	**Price's Who's Who?, Part 2** **"J" Surnames**

Jacob	Mrs Valerie	1974 - 1978
James	Dr. Digby	1966 -
Jarmain	David	Late 90s / early 50s
Johnson	Mr. A.(Tony) J.	1965 – 1974 (School) 1974 – 1984 (College)
Johnston	Revd. Richard Oliver	1908 - 1951
Joint	Ken	
Jones	Mervyn	1968-

Jacob	Valerie	Dates	1974-1978



I was Head of Music at the Price's College, and have a few anecdotes to share, including using the school minibus to travel to Wimbledon while the boys were doing their exams. During this period, the instruments were gradually disappearing from my music cupboard, including my own oboe...

I taught music O-level and we had quite a good choir, but my main claim to fame was writing a rock opera - The Rise and Fall of Mr Mack Beth -with Mary More Gordon (Head of Drama) and some very talented students. It was great fun, and we sent the cassette to several recording companies who were quite impressed.... A certain well-known broadcaster Peter White, a young reporter then, came to the school to see the show and to interview me. I have a copy of the cassette with a list of participants and song titles and am in touch with several of the students.

I was married while there, in 1975, and Mr Poyner couldn't get to grips with me keeping my own name, Valerie Jacob, and always insisted on telling audiences that I was actually married, despite no name change!

I have other anecdotes and names of staff, students...

I left to live in Belgium and to teach music at the European School and British School, until I set up a Belgium branch of Yehudi Menuhin's Live Music Now. I love living here in the greenest commune - Watermael- Boitsfort – and still teach privately and sing with the Brussels Choral Society. Sadly, my husband of 45 years, Peter Ferrill, passed away a month ago.

Please let me know if you are interested in my contribution and what form it should take.

Kindest regards,

Valerie Jacob



Another photo is of the late Mary More Gordon who was a full-time drama teacher and a good friend of mine. Here she is wearing a signature long dress!

In fact it was Mary and myself that created the rock opera "The Rise and Fall of Mr Mack Beth" together with some of the talented drama and music students.

It was performed at Price's in April 1976.

James	Dr. Digby	Dates	



I moved to Price's in 1966, summer term, from a Buckinghamshire technical high school where I would have overlapped with Terry Pratchett for a couple of years. Being new, and naive I was put upon, but slowly made new friends. I have several stand out memories. Mr Stevens teaching us about Pfeiffer's method in 6th form chemistry. "Please sir, was he a pfeiffor of chemistry?" asked Stevens-Hoare. As 6th formers we had access to the chemistry labs during break times. One time "Stan" Unwin (size 12 feet?) was playing football in front of the master's bench and managed to knock a bottle of concentrated acid (sulphuric I think) onto the floor. Great fun clearing it up. On another occasion the exam papers were discovered, and several swotted up the questions. As I usually came top in chemistry I refused to cheat and still managed to come second. Some of the cheaters didn't do well at all. Another occasion in physics we "borrowed" a piece of dry ice. We put it into an old shoe we found and added some water and placed it at the top of the stairs and enjoyed watching the "fog" float down the stairs (towards the door that led out to the gym). Caught by a teacher, we were sent to see Tom Hilton. Fearing the worst, he asked "Was it fun?" Silence. He repeated the question. "Well, . . ., yes." "Fine, don't do it again" he said, with a smile on his face.

Mr Earle was our English teacher for a couple of years. He had a large nose so was, of course, called Trunky. Pictures of elephants appeared on the classroom noticeboard. He was well known for blowing his top. In a lesson where we were reading Henry IV part 1 my character said (referring to the River Trent). "What, and it shall not wind?" I read it as "wind" (as in "Blowing in the wind"). It was not deliberate. It was the end of the lesson as he exploded. On another occasion, and I can't remember why, he turned to Ken Giles (who says he can't remember the incident) "You guttersnipe. What filthy obscenities fill your mind? I've got more respect for a runner bean than I've got for you." Cue picture of runner beans appearing on classroom notice board. I had a basic tape recorder for Christmas 1967 and took it into one of his classes hoping for a blow up. Sadly not. But somewhere I have a recording of him finishing off Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale and explaining why the last bit was not necessary for O level to protect delicate young grammar school girls.

The high point of my time at Price's was the inter-house football tournament. For some reason School House (mine) and Westbury could only get out six players. For some odd reason I was promoted from right back to centre-forward and managed to get a hat-trick, to everyone's amazement. The third was the best, nutmegging Ian Farley, first XI centre-half, and then beating the second XI goalkeeper (Ian ? - I can see his face). We won 4-1 and the competition.

I sailed through chemistry A level, but had to stay on another year to repeat maths and physics. I managed to get the grades needed to go to Imperial College to study chemistry. Managed a 2.2. It was while there that I became a Christian and decided I should be a missionary at darkest Birmingham University. After two years the organisation I worked for decided to move me to Liverpool (to get me away from a "bad influence" who taught me what the Bible really said). In Liverpool I left them/they threw me out. It's where I met my wife (who had been horrified that this organisation was coming to Liverpool). After a year there I went to Strathclyde University in Glasgow to do an MSc in analytical chemistry. Though offered a PhD, I was getting sick of being a student, and, with an impending wedding, declined. I got a job with the Government Chemist in London and spent six years analysing, mainly, forensic drugs. Visiting the drugs section to report results they

were often high as kites because of the stench of cannabis in the air. One time I caught one of them smashing cricket bats on the stairs. Not as mad as it sounds. The smugglers had hollowed out the blades and filled them with drugs before reattaching the handles. After six years of this they moved me to food analysis. The first week I spent analysing luncheon meat. To get a representative sample, it had to be liquidised. Yuk. My mother couldn't understand, when we visited that weekend, why I couldn't eat the luncheon meat salad she served us.



Quinta Independent Evangelical Church, Oswestry

In 1982 I became the part-time minister of a small congregational church in south London, for four years. In late 1988 the Congregational church I am now the minister of asked me to come. We moved here in the summer of 1990. I had a job in Manchester with a company making mass spectrometers and surface analysis equipment that I had had dealings with when in the civil service. That lasted for two years until my wife went back to medicine at the local hospital

I began reprinting old books in 1989 and have continued that ever since. I have hundreds now on my website as PDFs. An American Christian publisher wants to take some of the 17th century material and publish it in a modern English version (that's the works of John Cotton). They expressed interest in several others.

