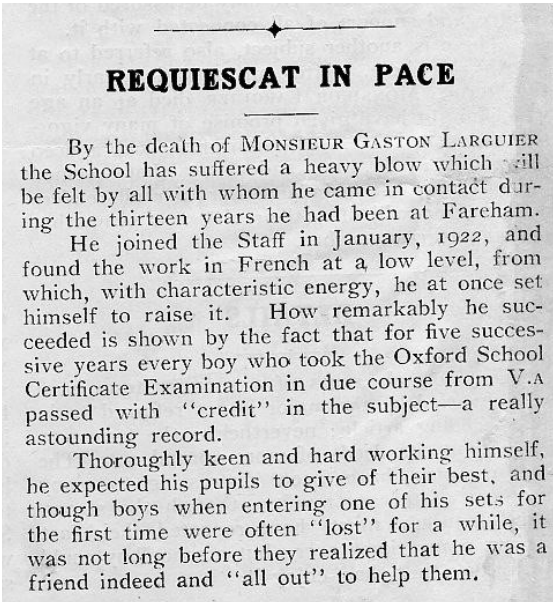
	Price's Who's Who?, Part 2 **"L" Surnames**

Larguier	Gaston	1922 -
Lee	Lt.Col. Jesse Maxwell, **D.S.O.**	1911 - 1918
Leedham	Richard	1964 - 1969
Legg	Rowan	1973 -
Lent	Steve	
Lewis	Paul	
Lewry	R.A.	
Lillywhite	C.E.	
Lockhart	Mr. J.	
Long	Peter	
Lusty	Professor James Richard	1962 - 1969
Lusty	Dr. Michael Gerald Frank	

Larguier	M. Gaston	Dates	1922 -



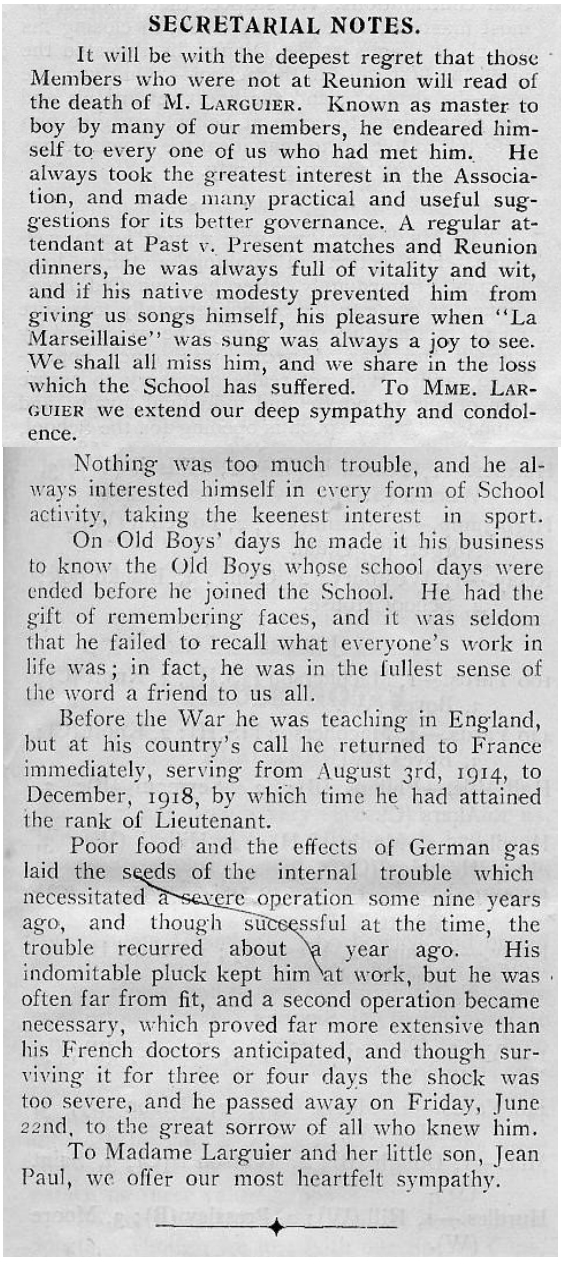
REQUIESCAT IN PACE

By the death of Monsieur Gaston Larguier the School has suffered a heavy blow which will be felt by all with whom he came in contact during the thirteen years he had been at Fareham.

He joined the Staff in January, 1922, and found the work in French at a low level, from which, with characteristic energy, he at once set himself to raise it. How remarkably he succeeded is shown by the fact that for five successive years every boy who took the Oxford School Certificate Examination in due course from V.A passed with "credit" in the subject—a really astounding record.

Thoroughly keen and hard working himself, he expected his pupils to give of their best, and though boys when entering one of his sets for the first time were often "lost" for a while, it was not long before they realized that he was a friend indeed and "all out" to help them.

London Society of Old Priceans:



SECRETARIAL NOTES.

It will be with the deepest regret that those Members who were not at Reunion will read of the death of M. Larguier. Known as master to boy by many of our members, he endeared himself to every one of us who had met him. He always took the greatest interest in the Association, and made many practical and useful suggestions for its better governance. A regular attendant at Past v. Present matches and Reunion dinners, he was always full of vitality and wit, and if his native modesty prevented him from giving us songs himself, his pleasure when "La Marseillaise" was sung was always a joy to see. We shall all miss him, and we share in the loss which the School has suffered. To Mme. Larguier we extend our deep sympathy and condolence.

Nothing was too much trouble, and he always interested himself in every form of School activity, taking the keenest interest in sport.

On Old Boys' days he made it his business to know the Old Boys whose school days were ended before he joined the School. He had the gift of remembering faces, and it was seldom that he failed to recall what everyone's work in life was; in fact, he was in the fullest sense of the word a friend to us all.

Before the War he was teaching in England, but at his country's call he returned to France immediately, serving from August 3rd, 1914, to December, 1918, by which time he had attained the rank of Lieutenant.

Poor food and the effects of German gas laid the seeds of the internal trouble which necessitated a severe operation some nine years ago, and though successful at the time, the trouble recurred about a year ago. His indomitable pluck kept him at work, but he was often far from fit, and a second operation became necessary, which proved far more extensive than his French doctors anticipated, and though surviving it for three or four days the shock was too severe, and he passed away on Friday, June 22nd, to the great sorrow of all who knew him.

To Madame Larguier and her little son, Jean Paul, we offer our most heartfelt sympathy.

Lee	Lt. Col. Jesse Maxwell, **D.S.O.**	Dates	1911-1918

J. M. LEE. Entered January 1911. Left July 1918. Head of Cams 1916-18. Prefect 1914-18. Head Prefect and Head of School 1916-18. Junior Oxford 1914. Senior Oxford 1916.

Ramsay Exhibitioner 1918. 1st Winner of P. P. W. Meadows English and History Prize. Thrice winner of Navy League Essay Certificate. Captain of Cricket 191§-16-17-18 (colours). Fielding Prize 1916.

Batting Average 1917-18. Football 1st XI. 1914-15-16-17. Captain 1917 (colours). Hockey 1st XI. 1915-16-17-18 (colours). 1st Captain of Tennis Club 1918. Member of Cadet Corps. Lance Corporal 1914. Corporal 1915. Sergeant 1916-17. Sergeant-Major 1918. Member of Shooting Team 1914-16. Efficiency Badge. Senior Committee Member War Savings Association 1917-18. Assistant Editor of Lion. O.C. National Service 1917-18. (Lion, December 1918). **Sportsman of the 10s Decade** (shortlist).

1st XI Cricket Captain 1915. 1st XI Cricket Captain 1916. 1st XI Cricket Captain 1917. 1st XI Soccer Captain 1917. 1st XI Cricket Captain 1918

Passed 30th into Sandhurst 1918.



