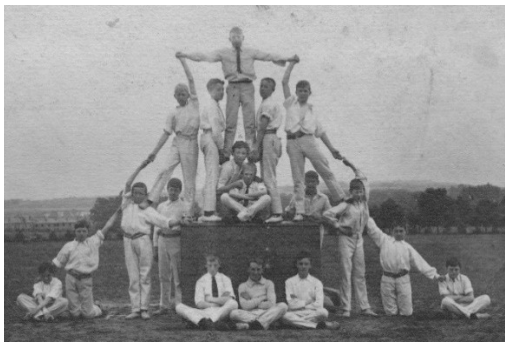



# Lion Pride



Priest School & Headquarters House, in West Street.



<b>Lion Pride</b>	<b>Chapter 3</b>	
	<b>Boarding at Price's School and life up to 1949</b>	

*Written at this length in time, and with little access to any archive material, it is not easy to create a valid picture of the life of the boarders, and the day boys they mingled with. Nonetheless, there are some pieces actually written by some of the boys during those first dozen years and thereafter, leading up to the end of the 1940s, and that is the focus of this Chapter.*

*One feature piece relates to a Charity scholarship boy, whose daughter, known to me, has been able to show artefacts from her father and to give an account of how that boy's life embraced, yet was cautious of the regime at the School, and in his life thereafter.*

*The pieces below are transcripts of genuine articles that appeared in the Lion magazines, brought together here, verbatim.*

*Only occasionally has it been appropriate to insert Editorial comment by way of clarification or to offer background text from established historical publications, thus to give a better image of the National scene.*

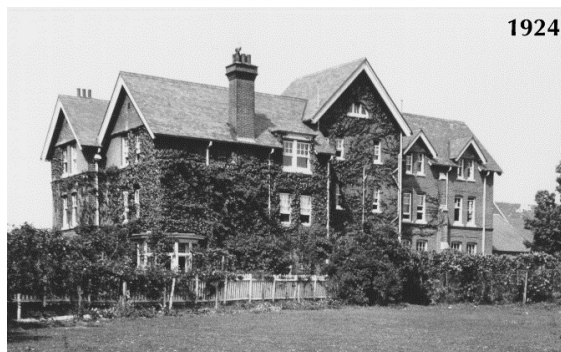
*There is further content relating to the working of the School in the war Years in the Lion Pride Chapter "Old Priceans".*

## Boarding at Price's School and Life Up to 1949

Principal Contents		
The Life of a Boarder	1919-27	Maurice William Gardner
Charity Scholar William Percy Fielder	1909-13	Ann Shaw, David Goldring,
The First Hundred pupils	1808-20	
Fragmentary memories	1919-29	Geoff Winsor
Photo of Mr. J. Shaddock's class	1924	
Some recollections of the early days	1916	H.E. Dean Cooper
Photo of Mr Bradly with boarders	1924	
Looking Back over 44 years	1921-27	T.S. King
My First Days at School		A.E.P.
Halt! Who Goes There?		Sidney (Paddy) Sutton Smith
Price's School in 1930	1930	Herbert R Thacker
The Staff Room in War	1939-45	Herbert R Thacker
Memories of a Boarder	1941-49	Barry Callon
How We lived Then		Ian Winfield
The boarding life and "Prep"	1941-51	Patrick Nobes
A Sunday outing, photo.		
The War Years		

When the School opened in 1908, most of the 18 boys on the roll were boarders, and their accommodation was on the top floor of the newly built School House also acting as residence of the Headmaster, his wife and daughter, as well as providing the Head's Office and Reception room, Boarders kitchen and Dining Room. Little had changed over the years leading up to the date of the photo adjacent,

save for the growth of ivy over much of the south face, and the growth of vegetation along the access footpath and some trees. A fuller account of the changing nature of the School buildings appears in another section, but suffice it to say, that this House and the other nearby buildings were the boys' "home" for term times.



The daily routine was designed to keep everyone busy. Getting boys out of bed and ready for the day was never easy and doubtless there were pressures of the kind that most households would be familiar with at the start of the day – up, washed, dressed, fed and ready to begin. But of course there were none of the distraction that occupy the minds of young people today. Schools with boarders do not function well if the Pupils are unhappy. Amongst the paperwork seen, there is nothing to suggest this. Even when a Pupil admits to being punished with a caning, which hurts, there appears to be no abiding resentment on the perpetrator. The Headmaster's wife (Mrs Marjorie Beatrice Bradly) is a key figure, and

perhaps his daughter, too, for sure in the setting of the prevailing atmosphere to be a caring and nurturing one. A note in the records of the Old Priceans' Society for 1932 notes that, at that time, from a membership of 182, 50 attended the School v Old Boys' Hockey match, and that from the 78 at the Cricket function later, it was possible to raise three teams!

Noted: *"The warmth with which the Headmaster & his wife were referred-to. There was obviously a very strong family feeling about the reunions in those early days - school was small and many were boarders".*

- Boarding was full time,
- Parents were not allowed to visit.
- No exeats into the Town.
- Supplementary food sources permitted – the Tuck shop.
- Transport from home to School at the start of term, and back at the end of term arranged by Parents.
- Sick or ill – the Doctor would be asked to visit.
- Cohesiveness. Plenty of comradeship. No sense of differences.
- The only time we saw home was during the school holidays.

These rules were supplied by Barry Callon – more below.

The 2 hours between the end of School and the start of the 3-hour Prep session was the only fallow time, but even that was intruded into by games practices and evening meal. Prep, or homework, was from 6 pm to 9 pm Monday to Friday in the Dining Room.

Physical Education as it may have been experienced or undertaken in the 2<sup>nd</sup> half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century really only became a properly organised timetabled subject in the 1960s. Until then, it was essentially a Drill type experience, instructed by retired Army Sergeants, not regarded as proper members of staff and more likely to be found in their rest times, with ancillary staff, such as Groundsman. Price's first PE trained teacher, Mr. G.N. Thompson ("Gnats" to us!) joined the staff in the early 1950s. There wasn't a Gymnasium then, although some mobile apparatus was housed in the Hall, and thus began something akin to a curriculum with taught gymnastics apparatus skills.

The image below gives some idea of set piece displays that would have been seen at Summer Fêtes or Open Days, along with class drills on the simple apparatus then available. For most of the years up to that time, there were no specific changing rooms, hence no showers. Most activity came in the form of timetabled games periods, and via House Matches or Inter-School matches, which then followed a Football (Christmas term), Hockey (Easter Term), and Cricket pattern. There is a substantial review of these Major Games by Roger Starkey, and another on the Minor Games by Mark Knight and myself – these to be found elsewhere in the "Lion Pride".

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### Good, or not so good?

I was a very small boy of 8-9 years old at Price's from 1917 to 1919, boarder in School House in Mr Bradly's time, but at such a tender age, things proved a bit too rough for me, and I left to go to a smaller School and eventually onto the Worcester Cathedral King's School.

I well remember "Shirty" Eyles coming to my rescue when set upon by older boys – a kindness I



have never forgotten over the years.

There was a third Ross boy: once in a temper I bit him, and confessed my sin to Mr Bradley "Please, Sir, I bit Ross".

... Pierrepont Meadows used to roar at us in Prep.

It was only several years later I discovered the Mr. R.O. Johnson was a Parson who had never taken Priest's Orders. He remained a Deacon and lived as a Layman, although his name continued in Crockford's Clerical Directory until about the time of his passing. I think his stutter was against him.

Yes, with many an Old Pricean, I feel that the pulling down of the old school House was a disaster and now there is little of the School to remember. ...

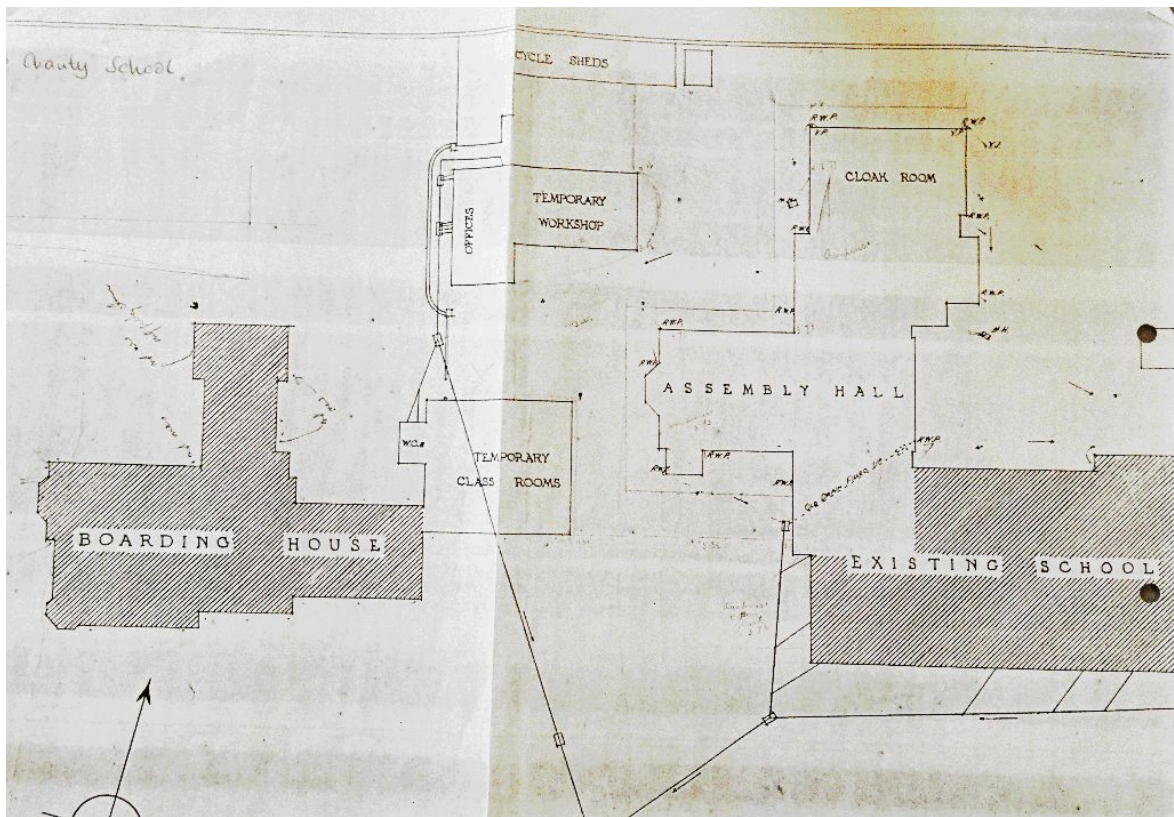
A Miss Chignell used to take the small boys for Prep.- we played her up and so she sent for S.R.N.B. who was playing tennis at the time. He came in his tennis gear with his sleeves rolled up plus the stick, and caned us!