Finding myself increasingly weary, and very stiff from standing up in a pulpit for 90 minutes, I've told the church they should find my successor by my 70th birthday this year. We have a house down the road which we're getting ready to move into.

Jarmain	**D.**	Dates	

1949 – School team. Won open section of the School Tournament .
1950 RLSS Bronze Medallion .
1950 Winner of School Table Tennis Senior Championship. He had only been playing for a year but was already one of the best in the school.
He was also captain of the 1st XI hockey in and 1950 he was captain of 1st XI cricket and winner of a race at the swimming gala
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1950.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1950.
Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist)

Johnson	Mr. A.J. (Tony)	Dates	1965 – 1974 (School) 1974 – 1984 (College)

At least as important was the arrival in 1965 of Tony Johnson, English and Drama master. He produced a series of challenging and contemporary plays including Harold Pinter's *'The Dumb Waiter'* and Samuel Beckett's 'K*rapp's last tape'* (both in 1967). One wonders what older staff and parents made of them. 1970 "Produced "The Crucible". 1971 produced "Journey's end".

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

1969 lots of B.L. contributions.

1973 produced "A MidSummer Night's Dream". 1974 "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew"

CLASSROOM EXAMINATION - 2A PRICE'S SCHOOL 1966

These ageing men were boys I used to teach.
Now, rôle reversed, I listen and I learn,
For one boy's now the canon come to preach
To attentive silence more than I could earn.

They were the cunning masters of mayhem,
Of artful doodle and of daring daydream.
Such fine bubbling brains! No one could stop them
From acting like a loose anarchic team.

Memory draws a classroom castle in the air,
Where appear thirty brilliant pairs of eyes,
Which stalk the ether and begin to stare.
To scrutinise, assess, and analyse.

Are you weak? Are you strong? You cannot bluff.
We can shave off a beard or rip off a mask.
Who are you? Do you care? D'ya know your stuff?
Answer! Before you set us any task!

Tony wrote:

"Canon Martin Seeley looked at me and said,"2a." He gave the address at St Peter and St Paul on 8th June 2008, in a ceremony to mark one hundred years after the move of Price's School from West Street to Park Lane. He was in 2a and was one of several in that class who eventually went to Cambridge, the best class I ever taught."

Hello again,

Forgive the grammar in my introduction to Harry Patch yesterday. Yes I will be 84 next month. I wish to say I would like to have been able to attend the ceremony in the churchyard, not least because Bishop Peter or Bishop Martin is likely to be there but I am my wife's carer now..

Tony

Hello Michael,

I wrote the poem honouring Harry Patch soon after he died and before I had the good fortune to bump into Bishop Peter and before I saw the beautifully simple stone commemorating him in Wells Cathedral Close. I can only hope he have approved of it. I read it at a concert by Meon Voices, a choir I belong to, based in Bishops Waltham, when we sang Karl Jenkins Anthem for Peace.

Tony

REMEMBERING by Tony Johnson

29295 PRIVATE HENRY (HARRY) JOHN PATCH

Born 17 June 1898 – died 25 July 2009
7th DUKE OF CORNWALL'S LIGHT INFANTRY

Remember Harry's words. Remember well,
For Harry forged them in the fires of hell.
Honour him not because he lived so long
But told it like it was…And now he's gone.

"I was conscripted. Why should I want to go
And kill anybody I didn't know?"
Pay attention to what he has to say.
Don't let them spin his whispered words away

With lying tales of willing sacrifice.
Three of his gunner team blasted in a trice.
No trace. No flesh. No bone. No disc. No face.
Harry, shrapnel-wounded, a Blighty case,

The lucky one, who each late September
Shut himself away, alone, to remember
His bonded pals who'd made that solemn pact
To shoot to wound, to bring down only. Backed

Words with action, sparing that German's life,
Shot in the leg, sending him back to wife.
Wheelchair-bound, age-scarred, sane, on peaceful land,
He shook, ninety years on, a German's hand.

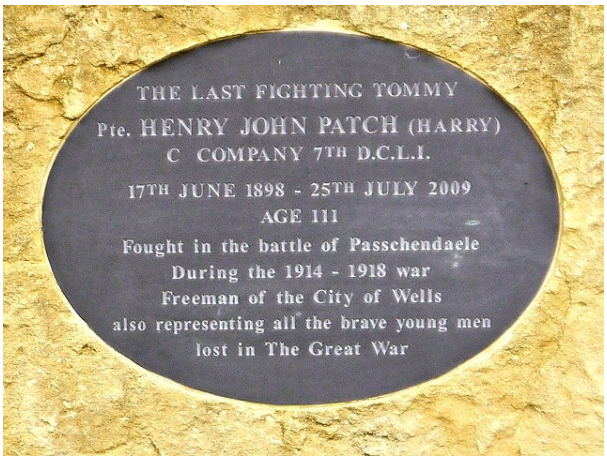
"You are the enemy I would not kill,
My friend." Passchendaele mud has had its fill.
Were his words heard among cathedral bells?
"War is organised murder - nothing else."

--

Tony Johnson and Harry Patch - the last Fighting Tommy

Tony Johnson, who taught English at School from 1965, has been in touch following the discussion about Bishop Peter Hancock's home at the Bishop's Palace, Wells.





Hello Michael,

I was pleased to see your message, especially about Bishop Peter. I had a week's holiday about 4 (?) years ago, which coincided with an August bank holiday. We went to see the races in homemade craft competing on the moat surrounding the Bishop's palace. Who should we see but Peter Hancock striding towards us on the path in shorts and shirt. We recognised each other from some distance away and we had a brief chat before he was due to race. "I live over there," he said during our conversation with some awe, pointing to the palace. The local radio interviewed him after his race. "We got the bronze", he said. "I don't know what the others were on!" Of course there, were only three in his race. Needless to say, although I didn't teach him I was very pleased to see him and found him modest and up for humour and fun. Always a good thing. Indeed that small chat was one of the highlights of our holiday.