Lt.Col. Lee went to Sandhurst and was commissioned into the Hampshire Regt. In December 1919. He served in the Middle East, India and at home until the outbreak of the Second World War. He joined the 2nd battalion as Commanding Officer in April 1941.

In December 1942when at Tebourba, North Africa, the Battalion fought German Tiger tanks with rifles, bayonets, mortars and machine guns, holding the Germans at bay in the hills of Tunisia for four days and nights. Outnumbered 4 to 1, the Hampshires held their strategic position 20 miles west of Tunis - the point on which the victory of the 1st Army turned. The battle ended when Col. Lee assembled the remaining troops – only 210 left out of 689 – formed a single extended line with bayonets fixed and made a last desperate charge.

Lt.Col. Lee was wounded and captured, escaped in December 1943 from an Italian prisoner of War camp, was recaptured by the Germans, but escaped again that same night and made his way over the Alps to Switzerland, from where he was repatriated to England.

For his valiant efforts in the Tebourba battle, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order (D.S.O.). One of his Company Commanders won a similar decoration and another was awarded the Victoria Cross (V.C.)

In 1946 J.M.L. commanded the 1st / 4th Battalion in Austria until its disbandment, whence he returned home to command the re-established Regimental depot in Winchester.

Jesse retired in 1949, his last appointment being Military Observer for the United Nations in Java.

The Battle of Tebourba Gap: 29th November – 4th December 1942
(Royal Hampshire Website)

… On the evening of 29th November the 2nd Hampshires relieved 6th Northamptons, East of Tebourba and by midnight the platoons quickly set to digging themselves in. They were overlooked by high ground to the right and to the front. Despite all this the Hampshires fought steadfastly and denied passage to the enemy, against the odds, for four gruelling days.

The first day of battle on 30th November, the Hampshires suffered heavy shelling from enemy guns and mortars, as well as substantial air activity. Such action was not to let up into

the second day, and towards the evening of 1st December the enemy attempted to establish men and machine guns in a nearby farm. ….

The fourth and final day of battle saw the enemy mounting heavy artillery and mortar attacks along the whole front, and after furious battle, they captured some high ground. ….

The fourth and final day of battle saw the enemy mounting heavy artillery and mortar attacks along the whole front, and after furious battle, they captured some high ground ….

Tebourba was a memorable battle, a most gallant stand, in which the 2nd Battalion, to all intents and purposes unaided, enabled the Medjez position to be held against the most desperate attacks. By the close of the battle the 2nd Hampshires had lost four hundred and ninety five men; around seventy two percent of their initial strength.



Distinguished Service Order

Jesse Maxwell Lee entered the School in 1911, being the eighty fourth name in the register, (restarted in 1908). His parents lived in Gosport and he travelled daily by the old electric tram in company with D.E. Gregory and D.R. Masterman.

He was placed in Cams House, and had a most distinguished school career, mainly during the war years to 1918 when he left to go to Sandhurst. He was sergant-major of the Cadet Corps, head of his house, captain or cricket, hockey and soccer, and head of the school 1916–1918.

The mere catalogue of the offices he held gives little clue to the boy, and, later, to the man that he became. A born leader, he knew from his earliest days the meaning of the word responsibility, and he accepted this as part of the qualities needed for everything that he did. He was rather reserved and in retrospect I suspect shy, but he never showed it, and his influence in the school was very marked, and wholly for the good.

His Army career was extraordinarily successful and his finest hour was during the North African campaign, when he commanded the 1st battalion of the Hampshire Regt., for which he would undoubtedly have been awarded a V.C. except that he would have had to recommend himself.

G.C.

Leedham	Richard	Dates	1964-69

Recollections of Price's in the mid-to-late 60's

Beginnings



I joined Price's in 1964, and was put into form 1B (surnames H to M), which was in one of the two "Terrapin" temporary prefab classrooms, sited on rough ground behind the art room and the woodwork room, overlooking the back gardens of the houses in Park Lane. Somewhat unimaginatively, my initial circle of friends was mainly drawn from those who Sat close around me in that first classroom – Kadleck, Kendall, Lamport, Lee, Leigh, Lowe, Loo, Lowry, Lydford.

In the third form, Steve Holroyd came to Price's, and also became a good friend; thereafter, together with Barry Kadleck, we were a bit like the 'Three Musketeers', always to be found hanging around together.

School Dinners

I seem to recall that school dinners were particularly inedible; cabbage, swede and turnip seemed to feature a lot, but perhaps I remember that because they were my most hated vegetables. Thin slices of anaemic and unidentifiable meat, swimming in warm water in the bains-marie also featured frequently, as I recall. I quickly changed to sandwiches for the rest of my time at Price's. They were usually cheese: Cheddar, of course, because no other cheese had been invented then. It was a special treat if I got a pork pie.

Officially, you were supposed to sit on a reserved table in the main hall if you brought sandwiches, but I preferred to sneak off and 'picnic' somewhere around the grounds. My favourite place was on the platform halfway up the steps that formed the external emergency exit from the gym, overlooking the rifle range. I was sometimes joined there by Kadleck, Holroyd and occasionally others, but they invariably went back to school dinners in the winter. Of course, we were eventually caught by the games master who 'slippered' us with "Sebastian", his gym shoe. As the school buildings progressed and the music practice rooms were completed, these became the safer places to eat our sandwiches: once again, it wasn't allowed, but Mr Boote and the prefects seldom looked in.

Masters

As far as the staff were concerned, I think I had a pretty low profile at Price's. Being useless on the playing field, I didn't figure in any of the interminable sport results read out at assembly, and I think I went pretty much 'under the radar'.

Equally, I have to say the teachers didn't leave a great impression on me. I had a sneaking suspicion that most of them weren't really teachers at all, but had probably just been offered the teacher training course option when they were demobbed from the navy into civvy street, after the war. They certainly all sported plenty of medals on Remembrance Day and other official occasions; I always felt a bit sorry for the few young teachers, who I thought must have felt rather conspicuous and perhaps self-conscious by their lack of such decorations.

However, the Masters were almost universally kind and fair to me. I particularly liked the younger ones: Max Perrin (Chemistry) and 'Cyril' Lord (English and drama). We used to puzzle over how on earth a tall guy like Max Perrin could manage to squeeze himself into that tiny Triumph Vitesse of his. We could get away with more cheek to these younger teachers than we could with the more experienced ones, and they were less likely to give out detentions. On the other hand, you could often lure the older Masters into wasting considerable lesson time by entertaining us with their wartime exploits.

We were pretty awful to 'Smudge' Smith (maths). At the time he just seemed a nervous little wizened old man – a figure of fun for the boys. I can still see him now – his stooped posture and flowing gown, as he hurried along the corridor, carrying his little brown briefcase, right arm stretched out in front, feeling along the wall in front of him to steady himself. One day, someone put one of those big clockwork alarm clocks inside the teacher's deck, timed to go off halfway through the lesson. He nearly died of fright, poor chap. There was another occasion, early on, during the major school building works, when we all had to traipse down to Harrison Road Infants' School and use the old prefab classrooms there for certain lessons. The desks were ancient rickety wooden things. I got a tap on my shoulder from the boy behind, asking if there was any loose paper in my desk. There was, and I passed it back. I noticed others doing the same. Shortly afterwards, there came the smell of burning. McGregor's desk was on fire. We all had to evacuate. "Gregory" (as Smudge used to call him) was not in Smudge's good books, that day!

It was much later, following a parent-teacher meeting, that I learnt from my dad that poor old Smudge had had a really bad time in a Japanese POW camp; moreover, he wasn't a fraction of the age I thought he was. I shared this with the other two musketeers; we all felt a bit guilty about it, and I think we rather distanced ourselves from any further taunting of Smudge.