... The Junior Dorm., was next to the Bradley's bedroom. A small boy, in his first term, was caught one morning out of bed before the bell. Bradley came in and whacked him with his razor strop and all the time the poor young Cubbon cried out "Oh! Mummy, save me; Oh! Mummy save me! etc. One wonders how this ties up with present day child psychology?

Now 61 years of age (in 1970), I have vivid memories of Price's. I am employed in the Staff section of British Rail at Divisional Headquarters in Wimbledon. I am a Licensed Reader in the Guildford Diocese, attached to Farncombe Church and act as a Guide at Guildford Cathedral. ...

I saw the old Tin Shed put up, and received a Prize there one year. Seen to have entered the room after a different class had left, the horrible Art Master chased me round the room whacking my head with a ruler!

**Fred. J. Haysman (14/11/70)**



## The Life of a Boarder

**Maurice William Gardner**

(The Lion 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary issue, March 1998)

Born 13/09/1910. London. Son of Thomas Gardner and Gertrude Beatrice Suffolk. , 1 Barbara Field, 2 Joyce Irene Bristow. 2 sons, 1 daughter. Price's School, Fareham 1919-27.

My first couple of years as a boarder at School were pretty miserable, as not only was this my first experience of living away from a loving home, but I had to put-up with intermittent bullying by the Holden brothers.

The scene of the dormitory on the top floor of School House shows accommodation for about 8 pupils – and sparse it was. This is the largest of the three dormitories shown on the plan in the Buildings Chapter 4. With sash windows that probably rattled in the wind, and a ceiling that would have had little insulation above it, life was probably a bit chilly at time? At the far end appear to be 10 wash basins with a couple of large water carriers. The view shows no wardrobes or storage for boys' possessions



*Interior view of a Dormitory in the School House*

and is suggestive of a likelihood of other, relaxation facilities elsewhere in the House which was, in effect their home for some months at a time.

*One wonders what happened to the Boarders from far afield, such as the two Scott brothers, Ridsdale and Judge, who were away from their Parents in India – the voyage too long and from would have occupied a month or so at a time, so maybe they had "local" holiday time options, perhaps with relatives? - Ed*

On Sundays the boarders had to suffer an after Dinner walk with the Master in charge. These were pretty boring except on the one Sunday in the year when we walked to "the strawberry banks", a railway cutting covered in wild strawberries where we were allowed to eat our fill.

One Sunday we walked up the hill to one of the forts – I forget which one – with Foxy Gale in charge. It was a murky and depressing afternoon and I decided I had had enough of the Holden brothers. So, as we came down St. Catherine's Way onto the A27, I lagged behind and when we reached the end of the road, the others turned right and I turned left. I walked home to Hayling Island *[Ed – that is about 12 miles!]*

My mother was somewhat surprised at this unarranged visit, and after hearing my story over a hot drink, put me to bed.

The following morning, she sensibly sent me back to School with a man friend of the family. I don't know what was discussed with Mr. Bradly, nor was I reprimanded. However, miraculously the bullying stopped and for the remaining years I was very happy and made some good friends, in particular the three Raby-Cox brothers, Geoff Ellam, "Fatty" Nobbs, Jack Hurden, Jimmy Drover, John Chapman and Geoff Winsor.

Geoff Ellam lived in France, worked in Lenthéric, and as far as I know was killed in the War in Indo-China. Jack worked for an oil company in Japan, and died there. Geoff Winsor is an active member of the Society, but what happened to the others? I would like to know.

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#### **A contribution from Mrs. Ann Shaw**

*Ed: I was standing in the TESCO supermarket in Thornbury doing my best to sell poppies. I saw friends who were the parents of boys I used to teach. Not uncommonly the case when staying for a long time resident in an area where I worked, I became friendly with these two folk. A conversation ensued from which emerged the fact that Mrs Ann Shaw's father – William Percy Fielder – had been a Charity boy at a School in Fareham – and that could only have been Price's School, the same School that I attended years later. The list of the first 100 boys, following the W.P.F. story, shows he was in the second, 1909 entry, and stayed at the School until the funding of his Scholarship ran out!.*



*William Percival Fielder*

*My father, William Percival Fielder, known as 'Percy', was born in Fareham (High Street) on 28th November 1897. He was the sixth child of his parents' eight children.*

*In 1908 his parents were delighted when he won a scholarship to Price's School, one of the first to be awarded to poor boys. He was very proud to be a member of the school and worked hard, aiming to be the top of his class but was always beaten by a boy called Jack Frost! **I still possess one of his prizes** - a book of Scott's Poetical Works. It is labelled 'Price's School 1721-1908' with a lion badge and was awarded to my father on July 24th 1912. He could recite many of these long poems. **I also have his school tie**, rather dilapidated. My father often sang the school song "Forty Years On" which, I believe, was taken from Harrow School.*

*Very reluctantly my father had to leave school in 1913 when his scholarship money expired. He always **complained that he did not get as far as calculus in maths** and tried to pick it up when he followed my maths homework 'forty years on'! Because of his interest in science he obtained a job with an electricity company which was then in its infancy and spent a year learning the basics of electricity.*

*On the day after his 17th birthday in November 1914 he joined the army, claiming to be 19 years old and fearing that the war would be over by Christmas. He spent the next four years in Northern France in the engineering branch of the army, using his knowledge of electricity for trench communication. Here his years at Price's School benefitted him as **he had become fluent in French at school** and was able to act as linguistic 'go between' for his fellow soldiers and local French girls.*

*An interesting detail of (William's) Dad's day when he joined up:-*

*"He was in the queue at the recruiting office when the day ended and the doors were about to be closed to the disappointment of waiting men. Then an official called out, "Can anyone ride a horse?". Up went several hands, including my father's, from men who had never sat on a horse. They were all signed up and taken to France where it was discovered that they could not ride. Dad and the others were taught to ride along the long straight avenues in the forests of Fontainebleau. Later my father's knowledge of electricity had him transferred to more useful work."*



After the war he married my mother Florence Jane Wood, d.o.b. 07/05/1893, who was a trained military nurse in the Queen Alexandra Corps, tending wounded soldiers.

### Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service QAIMNS Nurses



Cap Badge used with a medal ribbon, as a service medal.



Collar badge



Florence Jane Wood married William Percival Fielder after the War



They had three children who were all active in WW2. I was born a decade after my siblings – a great shock – followed by a younger sister. My father often talked about **his life at Price's School; it was obviously a huge influence and a great source of pride.**

WW1 QUIAMS typical scenes ↑↓

Very unusually, William Percival Fielder's "Soldiers' Small Book" has survived, in the possession of his daughter Ann and confirms my early impression of his enlistment into the Royal Engineers as Sapper (Private Soldier in the RE) 312393. Ann did not recall what his Regiment was – it might have been the Hampshires or maybe, possibly the Engineers.



An image crop of the badge on his cap (**left**) gave little clear information, save for what seemed to be a solid centre and something projecting from the top of the circular badge. The Hampshire's badge (**right**) does not fit the bill and so it was to my initial impression I turned for a comparison with the Engineers' badge (**below**),







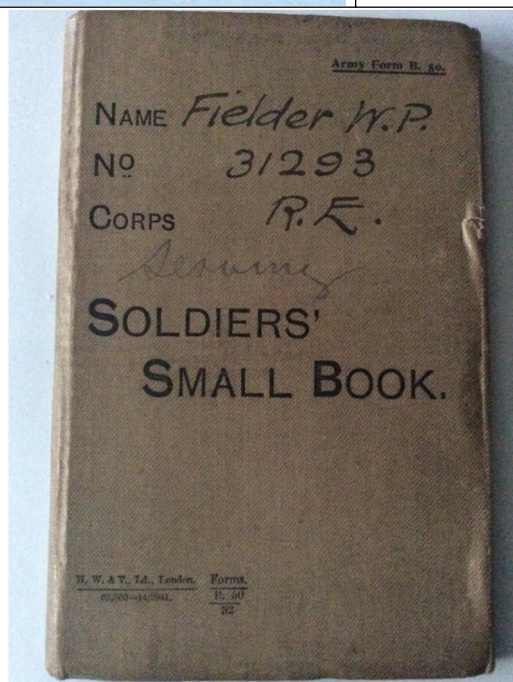
And this seemed to be a perfect fit!

A receipt of a later email from Ann with the details of William's "Soldiers' Small Book" reveals the confirmation of him as Sapper 31293, Royal Engineers (RE).

His discharge to Reserve listing describes William:

*"... has been very good, honest, sober and industrious, rated as a Superior electrician."*

Major W. Hudson, RE



Serial No. *P. 1500* Army Form B. 2067-  
**NOTE.**—The character given on this Certificate is based on holder's conduct throughout his military career.

Character Certificate of No. *14530431* Rank *Sapper*  
 Name *Fielder, William Percy*  
 Unit and Regiment or Corps *22nd West Coy. R.E.*  
 from which *Transferred to Section "B" Army Reserve*

This is to certify that the ex-soldier named above has served with the Colours for *10* years *10* months, and his character during this period *has been very good, honest, sober and industrious*

*W. Hudson* Signature and Rank  
 Officer i/c *RE* Records  
 Date of issue *1-1-21* CHATHAM Place

To safeguard the holder of this Certificate from impersonation it should be noted that, in the event of any doubt arising as to the bona fides of the bearer, reference should be made to the description, when he left the Colours, of the soldier to whom this Certificate was given, which is recorded on his Discharge Certificate (Army Form B. 2070, Serial No. ....), and should be in his possession.

Army W. W. & V. Ltd. 192000 2713 Rev. 11. D. U. S. L. 12-T.O.

**WARNING.**—If this Certificate is lost a duplicate cannot be issued. You should therefore retain the original with you and use a copy attested by a regular officer for the purpose.