I had last seen Wells cathedral when I was 8 years old. And was then 80. The simple stone memorial to Harry Patch, the last Tommy of the First World war, was very moving. Harry Patch had many poems about him written by eminent writers, but it did not stop me writing one too, which I have not sent to Bishop Peter.

I may find time to write something for the 300th anniversary of Price's foundation about my time at Price's between 1965 and 1984. I guess there are not so many former staff around now. However, I am now full-time caring for my wife, who has lost the use of hands and arms. Your emails, as you can see, I do read.

Best wishes,

Tony

PRICE'S SCHOOL 1965-1974 & PRICE'S COLLEGE 1974-1984

Reminiscences of an old teacher by **Tony Johnson**

Interview and Arrival

On arriving for the interview at Price's School in February 1965 the buildings did not impress. The main building had those high windows of an earlier era, calculated to forbid children to look out in case they were distracted. There were a number of tatty huts and an ugly brick structure, the pavilion. The playing fields were not as spacious as those in St. Bartholomew's Grammar School, Newbury, where I had played rugby and cricket and fitted in some A Levels.

At the interview I gained the impression from Mr Eric Poyner that my prowess at sport was rather more important that my degree: he needed someone to coach a team and who was willing to fill slots in the games periods. Alan George, Head of English, replacing the retiring Mr Thacker, was more concerned with my interest in drama.

Arriving in September 1965 Mr Alan George and I were instant friends and allies. I volunteered to oversee the Debating Society and we organised numerous trips to the theatre irrespective of whether the plays were set texts. We also put on a small show of pupils' creative writing. In 1966 there were productions of Pinter's "The Dumb Waiter" and Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape". The latter was a brilliant solo performance by a student, who needed no direction whatsoever! Unfortunately, Alan George left after only one year. An Oxford graduate, who appeared not to like children very much, replaced him. Then he also left suddenly after only two years. On my being appointed Head of English from September 1968 Tom Hilton remarked to me, "We decided to appoint the devil we knew this time!" He went on to say, "If the students do well in their exams we'll give you the credit: if they don't do so well we'll blame them." What a wise old bird! I was immediately at ease and hence absolutely determined to make sure students did well. Other staff members were equally welcoming and supportive.

Cricket

I took on the running of and coached the under-15 cricket team under the supervision of the new Head of PE, John Wise. The team had been very well coached previously by Mr "Ham" Gros whilst in the under 13 team and it showed. The team included David Hall, who needed no coaching except for the advice that it wasn't necessary to try to hit every ball out of the ground: a forward defensive stroke once or twice in an over might mean he'd stay at the crease longer and one day score a hundred, which he later did in the school first X1. I coached the team for four or five years, but found umpiring on Saturdays impinged on my own cricket at a local club, where I'd become captain.

The staff also had a cricket team, which played 20:20 over cricket on Tuesday evenings. Those who could not manage to get home and return in time for the 6pm start were often invited to Mr Roy Daysh's house in Park Lane for tea, which included cockles gleaned from Meon shore. The team was a wonderful way of including new teachers into the camaraderie of the staff room. If you paid £3 for the cricket balls you were in the team, irrespective of talent. A male French assistant, out first ball, was totally bemused walking in circles only to be told he should now wait in the pavilion. On another occasion a female American exchange teacher, Ms Rita Kelly, clubbed the ball in baseball style for 9 invaluable runs. Win or lose there was always The Golden Lion in the High Street afterwards.

Then there was the annual fixture against the first eleven, which just occasionally we miraculously won. Mr Mervyn Jones (English and Senior tutor in the College) captained the side for many years with boyish enthusiasm. Of course the boys always remained roughly the same age and you cursed the coaching you'd given them earlier when they'd become so difficult to dislodge from the crease. Mervyn's running joke was, "Right, we're now instituting a youth policy." Naturally many members of the staff team grew increasingly grey. I opened the batting from 1965 to 1984 and to my chagrin never hit a half century against the school, but was once stuck at the non-striker's end on 49 not out. However, on one occasion that failure was made up for with the ball, with a 7 for 16, including a hat trick. As well as the school teams' results Eric Poyner used to announce the staff team's results in assemblies – a nice touch.

Rugby

When the school field was being pounded to mud in late autumn and early New Year by seagulls and geese, it often became useless for games. In games periods the boys had a choice: a cross-country run or rugby on the grounds opposite the school in Park Lane where the Leisure Centre now is. Rugby suddenly became the preferred option. There was no pitch marked out, but from these rough and tumble games there emerged an under 15 team, coached by Mr Richard Hedley (forwards) and Mr Johnson (backs). We were delighted when Mark Fisher and Michael Genge were selected to play for Hampshire from this ramshackle arrangement. Later inevitably the staff were challenged to put out 15 men, captained by Mr Ian Wilkie (Biology), gathered a Staff team to play a sixth form student team, (1976?), which I believe the staff won! Mr Richard Hedley and Mr Tony Johnson sneaked their boots out of their respective houses, not telling our wives, for one last game of rugby.

Skiing

In 1966 Mr Tony Hiles (Head of Art), Mr John Wise (Head of PE) organised a trip to Leysin in Switzerland. Mr Andy Jay (German), also due to go, pulled out late. Although I had never skied before I offered to take his place. We travelled by train. In Switzerland an avalanche on the track ahead of us delayed the train for a few hours. The boys had not had a hot meal for a very long time, so the emergency fund immediately purchased us all a fine meal in the station restaurant. Other trips followed to Leysin again, Einseilden in Switzerland, Neustift in Austria and Borovets in Bulgaria. I learned a great deal from Mr Hiles' careful organisation. After 1980 students opted to go skiing with their previous schools rather than with Price's Sixth Form College. The Neustift trip was memorable because a boy called Douglas McCann (hooker in our under 15 rugby team) broke both legs. He was accompanied to Innsbruck Hospital. We said we suspected both legs were broken, but Douglas returned with only one leg in plaster. So much for you doctors out there! That evening he complained of pain in the other leg. We sent him back again pronto and the other leg was duly plastered.

