate in anything meaningful and safe. As he set the group off one afternoon for their run, he was told by one boy that 'X' did not need to be timed with a stopwatch, rather a calendar!

The PE department organised many trips: international football at Wembley, the Harlem Globetrotters and PGL holidays in the Wye Valley and the Ardeche, and many pupils queued up to participate. The West Indies tour in 1975 with the first XI cricket squad was an ambitious but well-organised trip, spearheaded by Charlie Tuck.

One of the best teachers ever to be appointed to Price's was Roy Daysh (OP). He had served a distinguished career in the RAF as a Squadron-Leader Navigator before training as a teacher. He knew the nooks and crannies of the site, which he had frequented many years before as a schoolboy and saw it as his mission, more in jest than anger, to hunt down the illicit smokers. Confiscating hoards of cigarettes, he would store them in his locker with the boys' names clearly marked, to return at the end of term. Many disappeared as there were several inveterate smokers on the staff, who, when short of a smoke at break or lunchtime would 'borrow' from the contraband. No names, no pack drill!

The end of the Christmas term in those days meant a staff party, originally run by Roy Daysh who was 'sacked' one year from the organiser's role for buying too many bottles of brown ale, his favourite, but not that of many others! The writer, and colleagues Ian Wilkie and David Stevens, went on to widen the selection. As the party attendees were all men initially, a good time was had by all. Some colleagues were clearly not regular imbibers and no more need be said!

As regular beer drinkers, Tom Hilton apparently said to David Stevens one year 'the thing you must remember, David, is that some blokes are not like us'. Another Tom Hilton gem is, the writer was told, when Tom taught Human Biology at one stage. While explaining the muscles in the pelvic area, he informed the class of boys that if men had the same muscles as women in the pelvic area as so necessary for childbirth, they could stand on the top of 'A' block and hit Ryde Pier with a stream of urine.

Change was in the air. As the 'rump' passed through, the Sixth Form college grew in earnest. Students applied to Price's, were interviewed and were invariably offered a place as the curriculum was provided at various levels. They also effectively brought funding with them. Tim Foster and then Cyril Briscoe were appointed Head of Main School with Eric Poyner's title changing from Headmaster to Principal. The writer, by then having taken over from Charlie Tuck as Head of PE, had rapidly to devise a new PE curriculum as the Price's boys began to phase out. Team sports continued, now including netball and ladies' hockey on the traditional Wednesday afternoons, but there needed to be something to replace the House competition for those not necessarily avid sports enthusiasts. Together with the brilliant Mrs Pam Ellis, Head of Girls' PE, the concept of a Sports Festival was devised. This involved small mixed teams, chosen by the students themselves in events held around Easter for a week and supported by several colleagues who officiated. Medals and cups were awarded, the age-old Price's tradition, and a new cabinet placed outside the Principal's study to accommodate the engraved trophies. The festival was hugely successful for many years with those students who entered enjoying the experience. Not one year passed when at the prize-giving 'assembly' Pam Ellis and the writer were presented with a 'thank you' tankard or chalice. Then the

amalgamation loomed, the site was vacated and demolished and he knows not what happened to the old and new cups.

One day, the muddy pitch no longer beckoned, as Graham Thompson had once warned him and after being asked to become more actively involved in student recruitment, he relinquished his Head of PE role, to be followed by the talented Steve Fitzsimmons. In practice this meant giving talks in schools and at Price's to 'sell' the new institution. At this time, there was much competition from other local colleges and some schools had their own sixth form, giving prospective students a wide choice for where they wished to study.

He still saw himself as a teacher first and foremost, but gradually reduced his PE commitment and began to expand his English teaching. A-level English Literature became his favourite, and students at this time were as bright and enthusiastic as the selective Price's intake, previously.

He became Director of Admissions and Student Affairs in the latter years of the college, but it was becoming clear those in authority at county level saw a way to rationalise educational provision in the Fareham area. Countless meetings with Fareham Technical College followed, and in reality the Price's ethos, building and traditions were to die. A new Principal was appointed from outside the area and a clear strategy for staff appointments put in place. In practice, this meant a current Vice-Principal in each establishment, Price's and FTC given a role with 8 divisions (departments) set up with four current Heads of Department from each institution becoming Heads of Division at the new Fareham (Tertiary) College.

The writer became a Senior Tutor with part of the role still being connected with recruitment but also pastoral care and teaching English.

This is not the place to discuss the merits or otherwise of the amalgamation – others will have their opinion – suffice to say, to paraphrase the old song, 'things ain't what they used to be'. Staff restructuring, normally to save money happened frequently over the next few years, redundancies were common at every level.

Principals with new plans came and went. The final restructuring particularly affecting the writer happened shortly before he left. The incumbent Principal decided to reorganise the institution into three distinct parts – Vocational, Sixth Form and Adult Education centres. The talented Ian Wilkie and Maureen Sayer became Heads of the Sixth Form and Adult Education respectively. The writer became Head of the largest centre (Vocational). Much publicity ensued, leaflets produced, and school visits on a mammoth scale took place. However, within a few months, the Principal, whose idea this was, left. The new Principal decided this was not the way forward, and cancelled the initiative before it started. One minute we were Heads of Centres, the next, returning to Senior Lecturer roles. The writer was finally able to leave the college and indeed the profession aged 52, on 30 June 2003. It could not have come soon enough. The excited and enthusiastic young teacher of 1972 had become jaded, demoralised and cynical.

For the next few years, he travelled extensively in his new motor caravan, spent more time with his family and continued his hobbies of construction and world travel. He often thinks fondly of the Price's era and spares no thoughts on what education had become in Fareham.

Random recollections of the Sixth Form College

- The old William Price grave slab placed on the front lawn of the school at some stage, next to the flagpole, caused problems for the demolition team as they had assumed it was consecrated ground with the founder himself buried beneath!

- The outdoor swimming pool being decommissioned at some stage. Staff were invited to use the empty pool as a rubbish tip on the site as it was to be built on. He often smiles wryly as he passes the spot to see houses (and gardens) constructed over the dump. Don't dig too deeply, folks!
- Dick Hedley, Head of Biology, started a wildflower meadow at the back of the gym and was horrified one day to find that the county grounds maintenance team (who had replaced the staff groundsman) had mown it within an inch of its life as they thought it would look tidier!
- As students were now 16-19, there became a growing problem on the last day of each term with students going to local pubs at lunchtime, often returning slightly squiffy in the afternoon. He recalls one or two male colleagues volunteering to do the rounds of the pubs if the Principal could cover expenses!
- Pete Crossman (the caretaker in the early days of the college), saw potential problems with 'fraternising' of the sexes, when the female students started arriving. A master of hyperbole, two comments stick in the writer's mind:
    - 'I saw them carrying their mattresses up Park Lane!'
    - 'I couldn't take my dog to the ditch at the edge of the site; I was too frightened of who, and what, I might encounter!'
    - 'Mark my words, we will be looking out the staff room window and the field will be knee-deep in contraceptives!'

The End: March 2021

*The views expressed are those of **D J A Hall.***

Hi guys

I have fond memories of David Hall who was a teacher in my time of both English and PE. I have a memory of him at a time when he was opening the batting for Fareham and had an average of over 100. I was only an average cricketer but nonetheless his feat of smashing every delivery I bowled around the nets while batting with a stump has stayed with me all my life! A class act.

I also recall that during English lessons while we were reading Kes, he, much to the amusement of the class, picked me to read the section containing the f word! I often wondered why he didn't read it himself and why the lot fell on me. Lol.

Finally I frequently remember Charlie introducing himself to us for the first time with his pronounced Yorkshire accent, "The name's Tuck. Not to be confused with muck, suck or any other such word!" Happy days.

Stay well.

Best wishes. **Steve King**

And John Tompkins writes:

Great to hear about Charlie Tuck and David Hall. I remember Charlie teaching us basket ball in the early 70's (I think there was a big influence from Harlem Globe Trotter tour about then).

David Hall had a younger brother who was in the same year as me (penultimate year) or the ONLY year below

Please give my regards to Charlie, I wasn't much of a sportsman but the cross-country runs did me in good stead for 22 years in the army.

John Tompkins

Hall	Sgt. L.R.	Dates	

Report on Initiative and Endurance Test

Carried out by C.Q.M.S. Wigg and Sgt. Hall of
No. 2 Coy., 14th Bn. Royal Hampshire Regt.

Information :

Initiative and endurance test carried out between Saturday evening (1915 hrs.), 3rd July, and Thursday morning (1020 hrs.) 8th July. We travelled from Fareham to Bristol, and through the following large towns:—Gloucester, Manchester, Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Reading, Marlborough, Bristol, Exeter, Dorchester, Salisbury, and back to Fareham in 111 hrs., 86 hrs. of which were spent travelling, the remainder of the time spent sleeping, etc. Our average speed for the journey was 19 m.p.h., thus giving us a total milage of 2109 miles. We took no money or food with us, and so lived as well as we could.

Equipment :

Full battledress, groundsheet-cape, blanket, cleaning and washing requisites, small pack, road map.

Method :

Having prepared our kit we left Fareham walking in the direction of Southampton. Our first lift was at 1935 hrs. from Catisfield Fork to Titchfield Balloon Barrage Station, and this was followed at 1945 hrs. by a lift in a 13 year old Austin to Bitterne. When we reached Bitterne we began the disheartening task of walking through Southampton, but at 2035 hrs. we were lucky enough to get a lift through the town. When we were clear of the town we were given a lift at 2100 hrs. to Ower, where a taxi gave us a very short ride onto the main Salisbury road. We had hardly got out of the taxi when we were given a lift in a Salvation Army car to Salisbury.

We then began to walk along the Warminster and Bath road, and our next lift took us to Wilton. At Wilton a kindly farmer took us in and gave us tea and cakes. Now came the first blow of the evening. We were forced to march, an event against our principles, 7 miles into Stapleford, where at 2445 hrs, we received a lift in a large Buick to Warminster, arriving at 0115 hrs. We cleared the town and eventually bedded down for the night in a clover field on the Warminster to Bath road at 0200 hrs. As this was Saturday evening, when there is no long distance transport, we thought ourselves lucky to reach Warminster, a distance of 55 miles.

The next morning we moved off at 0745 hrs. heading for Bath. As it had rained all night, and was still raining, we were really wet, and the wind, which was very strong, whipped the rain into our faces, and made us feel thoroughly downcast. Although the road we were travelling on was a main road only 3 cars passed us during the next four hours. During this monotonous march we were given a cup of tea by a pleasant old lady, who was eighty years of age and who knitted garments for 8 hours a day to help the export drive. We had a short rest in her picturesque old cottage for 10 minutes. After this our luck changed, we had only walked another mile when we got a lift in a Ford 10 car to Bath. As we approached Bath we had a wonderful panoramic view of the city, lying in the Avon valley. From Bath we had a short lift, which took us back onto the main road. Our next lift was to Bristol, where we arrived at 1355 hrs. This was rather an eventful journey as the car in which we were riding burst a tyre, which we changed. When we reached Bristol the driver, who said we had earned a reward for our services, bought us lemonade and two piping hot pasties, which were greatly appreciated. After this short interlude we proceeded to the Police Station where we had our log book stamped by P.C. Robert Knight. We now had to walk across another large city, and when clear of the town, we were given a lift to Filton. Then a taxi took us by a very devious route to within 8 miles of Gloucester. From here we got a lift in a converted Army Recce car, which seemed to have no springs as we were considerably shaken up. This took us to Redditch, and the driver stopped half way to buy us a cup of tea. Our next lift was in the back of an open lorry to Wolverhampton, where we had our log book signed by P.C. G. Morgan of the Wolverhampton Boro Police A car then took us to the centre of the town where we picked up a private car and were taken to the point where Watling Street crosses the Wolverhampton to Stafford road, and we had not gone more than 100 yards when the car we had got out of caught us up again and gave us some gloves which we had overlooked in getting out of the car. This lift was rather amusing as the car had something wrong with its steering which made it zig-zag along the road. By now it had stopped raining, and although we were still very wet our spirits rose with the sun. It was not long before we were picked up by two R.M. diesel lorries which took us to Newcastle-under-Lyme. During this ride the heat of the engine dried us out and made our boots, which had been supple when wet, feel like clogs. By now we had passed through the rural country of Somerset, through the dock areas, we had been through high class residential areas, through the well planned city of Bath, and through colonies of prefabs. Our final lift on Sunday, which in our opinion was the best of the whole trip, took us by a very devious route to Manchester. The reason why this was our best lift was that the driver of the car, a gentleman of scientific repute, not only gave us sandwiches and fruit in the car, but also took us to his Manchester home, in the Disbury area, and gave us dinner for which, unfortunately, we were unable to dress. In addition to this he gave us a bed for the night and cooked us a wonderful breakfast and drove us on to the main road. Thank you very much, David, it was certainly very good of you. Needless to say Manchester greeted us with rain.

The next day we left our very comfortable sleeping place at 0830 hrs. after having overslept. Our first lift after we left David was in a van through Manchester and Salford on our way to Warrington. We then had a ride in a heavy lorry to Warrington, quickly followed by a lift in a private car to within a mile of Preston. The driver of this car bought us some sandwiches for our lunch in a tavern on the road. From here we were taken into Preston. In Preston a generous cafe proprietor gave us tea and cake. From this time onwards we had to cut the walking down to a minimum as our boots, which were as stiff as breadboards, were playing havoc with our feet. We hobbled out of Preston and were given a lift in an M.G. for about 10 miles, to Garstang. This car was supercharged with twin carburettors, and along the wide, dead straight road several times exceeded 90 m.p.h. The driver, although very good, was rather too reckless for our liking and we were glad to get out. During this trip we had to lean out of the sides of the car to keep it on the road. We then got into a heavy tar lorry, the impressions of this lorry we still bear, and it took us into Kendal. We marched across the town and were picked up by a R.A.F. lorry which took us right through the beautiful Lake District to Carlisle. This was really a most enjoyable trip, as we were in a covered wagon which was very comfortable in comparison with some we had ridden in, and we had a lovely view as we passed through the rugged scenery. At Carlisle we had our log book signed by P.Sgt. Ballantyre of the Carlisle City Police. Here we met our first Scotsman who took us to the famous Scots village of Gretna Green where we saw the famous marriage room where 10,000 marriages have been made. We crossed the border at 1855 hrs. From here we were taken in a furniture van to Glasgow, which we reached at 2230 hrs. Leaving our transport we walked about 75 yards to our sleeping accommodation, the Plantation sub-station of the Govan police division, where we had our log book stamped by a police sergeant. We spent the night in a cell.

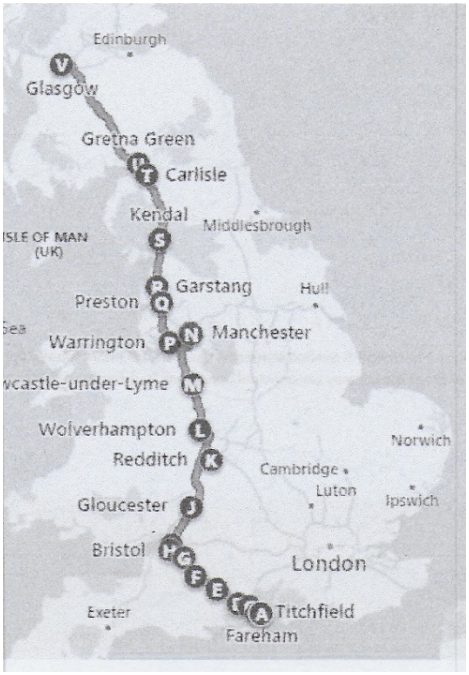
After having washed and shaved we were given tea and rolls by the police and set off for Edinburgh at 0700 hrs. in a laundry van which took us to Edinburgh, where we arrived at 0820 hrs. We were then taken into the centre of the city in a vegetable van. We had our log book stamped and pressed on to the A1 road. We were taken to the outskirts on the Dunbar road, and then given a lift on a lemonade lorry to Musselburgh. We were then taken to within 3 miles of Dunbar in a converted 14 cwt. truck. The driver bought us tea and sandwiches on route. From this point a private car took us to Broxburn Bridge. The driver gave us a 7 lb. basket of strawberries so we sat on the bridge and ate the lot. After this very important event we were taken to Innerwick. From there we got a lift via St. Abbs Head to Eyemouth. This again was a very pleasant journey as it took us along a very picturesque part of the coast. Here we met an American who was travelling the same road as us and who was trying to hitch-hike to Cambridge. He gave us some food for which we were very grateful. All three of us were taken on to the main road where we separated. Our next lift was to Alnwick, and then to Newcastle where we marched through to Gateshead. Here we had our log book stamped at the Gateshead police headquarters by P.Sgt. Fowlie. From here we were given a lift in a heavy transport lorry by a very devious route to Weatherby. We were picked up by another lorry which took us to Bawtry. From here we were picked up by a private car, which ran out of petrol half way to Newark. Then came a really good lift. At 2230 hrs. we picked up a heavy furniture van which took us from Newark to Tottenham. We had company on this trip in the shape of two Edinburgh University Students who were going to London and on to Paris for three months holiday. By now we were really hungry, as we had not had a cooked meal since we left Manchester. During the early hours of the morning,

at 0315 hrs., we stopped at a wayside transport cafe and the driver bought us breakfast. This was a wonderful affair and consisted of 3 eggs, 3 large sausages, 2 slices of bacon, green peas, 4 pieces of fried bread, unlimited bread and butter and several mugs of tea. The whole of this only cost 6/3 for all five of us. We arrived at Tottenham at 0445 hrs. and had our log stamped. We then marched back to Edmonton, on the North Circular Road, where we picked up a lift to Reading and were given another good breakfast. On arrival at Reading we were picked up almost immediately and driven to Newbury. We then went on to Hungerford where we were taken in a very uncomfortable lorry to Bristol. Even though this was an uncomfortable journey we were so tired we managed to sleep most of the way. At Bristol we again had our log stamped, and after walking all over Bristol, owing to erroneous police directions, we eventually got a lift to within three miles of Cheddar. At this point we passed a section of Army Cadets from a local school out doing Signal training. Our next lift was in a market lorry to Bridgwater, from there we got a lift in a converted 14 cwt. van through Taunton, Illminster, Chard, Axminster, Cullumpton, to Exeter. This trip was very amusing from the drivers point of view because when he was driving along at 60 m.p.h. he suddenly decided to stop and one of us was projected from the cab, across the bonnet into the nearest ditch, but was fortunate enough to escape with minor bruises. On arrival in Exeter we had our log book stamped by the city police, and then took the coast road towards Dorchester. After we cleared the town we were picked up by a Royal Blue coach which was returning empty to Dorchester. This was a very comfortable ride, and we saw some wonderful West Country scenery, both inland and on the coast. It is certainly understandable why the tourist trade is prospering in the West. The driver of the coach gave us 7/- to buy a meal, but as all cafes were closed we used it to buy breakfast next morning, From Dorchester we were taken as far as Puddletown and then to Blandford where we had our log book stamped by the Blandford police, who also put us up for the night in the cells. The next morning we were given a lift at 0730 hrs. to Salisbury. From here we were taken in an electrician's van to Whiteparish where we bought breakfast. We were taken from the wayside cafe as far as Bitterne, and from here we were taken to Park Gate. And then came our last lift in a small van as far as Fareham Railway Station.

Throughout the test we found everyone most helpful, and always willing to put us right, and to do as much as they could for us. Our lifts were all given out of kindness, and were often accompanied by food and drink, all of which was given freely, nothing being asked for or begged. Money was only accepted under pressure, usually of our stomachs, and was only used to buy food. During the trip everybody was very interested in our progress, and certainly gave us some exciting thrills and surprises. We both would like to thank all persons who helped us on our way and gave us refreshments. If anybody ever thinks of doing a similar test we would both highly recommend it as one of the best ways of seeing our country and meeting some of her very interesting peoples.

Fareham. 9-7-48

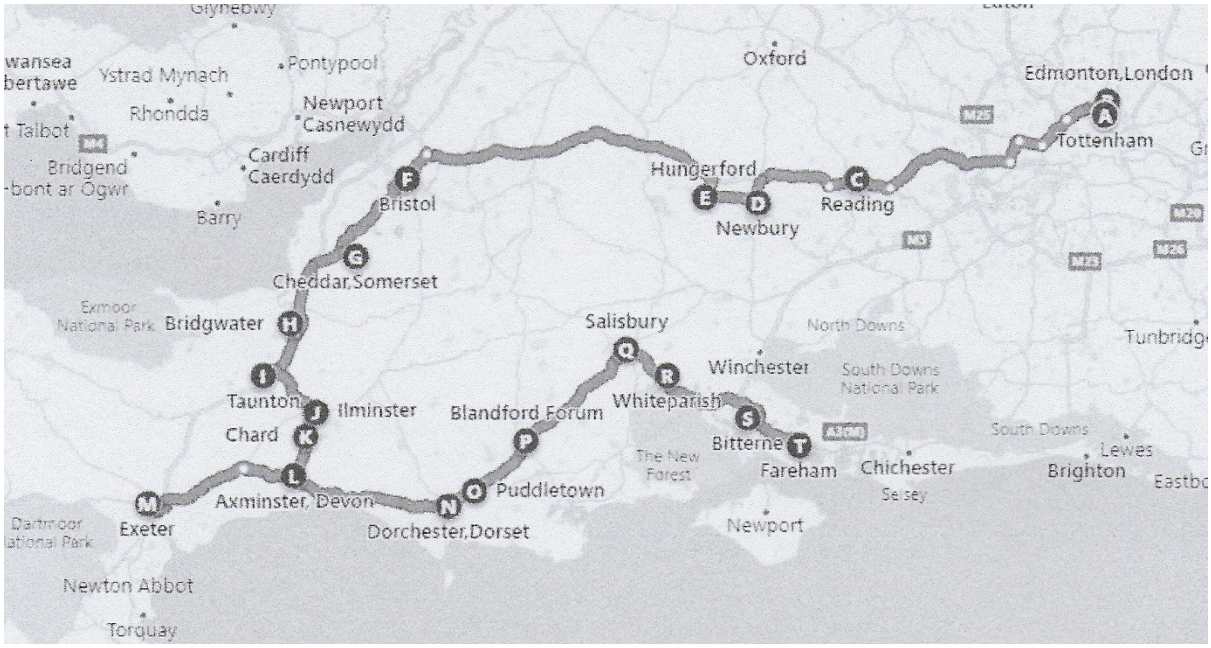
P. WIGG, C.Q.M.S., L. R. HALL, Sgt.