Music

From my recollection, Price's seemed a very sports-orientated school. I may be wrong, but I don't recall art or music having any significant profile at Price's, notwithstanding the dedicated music rooms and instruments, including a superb Bechstein concert grand and four other quite decent pianos. In any case, I took the Music O-Level, as did Kadleck and Holroyd. There were only seven of us in the class – we were a very select group!

Initially, music lessons were in the 'old school house'. In those days, only the back of the house was still in use. The front was supposed to be dangerous and was out-of-bounds. We got in there once and had a look around: nothing much to see; just big empty rooms with peeling paintwork. The music room - 17C - was on the top floor at the back, and contained an old but serviceable upright piano. The room itself was very small; hardly enough room for the piano, Mr Boote and the seven of us. At the time, the tuck shop was also at the back of this building, immediately below, on the ground floor. There, you could spend your pocket money on 'Wagon Wheels', 'Bingos' and other such delights. Unfortunately, when we returned for the new term, we were told that the piano from 17C on the top floor had decided to visit the tuck shop on the ground floor, taking with it all the semi-rotten intermediate floors, on its way. There were no more lessons in the 'old house' after that: the piano didn't survive the fall either!

We all liked Mr Boote. He did his best with us, but I don't think he rated any of us very highly, although to his credit, I think we all passed music O-level. Whenever I hear the Hebrides overture, Dido & Aeneas or *Le Tombeau de Couperin*, it still takes me right back to those days. We could sometimes avoid work in the lessons by encouraging Mr Boote to play for us on the piano. In truth, he was a very accomplished pianist, and generally amenable to displaying his virtuosity with some complicated piece of Debussy or Ravel, when the mood took him. He was wise to the trick, however, and we couldn't get away with it too often.

Personally, I had an odd relationship with Mr Boote: I think he was somewhat disappointed by my rather poor progress as a pianist. Perhaps he saw something in me, but he most probably thought I was lazy and didn't push myself enough – which was quite true. I had a private piano teacher outside of school, who probably didn't help matters much either. Like Schroder in the 'Peanuts' cartoons, I was really into Beethoven at that time, but I struggled to perform music of that standard properly. No doubt Mr Boote could see that, but perhaps knowing I had a private teacher, he felt he should not interfere. For whatever reason, as far as piano was concerned, he generally left me mostly to my own devices.

In general, boys were allowed to use the pianos in any practice room that was free, plus the brand-new rosewood grand in the main music room, if that room was not otherwise in use. But the big Bechstein concert grand on the stage was totally out-of-bounds. I think it was technically a detention to even touch it. But it wasn't locked, and I couldn't resist playing it. Its tone and dynamic range were absolutely fantastic. Sometimes I would listen and think "Wow, that sounds great!" and it was hard to believe it was actually myself playing! One lunchtime, I was at the Bechstein, playing a movement of some Beethoven sonata – I forget which – but I heard footsteps and became aware that Mr Boote had stopped quite close behind me; I could see his reflection in the lacquered fallboard. I continued playing; there was nothing to lose now. He drew up a chair, and sat there for several minutes while I played. There was no mention of either permission or detention. After a while, he got up and left. After that, I knew I had tacit permission to play the Bechstein whenever I liked.

It's no exaggeration to say that that instrument was the reason I persevered with playing the piano. I so loved that piano that I set my heart on one day having one like it. Ten years ago, I finally achieved that goal, and I now have a (slightly smaller) Bechstein in my home today.

There was another lad – Bayliss - who was in a higher form, and rather better than me at the piano; he also played the French horn. Bayliss used to play the morning hymns. Mr Boote one day persuaded me that I should do them as well, to give Bayliss a bit of a break. I didn't have much time to prepare them properly, and hymn music is a little bit strange to play, as it is generally written for organ rather than piano. As my bus didn't get into Fareham until just gone nine o'clock, it also meant I had to catch the earlier bus – in fact a whole hour earlier. I think I gave up after a week.

About the time of the mock O-levels, Mr Boote asked for a copy of my Piano Grade V certificate, this being necessary to gain exemption from one paper of the music O-Level. This was a surprise to me, as I had only passed Grade II at that time. Looking back, he did seem to assume a lot! I discussed this with my piano teacher at home. Unfortunately, in spite of the time constraint, she insisted I do Grade IV as well as Grade V, using the Grade IV as exam practice; but the only way I could do this within four months was to learn all the scales and pieces for both grades concurrently. In the event, I did pass both grades, and just in time to give the paperwork to Mr Boote, before the exam deadline.

Piano was useful in another way. Although many people knew I played, nobody actually knew when my lessons were, and it meant I could come into school at almost any time in the morning. I was never good with mornings, and often missed the Hants and Dorset No 69 bus, whose timing could be quite erratic, by the time it reached Waltham Chase. The next bus got me in at ten o'clock. By that time, there were no longer any prefects on duty waiting to catch late-comers; it was also the time of the change from first period to second period. Also, as the register was taken after lunch every day (except Friday, for some reason), I could come in late with impunity from Monday to Thursday, and in the unlikely event of a prefect or Master spotting me, I'd just wave my late pass and say I'd had a piano lesson! I dread to think how many lessons I missed that way. In the early years, I used to get off the bus at Old Turnpike and walk the short distance into school via the Harrison Road entrance. For some reason they stopped that, and later I was faced with either coming up from the bus station (which got me in about ten minutes late) or getting off at the bottom of North Hill, about the same distance to walk, but only five minutes late. That was actually what my 'late pass' was for – not the piano lesson.

In the summer term, I sometimes rode to school on my bike if the weather was fine. It was eight miles, and used to take me best part of an hour - not exactly an impressive average speed – but then I did have to traverse the Hamble, Meon and Wallingford valleys on the way, and my old steel-framed BSA roadster with its Sturmey-Archer three speed, was not exactly a performance bike, either.

CCF (Briefly) and Orchestra

In the third form, we began CCF, and as my dad was ex-RAF, I got into the RAF section. Dad was quite chuffed; however, I quickly became bored with the CCF. All that square bashing, recognition of long-obsolete aircraft types from books, plus the heavy serge battledress uniform was uncomfortable and hot in the summer. To my eyes, the only good thing about CCF was a flight in a 'Chipmunk' from RAF Hamble one Saturday – never repeated. Although I was personally quite proud of the uniform, I also felt a teeny bit self-conscious on Wednesdays for the half-hour bus ride to and from school, in battledress. The only other Price's boy who travelled on my bus was Chris Lee ("Wee Lee" because he was a lot smaller than (Robert) Leigh), but he was in the orchestra, instead of CCF, and therefore wore normal school uniform on the bus. Kadleck and Kendall were also in the orchestra, and I was suddenly rather envious of them.

One Wednesday lunchtime, I was playing the big piano on the stage, and the orchestra boys began to assemble in front of it. I would have been still in my CCF uniform at that time. Mr Boote obviously noticed me but initially said nothing. Then, just as they were all ready to start (I think it was probably the Haydn/Mozart Toy Symphony?), Mr Boote came over and put in front of me a variety of orchestral parts (there being no actual piano part). I picked out of it what I could, and stayed to the end of the afternoon; nobody in CCF seemed to miss me. Same thing happened the next week. After a few weeks, I stopped wearing the CCF uniform; still nothing said. A few weeks later Mr Briscoe approached me and simply asked me to return the CCF battledress. I guessed I was now formally a member of the orchestra; presumably Mr Boote must have squared it, but I never heard anything officially.