**NOTE.**—This Certificate is to be issued without any attention in the manuscript.

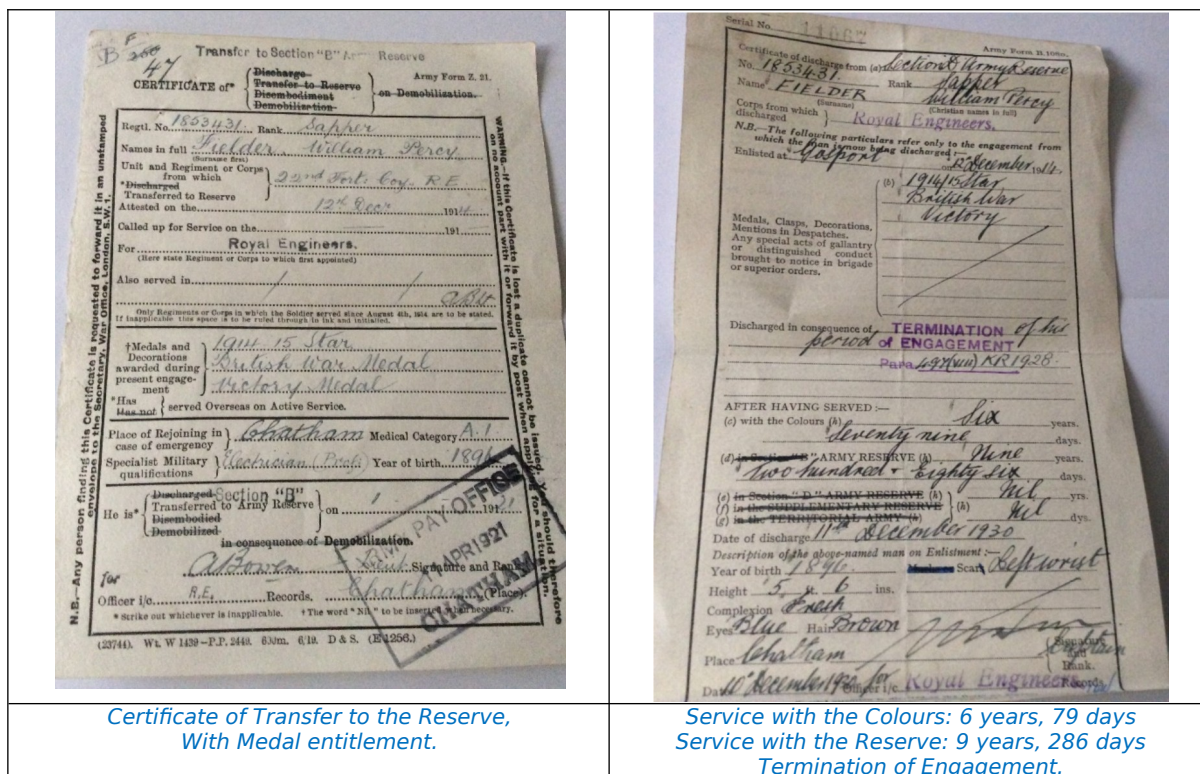
*Character Reference:*

William's Medal Ribbons:

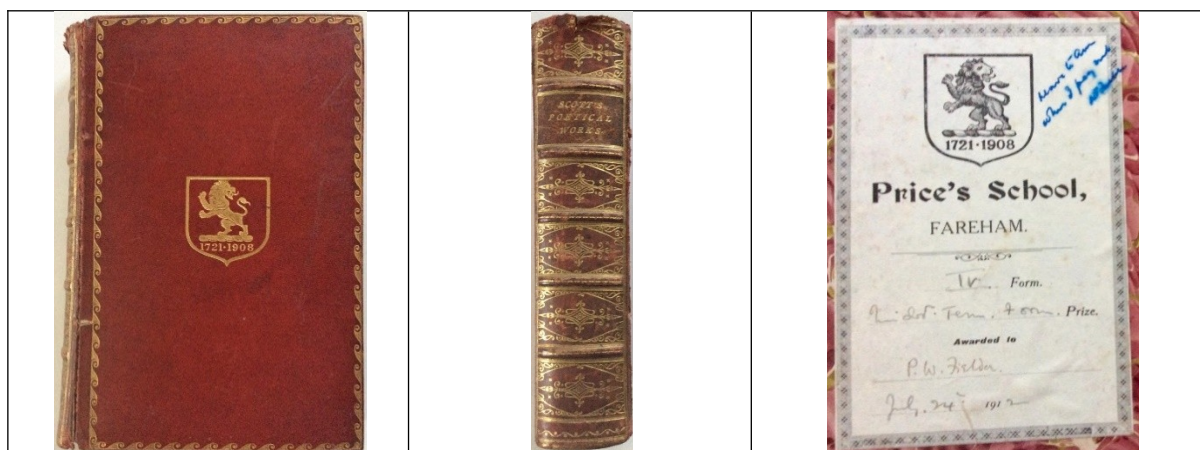


1915/15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal

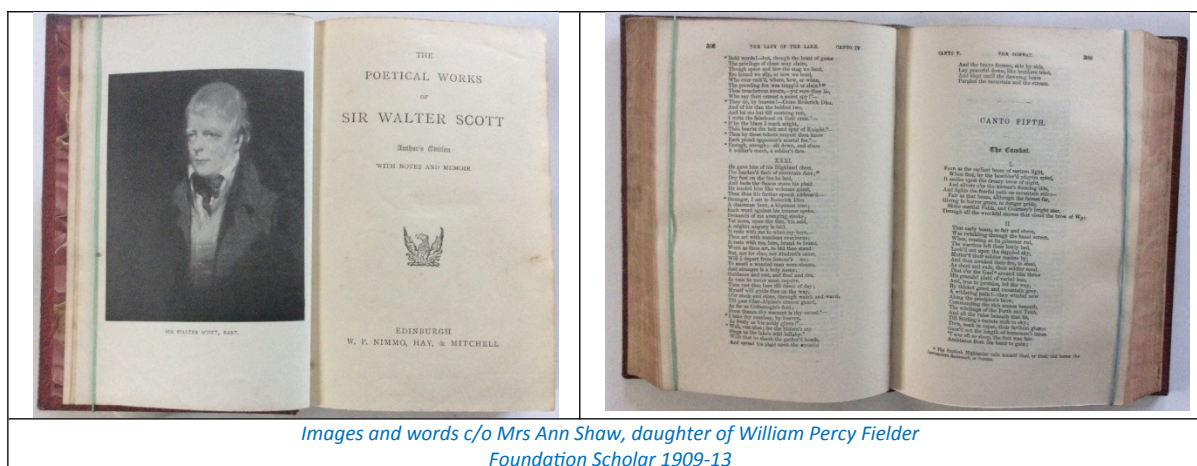
a.k.a. "Pip, Squeak & Wilfred"! (The originals remain within his family)



“Here are a few photos of Dad’s book. It is a pity that he spoilt the front label. It brought a tear to my eye when I read ‘Leave to Ann when I peg out’. I was still at primary school when he wrote that. He was reading it to me at the dining table after lunch, as he often did; it brought back to me all those companionable quiet times we had together, as well as the outdoor hill walks and adventure holidays. He was a bit wild and great fun as well as being very supportive and loving. He was so proud of being a pupil at Price’s School”







**A warm, slightly cloudy day** was the weather for the Sports Day in 1913 when this picture was taken, confirmed by the dress of the spectators with the running track clearly in a different position to that of later years. The use of an Internet weather report facility confirmed that weather for the Portsmouth area, and the amazing co-incidence was the fact that the weathers site was run by an Old Pricean - Emeritus Professor at Dundee University, Trevor Harley (featured in the Creative Priceans Chapter, of the History "Extension" / Lion Pride





### Boarders and live-in Staff of 1914



PRICE'S SCHOOL  
AN EARLY GROUP (34 BOYS)  
ABOUT 1914, POSSIBLY BOARDERS  
PHOTO DONATED BY E. BEATIE  
(1910-12). G. CHIGNELL (1910-18)  
IS IN THE MIDDLE OF REAR ROW.  
4<sup>TH</sup> ROW INCLUDES MR. JOHNSON  
MISS BOURCHIER, MRS & MR BRADLY,  
MR. GALE, MR. MEADOWS.

## The First 100 pupils



Thought to have been taken in 1918

THE FIRST HUNDRED PRIZEANS					
1.	H.V. Bone	1908-10	51.	G.T.F. Pearce	1909-11
2.	L.W. Clifton	1908-09	52.	R.S. Higgins *	1909-14
3.	E.J. Coles	1908-11	53.	E.M. Kenway	1909-12
4.	E. Foster †	1908	54.	C.H. Hawkins	1909-14
5.	T. Frost *	1908-12	55.	G.R. Swaffield	1909-16
6.	E.H. Fry	1908-09	56.	E.R.J. Huxman	1909-16
7.	P.G.H. Gibson	1908-12	57.	J.B. Thomas †	1910-14
8.	E.G. Giddins	1908-11	58.	L.R. Harvey	1910-12
9.	C.H. Gribble	1908-11	59.	C.E.M. Ridsdale	1910-16
10.	W.J. Bartlett †	1908-10	60.	R.H. Scott	1910-18
11.	H.W. Jeffery	1908-11	61.	B.R. Scott	1910-20
12.	E. King	1908-09	62.	J.G. White	1910-11
13.	K.E. Matleer	1908-10	63.	K. Davenport	1910-14
14.	A.C. Parsons	1908-12	64.	D.F. Pink	1910-17
15.	H.J. Pearce †	1908-11	65.	L.R. Judge	1910-11
16.	V.F. Sandy	1908-09	66.	A.J. Harvey	1910-17
17.	F.E. Swaffield	1908	67.	G.H. Pullen	1910-15
18.	B. Woods	1908-10	68.	R.M. Pyle	1910-15
19.	R.A. Hunter	1908-09	69.	A.E. Ballington	1910-11
20.	W.R.F. Weymouth	1908-10	70.	H.S. Ballington	1910-11
21.	S.G. Weymouth	1908-11	71.	R. Hill	1910-14
22.	S. Harding	1908-15	72.	H.G. Biddle	1910-13
23.	A.V. Mercer *	1908-10	73.	N. Richards	1910
24.	A.C. McGrobby	1909	74.	H.F. Davis	1910-13
25.	E.C. Eyles *	1908-11	75.	C.G. Sandy	1910-14
26.	E. Cottingham	1908-10	76.	J.W. Marlow	1910-13
27.	G.V. Scrivens	1908-11	77.	A.J.R. Ditchburn	1910-13
28.	C.F. Coghlan *	1908-11	78.	E.J. Stone	1910-14
29.	E.R. Hills *	1908-11	79.	R.E. Beattie	1910-12
30.	E. Marsh	1908-09	80.	E.J. Beattie	1910-12
31.	P.E. Holloway	1908-10	81.	K. Mather †	1910-14
32.	W.A. Owton	1908-11	82.	R.F. Buckley	1910-14
33.	J.V. Owton	1908-11	83.	G. Chignell *	1910-18
34.	A.W. Draper	1908-11	84.	J.M. Lee	1911-18
35.	A.V. Conlan †	1908-14	85.	W.C. Greenham *	1911-15
36.	F.T. Butland *	1908-15	86.	H.P. Ford	1911-15
37.	S.G. Pether	1909-11	87.	B.H. Martin	1911-13
38.	H.A. Millard †	1909-10	88.	E.W. Flint	1911-14
39.	D.C.W. Oliver	1909-10	89.	E.S. Hynes	1911-15
40.	G.H. Hill	1909-15	90.	R.C. Owton	1911-15
41.	H. Chequer †	1909-11	91.	E.G.A. Osborne	1911-14
42.	R. Fry	1909-12	92.	H.F.P. Smith	1911-18
43.	H.C. Shepherd	1909-12	93.	Q.C. Swaffield	1911-18
44.	W.P. Fielder	1909-13	94.	M.R. Nicholson *	1911-19
45.	M.R. Coghlan *	1909-14	95.	E.W. Connor *	1911-14
46.	J.E. Gulliford	1909-12	96.	H.E. Mercer	1911-14
47.	R.C. Kitley	1909-13	97.	S.S. Smith	1911-17
48.	B.C. Cutler	1909-10	98.	V.J. Cox	1911-18
49.	C.C. Cutler	1909-10	99.	G. Edney	1911-14
50.	F.E. Reddel	1909-13	100.	C.F. Ferguson-Davie	1911-13

NB White banded shirts were worn by members of a Football team about to have a match.