The 1948 Trek, outward route



1948 homeward route



Obituary

We were all saddened this term by the tragic death of Peter Wigg : he had done a great deal for the School and above all, for the Cadet Corps. He was one of those who gave to the School as well as took from her, and he gave generously in ability, time and energy. His death was a loss to us, whom he was about to leave, and to his Country which he was soon to begin to serve. We offer our deepest sympathy to his parents on their loss. Only last term we published a contribution from him which marked his abounding zest for life, and it is sad to think of such promise unfulfilled.

Hancock	Bishop Peter	Dates	1966 - 1973

Born 26 July 1955, on the Isle of Wight His family moved to Fareham, Hampshire, when he was 11. He undertook an undergraduate degree at Selwyn College, Cambridge (M.A.) before training for ordained ministry at Oak Hill Theological College (1977-1980).

Peter was ordained in the Church of England: made a deacon at Michaelmas 1980 (28 September)[1] and ordained a priest the Michaelmas following (27



Bishop Peter Hancock & Archbishop of Canterbury Roan Atkinson



Peter after his installation as Bishop of Bath and Wells

September 1981), He was a curate at Christchurch, Portsdown between 1980 and 1983, and at Saint Aldhelm, Radipole until 1987. From 1987 to 1999 he was Vicar of St Wilfrid's, Cowplain before becoming Archdeacon of The Meon — a post he held until his ordination to the episcopate.

He was consecrated as a bishop at St Paul's Cathedral on 21 September 2010 and welcomed as Bishop of Basingstoke at Winchester Cathedral on 2 October 2010. On 10 December 2013, it was announced that Hancock would become Bishop of Bath and Wells in 2014. Initially it was announced that, unlike his predecessors, he would not live in the Bishop's Palace. However that decision was later reversed. His election as Bishop of Bath and Wells was confirmed on 4 March 2014[11] and he was installed at Wells Cathedral on 7 June 2014.

Peter has been married since 1979 and he and his wife have four adult children.

At Price's School, he was a Head of School House and also Head Boy of the School. It is not surprising to find he was a principal leader of the School's Christian Union group.

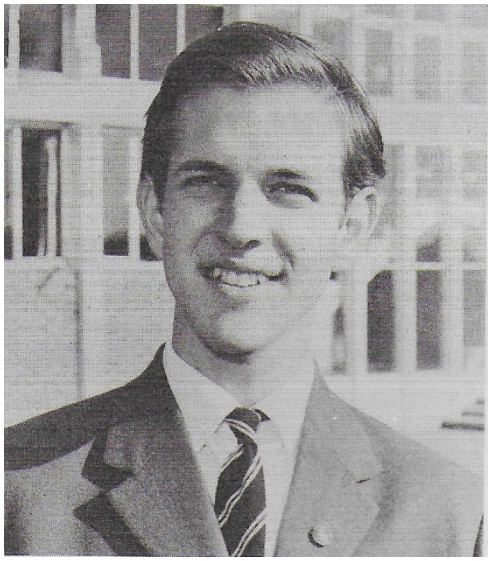


Bishop Peter Hancock

Bishop Peter was born in Kent in 1955 but grew up in the Isle of Wight before his family moved to Fareham, Hampshire when he was aged 11. He is a member of the Society of Ordained Scientists and has an interest in the relationship between science and Christianity.

Children and young people have been at the centre of his ministry. Previously he has undertaken youth work in parishes, helping organise venture holidays. He was also district scout chaplain and has a long association with scouting and guiding that he will look to continue in Somerset.

Bishop Peter has a passion for the countryside. He and his wife, Jane, can often be found out and about walking their Golden Retriever, Juno. He



Peter Hancock, Head Boy

He loves being by the sea and has never lived far from it and is looking forward to exploring Somerset's coastline. His love for the countryside goes hand-in-hand with his concern for the environment.

The Rt Revd Peter Hancock read Natural Sciences at Selwyn College, Cambridge and then studied for ordained ministry at Oak Hill Theological College. He served his first curacy at Portsdown in Portsmouth Diocese from 1980 to 1983. From 1983 to 1987 he was Curate at Radipole and Melcombe Regis in the Diocese of Salisbury. From 1987 to 1999 he was Vicar of Cowplain in the Diocese of Portsmouth. From 1993 to 1998 he was Rural Dean of Havant. From 1997 to 1999 he was an Honorary Canon of Portsmouth Cathedral. From 1999 to 2010 he was Archdeacon of Meon in the Diocese of Portsmouth. From 2003 to 2006 he was Diocesan Director of Mission and from 2010 to 2014 he was the Suffragan Bishop of Basingstoke.

Bishop Peter's love of the countryside translates into a strong interest in rural and environmental issues. This, alongside encouraging children and young people, and supporting the homeless and most vulnerable in society, forms what Bishop Peter describes as the "three threads" of his ministry.

Peter and Jane have four grown-up children, Claire, Richard, Charlotte and William. Claire is a tropical agriculturalist. She travels extensively and works for Tearfund as a Global Food Security Officer. Richard trained as an engineer and is now an insurance broker in the City. Charlotte is a physiotherapist working in University College Hospital. William is an engineer and has just begun working for an engineering consultancy firm. All four children live and work in London.

Bishop Peter's interests include walking, meeting people, travelling and watching sport. He has particular concerns for the environment and the work of mission and development agencies.

Hancock	Tim	Dates	- 1972



Brother of Bishop Peter Hancock.

1972 Officer of the Infantry Company in "Journey's End." "Special praise must also go to Timothy Hancock playing Hibbert; the scene where he is confronted by Stanhope with a gun was well handled in view of its considerable difficulty."

Librarian 1971 & 1972. 1971 completed re-classification of all books during the holidays!

Harley	Trevor	Dates	1969 - 1974



My first memory of Price's is going to assembly on the first day of term in September 1969. In my mind it was all very organised, with pupils self-organising into neat rank and files as they marched into the hall, like something from Mr Chips. Of course my memory must be wrong, and it must have been totally chaotic. My mother thought short trousers were the thing to wear ("let the air get to your legs"), and I was horrified to discover I was one of only three boys in the school not wearing long trousers. Fortunately I had a long pair for the second week.

In retrospect moving up from junior school to grammar school was a huge transition, but the young take most things in their stride, and i was no exception. I never thought about it. I was in Form 1B, with Charlie Tuck as our master, in one of those rather grim little huts beside what seemed a magical garden. I lived in Pilands Estate outside Bursledon, and caught the No. 80 Hants and Dorset bus every morning, at first dutifully with my Bible and dictionary and completely useless fountain pen in a largely empty briefcase. Colin Fricker from the same estate was in my form and we caught the bus together. My father had disappeared the year before, and we had been evicted. There were a few other boys from single-parent families, but we never talked about that sort of thing - unfortunately, in retrospect. We lived in the furthest flung reaches of the Price's empire - boys really only started getting on at Sarisbury Green. Who else do I remember? Tufty Cooper caught the bus there, and Alan Herbert, now apparently sadly no more. I became most friendly with Peter Dear. Most of the other boys in my form are now mostly surnames and fuzzy faces: Grant, Hawkins, Earl, Ebdon, Homer, Hartridge, Harris, Herbertson. There was one boy called Colin Ford who had a leg calliper and was very small; I never found out exactly what was wrong with him, and he died during the first year, which was a shame. He seemed a nice chap.

I think 1969-1970 was a transitional time for the school. I assume many of the teachers appointed in the wake of the war were retiring around then and were being replaced by trendy young men with haircuts and floral shirts. Some of the teachers wore gowns all the time: we had Smudge (Mr Smith) for Maths, Mr Openshaw (I forget his nickname) for French, "Merv" Jones for English, and Buzz Ellis, who wanted us to draw pictures of wattle and daub buildings for homework and liked to show us videos of people dying of lung cancer for fun, for history. He had a large collection of Reader's Digest magazines. I remember one young chap who was our Maths teacher in the second year; he started off being very nice and reasonable, and then in contrast there was Dick Payne, who seemed a hard man, initially insisting on absolute silence and boys standing when he walked in the room. Needless to say he turned out to be OK, while the Maths teacher had a terrible time getting control. I remember being slightly annoyed because I liked Maths and wanted to learn. His lessons were uproar. One occasion Eric Poyner must have been walking by the classroom and put us all in class detention picking up litter. That seemed unfair to me. I remember the teacher going a very bright red, and I felt a bit sorry for him. He didn't come back the next year. Other things were changing too; early on I remember a Tuck Shop, but I don't remember it lasting all my time there.

There was a bit of bullying, and I remember mostly feeling relieved I wasn't the victim. I knew it was wrong but I didn't feel strong enough to stand up against it. I didn't like games or PE. Something went wrong because I came from a junior school where although I probably wasn't very good, I loved them. I was game for games, but soon detested them. I was very small, even for my age right at the end of the academic year. I wanted to play football, but was deemed not good enough, and so

was thrown into the pool of rejects. I remember Charlie Tuck saying “Charlie Harley? Knee high to a grasshopper and as much skill as my little finger?” – not a way to go Charlie. Rugby if you are tiny is hell on earth, and cross-country runs in the rain were most unpleasant. No wonder people resorted to short cuts. It’s now clear the games teachers didn’t give a damn about anyone who wasn’t the best and in some sort of school team. But perhaps the less academic boys felt the same about me; we’re very egocentric when young.

I hated the CCF. What a pointless activity. I was in the RAF bit, and while it’s true we got to go up in a plane, most of the time was spent polishing belts and marching up and down. Those uniforms were so uncomfortable, too. To be fair some boys loved it, but it was not for me. I wanted to be in the orchestra, but didn’t have an instrument, or be an objector, but my mother thought CCF was a terribly good idea.

I joined the chess club, which in the middle of the 70s was overseen by the Reverend Reggie Harkus, who unsurprisingly was our religious studies teacher too. He too found it difficult to keep discipline, relying unrealistically on reason and the inherent good nature of boys, but he was a good person. The team captain was Ian Shields.

In 1974 we of course became a mixed sex sixth form college. I found it frightening at first that there were these girls all over the place, and also new students - we were no longer pupils - who came from other schools, particularly Sarisbury Green, whose numbers and talent swelled the chess club. Kevin Garrett, Michael Comben, where are you now? The only girls I remember are Sue Bailey and Katie Stubbs. In some ways A-levels covered the best years of my life because there was more freedom at school, with plenty of free time for games (chess, poker, and snooker) and the joy of doing subjects I loved. I particularly remember having Jock Daysh for A-level Maths; while he was perhaps not among the world’s best mathematician, he was among the world’s best Maths teachers.

Looking back, I think I was pretty mentally ill for many years, particularly early on. I think I was depressed some of the time, and certainly suffered from severe obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD). When I was in the second or third form, or maybe both, every night I would go downstairs several times to check that the front door was shut. I would get up many times during the night - twenty, thirty - to check that my bus pass was in my pocket, or that I hadn’t lost a school book. I thought people might be able to read my thoughts. In the seventies we knew very little about mental illness in childhood, and although I knew things weren’t right, and that I was very unhappy, I never thought of myself as ill, and it never occurred to me to see treatment. I wouldn’t have known what to do anyway. Now many schools have access to counsellors - did we have a school nurse? It dimly rings a bell. I should have been receiving therapy and on drugs. I am still pretty loony, but things are mostly under control.

Putting those things aside, I mostly really liked my time at Price’s. I got a lot out of it; coming from a council estate and no father and very little money and ending up with a place at St. John’s, Cambridge. I particularly remember Mr. Chaffey being encouraging about going to Cambridge. I felt guilty for decades that I later changed from geology to psychology in the natural sciences degree, and I was glad to talk to Mr Chaffey shortly before he died. He was an absolutely ace teacher - and, I like to think, friend. I stayed at Cambridge to do a PhD in Psychology on slips of the tongue, and carried straight on to become an academic at Warwick and then Dundee. I don’t think I would have ended up Emeritus Professor of Psychology, author, Fellow of the British Psychological Society, and a Psychology REF assessor unless it had been for Price’s.

From Trevor's website:



I am Emeritus Professor of Psychology at the University of Dundee, Scotland, and a writer, science journalist, public speaker, and comedian. I was formerly Chair of Cognitive Psychology at Dundee, where I was Head of Department and then Dean from 2003 until 2014. I am now a full-time writer and speaker. I am author of several books, including the best-selling text *The Psychology of Language*, currently in its fourth edition, and *The Psychology of Weather*. I have just finished writing *The Science of Consciousness*, and it is now in production. My research interests are wide, including language, consciousness, sleep and dreams, ageing, futurology, and psychology and the weather. I have suffered all my life from severe anxiety and depression.

another topic of my research, and write, talk, and blog about it. I don't make any money out of this site. I provide it as a resource for people interested in the weather, consciousness, language, and mental illness. I hope you find the site useful. Feel free to contact me

I am a professor of cognitive psychology, science writer and journalist, novelist, speaker, weather observer and writer, and occasional stand-up comic. I want to understand why we are as we are, and why we behave as we do. I have carried out research in many areas including language production, ageing, mental illness, how the weather affects us, and how we should cope with technological change. I have suffered from severe mental illness for many years.

I was born in those western fringes of London quickly destroyed by the Martians in H.G.Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, although we moved to Southampton when I was four. I grew up mostly in a council house in the country on the edge of town, and went to Price's Grammar School in Fareham, Hampshire. All the schools I went to and all the houses I lived in as a child were demolished soon after I left them.

I was the first member of my family to go to university, and went to the University of Cambridge. I attended St John's College and took the Natural Sciences Tripos, originally planning to study geology or chemistry. I was soon attracted to psychology, thinking it would be all about Freud, sex, and violence, but I discovered that it was in fact even more interesting, being the

science of how the mind works. I then carried out my PhD research in Experimental Psychology at Cambridge under the supervision of Professor Brian Butterworth. My PhD research was on how we produce speech, and in particular I collected a corpus of several thousand slips of the tongue. For example, we might intend to say "Pass the pepper", but instead say "Pass the salt". My motivation came from what motivates many students to study psychology: my own problems. I have some difficulty speaking fluently, and make more of these speech errors than most people. As a child I required speech therapy to be able to talk clearly enough for other people to be able understand me; the words "Czechoslovakia" and "Yugoslavia" troubled me in particular, with other children always asking me to say them. I still suffer from a slight speech impediment, and a difficulty in hearing speech sounds properly.

My early research suggested that speech production is an *interactive process*, by which I mean that later levels of process can influence earlier ones; in particular, the sound of the words we say affects the retrieval of words with particular meanings. My PhD research was mostly published in a well-cited paper in the journal *Cognitive Science* in 1984. So my journey is a fairly typical scientific one

from an interest in a general problem relevant to ourselves to a specific and well-defined question that can be answered in one PhD thesis and one journal article.

I became a lecturer in the Department of Psychology at the University of Warwick, and in 1996 I moved as Senior Lecturer to the University of Dundee. In 2003 I was awarded a Personal Chair in Cognitive Psychology, and at the same time became Head of Department. Following a University reorganisation I became Dean of the School of Psychology in 2006. I was on the 2014 Psychology REF Panel as an Output Assessor, and was made a Fellow of the British Psychological Society. I served for many years on the Executive Committee of the Association of Heads of Psychology Departments and the British Psychology Society Research Board.

I have taught many courses over the year, mostly in language, cognitive psychology, neuroscience, and consciousness. In the mid 90s I expanded my language course into a book, and was lucky enough to have it published by what was then Erlbaum in 1995. I was pleased that the book was successful enough to merit subsequent editions, the most recent being the fourth in 2014. I am currently working on the fifth edition.

In 2016 I decided it was time for a change, and in particular to focus on writing, and, to a lesser extent, speaking. I am now Emeritus Professor of Psychology at the University of Dundee and a full-time science writer and journalist. At the moment I am mainly preoccupied with writing my book on consciousness.

My research combines naturalistic data collection, experiments, computational modelling, and neuropsychology. I moved from speech errors to how we plan speech, and in particular how we retrieve words. I believe much modern psychology suffers from an over-use of words, making it difficult or impossible to test them. Computer models have the great advantage of having to be explicit. Wherever possible I tried to construct computational models. My research falls in the general remit of *meta-cognition*: what we know about our own cognitive skills. What do we know about ourselves? Can we make ourselves better? Can we slow down or even prevent the cognitive effects of ageing? Does self-improvement work? How best should we learn and practise? How can we achieve our maximum potential?

A central theme in all my research and writing is how can self-knowledge help us to lead a more fulfilling life.

Research details

My research interests have broadened over the years, and now include:

Language. I am still fascinated by language but my interest in it has broadened in recent years to try to contextualise how language works with other cognitive and social processes. Students often find psycholinguistics (the psychology of language) difficult, pointless, and, dare I say it, boring. And having endured countless talks on applying eye movements to the study of the minutiae of syntax I sometimes share their pain! My book *Talking the Talk,* now in its second edition, was an attempt to explain why the study of language is important. My forthcoming book *The Science of Consciousness* continues this line of thought. What role does language play in consciousness and self-consciousness? Is it even essential to being human and being conscious? My writings on language are exemplified by my text, *The Psychology of Language*, now its fourth edition.

Ageing. In keeping with my tradition of studying what affects me personally, in recent years I have become interested in ageing, how to slow it down, and even how to prevent it. We are not passive in

the face of the progress of years. To some extent it's "use it or lose it", but there is much more we can do. I have been particularly interested in executive processes - the cognitive processes that control what we do, and involved in self-awareness - and how they change with normal and pathological ageing. I have studied these processes in the neurodegenerative diseases Alzheimer's disease and Parkinson's disease.

Mental illness. Mental illness is a plague the ruins lives; it ruins mine. With colleagues, I have made a small contribution to our understanding of how and why depression and anxiety affects people, and when sufferers are most likely to commit suicide. My blog on my struggles with anxiety and depression have it seems reached, touched, and even helped many people; I am forever grateful for the all feedback that makes it worth keeping going. I am writing a book on depression and self-help. This topic is covered in detail in my meaning of life blog.

Self-improvement. Most of us strive to be better people, but what does psychology tell us about what works? What are the best techniques for thinking and improving learning and memory? What are the best ways of overcoming writer's block? Where should we find meaning in life - or is there none to be found? Again many of these topics are covered by my meaning of life blog.

Consciousness. Consciousness was what was first interesting to me about psychology, and after many years I have returned to it. We know vastly more about it than we did when I was an undergraduate, when it was almost a taboo subject. I am writing a book called *The Science of Consciousness*, to be published fairly soon by Cambridge University Press.

The weather. If consciousness was what made me interested in psychology, the weather was what made me interested in science as a child. I have kept weather records for over thirty years, and maintain web pages on severe weather events in Britain which have proved very popular. Recently I have combined my loves by researching how weather affects our behaviour, and have published a book called *Psychology of Weather* (Routledge, 2018).

History. Why are things as they are now? What we see on the small, personal stage is just a reflection of what we see in the grand scope of history, and the principles of chaos and complexity theory apply at both levels. I have written about the role of complexity in the origin of the Great War. Could it have been avoided? If the Archduke Franz Ferdinand hadn't been assassinated in Sarajevo on 28 June 1914, would calamity have been avoided, or would some other trigger have led to conflict?

Futurology. History is the study of the past, and futurology the study of the future. How will technology change us? How will robots and Artificial Intelligence (AI) change the way in which we live, work, and play? Could a computer ever be conscious? (Yes, definitely.) What are the threats associated with new technology - is a Terminator like catastrophe possible or even likely? (Yes, possible.) When new technology takes all our jobs will we face a life of play and perpetual relaxation, or are we likely to be unemployed and live in grinding poverty? (The future is grim.) What should we be doing now? (Much more than politicians are actually doing.)

Public understanding of science. I believe passionately that scientists have a duty to explain what they do to everyone else. Academics take public money, and so it's only fair that they should be publicly accountable, but surely we should be able to convey our joy of trying to understand how the universe works to everyone else?

As can be seen, I study what is most relevant to me, and therefore what I'm most interested in, which is not a bad practical strategy for carrying out research. There is an underlying theme of: why are things as they are? What do we know about ourselves and our abilities? How do we control our own behaviour? How can we improve our lot or our situation?

I talk to as wide an audience as possible, and publicise science through talks, journalism, and media appearances. I think we should also all be actively involved in trying to build a better future, although we need to think about what "better" means - and what could go wrong. I am also an advocate for improving mental health, and removing the stigma surrounding mental illness. Contact me if you wish to find out about my talks.

See here for a sample list of my academic publications.

Talks

I have talks available on: consciousness; psychology and the weather; language and psychology; sleep and dreams; the interpretation of dreams; AI; parapsychology; futorology.

Publications

Harley, T.A. (2021). The science of consciousness. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

Harley, T.A. (2018). The psychology of weather. London: Routledge.

Harley, T.A. (2017). Talking the talk (2nd ed.). London: Routledge.

Wilton, R.N., & Harley, T.A. (2017). Science and psychology. London: Routledge.

Harley, T.A. (2014). The psychology of language (4th ed.). Hove: Psychology Press.

See the Lion Pride Chapter **"Creative Priceans"**

Harrison	Ken	Dates	1939 -

A Personal view of Price's School by Ken Harrison

A Valediction

Many local people believe that Price's School was "despatched" with undue haste and without proper acknowledgement of its place in Fareham History. For more than 250 years the Town and School were inextricably linked together and it is felt that more recognition should be given to the School's role in shaping the development of the Town and its inhabitants.

Price's played a distinguished part in the growth of Fareham. It was a strong family School and often successive generations within one family would attend the School and then become stalwarts of the

Town in sport, law, medicine, commerce, sailing, boat-building, the Forces, politics, farming, undertaking and other occupations.

As said by Mrs Alice James (local Historian), many Priceans achieved eminence in one sphere or another and the boys were fitted for all walks of life.

In many ways, the School was little different from other good Schools of its type but there were a number of influences that combined subtly to produce boys with distinctive personalities and a school memorable in local history and beyond. The small number of pupils (283 in my day) and the quality of Staff undoubtedly were major factors in the character-building of the boys. Personal qualities mattered just as much as academic ones in the selection of Staff and Staff-members viewed the School as an extension of their homes. They all placed great importance upon the School's reputation and that attitude was transmitted to the boys. Boarders and a Preparatory School contributed also to overall domesticity.