I enjoyed the school orchestra – although it did bring me the most embarrassing moment of my life (to date). It was the school concert of December 1968. I wasn't playing any solos: I suffered somewhat from performance nerves on big occasions, and had firmly resisted Mr Boote's persuasion to play any solo pieces in the concert. All the gang were there – Holroyd, Kadleck and Kendall in the percussion section - with me at the piano, up on the stage above, ready for the first item on the programme – the March from Bizet's Carmen. The hall was packed full of expectant parents and pupils, and I sat at the big Bechstein grand, waiting for Mr Boote to raise his baton to start the show. But instead, he looked directly at me, and appeared to be mouthing something which was, however, quite inaudible to me. He then repeated this strange silent pantomime – several times - in an increasingly exaggerated way, then someone near me whispered "National Anthem!" Now this might seem rather unpatriotic, but I didn't actually know it. Even if the music had been available – which it was not - I would not have had the confidence to sight-read it, and any attempt at improvisation would surely be neither successful nor appreciated! I turned beetroot red. Fortunately, waiting in the wings were Robert Gilbert and Francis Thomas. They were both Old Boys who had returned to perform in the concert (and no doubt improve the standard!). I think both were excellent pianists, and one of them (I forget which) gallantly stepped out to save the day. As 'God Save the Queen' was not really long enough to warrant my leaving the stage, I had to suffer the ignominy of standing there, in front of everybody, silently cursing Mr Boote for dropping me in it like that. As I remarked earlier; he seemed to take a lot for granted!

1969 played Piano in the Christmas Concert Orchestra

Three Little Maids from School are We…

Many of my friends, including Holroyd and Kadleck, sang in the two G&S productions that Price's did with St Anne's School – Mikado and Iolanthe. My voice was not the best, although I did do some early rehearsals for Iolanthe. However, I learnt most of the accompaniments – fudging the bits I was too lazy

to learn properly - and we all spent much time in the piano practice rooms, doing impromptu G&S concerts in the lunch hours – even after the respective shows were over. These tended to start off with just a few of us, but sometimes ended up with the room full of the chorus members, some singing the girl's parts, too.

Under the Stage Club

Hanging round the stage area as much as we did, one day, quite by accident, I discovered that there was an unlocked hinged panel on the wall of the stairwell leading up to the back of the stage from the music room corridor. The panel allowed access to the space under the stage. It was totally dark inside, but leaving the panel slightly open, and when my eyes became accustomed to the dim light that filtered in, I discovered the large storage space under the stage. At that time, it was used to store an enormous number of old desks, tables and chairs, stacked one above the other, leaving only small corridors through the middle, leading from the door which opened from the piano practice rooms' corridor. By this door was the light switch, but due to the sheer volume of furniture stacked in there, it cast only a dim light in the vicinity of the doorway.

This became the venue for our illegal 'under-the-stage' club. Although the principal culprits were Kadleck, Holroyd and myself, others knew about it too and joined us from time to time. We rearranged some of the furniture to provide a table and chairs near the light (and the door). We spent much of our lunch times there playing cards – German Whist and Solo were the favourites, although there were probably other games, too. When so many people knew of it, I suppose it was inevitable that someone ratted on us eventually – perhaps someone we left out, annoyed or otherwise offended? One day there was a rattle of the key in the lock, and a master and several prefects burst in. There was just enough time to flee into the labyrinths of stored desks, and I found a really good hiding place, right in the far corner. All the rest were caught, one by one, but I sat tight despite the prefects calling "Leedham, we know you're in there: we can see you". I knew full well that they couldn't, although having caught Kadleck and Holroyd, it was obviously highly likely that I was there too, as we were seldom found apart. Eventually they left, locking the door behind them. Finally, I crept out via the swinging panel in the stairwell, and fortunately, no-one was waiting outside to pounce. Perhaps they didn't know about that? It was a long time before we dared use it again, this time being more careful, and keeping the 'club' to a more select few.

The Bus Spotter's Club

At some time, Tom Hilton (I think) was trying to encourage extracurricular activities and clubs to get going. Buzz Ellis came up with the idea that we might buy those little train-spotter's books and collect locomotive engine numbers. This had at very lukewarm reaction with us. We pointed out there were not too many trains near the school – the station was some distance away. Buzz gave this some thought and suggested that we might instead collect bus numbers; all the buses carried unique serial number plates on the rear, and the bus station was much more accessible. We thought this had more merit and decided to give it a try. Within a few weeks, I had collected nearly a dozen of these numbers, some Southdown but mainly Hants & Dorset; they were, as we quickly ascertained, only held on with four self-tapping screws.

I distinctly remember that fateful assembly morning when Eric Poyner - with bushy brows, black as thunder - read out the detailed complaint from the bus company, who by this time, had begun to notice the lack of ID plates on their buses, and lectured us on the evilness of our ways. The bus company must actually have been quite keen to recover them, because there was an amnesty declared for the plates to be handed in. I didn't trust the amnesty, and left mine in a bag in the waiting room at the bus station. All, that is, except for Hants and Dorset No 556, which is now proudly fixed to one of the wooden joists in my man-cave!

Sport (and Boggit)

I detested football, and rugby and hockey even more. Twenty-odd blokes fighting in mud over possession of a single ball never made much sense to me; surely there would have been enough funds to supply them with one each, should they so wish?

I did enjoy cricket though, and was a reasonable leg-spin bowler, but because the year started in September with winter sports, by the time it got round to summer and cricket, the sporty types were all well established, and I don't think anyone could believe that someone like me, who was so useless at football, rugby and hockey, could possibly be any good at cricket, so I never really got established in a team. There was always total amazement and shock from everyone on the field whenever I finally managed to get a bowl (usually right at the end of the innings) and often took a wicket or two! It was inevitably put down to luck! I even remember one batsman, who I won't name, being quite ratty with me, because he had seemingly lost credibility by losing his wicket to me "of all people". To compensate for this spark of genius, and restore normality, I was pretty useless with the bat; the team's amazement at my only boundary (off a thick edge) being only exceeded by my own.

Mr Tuck actually took me to task for the way I spun the ball - using the wrist - saying it was all wrong. He briefly tried to teach me finger-spinning, but I never managed to master that. At the time, it seemed he must be right, because I never saw Derek Underwood or any other professional spin the ball the way I did – at least, not until a guy called Shane Warne arrived on the scene, a few years later!

However, we did invent our own sport. It was generally played in the lunch hour, down on the sports field lower boundary, by Harrison Road. It was called Boggit. The name came from a mythical character invented by Michael Bentine on his TV show – "It's a Square World" (although this was of no practical relevance to our game – we just liked the name). The game was broadly based on rounders, but required a suitable stick (usually a small pine branch), as a bat for the batter, and a fir cone, which for some elusive reason was referred to as the 'dung-ball'. This was delivered by the 'bowler' (who probably had a special silly name, but I can't recall it now), after ceremonially 'steeping' it in a smelly pile of cut grass ('dung') and performing various other strange rituals, dances, and incantations, and usually a highly convoluted run-up (around trees and suchlike). The scoring was imaginative to say the least, and the number of competitors didn't really matter either. There was invariably the gang of Holroyd, Kadleck and myself, but at times we had up to twenty people playing, none of whom really understood what was going on, or when it was over, what had happened or why. Only I had the Rule Book, and rather like "Mornington Crescent", I was apt to announce some exotic rule-change in the middle of a game, if it suited me. Once a group of older boys tried to muscle in and join the game; they went away shaking their heads, very puzzled. Steve Holroyd said recently that we were definitely a "Scoobie Gang" and regarded as being 'a little weird' by our contemporaries.

Extra-curricular Activities

I used to spend a lot of time in the library at Price's. Francis Chichester and Alec Rose were in the news at that time, and I would avidly read anything I found on sailing, from Swallows and Amazons to round-the-world adventures and biographies. I wanted a part of it. At the age of thirteen, I'd got my family into dinghy sailing by the simple expedient of making an appointment by telephone to see a sailing dinghy advertised in the local "Echo", then telling my parents what I'd arranged, when they came home from work. They bought it. I'd also built a plywood rowing / sailing boat of my own, which I later sold to Barry Kadleck. Stephen Holroyd's dad owned a 'National 12' racing dinghy. This gave us three boats. With Swallows and Amazons vaguely in mind, we planned a couple of expeditions with these boats on the upper reaches of the Hamble River. The most successful of these was (a very cold) Easter 1969, when we took all three boats and our tents, and camped for eight days on the riverbank. Nicky

Retzler was with us for this, although he had to cycle home daily to feed his chickens. This was in the run-up to the O-levels, and amongst all the sailing, rowing and frequent visits to the local ale-houses, my diary for the period records that we also managed to get in quite a lot of exam revision as well, particularly whilst waiting for the tides.