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## Some Recollections of 1916

I went to a private school called Brodick House School, Catisfield, but when this school had to give up owing to financial difficulties at Easter, 1916, I was sent to Price's. I can well remember at least four of the boys who came with me to Price's from Brodick House, namely two of the Swalfields, Dallaway, and Cross.

From my very early days I had a dread of heights and ladders, and I recall at Brodick House gymnasium there were two high ladders. This gymnasium was under the direction of a fearsome gentleman called Sgt. Brace and I always dreaded his gym sessions and stern words of command, as well as his apparent intolerance towards indifferent performers like myself. When my mother took me to be interviewed by Mr. Bradley at Prices' in the Easter Holidays of 1916 he presented my mother with a copy of the School Prospectus. I was horrified on scanning through the list of staff to read, "Physical Training Instructor – Sgt. W. Brace, late of the Inniskilling Fusiliers." It was with the greatest of relief that I discovered there was no gymnasium at Price's or ladders to climb. The greatest obstacle I had to contend with was the scaling of the wall on the north side of the playground.

How well I remember the stentorian tones of Sgt. Brace as he gave the command, "up agin the wall, ready," and his stern glances in my direction as he shouted, "Stop that skylarkin' abaht." Years later, when as Head of the School it fell to my duty to visit all the forms during the afternoon in order to collect the names of absentees, I always enjoyed going out to the field to Sgt. Brace and his class and listening to his familiar words of command and remonstrance.

My earliest impressions of Price's are largely bound with the rigid rule and stern discipline maintained by some of the staff and to me at the age of 11 this was at times quite frightening. Notable in this connection was the late Mr. A.S. Gale of Sedbergh and Christchurch, who taught Chemistry and Geography. I always looked on him with awe and respect and when I incurred his displeasure I am quite sure I deserved it. As I look back, I cannot help thinking of those famous lines of Oliver Goldsmith:

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disaster in his morning face."

The late Mr. Norton Palmer was no less strict in his command of his woodwork classes and he never did forgive me for my poor effort in trying to make a round ruler which finished round at one end and oval at the other. Any slight disturbance of the silence in his class was greeted with the remark, "I see trickery afoot, "accompanied by a hearty clip around the ear with a ruler.

In direct contrast to the rule of Messrs. Gale and Palmer, I well remember the very different tactics of M. Henri Vincke, the French Master. When any of us overstepped the mark of good order, his remedy was to turn us out of the class and this was at times very useful as we could go into the lobby and do some of our Prep. He used to glare at his victim and say, "I cannot 'ave you 'ere, get outside." Sinclair and Henry used to indulge in a championship to see who could get turned out the greater number of times in a term and I believe Sinclair won with 29 times. However, I had one unique experience which those two could not share as on one occasion when I was in the corridor, M. Vincke came along and said. "I cannot 'ave your 'ere at all today," so that I did not even get as far as my desk.

Another Master I shall never forget is the late Mr. P Pierrepont W Meadows who taught English and History. To me, Mr. Meadows was the greatest collector of all time; he collected cigarette cards, coins, match box labels, birds' eggs, stamps and no doubt many other items. He had a collection of more than 300 sets of cigarette cards and to him I owe the great interest I derived from collecting them. I still have 186 sets which I collected whilst at Price's and many were the occasions when I 'swapped' spare cards with Mr. Meadows.

To the last Mr. R. O. Johnston I owe a debt of gratitude as it was largely due to him that I went on from Price's to Keble and I believe I was the first member of Price's to obtain an honours degree at Oxford or Cambridge.

I shall always be grateful to the Staff of Price's for their fairness, their devotion to their duty, their discipline, and the example they set.

H.E. Dean Cooper

(1916-22).

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## Fragmentary Reminiscences

Born 05/05/1911, Eastleigh, of Wilfred Winsor and Mabel Longman. Married 1938 Barbara Monica Cooper. One son, two daughters. Price's School, Fareham 1919-29. Head Boy 1927. Senior Inspector in HM Customs & Excise. Retired 1971.

At age 87, my reminiscences of school are somewhat fragmentary. However, here goes.

I entered Prices at the age of 8 in 1919, into the first form that was housed in a wooden hut – on the site, I believe that was later occupied by the “Tin (Green?) Hut” where the “train boys” ate their lunch and in the corner of which was the Monitors' study. Miss Alexander was the mistress in charge of us, a saturnine lady (having a gloomy, forbidding appearance!) and a change from my former Lames (? Dame School?) School in the Town, and the discipline and behaviour on which she so insisted, so impressed me that it stayed with me for the rest of my 10 years at the School.

The Staff at the time were S.R.N. Bradly aka “Pop” - Head, R.O. Johnson - Latin & R.K., A.S. Gale - Chemistry, Shaddock – Maths and Physics, Monsieur Languier – French, Sergeant Brace - Drill, and others whose names escape me. Miss Bouchier was the Matron to the School House of some 90 boarders. The groundsman was Eli May who maintained the playing field with a horse-drawn gang mower and a big roller which summer term was manhandled by an impressed squad of Juniors under R.O. Johnston, to roll the 1<sup>st</sup> XI cricket pitch. If one arrived late for this exercise, ROJ would remark gently that” you were just in time to “*servare tuum porkum*”. Those not selected for their teams in House Matches were required to attend and line the touch lines for soccer and hockey to cheer on their teams.

The pupils who came to the School by train on the Meon Valley Line were known as the “Train Boys” and were treated leniently on the very rare occasions when they were late getting to School. The carriages on the train were lit by gas lamps. One morning, an inquisitive boy, standing on the

shoulders of another put his head into the space left by a lamp that had been removed for repair. His head so nearly perfectly fitted the space that he was unable to withdraw it, and had to remain supported by his fellow travellers until the train arrived at Fareham Station whither the Fire Brigade were summoned to cut him free (and, of course make the train very late for further stops along the line!)

No Thespian, my appearances on the stage were two – one, aged 8, disguised as one of the three blind mice, directed by Mrs Bradley at the Portland Hall, Fareham, and the other later on as a dervish(French) in Moliere’s” Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme” under the direction of Mme. Languier.

During my time as Head Boy, I can recall three incidents, one of which brought me some notoriety.

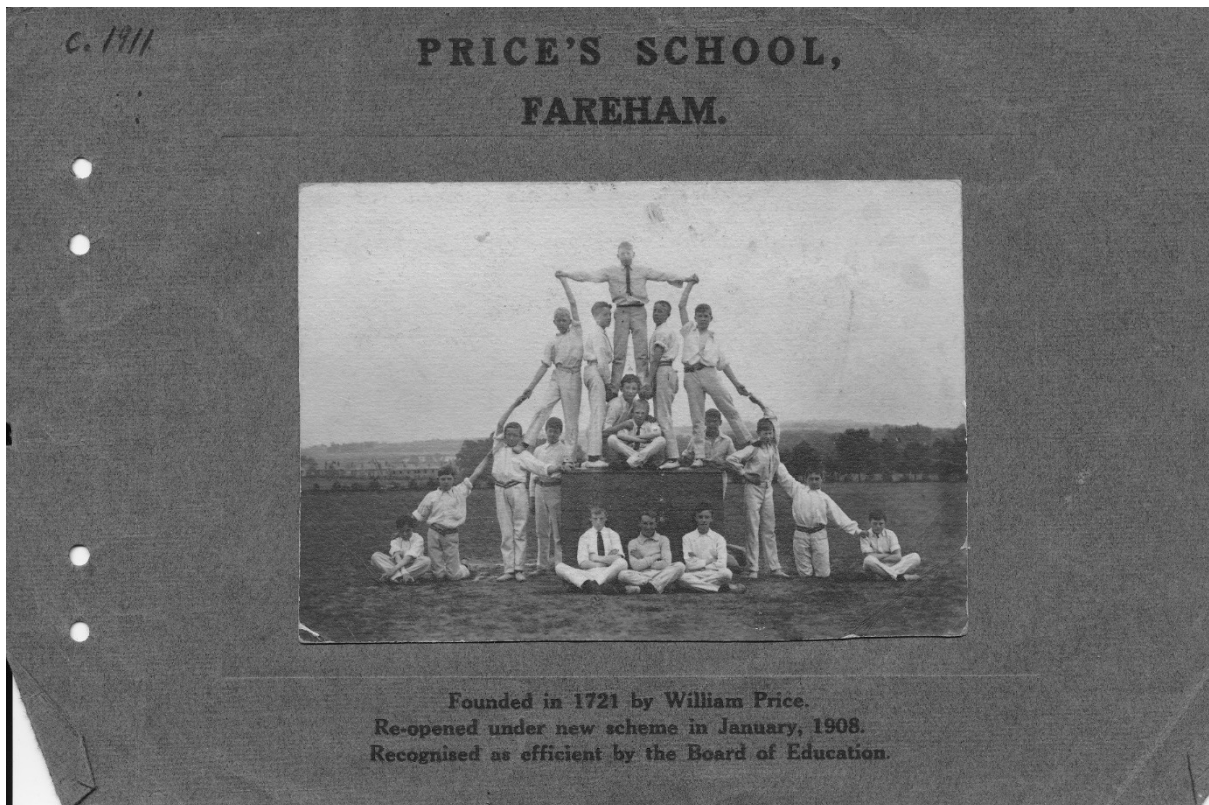
At the opening of the new School Hall by the Bishop of Portsmouth, on 12<sup>th</sup> December 1927, many parents and local dignitaries – some 400 people – were entertained to tea in the new Hall. Pop had managed to collect a sufficient number of cups, saucers and plates for this throng and it fell to me to organise the washing-up of this pile of crockery. The task was completed in the wash basins in the changing lobby by a squad of juniors. Surprisingly, not one piece was broken even though the pile included the Head’s best tea service. For this, I was awarded a tie!

The playing field invaded by plantains from time to time, and mowing did nothing to kill them. In fact it spread the seeds and encouraged their growth. At that time, weed killers were unheard of and Pop had the idea to get pupil volunteers to dig them out with penknives, offering a reward of a penny per hundred plants. It was the job of the Monitors (Prefects) to count the offerings and disperse the pennies. I noticed one day, a particularly “industrious” boy, presenting his hundred rather quickly and I discovered that this enterprising lad was getting his supplies from the dump of discards for which payment had already been made! Perhaps it was at this time that I made a decision to start a full time career in HM Customs and Excise? No doubt the culprit enjoyed a more prosperous career!