Even now, I find it difficult to accept that a mere 1337 Scholars had attended Price's over the 218 years before my admission in 1939. Both School and Town were very small until expansion of each took place in the early days of the century. Independent of size however, the distinctive blue and grey uniform – characteristic of charity Schools (as Price's had been) were prominent features of the everyday Fareham scene and helped to integrate the School with Town.

Wartime conditions accelerated our maturation. Many of us suffered "blitzeist" at night and disturbance during the day. An appreciable amount of time was spent in the air raid shelters and casualties occurred among the boys' parents and Old Boys. Air raid damaged made attendance difficult and life could be eventful when we got there. For example, I remember the groundsman throwing his tools on the 1st XI cricket pitch and running for his life while being machine-gunned by a German warplane.

A harsh but fair discipline lay at the root of the School's success. This was balanced by Expectation, Example and Responsibility. Those qualities encouraged individual self-discipline and that assurance that comes with ordered knowledge and ability to communicate. Severe penalties for misbehaviour did not inhibit initiative or freedom of speech.



"Your Time has come!
NB: thin & flexible, with a wrap-around effect! Yes. It hurt! From the S.O.P. archive!

Punishments ranged from hundreds of lines for failing to raise a cap to a passing master, or even worse to a Mistress, to a beating on the behind for singing in class between lessons. (I can testify to the deterrent effect of three cuts of *a thin cane hard across the buttocks*.) Immediate confession of guilt led to immediate retribution in full measure. The ultimate deterrent was expulsion, but cases were so rare and conducted with such discretion and immediacy that we could only suspect they were happening. The few occasions seemed to arise as much from breaking the unwritten code of behaviour as from the written one. In general, law enforcement of this kind did nothing to quell our spirit; rather, it enhanced our inventiveness, daring, flair and bravado.

The Cadet Corps provided another distinctive feature cementing School with Town. Its remarkably tuneful drum and bugle band could be followed from School as it paraded around Fareham. Headed by a tall Drum Major, resplendent in his leopard skin. We became accustomed to the end of lessons being signalled by a roll on the drum or a bugle call. It is to the credit to the boy NCOs that they operated the Company entirely on their own during a period of wartime staff sickness and shortage or officers.

I was one of the few dozen boys who elected to have extra lessons instead of Cadet Corps activities. This was not pacifism (I later joined the 60th Rifles / (King's Royal Rifle Corps), but a marked preference for my own personal freedom. I gained immeasurably from this because the extra tuition was in Political Organisation, which I found utterly boring, and Classical History and English Literature, which were very enjoyable and which coloured my later adult interests.



NB Enlarged to show detail. ***60th Rifles cap badge****.*

In such an environment, honesty prevailed completely. I cannot recall any incidents of cheating, either in sport or in School work. Neither did any boys put-on "side"

The Staff were unpretentious and down-to-earth. Any signs of incipient affection were immediately snuffed-out. The School's strength in sport matched its academic excellence. At least one pupil was a hockey international. There were many County representatives and others who played for Fareham Town teams. Sport was an important link between School and locality. Because not only did the School play against local ones but individual boys became seeded amongst local Clubs.

I recall clearly the marked change that occurred in the Staff Common Room upon the advent of young ladies to fill gaps left by recruitment to the Armed Forces. Whereas it had been silent – with occasional cough and a wisp of tobacco smoke – was suddenly transformed. Our ears were now assailed by vivacious chatter and laughter and our nostrils were seduced by a wondrous aroma of femininity.

It is all so different today. Old Priceans coming back to visit the School are appalled to find it pulled down and no sign of its name to be found publicly. The demise of the School was bought about by puzzling administrative decisions, but more bewildering is the almost complete eradication of the School's name and the absence of public recognition of the School's contribution to the community. There seems to be an unpleasant deliberation about the expunging of these things – rather more than an inadequate sense if history. Perhaps Fareham will honour its past in that respect – perhaps not. There is no more for me to say but Price's – *Valete*.

Ed.: "Honouring" the past of Price's is precisely what this Lion Pride project seeks to achieve .

Hatch	Jesse & family Hatch	Dates	

I have been phoning relatives to find out more about the man who married my father's sister and, sadly, was killed in action in October 1918. His name was Jesse Hatch - a truly remarkable, brave man who was born in Fareham and was, perhaps, a pupil of Price's School. As he was born in 1893 I think he would not have had the chance of a scholarship but I shall investigate further. **Mrs Ann Shaw**

> Lt. 95th Siege Battery, Royal Artillery. DoW 23/10.1918, aged 25.

Only son * of Harry Hatch, of Fareham, Hants., and Mrs Ethel Mary Hatch of 50 Dean's Park Rd. Fareham.

Awarded **Military Cross, Distinguished Conduct medal, and the Military Medal**.

Buried in St Aubert British cemetery, Nord, France. Plot V, Row E, Grave 8



1901 Census for Jesse Hatch (Lt., RGA) the son of Harry Hatch shows *he had a brother Philip Arthur, then aged 12*.*

Husband of Ada Hatch of 104 West St., Fareham. By trade he was a Licensed Hawker (Oil merchant). Married Ada m Burgess in 4Q 1910, in Fareham.

In Army Reserve in 10/12/1917; entered RN Division 4 Ded 1916; in the draft for BEF19/3/1917, he joined Nelson Battalion 28/4/17 until his death.

In Census 1911, he (* Phillip?) was 22, a general dealer, b Fareham, married to Ada aged 28, b Titchfield. His brother was living with them. Samuel aged 16 in the business, b Fareham, resident at 30 Hartlands Rd, F.

Buried in Dozhingem Military Cemetery, Wrest Vlaanderen, Belgium Plot XI, Row A, Grave 17



Hatch, John Stephen

Sjt., 14398 14th Service Battalion, Hants Regt. Killed 3/9/1916. Born Bridgemary, Resident Fareham. Thiepval memorial Pier & Face 7c & 7b



Hatch, Phillip Arthur

Able Seaman R/152, Nelson Battalion, Royal Naval Division, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. DoW in 4th Casualty Clearing Station, (gunshot wounds to abdomen and right leg fractured: admitted 28th October 1917. Died 30 October 1917, aged 29. Born 15 September 1888 in Alverstoke .

In Roll of Honour / Hampshire / Fareham



Dozhingem Military Cemetery, Wrest Vlaanderen, Belgium

Hawkins	John	Dates	1969 - 1976

I had a smashing time in the CCF. I was in the RAF section and it was a total laugh almost every week. Square bashing usually turned into a total disaster due to the fact that the persons giving the orders were only a year or two above us and as such received the respect that you would expect.

If I recall correctly we had either to be in the orchestra or the CCF in both years 4 and 5

The most amusing period was when we were going to be subject to an inspection by some chap from the real services ... So for about one whole term we were to prepare for the inspection, I have no idea why. I was detailed to learn all there is to know about parachuting from a small plane, unfortunately without any practical experience. So this involved a purely classroom exercise where we were required to learn the drill for bailing out of a plane. It really did not warrant about ten weeks of effort - two would have done. Consequently the lessons would result in a whole load of messing about week after week. We did however learn all about the use of a parachute that I could probably recount even today.

The inspection day came. Eventually inspecting officer arrived at our room. He came in, we all stood to attention, he asked the NCO what we were doing, nodded, exchanged a couple of words and was then gone. Pointless in the extreme ... but as mentioned great fun.

Dear David,

Apologies for the delay and as requested please see below for my recollections of some of the things that went on in my time at Prices (1969-76).

I often reflect on my time at Prices. It was a really interesting period of time where I learned a lot about people and a reasonable amount about my selected subjects!

I was very fortunate to pass the 11+. My primary school, Redlands Lane, usually had one pupil pass to go to grammar school – in my year, as I recall there were seven girls and seven boys – which was unheard of. Going to Prices was by no means perfect but the thought of potentially going to Bishopsfield to this day fills me with dread.

Teaching classes of 30 boys could not have been easy – however if you had a talent for the subject then my experience was that things generally went well. If you had little talent then it was jolly hard work.

Where I did rather well was engineering drawing which I am sure was seen as a less academic subject – it was however fascinating. I used to love considering all sorts of 3D shapes from odd angles, slicing through them and working out the resultant shapes. Lessons were however another thing - generally taught by either Mr. Briscoe or Mr. Hunt both of whom did their best for the pupils. Usually if the teacher left the classroom it would not take long for chaos to set in. I recall one lesson, and there were many like this, where we were left alone for quite a while having been told to get on with the drawing in hand. It was not long before war broke out with pieces of folded engineering drawing paper being catapulted across the room as well as many other great fun activities. This lasted for almost all of the double period – well it was much more interesting than drawing. Mr. Briscoe then purposefully strode back into the room, probably very aware of what had been going on at which point everything is quiet and work is at last happening only for the bell to go – at which point, I think it was Edwards who said to me that, let alone doing nothing in a lesson he had actually managed to do a negative amount of work as he had rubbed out five lines!

Now the CCF (Combined Cadet Farce) was a real stroke of genius. I am not sure that anyone knew what its purpose was – teachers and pupils alike – but it was a smashing diversion from scholastic work. Initially there was a bit of marching, inspection and the like – an of course wearing rather itchy uniforms. This carried out for some time – then in the RAF we had the fantastic opportunity of flying – what fun. Once in a troop carrying Hercules and twice in small training aircraft – Chipmunks I think – where we did acrobatics – with an instructor of course. Amazing.

Anyway this was all to come to an end – there was to be a most important inspection from some chap from one of the services which meant that we had to become proficient at something – for me and half a dozen others we had to become fully versed in jumping out of an aircraft with a parachute – I hasten this was purely an academic exercise. So we spent what felt like the majority of a term learning a few things about how to jump out of the aircraft – if I recall correctly when jumping you had to aim for the trailing edge of the wing to avoid being sliced by the tail. Anyway after weeks of learning the points together with a load of messing about the big day came. For our team the officer came into the room rather rapidly, asked what we were doing, asked a question or two to the cadets then exited. Less than two minutes!

So sport. I was, and remain, terrible at all ball sports with the exception of croquet. I did, however, for a while think that I might be able to be good at football or rugby or hockey or tennis or cricket but no. Since I was so poor then for games periods I always found myself not in the first eleven or second or third or fourth but in the group of stragglers that were basically given a ball and told to get on with it. Unfortunately there was no real encouragement or teaching to help the inept ones to improve. As it happens in my 20s I started orienteering and fairly quickly was participating at elite level – if only there had been some interest shown in the non-footballers at Prices then I am sure some of us could have achieved in other than main stream sports.

Music. As I recall this was part of the timetable for the first two or three years but then was subject to choice. Probably, to my regret, I did not proceed with it despite Mr. Gilbert's best efforts. I did however, when still at Prices, take up the saxophone and still play to this day, in fact now more than ever. Certainly the encouragement at Prices helped me to understand about music and some of its possibilities. I now play in several pretty reasonable bands of differing genres – it has been a thoroughly excellent part of my life that I very much enjoy, I am however exiled to my study (an outbuilding) for all practice!



Without a doubt Prices provided me with a smashing insight into all manner of aspects of life and people – and provided some learning as well. Prices, on reflection, was probably better than I could have ever hoped for and has helped me greatly in much of my life. Given the opportunity I would go again!

All the very best **John Hawkins** (1969-1976)

Hawkins	Michael George	Dates	1956 - 1963

David

I remember you as being in the year ahead of me. I have just read your request for information. One item in particular was the request for information on flying Scholarships.

In my year both myself and John Keith qualified for the award, John completed his course at Portsmouth airport and I did mine at Southampton. We both qualified in the summer of 1963.
I then went on to read Aeronautical Engineering at Loughborough University where I flew with the University Air Squadron and qualified as a pilot for a second time.
I hope this is of some use.

Best wishes **Mike**

David ,

I apologise for not replying sooner but a few life issues have got in the way.
You asked me some time ago to give you a resume of my life post Prices.
I will not bore you with details but there is one element I am proud of in my working life.
I rose to become Chief Engineer at Perkins Engines and was responsible for the design and development and subsequent manufacture of the world's first direct injection diesel engine for passenger cars which heralded the modern range of diesel powered cars and trucks. Consequently we were awarded the Queen's Award for Technology.
I hope this fits within your remit.

Best regards **Mike**

From: **How Diesel Engines Work by** Marshall Brain & Kristen Hall-Geisler

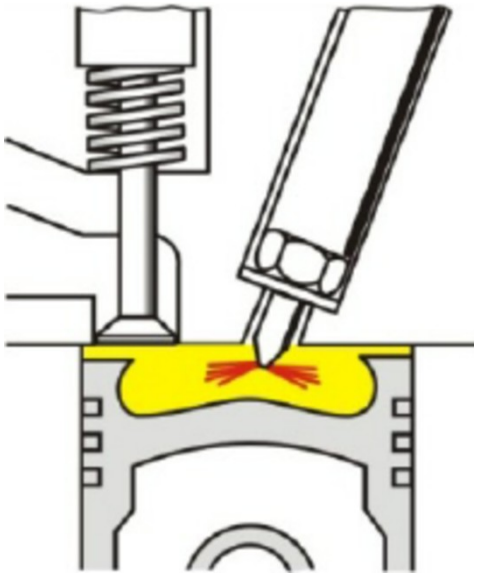
One big difference between a diesel engine and a gas engine is in the injection process. Most car engines use a combination of port injection, which injects fuel just before the intake stroke (outside the cylinder), and direct fuel injection. Port injection is used at lower engine speeds because it has a more stable mixture of air and fuel. Direct injection is used at higher speeds to provide more power and less chance of knocking, which is when the air is compressed too much and the fuel spontaneously ignites.

Diesel engines only use direct fuel injection — the diesel fuel is injected directly into the cylinder.

The injector on a diesel engine is its most complex component and has been the subject of a great deal of experimentation — in any particular engine, it may be located in a variety of places. The injector has to be able to withstand the temperature and pressure inside the cylinder and still deliver the fuel in a fine mist. Getting the mist circulated in the cylinder so that it is evenly distributed is also a problem, so some diesel engines employ special induction valves, pre-combustion chambers or other devices to swirl the air in the combustion chamber or otherwise improve the ignition and combustion process.

Some diesel engines contain a glow plug. When a diesel engine is cold, the compression process may not raise the air to a high enough temperature to ignite the fuel. The glow plug is an electrically heated wire (think of the hot wires you see in a toaster) that heats the combustion chambers and raises the air temperature when the engine is cold so that the engine can start. Direct injection technology has advanced far enough that glow plugs aren't usually necessary for touching off the spark any more, but many cars still have them anyway. Their heat helps burn the fuel more efficiently.

Of course, mechanics aren't the only difference between diesel engines and gasoline engines. There's also the issue of the fuel itself.







Haysman	Fred. J.	Dates	1917 - 1919

(2)

Yes, I have quite vidid recollections of Prices and the two magazines and photographs quickened my memory. I am 61 years old now and employed in the Staff Section of British Rail at Divisional Headquarters at Wimbledon where not so long ago Michael Hill was with us and in course of conversation we discovered we were Old Priceans! I am also a Licensed Reader in the Guildford Diocese, attached to Farncombe Parish Church and a Guide and Steward at Guildford Cathedral. I should always be glad to take a party from Prices School round one Saturday in the Summer. Some years ago we did have a clergyman in a party who was attached to the School but cannot remember his name.

I saw the old Tin Shed put up and in fact received a prize there one year. I also have memories of a horrible Art Master who when I happened to enter the Tin Shed after a Class went and licked me round the head with a ruler!!

Please let me have notice of the Forthcoming Anniversary Celebrations.

With kindest regards and good wishes to the School.

Yours very sincerely,

(FRED J. HAYSMAN).

1917 - 1919.

Head	Anthony	Dates	1970 -



ANTHONY HEAD - Price's School and Thereafter

It was December 1970 and the Under 14s were playing their last game of the term at home to Peter Symonds, a free-scoring team with a formidable Inside Right who proceeded to bag a brace in a 5-2 win for the visitors. Mere weeks later, at the start of the new term in January, this prematurely Old Symondian found himself a pupil at Price's School. My father was in the Hampshire Police and I had been used to moving around the county every few years, but this sudden and unexpected transfer to Fareham brought with it my Headmaster's refusal to consider my commuting to Winchester when there was another perfectly good Grammar School nearby (just across the road, in fact, as we lived in Miller Drive). I must have worked my way into the Price's Tennis team immediately, for within a couple more weeks I was playing back on my old school field and being duly humiliated by my erstwhile teammates in another victory for Peter Pips.

So it was a strange beginning, emotionally and psychologically, to my days at Price's School, and I certainly didn't feel it would turn out to be a blessing in disguise. Nor was it made any easier in one of my first PE sessions under the auspices of Charlie Tuck, whose idea for a new boy's "rite of passage" was to have him run a gauntlet through his classmates given licence to rain down blows upon him. This was presumably that steely Yorkshireman's way of seeing whether you had the makings of a man or a mouse, but it did at least give me some inkling, from the feebleness or ferocity of their strikes, who among my new schoolfellows I was likely to get on with and who not. I came in time to rather like Charlie, who I imagined must have marked me down at some point as no more than a negligible rodent.

If Peter Symonds at that time had a higher reputation in both academic and disciplinary terms, I soon found the somewhat more relaxed regime under Eric Poyner and a staff of amiable teachers more to my liking than that of my former Head (also a Yorkshireman with bullying tendencies). The differences in curriculum choices also helped me adapt to my new environment, and I found that by pursuing History and Latin I could give up Chemistry and Biology for O Level (though I regret my ignorance in those fields), but also that the subjects in which I had excelled during my first two years – Maths and Physics (both taught by the same exceptional teacher) – I lost my way in at Price's, while History and Latin, which previously had bored or terrified me (the latter being drilled by the Head) became sources of great interest and enjoyment.



Many of the staff I remember with affection, in particular Mick Low, but also others whose patience I must have tested at times: Bill Openshaw, Jack Jones, Tony Johnson, and Jock Daysh, who during the Oil Crisis of 1973 would begin his lessons with a lamentation about a certain race of people in the Middle East: "They've got us by the short and curlies, boys, the short and curlies!" I don't think I was an overly studious or mischievous student – though the image of Mick Low seeing me sent to the front in Assembly one morning for talking by some power-crazed Prefect and throwing his eyes heavenward sticks amusingly in my mind.

My sporting achievements were mainly limited to the football pitch and I made my way into the First XI while still in the Lower Sixth (not quite the equal of my pal and future captain Alan Goddard who was playing for the First XI while still in the Fifth). Any fantasies I had entertained about becoming a

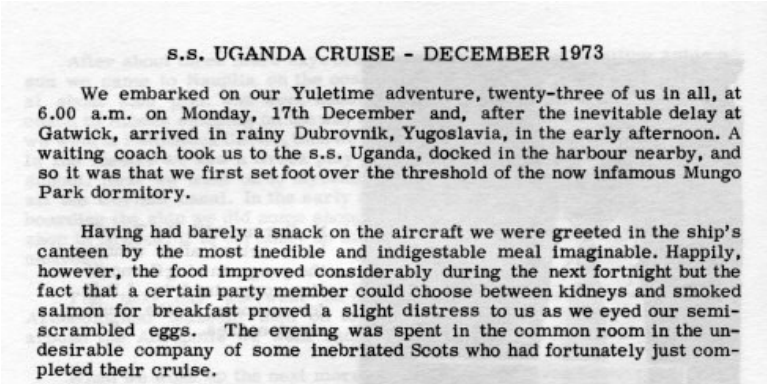
professional footballer were firmly dispelled in my final year during a game on that awkward sloping First XI pitch against a Southampton Youth team coached by the former Saint and professional clogger John McGrath. I forget the scoreline – certainly double-figures – but not the hacking, the threatening, the off-the-ball brutality. Even our coach Dick Payne couldn't believe his eyes. I like to believe (indeed, I hope) that several of those thugs went on to spend some time at Her Majesty's Pleasure.

I also made up a sort of substitute third tennis doubles for the school on some vague occasions with my mate David Kelly, but we were nowhere near the level of the imperious twins Paul and Nicky Grace, or of their sole equal Stuart Wilson, who later went on to a career in tennis management, Ion Tiriac and Boris Becker being among his associates, and whom we sadly lost in 2017. Dave and I must have been there to make up numbers when there were no others even as good as us available – but my main memories are of swearing or laughing whenever one of us hit the ball into the net. Good in football, bad in tennis.

Nicky and Paul were also both good artists, and it's no surprise they have both gone on to great success in the theatre and entertainment worlds – Paul as technical director with the Birmingham Royal Ballet and Nicky with his own management company, staging musicals and concerts around the world, and handling along the way such luminaries as Kiri Te Kanawa, Natalie Cole and Andre Previn.

Among extracurricular activities, the CCF provided both adventure and entertainment, especially when we skived off instead of attending to the mechanics of army transport vehicles. Getting lost on Bodmin Moor during an orientation exercise and finally finding our way to "The Jamaica Inn" of Daphne du Maurier fame after 12 hours of wandering around in the cold and wet was the least of the fun; I found myself more at home on the shooting range and became a decent shot with both .22 and .303 rifles. Alas, I never had a chance to prove it on a target in the outside world, such as, say, a member of the Southampton Youth team.

A skiing trip to Switzerland in the company of Charlie Tuck and Mick Low I remember chiefly for two reasons: one was the strangeness of *standing above* clouds for the first time on an Alpine hotel balcony (so yes, I had seen them from both sides now), and the other was a strangeness of another kind emanating from the jukebox a café-cum-beer-cellar – a piece of music called "Take Five" that entranced me instantly and began my lifelong love affair with jazz (my later purchase of an alto sax and attempts to emulate the maestro Paul Desmond ended in predictable failure). Mick Low was also our ringmaster on a highly eventful and sometimes death-defying Sixth Form cruise on the *S.S. Uganda* to classical sites in the Mediterranean – Ephesus, Baalbek, Knossos, Santorini, Mycenae, the Acropolis, and Pompeii. I must have been cajoled into writing an account of it for *The Lion* magazine of 1974, which I imagine now was my first venture into "journalism".
(https://www.societyofoldpriceans.co.uk/Lions%20pdf/LION_1974_Dec.pdf)



s.s. UGANDA CRUISE - DECEMBER 1973

We embarked on our Yuletime adventure, twenty-three of us in all, at 6.00 a.m. on Monday, 17th December and, after the inevitable delay at Gatwick, arrived in rainy Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, in the early afternoon. A waiting coach took us to the s.s. Uganda, docked in the harbour nearby, and so it was that we first set foot over the threshold of the now infamous Mungo Park dormitory.