Another by-product of our interest in Swallows and Amazons (actually 'Pigeon Post') was an unhealthy interest in 'Aqua Regia' – a combination of Hydrochloric and Nitric acids that will dissolve gold. One day, we produced a fair quantity of this in the first-floor lab which overlooked the cycle park, opposite the master's study. Not having thought through what we were going to do with this dangerous product at the end of the lesson, and as we were all sitting at the window overlooking the cycle park, and thus far from any convenient sink, we disposed of it by pouring it down one of the tiny drains in the window sill. The next morning in assembly, Mr Poyner read out a notice requesting any information on alleged vandalism to someone's bicycle seat. If it was your bike, I can only say I'm really sorry!

Fifth Form and O-Levels

I recall the O-Level exams started around the same time as Wimbledon. Ann Haydon Jones won the ladies that year, and we were following the matches on a transistor radio, smuggled into school. Suitably inspired, Holroyd, Kadleck and myself brought our tennis rackets to school, and spent much of the time we should have been revising, on the tennis courts, across the road. We were actually getting pretty good by the time the last of the exams were over - although Holroyd invariably won. I might occasionally break his service game, but I never took a set off him. Kadleck and I were more evenly matched, and had some much closer games.

By this time I had already decided I wanted to go into the Merchant Navy, and had had an interview with P&O, sometime in the previous autumn, just before the 'mocks'. I had been provisionally accepted for officer cadet training, provided I got at least 4 O-levels, including English Maths and Physics. I remember Tom Hilton then doing the obligatory one-to-one 'career guidance' interviews. When it came to my turn, he asked me what I was thinking of doing, and what subjects I wanted to study for A-level. As soon as I mentioned the Merchant Service, he just said "Next, please!" Obviously, I was not going to contribute to Price's university entrance stats!

At the start of the fifth form, I had sunk to the "D" stream for physics, which came as a bit of a blow, as my partners in crime were at least still in the "C" stream. My physics mock mark was also uncomfortably low, and I needed it for the Merchant Navy officer cadet entrance, and there were only a few months to go. I can't remember the physics master's name, but I went to discuss it with him. He was very helpful. Basically, he said I just needed to memorise everything on the summary page of each chapter in the text book, and if I couldn't see how to answer a question, I should just write down all the formulae I could remember that were conceivably relevant to it. It worked. In the final exams, physics was among my highest passes.

The 'mocks' were generally a bit of a wake-up call for me. I could not get my head around the Corn Laws and other such stuff, and so had deliberately flunked history to get more revision time for other subjects; I think Kadleck did exactly the same. The strategy worked, and I managed to pass all the remaining O-levels.

Throughout my life, I always felt that I was a below-average pupil at Price's. I was generally "C" stream for most of the streamed subjects, with only one "A" stream subject (French), and I struggled to maintain that. It was therefore with some surprise to recently see the 1969 O-Level results on the SOP website, and to see that I didn't do too badly overall.

I do remember being very disappointed that the grades were not marked on the (Oxford) O-Level certificates we eventually received. I distinctly recall that when we first joined the school, Mr Poyner had addressed us all and declared that from our year onwards, the school would be taking a new direction, and instead of – as in former years – going for a large number of pass-grade O-Levels, the

school would concentrate on us studying fewer subjects but achieving higher grades; this was apparently what the universities and employers wanted. So to have no grades on the final certificate after all that was a bit of a blow. As I recall, the only document which had my grades was the little hand-written self-addressed postcard, sent to me just before I left the school (which I no longer have).

None of the 'three musketeers' stayed on for sixth form at Price's. Barry Kadleck took an apprenticeship with Plessey, and Stephen Holroyd went on to sixth form in Wales.

Although I didn't stay for A-levels, I did get eventually into university (Southampton) as a 'mature' student on the basis of the Ordinary National Diploma (OND) course I did as a Cadet Officer at Warsash School of Navigation. By then I was 20 and it was a bit of a shock going back into the first year of an engineering degree, after four years away from 'proper' school and without the underpinning A-Levels – especially in maths. I did struggle on through, and eventually came out with a 2:1. I then went back to sea as a Navigating Officer rising to Chief Mate (Second in Command) before 'swallowing the anchor' and returning to civvy street. I continued to work with ships and cargo, becoming firstly a marine surveyor, then setting up my own company in 1992 to concentrate on maritime safety and navigational work. My work has since taken me into navigational auditing and on-board (and some shore-based) navigational training. I never thought I'd end up as a teacher! I then developed the system for modern on-board navigational assessments and training, which resulted in my being elected as a Fellow of both the Nautical Institute and the Royal Institute of Navigation. I am now fast approaching retirement, but still keeping my hands in the salt water with a little consultancy work from time to time.

I have rambled on at length, but I hope that this brings back happy memories to those who were at Price's between '64 and '69, and particularly those in our form who knew us. I hope it will also give those from other eras an insight into our times and our sometimes crazy world. Although not perhaps perfect, we have so much to thank Price's for, and I for one am very appreciative of all it did for me. I'm not at all sure I would have survived a modern comprehensive?

Best wishes to all Old Priceans, wherever you are. **Richard Leedham** 1964-69

Legg	Rowan	Dates	1973 -

Rowan Legg was already a junior Tennis champion when he joined Price's at the beginning of the 4th form in September 1973. He was a member of the Basset L.T.C. (Southampton) where he played in the senior summer and winter leagues 1974 Rowan Legg played for SE Hampshire at intermediate level. He won the under 15 singles title and narrowly lost the under 15 doubles final with Paul Locke as his partner. The Grace twins, Stuart Wilson and Rowan Legg represented the backbone of a very successful senior team which was awarded the Rawlings Cup for the most successful Hampshire School playing in the Boys Schools' Lawn Tennis Association's Glanville Cup National Knockout Tournament.

1975 and Rowan Legg did well at under 16 in the Southampton tournament. There were also notable achievements in the Boys' Schools' Southern Region Tournaments at Chichester. Paul Locke and Rowan Legg represented Price's College at under 16 level and came top of their group, eventually losing in the semi-finals.

1976 Rowan Legg did particularly well, winning the under 18 singles' tournament at Lee-on-Solent, and in doing so, gained the prestigious B.P. ITF Badge. At Southampton, he won both singles and

doubles tournaments at under 18 level. He also represented Portsmouth in an international tournament in Germany and played regularly for South East Hampshire during the summer.

Lent	Steve		

I was a pupil at Price's School between 1966 and 1968, and again in the Sixth Form from 1971-73. My family moved to South Wales in the years between.

I am not a member of the Society, as I live too far away to have any active involvement, but I occasionally look at the website with interest.

I particularly remember with affection two members of staff who passed away recently, Alan Glynne-Howell, who was my Form and Latin master in years 1 & 2, and Roy Daysh, my Maths master in the 2nd year.



BR, L-R: Lent, Gledhill, Draper, Long, Mr Gros, Seath, Burchett
MR: Harvey, Cawte, Sheridan, Downing, Baker,
FR: Hill, McClelland (1967)

My Maths was better than my Latin, indeed it was my degree subject in later years. Although I only had Roy as my teacher for 1 year – before going to Wales – he made a particular impression on me. I remember him teaching us how to take a square root by long division, something I now show to my grandchildren! I am not sure they are that impressed!