The incident that attracted notoriety happened in the Chemistry Lab. Before this, the School had no Sixth Form, and I was one of the five who constituted the first Sixth Form. The School had no additional Staff for this and our lessons were given in the time squeezed from existing Staff generally. The result of this was that perhaps half of our time consisted of unsupervised periods of study. On the afternoon in question, I was left alone in the Chemistry Lab to set up and work a lengthy organic experiment needing several flasks and condensing tubes, etc. During the prolonged time of the experiment, I became bored and, browsing in the theoretical Chemistry text book, I read how matches were made, and I decided to try my hand. I had just enough red phosphorous and potassium chlorate together to cover a shilling and was turning away to pick up a spatula to make an homogenous mixture, when there was an almighty explosion which rattled the building and blew me to the floor, blasting my eyebrows and part of my hair. It also shattered the whole of the glass utensils in the experiment and others that were nearby. I came-to, lying prostrate to see, alerted by the bang, the Head approaching followed by all of the Staff in single file looking in their flowing black robes like a line of crows. For the exploit, I was called to attend the head the next morning in his study! In his great wisdom, for which I was extremely grateful, Pop recognised that I had a measure of intellectual curiosity, did not unfrock me, and let me continue as Head boy.

**Geoffrey W Winsor**

(The Lion 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary issue, March 1998)



This looks like a weekend afternoon ride to the beach at Hill Head, judging by the sandy gravel shore, with a shallow slope, possibly around 1921. Whilst the terrain of Gosport to be traversed before and after arriving was fairly flat, there was that slight sting in the tail, of the climb up the slope to the Town Centre and then onto Park Lane. No Ice Cream kiosks here, nor burger vans then. Such snacking, or the lack of it, was what kept these young folk lean and fit.





*Kitty (Housemaid) 1924*



*Dolly (cook) 1924*



*Elsie (housemaid) 1924*



*Lucy (2<sup>nd</sup> Housemaid),*



*Alice (Kitchenmaid) 1924*



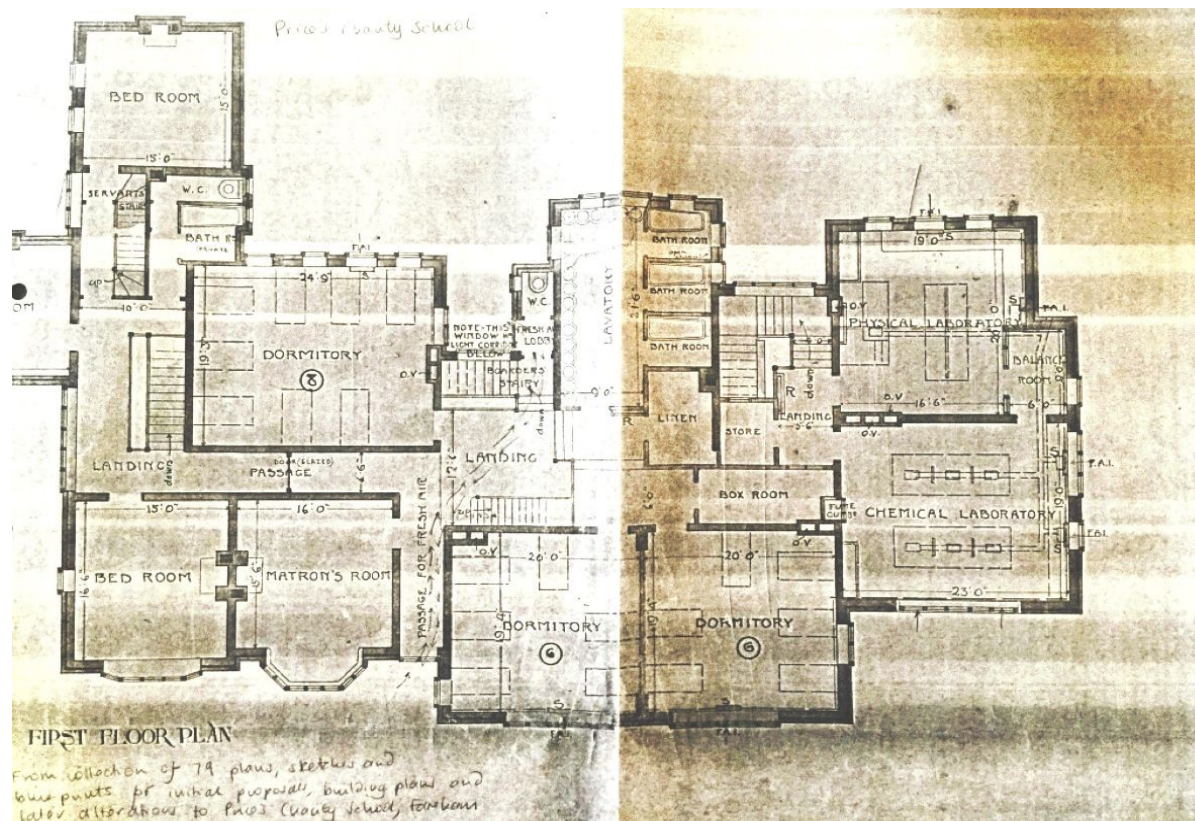
*Ellen (Chambermaid) 1924*

These good folks (above) did much to look after the lives of those below:





This, first floor plan was of the School 1908-27 and indicates 20 boarding beds in 2 x 6 and 1 x 8 bed dormitories. Sources indicate 28 boarders in 1913, and 20 in 1937. The boarding option closed in 1948 thus releasing first and top floor space for teaching rooms.



The extent to which this is an accurate constructional plan is unknown. Nowhere else in the research has there been seen any reference to a Physics and a Chemistry room in the School House building. Plan as shown above contributed by Bob Askew in March, 2023.

# Images of 1926:



M.W.G.



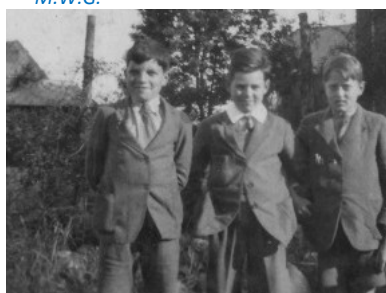
W.E.S. Hoather



?




Drover & "Kitty" 1924



A,J,Sole, W.E.S. Hoather, F.Raby-Cox, 1926



There was a School cat  
in my time (1955-62)  
that left its mark all over  
the place. The dog I  
presume was the  
Bradly's, but the Horse?  
Almost certainly for  
pulling the mower to  
cut grass on the School  
field.



PRICE'S SCHOOL,

FAREHAM.

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*Speech Day, Tuesday, 29th July, 1930.*

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**Unveiling of Memorial to Charles Beauchamp.**

Song	"Requiem"	R. L. Stennison
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Under the wide and starry sky  
Dig the grave and let me lie  
Glad did I live and gladly die  
And I bid adieu to the world.

This be the verse you grave for me  
Here he lies where he long'd to be  
Home is the sailor, home from sea  
And the hunter home from the hill.

**Sadly, Charles Beauchamp died while trying to save another boy (Newberry) from drowning.**

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## Price's School in 1930 – Some Personal Impressions

*The School in 1930 was the creation of S.R.N. Bradly, the first Headmaster of the re-organised School. That narrow world he bestrode like a Colossus. The smile gives a false idea of his physical appearance, yet it is not inappropriate; though he was a mathematician and the author of a book [Ed. Possibly "Algebra Adapted to the Requirements of the First Stage of the Directory of the Board of Education" by S.R.N. Bradly & E.M. Langley, also Second and Third stages] on that subject, he was a Cambridge man and, Oxford and Cambridge men alike, in those far distant days could be expected to know their classics; he must have approved of the dying Emperor who chose, on his last night, the watchword for his guard, "Aequanimitas".*

"Pop" was never flustered and, seldom even nettled, he was a teacher of genius. If he picked up a piece of chalk and turned to the blackboard, he could induce a thrill of expectation in a silent form room. More often though he would move from boy to boy, examining the work, leaving the rest of the form to its own devices, as long as the noise did not rise to a hubbub. Once he caned a senior boy and such an event was sufficiently rare to induce me to inquire into the circumstances. If Bradley (sic) had been content to read the newspaper discreetly he might well have escaped, but he must needs read it at full double page spread and that was too much.

Pop only appeared in the Staff Room on the rarest of occasions and then always knocked before entering, but he was not remote from his Staff because everyone was welcome in his study in the now demolished school House, at almost any time, to talk over a problem in a comfortable chair and drink a cup of tea in front of the fire. When the night had far gone, he would settle down to his paperwork which he would complete with extraordinary speed and efficiency. The County seldom risked a quarrel with him; indeed he always relished a brush with Winchester. It is said that he had known the Director of Education when the latter was the Office boy and Pop never ceased to treat him as if he still was. Once the County rashly inquired why he had granted two holidays in one week. "The first", Pop replied, "is Whit Monday. The second for the Winchester Sports, organised by the County. I do not see my way clear alter either function." Commercial travellers fared badly, too. One unfortunate claimed he had done business with Mr. Price. Pop played this particular fish for a while inquiring into Mr. Price's preferences in stationery, before remarking that Mr. Price had died about two hundred years before. "You know, you don't look your age", he added kindly.

He took Assembly almost every day, but the time of his appearances was unpredictable. The unfortunate Duty Master might presume on Pop's punctuality and then find himself staring at the school for long minutes before Pop appeared; or he might presume on the Headmaster's unpunctuality and then Pop might appear early, in high indignation that the all was not ready for him. The explanation for this latter phenomenon was simple: Pop had risen so late that he had come over to Hall without breakfasting, with a temper no sweeter for an empty stomach. More often a hurried breakfast would be followed by a late arrival. "First two, and last verses" he would say if the hymn looked at all long. Small matters like adjusting a tie or doing up his shoelaces, could be attended-to once the singing had started.

Price's School was at that time a small and intimate community, 180 boys, about a dozen masters and a few part-timers. Within this group there was a smaller one of about 30 boarders who tended to consider themselves, without any academic or athletic justification, as something of an

elite. Everybody knew everybody. The English Master for instance, taught every boy in the School English, from entry in Form ii (there was no Form i) to departure in Form V or Form VI (Form VI first appeared in 1928). Because numbers were so small, Staff and School were more involved; for example, when the School had fixtures with men's teams a few Masters were drawn in to stiffen the side and the first fixture of each season was Staff versus School. Fortunes in this match varied, but with the arrival of Messrs, Hilton, Hollingworth and others in the mid30s, the strength of the Staff became formidable.