When the main party left by train for Fareham, I was left with Douglas McCann to travel 24 hours later from Munich airport to Gatwick or Heathrow (?) Douglas occupied 6 first class seats and I was plied with drinks and papers in another. In those days the boys travelled on a group passport, so Douglas McCann had had to be put on to my passport in the British consulate in Innsbruck. Douglas and I arrived by ambulance a few minutes before the train pulled into Fareham station bringing the rest of the party. He was on my passport for years afterwards.

I have to be grateful to Price's for the opportunity to ski, because my sons also learnt to ski: my older son, David Johnson (Prices College 1981 – 83), fell in love with mountains and has since climbed them in every continent.

English teaching

In my Diploma of Education year at Southampton University I was fortunate to meet Raymond O'Malley as a lecturer in the Teaching of English. He took us to visit the free school at Dartington Hall, where he had taught for 29 years. That visit had a profound influence on me.

"Hi, Malley," a small boy greeted him as we arrived. He bent down from his considerable height, seemingly forgetting us, and listened with total attention to the boy. From his influence my watch words became: LISTEN; LET THEM WRITE OFTEN AND AS COPIOUSLY AS THEY WANT TO; PLAN LESSONS FOR MAXIMUM PARTICIPATION; DON'T TELL THEM WHAT THEY CAN FIND OUT FOR THEMSELVES. However, at the end of two years of an A Level course I did give what I called my last minute lectures, which were sometimes fiercely challenged by students who had grown very used to thinking for themselves by the end of the course.

In my Diploma of Education year at Southampton, on teaching practices I looked at the punishment book and noticed that the same names occurred time and time again. I decided detention was not acting as a deterrent. Pupils may not have noticed that I never put anyone in detention, but cup of tea in hand, devised socially useful things like paper picking or fishing crisp packets out of the fish-pond! Some reprobates actually enjoyed the attention, if not the fishing on a cold morning break!

One period out of five in the main part of the school was given over to drama, a very different skill to directing a play. I leaned heavily on one book, which had detailed lessons. Apparently you should never tell students to write about a drama lesson. Nevertheless, that was one option of many for the weekly essay, which some took up, sometimes filling half of one of those maroon exercise writing books assigned to English. In 1966 from the brilliant 2a, which included Alan Hill, Martin Seeley and Bob Seath, there emerged a short play worked up from a drama lesson: it was a spoof of Batman, which had Batman and Robin forced to go by public transport to save the world, because the bat mobile had broken down. Hilarious. I used to read aloud the best essays to the class. Alan Hill wrote a short piece called "The Ring and the Book". I gave it 19 out of 20. On hearing it the class clamoured in favour of 20. I called Alan up to me, crossed out 19 and put 20. I could not have written a piece as good, ever. It was perfect. In Maths you can get full marks. Why not English? And Alan was only 12!

Later I realised I had been teaching poetry wrongly for several years. I had read a book called "Relationship in Learning" by Marjorie Hourd, whom I later met at Exeter University. She taught me to stop intense questioning of pupils about a poem. All that questioning is, "SIMPLY PROBING THE CHILD'S IGNORANCE" and it is damaging to the child and to the poem. I changed my approach forthwith. Did Neil Astley escape my initial wrong-headed approach to found Bloodaxe Books, just about the largest publisher of poetry in the U.K?

Cutting edge technology in the early days was a reel-to-reel tape recorder. Extracts of set plays were recorded as for radio and played back. It was a cunning way for students to be involved at least three times with key parts of the text and without much effort those passages stuck in their minds for the examination. They also narcissistically enjoyed hearing their own voices. One A Level class, set the task of recording the first act of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot", simply learned it, dispensing with the cutting edge recorder, and gave a live performance without books. Brilliant.

Drama

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After Alan George left I was determined to continue what he had started. Right throughout my time at Price's it became accepted that anyone in the department could organise a theatre trip, our equivalent of a field trip in Geography. And the plays we went to did not have to be on a syllabus nor did the theatregoers have to be studying English at A Level.

In the summer term of 1967 the Dramatic Society put on William Golding's only play, "The Brass Butterfly". That was after Mr John Chaffey's excellent production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." In 1969 we teamed up with the Fareham Girls' Grammar School for a production of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible". This necessitated a female teacher acting as chaperone to the 10 girls needed to complement the 10 boys in the play. In spite of the chaperone at least three couples paired off successfully that I knew of. The hall was filled with many from the girls' school to see the dress rehearsal. Eric Poyner was alarmed that a number of girls were crying at the end of the play. I assured him that their crying was a huge compliment to the actors. Indeed, my wife acclaimed Mark Fisher's performance as John Procter as the best amateur portrayal she had seen – and as far as I know he had never been on the stage before.

In 1971 the brilliant Alan Hill expressed the wish to direct a play, R.C.Sherriff's "Journey's End", set in the trenches of the First World War. Brilliant though he was Alan had something to learn about man management, but with a little help he learned to praise first and only then to insist on the improvement he wanted. The result was a taut and moving drama played out on the floor of the hall with the soldiers descending into the trench from the stage and the audience raked up, looking down. Martin Head as Stanhope, the company commander, and Nicholas Armstrong as Rayleigh gave powerful performances. Armstrong's mother was in tears as Rayleigh, her son, "died" in the dugout. Martin Head's performance portrayed the extreme stress, verging on madness of Stanhope. I think neither Alan nor I had seen that verging on madness, which was all his own interpretation. It was spot on.

I disappeared for one academic year in 1971-2 to do a master's degree at Exeter University. Returning in the Autumn term 1972, Eric Poyner called me in to get behind a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that had taken nearly a year not to arrive at performance. I remarked I still had a dissertation to write. As soon as that was completed early in 1973 I promised to help. It still had not arrived on stage by the time the whole cast assembled together with the heads of the both schools (another cooperation between boys' and girls' grammar schools). New dates were set in stone. If it didn't happen then it would not happen at all. "Anyone who wants to leave leave now!" Mr Dick Hubbard was the director and full of ideas. When it finally reached the stage at the new deadline it was excellent. Costumes were by Mrs Holliday, a parent. Titania's dress, covered with stitched on roses, was a dream in itself. The fairies were dressed as imps with a lightning stripe diagonally across their black shirts, thumbing their noses at the audience and dancing in the aisles to original music,(by Andy Vores?) scattering silver dust everywhere. Eric Poyner indulgently said he was getting silver dust out of his suit for months afterwards. I put myself in the programme as "Chief Goader"!