Having had barely a snack on the aircraft we were greeted in the ship's canteen by the most inedible and indigestable meal imaginable. Happily, however, the food improved considerably during the next fortnight but the fact that a certain party member could choose between kidneys and smoked salmon for breakfast proved a slight distress to us as we eyed our semi-scrambled eggs. The evening was spent in the common room in the undesirable company of some inebriated Scots who had fortunately just completed their cruise.

We spent the following day in Dubrovnik itself, a city where the Bureau de Change has no money and, as an added touch of originality, if you visit the supermarket you may be lucky enough to see the limbless, furry carcasses of animals being hauled across the drink department. The city is actually in two parts, old and new, and the people were friendly enough but, as Mr. Low proved, could get a little annoyed if you kicked their fishing rods. We sailed that evening destined for Izmir in Turkey, a journey of about two days.

There were approximately one thousand students on board the Uganda (over three-quarters of whom were female), mostly English, Irish and Canadian. Our days at sea centred around a rota system of classroom periods, lectures, deck games and free periods. There was a disco each evening, often a film and also occasional variety acts performed either by the crew or the students themselves. In addition there was a funfair, a fancy dress competition, a beetle-drive and an inter-school quiz, certainly no lack of entertainment, but most students resorted to card playing as their main pastime.

We arrived in Izmir on Friday morning and had a day excursion to the ruins of Ephesus, the world's largest city in pre-Christian times. We all grew very fond of our attractive guide and our coach driver kept himself happy by performing death-defying antics, which included accelerating downhill. We had a couple of hours to look around Izmir itself, the third largest city in Turkey. The poverty was evident and the number of stray cats and dogs was saddening. Nevertheless it was fun being followed by shoe-shine men and the frequent chant of "Turkish Delight! Turkish Delight!" still rings in my ears.

On Sunday we reached Lebanon, the only Arab country with a Christian community, but before we disembarked a pipe in our dormitory burst and sprayed salt water everywhere. We all rushed for the door but by the time certain crew members had been informed all the damage had been done. The ship's headmaster, his red nose shining brightly, staggered in, muttered something about it being a special Christmas surprise for Mungo Park, giggled to himself and promptly left. However, nearly all the beds had to be remade and a few unfortunate people who slept directly below the pipe, apart from having their clothes soaked, had to spend the next two nights in another dorm. I'm sure I saw somebody swinging on the pipe. Anyway, the remainder of the day was spent in Beirut among staring Arab faces.

On the following day, Christmas Eve, a coach took us from Beirut's polluted port past the tank-guarded American Embassy, to the natural coastline with its blue sea and white hotels. Then we moved further into the city and, passing a Palestinian refugee camp, began a steep climb towards the snow-capped mountains. Travelling through the Becca Valley, with Mnt. Hermon on our right and the Golan Heights some 40 miles ahead, we finally arrived at our destination, Baalbek, the site of three ancient Roman temples dedicated to Jupiter, Bacchus and Venus. I found Lebanon the most exciting country we visited and the Arabs whom I spoke to were very friendly. Lebanese coach drivers are in many ways reminiscent of the Turks and there were a couple of occasions on our return from Baalbeck when I thought my time was up. I'll even swear I saw Mr. Low bury his head in his hands at one point.

Christmas Day, dinner and all, was spent at sea cruising towards Crete. We docked at Heraklion early on Wednesday and visited the ruins of a Minoan civilization at Knossos, quaintly placed in the beautiful Cretan countryside.

Thursday brought an unscheduled call at the tiny Greek island of Santorin, with its one and only town perched high upon the rock face and the main attraction of the day the donkey rides from bottom to top.

On Friday we reached Piraeus in Greece, and in the afternoon a coach took us across the Corinth Canal to the ruins at Mycenae, disappointing by Baalbek standards but which included Agamemnon's Tomb. The following day we split into groups of four or five and took the underground to Athens, where we spent the morning shopping and sight-seeing. After lunch we regrouped at the Acropolis for a guided tour. Surprisingly there was no evidence of a military regime and Greece probably remains the highlight of the cruise.

The Uganda finally came to rest in Naples on Monday morning. A coach took us to nearby Pompeii where we were led around by a guide impersonator called Gino, who assured us that his one aim in life was to make us happy. His witty remarks and renditions of "Arrivederci Roma" proved quite a novelty at first but after two weeks of continuous travel and seven o'clock reveilles we were all very tired, and as the day wore on his familiarity wore off. We spent the rainy evening in Naples among countless firecrackers and black-marketeers.

On New Year's Eve all the farewells were said and a coach took us to the airport. One tomato pizza later we had a spectacular view of Naples but our Comet had no sooner taken off that the nose was struck by lightning, resulting in an almighty jolt and numerous near heart attacks. That was the last occurrence worth reporting. It had been a very eventful and exciting two weeks and I can speak with conviction when I say that a thoroughly enjoyable time was had by all. A cruise is what you make it and if the opportunity ever arises for you don't ignore it.

It only remains for me to express our gratitude once again to Mr. Low for his good humour and patience.

T.Head. 6 Arts Lower 1.

Academically I managed to keep my head above water – not *too* distracted by the arrival in my final year of the fairer sex from Fareham Girls' Grammar (in those days, of course, there *were* only two sexes). A Level Latin classes, again under Mick Low's tutelage, were hard work but rarely a strain. With Julian Evans, Stewart Antrobus, Peter Doggett and Martin Cawte (to whom I owed around that time my introduction to the glories of both Scriabin and William Walton), we were a tight group of five, and Mick was the sort of teacher who suited me, giving me just enough of a leash to be easy-going and familiar, but knowing when to turn the screws if I overstepped the mark. And whenever I couldn't make head nor tail of some obscure passage of Juvenal, I could always track down my fellow classicist and First XI teammate Owen Traylor in the library to drum it into my skull. In 1975, as A Level Exams approached, I inquired of Mick what grade he thought I might obtain, and he generously offered to buy me a pint if I managed a B. It was probably cheek more than confidence that prompted me to ask if he would double the reward if I got an A. When I saw him after the results came in, he threw his eyes heavenward again, but this time with obvious pleasure, and sportingly honoured his pledge.

By this time most of my peers had already decided on their next moves up the educational ladder, whether to university, art college or polytechnic. I had toyed with the idea of drama school or studying film and becoming the next Norman Jewison or John Frankenheimer (I still cherish an encouraging letter I received from Bryan Forbes), but having at that time a less than original view of my future, I decided to follow in my elder brother's footsteps to University College London, and duly applied to read History there along with my crony Dave Kelly. We went up together for our interviews, on my 18th birthday as I recall, and I interviewed very badly, intimidated by the good-cop/bad-cop/indifferent-cop routine of the three strategically positioned examiners, and thrown by such questions as whether I thought there was satire in "The Hobbit", when I had been expecting to hold forth on the repeal of the Corn Laws or Palmerston's gunboat diplomacy. It struck me as a scene that might well have been played at a drama school. Whether or not I still expected to get the standard offer of 2 Grade E's that universities gave to those they really wanted, I can't recall. Dave quickly got it, later going on to gain a 1st Class degree and a successful career in business management. I received no offer at all, only outright rejection. I can't remember feeling particularly shocked – doubtless it was a blow to my pride, but it merely meant I'd be taking a year off and would have to try something else, like grape-picking in France or becoming a film director. But if ever there was another blessing in disguise …

My interest in history and ancient languages had led me to discover a course in Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic which appealed to me greatly – the one problem being that the only place that offered it was Cambridge University, which I imagine I must have always assumed was beyond my reach as I had never entertained any notion of applying there. But since one or two of my peers whom I would have expected to breeze into such an institution had recently been rejected, I began to think there must be some loopholes in the system and that I had nothing to lose in trying. On the strength on my A Level results, Eric Poyner made a call to Selwyn College and I was invited to apply. The two interviews I had – one at Selwyn with the tutor for admissions David Harrison (later Master and Knight of the Realm) and the other at neighbouring Newnham College with the eminent Celtic scholar Kathleen Hughes – were both friendly and genuine, and I was subsequently invited to be a "candidate" for Selwyn in the forthcoming Cambridge Entrance Exams – a diplomatic way of saying "We're still not sure if you're the right stuff, so prove it to us."

I took the Exams in History, which enabled me to rehash my A Level papers, plus Latin and French translations, and a General Essay paper requiring the usual production of four essays in three hours from a wide range of miscellaneous topics, of which I have no recollection but for one: "Which poets would you include in an anthology and why?" Since the poetry I knew consisted mainly of Virgil, Shakespeare, a smattering of Wordsworth, A. A. Milne and Rod McKuen, who for some reason was immensely popular at that time, I shudder to think what waffle I produced. But it proved to be acceptable waffle, and in October 1976 I found myself matriculating at Selwyn, where Owen Traylor,

Vaughn Freeman and David Natt were OPs already in residence, and joined now also by Jonathan Smith, and by David Andrews arriving from Bristol to pursue a doctorate. There were at one point maybe two or three dozen other OPs scattered among the Cambridge colleges during the mid-to-late 1970s – Tim and Peter Hancock, Steve and Martin Cawte, Ian Corkett, John Death, Joyce Young, Mary-Anne Baxandall, John Innes, Robin Smyth, Bob Eagles. It was an extraordinary period of academic achievement for Price's that I don't think has ever been matched.

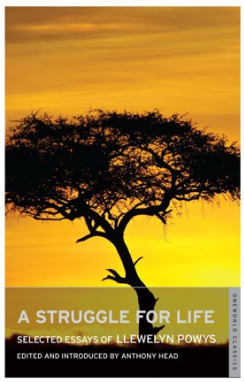
I played for the Selwyn First XI, performed Shakespeare at the Cambridge Arts Theatre, entertained miniscule audiences at the Edinburgh Fringe Festival in 1977, and later became president of the college drama society. Since Anglo-Saxon, Norse and Celtic was at that time not a complete Tripos, but only a Part I or Part II component of a full degree, I had the option of a fourth year as an undergraduate, and promptly took it in doing English Literature as a Part II over two years, a dauntingly difficult course to do in one (the mandatory "Tragedy" paper alone requiring the study of Greek playwrights, German philosophers and Russian novelists). It was at this time that I discovered the novels and philosophical writings of John Cowper Powys, and subsequently those of his brothers T. F. Powys and Llewelyn Powys (all of which have had a profound influence on my own life and thought), and indeed the work and lives of that whole remarkable and unparalleled family of writers, artists, architects, teachers and farmers. I feel that any other country would have elevated them to the status of national treasures, but in Britain they continue to live in the shadow of Thomas Hardy or the Bronte Sisters and remain strangely and shamefully neglected by the country's literary and cultural institutions, and unknown by the general public.

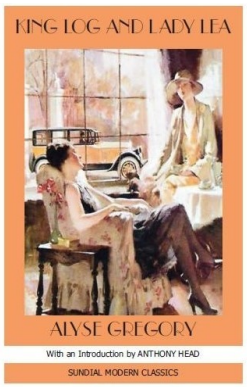
On graduation in 1980, again unsure of what course to pursue, I decided to go abroad for a year or two. I had discovered the Anglo-Japanese Government English Teachers Recruitment Programme – known today as the Japan Exchange and Teaching (JET) Programme and involving numerous countries, but then just a UK-Japan venture which had begun in 1978. It appealed and I applied. I was grilled at the Foreign Office, selected along with about 40 other British graduates from various backgrounds, and after a two-week orientation course at High Wycombe spent the next two years in Osaka and Tokyo working for Suntory Ltd. as an in-house English teacher. It so happened that Owen Traylor had joined the diplomatic service and his first posting was Japan, so there was one OP already there to greet me. It was a fascinating time to be in Japan, where I was most struck initially by the unexpected ugliness of the cities and the heart-warming friendliness of the people.

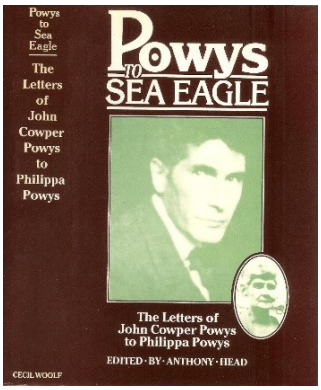
I returned to the UK in 1982, making a six-week trip largely overland through various Asian and European countries, which included my first visit to Prague and the beginning of a lifelong relationship with that wonderful city and the many friends I have made there. It has become a sort of spiritual home to which I return whenever I can. But that is another story; that is many stories. I had a mind now to pursue my literary studies by doing a Ph.D. on John Cowper Powys and was offered a place back at Cambridge by Jesus College. But grants were in tight supply at the time and I didn't make the cut – a doctorate on a largely unknown novelist being unlikely to contribute much to the national GDP. (Given the developments in British Academe since then, again – I have no doubt – a blessing in disguise.)

So I decided to return and work in Japan with a view to saving enough money to put myself through university again (Jesus College having said they would keep a place for me). But by the time I had saved anything like a sufficient sum, a few more years had passed, as would several more by the time I emerged from the academy, most likely in penury. I came to realise that I could pursue my academic interests, to some degree at least, *and* still work and earn a living at the same time. So I thought I would stay on in Japan a while longer. If anyone had told me I would still be there 35 years later, I would have thrown my eyes heavenward. But "life intervened" and I have spent most of my subsequent days in Japan, working as a journalist and editor for such organizations as *The Japan Times* and the national agency Kyodo News, the latter as chief copy editor of its World Services Section. This work has encompassed various fields, from politics and economics to culture, sports

and society. As both editor and reporter I covered numerous international gatherings, including G8 Summits, APEC forums, Royal and Imperial funerals, Presidential visits, Olympic Games and Soccer World Cups – some of them deadly dull and some of them great fun.







I kept in shape by joining the British Football Club, one of several foreign and Japanese teams that played each other regularly in league and cups games, though the post-match drinking sessions were equally the purpose of the occasions. As younger legs came in, the veterans formed a team of seniors, The Vagabonds, named after one of our favourite Tokyo watering holes. The BFC and Vagabonds continue to this day, but at some point in my mid-40s I hung up my boots – or rather tucked them away in a cupboard until the mildew got to them.

But during all these years my most satisfying work has been the academic research I pursued in editing and publishing three volumes of the letters and diaries of John Cowper Powys, and several volumes of the essays of Llewelyn Powys. I have also had poems published in UK journals, some occasionally prize-winning, including *Acumen*, *Orbis*, *Outposts*, *The Frogmore Papers* and *Dream Catcher*, and as a freelance writer I have had articles, essays and reviews in numerous publications. A full list would be tedious but they include *Art & Artists*, *History Today*, *New Statesman*, *The Far Eastern Economic Review, The Edinburgh Review, The London Magazine* and the *Times Literary Supplement,* as well as online journals such as *The Global Dispatches*, *Eurozine* and the US-based *Lowestoft Chronicle*. In the field of book publishing also, I was a founding partner in the Sundial Press, established in Dorset in 2005, which produces new editions of neglected works of literature and for which I prepared many of the early texts and have been a proofreader for Little Toller Books, another well regarded Dorset publisher noted for its Nature Classics Library.

Now as retirement looms – or semi-retirement, anyway – I leave behind yet another group of old friends and teammates in relocating to the UK with my wife Kazuno, where I hope to cultivate my garden, metaphorically if not always literally, and complete at least some of the literary projects I have had to neglect for too long. Noel Coward was once asked what he thought his greatest achievement in life had been, and said it had been keeping his old friends. I would endorse that sentiment, being grateful to have stayed in close contact with so many I knew at Price's – Joyce Smyth (Young), who after a distinguished career in law went on the become the manager of The Rolling Stones, Nicky and Paul Grace, Dave Kelly, Martin Cawte, Alan Goddard, whose on-field leadership skills served him well in his career as engineer and manager for various construction companies, Colin Harris, whose long years in teaching culminated in Headmasterships of two schools in the county, Owen Traylor, who after years of notable service in the Foreign Office now resides in Florida, and David Andrews, physicist and *entrepreneur extraordinaire* whose home has so often been my own "home from home". And there are many others I know with whom, were we to meet again tomorrow, I would pick up where we left off 50 years ago – or so I like to think: Andrew Justice, John Hambridge, Ivor Bundell, 'Taffy' Hicks, John Dimmer, Peter Gilmore, Keith Hearn, Martin Cooper, Wayne Cowan. Other names and faces come flooding back – sometimes faces without the names, sometimes names without the faces ...

In reflecting on old school days there is often a tendency to emphasize the bad, to insist on the awfulness of one's childhood or adolescence – the unsavoury characters, the embarrassments, the humiliations, the fights. I find now none of these disturb me at all. In their stead is an almost tangible nostalgia, a bittersweet amalgam of loss and gain, and a simple wish that so many of those I knew and grew up with, and will never see again, went on to live happy and fulfilling lives. For as the years pass, what always remains is what Hilaire Belloc identified and so greatly prized:

"From quiet homes and first beginning,
Out to the undiscovered ends,
There's nothing worth the wear of winning,
But laughter and the love of friends."

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ANTHONY HEAD <u>Selected Publications</u> (Edited & Introduced)

Powys to a Japanese Friend: The Letters of John Cowper Powys to Ichiro Hara (Cecil Woolf, London, 1990)

Powys to Sea-Eagle: The Letters of John Cowper Powys to His Sister Philippa (Cecil Woolf, London, 1996)

The Diary of John Cowper Powys for 1929 (Cecil Woolf, London, 1998)

Christmas Lore and Legend: Yuletide Essays of Llewelyn Powys (Sundial Press, Sherborne, 2010)

King Log and Lady Lea by Alyse Gregory (Sundial Press, Sherborne, 2010)

A Struggle for Life – Selected Essays of Llewelyn Powys (Oneworld Classics, London, 2011)

Twenty-Two Tales by Elizabeth Myers (Sundial Press, Sherborne, 2013) (eBook)

Earth Memories – Llewelyn Powys (Little Toller, Dorset, 2015)

<u>Selected articles online:</u>

An Everyday Occurrence (2010)

https://edinburghreviewdotcom.wordpress.com/back-issues/issue-129-japan/article-extract-anthony-head/

Schopenhauer and the sound of sirens (2010)

https://www.eurozine.com/schopenhauer-and-the-sound-of-sirens/

The Cost of Justice in Japan (2014)

https://www.theglobaldispatches.com/articles/the-cost-of-justice-in-japan

Nanjing Disappearing (2015)

https://www.theglobaldispatches.com/articles/nanjing-disappearing

I Heard My Country Calling (2016)

https://www.the-tls.co.uk/articles/biography-210/

Japanese Taxis and Elementary Incidents (2017)

http://lowestoftchronicle.com/issues/issue30/anthonyhead/

Hedger	Philip	Dates	1969



Here are a few meanderings about my life post Prices: which I believe I left around 1969. Happily few students will recall me as I was brought up in a rather strict religious organization, named Plymouth Brethren. In practice, this meant no after school, no Saturdays, Assemblies etc.! I did however manage to participate in a couple of G and S performances. As a consequence I did not form real friendships with many pupils – although I do recall a few of them with pleasure.

I also recall some happy head - hitting teachers – who apparently believed that aiming a heavy book at the cranium would assist more learning. Techniques on how best to impart knowledge have progressed since then….

I also recall Eric Poyner being what I now know to be what a head teacher should embody.

1968, in "Iolanthe" on the Chorus of peers. 1969 played Violin in the Christmas Concert Orchestra.

Professionally I have been fortunate. After a desultory few years as an accountant (having qualified with the then wonderfully bourgeois -named Institute of Cost and Works Accountants) I realized it was not the life for me. I went to Law School, then studied for an MBA. Then I joined a company called Pfizer. And apart from a break stayed there for >30 years. Geraldine and I (and a small friend called Ernie), lived in Brussels, Japan, Southern California and New York; spending 25 years in the USA. My law degree was close to useless in the US as there is no reciprocity. So, not that much accounting, and even less lawyering. Happily I was encouraged to run regional and global companies within Pfizer, also to manage Merger and Acquisitions (M and A), Risk Management and other odd jobs. All were fascinating and all required much travel. The final, NY based, role was International Government Relations: very satisfying. There were two standout highlights in that career. The most memorable one was coordinating the global pharmaceutical / vaccine response to the dreadful Tsunami in 2004. That was a three-month interregnum I shall never forget. It was a significant privilege: and character building.

I took a 4-year break to work at the World Bank and IMF and live in DC: a splendid town. Although totally unqualified to represent these institutions, much responsibility was heaped on me. I never need to visit any country in Africa again. Ever again.

At 59 years of age my corporate adventures ended. A compelling hobby had always been wine. This involved academic study, gaining qualifications, teaching: and hedonistic activities…. Since then wine has been my work in various ways. The first foray was to start a Wine Bar and Restaurant from scratch in my home town of Bronxville (just outside of Manhattan). We called it Ernie's. Never have I worked so hard. The design, construction work, permits, licences! After 15 hectic months, we finally opened. Happily, and luckily, it was a success. I created the recipes and initially did most of the

cooking, and was somehow front of house as well. Very little sleep! Before we moved back to England 3 years ago we sold it. Glad to report that it remains successful: although right now it is serving curbside only. I've also written some wine related books, taught wine, consulted with a co

For those still awake after reading this rather immodest summary, I must say that the School did embed some element of stubbornness and determination in me, for which I am really thankful.

Perhaps most importantly we have three splendid "girls" and the requisite grandchildren.

Thanks for all your work on the 2021 event. **Philip Hedger**

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Perhaps most importantly we have three splendid "girls" and the requisite grandchildren.

Thanks for all your work on the 2021 event. Philip Hedger, March 2020, Curdridge, Hampshire.

Dear David

That's a very gracious and explanatory note. You have a job on your hands - the more so as you probably kindly volunteered..... At 68 I am not ancient. I will paste that above my headboard! Thanks.

It is fascinating to learn about how folks have fared after so many decades - and I for one really never thought I would be in this situation. The human condition is surreal I find. When we are young and at school it seems so unlikely that we would reach this time in our lives. It's a state of denial but we are too young and immature to realize that. And now I am still at it..... We talk about our elders and friends who are hobbling about and slowed down as though we will never be like them! And suddenly I often realize they are only 15 years older than me; or less. Denial is deeply embedded in the human psyche.

I know nothing about you but suspect you have had a fulsome and successful life to date and assume you will have pride of place in these archives you are assembling. Hope so.
In fact due to my particular circumstances, I really don't know any Old Priceans, although I do recall some, and only recently by good fortune stumbled over Micheal and Angela: and a very fortuitous stumble it was.