The presence on the Senior Staff of two confirmed bachelors and of several younger men who followed the fashion of the time in remaining single, in spite of various emotional entanglements until their late twenties, meant that there were masters for whom School was the centre of life. Living on the School premises, or in lodgings, mostly keen on games they led a life in which football, hockey, cricket and tennis played a large part and badminton, squash racquets and bridge were not neglected. Indeed, R.O. Johnston at hockey and R.E. Garton, and later T. Hilton and J. Hollingworth at football were players of distinction. So it was that most of the Staff had no intention of leaving Price's and, as the School's numbers grew, other congenial spirits appeared. But about 1935 Gaston Languier died, Mr. Bradley and A.S. Gale retired. After the War, Lockhart, Brown, Garrett and Hollingworth moved elsewhere, and Johnston had only a few more years.

To the general harmony there was one glaring exception. Between the two senior members of Staff there was a feud, ancient in its origins, implacable, incessant and to the spectators perpetually comic. A.S. Gale and R.O. Johnston had almost everything in common: they were both Oxford men, bachelors with similar tastes who both dedicated their lives to the School. They enjoyed games and coached School teams; they liked foreign travel, to Switzerland in particular, at a time when it was far less usual than it is now. Yet it was years since they had spoken to one another and Gale would not even pronounce the hated name. "*That man*", he would say, and we all knew exactly what he meant. Though they might be standing a yard from each other, any messages would have to be carried by an intermediary. It must be said that Gale was the more unyielding, and when, after his retirement, he relented a friendship sprang up that ought to have flourished years before.

Looking back, it seemed that Pop ruled with a minimum of disturbance. This was due in the first place to his own tremendous personality and next to the very considerable qualities of some of the other Masters. Gale, Johnston, Shaddock, Languier and Palmer and the younger men, Shaw, Brown, Garton and Lockhart should all be mentioned, to say nothing of Revd. T.W. Mundy, who was in class by himself. The first group consisted of strict disciplinarians. Gale had a pointer and on occasions, a length of Bunsen Burner tubing. Johnston would have his vengeance on those who neglected their Latin Prep. By taking them onto the field after School to weed out plantains, maybe to chant in unison the principal parts of irregular verbs. Shaddock had a rasping tongue and, reversing the Scriptural order, would visit the sins of the children on their parents. Palmer would close the story of some disagreement with in the woodwork shop with the words "and so, I hit him with a bit of four by two!" And how can one convey the awe inspired by Gaston Languier? Perhaps by telling of the occasion when he tilted his chair back, overbalanced and fell on the floor. There was silence as he picked himself up and faced the class. "You may laugh" he said. Indeed it was dangerous not to laugh when "Larg." expected you to do so as it was to laugh when he didn't.

It says much of the School that it was not overawed but made us younger men fight for control of our classrooms. In my first two years, every lesson with Remove class was a battle that had to be won, lost or drawn. Anyway, who could intimidate people like A.S. Lowry and H. McNeil? Who would be foolish enough to try? Lewry was, all in all, the most formidable footballer I remember



at Prices and was in the team for six years. "Is Lewry still here?" visitors would ask anxiously. (A few years later, visiting cricketers would make a similar enquiry about Leven.) He was a magnificent full back but, if things were going badly, believing his forwards were at fault, change places with Barnes. (This was alright with Barnes because at such times, he felt the defence was all to pieces and needed his guidance.) Then when Lewry next got the ball, whatever his position, he set off for goal. There was no finesse about his dribbling; he kicked the ball and followed after, but so closely and so fast that it needed courage to intervene, and weight and strength to do so effectively. On arrival in the penalty area, he would let fly with either foot. All the goalkeeper could do was to hope the ball would miss the goal or at least, miss him. Lewry was equally alarming at hockey; disclaiming any skill in that game, he played in goal but it was a brave forward who thought only of the ball as Lewry, armed with pads and stick, came rushing out to kick clear. I think of him too, before morning School, surrounded by an admiring group, all anxious to assist the great man to clear up quickly, any arrears of Prep.

McNeil was different. Like all of his family, he was entirely fearless. (His eldest brother had told Larg, that the proper way to learn French was to go to Paris and live with a French girl for a month.) He was an exasperating footballer who would veer away from a good position to a bad one and then deliver a splendid shot from what seemed an impossible angle. Regularly, to his embarrassment he won the prize for Scripture. This seemed so out of character that I attributed it to the eccentricity of the Scripture master, until the same thing happened at the School Certificate. I congratulated him. He saw I was being mischievous and flushed "I can't help it Sir, I just can't forget the damned stuff"!

More like McNeil was an incident in the Library just after the bell had rung for the end of afternoon School. Larguier was taking the Sixth Form and was intent on finishing a piece of work: there was no interference to be expected from him. The rest of the form were following Larg. McNeil extracted a bag of sweets from his pocket, stuffed into his mouth as many as it could conveniently carry and surveyed the scene. The mighty Pickwood was opposite him, the towering Cook to his right. Suddenly Pickwood winced and withdrew a hacked shin. Almost simultaneously, Cook reeled as McNeil's elbow lodged in his ribs. The lesson ended and McNeil was in his element.

Still, it is of the Staff that I have the fondest memories. Of Laguier with his extraordinary English: "Ah", he said once, "but zat is fooleesh. If not understanding, why not asking, isn't it?" Of Johnston with his stutter and wicked chuckle as he set his Latin papers. "That'll catch them. There are three separate traps in each sentence." Or, in his car, pushing down the handbrake (he never used the footbrake), and accelerating hard at some unfortunate Pricean using one of the newly devised pedestrian crossings. Of Gale with his pronouns: "So they did it!" so he might say and be aggrieved if one did not understand. (One needs to know the sporting news: the words might mean, for instance, "So, Oxford have beaten Cambridge at Cricket"). Of Shaddock with his occasional mordent remark, when Mundy who had been reading some stuff about the Great Pyramid asked him if he did not consider it remarkable that the pyramid was situated at some particular degree of longitude, replied "I certainly do. It shows that the Ancient Egyptians knew where the Greenwich Observatory was going to be at a built." He closed a protracted discussion at a Staff meeting as to which form should receive a very dull boy with the comment, "If he isn't going to learn anything, it doesn't matter much where he doesn't learn it."

But it was Pop's School. Being without formality and without fuss, he was liked by all, loved by many. In everything he did he was himself, whether he was drilling the Corps with one hand in his pocket and clutching his terrier under his arm with the other, or preserving his sanity as he put it, by a resolution taken early in his married life, never to look for his wife's spectacles; or giving



instructions to cross-country competitors on the course they were not to follow. ("Entering the farmyard, you will see a big haystack on the right. Well, don't take any notice of that.") It was easy to laugh and we laughed affectionately and often; but when Mr. S.R.N. Bradly, M.A. (Cantab), rose in all his dignity, then laughter was forgotten and respect took its place; but the affection remained.

So, before it is too late, I seek to recall something of that very different Price's School. Now, by a strange paradox, it is called Price's Grammar School (or, on one occasion, Price's Grammer School), although I doubt whether anything that any earlier generation would have understood as Grammar is taught within its walls. We were mostly very happy and rather proud that we were at Price's; I hope our successors are.

Herbert Ralph Thacker

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## Looking Back 44 Years

It was with great pleasure that I read Mr. Thacker's article "Price's School in 1930". In the 1970 issue of the "Lion". I did not know Mr. Thacker, having left the School in 1927, but his article brought back vivid memories of the Masters of the day.

I attended Price's as a Scholar 1921-27 and when I left in July 1927, the teaching Staff as far as I can remember were

Mr SRN Bradly (pop)	Headmaster, Maths
Mr AS Gale	Deputy Head, Chemistry & Geography
Mr RO Johnson	Latin & Religious Studies
Mr J Shaddock	Physics, Geography & Maths
M. G Languier	French
Mr Jones	English & History
Mr BR Shaw	Form II Master
Mr TW Murphy	Religious Knowledge
Mlle E Bouchin	French (1 <sup>st</sup> Year)
Sgt Hood	Physical training
Mr E Wilkins	Drawing
Mr N Palmer	Woodwork
G.W. Winsor	Head boy

The only time I think I saw "Pop" Bradly really upset enough to give the whole School a dressing-down was a certain morning after a Winchester Sports Day,

The two previous years, Price's had done well at Winchester, having won "The Portal Cup" for Minors and the following year almost the same team had won the "Junior Bowl". It was thought this particular year – 1925, perhaps, we should stand a good chance of winning the

“Senior Shield”, However by mid-afternoon, it was obvious that we would not even win a medal, let alone the Senior Shield and, having lost interest, most of the boys went into the City sightseeing.

It wasn't until after the event that Tovey had obliged us by winning the “Peace Cup” for the Mile event.

In later years one can imagine how upset “Pop” must have felt when there was so little encouragement given to the runner during the race, and perhaps less surprise when the Cup was presented. After all we had gone to Winchester to see the sports, and not for sightseeing.

My recollection of Mr Gale is his long pointer, his pretty vile temper if you caught him in the wrong mood., and also his “Import Lines” which invariably began “It is necessary ...” Mr Gale never told you how to spell “necessary” but if you had to rewrite your lines, you could be sure it was because of a misspelling of “necessary”!

Another recollection of Mr Gale is his Geography lessons. In mentioning Leith Hill as the highest point in North Downs, he would always mention the Towns of Reigate and Redhill and their association with Fuller's Earth. It so came about that when I entered the Post Office Service in 1931, I was sent to Reigate and Redhill where I remained until my retirement. The sight of the Fuller's Earth works in the vicinity was always a link between myself, Mr Gale and Price's.

Having quite a flair for Latin, and also liking Religious Knowledge, I was always “well in” with Mr Johnson. And also, though not gaining the giddy heights of the 2<sup>nd</sup> XI or 1<sup>st</sup> XI, I was quite a useful Hockey player and this always helped in relations with R.O.J. In the summer term, he would also collar you during morning break and dinner time to make up a team for rolling the 1<sup>st</sup> XI Cricket Pitch.

Mr Shaddock used to take us for Physics and as I was not a good enough pupil, I used to get the raw edge of his tongue, which at times could be very rough. However, out of School, all animosity was forgotten and Mr Shaddock could be a very pleasant person.

*Maintenant, nous approchons M. Languier!* When I think of him, one incident comes to mind. It was our lot at weekends to have to write a French Essay. This usually gave me no qualms but one weekend, I had a party I wanted to go to and, in my anxiety to get my essay done, I fell prey to copying my elder brother's essays which had been written two years earlier. Imagine my surprise when, on getting my essay back duly marked, M. Languier had said to me “Have you ever seen the adverts for Broadman Cigarettes where there is a picture of a man smoking his pipe, and he says “This smells good tobacco. This smells good Broadman tobacco.”? On replying that I had seen the advertisement, Gaston replied “Very good, when I read this Essay, I said “This smells good essay. This smells King 1\* essay! M. Languier told me I could write a good Essay without having to copy my brother's. He also told my brother at an Old Boys Day which was several months later, to keep his old Essays locked away, or to destroy them. What a memory the man had!  
(\* Surname + number in sequence – King 1, King 2 etc.)