In 1974 anticipating the advent of the Sixth Form college, I realised that drama would have to become part of the main curriculum to survive. I directed a children's play, "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew" by Robert Bolt. Junior boys played the downtrodden peasants and sixth formers played the evil toffs. Nicholas Armstrong played Baron Bolligrew. The play was pure pantomime. A strategically placed claque of volunteers started the hissing and booing in case the audience was disinclined to let its hair down. The narrator played by the then small Karl Evans manipulated the audience with consummate skill. In the interval someone threatened that the audience was going to take over. Karl Evans continued masterful manipulation.

THE TIMES THEY WERE A-CHANGING

There were developments among the boys, which had something to do with the zeitgeist, which young people seem to absorb through their pores. I shall never know exactly how the "Black Lion" and later "The Grunt" in 1978 came about. At the beginning the name of Chris Bard, a live wire in pushing boundaries, comes to mind. Suddenly this underground magazine broke out. Number 12 of the Black Lion in December 1972, edited by Mich Binns, Pete Russell and Kevan Bundell, had plenty of creative contributions, poems, stories and opinions, which now seem quite inoffensive. Yet I was supposed to keep an eye on it in case it did offend. By contrast The Lion of December 1975, although we had been reorganised as a comprehensive college in September 1974, was full of lists of exam results, of teams sports photos and results, Cadet Force camps etc., but hardly an opinion was aired. Perhaps a little dull? But it was an important record nonetheless. By 1976 under the editorship of Mr Roger Jenkins (English) the main magazine was in a larger format with an attractive front cover, excellent artwork, poems galore, stories, and critical appreciations of plays and opinions. Yet it still managed to record team and society activities in the one magazine.

Change: The Sixth Form College

I had not really wanted to teach in an all boys school and welcomed the introduction of girls. Having been Head of English since 1968 I was appointed to continue the role in the Sixth Form College. I could see that the department would have to expand. We went from 2 sets of A level English in each year in the grammar school to 8 sets in each year in the Sixth Form College as well as nigh on 200 students retaking English language at GCE. To accommodate the increase in numbers a rash of new terrapin huts joined the tatty ones I had noticed at my interview in 1965. We were also occupants of a brand-new block for English teaching together with a drama studio.

A campaign to persuade Mr Poyner to appoint a full-time drama teacher was successful. By September in time for the start of the Sixth Form College the first full-time drama teacher, Mrs Mary More-Gordon had been appointed. Soon there was a Rock Opera called Mr Mack Beth, based on Shakespeare, followed by a modern play by Ronald Miller, "Abelard and Heloise", famous lovers of the Middle Ages. The play caused a stir as drama was destined to do from then on. The same age as Abelard (38) at that time, I was asked by Mrs More-Gordon to play Abelard opposite Heloise (18), a student of the same age. I'd always set my face against mixing staff with students in plays. If staff wanted to act they should join an amateur drama group. I declined! It was just as well because a lovemaking scene, after fierce argument, was commuted to a touching and delicate dance. I was glad to take a back seat from both the scene and the furore!

Prior to that a new young music teacher had been appointed. We thought of something different to the usual carols at Christmas. I directed "The Business of Good Government, a play specially written for amateurs by John Arden and Margarita D'Arcy to be performed in three local churches with processional carols directed by Miss Val Jacob. In Wickham Herod's beautiful costume suddenly blew up to gigantic size because Herod was standing over a warm air grill in the floor – a happy dramatic accident.

After Mrs More-Gordon other drama teachers followed. Mr Jim O'Brien directed Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" and later "Live Like Pigs" by John Arden, another play, which caused a furore. The play was about a dysfunctional family of Romany origin on a council estate. The then Mayor of Fareham disliked it intensely, opining that he had never encountered such a family in his life and what were we doing putting on such a play. The fact was that at that time there were such families living in the Borough of Fareham. They had also caused a furore. Jim O'Brien was mightily pleased with the support of the English Department. Then Mr Ray Bell, a new young English teacher, directed Harold

Pinter's "The Birthday Party." Ms Libby Murphy, the drama teacher, who succeeded Jim O'Brien, co-operated with Mr Bell in 1978 to direct "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" by Tom Stoppard. I wrote in the 1979 magazine. "The interaction between Colin Brown as Rosencrantz and Jon Morgan as Guildenstern and their delivery of the tricky often circular word play and badinage…was wryly amusing and often hilarious. Ms Murphy and Mr Bell pulled off an outstanding success with a difficult and witty play." There followed another rousing success in The Old Time Music Hall. This time we did mix staff and students in a production. The result was hilarious with the audience "yelling for encores. Mr Wilkie's "gymnastic" team nearly brought the house down. Nadine Chase and Robert Woods received thunderous applause. Mr Johnson as master of ceremonies was in fine fettle and in impressive control of the lively audience – most of the time." So wrote Mr Roy Daysh. It was an example of co-operation between mainly Ms Libby Murphy (Drama), Miss Val Jacob (Music), Mr Ray Bell (English) and countless others. Someone said later that it had been the best nightclub in Fareham. The audience did not want to go home. So I learned that staff and students could combine on stage, but not in love scenes!

Drama teachers also established a Travelling Theatre Group, taking plays to Brookfield, St Ann's and Harrison Road junior schools and more.

Somewhere around this time to help further in putting the new College in its old buildings on the map, I organised an Arts Festival. One activity that made money helped finance another that was either free or made a loss. At the end we broke even. The play was the one that was due to be produced anyway. Then students put on a folk concert, which was going to happen anyway. There was a music concert and poetry readings. There was also a screening of Pier Paola Pasolini's film of Oedipus Rex (1967). A group of nuns travelled from Southampton to see it. Mr Poyner was astounded that they thought it of religious significance.