Anyway! I will write a note together in case it's useful to add to the portfolio. Should be with you soon. Feel free to edit or ignore or not include. I will be content with any of those decisions.

And I much look forward to meeting you. Hopefully by then we will be shaking paws with gay abandon

With warm regards **Philip**

That sounds like a very clever and satisfying conflation of vocation and avocation. Very Robert Frost of you. And the PB / Exclusive Brethren connection: surreal. I spent my first 20 years in the sect - for

that is what it was and is. This notion of homeschooling and separate schools is way past my time but simply one of the many more literal interpretations by successive leaders of selected aspects of Bible teaching. Not working for non PBs, not marrying outside the sect, no eating with others or at restaurants etc etc. I recall a friend of my Father was the Legal Director for Shell Mex. Word came that one shouldn't be working for non PBs and he left and started a fencing company!! Which I'm told was very successful.....Now you have got me going.
Anyway Kevan Bundell. I do recall that name. Curdridge isn't that large a village?

Til soon **Philip**

Hedley	Charles Richard Francis	Dates	

Richard Hedley - 23 August 1935 to 23 January 2016

Charles Richard Francis Hedley was born in Newcastle Upon Tyne on August 23, 1935. He inspired so many with his love of nature and passion for conservation. He is loved by us all and will be greatly missed by his friends and family.



Tony Johnson writes:

Richard studied for his BSc degree at Durham University and obtained an MSc from York University in 1953. I think he joined Price's staff in 1961. He soon made his mark playing a part in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience", directed by Tony Hiles.

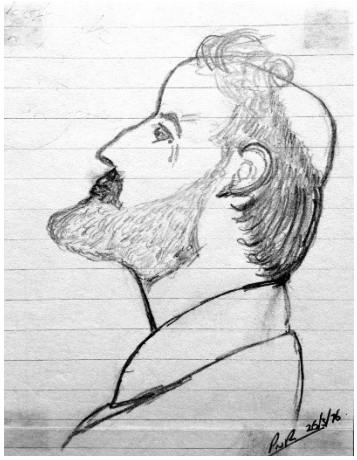
In 1965 Richard started an under rugby 15 team and newly arrived Tony Johnson started an under 14 team. It soon became apparent that two teams were not viable, so we joined forces, coaching respectively forwards and backs for a few years. Richard coached with total enthusiasm and commitment. From a hockey and soccer school Michael Genge and Mark Fisher both played rugby for Hampshire colts. Inevitably the students soon challenged a ragtag team of staff, some of whom had played decent rugby in their time. We both sneaked our boots out of our houses, not daring to tell our wives. Richard's determined play, combined with his baldness, left him with a wound on his scalp impossible to hide from his wife. On the strength of coaching we obtained tickets for Twickenham and Richard's wife, Jean, joined in those trips, which became a fixture for us for many years.

As Head of Biology he, along with the other Heads of Science introduced Nuffield Science around the late 60s or early 70s. It was a fundamental change in teaching science brought off with hard graft and skill. Students' learning experiences in science improved immensely without them necessarily noticing what had happened.

A hole appeared in the ground on a waste patch west of the gymnasium; a churning lorry turned up and tipped concrete into it; and in no time a greenhouse was housing plants for botany lessons: Richard's doing.

Richard identified the need for another minibus and set about with gusto to raise the money. I hope it wasn't the one with the difficult gears. No matter. He was prime mover.

Once he set his mind to do something he carried it through with determination. He decided he was going to sail. Cyril Briscoe helped him. He joined Lee-on- Solent sailing club and sailed a GP14 for several years. This was turned to students' benefit because he was one of those who helped in the house sailing competitions. Later on he bought a Trapper 300 called 6X after a beer made by Wadsworth's of Devizes. Generous with his time and skill, he helped my wife buy a dinghy and crewed it in races on Tuesday evenings when I was playing cricket for the staff team. His will to win was curbed while he taught her. He set his mind to learn the pipes of his beloved Northumbria and did.



Classroom sketch by Peter Raby, during

The Sixth Form College students concocted a scheme to find the super teacher by setting physical tasks to perform in the gymnasium. Richard tied for first place with Ian Wilkie, a younger man, and a play off was called for. A thrilling race to complete the final task ended with Richard coming second, saving the over forties' honour.

In retirement he worked hard at the Hampshire Wildlife Trust's Chappett's Copse to extend the numbers of a rare orchid he had identified, he continued sailing and singing with the Lee Singers. He had a large extended family on which he doted and helped in many practical ways. He knew his last illness would end in death and with the biologist's awareness of the waxing and waning of life and with his

a not-very interesting lesson!

Christian faith he met death with quiet dignity.

Appropriately he was piped out of his church by Northumbrian pipers.

At lunch on hearing of Richard's passing my son 30 years on proceeded to tell us precisely how Richard had taught him about osmosis. "He was a good teacher," he said without hesitation. Known as "Deadly" Hedley by Price's pupils (I don't know why), colleagues saw him as a forthright, straight and loyal colleague. He was dear friend for over 50 years.

THE LION'S LAST ROAR

OR

OLD DOUGHNUTS

30TH JUNE 1989

On the day when we drop a nostalgic sentimental tear into our beer mugs, it is the time to look back and recall the mythology and atmosphere which made Price's School and College a place where staff stayed, a place that Sibyl Hollins counted, "as the happiest part of her teaching career".

It was a school/college where, above all, the teachers counted as much as the taught. As Tom Hilton said; "The boys only have to put up with the school for five or seven years, but the staff may have to put up with the consequencies of change much longer".

As a result, I never remember the staff seriously divided on an issue for long. There were very few cliques or conferences in the corner of the staff room.

Many of us arrived in the early '60's, to a school which was expanding with Fareham, from a country based institution to serve a large urban community, but a rich oral tradition had already developed and continued in school, staff room and, that important annexe, 'The Sun'.

THE STAFF MEETING

Often excessively concerned with dress.

"What are drainpipe trousers?"
"Do we approve of drainpipe trousers?"
"How many inches around the bottom of the leg is a drainpipe?"

This all revolved around a lad called Notton, whose lanky pipe cleaner legs were ill-graced by drainpipes, but they were 'a la mode' in the '60's.

Caps, abandoned at the school gate but cherished by the staff, were a great source of debate. In one surging school yard melée, a youthful member of staff, John Chaffey, was ticked off by Cyril Briscoe for not wearing a cap! The new Headmaster, Mr Eric Poyner, unilaterally decided to give up the unequal struggle of keeping caps on boy's heads. It was the only time that staff and headmaster were rather cool towards one another for a whole week.

/Continued .

THE ASSEMBLY

A good hymn, a homily and endless notices were the chief ingredients. Occasionally, these notices were enlivened by the humorous. All the boys were addressed by their surname. On one occasion, the school secretary wished to distinguish between the Whitby twins and the following surprising announcement was made from the dais.

"Mrs Pemberton would ike to see Whitby P. in her office!"

In the winter of 1968, there was a tremendous snowstorm mid-morning. Inevitably the whole of Southern Hampshire came to a halt. The school was released early and struggled home on foot. The next morning at assembly the deputy head 'Tom Hilton', announced that if there was another snowstorm, the outside bell would be rung to signal the school's dismissal. On a clear afternoon of melting snow, that bell rang and rang! The whole school reacted with a common certainty of purpose and was out of the gate before any staff could collect their wits. It is still known as the 'Pigney Bell'.

THE VITH FORM COLLEGE

The arrival of Girls and the VIth Form College produced problems and consternation amongst the male members of staff. Mr Poyner announced that his old office would be turned into a delivery room, which would be attended by Mr Crossman, the caretaker.

I remember rushing into Sibyl Hollins office (Deputy Principal) to complain that one young lady's dress was far too 'décolleté' for sitting at the front desk during Biology lessons and that this was taking practical lessons too far! Mr Glynne-Howell was completely scandalised because:-

"I have seen a young lady and a young gentleman in amorous juxtaposition. What are we to do about it, Mr Poyner?"

PARTIES

The most memorable, wonderful occasions of all and sometimes it is surprising that anyone remembered them at all. They signalled the holidays, the blessed release to the outside world, celebrations during which all differences and disputes were forgotten.

My first summer party was memorable for the car race around the boundary of the cricket pitch, ably led, from the pole position, by the Headmaster in his Brown Bedford Dormobile.

Christmas parties, presided over by Mr Crossman, in his high-necked, stark white tunic and liberally oiled by Mr Pemberton's contribution of 'Courage's Director's Special Brew'. Later, Roger Jenkins was the major domino, keeping us all on a strict diet of 'Claret', allowed to breath for at least ten minutes. Those who timorously asked for beer were told

"It isn't going to be that kind of party!"

Ken Newman, who had a pickled onion half way to his mouth, had it stopped in its track with

"You arn't going to eat that with claret, are you?"

FINALLY

"It is the best School in the country:
It is the best VIth Form College in the country!"

(How often our cynical laughter has been mocked since then).

C.R. F. Hedley

Henry	William J.	Dates	

Leaving Price's School in 1918 Bill Henry was one of the founder members of the Association, but will more particularly be remembered for his regular appearances in pre-war years at London Section dinners, when his great sense of fun played a major part in making these meetings a success. Playing hockey at this time for Hampstead and Middlesex he also played a leading role in our early efforts to form a London hockey team.

Although he has always kept in touch, apart from a welcome but fleeting visit to a London Section Christmas Dinner a few years ago, little has been seen of Bill during post-war years owing to his almost permanent posting abroad.

After a varied civilian career, he was commissioned in the R.A.F. in 1940, and served in the Western Desert, Iraq, India and Ceylon, returning to the U.K.in 1946. Transferring to the Royal Army Pay Corps with the rank of Major in 1951, he was again posted abroad, first to the Canal Zone, and then to Cyprus. He played hockey and tennis for both the R.A.F. and the Army, and only last year won the R.A.P.C. Open Tennis Doubles.

In November last he had an operation, when it was found that he was suffering from cancer, and although there was little hope of his recovery, he was brought back for treatment to Millbank Military Hospital, where he died on the 27th March, and was buried at the Roman Catholic Cemetery at Kilburn with full military honours.
We extend our deepest sympathy to his Widow, and also to his parents, who lost their other son Jack (also an Old Pricean) at the early age of 20.

Henry	Jack H.	Dates	

9/22 qualified for Sandhurst, but was offered an Air Force Cadetship at Cranwell, which, though an out of the way spot, has compensations in the shape of a free issue to every cadet of a motor-bike with an allowance of 3 quarts of petrol a week.

4/23 returned to Cranwell on his "issue" motor-bike, but had a strenuous time. Cranwell was under snow in February, which was all against flying. He had his first flight on Feb.20th, and had to sketch two villages. Apart from being very cramped in the cockpit, he found flying quite pleasant.

12/24 It is with feelings of the deepest regret that the news of Jack Henry's death from meningitis following pneumonia on October 15th last, will be received by all who knew him. His cheery optimism and invariable good temper made him a general favourite, and the keenness with which in his last year here he worked up the steeplechase team of School House, though himself not a distance runner, had much to do with the house's ultimate success. He had just finished his course at Cranwell, and being ill during the finals, could not take his exams but had done so well before that the Air Ministry passed him out without examination.

Herbert	Michael	Dates	- 1949

Michael Herbert recalls the Hampshire ACF Cup of 1949

Browsing through the reminiscences I recall, probably 1949, in my final year at Price's when I played in the First XI Football Team. At that time the school ACF was chosen to provide a football team in the Hampshire ACF Cup competition. With the exception of myself and 'Titch Stone the whole First XI were in the ACF, we were in the Scout Troop. Tom Hilton went into 'conference' with Tim Foster, First XI manager, and 'The Wick' aka The Rev. Royds-Jones, Scoutmaster.

The result was that Titch and I were 'conscripted' , issued with the necessary uniform and so the whole of the First XI were now able to take place in the cup competition.

We went on to win the cup and I still have my one and only cup winners medal.

Any chance that there is a photo of that team in the archives?

Regards,

Michael Herbert,



Scout camp 1947 – Inspection

Hewetson	L. F.	Dates	~1923 - 1927

03/31: Has been transferred from Porto Alegre to Rio de Janiero, and has sent so further most interesting letters describing the life in Brazil during the revolutions. He is still clamouring for later from his old friends in the London Section, who, we are sure, will not disappoint him.

04/32: "The same old tale of woe continues in Rio. The world depression in trade and the consequent desire to economise has led to great reductions in staffs and salaries. The increasing numbers of unemployed only seems to make matters worse. Our people have been applying the knife, too, and everyone's job is precarious, but I am optimistic to consider myself safe, for the time being at least. What the future has in store, I cannot tell.

I don't wish to rub it in at all, but I have been thinking how different your weather must be at this time. I have spent the morning bathing in water as clear as crystal, with the bay like a sheet of glass, the surrounding hills just radiating heat and not even a speck of cloud in the sky above. There is almost a certainty that a breeze will start up this afternoon and in all probability there will be a storm tonight. There are many new pleasures to be experienced out here, but they don't balance the ones sacrificed when leaving England. Anyhow, beggars cannot be choosers and at the present time, I would rather earn the daily crust in Brazil.

The School seems to have developed a species of superiority complex with regard to Old Boys' matches. When I was a member of the School, we were generally, if not always badly beaten-up. My activities in the sports line have been confined exclusively to swimming in the past few months as the heat does not tempt one to play the usual winter games. The season starts again at the end of April.

By the way, you might know that a South American cricket team is touring England in the coming Summer. There are four fellows from Brazil, one from Chile and the rest from Argentina. They have a very ambitious fixture list: the varsities, Army, Sussex, Leicestershire and Scotland. It looks extremely likely there will be more political trouble brewing in this troubled country before long. At present there is a Newspaper strike on, as a protest against the sacking of the offices of the "*Diareo Carioca*" by a group of Army officers. It is a year and a half since we had revolution so naturally, something must happen before long. Revolutions and Carnivals are the salt of Life in Brazil."

12/32: The usual long and interesting letter from L. F. HEWETSON contains news of his meeting with H. M. WELLBORNE in Rio, where they form "the only local section which always has 100 per cent attendance." They are trying to get into touch with J. E. GULLIFORD, who is also in the Western Telegraph Co., along that coast. On the evening of the Reunion Dinner they held their own celebration, although, owing to the differences in time, they had to drink our health at 5 p.m. in order to coincide with the toast of "Absent Friends" at the "Red Lion." However, they fulfilled their duty, and felt that they were joining up with us in England. He is still suffering from revolutions in Brazil, and for fear of censorship he avoids any risk of indiscretion in his letter, but he gave the impression that the whole of the South American continent was very agitated.

04/38: In Bahia, Brazil, seeks contacts from old friends and news of the School. Gives an interesting account of the political situation and says the President – not really a Dictator – is a very capable fellow and has done a lot of good for the country.

04/38 C/o Bank of London and South America, Ltd., Caixa Postal, 48, Bahia, Brazil, complains of a lack of news from Old Boys and would appreciate letters from his old friends. He will not be here in 1939, but thinks that the first half of his exile is the worst. He gives a very interesting account of the political situation and considers that the present President – not really a Dictator – is a very capable fellow who had done a lot of good for the country.

Hibdidge	Norman	Dates	1941 - 1946

A letter from Norman Hibdige to David Williams – 29th May 2008.

Many thanks for your letters etc. regarding the Old Priceans centenary events & invitations to them. I regret that I shall not be attending as my health is not as good as I would like it to be these days.

I enjoyed my visit to Westbury Manor to view the excellent exhibition which revived a few memories of long ago! Apart from some of the teachers I didn't recognise many pupils in the photos, only Richard Pook in the cadet band, who later became a church minister & emigrated to Canada I believe, & Roy Daysh who I think came from Shirrell Heath or Shedfield. One very poignant memory was when I saw the name I W N May on both the achievements chart & the Roll of Honour. He was a sixth former & a very nice person whom I, as a junior, admired & respected & I remember vividly the morning when George Ashton announced in assembly that he had been killed in the War – a very sad day!

Another very interesting item was the chart showing the numbers of pupils in the sixth form over the years. I think that this helps to prove that success has been easier as the criteria has been lowered although I know that many educationalists would disagree!

My memories of the teachers include Bert Shaw, my favourite as he taught geography which was my best subject! Thacker who was very adept at hurling small pieces of chalk at misbehaving or inattentive pupils! Olly Johnston, who taught Latin, which I enjoyed in the early years but struggled with later on, on the last day of term he used to bring in holiday slides to show us, many of them were of Switzerland including the B-b-bernese Oberland, Interl-l-laken, G-g-grinwald etc! This created a desire in me to travel, having hardly been out of Hampshire & Wiltshire at that time! I have managed to visit these places & many others in later years, always remembering Olly & my boyhood dreams!

I was a very reluctant pupil at Price's. As a small boy from a poor but happy family, my main ambition was to leave school at 14 & work on a farm as had all my family for many generations previously. At 11 I was persuaded by the headmaster of Bishop's Waltham Boys School to take the scholarship exam (later 11+) as I was in the top form & could go no farther. I said that I had no desire to go to a grammar school but he said that I could do it "for the honour", so I took it & was the only one in the school to pass! Pressure was then brought to bear for me not to pass up this "great opportunity" so I joined Price's in Sept. 1941. I was never really at ease there, I had no problems academically, working hard & progressing through 2a, 3a, 4a, 5a to the Oxford School Cert. with 7 passes including 3 credits, but socially I found life a bit difficult mixing with private pupils with more affluent parents – known these days as an "inferiority complex" I suppose! I found going to school 6 days a week leaving at 8am & returning home after 5pm, then three subjects of homework each evening & weekend, quite demanding, especially with air raids at night quite often.

After passing the 0xford School Certificate at fifteen I was unable to progress to the sixth as I needed credits in Maths & Science & I only had passes, so I had to stay in 5a to take the whole OSC again the following year, not one or two subjects at a time as they can these days! I was unable to leave school as my father had to sign a document to keep me there to 16. At this point I became demotivated, did the minimum amount of work possible, dropped down to the middle of the class, became more interested in girls & sport & left soon after my 16th birthday in March 1946!

Despite my lack of enthusiasm, I have much to be thankful for my Price's education, having had a relatively successful career as a cartographer with the Ordnance Survey, spending the last 7 years in charge of the fifty strong small scale Drawing Dept. I was also very active in the life of Curdridge where we lived for 50 years, representing the village on the Winchester City Council for 20 years & being Mayor of Winchester in 1997-98.

I don't know if you or anyone else will be interested in this rambling epistle – if not bin it!

Apologies for the handwritten letter but I still live in the dark ages technology-wise! Going back to my yokel roots I suppose!!

Many thanks again & best wishes for the future,

Yours sincerely, **Norman Hibdige**

Hiles	Tony	Dates	



Teacher of Art, Team manager of the Shooting Club. Oversight of the 1961 Shooting Club. 1965 Mr.Hiles coaching has raised the standard of performance this year against local Schools and in national Championships
1963 Produced and was Stage Director of "Patience". 1964 "Gondoliers" Stage Design & Management: [The set, although simple in concept, was beautifully finished in great detail and a tribute to the skill of Hywell Ellis and Antony Hiles.]
Whilst there were a number of boys (and later girls as well) who joined the school/college as "players" there can be little doubt that the encouragement, enthusiasm and coaching by the masters contributed greatly to the success of school teams. Tennis took place during summer games lessons, but the majority of the coaching was provided at dedicated after-school squad practice sessions. The master most responsible was the art teacher Tony Hiles who himself was a skilled player.

Art and Design at Prices

From Art being taught by the woodwork master in just one room at the top of a redbrick Victorian building in Park Lane to the blessing and support in 1974 of the new Headmaster Eric Poyner saw not only the development of traditional art activities but also the gradual development of areas such as Imaginative Composition, Graphic Design, Photography, History of Architecture and Painting, Pottery and Ceramics plus Core and General Studies and eventually Computer Graphics and Design.

Underlying this range of creative activities there was also a good balance between the ideas of enabling and also ennobling – these were major factors in what the varied and talented staff had to offer within what was to become "The Visual Studies Department"

The introduction of pottery and ceramics from a large poorly used cloakroom reminded me of my first five years or so at Prices with big increases in pupils, then students, with them came a

proliferation of teaching huts across the site, all linked by paths of wide paving stones. Before that, when I first arrived in Fareham for my interview with the then Headmaster, George Ashton for the post of Art Master and drove south down the Wickham Road I saw the enormous bottle kilns gently billowing smoke to the right of North Hill. A few years later a worker from there was taken on as a Caretaker at Prices. His job in the kilns had the extraordinary title of a "sagger makers bottom knocker". Incidentally, the houses in North Hill have a varied collection of chimney pots made from the local buff and red clays, and of course, the Albert Hall is made of Fareham Reds. Another employee was known amongst the pupils as "Clip-Clop". She was a very attractive and well-dressed and high-heeled young lady who travelled the concrete paths with her clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clop sounds, turning all the heads of the lads in the huts – she, en route, collected all the class registers.

As the number of six form students increased, so did the academic standards and sporting achievements along with the teams – particularly the top cricket and hockey teams. All the top cricketers for were, some reason or other particularly bright and talented, but one of the top echelon of students who was incompetent at all forms of sport, yet had a quick eye, intellect and sense of humour which was immediately recognised by his cricketing sporting friends who took him under their wing to be the Cricket First Team scorer – namely the internationally famous author, Robert Goddard. On his way to school each day would call in at his grandma's house and read her the morning news, occasionally embellishing the news, if it was a bit dull. One other of that elite group was Peter Hancock, who has retired this year as Bishop of Bath and Wells. I am sure there are many more notables out there (including another Bishop whose name escapes me). Another feature of those years was the increase in various cultural and sporting trips abroad,

Also, at that time the number of Prices' student entrants to Oxford, Cambridge and other top Universities and colleges was at an all time high. Gradually, however, there developed a political swing within teaching and this had an enormous effect on Prices, with one County Advisor actually referring to the Prices staff as "being in their ivory tower". Two Deputy Principals were appointed around that time (one in charge of timetabling) and their political views quickly became well known amongst the staff. Staff were no longer encouraged or supported to coach through timetabling or look after teams or groups outside their particular subject area. Before their arrival, I used to coach with other staff, junior hockey and also the Senior Tennis and shooting teams.