The purpose of writing now is that I happened to come across a couple of old photos in my loft recently, and I attach copies in case these are of any interest for the archive. I am the only one in both shots. I particularly remember the later one, as I had forgotten my white cricket socks that day, and was doing my best to pull my trousers down over my boots – without great success – as the record now shows for posterity.

Keep up the good work,

Kind regards, **Steve Lent**

I (MP) mentioned how much I liked Mr Gros despite his low regard for my efforts at English and Steve replied:

Michael,

Thank you for your email.

I was not, of course, the only one in both photos; Mr Gros was there, as you rightly pointed out.

I certainly agree, he was a lovely man. I didn't have him for English, but he was my Hockey & Cricket master for 1966-68. He had the whole team round to his house for tea at the end of the summer

term. I remember him driving me – in his white Morris Minor 1000 convertible, with a red roof – to a cricket trial for Hampshire Schools U13 that summer, but the match was rained off, so I never had the chance to make the county team. He very kindly wrote me an introduction to hand to the cricket master at my new school in Wales, Bassaleg Grammar School. I obviously didn't have the courage to hand it over, as it fell out of the same folder as the photos I sent you! Amazing what you find in a loft! When I went back to Price's after my 'O' levels, I didn't play cricket – couldn't afford the kit! – and went nowhere near the English department (Maths, Further Maths & Economics, for me) and I have no recollection of Mr Gros then, 1971-3. Would he have retired by that point?

I read Maths & Philosophy at London University, met and married my wife there while an undergraduate, and went on to 28 years in banking in 'The City'. I retired early from that in 2004, as a Divisional Managing Director, 4 years before the crash! Being involved in charity governance outside of work for most of my commercial career, I have done nothing but that since 2004, part-time, variously as a Trustee, Director, P/T CEO and general adviser to a list of twenty-or-so charities, mostly in Hampshire and neighbouring counties. My early retirement also allowed me to play a lot of cricket, and I finally made the Hampshire team – though unfortunately only the Over 50's second team. Knee injuries finally called time on my cricket career a few seasons ago, and I am winding down my third sector work, now. That just leaves me my wife of 42 years, 3 married children and 5 grandsons, in far-flung locations, so enough to keep me busy.

Though I still live in Hampshire, I am in the far NW, 40 miles from Fareham, and I have no links with the town these days.

Yes, please add me to your mailing list, and you might indeed see me one of these days.

Many thanks again, and kind regards, **Steve**

Lewis	Paul	Dates	



OBITUARY

Paul was born in Fareham, Hampshire, and educated at Price's School in that town.

After A-levels he joined the Royal Air Force as a University Cadet. A year at the RAF Technical College, Henlow, followed, where he won the Mathematics prize.

In 1955 he entered St Edmund Hall, Oxford as an Acting Pilot Officer to study Engineering Science. There he was able to develop his love of Badminton, eventually becoming Captain of Woodpeckers, representing the University twice, and founding and coaching Oxford University Ladies Badminton Club.
After a further year at Henlow postings followed to RAF Wyton and Cottesmore, where he was the Engineer Officer on no XV Squadron which was part of the V Force.

In 1962 he became engaged to Pat, and they were married in March 1963 before moving to RAF Bruggen in Germany. While there in addition to engineering duties, he played a full part in RAF

Germany badminton, took part as prosecuting and defending officer in courts martial, and was a member of several Boards of Enquiry. Their son Henry was born there shortly before their return to UK on a posting to Headquarters Bomber Command, where Joanna was born, Adjutant of the East Midlands Universities Air Squadron, and OC of the Armament Engineering Squadron at RAF Leuchars.

In 1975 he was posted to RARDE, Fort Halstead where he served until 1981.

Pat and Paul liked living in Halstead, and bought a house there enabling their children to be educated locally, and Paul to travel to further postings to Strike Command Headquarters, at High Wycombe, Staff Officer to AD Air and the Ordnance Board.

He played a full part in village life, bridge, Scouts, PTA, and Neighbourhood Engineers, was a member of the PCC, and sang in St Margaret's Church choir and at St Mary's. Westerham. After retiring from the Air Force in 1987 he became Hon. Secretary of SSAFA Malling and later also Tunbridge Wells, retiring from these posts in summer 2015.

He was admitted to hospital in December and came home on the 27th January, hopeful of making a good recovery but sadly died in his sleep on 28th January.

Lewry	R.A.	Dates	1924 - 1931



1st XI Soccer Captain 1928.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1929.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1930.
Sportsman of the 20s Decade (shortlist).
Senior Victor Ludorum 1931

Lillywhite	C.E.	Dates	

With H.M.S. ARGUS IN CHINA

Having just read the account of the last Speech Day in the latest paper from home, I should like to say how pleased I am at the progress of the "Old School." Since I left I have got rather out of touch, but nevertheless, I am always interested in the report of "Speech Day" news. Although the ship is not actually stationed here, we are one of the units engaged in keeping up the interesting task of impressing on the Chinese the respect for British lives and property that they have not got for those of their own countrymen. In spite of international laws and agreements, the average Chinese is now as he was a thousand or so years ago – downtrodden and poor: in fact, a slave to the richer classes. He lives on a bowl of rice and a few cash a day. As the dollar is worth roughly 2/-, and there

are 100 cash to the cent, and 100 cents to the dollar, you can see the amount he lives on. The "coolie," as he is called, is not very heroic, except when he is in a crowd. The only idea he has is the one of Might is Right. If he is treated at all easily he gets the idea that he is boss. Their own people treat them very cruelly, and execute them for the least thing. Civilisation, as we know it, is the work of devils, according to his ideas. As we are a strange-looking ship, whenever we go to any Chinese port there are generally a few sampans come off to fire crackers around us to prevent the devils from landing. We had only been at Shanghai a day before we got the name ashore of "Debill Ship," and only great persuasion could get their boats to come near us to enable us to go ashore.

The sights and smells in China are extraordinary, to our ideas, and they seem to do everything upside down. The different concessions, such as those at Shanghai , are very like English towns. There are miles of wharves and docks, magnificent public buildings and offices, which give you when you see them a feeling of pride in the energy and abilities of men from Home. Certain people at home say that we should not have sent troops and ships out here, but I can to assure you that if we had not come, the atrocities which were carried out up country would have been repeated in Shanghai a thousand times worse. Also we should have "lost face" amongst the Chinese, and the natural result would have been a flare-up in India and Malaya, as well as the lost trade to an enormous amount every year. As it is, we have lost by the boycott of our trade, and by the trouble generally, an enormous sum, totalling many millions.

Of course, the part that this ship has actually played has not been very active, except for a recent stunt against a gang of pirates in Bias Bay, not very far from Hong Kong. We landed parties in boats, a distance of three miles from the ship, burnt two villages, and blew up several junks which the pirates use on their piratical expeditions. How they do it is this: Chinese go abroad disguised as passengers on the small merchant ships that ply up and down the coast. They get good information about the ships and cargoes. Then, perhaps, on the next trip they hold up the bridge and engine-room, and take the ship to Bias Bay, which is their headquarters, I am afraid that it does not make much difference though, and will not, unless all the nations take a hand in it and thoroughly clear out their quarters. If we catch any of them red-handed they are handed over to the Chinese authorities and instantly executed. They do the same ashore in the way of highway robberies and burglaries. Even in the concession at Shanghai, well policed as it is, they hold up people in broad daylight in the narrow side streets, and rob them, shooting if resisted. There are certain streets down which it is not safe to go unless you are in parties of four.

There are huge numbers of Chinese, living for the most part in squalor and dirt, as well as a vast floating population living in junks and sampans. A sampan is a small boat not so big as a naval cutter, decked in, in which sometimes a family of eight or more live and sleep. These are the boats that you have to use to go ashore. The junks are bigger being about 100 tons burden, in which three families live. You don't see all the family at once, as they sleep in a space of about 5 feet by 3 feet, under the floor boards in the sampans. It is a hard job to explain to anybody who has not seen it how they exist at all. Every typhoon and flood wipes them out by the thousand; but it does not matter to the Chinese, they just go on the same.