Early in the Sixth Form College Kay Brunger and Alexander Cameron approached me with the wish to start a Film Society. I sent them away to obtain three or four others. Quite a while later they arrived with the others. Immediately we allocated names to offices to be held and made up a constitution. I persuaded Mr Coulstock, a technician in the resources centre, who had in a former life screened films on the Royal Yacht, to become the projectionist. The first film screened on a Friday evening was, "One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest". The assembly hall was full to the rafters with 200 students and rarely pulled in less than 125.

Price's Staff

Eric Poyner once said to me, "My job is to look after the staff and they will then look after the pupils." Tom Hilton once said to me, "We care for the boys but we don't let it show too much." Pearls of wisdom.

One evening, having worked late to catch up with admin work, I found my car wouldn't start. Eric was just leaving work too. He got down on the tarmac attached a tow-rope and bump started my car. I guess the dignity of many Heads would never allow them to do that.

Once on duty at lunchtime I came across a boy who, having experimented with weed killer and sugar, had managed to shoot himself in the forehead. Mr Hilton phoned for an ambulance to take him to A & E at Queen Alexandra Hospital and went with him. He told me afterwards, "Another millimetre and it would have penetrated the skull. Boys will be boys." He disapproved of his injury, but approved of his willingness to experiment.

Whilst teaching in a grammar school in Dorchester, there was an unspoken assumption that we were all Tory voters. In a large comprehensive in Crawley the unspoken assumption was that we all voted Labour. In Price's School the staff seemed to assume nothing. All shades of political persuasion were tolerated. We were mostly too busy anyway to care, but on occasions when discussions broke out there was a careful listening to the viewpoint of others and an agreement to differ without rancour.

There was also a willingness to co-operate on a project across the divide between staff and pupils. Hence, glancing at the credits in the programme for "Journeys End", the Business Manager was Mr Eric Brown (Science); Costumes – Mr Bob Nash (Art), Mrs Nancy Head (?); Sound effects David Andrews (pupil); Publicity - Neil Astley (pupil) and Refreshments – Parent Teachers Association.

Likewise at one point Richard Hedley (Biology) led a campaign to raise money for a minibus. With typical gusto he involved just about everybody.

The Heads of Science, Mr David Stephens (Chemistry), Mr Richard Hedley and Mr John Collenette (Physics) combined to change the teaching of Science to the methods of Nuffield Science, a quiet revolution from middle management of great benefit to pupils and students. It involved immense hard work in the background.

Some female teachers recruited from the Girls' Grammar School were hesitant about their reception at Price's Sixth Form College in what had been an all male establishment. In fact, they were welcomed and proved vital. In the Sixth Form College the Maths Department was lucky to recruit five or six excellent female mathematicians. One of them brilliantly taught both my sons at either end of the spectrum of mathematical ability. Mrs Liz Mavin was equally at home teaching A Level, ensuring one son an A grade in A Level and the other son a qualification in Basic Computations.

The English Department gained Mrs Pauline Judge, who took bus loads of students and staff to London theatres for years, Mrs Cope with her astute mind, which could solve a timetabling problem much quicker than I could. A little earlier we had gained Mrs de Bunsen, who had been appointed to the school and stayed on into the college. She had graduated at the age of 41 with a first class degree from Portsmouth. She taught one class of boys from first year to fifth. In the Sixth Form College she became second in the Department and Price's was the first and only teaching job she had. She was responsible for the hoards of retakes for English Language and instituted the extra qualification of City and Guilds Speaking and Listening so that students gained another valuable qualification during the same number of lessons.

Head of English was the job I had aspired to and in 1968 it was realised. I can honestly say I enjoyed my time at Price's School, but I would have preferred that it had been a mixed school. Looking back I realise that Head of English in the Sixth Form College was my dream job, but I would not have missed Price's School either.

Further reorganisation of education in Fareham loomed. The County Authority ceased to maintain Price's College. It was deemed one secondary school in Fareham was surplus to requirements. Bishopsfield School was closed. Its buildings would help house the new Tertiary College. The marriage of the Sixth Form College with the Technical College took place in 1984. It was rumoured that the proliferation of those tatty huts on the field together with their new additions for The Sixth Form College that I had noticed at interview in 1965 was one reason for Price's closure.

After 1984 for 5 Years Price's College became the "Park Lane Site", allowing the household gods of Price's to live on for the five years we stayed at Park Lane. In 1988 and 1989 swathes of the staff were offered generous redundancy terms. They took the money and left. In 1989 the Price's

buildings and those offending huts were razed to the ground. All teaching would henceforth be on one site at Bishopsfield Road. It was then the household gods of Price's also departed.

Now, passing the Park Lane housing estate on the way to the library and shops, my mind's eye sometimes glimpses impish fairies from "A Midsummer's Night Dream," dancing in the aisles of the Assembly Hall, flinging silver dust over the audience and thumbing their noses. What fun! What a privilege to teach such bright students. I could wish that my bright and beautiful granddaughter, when the time soon comes, did not have to travel so far from Locks Heath to access the A Level studies she soon hopes to choose.

Tony Johnson November 2020

Hello David,

You were quite right: I did confuse the demise of The College Magazine with that of The Grunt. I can guess that teenagers tried to push the boundaries too far and Mr Watkins was justified in closing it down. I had nothing to do with the Grunt. Incidentally I sold the Black Lion in the Girls Grammar School and connived with the editors to include a couple of items which we knew Miss Heron was likely to want to exclude. Before it went to publication I would meet with her and she would duly censor those items and was less likely to object to some that were slightly risqué. And it duly went on sale in the Girls Grammar School staff room and amongst the pupils.

However, the closure of The College Magazine was as I related. A great shame, because Eric Poyner knew its value as a record, useful to later historians!

Val Jacob, Music teacher emailed recently out of the blue. I hope to meet her, but no definite plan yet. When she arrived I asked her to rehearse the carols in John Arden's The Business of Good Government., which we took round to three local churches. The next year she asked me to put some mime to a music piece. After that she cooperated with Mrs More-Gordon on Mr Mack Beth, a rock opera. Wow the times they were a-changing. And I had taken a back seat by then. No doubt Val Jacob will take that story on.