Over the decades of my teaching at Prices, I put aside various bit and pieces which were of historical or personal interest to me; such an old Prices blazer badge, a prefects tie, various little printing blocks (½ - ¾ inches square) featuring the Prices Lion, they were used as letter heading. The prize item is one of a few cast iron lions heads which were part of the guttering surrounding the physics' block. All items which bring back vivid memories of Prices School/College and are on display in various parts of our house (I say our to include my wife Angela in this note because she was a regular visitor to Prices as the Hampshire School Dentist – remember the Dental Trailer?)

Two ex-students are still very much in touch with us on a regular basis. Nicholas Inns is a superbly talented potter, modeller and teacher, and also Kim Thompson who is an equally talented Wild Life Painter. She holds regular exhibitions and runs annual painting classes in Botswana. Both have excellent Websites and are worthwhile looking up.

300th Anniversary Well done William Price! **Tony Hiles**

See also, his piece in the Lion Pride Chapter: The Cultural Life of the School.

Ed: A teacher-leader of Shooting, and a coach of Tennis, as well as founder and then a Head of Department, Tony was clearly a colleague of great value to the School, not only through his

leadership of a new curricular enterprise, in Art, but further his involvement with other aspects of the performing Arts, with roles in set-production and stage management. But Tony was no just-indoor slouch – for his acclaimed role in the furtherance of the Tennis fraternity was evidently key: "*Tennis took place during summer games lessons, but the majority of the coaching was provided at dedicated after-school squad practice sessions. The master most responsible was the art teacher Tony Hiles who himself was a skilled player. He was ably assisted with team supervision by chemistry teacher David Bowler and latterly Mr. Collennette and maths teacher John Tomlinson. Reports of boys improving over the course of a term and appearing more regularly in school teams after one or two years was surely the result of inspirational coaching, encouragement and practice*."

Mark Knight

Hill	Alan	Dates	



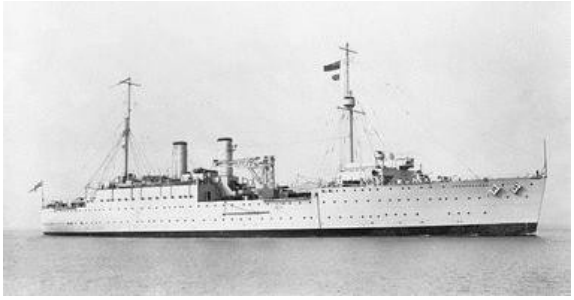
Nov 1970 Another Price's concert/show/review as part of the Folk Music scene, took place - "Something to Remember", over 2 nights, with poetry and sketches to broaden the program. '

1971 Producer of "Journey's End", assisted by Mr.Tony Johnson. The strength of "Journey's End" was that it was almost entirely an effort by the pupils — even the direction was by a six-former, Alan. Hill.

For Black Lion No.4, a highly promising poetic talent, Alan Hill, was now making major contributions.

Hill	R.	Dates	

12/31 R. HILL, now on H.M.S. "Resource," attached to the Mediterranean Fleet, has sent most interesting letters describing his services abroad.



"I was very disappointed on not being able to attend the Old Boys' Reunion; on that day my services were required on board at Portsmouth, and it was impossible to get away, so I had regretfully, to miss the opportunity of meeting many Old Boys.

"The address at the top of this letter may help to explain my delay in writing to you; I was suddenly granted two days' foreign service leave, and eventually left England on July 22nd to join

this ship. The “Resource” is the latest and most efficient Repair Ship we have, and she is attached in the Mediterranean Fleet; we have some most wonderful machinery in this ship, and can easily and efficiently carry out repairs and replacements of worn machinery for any ships on this Station.

“We are at present at Athens, this being the first place we have visited since leaving Malta for our cruise, and we have taken advantage of our stay here to visit the Acropolis, the Parthenon, and have seen Mars Hill.

“In direct contrast to the weather you have been having in England, the summer conditions in Malta have been almost unbearable; at one period the temperatures were 104 degrees in the shade, the sea temperature being 82 degrees. You can easily imagine that to remain in the sun for any length of time under these conditions was highly dangerous, and a good breeze would have been a blessing!”

And in a further letter:-

“At present I do not know when I shall be returning to England; the usual time we stay out here is 2½ years, but there is a possibility of the ship returning to Portsmouth at the latter end of next year, and while the hope is father to the thought, I sincerely hope we shall see England again in 1932.

“Since I last wrote to you we have cruised round the Greek Islands, and have been to Thasos, Mudros, Grandes Bay, Milo and at present we are at Suda Bay, which is on the island of Crete. At these places there are only a few houses and innumerable rocks and mountains. Milo was interesting by reason of Venus de Milo having been found there.”

Hills	Michael	Dates	c.1934 -

Brother of Peter Louis Hills.

Flying Officer Michael Hills in flying gear



My Uncle, Michael Hills (born August 15th 1923) also attended Prices. Flying Officer Michael Hills was shot down and killed over France on June 11th 1944. (Written by Chris Hills)

Michael joined the R.A.F. on September 2nd 1941 as an Aircraft land Observer (radio) with the rank of Aircraftsman 2nd Class. He entered Pilot Under Training as a Leading Aircraftman.
In April 1942 he came to Canada (just this week I learned he had trained at #9 Air Observer School at St Jean-Richelieu in Quebec, air observers were later called navigators).

He moved to RAF Benson where he converted to Lancaster bombers, then joined # 15 Squadron at RAF Mildenhall in December 1943 with the rank of Flying Officer.

His Lancaster LM468 was shot down over Dreux (bombing the railyards) with the plane crashing with the loss of all seven crew members near Ste Gemme de Moronval in the early hours of June 11/44. The bombing of the railway yards was designed to assist the D-Day landings by hindering German troop movements to Normandy.

From Luftwaffe records Hauptmann Paul Zorner in a JU 88 night-fighter shot them down.

The villagers, against the wishes of the German troops in the area, carried the bodies of the crew members and buried them in the village cemetery. Subsequently the Commonwealth War Graves Commission erected headstones for the seven graves.

The village hall in Ste Gemme de Moronval has a memorial to the crew with their photo. Every year on the anniversary of the crash the church has a memorial service. A good friend of mine who lives in Paris visited the village, and spoke with the one remaining villager who had seen the plane come down.



Crewe of Lancaster LM 468



The seven grave markers in St Gemme de Moronval

EXTRACT FROM SAINTE GEMME MORONVAL NEWSPAPER
DATED 11TH JUNE 1994

The "Superfortress" That Crashed on 11th June 1944
(See Note below)

"Let us pay homage to the memory of these young men who sacrificed their lives to give us back our liberty" said Mayor Joel Allain who led the procession of village residents to the small cemetery next to thr Church of Saint Symphorien on 11th June 1944. Fifty years after the crash the villagers placed flowers on each of the graves of the seven allied airmen who had lost their lives in1944.

"It was on a Saturday evening at about 2200 hours" recalled Lucien Vacheron, whose eighty four year old memory had retained intact, the picture of this terrible drama. With a broad gesture he indicated where, in the middle of the valley, towards Les Feugères, the RAF Superfortress (really Lancaster LM 468) had disintegrated on impact with the ground after being hit by anti aircraft fire. The vision of this nightmare still remains in the memory of the village today.

"The following day, when we went to look at the crash, it was unrecognisable as an aeroplane" The first witnesses that went to the crash were not allowed near it and could not decide what had caused it to crash. "The Germans had given orders that we should not touch it" said Monsieur Vacheron.

It was four days later that Lucien Vacheron, with his brother and Monsieur Berthin the carpenter was able to recover the bodies of the airmen in order to give them a proper burial. "One lacked most things at that time," recalled Lucien Vacheron," As there was no wood to manufacture coffins, we had to make them using the flooring normally used for dances and other festive occasions" Despite the disapproval of the occupying authorities, Lucien recalled that the villagers had picked corn poppies and blue corn-flowers and placed them on the graves, So that these young men brought to earth so far from their country, could have a burial that was not quite so anonymous."

NOTE: The local paper was incorrect. The "Superfortress " was Avro Lancaster LM 468 of No 15 Squadron based at Royal Air Force Mildenhall.

Hills	Peter Louis	Dates	1932-1937

Brother of Michael Hills.

Peter's son, Chris, has been in touch from Canada about his father and uncle who both attended Prices. Michael is remembered on the Prices War Memorial board and Chris has provided the following information about his relations:

My Father, Peter Louis Hills (born October 13th 1920) attended Prices. He passed away in 2006 after serving in the RAF from 1938 until his retirement in 1975 (?)

He followed up my response (MP) with more detail:

Thank you so very much for your swift reply! I had no idea when I sent the email if indeed the address was still active...I've had a lot of dead ends doing research on Uncle Micky in the past.



Michael and my Father, Peter Louis Hills, were brothers There was another brother Patrick (born March 11/26), and two sisters, Jennifer (b. May 7/35) and Sheila (b. July 7/28) who is the only one still with us, she lives in Taunton. Their Father was Louis Hills who owned a butcher's shop and grocery store at Ford's Corners in Shedfield. The house was called "Minoru" named, I believe, after a horse that won a prestigious race somewhere in the distant past.

Peter Louis Hills joined the RAF in 1937, as an aircraft fitter. He served at a variety of bases during WW2, including North Africa, Sardinia and Corsica. He served as an aircraft engineer (ground crew).

After the war he was stationed in Germany, St Athan, Malta, Colerne, Bassingbourne, Kinloss, and BAOR Germany: I imagine I might have missed a few along the way! He retired in 1975 with the rank of Squadron Leader.

He was at Prices from 1932 to 1937: I'm sorry, if he's in that photograph I do not recognise him!

Thank you for the School Magazine and the photo of the Honour Board with Uncle Micky's name.
I do have Micky's Bible, given to him at Prices in September 1935 when he was in Form 4B. There is a handwritten name (very faded) inside the cover that looks like J.W. Munday (perhaps T not J) with the dates Sep 1920 - Dec 1936.

Again my heartfelt thanks for your assistance.
Warmest regards,

Chris Hills

Hilton	Tom		1935 - 1972

Lion 1972: **T.Hilton, T.D., M.A., 1935 - 1972**

Thirty-seven years, and a term! It does not seem so long ago that I was welcoming the new Chemistry master, perhaps more warmly than the others, if only because, with his arrival, I was relieved of the doubtful distinction of being "the New Master".

And that was the beginning of a happy and memorable association, not only for myself, but for the School and all the boys and Old Boys who, in that long period have come into contact with Mr. Hilton

It was clear from the start that here was what the journalists love to call a "forceful personality". Mr Hilton seemed to have been born with strong views, no doubts and a pronounced tendency to express himself clearly. But to these first impressions it was obvious that much more must be added. Enthusiasm for his subject and an ability to transmit it to those he taught - in fact, enthusiasm for anything he undertook, not simply for the selfish pleasure of doing something well, rather to give as many boys as possible the opportunity of learning to do the things which he found rewarding and worthwhile.

So, a keen soccer player and cricketer, he was soon busy training and encouraging, then taking over responsibility for the Colts while Mr Shaw dealt with the 1st XIs. By this time, of course, everyone had long since discovered that beneath the occasionally threatening exterior was nothing but kindness, strict fairness and unlimited encouragement for anyone who was prepared to work hard and play hard – at the right times. Those who would not, found him unrelenting, but still fair.

And with all this he had a lively sense of humour. Occasionally he might be suspected of indulging himself by exaggerating the gruffness of his appearance. Large boys have been known to quake in their shoes at the awful sound of his voice – only to perspire with relief when they could see the twinkle in his eye.

He was no mean actor, in the days before the war when a small school turned to dramatic activity as one method of raising funds. Few escaped involvement. A stage had to be designed and constructed for rapid erection and dismantling each year in the Hall, now the Library. Light and portable scenery must be made and painted; confident theorists and experimenters had to tinker with lighting circuits and back their theories by risking themselves in the first trials. When this activity became an annual event, Mr Hilton for many a long year appeared in the role of Producer of a successful line of plays

At the same time, of course, he was for many years, after the end of the War in 1945, the O.C. of a most enthusiastic and successful C.C.F.

Latterly, as Deputy Headmaster. He has been able to draw on all these years of work in and out of School with all kinds of boys engaged in so many different activities, and while giving help, guidance and a little plain speaking to the new boys of the 1st and 2nd years, make the most of his valuable contribution to the administration of the School, out of sight of all but a few of the boys whose interests he has always defended so fiercely.

We shall miss him, remember him with gratitude and affection and hope to see him occasionally in the course of a long and happy retirement which we wish him.

Tim W.Foster (Tom's Godson)

It is with great regret that we must record the passing of Tom Hilton at the age of 93. He died on 11th January 2006 following a short illness. His association with the School began in 1935 and he retired as Deputy Headmaster in 1972. He regularly attended the Old Priceans Summer Luncheon with his wife, Peggy who survives him.
The Funeral was held at SS Peter & Paul's, High Street, Fareham on Monday 30th January 2006 at 2.00pm and many former staff members and pupils gathered to pay their last respects. The Rev. Tony Marks officiated and prayers were led by Ven. Peter Hancock, a former pupil who is now Archdeacon of the Meon.

TOM HILTON 1912 – 2006

EULOGY GIVEN BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF OLD PRICEANS AT TOM'S FUNERAL SERVICE 30 JAN 2006 AT THE PARISH CHURCH OF SS PETER AND PAUL, FAREHAM

The last time I was allowed to stand and give public utterance in this church was almost exactly 60 years ago. I was reading one of the nine lessons in the school's carol service. A few hours later I was walking through the school buildings when I heard a voice say, "You read very well this afternoon, Nobes." The voice was Tom's. Although, of course, he was right, he was the only member of staff to mention the matter and to give praise to this young and sensitive lad.

That was Tom.

And now I'm here to give deserved praise to Tom, on behalf of us all. It is a great honour, though I am very much aware that others knew him better, and far longer, than I.

One of them is Anne Ashton, who about ten when she first met Tom. She tells how, when her mother died, Tom was not content with a letter of condolence, but visited her and George to express his sympathy; and similarly when George died, he visited Anne. Tom's was the direct approach, and the personal contact.

Tom Hilton was one of the best teachers in the old grammar school tradition, devoting almost all of his long career to the boys of Price's School, Fareham. Former pupils remember him as "the best teacher I have ever come across" and "one of the key people in shaping my life."

He embodied the perfect balance of the twinkling eye and the stern gaze; he was always ready to laugh with pupils, but they always knew exactly when laughter had to stop. His conversation, until the very end, was lively, amusing and extremely well-informed; but he listened to others, including the young – an attribute not universally recognised by staff in the old days. His control in the laboratory was such that he ventured on experiments that others would not have risked. He was an explosives expert, and his best-remembered demonstration was the blowing-up of a sealed can, bits of which would clatter against the laboratory ceiling, much to the delight of his classes, some of whom, as a result, were inspired to become notable scientists and members of the medical profession.

Tom had enjoyed a distinguished school career and became head prefect. He went up to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1930, to read Natural Sciences. He took a good degree, and was college soccer captain and won colours for cricket. He taught at Kendal School for a year, and, having qualified, moved in 1935 to Price's, to George's delight, to teach chemistry.

Already commissioned into the T.A., in 1939 he was called up, and spent the war being officer responsible for the artillery trials for all three services at Inchture in Scotland. He was

awarded the Territorial Decoration. His return to teaching, together with one or two other young members of staff who had been called up, brought a breath of fresh air and liveliness to the school, and helped revive those who had carried the responsibility of seeing the school through the war. Retaining his army rank, as Major Hilton he took charge of the Army Cadet contingent at the school. At last there could again be 1st XI v Staff soccer and cricket matches. (Tom had been captain of both these games in his own school days at Colwyn Bay, and victor ludorum, too.) On the football field he made scintillating runs at great speed. At the end of the first of these fast forays into the school's half, he would briefly disappear behind the trees and into the ditch on the lower side of the pitch, and emerge to run even faster. (He later admitted to being sick after such violent and unusual exertion.) His bowling was almost as quick, and he ran up puffing his cheeks in characteristic fashion. He coached usefully in the nets, and umpired with humorous observations to the bowler, and sometimes surreptitiously gave words of advice *sotto voce* from the corner of his mouth. (One of us here today remembers taking the notable wicket of a future Hampshire player in a game again Portsmouth Grammar School after Tom has hissed at him "Appeal, you fool!" when he had not realized that the batsman was l.b.w.)

Tom was one of the resuscitators of the dramatic society after its wartime slumbers, and delighted the young actors by persuading Peggy (whom he had married in 1939) to join other glamorous staff wives to do the make-up. Later he became housemaster of Westbury. While other members of staff in the 1940s and beyond used surnames, or, in the case of the more daring, nicknames learned from a boy's friends, Tom used Christian names. Not only that, but on the first occasion ex-pupils met him after leaving school, he would say: "Enough of this 'sir' business. You know my Christian name; use it." That he was Tom was known to all; unlike most members of staff, he had no cognomen (unless it was "Tommer") and this was a mark of the affection and respect in which he was held.

He was Deputy Head of Price's from 1963 until his retirement in 1972. By this time the school had grown, and in particular the sixth form had become much larger and stronger. He carried his responsibility with the same happy blend of humour and firmness that he had always shown, and never over-reacted when pupils were referred to him for disciplinary reasons. (These days the epithet laid-back might be used to describe his calm approach.) Tom seemed to know everybody, and apparently never forgot a name or a face, even years after people had left school. For their part, his ex-pupils never forgot that he had trusted them and their abilities, and had noticed and praised their achievements.

He and Peggy celebrated their 65th wedding anniversary two years ago. They regularly attended Old Priceans' functions until very recently, and the affection in which they were held was plain to see at these gatherings. They had a large family made up of the many pupils of Price's who had known and admired Tom, and not a few of these enjoyed a pint (of mild, in Tom's case) with him in his local after they had left school. In the Old Pricean grace "we give thanks for the comradeship we have found in the family of Price's, and for friends and mentors absent today, though present with us in spirit." Tom played an important part in the formation and continuation of that family.

And now that, for Tom, "the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over, and his work is done," we pray that he is granted "a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last."

Tom was the longest-lived of the staff who taught in those years after the war. The end of an era was marked when he died peacefully on 11th January, aged 93. To Peggy especially, and also to their relatives, goes deepest and most sincere sympathy from all who know them.

Patrick Nobes 30 Jan 06



Anne Ashton probably knew Tom Hilton for as long as any one. She writes:

Tom Hilton was a character that I have known from my early childhood. I am not sure of the exact date that he came to Prices School as Chemistry master, but my father George was delighted with his new appointment, as just 4 years after taking up his own appointment as Headmaster in 1934 he was beginning to collect a staff of bright young men, such as Tom, and Tim Foster was another, and a Mr Hollingsworth another. Alas on the declaration of war in 1939 they were all young and joined up, leaving substitutes to be found. At the end of the war Tom and the others came back and Tom from then on was to play an immense part in the lives of many, many young lads from Fareham and surrounding district and in the school at large. He was head of the CCF one of the best in Hampshire and he really settled and made his home in Fareham, his brother Dr Jim Hilton becoming a well-loved family doctor and his younger sister Alice moving down to live in Fareham with their father, and teaching first at Portsmouth, then at Fareham Girls Grammar School, and also for a time in Haslemere, before finally becoming headmistress at Wykeham House.

Another recollection that I have of Tom is the annual ritual of making the school's annual timetable always a job for the headmaster and his second in command; for many years Mr Shaddock but in his latter years Tom succeeded Mr Shaddock in this role. It used to mean several late nights burning midnight oil with the whisky bottle to hand, and fortified first by a wonderful meal cooked by my mother.

Another memory particularly poignant at this time is of Tom, calling at the house after my mother died to express condolences. Not for him the sending of cards or letters, but nothing less than a visit to express condolences would do, and this pattern was also repeated when my father died in 1985 and he came to see me.

Our modern system of education requires much movement of staff to gain experience, but those years of the last century did not see such movement and teachers would spend their careers in one school. Tom never moved from Fareham to the great benefit of all those who were taught by him.

I shall never forget him. He is one of the most interesting characters I have met in my now ever-lengthening life, and I will always treasure the memories

May he rest in peace. ***Anne Ashton***

1935 - *'The Ghost of Jerry Bundler', Produced & Directed. 1946 – "The Housemaster" & 1950 "Badgers Green".*
Cadet Corps 1938. Called-up for War duty. **O.C. Cadet Corps 1946 – 1960**. Retires as Lt.Col.

Tim Foster spoke of his Godfather, Tom Hilton, at the funeral:

Thomas Hilton

It is appropriate and fitting that Tom's life has been commemorated by his extraordinary commitment to Price's School. It is by these things that he is known, and by his influence and mentorship to different generations of pupils and students. This has spread out and beyond this place and into the lives and the families of those pupils who knew him.

It is however the life that he made with his wife Peggy and their life together which has supported and shaped so much of Tom's sense of duty and responsibility. In so many ways, Toms involvement with the complexity of the transformation of Prices during the mid-twentieth century was one in

which the presence of his life and work were co-located and strengthened by his devotion to Peggy.

The site of their future house was a meadow in Wallington, which Peggy discovered one bright evening on her way home from visiting her Mother in Hospital; it was to become a place which, with Tom's forward-looking choice of a young architect, would be unique to them and wholly suited to their lives together. Tom's degree in Natural Sciences at Cambridge gave insights and skill in planting and gardens. He used these skills and his real intuition to create a superbly landscaped garden. This with the sympathetic and 'modernist' design of the house and its windows, brought his garden 'into the house'. It was truly a place of light - mixing the old with the new in such a way, that in late 'fifties England, with its stifling 'cosiness', was sensational. The plans made by the architect specifying choice of colours, was maintained in throughout in the interior spaces. This was Tom - Tom had the ability to encourage in others, the conditions for their skills and expertise to flourish and to trust and adhere to a decision made. These 'certainties' were stabilising and humane forces in his teaching, but this house embodied the manifestation of them. This place was the focus for Tom and Peggys life. It did in many ways, transcend age.

As my Godfather, and as a friend and contemporary of my father, Tom proved to be perceptive, sensitive and supremely loyal. In the company of others he had an easy ability to relax within groups of people, to greatly appreciate the views, opinions and idiosyncratic attitudes of all. He warmed to and appreciated the diversity of his fellows, possibly I think, as a result of his Lancashire roots and his Father's pub in Shaw, where he must have observed people from an early age. In his retirement with Peggy, he was a regular during the 'eighties at the Lamb in Burford and at The Carnarvon Arms on Exmoor, where his presence with 'the regulars' became a vehicle for his contentment and good listening skills to be exercised. His arrival was looked forward to by friends.