As regard the Chinese armies, we cannot negotiate, as there are now three Governments in China. They are the Pekin, Hankow, and Nanking Governments, the latter being an off-shoot of the Hankow Cantonese Government, which was under Chiang-Kai-Shek. He having robbed the Chinese of £200,000, is now on his way to America. If he did not do this he would probably lose his head if either Hankow or Pekin forces caught him. As China is a country of big distances, it is fairly easy for him to get away.

C. E. LILLYWHITE (April 1926)

Lockhart	J.	Dates	

Obituary in Lion by Herbert Thacker:

"Mr. Lockhart approached nearer to genius than any other teacher I have known; he was also a man whom goodness and kindness were so obvious that he was loved by all who knew him. Unfortunately, those then in authority in the County Education Office failed to treat him with sufficient understanding was our loss and was the gain first of Bristol and then of Portsmouth. Although he died only a short while ago, he was, indeed, a casualty of the 1914-1918 War. He was, he claimed, the only man to win a Commission after being Court-marshalled three times: he had married and invariably over-stayed his leave.



1914

He saw heavy fighting and was badly wounded: for the rest of his life he was seldom free from pain and often had to enter hospital for treatment; finally he was forced into permanent retirement.

We offer profoundest sympathy to Mrs Lockhart, the most devoted and capable of wives, whose courage matched his own, and to his family. Those who knew him will not forget him and the cover of the Lion, now slightly modified from his design, has introduced his work to many who did not know him personally."

Long	Peter	Dates	



Wikipedia:
Born in Malta on 4th June1952, as his father was serving in the Royal Navy. He attended Price's Grammar School in Fareham, Hampshire, following which he went to further education college to qualify as an accountant.

He is an English businessman. He is the Chairman of Countrywide and the Royal Mail.

Peter began his career as a cost accountant at electronics firm Vernitron. He then worked in finance at engineering firm BTR before moving into the travel industry. He joined Harry Goodman's International Leisure Group in 1984, rising to chief executive of the tourism division. Following this, he set up Sunworld in 1991 with Spanish hotelier partners, and it was eventually sold to the Thomas Cook Group in June 1996.

In November 1996, He was appointed group managing director of First Choice Holidays PLC and became chief executive in September 1999.

He was one of the architects of the 2007 consolidation in European tour operating in which First Choice Holidays merged with TUI Tourism (part of TUI AG) in September 2007 to create TUI Travel PLC, one of the largest leisure travel groups in the world. Post-merger, Long grew TUI Travel's profits

in sometimes challenging market conditions by offering more differentiated holiday products - hotels and activities that not available through other operators - to its customers.

TUI Travel merged with TUI AG in December 2014 to form TUI Group, the world's largest tourism company. Long was joint chief executive of TUI Group, and is deputy chairman of the supervisory board.

In October 2013, Long was appointed president of the Family Holiday Association, a UK-based charity which provides short breaks away from home for more than 2,000 disadvantaged families. Long became chairman of Royal Mail in September 2015.

In January 2018, Long who is chairman of Countrywide, replaced Alison Platt the CEO, who resigned after the company issued its second profit warning in three months, and its shares fell to an all-time low, while a successor is sought.

Peter has received the following Honours & awards:

- Medal of the Order of Isabella the Catholic for contributions to services to Spanish tourism (2009).
- Member of the British Travel Industry Hall of Fame (inducted in 2001).
- Odyssey Award from the Institute of Travel and Tourism (received twice, 1998 and 2008)[1]
- Fellow of the Tourism Society.

Peter Long has been Chairman of travel Group TUI, and was later Chairman of the Post Office. Latterly he was Chairman of the Countrywide group.

Lusty	Professor James Richard	Dates	1962 - 1969

Memories of James Lusty at Price's School. Contributed by his brother **Michael Lusty..**

Perhaps contemporary pupils of James Lusty at Price's School will recall his near fanatical following of Southampton Football Club and his self-appointed role as organiser of the fan base at the school. James would hire a coach and then sell places to fellow pupils for Southampton's away games which could be reached with ease. These included evening matches in London. I vividly recall an occasion when a coach full of Priceans picked me up in London on their way to a game against Tottenham Hotspur (I was already in London as a student teacher). Before arriving at the ground the coach pulled up outside an off-licence and many of its occupants went in to make purchases. Back on the coach and making headway to the stadium I realised that some of the party had not only made purchases but helped themselves to the full boxes of crisps stacked inside the shop. There was great hilarity and much singing as we continued to the ground but my only thoughts rested on seeing blue lights and hearing sirens behind the coach! Fortunately nothing further happened – Southampton won their game and the coach and its happy band of Priceans returned to Fareham munching crisps.

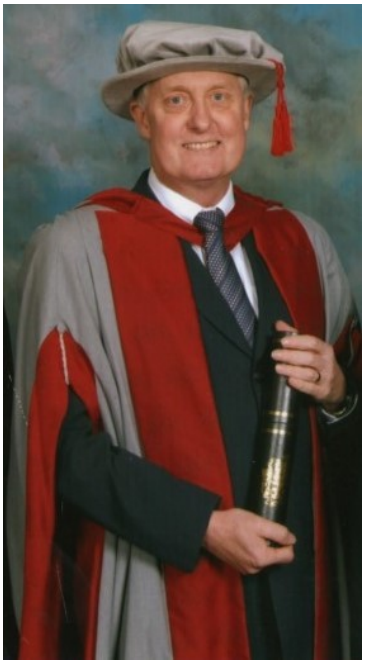
In U16 Swimming team, 1956. 1956 RLSS Bronze Medallion

James Lusty: **University head with a flair for leadership**

*Obituary by **Tony Payne** in The Guardian.*

James Lusty, who has died of cancer aged 56, was one of the few university heads in Britain to have risen to that position from a non-privileged background. Energetic, determined and compassionate, James was a natural leader, who became principal of the then University of Wales College, Newport, in 2002 and oversaw its transition to university status in 2004, becoming its first vice-chancellor. During his five years at Newport, James was in his element, able at last to implement his own ideas. He was fascinated by the labyrinthine ways of Welsh politics and learned enough Welsh to welcome guests to university events in the language. He built Newport into a stronger, more mature institution and took his turn as chair of Higher Education Wales.

James was the youngest of three sons, born in Singapore of a former mill-worker who ended his career as a major in the Royal Artillery. Educated in state schools in Hampshire, he had attended Price's Grammar School 1962 – 1969 where his love of chemistry was his chosen academic field . James graduated from London University's Queen Elizabeth College in 1973 with a first in chemistry, staying on to attain his PhD in 1976. He met his wife Jackie when they were both still at school and married her when he was a postgraduate student. He taught briefly at Millfield School before being made assistant professor in inorganic chemistry at the University of Petroleum and Minerals, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, in 1978.



He moved to the National University of Singapore in 1981, took a temporary lectureship in chemistry at Keele University in 1984 and then obtained a permanent post at Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology in Aberdeen in 1985. In 1987 he was appointed head of chemistry at the then Lancashire Polytechnic in Preston and was made professor in 1991, and his standing amongst his peers was recognised by Election as a Fellow of the Royal Society of Chemistry in 1992, followed by being appointed as Chartered Scientist in 2003. In 1995 he became pro vice-chancellor, eventually assuming responsibility for teaching, learning and research.