Best wishes, **Tony J**

Mike Kill writes:

I was very sorry to hear about Tony Johnson's passing. He was a first class, inspirational teacher who helped me to obtain good grades in English Lang and Lit, and I am glad I had the opportunity to spend some time with him at last year's celebration - the first time we'd met since 1971. He was also, of course, an extremely nice man.

Sadly missed but fondly remembered.

Kind regards,
Mike

Steve King writes:

I was sorry to hear of the passing of Tony Johnson. I was never taught by him but I was a part of both the A Mid-summer Night's Dream and Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew productions which he mentions in the piece to which you refer.

I am disappointed though by his reference to "the narrator" in this second piece because this was

actually me dressed, for reasons I never knew - as a Confucius style vicar!

I was not mentioned in the Lion review of December 1974 for that production, which doesn't mention a narrator at all but does say that Karl played another part, the hero of the story, Oblong Fitz Oblong. I am pretty sure that I have a press cutting somewhere that has a picture of Karl but for some reason gives my name as playing that part - I didn't! That suggests my name was somewhere in the material.

I guess the compliment Tony pays Karl will always remain his and not mine. But I'll take it nonetheless! If I ever find any better evidence so that the record can be corrected I'll let you know.

Very best wishes
Steve King

re: **Tony Johnson**

I met Tony only once, and that was following the WP300 celebrations on May 2022. He was also at the annual TangleFest Folk Music Festival organised by the Bundell brothers, in Curdridge.

Only once, and for not that long a time, then, but there had been much to learn about Tony from my work on the Lion Pride, and the Price's "Who's Who" projects over the past three years. During that time, I had tried to meet Tony on convenient occasions that had proved not suitable for him because his priorities then were in the caring needs for his wife. That speaks much of his devotion, an aspect of his life that underpinned most of whatever else I learned of him.

Early contact were a bit confusing because he was a part of a group of at least three with the same surname, but each with a different spelling. There was Revd. ***R.O. Johnston*** *in the 1920s - himself a notable asset in the School's teaching Staff. There was I.A.* ***Johnstone*** *a high profile and successful sportsman at the School to overlap with my time there (1955-1962). Far from the least of the three came Tony, a teacher of English mainly, but some Drama also.*

I have highlighted words from Tony's own biography that sum-up the needs others had for his involvement:

I was asked by Mrs More-Gordon to play Abelard ….
We thought of something different to the usual carols at Christmas….
I directed "The Business of Good Government, a play specially written for amateurs by John Arden and Margarita D'Arcy to be performed in three local churches with processional carols directed by Miss Val Jacob….
I was glad to take a back seat from both the scene and the furore! ….
it had been the best nightclub in Fareham. The audience did not want to go home….
Somewhere around this time to help further in putting the new College in its old buildings on the map, I organised an Arts Festival….
Early in the Sixth Form College I was approached with the wish to start a Film Society. I sent them away to obtain three or four others. Quite a while later they arrived with the others. Immediately we allocated names to offices to be held and made up a constitution. I persuaded Mr Coulstock, a technician in the resources centre, who had in a former life screened films on the Royal Yacht, to become the projectionist. The first film screened on a Friday evening was, "One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest". The assembly hall was full to the rafters with 200 students and rarely pulled in less than 125. …

- So, Teacher of, then Head of English
- Producer of Plays
- Overseer of the Debating Society
- Participant in Plays
- Organiser of Theatre Trips
- Coach of U156 Cricket team for 4 or 5 years
- In the staff cricket team, opening bat 1965 – 1984, best perf: 49* and 7 wkts for 16 runs, inc a hat trick!
- Coached U15 Rugby team
- Helped on 5 Ski trips
- Learned that punishment was not productive
- A year's secondment, 1971–72 for an M.A. degree
- A major, calming and steering influence in the production of "Black Lions" magazines' seeking acceptance, at least for the Black Lions that was set to have a significant on the subsequent style and content of the magazines of the College era.
- Looking back I realise that Head of English in the Sixth Form College was my dream job, but I would not have missed Price's School either.
- Poet:

CLASSROOM EXAMINATION- 2A PRICE'S SCHOOL 1966

These ageing men were boys I used to teach.
Now, rôle reversed, I listen and I learn,
For one boy's now the canon come to preach
To attentive silence more than I could earn.

•

They were the cunning masters of mayhem,
Of artful doodle and of daring daydream.
Such fine bubbling brains! No one could stop them
From acting like a loose anarchic team.

•

Memory draws a classroom castle in the air,
Where appear thirty brilliant pairs of eyes,
Which stalk the ether and begin to stare.
To scrutinise, assess, and analyse.

•

Are you weak? Are you strong? You cannot bluff.
We can shave off a beard or rip off a mask.
Who are you? Do you care? D'ya know your stuff?
Answer! Before you set us any task!

During my 45 years of teaching, I have taught with many good teachers, and just a very few excellent folk.
In these past 3 years, researching for the WP300 Lion Pride publication, I have read much of so many folk – pupils and teachers. Many of these have left their marks of excellence in the lives of others, joyous at having been so well-educated. Who were these outstanding people? Difficult to judge because not all are known, and little known of many.

No difficulty in identifying out late Tony Johnson as having been at the pinnacle of a teaching career, in all that he did – teach, manage, lead, help, contribute, play, enjoy with a shrewd sense of humour, whilst remaining a devoted man, someone of life-enhancing example whose presence has enriched the lives of so many Pupils, Parents and Colleagues.
I had one half hour conversation with Tony yet, with all now known, I shall miss him, and wish for those who shared his life, a peaceful mind that recognises they have been in the company of an outstanding man.

David Goldring 1955 - 1962

Tony had been a good supporter of Price's Old Boys' functions. Sadly, he died in 2023.

Johnston	Revd. Richard Oliver	Dates	1908 -1951

<u>Arrested Boy Tells of his Adventure</u>
Taken to Gaol with Master after crossing the Italian frontier
Released today.

Mr Richard Oliver Johnston, the Fareham Schoolmaster and Martin Privett, aged 16, one of his pupils, who were arrested by Italian Police and taken to Ventimiglia when they strayed across the frontier during a hiking tour, have been released.