Peggy was always a mediating influence to his sometimes definite stance and yet was always the focus for his great and humane sense of duty. Her quiet ability for strategic thinking was one of the many ways that their lives were complimented by each other. Another was by her ability to define a set of routines and certainties, which met his absolute observances about punctuality (which were always more about his consideration for others, and good manners, rather than fussiness). He would arrive and depart, in later years from the pub, with these same reassuring patterns. This gave a confidence and an expectation which were the kinds of strengths which others responded to and admired. Tom always made great pains to make people aware of his thanks – in recent times this is my memory of him – this skill to make people glow from within, and to be thankful for what is given.

Tim Foster

I was extremely sad to receive your mail regarding Tom Hilton.
As far as I know he was the last surviving of the masters who taught me at Prices, and I am very glad that I was able to meet him again very briefly for the the first time after 40 years two years ago at the summer luncheon in Fareham. I guess this really signals the end of an era for me, although I have to say that I was amazed to find that he was still living and so relatively fit 2 years ago.
I am sure that the Society will be fittingly represented at his funeral or memorial service, and if there is a condolence list or something similar organised, I would be very pleased if my name could be added to it.
May he rest in peace.



1946 1st XI Soccer

Mike Simpson

I am sorry to hear about Tom Hilton. Tom was one of the key people in shaping my life; it was he who took me from being a rebellious teenager and showed me better things, and as a result I ended

up with a great career and a happy life. I remember that he lent me his wartime notes on explosives manufacturing, which I suspect influenced me into taking up chemical engineering. He also sold me his double 12 gauge shotgun which I still have, although very rarely use nowadays. He was strict but fair and was I think probably the best teacher that I have ever come across.

Please pass on my sincere sympathies to his relatives and friends. He may be gone, but I for one will never forget him.

Geoff Dimmick

Tom Hilton - "genial" is a word which always springs to mind when remembering him as he was then.....then I remembered the canes.....
I reckon he is so fit for his age now because of two things: the exercise afforded by the wielding of the those foul engines of punishment, and secondly...all that walking up and down Drift Road hill in Wallington....he lived at the top, and the pub was at the bottom

Kevin O'Carroll



CCF Cap Badge
It is obviously "our" lion (more correctly the Lion of William Price's family heraldry) and 1721 is our founding.1908 escapes me at the moment – Opening of the new School we knew at Park Lane.

I think Tom Hilton was the best of the teachers I experienced in my school days, not that he taught me much. I think I had a year's A level chemistry from him sometime during 1968-1970, probably the first of those years. He was one of those teachers who was able to maintain firm discipline and have a laugh with his pupils. He knew when to laugh with you and when to be stern.
My favourite memory is from, probably, early 1968. I'm sure it was my 'O'-level year:

We had had a physics lesson with dry ice. Someone managed to walk out with some. For some reason we found an old shoe, filled it with water and dropped the dry ice in. We put it at the top of the stairs next to the 5B form room near the back door leading to the gym and watched the fog flow down the stairs. Unfortunately we were caught by a teacher and marched off to Tom's office to be dealt. About 5 of us, I think. Once there he looked at us very sternly when he heard what we'd done. "Was it funny>' he asked. Shuffle, shuffle, head down examining our shoes. "was it really funny", he asked again, with a twinkle in his eye. Once we confessed to it being fun he said, "Well don't do it again."

Dr Digby James

My abiding memory of Tom Hilton was his demonstration of how explosive a gas/air mixture could be (funny how a number of former pupils seem to remember 'explosive' moments with Tom!) The demonstration involved an empty syrup tin with a press in lid, it was filled with gas and the contents allowed to escape (and lit) through a small hole in the top, when the mixture of air and gas reached the explosive concentration there was a very satisfying bang and the tin was blown into the air and hit the ceiling in the chemistry lab with some force. I have never forgotten this ,and as my work over the last 45 years has involved both Towns and Natural gas all the time, I have been particularly wary of any situations where an explosive mixture might occur. This caution was thanks to Tom's graphic demonstration.

Although the last time I met him was probably about 1959, I have fond memories and wish to pass on my condolences to his family.

Gerry Potter

I am most sorry to hear of the passing of Tom Hilton. As I did a rather solitary last 2 years in 6th Science as I attempted 1st. MB instead of HSC so the major part of my contact was Tom teaching me Biology and Inorganic chemistry while the rest did Organic Chemistry and no Biology, and Mr Shaddock teaching me Physics. Any failures were definitely mine!

I also had much to do with him in Army Cadets as I took over as RSM when Peter Gregory left for Sandhurst. I seem to remember him as a venerable leader in my school years and even remember keeping goal for or against Tom and the others without realising that as I am now almost 73 the age gap was only 20 years. Although I have had no contact with him since coming to Australia in 76 I feel his passing deeply, and my sympathy goes to his wife.



CCF General Inspection c 1956

Bruce Moulson

I am greatly indebted to you for letting me know about the death of Tom Hilton. I have such fond memories of him at school, but also being able to meet him on many occasions for a beer in his favorite pub. He was always immaculately dressed, and full of lively conversation.
We were so lucky to have had such Masters as he, Thacker, Shaw, Brown, Foster etc I owe them a debt which I can never repay.

George Grimble



Territorial Decoration (T.D.)

I regret that I was unable to see him before his recent illness but I did write him a letter which I hope gave him once more appreciation of how much I realised that I owed him.

Tom was a great teacher and coach. He taught me a great deal more than chemistry, football, cricket and "military matters". I have so many enduring memories of his guidance, support and leadership provided so generously, always with a flavouring of humour and a chuckle!

Tom influenced my life for the good in so many ways, not least of which was his tutoring me and introducing me into three wonderful years at Christ's, his old college at Cambridge. For this and for much else I remain filled with sadness for his death and with gratitude for all he did for me, as he did for many others, at Price's. I was fortunate indeed to have been at Price's at a time when the staff were such a good team and Tom was a strength in that team.

Many thanks Tom, here's to you, and God Bless! **Tony Purkis** ('47 to '54)

Both my brother Howard and I were sad to hear that Tom had died. Howard remembers him especially for his expert teaching of chemistry and for his leadership when Officer in Charge of the School's Army Cadets. I remember him as my Housemaster and the encouragement he gave in every thing I did especially my sporting activities. He was an excellent teacher reaching out to all levels with brilliant control and a touch of humour. I enjoyed the times I took him by car to the annual Christmas Dinner in London. He was such good company and so good at remembering people and always interested in how life was treating them. I may not have been one of his better pupils but I never felt he treated me any differently. To me he became like a great friend and he will always be remembered affectionately. Please include my brother and me in the Society's message to his family

David and Howard Williams



Tom seen here with former pupil, Mike Bayliss, Society Chairman, Patrick Nobes and former master, Mr Garton in 1989

Hoar	Ronald William Cecil	Dates	

Taking a Trip Down Memory Lane



BRITAIN'S leading Methodist returned to his childhood roots and brightened the day for dozens of pupils at Waltham Chase.

The Reverend Ronald Hoar yesterday took a trip down Memory Lane and visited St John the Baptist School – the school he left 50 years' ago.

Mr Hoar, President of the Methodist Conference, took time off from a whistle stop church tour to meet pupils and hold an assembly.

Although he was delighted to make a return visit to his boyhood memories, the surroundings were slightly different.

The primary school which Mr Hoar remembered as a child had moved from his birthplace of Shedfield to a new building at Waltham Chase.

The president, also a former pupil of Prices Grammar School, Fareham, said it was good to be back.

Mr Hoar, aged 60, left Shedfield in 1950 to join the RAF as a ground wireless mechanic. He then went to Richmond College, London University, for ministerial training.

He now leads Britain's 1.3m methodists and lives in Manchester with his wife Peggy.

Mr Hoar's visit to the Waltham Chase school was part of a nostalgic four-day official tour of the Southampton church district.

Hoddinott	Sir John Charles, CBE QPM	Dates	1955 - 1962

As far as I know, leaving aside academic achievements, the only one to achieve fame or notoriety was Hoddinott (Sir John Hoddinott) who became chief constable of Hampshire and who died suddenly in 2001 at the age of 56 in a hotel room in Middlesbrough where he was working on a new police complaints system. Unfortunately you will look in vain for any reference to Price's in his many obituaries and tributes, because his education is said to have been at a sixth form college in Eastleigh. Goldring will remember him and perhaps it's time Price's did too.



Sir John Hoddinott, M.A., CBE, QPM was a senior British police officer who rose through the ranks to become Chief Constable of Hampshire Constabulary.

He was born in Winchester, Hampshire and educated at Barton Peveril Grammar School in Eastleigh, after a spell at Price's School, Fareham.. Both his father and grandfather had served in the Hampshire Constabulary.

Hoddinott however joined the Metropolitan Police as a cadet in 1961, becoming a constable in 1963, a sergeant in 1967 and an Inspector in 1969. In the latter year he attended Trinity College, Cambridge, and was awarded a degree in Law and Economics in 1972. After returning to duty with the Metropolitan Police he was transferred to the Obscene Publications squad as a Chief Inspector and then to the Drug Quad as a Detective Superintendent. In 1981 he was put in charge of the CID at West End Central and promoted to Chief Superintendent.

In June 1981 he transferred to the Surrey Police as Assistant Chief Constable before becoming Deputy Chief Constable of Hampshire Police in 1983. He finally became Chief Constable of Hampshire Police on 1 September 1988. He retired in 1999. (Hants. Constabulary History)

Wikipedia:

He served as President of Association of Chief Police Officers (ACPO) in 1994–95 and as a Deputy Lieutenant of Hampshire.

- 1988: Queen's Police Medal (QPM) in the 1988 New Year Honours
- 1994 : Made Commander of the Order of the British Empire (CBE) in the 1994 Birthday Honours
- 1998 : Knighted in the 1998 Birthday Honours for services to the police.

Hoddinott Road in Eastleigh has been named after him.

Both John's father and grandfather served with Hampshire Constabulary, but John joined the Metropolitan Police and served with them until he was made Assist Chief Constable of Surrey Police. He came to Hampshire in 1983 as the Deputy Chief Constable and moved up to Chief Constable in 1988. He was a prominent Chief Constable who was President of the Association of Chief Police Officers in 1995. He played a major role in the development of Automatic Fingerprint Recognition and the security inquiry after the bombing of the Grand Hotel in Brighton in 1984. He was awarded the CBE in 1994 and was knighted in 1998. He retired in 1999 and tragically died in 2001.

SIR JOHN went to Barton Peveril Grammar School, Eastleigh, and joined the Metropolitan Police as a cadet in 1961. He became a constable in 1963 and was promoted sergeant in 1967 and inspector in 1969. Later that year he attended Trinity College, Cambridge, where he gained a second class honours degree in law and economics in 1972.

He returned to police duties in London's West End Central police station where he served for three years, and received three Commissioner's Commendations.

In 1975 Sir John was promoted to chief inspector when he transferred to the obscene publications squad. In 1977 he was promoted to superintendent and served at Paddington police station before transferring to the drug squad as Detective superintendent.

He was then promoted to chief superintendent and in January 1981 was appointed officer in charge of the CID at West End Central. In June 1981 Sir John became assistant chief constable (operations) with Surrey police. He was appointed deputy chief constable in Hampshire in September 1983 and became chief constable on September 1, 1988, retiring in September 1999.

He was president of ACPO in 1994/5, and was knighted in the Queen's birthday honours of June 1998. Sir John was married to Avril , and they had two daughters, Louise and Rebecca.

He was to lead a major investigation into a police shooting in Sussex, where he condemned Sussex Chief Constable, Mr Whitehouse and other senior officers for attempting to justify the shooting. Sir John said he had found "prima facie evidence" of wilful neglect of duty by Mr Whitehouse.

In 2001, after his retirement he was helping develop a new police complaints system. He was using Operation Lancet, an inquiry into corruption in Cleveland police, as a blueprint for the work. He had been appointed to investigate the £7m Operation Lancet inquiry by Home Secretary, Jack Straw.

It was whilst on this enquiry Sir John sadly passed away whilst working in Middlesborough.

The Chief Constable of Hampshire Paul Kernaghan said: "Sir John's death has come as a shock to me personally and to everyone associated with Hampshire Constabulary. Sir John was above all a husband and father but he was also an outstanding police officer. It would be fair comment to describe him as a giant professionally. As Chief Constable of Hampshire and president of the Association of Chief Police Officers, Sir John scaled all the professional heights and was recognised as the outstanding officer of his time. He retired in 1999 but continued his commitment to public service both as a Deputy Lieutenant of Hampshire and as a senior member of various government reviews. It says much for the man and his values that even whilst in retirement he was still ready and able to undertake work on behalf of the community. He will be missed. My thoughts and those of the entire force are with Lady Hoddinott and his girls."

Howard-Jones	Mr.Michael	

Helps with Library. Helped in the formation of the Swimming Club, in 1949. Oversight of the 1961 Shooting Club. Leader of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme.

2 i/c Cadet Corps 1946. **As Major, O.C. Cadet Corps 1960.** Retires as **Lt.Col**. 1972.

Ed: This is a rather brief summary of "Taff's" time in the School but, sadly, there was not much printed of his times, Characterised by his fairly noticeable Welsh accent, he could talk forever about a whole range of history topics though, the nature of History curriculum in his days was not such as to evoke raptures of enthusiasm. My strongest recollections of the man are in relation to his CCF work where, as with Tom Hilton, he fostered the Corps in ways that so many could take part and enjoy it.

In civilian lessons (i.e. History), he was very easily distracted from the task in hand by random pupils asking, mid-topic, about a need to change their cadet boots. "Ah! Boots, man" he would refocus his energies to rummaging amidst the cupboard in the room, from which would tumble an assortment of boots – all worn by several before – and encouraging said random enquirer to find a matching pair. Well, that would take up a significant part of any lesson to the exclusion of any effective progress. At least, someone got a different pair of boots out of it!

But, he contributed many hours, and days supporting a series of CCF-related and other interests too, for the benefit of countless boys and now, in his absence, remains in the memory as someone who gave a lot to the School,

Huggins	J.H., **Military Cross**	Dates	

J. H. HUGGINS, 2nd Lieut. 7th attached 6th Battn. Yorks Regt., Dardanelles., (This was a Service Battalion in the "Green Howards" – a Kitchener Battalion. They embarked from Liverpool on 3rd July 1915 for Mudros and saw action at Sulva Bay, Gallipoli on 6th & 7th August.)

Mr. Huggins, after being in the first line trenches at Sulva Bay*, for some months, had dysentery, and was invalided to Florence. He is now at Alexandria, waiting to join his regiment. He tells us that "the Turks landed a shell in the jam stores and everything was inches deep in jam, which made the flies worse than ever."

* The **landing at Suvla Bay** was an amphibious landing made at Suvla on the Aegean coast of the Gallipoli peninsula in the Ottoman Empire as part of the August Offensive, the final British attempt to break the deadlock of the Battle of Gallipoli. The landing, which commenced on the night of 6 August 1915, was intended to support a breakout from the ANZAC sector, five miles (8 km) to the south.

Although initially successful, against only light opposition, the landing at Suvla was mismanaged from the outset and quickly reached the same stalemate conditions that prevailed on the Anzac and Helles fronts. On 15 August, after a week of indecision and inactivity, the British commander at Suvla, Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Stopford, was dismissed. His performance in command is often considered one of the most incompetent feats of generalship of the First World War.

Capt. Huggins is on leave, he was at the Battles of the Ancre and Messines Ridge and had a lively two-and-a-half months in Flanders but came through all right, we hope he may be able to run down on the last day of term.



Hughes	Victor	Dates	

My recollections of boarding are fairly sparse! Nearly 80 years ago. Mrs Ashton was quite infirm but was very kind to us. As far as I can recall as a border, there was Matron, cook and two young girls as help. Not sure of the remainder.



Victor.at the WP300 Lunch on May 21, 2022.

On the top floor which was a dormitory, was an escape stair. It was never used or practised on. Unfortunately some of the steps had been cut.

On the first floor were the cubicles I think, for the older borders. After supper was prep time and sometimes George Ashton came in and played chess.

The toilets were between the house and the boys dining hall.

Nicholson was head border.

The food was pretty good, but I haven't eaten peanut butter since. I remember sitting next to matron on a Tuesday the day we had sailor tart for sweet. Sometimes I got a second helping.

All the borders were in School House under Bert Shaw. Sundays we paraded to St Peter & St Paul and afterwards I sometimes could go home for the weekend. I lived with family at No.10 Bevoir Close and Tom Hilton lived at No.8 looking over Fareham Creek which led down towards Portsmouth.

I remember the land-mine which landed over the road close to the School. We were all in the shelters which were in the field to the north of the school. It made a terrific explosion which damaged the side of the house. A piece of road and earth went through the roof and straight through Matron's bed. When we went back to school, I think it was true that Hunt had slept through it all.

I was in the Scouts (owl patrol), we had Summer Camps at Rogate and Wickham. All well organised under Rev. Royds-Jones.

I was also in the cadets in the band, played with bugles and drum and later had the mace for parades through West Street and up Osborne Road past Mr Foster's house which was next to the Police Station. We were also in the parade at Titchfield, I think on Bonfire Night.

One Cadet Camp at Aldershot where we were inspected by George VI. The King was heavily made up and he looked ill and he died around two years later.

The next day we did a cross-country run of about 8 miles. I think I came 10th, and the following day I had a trial at the Portsmouth Football Club at their training ground at Cosham. After my exertions the days before my legs were like boards. We did training with the first team. Names I remember (Jimmy) Dickinson, (Jimmy) Scoular, (Harry) Walker in goal, (Jack) Froggatt, (Peter) Harris. I didn't give my best.

I remember Donald Hunt as a border. He was well-built and a good athlete. His picture is in the first-team football photograph I sent you. He must've been a reserve, injured or a coach because he is in mufti. My brother Bryan boarded with me. He had various jobs as a chef at the Dorchester Hotel, in

the Military Police in Libya and then his own business as a shop designer. He caught a flesh-eating disease and later caught cancer. My brother-in-law Ken Joint joined the army and went with his RAOC company to Korea and was promoted in the war there. He ended up Colonel in the Pay Corps and is now in a Home in Tavistock after my sister died. Lionel Hall had a rather sad life towards the end. After leaving the army he went to live in the Isle of Wight. Then moved to the West Country. I sought him out but unfortunately he died two months before I got there. I visited his grave and spoke to the shopkeeper where he worked. He was a stalwart of the church and was well thought of in the area.

Malcolm Stone (his father had the store at the bottom of Trinity Street.) died last year in a home. Peter Pugsley became Finance Director of Green Shields Stamps.

Names I remember - Brickwood lived at home on Soberton. Langworthy lived at Cosham. Abbs…..

I remember reading the noticeboard that games were cancelled signed by a master (could that have been Thacker) this note had been forged incensing the master. The whole school had to come in on Wednesday afternoons and Saturday morning until the culprits were found. I believe it was Ivor Carpenter from Shedfield. Alf, the janitor worked hard, cleaning all the school keeping the boiler going and doing most of the ground-work under the watchful eye of Ollie Johnson.

Sorry I can't be more helpful, the cupboard is bare. Hope you and the family are well and battling through this virus and shutdown. All my family are well. The sons and daughter are now all over 60. That date says with three great-grandchildren.

Best wishes, yours **I. Victor**

Humphries	D.C.T., aka "Dumps"	Dates	

answered 20/3/71

53, Carshalton Park Rd
Carshalton, Surrey

Dear Mr. Editor,

I was interested to see in the Lion the photograph on page 10 of the O.P. Hockey team and surprised that the school should not know all about the London Old Pricean hockey team which played on Sundays in the London area during the seasons 1935/6, 1936/7, 1937/8. The teams were raised and run by myself and vacancies were filled by members of my own Club,,the Tulse Hill Hockey Club. Reports of their results should be found in the Lions of that period. All my own copies of my Lions from 1921-onwards were handed over to the London Section where the Secreatary should have those not lost by the negligence of Hon. Secs over the years. I was also Hon. Secretary of the O.P.A. up to the last war taking over from Guy Chignell and Ross II.

The Old Priceans in the photograph (I have a copy in my own album) are:-
STANDING. A.S. French (Tulse Hill H.C) 12th man- S. B. G. Buckley, Dudley R. Masterman, Victor J. Barnes Harry deM Wellbourne, Edward G. White, D. E. Gregory, A. David Hayward, Harold Lardeaux.
CROUCHING. A. G. Phillips, D. C. T. Humphries, and Charlie P. Aps.
Of these Arthur French is dead, Brian Buckley is very active and General Secretary of the Civil Service Sports Council in London, Dudly Masterman lives at Towcester and attends LSOP Xmas dinners, I have no information about either Victor Barnes or A. G. Phillips (a schoolmaster). Harray Wellbourne and Harold Lardeaux were on leave from the Eastern Telegraph (S. Atlantic). D. E. Gregory has just died. E. G. White is very active and still a member of the O.P.A. He lives in Cheshire and I see him on major hockey occasions.

David Hayward (ex President L.S.O.P.) liv
lives in Somerset near Taunton (retired school-
master). Charlie Aps is a dentist and lives in the
Bromley/Orpington area.

Other Old Boys who played during these
three seasons were A. G. Crouch (a H. P. Sargent)
M. J. Hynes (killed in last war- a nephew of Pop
Bradly). W. J. Henry 9an R.A.F. Officer), D.E.J.
Saint (a schoolmaster at Newbury), J. C. Hurden
(Shell Mex- Japanese prisoner of war in HongKong),
my own activities should be known to the school.

I hope that the compiler of the school
history has had access to the albums of photgraphs
in the possession of the Bradly family and which
should be with the Shaws.

I have a number of photographs from
1921 until the last war. My school groups were
handed over to the L.S.O.P. also.

My photographs are part of my life
collection in large albums and I have no negat-
ives. They are at the disposal of anyone who wou-
ld like to see them in the akbums.

The O.P.A. used to send a hockey team
to take part in the Bournmouth Easter Festivals
usually by car from Fareham- and a large contin-
gent took part. My photgraphs taken in 1936 at
Bournmouth taken with Mr. & Mrs Bradly (Pop & Mop)
include F. E. Nugent (England), B.R. Shaw (master),
Tom Wagstaffe, Jones, Riches, Chamberlain (Fareham)
also Radford (Fareham goalkeeper) and Messrs.
White, Hurden, Buckley, Aps, Hayward, Phillips,
French and myself from London. Most of the London
contingent stayed with the Bradleys at Catisfield.