Mr. Jones was the English and History Master and came in 1925, I think, in place of Mr Garrett. I always liked English and History and was up to average in these subjects and so always managed to keep on the right side of Mr. Jones.

Mr. Shaw also came in 1925, replacing Miss Alexander, taking over Form II in all subjects He was of great assistance to Mr Johnston on the Sports field. He also used to substitute for some subjects and so we had him on some occasions as a teacher. He was quite a young man in those days and this probably helped make him quite popular with the boys.

Mr. Mundy, who also had two sons at the School during my time, was a kindly gentleman. The boys however, used to take advantage of this and at times, there used to be quite uproarious classrooms. "Lines" were given out wholesale, doubled and even tripled before you knew where you were. However, you chose your own "Line" and thus it was possible to be very brief

Mlle. E. Bouchier used to take 1<sup>st</sup> year French and so, after the first year, boys had little to do with her. A very nice person, all the same.

Sgt. Hood's cure on a cold day was "twice around the field, and like it!"

As I couldn't draw in a straight line, or objects or anything in perspective, Mr. Wilkins gave up on me long before "Oxford" Locals, and I took another subject in place of drawing.

Mr. Palmer the woodwork teacher was certainly a character. He could talk the hind leg of a donkey off, and again, as woodwork was not one of my favourites so, the more he talked, the better I liked it.

I must now mention the wonderful service of old Eli May and his son, Alf, who kept the field in splendid condition in the summer and kept us warm in winter with their boiler stoking, and also not forgetting their periodical collections for the mending of broken windows when you were unfortunate to break one.

**T.S. King**



MR. BRADLEY SHORTLY  
BEFORE RETIREMENT 1934  
WITH HIS WIFE.



R.E. GARTON	B.R. SHAW	F.H. BROWN	MISS V.M. JEWEL	M.R. THACKER	J. LOCKHART	T.W. FOSTER
J. SHADDOCK	R.O. JOHNSTON	MISS E.A.D. BOURCHIER	S.R.N. BRADLY	MRS. S.R.N. BRADLY	A.S. GALE	P.W. MUNDY
(Headmaster 1906 - 34)						





FRONT: MRS AND MR BRADLEY  
DURING THEIR RETIREMENT  
AT "WHITE CANONS",  
CATISFIELD

REAR : L TO R.  
J. E. HURDEN, 1918-26  
H. de M. WELLBOURNE, 1919-22  
E. G. WHITE, 1920-25.

*Many Old Priceans visited  
the Bradleys after they  
retired in 1934. Photo t. 1938*

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## My First Days at School



On my way from London to school I thought mainly of what it would feel like when my aunt left me. I began to think of all kinds of awful things the boys would do to me, a newcomer. I thought they would do all the things that one reads about in stories as happening to new boys. However, when I got to school there were not many boys about, and those who were there not much bigger than myself, so I began to think that, anyhow, I would not let them give me a good knock without getting a hit back. They all looked very pleasant fellows, but I was not taking any chances, and I kept as far away from them as possible, but one or two of them came up to me and asked my name and where I came from, and began to talk. One of two of them who were here when my brother was asked me how he was getting on.

At first, I only answered questions, for I did not want to talk very much, but I soon bucked up a little and became more interested and talked more. We then had supper, and after that the boys began to talk of what they did in the summer holidays, where they had been, how many times they visited the cinema or bathed in the sea. At nine o'clock we went to bed, the smaller boys, who slept in an upper dormitory, first, and soon then we bigger boys who slept in cubicles. Everybody was talking until the light went out, and then we settled down for the night.

In the morning we dressed and came down to breakfast, and another new boy began to talk to me, and we became quite friendly. When the day boys began to come I had some difficulty in understanding what they were saying, and it took me about a week to settle down.

All the masters seemed to speak very pleasantly to the boys, and when I saw they had no canes under their arms I was very surprised. When work began I found it hard to sit in one place so long. Life was quite different now from the days I had spent in the Bahamas, but after a time I got over the first difficulties, and now, to a certain extent, I liked it.

A.E.P. (IV)

One most amusing incident which happened in 1935 is worthy of mention and primarily concerned Mr. F. R. (Hokey) Brown who took History.

He was very fond indeed of using two particular words "extraordinary" and "colossal," which he would employ wherever possible e.g. 'it was an extraordinary battle with a colossal number of troops on each side.'

The incident occurred in 5A where a tally was kept surreptitiously by a member of the form during each history period, of the number of times each word was used. This new record could be satisfied immediately by the official count!

In one particular history period, after a quite normal start, the ~~few~~ words "extraordinary" and "colossal" flowed as never before.

Suddenly there was a quite distinct silence and Mr. Brown looked across towards the left hand back of the form room (I can see it as if it were yesterday)

"Woodsford" he said "you must have a colossal number of extraordinaries marked down on that piece of paper"

SA expressed their extreme delight and approval in the usual manner.

X. F. Abbott.

1935

What words have bugged your life? Gert good (Bristol area[1]), ace, brill, random, innit, like ...



## Halt! Who Goes There?



b)

Seated in centre THE MATRON G.A. ASHTON MRS. G.A. ASHTON  
(HEADMASTER 1934-1959)

MR. G.A. ASHTON, with the Boys of School House in 1945

*In his ninety sixth year, Paddy is still bringing challenging ideas to the Society Committee. Here he has a few interesting stories about his years at School 86 years ago (108 years now, in 2020)*

Born in Gosport 27/06/1902. Son of William Robert Sutton-Smith and Eleanor Julian Sutton. Married Dorothea Howitt 1935. Prices School, Fareham 1911-17.

Apprenticed Cadet Union Castle Mail S.B. Company Ltd. 1917-21, from 4th Officer to Chief Officer 1922-36, Master Mariner 1928. Managing Director Bonds, Maidenhead 1937-55. Maidenhead Borough Councillor 1944-55. Vice Chairman National Federation of Ship and Boat Builders 1953. Retired since 1955.

When air raids began on Portsmouth, the Torpedo factory in Gosport Rd. sent their wagons of live torpedoes into the Meon Tunnel just outside of Fareham Station. The Fareham and Gosport Local Defence Volunteers (LDV) were to supply the sentinels at the entrance. There was a certain amount of rivalry between them, and us at Price's.

For Captain Bradley, (not only Headmaster, but also OC the Price's Cadet Corps, 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion 6<sup>th</sup> Hants. Regiment), Wednesday afternoon was a uniform parade usually with an occasional field day on Portsdown Hill or Wickham Common (Oh! The gorse prickles!). Another day, it might have been a boring route march.

We were close to the railway cutting outside the tunnel entrance. We were suddenly halted. Bradley was talking to his Lieutenant who started laughing. We were told to approach the edge of the cutting in absolute silence and on a wave of his hand to drop into the cutting as fast as we could. The Gosport LDV were on duty but there were no shots, no "Who goes there?" or calling out the guard. "That'll teach them", said Bradley. *[Ed: Sounds like real "Dad's Army" stuff, except this was WW1.]*

In 1917, the 3<sup>rd</sup> year of the War domestic servants had disappeared into the Services or Munitions work. Bradley is said to have considered closing the School. His solution though, was to hand over the cleaning to us. We were given the choice of 2 jobs from: playing field, classroom sweepers, repairs, painting etc. I was a sweeper and a painter. One evening, busily painting the fence between School house and field, Bradley and an older man came up to me, and I was introduced to a Mr. Norton, a School Governor. He told me he was a Director of the Union Castle Steam Ship Company, that previously the Company had only recruited Officers with a Master's Certificate, but now had started their own scheme of apprenticeship. If I was quite certain that I wanted to go to sea in these difficult times, then he would endorse my application. (See career notes, above.)

In April that year, one in four ships approaching or leaving England were torpedoed. The Board of Admiralty had refused to introduce convoys on the correct assumption that it would increase the turn around of shipping and the false one that the Merchant Navy Officers would be unable to cope with sailing in close formation. This was a failure in practise that nearly lost the War.

Some Junior Officers of the Board did not agree with Jellicoe and went to see Lloyd George, giving him details of conveying in the French Wars of 1791 and 1803. Lloyd George agrees, stalked into the Admiralty and told them to start convoying immediately. It was an entirely successful and losses dropped from 800 thousand tons a month to 200 thousand. Good old Lloyd George and Lucky Me!

In Maths classes Bradley said there were now many thousands of our troops in France who were getting used to decimal currency and found it much easier than the 12 pence to the shilling and 20 shillings to the pound. He suggested 1000 cents to the pound, the cent being close in value to the farthing – then a usable coin, e.g. for a "sherbet sucker" sweet. Henceforth, we were to use that in any money problems. Pretty good thought although forty years ahead of its actuality.

*[Ed – strange that Bradley chose 100 cents, when cent clearly means 100, better to have suggested mille, implying 1000]*

**Sidney (Paddy) Sutton Smith**

(The Lion 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary issue, March 1998)

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## Wartime Memories

Noticing today's date, 13<sup>th</sup> July 1971, prompts me to mention that thirty-one years ago yesterday ( a Friday), I was leaving School after lunch to return home early. As I collected my cycle from the shed at the back of what was then the woodwork-shop-cum-armoury – where those delightful Boer War vintage carbines were kept – I caught a brief glimpse of some aircraft which I believed to be Hurricanes chasing another (unidentified). Later there were sounds of strife and we heard that a Heinkel 111 had been brought down in a field the other side of Southwick. During the evening, I was driven to the scene of the crash. For years I kept a fragment of the rudder. This Heinkel is obviously the one referred-to in the Luftwaffe casualty list for 12<sup>th</sup> July in Frank K. Mason's superb book "Battle over Britain". Full details of the incident given, including the name of the German pilot and other crew members, their Geschwader, Gruppe and the time of the incident – 14.30.

In the official History of the School, there is no mention of Annie, the Matron at that period, or the occasion in September 1941 when a HE bomb fell in Park Lane opposite School House, which was badly blasted. A large chunk of tarmac crashed through the roof and landed, I believe, on Annie's bed, recently vacated when she took the boys to cover.

Another incident I well remember was seeing Alf and old Eli May running for the cover of the ditch and wall at the bottom of the field whilst they were refurbishing a goalmouth on one of those Friday afternoons later-on in the Battle of Britain when there invariably seemed to be low cloud and mist. A German aircraft (I think a Ju88) seemed to be arrived unannounced and sprayed machine gun bullets along the Serpentine Rd./ Old Turnpike area. I was at the time with Roy Daysh in what was then 3A room (now the Staffroom). He was shouting at us to get under the desks, but most of us were watching the fun.