Explanations and the production of their passports, which they had left in the Ambassador Hotel at Mentone where they had been staying, cleared up the matter and they are now back at the Hotel.

"Met by Soldiers"
Speaking over the long-distance telephone to the Evening News from Menton, Martin Privett told the story of his adventure.
"Mr Johnston and I", he said, went up the mountainside during Sunday afternoon and must have crossed the frontier."



REV. R. O. JOHNSTON

It is with profound regret that we have to record the sudden death on Saturday, December 27th of Revd. R. O. Johnston.

_____

A feeling of hopeless inadequacy must beset anyone who seeks to express what the R. O. J. of countless notices did for the school and for everybody who passed through it. The oldest generation of Old Priceans knew him well; the newest First Former knew him in his retirement as one who came up to the school to teach him hockey. Yet just because he was so well known to all of us the inadequacy of the writer matters less: every reader of "The Lion" has his own memories of R. O. J. to give colour to what is written here.

He came to Price's School at the beginning of the second foundation; it was only three years ago, forty years later, that we were wishing him a long and happy retirement. If the first part of our wish was not fulfilled we may be sure that the second was. Indeed his life was happy: there was so much that he enjoyed doing and he had the energy and the strength to go on doing to the end. He devoted himself to the School in the classroom or on the playing field to an extent no one has surpassed. We can remember his chuckle and his voice raised in wrath; his advice to keep the cricket ball on the ground – advice so contrary to his example; his highly unorthodox but ever efficient tennis where his remarkable eye made him dangerous even if he had fallen down and apparently mislaid his racket; above all at hockey – it can only be said that his work at Price's was quite extraordinarily successful, as our select band of internationals and large group of county players prove. Not only Price's but Hampshire will mourn one whose services were of incalculable value.

None of us will forget him; on his retirement I adapted in his copy of "The Lion" that mentioned that event the words of Thucydides – 'in short, if one were to say that he was born neither to take rest himself nor allow it to others one would be speaking the simple truth.' But now the time has come when we can only say, "Requiescat in pace."

REV. R .O. JOHNSTON

The last day of 1952 will always be remembered by us as the day on which one of the greatest stalwarts of the School has ever known, was laid to rest.

He would have felt very proud if he could have seen the number of Old Priceans who came to pay homage to his memory. There were scholars present, representatives of all the generations of the School, from the early days to those who have left quite recently and to those who are still wearing the School cap.

R. O. J. endeared himself to all. His kindly smile, his ready advice, his great ability on the Playing Field, and above all, his great sense of fair play and sportsmanship were bywords with us.

The School and its Scholars (You and I) were the objects of his greatest affection, and even when he had retired he could not stay away, but still continued to give all he had on the Playing

Field.

It is impossible to say how much he will be missed, but of this we are sure – we shall never forget him.



1914



1924

Played hockey for England

Joint	Ken	Dates	

Col. Ken Joint

Victor Hughes has supplied more information about his late brother-in-law, Ken Joint, who died earlier this month.

He writes:

Brian, my brother, and I were borders for most of the war at Prices School Fareham, whilst Ken was two years senior to me.

He lived at Gosport.

Ken had a successful schooling, being one of the senior cadets in the army, cadet force. He was in the first 11 football team as goalkeeper and won his colours and was a wicket keeper in the first 11 cricket team before leaving school to join the army. He served in the Korean War and was promoted. He met his wife, my elder sister, whilst doing Christmas postal work while they were still at their schools.

They have five children, all now married.

After nearly 40 years of postings all over the world, he retired to Exbourne Devon as a Colonel of the Pay Corps.

He died at Tavistock hospital at the age of 93 on the 13th September 2022.

Jones	Mervyn	Dates	

Tony Johnson emails to inform us of the death of popular English teacher of Sixties and early Seventies, Mervyn Jones has died.

Mervyn died last week. He joined Price's in 1968 in the English Department and was a Senior Tutor in the Sixth Form College. He was much liked and respected and ran the the staff X1 for many many years.

MERVYN JONES

Mervyn Jones joined Price's School in September 1968. Like many teachers of his time he'd taught abroad for a time, in his case Edmonton, Canada for six years. Tony Johnson had just been appointed Head of English. During the whole time we worked together we never had a cross word, a point he made in his leaving speech. It was more his doing than mine! He was utterly reliable and conscientious.

There existed a mutual respect and liking which made it a pleasure to work together. He was rewarded for his conscientiousness and engaging personality by being made a Senior Tutor when Price's School became Price's Sixth From College.

Mervyn emerged sometime in the early seventies as the staff cricket captain. Occasionally he would go democratic on us and attempt to have an election for captain, but we argued that captains emerged as the leader of the Conservative party used to and we thought he was doing a great job. The staff X1 played other schools and colleges, the school and college 1st X1, The Office of National Statistics and Swan Green in the New Forest, Mervyn's club, where he was an honorary life president.

New staff, even cricketing no-hopers, were encouraged to have a game and a beer afterwards, and were the more quickly incorporated into the community of the staff as a whole. He always wanted to win but not at any cost. Every now and again he would reverse the batting order to make sure everyone got a bat, often jeopardising the chance of winning. Each time he did that he consulted me as I held the opening bat slot, but I knew what he was doing and admired his way of running the team all the more. It made it all the more fun, because we pulled off some unlikely victories as a result.

As the staff team grew older and the first X1 stayed the same age, he joked about instituting a youth policy. It became a silly running joke among us for many years. Later his first few balls of the new season were not so good, but then he got into his stride. His first wicket of the new season was greeted by his own infectious joy and with joy and relief by the team, as we knew we'd have him as captain for another year. He was a true sportsman. I believe there may be few Old Priceans, who will remember his geniality and warmth and his teaching and, perhaps, there is the odd novelist who was a trifle inspired by him.

I am so glad I knew him.

Goodbye, Mervyn.

Tony Johnson

The Secretary recalls that Robert Goddard http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Robert_Goddard_(novelist), our well-known novelist, claimed that Mervyn inspired him to write.