Hope this will be of interest.

I could write a book
about my own school-
days between 1921-30.

(A Boarder)

D.C. Humphries

'Dumps'

The **Society** of Old Priceans was formed in 1983, taking the place of the Old Priceans' Association. The new Society incorporated the former L.S.O.P. and was carried forward on the shoulders of the London Society of Old Priceans with "Dumps" D.C. ***Humphries*** (1921-1930) continuing as President.
DCTH was **one of the** "Giants of the Assn". DCTH becomes Secretary of the LSOP



Hunt	Don.	Dates	1941 - 1947



1947 1ST XI Soccer

In 1939, along with Nancy, Dad was evacuated to Bannockburn, Scotland to stay with Great Grandma Agnes Flockhart. Dad returned to Portsmouth and was sent to Price's Boarding School, Fareham in 1941.

An abiding memory of Dad's was when he was woken up by flying glass, when a near miss during a bombing raid blew in all the windows of his dormitory, only to find that he was the only one there, as everyone else had gone to the . shelters, leaving him behind.

VICTOR LUDORUM



Lion magazine - Jul 1946: Junior 440 yds - 2nd Hunt, High Jump 2nd, Relay 1st.
Lion magazine - Dec 1947: School House notes - In the Sports, Hunt ran and jumped well and well deserved the honour of "Victor Ludorum". He came second in the Long Jump, covering a distance which, in any other year would have been a record. Added to these achievements are a first in a very fast quarter mile, and a second in the Cricket ball throw.

Dad also played for the 1st XI at Soccer, although injured early-on, he missed several games.

After leaving school dad worked for Havant Council in the Surveyors Department

During this time he joined the Army Cadet Force where he became infatuated with his Commanding Officer's daughter, Pamela Covey



22538913 WO2 Hunt D. 17/21 Lancers 1950-1972- service career
• 20/09/50 Enlisted into the Royal Armoured Corps at Portsmouth
• 05/10/50 - 03/12/51 Basic training at Catterick, attained signalling and driving qualifications, became member of the 17th/21st Lancers. Regiment moved to Chester and Tilshead joining the 6th Armoured Division. Became tank commander.
• 04/12/51 - 13/10/57 Regiment moved to York Barracks Gremmendorf. Rose through the ranks to Sergeant. Having qualified as instructor in signals, Education and NBC (Nuclear, Biological Chemical) warfare.

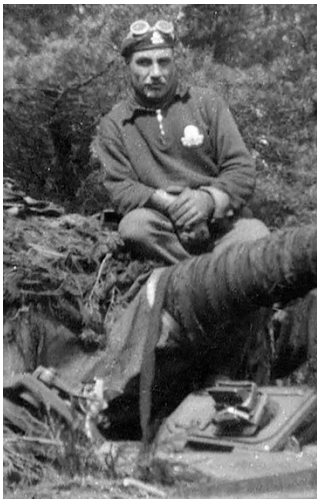


• 14/10/57 - 28/04/60 Posted as Sergeant Instructor to the RAC (Royal Armoured Corps) Signal School Bovington Camp.
• 29/04/60 - 22/09/61 Re-joined Regiment in Hong Kong. Became Regimental Signal Sergeant. Deployed to Aden but was relieved just prior to hostilities taking place.
• 23/09/62 - 10/12/65 Regiment reformed in Sennelager. Promoted Staff Sergeant. On many occasions it became necessary to fulfil the role of Regimental Signals Officer.
• 11/12/65 – 23/04/69 Posted to the RAC Signal School as WO2 (SSMI). (Warrant Officer 2nd Class (School Sergeant Major Instructor)). Became aware of the problems AFV (Armoured Fighting Vehicle) crews were experiencing with the introduction of MBT (Main Battle Tank) Chieftain and the CVR(T) (Combat Vehicle Reconnaissance (Tracked)) range of vehicles. Together with Major Ken Dudley 2RTR (No 2 Royal Tank Regiment) of the ATDU (Armoured Trials and Development Unit) suggested modifications to the control Harness systems to provide head protection, noise exclusion and hands-free operation of the radio and intercommunication facilities; for which an award was received. Assisted in the planning stage for the introduction of Clansman range of radio equipment.

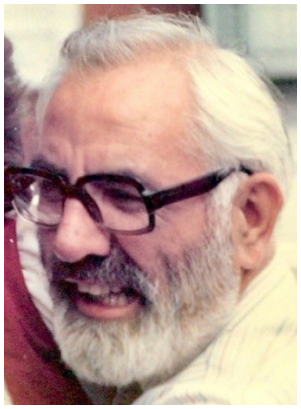
• 24/04/69 - 04/10/72 Re-joined Regiment in Omagh, Northern Island within one week of rejoining was requested by MOD to return to England and work full time at the Signals Research and Development Establishment at Christchurch (SRDE) to facilitate the development of the equipment necessary to provide ease of operation of radio communication and protection for AFV crews; A system which became known as Larkspur 2. Accepting the assignment ended any career prospects with Lancers. Moved to England May 1969, completed the task given within the year specified. The remaining years were spent assisting in the design of the clansman range of control Harness and auto assemblies.

• 05/10/72 Joined Racal BCC laboratory at Wembley as senior Development Engineer.





Grandad left the army on his return from Palestine in 1938 and moved the family to Knox Road, Portsmouth where he went to work with Airspeed. At this time Jackie was born.



After joining RACAL BCC he transferred to RACAL Tacticom where he was sent to different countries to develop /oversee the installation of RACAL radio comms to their armoured vehicles.

He was instrumental in the design of the RACAL Cougarnet cryptographic frequency hopping system and ended his career in Northern Ireland overseeing the deployment and maintenance of the system.

- Age, as in 1st photo? Approx. 10, when he arrived back from Bannockburn.
- Dates for your Dad leaving Price's? 1947
- Any known successes?
- Any more about Price's other than sport? Unfortunately not, he wouldn't talk about it
- Consequences of the Pamela Covey bit? Stimulus to join the Army? See Eulogy
- Age as in Uniform + rifle? Approx. 30
- Retired, died? Retired 1992; Died 9th May 2021
- Interests in life? maintenance of his on cars, driving, narrow boating and later, caravanning
- Age as in bearded phot? Approx. 45



Dad's eulogy

Dad was born on the 27th July 1931 at 51 Queens Road, a mid-terrace in Farnborough Hampshire, to Albert Edward and Margaret Wilkie Hunt. (Albert was serving as a bandsman with the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders which were based in Aldershot at the time.) Dad was the 2nd of 4 children, his siblings being Nancy, Jackie & Ian.

An early memory of Dad's was when his mum moved him and Nancy to the accommodation adjoining the Tumbledown Dick Hotel, where she worked as the cook, and he and Nancy causing havoc by running around the backyard having jumped out of one of the bedroom windows. (Albert having been deployed to Palestine).

Upon Albert's return from Palestine, he left the army and the family moved to Knox Road in Portsmouth, (bizarrely, Christopher purchased his first home in Knox Road) for a short period and then the family moved to Keswick Avenue. At the start of World War II, dad was evacuated, along with his sister Nancy, to their grandmother Agnes Flockhart in Bannockburn, Scotland.

He formed a very strong bond with his grandmother and had fond memories of staying with her. Dad returned home to Bedhampton Hill and was packed off to Prices boarding School in Fareham in 1941. From what I understand, following a traumatic air raid which blew out his dorms windows, Dad awoke to find that he'd been left behind whilst everyone else had taken cover in the shelters.

After leaving school, Don worked for Havant Council in the Surveyors Department. At some point Dad bumped in to the girl of his dreams, unfortunately for him the girl in question wasn't aware of this. Dad was so keen on her that he joined the local Army Cadet Force because the girl's father happened to be the officer in charge. Dad worked hard to impress the girl's father as a cadet and got himself invited a number of times to their home for tea, but many a time found himself left with the parents when the girl decided to go out with friends.

At the age of 19, Dad tried to enlist in the Royal Marines but was rejected due to having no hearing in his left ear. Unperturbed he visited the Army Recruiting office, and was snapped up by the Royal Armoured Corps (they presumably weren't too worried about loss of hearing bearing in mind that Dad would be to subjected to very loud noises and bangs whilst operating a tank; in fact it was probably a distinct advantage as he couldn't then sue them for loss of hearing…). So, on the 5th October 1950, off Dad went to Catterick Training camp, where 14 months later he passed out of training having passed his driving test, albeit in a tank, and having attained signalling qualifications.

Dad was enrolled with the 17th/21st Lancers in Chester & Tilshead as a Tank Commander, the regiment forming part of the 6th Armoured Division. Almost immediately the Regiment was deployed to Gremmendorf, Germany for the next 6 years, where Dad became part of the BAOR. Tthis must have worked, for the girl he'd been after as an Army Cadet, then agreed to marry him when he became a sergeant in 1954. (Of course, when I say BAOR, I do mean "British Army on the Rhine"…). And so, as you may have guessed, the "girl" who'd spurned him as a cadet, was Pamela Covey or as Dad affectionately called her, "Pammy".

After a wonderful honeymoon in Bannockburn with Grandmother Agnes, Mum accompanied Don back to Germany where she set up home in the barracks housing. Within the year Alison was born and two years later Carolyne came along. (As I like to call them, our German sisters…). During one snowy winter's night in Germany, Dad was driving his 45 Ton Centurion tank, when he came across some black ice and his battle tank slid off the road, striking a power line pole and plunging the local town in to darkness. Oops! In October '57, having qualified as an instructor in Signals, Dad (and family) was transferred back to Bovington Camp, England, to become Sergeant Instructor at the Royal Armoured Corps Signal School. After 2 years, Dad was promoted to Regimental Signal Sergeant and he (and the family) rejoined the Regiment in Hong Kong. In October '61 the regiment was despatched to defend Aden, leaving Mum and 2 little girls to fend for themselves during a typhoon which hit Hong Kong soon after.

Just before hostilities were about to break out in Aden, the regiment was relieved and returned to Hong Kong; good timing… At the end of '62 to '65 the family moved back to Germany in Sennelager, during which time dad was promoted to Staff Sergeant, at times fulfilling the role of Regimental Signals Officer. Sadly, Mum suffered a miscarriage during this time and was told she couldn't have any more children… against all odds towards the end of '65 mum miraculously fell pregnant again.

Thankfully in December '65 Dad was promoted to Warrant Officer 2nd Class (School Sergeant Major Instructor) and sent back to the Signal School at Bovington, and so the family moved back to England. In August '66 two little 2lb miracles appeared on scene, Chris & me! Dad remained at Bovington until '69, during which time he made his proudest achievements; he suggested modifications to the tank control Harness systems to provide head protection, noise exclusion and hands-free operation of the radio and intercommunication facilities He also assisted in the planning stage for the introduction of the Clansman range of radio equipment and was extremely surprised when I informed him that I was using the Clansman 20 years later both in the RN and when I operated a Challenger tank in 1987, (The Ark Royal took 8 Lancers of the 17th/21st for a 4 month

trip to the Caribbean and in return the Lancers took 8 sailors on a 2 week autumnal and very wet field exercise in Sennelager).

For his work with the harness modifications Dad received an award and was put forward for a Mention in Despatches, but sadly the Regiment for which he had been extremely proud to serve refused this request and instead insisted that Dad rejoin the regiment which was now based in Armagh, N.I. In April 1969. So Dad dutifully packed the family up and we all moved to Northern Ireland… within one week of rejoining he was requested by MOD to return to England and work full time at the Signals Research and Development Establishment at Christchurch working with members of the company RACAL. So off the family went to live in Sea Gull Cottage in Stanpit.

At this time Dad's estranged father Albert made contact and a new relationship between father and son started. Working at SRDE was to end Dad's career with the 17th/ 21st and he left the army in October 1972. However, the people from RACAL recognised Dad's work and immediately asked him to work with them. This enabled Dad to move the family to Station Road, Christchurch and Dad then started his long commute to RACAL BCC laboratory in Wembley, staying with Albert, and his partner Frieda, in London during the week and returning to Christchurch at the weekends.

Sadly, Albert passed away just one month later. Around 1977 Dad and mum started their love affair with canal holidays, even though their first jaunt involved running out of canal water due to the severe drought and Mum trying to push Chris over the side when her barge pole caught in his life jacket. And the next all family holiday when the boat kept trying to sink… In 1978 Dad transferred to RACAL Tacticom in Reading and attempted to do a daily commute from Christchurch. This was to take its toll and after being involved in two major traffic accidents, and with the girls having left home and Chris and I now working, in '82 it was decided that he & Mum would move to Sherfield-on-Loddon which was a village a couple of miles from the office.

Dad was put working on the new army communications project known as "Cougernet" and was asked if he would go to Northern Ireland to support its rollout to the army. So in 1985 he and Mum moved to Hollywood, just outside Belfast, where they stayed until 1992 upon Dad's retirement. They loved their time in Ireland which was only marred by the sudden death of Dad's colleague during a boating accident, and the death by the IRA of two soldiers who'd worked with Dad. In '92 Dad & Mum moved to the "Old Forge", Upwey, which I have since found, with my genealogy hat on, to be quite apt, as mum's maternal 2nd great-grandfather had been a blacksmith in Childs Ercall, Shropshire. Here they settled with their Yorkshire terriers, Cagney & Lacey. They purchased a caravan and enjoyed going off and exploring England. In 2004 it was decided that they needed to move in to Weymouth proper to make it easier to get to the shops and facilities, and so they moved to Martello Mews. Just four years later, Dad's "Pammy" passed away and it can be said that he pined for her every day since. Carolyne, Chris & I managed to get Dad away to Edinburgh to see the Military Tattoo and I am especially proud of the fact that I managed to get Dad to see me parade my branches Legion Standard twice at the Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall. One of Dad's last trips was to go on a Viking Cruise through Bavaria to Budapest and come to Sark, where he helped Sandy and myself lay the first beams for our new home. Dad's pining is now over and he can rest in peace with the love of his life.

Dad, I for one hope that I can live up to your legacy for being a true and honest gentleman, even though Sandy hates it when I hold the door open for her, and will often as not walk through a different door, leaving me to let in other ladies who appreciate it…

Hurden	J.C.	Dates	

1935

is still doing a good deal of rowing but this year, though Derby gets into the final at most of the regattas, it finds the Nottingham crew just a shade too good. He has been playing Hockey for Derby County in two of their matches, and his club had twelve county players available at times. He spent his Summer Holidays at Newton Noss on the South Devon Coast and found it a good spot.

1936

is now on the travelling staff of his firm, The International Combustion Co., and so is seldom in town. He is a very keen member of the Territorial Army and is at present trying conclusions with a horse.

1937

is now serving on six months' probation with "Shell Mex" at Shellhaven. He finds the work very interesting and is anticipating being sent abroad in a few months. We will miss him very much when he goes, but wish him the very best of luck. Sailed in the P. & O. SS Ranchi from Southampton to Singapore. He is taking up a post under the Asiatic Petroleum Company. Among those on board he found the wife of **R. H. S Teek**, en route for Ceylon.

1937

has now been transferred from Bangkok to Yokohama, Japan, and finds living very dear and that the English are very unpopular owing to the Chinese "Incident." The climate is the only consolation, the winter is cold enough for skiing and plenty of snow. He hopes to be home in 1941. While at Bangkok he was in charge of the refuelling of the Imperial Airways liners – the new Empire Flying Boats on the English-Australian air route. A flying boat could land on the water, take on 450–500 gallons of benzine and 50 gallons of lubricating oil, and be in the air again in 20 minutes!

1938

C/o Asiatic Petroleum Company, Bangkok, Sian (postage 2½d) has been struggling with his Malay Exam. which he is expected to pass after six months in the service. He has been at Singapore since the end of June, living on an island about 4½ miles away, about a mile long and 200 yards wide, populated by ten Europeans and four wives, the remaining population being Chinese, Malays and Javanese, about 1,000 in all. Two bachelors share a bungalow sited on the higher part of the Island. The Chinese do the clerical work and the Europeans supervise everything. J. H. is in the Tin Factory where the 4-gallon cans in which petrol and kerosene are sent to the up-country districts are made. The factory turns out over ten thousand tins a day, all of which are at once filled and dispatched. The European staff has to be able to make tins and also to have practical workshop experience of all branches of the Company's activities, so that when appointed to responsible posts, they have knowledge of every branch. At Bangkok, he will be second in command and have to deal with bunkering of tankers, shipping and local markets, and promises to send news of how he gets on in Siam, where indecently the rate of exchange gives a bonus of about 25 per cent. in his favour.

On the fall of Hong Kong to the Japanese during WW2, he became a Prisoner of War.

Hynes	Ernest Stanley Patrick	Dates	1911-1915

E. S. P. HYNES, School House, 1911-15; Sandhurst, 1915. Second-Lieutenant, East Kent Regiment (the Buffs.), attached to R.F.C., July 1916. Became a fully qualified pilot in September, and at once sent to France, where he was killed instantaneously in a flying accident a few miles from Bethune. His Commanding Officer said of him: “I considered him the best of the younger pilots.” ‘Those of us who knew him will not easily forget his quiet unassuming manner, and his readiness at all times to help in whatever way he could. His influence was always for good, and in the death of Patrick Hynes the School has suffered a severe loss.



In Memory of

ERNEST STANLEY PATRICK HYNES

Lieutenant, 25th Sqdn., Royal Flying Corps and, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment) who died on Friday, 10th November 1916. Age 18



Son of Harry H. and Edith Hynes.

Commemorative Information

Cemetery:	LAPUGNOY MILITARY CEMETERY, Pas de Calais, France
Grave Reference/ Panel Number:	II. F. 1.
	Lapugnoy is a village 6 kilometres west of Bethune. From the centre of Lapugnoy, head south-west on the D70 in the direction of Marles-les-Mines. On the outskirts there is a crucifix at the side of the main road, turn right here towards Allouagne. After approximately 500 metres there is a track on the left hand side (the Cemetery is signposted here) and the Cemetery can be found on the left-hand side, approximately 500 metres, along this track.
Historical Information:	The Cemetery site was chosen in the summer of 1915, in preparation for the coming British offensive; and the first burials took place in September, in Plot I, the furthest from the road. Plot II was not filled until 1917; but in April, 1917, the Battles of Arras began and the Cemetery had reached the road by the middle of September. Fresh plots were then made on the West side, from the road, almost as far back as the Southern boundary. The dead were brought from the Casualty Clearing Stations at Lapugnoy and Lozinghem (chiefly the 18th and the 23rd), except between May and August 1918, when fighting units buried in this Cemetery. There are now nearly 1,500, 1914-18 and a small number of 1939-45 war casualties commemorated in this site. The cemetery covers an area of 6,199 square metres.

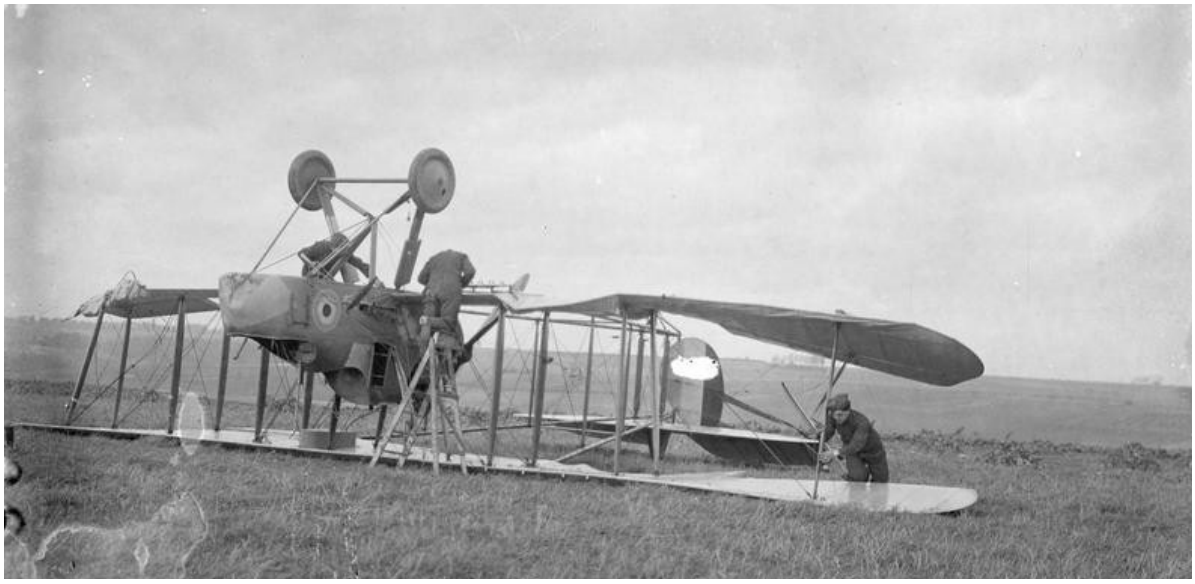
From “Wings of Glory Aerodrome”:

10th November 1916

Looking at the sources its another crazy day over the trenches, which means lots of aerial combat and the inevitable losses. With these being the single most time-consuming element of our issues I will try and keep things as succinct as possible allowing time to look at what else was happening.. There will probably come a time when we will have to make some tough choices about what to include and what to leave out, otherwise this is going to turn into a full-time job. Anyway didn't get in from work until 10:15pm so I will try and get as much published as possible before I fall asleep at the keyboard

6 AIRMEN HAVE FALLEN ON FRIDAY NOVEMBER 10TH 1916

***Lieutenant Ernest Stanley Patrick Hynes** 25 Squadron RFC - Killed in Action 10 November 1916 aged 18. Second Lieutenant ERNEST STANLEY PATRICK HYNES, R.F.C., killed on November 10th, aged 18, as the result of an accident while flying on duty, was the youngest son of Mr. H. H. Hynes and the late Mrs. Hynes, of Penmorvah, Penzance. He was educated at Rosslyn House and Price's School, Fareham, and entered the R.F.C. through Sandhurst, being gazetted to the Buffs. He left for the Front on September 20th . Trevor Henshaw's "The Sky Their Battlefield" has 2nd Lt Hynes of No 25 squadron (which was based at Lozinghem at the time) killed in action on 10/11/16 whilst flying his FE2b No 4841. Whilst on an offensive patrol - having left at 12:50 pm - the propeller broke and, being a pusher engine aircraft, it broke the tail section and the aircraft crashed. Hynes' observer, 2nd Lt C H Bidmead was also killed. 2nd Lt Hynes was buried at Lapugnoy in France*



25 Squadron FE2b November 1916