In December 2001 he moved to become Vice-Chancellor and Principal of the University of Wales, a post from which he retired in 2006. In 2004 James was elected Chair of Higher Education Wales and thus became the key representative of Higher Education in Wales. This involved raising the profile of the sector and developing effective working relationships with the Welsh Assembly Government and all political parties, becoming Higher Education's advocate. That he was elected to this position by his fellow Vice Chancellors is an indication of the respect in which he was held

He did all this while leading the dramatic development of the University of Wales, Newport. He received an Honorary Doctorate from the University of Central Lancashire in 2007 in recognition of his service to that University and his contribution to Higher Education in Lancashire and Wales throughout his thirty-year career.

James's greatest talent lay in the field of academic leadership and it was widely regretted when the onset of illness prompted his early retirement from Newport in 2006. His outside interests included running, travel and passionate support for Southampton Football Club.

At the beginning of the 1990s, James and Jackie bought and restored an old house in the Vienne, France. He was at his happiest eating and drinking with family and friends in his French courtyard. I spent many wonderful hours there with him and will always treasure the vision of James wandering back from his wine cave in the latter part of an evening with yet another dusty bottle of Chinon.

Above all, he loved his family. He did absolutely everything with his wife, adored his three children and was overjoyed three days before his death with the birth of his first grandchild.

James Richard Lusty, academic and administrator, born March 27, 1951; died February 4, 2008

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James Lusty, 1951-2008

February 14, 2008

When it is finished, the £50 million city-centre campus in Newport will serve as a tribute to the drive and vision of James Lusty, the former vice-chancellor of the University of Wales, Newport.

Professor Lusty, who has died at the age of 56, oversaw the transition of the former University College of Wales, Newport to full university status, placing it at the heart of efforts to regenerate an area of the principality that was strongly affected by the decline of heavy industry.

His former colleague and deputy, Peter Noyes, the university's current vice-chancellor, said that Professor Lusty saw the institution as part of the wider community.

"He had a vision for higher education in the region and worked extremely hard to deliver that vision in his period. If you look at evidence for that, he was the conceptual architect behind the city-centre campus. James was passionate both about the region and its regeneration."

Dr Noyes also paid tribute to his former colleague's character. "Integrity is always the word used to describe him. He was honest, straightforward and a joy to work for. You could legitimately question the position he was taking and reach a consensus very quickly.

"He was a chemist by profession and he had that grasp of complex issues. One of the things we always teased him about was that his structure diagrams reminded us of the periodic table. He was very shy and didn't like performing in public, but that didn't stop him from doing so. And through sheer grit, determination and extensive preparation, he was always very eloquent."

Professor Lusty graduated from Queen Elizabeth College, University of London, with a first-class honours degree in chemistry, followed by a PhD in inorganic chemistry. His first academic post was at the University of Petroleum and Minerals in Dharan in Saudi Arabia, which he took up in 1978.

He then took up a post at the National University of Singapore, subsequently returning to the UK to a temporary post at Keele University, and then to full lectureship at what is now The Robert Gordon University in Aberdeen.

He became head of chemistry at the University of Central Lancashire in 1987, progressing to dean of inter-faculty studies and pro vice-chancellor. In this role he was responsible for learning, teaching

and research and the university's regional strategy. He was awarded a professorial title in 1991 and he became a fellow of the Royal Society of Chemistry.

His friend Tony Payne, professor of politics at the University of Sheffield, said: "James was a natural leader, possessed of enormous energy, great determination and astute judgment."

Lusty	Michael	Dates	1962 - 1969

Memories of the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award

I have fond memories of participating in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme while at Price's School. Perhaps the most vivid was taking part in the fairly gruelling 50 mile expedition in the Brecon Beacons which took in Pen y Fan. Having set off with fellow Priceans in a member of staff's car the first event of note was said staff member's car accidentality hitting the car in front on the top of Birdlip Hill in the Cotswolds en route. Fortunately the car was not damaged too badly and we duly arrived at the Hampshire County Council Outdoor Education Centre at Heol Senni which was to be the starting point for the expedition. There the County Council's Outdoor Education Advisor took control and briefed us on what was expected of us during the expedition.

We were required to carry everything we needed for the three-day trek around the Brecon Beacons. My abiding memory was the weather which was extremely cold and the nights we spent out in the wilds were pretty uncomfortable. I recall sharing a tent with Norman Pasley. We found the expedition challenging but enjoyable under the watchful eye of adults with hawk like eyes for any contravention of the standards required including any evidence of leaving any trace that we had been in the places in which we chose to camp.

The biggest disappointment was saved for our debriefing on our return to Heol Senni when Bob Frith, HCC Outdoor Education Advisor informed us that we had completed the expedition successfully but that due to a technicality it could not count as the Gold Award Expedition. As we had embarked directly onto the Gold Award without doing the Silver Award the expedition we had completed would be counted as a Silver Award Expedition.

Twelve months later I did repeat the Gold Award Expedition in the Brecon Beacons this time partnering up with the Army Pay Corp candidates from Worthy Down near Winchester. That was another memorable expedition but suffice to say that having completed it I was able to obtain my Gold Award.

Another part of the Gold Award at Price's involved undertaking a public service and I opted for the Civil Defence. This involved being trained by the Public Services such as the Fire Brigade and Police to be in a position to respond in the event of a national disaster with skills in first aid and other life-saving activities. Interviewed by the Southern Evening Echo whilst undergoing training a fellow Pricean was asked what motivated him to undertake this particular public service to which he replied "in what other circumstances can I put an axe through a plate window without getting arrested!". Interestingly, near the end of my time working with the Civil Defence I received a formal communication informing me that I had been promoted to the role of Assistant Deputy Post Control Officer – I never did find out what the post entailed as soon after that the Civil Defence was disbanded. However that led to me receiving a very nicely worded letter from the Queen thanking me for my service to the Civil Defence.

Just a couple of my memories of participating in the Award while at Price's

Mike Lusty

Mike had two brothers – James, and Bryan. I am (James) one of three brothers who spent time at Price's. My older brother, Bryan Lusty, was 8 years older than me and was expelled from Price's and moved to Peter Symonds in Winchester from where he was also expelled. I do not know the details as it was not discussed much in the family as you might well understand. Sadly both my brothers are no longer with us

Dr. Michael Gerald Frank Lusty (b. 1948)

Michael (Mike) Lusty was born in Devizes, Wiltshire and attended Price's Grammar School (1965 -1967) for his sixth form education having formerly studied at Sarisbury Secondary Modern and Southampton Technical College. He took Geography, English and History at A-level and found John Chaffey's lessons an inspiration that influenced him to pursue a career in teaching majoring in geography. While at Price's Mike was a member of the Combined Cadet Force and also obtained his Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award.

After Price's he attended the College of S.Mark and S.John in Chelsea from where he graduated with B.Ed (Hons) in 1971 and took up his first teaching appointment at Richard Taunton Sixth Form College in the autumn of that year. Three years later he moved to become Head of Geography at Danemark School, Winchester where he remained until 1981. During that time he undertook on a part time basis an MSc (Educational Management) degree at the University of Surrey and a Diploma in Educational Management at La Sainte Union College (University of Southampton).

These latter qualifications heralded a change in career direction for Mike who took on a post as Assistant Education Officer with Hillingdon Borough Council in September 1981. Mike went on to hold various posts in educational administration in Hillingdon, Northamptonshire and Nottinghamshire before becoming Director of Education and Community Services in the newly formed unitary authority of Swindon Borough Council, a post from which he retired in 2001. He worked as an educational consultant for the Nottingham Learning and Skills Council until his retirement from education in December 2005.

Mike embarked on a part-time PhD on teacher appraisal with the Open University after leaving teaching and finally completed it around ten years later whilst working in Nottinghamshire.

Mike has enjoyed a very happy family life with his wife of nearly 50 years, Judith, who also taught in Hampshire. They have two grown sons and five grandchildren and live in retirement in Nottingham. Mike still keeps in contact with friends from schooldays at Price's and has many happy memories of his time there.