I can well remember the day that France capitulated, too. After lunch, I was sitting at the top of the field in the hot sunshine with one of the Manleys, who had been home or out for lunch, or something, returned with the bad news. I shall never forget my feelings at that moment – I was convinced that all was lost and that we should be overrun by the Germans before the month was out. This was just before my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday.

We returned to School in the middle of August that year and much of the earlier part of the term was spent in the shelters, or outside watching, when not being watched ourselves!

Mention was made in the Official History of our contributions to the "Wings for Victory" and "Warship" weeks campaigns. During the former, I drew some Spitfire 1s and a Heinkel 111 for Mr Lockhart – these drawings were later used as templates for plywood symbols for the Town's "scoreboard", the fighter climbing towards the bomber. For Warship week I drew several pictures of HMS Fareham, which were on Exhibition in various places. I also won a prize for the best poster in the class. Whilst I was at Price's, it was customary for the cadet buglers to play a call on the terrace at the end of break. One great day, we bribed them (Cadogan and Johnston, I believe) to play a "Boys from Syracuse" type fanfare instead. "Shad." was livid.

**G.G. Smith**

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## **Before I Forget ...**

### **An article about Price's School before the Second World War**

On first consideration, one tends to think there must have been thousands of boys who went to Price's School before 1939, but in fact there were only 1,337, and of these time has taken its toll, as have two world wars. Now that both Price's School and Price's College have passed into history it is tempting to write about their demise, but that is best left to later historians. This article is about Price's School before the second war – a time of great stability in the school's history. It had been in existence more than 200 years and it seemed it would last for at least another 200 years. It is intended to talk about some of the people who were at the school and about life and customs there.

The admission registers are very interesting volumes not least because they allot an admission number to every boy. This enables a researcher today to determine the order of seniority of all the boys who ever attended Price's School.



The number 1 belonged to H.V. BONE (1908-10) and he attended on the first day the School opened in Park Lane. However, even he had to admit that C.W. (Bill) HAMMOND was senior to him, he having attended Price's School in West Street. Bill was the senior "Old Boy" to attend the 1971 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebrations when he was well into his eighties. There were 500 there on that July day in 1971 – a magnificent occasion. Even as late as that, few people present realised that the days of Price's School were numbered.

C.R. COGHLAN (1908-11) and his cousin, M.R. COGHLAN (1909-14) also attended the Anniversary Celebrations and were both well known in Fareham long after they left the school, M.R.'s father, H.R. COGHLAN had been one of the last headmasters in West Street. M.R. himself achieved fame by scoring 1,000 runs in the 1914 cricket season.

Only slightly junior to this pair, E.J. BEATIE (1910-12) disappeared almost without trace but, at the age of 86 returned from Ontario, Canada, to visit the old premises in September 1984.

G. CHIGNELL (1910-18) was one of the best known of early Priceans and a stalwart of the Old Pricean's Association all his life. 'Chiggy' was No. 83 and No. 84 was J.M. (Jessie) LEE (1911-18), He won the DSO in North Africa for great gallantry whilst in command of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment (now the Royal Hampshire Regiment).

E.H. DEAN-COOPER (1916-22) was the first Pricean to take a Classics degree at Oxford. So loyal was he to his old school that he visited it at least once a year until it closed – some 52 years. He was one of the few at the 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary who had also attended the 200<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in 1921. In his retirement he lives in Hassocks, Sussex, where no doubt (as a regular reader of 'Fareham Past and Present') he will read these words with a good deal of nostalgia, He can be assured there are still a few who recall him and others of his vintage with pleasure.

R.A. LEWRY (1921-28) was a native of Botley – and a great footballer going straight into the First Eleven as second-former. There he stayed for many years. During the later years of his 'reign' his reputation had become so formidable that visiting opponents would enquire anxiously 'Is Lewry still here?' They would have been greatly relieved when at long last they got the answer No!

Another of Price's greatest footballers was W.J. TUBBS (1933-39) from Swanmore – formidable indeed and daunting in stature. W.H. MARSHALL (1936-42) from Hamble was a worthy successor at both football and cricket. Alas, nothing has been heard from him since he left school.

There is not room to mention many more famous names, but room at least for J.C. DRAPER (1929-23). He became known to thousands of Hampshire people as an authority on Fareham Local History, Hampshire Flora and Hampshire (and British) Geology. His untimely death in 1982 continues to be a great loss to Fareham.

There were many Priceans who achieved eminence in one sphere or another, but there is no doubt at all that Price's School owed its fine reputation before the war to its staff. In those days masters took a post meaning to stay there and to contribute to the lore and traditions of their school. Both Mr. BRADLY, the first headmaster at Park Lane and Mr. ASHTON who succeeded him in 1934, selected men as much for their personal qualities as well as for their academic ones.

Both believed that education included physical activity and that the school's reputation was made partly, at least, on the sports field. Thus, all the staff were expected to take a share in organising games; not just the representative teams were involved; every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon there were organised games for as many as could be accommodated on the available pitches. The

house system with the four houses BLACKBROOK, CAMS, WESTBURY and SCHOOL HOUSE, was very strong. House matches were very serious matters.

All of this meant that everyone in the school knew everyone else. This is of course, part of the strength of a small school, and there were less than 200 boys on the roll in those days! It also meant that there were few problems of discipline, and never any in the classrooms, Anyone intending mischief knew precisely what weight of arm would stop him; and that was generally sufficient deterrent. This is not intended to suggest that there was a repressive atmosphere; rather, everyone knew his place.

The staff was full of characters, all very different individuals, yet blending together so that, to the boys, there appeared to be unanimity. In that small world.

At that time the masters were Olympians: they carried Price's School on their shoulders. The resources and facilities were Spartan but one feels quite certain that the Staff cared deeply about Price's School and so did the boys.

When Mr. BRADLY and Mr. JOHNSTON died in the early 1950s a host of Priceans mourned at their funerals and it is fitting that they take their rest within a few feet of each other in Fareham Cemetery.

The ritual of the school was very strong, enhanced by the daily assembly. This was not just the religious ceremony it might have appeared, superficially, to be. It was the time and place where the whole school met together and became an entity.

Now that all this has passed away it might be thought that memories of those days have grown dim. It is not so. 7<sup>th</sup> June 1984 was the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Mr. ASHTON's appointment as headmaster. Mr. P.R. WATKINS, the last Principal of Price's College planned what was to be a modest celebration of the occasion, anticipating 40 or 30 guests with a limited advertisement. However, 'wind' of the intentions got abroad and in the event, one hundred and twenty paid homage to Mr. ASHTON, mostly of the pre-war days or the 1940s. Messrs. GARTON, FOSTER and HILTON of the pre-war staff and, interestingly, five members of the 1938-39 Fifth form. (V.J. CLANEY, K.B. POWELL, E.V. TITHERIDGE, T.W. WALTERS and G.B. DURANT)

The war in 1939 changed many aspects of society and it changed Price's School too, but that is another story. There were still more than thirty years, distinguished ones also, before the end came, The memories of the pre-war period remain strong in the minds of these thirteen hundred men, or of as many of them who survive. Soon, too soon, the words of the psalmist will be true:

'The Wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.'

PRICEANS 1937



HEADMASTER Mr. ASHTON (centre) and Messrs. SHAW, JOHNSTON, SHADDOCK, BROWN



Messrs. HILTON, GARTON, THACKER, FOSTER



G.B. DURANT, W.J. TUBBS, C.J. VERDON  
W.H. MARSHALL, N. KERVILL, J. COOK

### Extracts from the Admissions Register

Name	Admission no.	Years at school
H.V. Bone	1	1908-10
C.F. Coghlan	28	1908-11
M.R. Coghlan	45	1909-14
E.J. Beatie	80	1910-12
G. Chignell	83	1910-18
J.M. Lee	84	1911-18
D.R. Masterman	138	1912-15
D.E. Gregory	139	1912-20
E.H. Dean-Cooper	268	1916-22
T.G. Wagstaffe	392	1918-23
W.V. Cook	438	1919-24
D.A. Hayward	445	1919-25
D.C. Humphries	544	1921-30
R.A. Lewry	547	1921-28
A.J. Bark	600	1922-30
H.J. Dimmer	655	1924-30
S.H. Pullinger	843	1928-33
J.C. Draper	886	1929-33
M.C. Privett	911	1930-36
K.B. Powell	1049	1933-39
W.J. Tubbs	1051	1933-39
C.J. Verdon	1086	1934-39
W.H. Marshall	1205	1936-42
R.K. Ockenden	1327	1938-44

Roy E. Daysh

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### **The Staff Room in War (1939-45)**

In the war of 1914-18 boys' grammar schools were, broadly speaking, in a state of chaos. The demands of the forces for manpower meant that, in many places, the Headmaster was left to cope, assisted by a miscellaneous rabble of the aged, the unfit and some brave women, now coping on the home-front, for the first time, more or less on an equality with men. Price's, as it happened, fared much better than most. In any case, the mistake was not repeated in 1939-45. Apart from the Headmaster, Johnston and Shaddock were in full vigour and Shaw, Garton and I, although of military age, were old enough to be exempt as of a 'reserved occupation', although all of us, from before the war, had volunteered for the Warden's branch of ARP (Years' before, I might remind youthful addicts of 'Dad's army', the Home Guard was ever thought of). Moreover, Fareham was a 'neutral' area; we were neither evacuated nor did we receive refugees. We just carried on as best we could and I must say I think we did very well.

So although when the School assembled in September 1939 Garrett, Hilton, Brown, Foster and Hollingworth appeared no more, there was a bunch of old-timers. Moreover, Howard-Jones made a brief first appearance and Royds-Jones was soon with us, to stay throughout the war and for long after. Marsh, lame but indomitable, made a memorable contribution too. Jock Lockhart, the greatest of Art Masters, continued to come over from Petersfield until the County authorities, in a fit



of megalomania, queried his qualifications. The result was that Jock transferred first to Bristol and afterwards to Portsmouth while we were joined by a moron who wrote out his timetable in Greek letters in the fond belief that nobody else would be able to read it. I don't think it occurred to him that nobody would want to read it anyway.

Soon, however, we crossed the great divide and women appeared in the Staff Room, not fleeting spies but in battalions, though certainly not sorrows. "I'm in des-PAIR!" Ruth Sims would say, her eyes gleaming with joy, as she banged a pile of books down on the Staff Room table. "When we had women in the Staff Room," said Shaddock with mock pathos, "we thought we should have to be careful of what we said; but now we have to be careful; of what we hear." Of those who stayed only for a short time some found discipline difficult, but no more than some of the men; and none of them was to be compared with the character whom Shaw, with his customary charity, called "the Rattlesnake."

The Chemistry Laboratory, whose roof, under previous tents, had occasionally reverberated to explosions of wrath, was ruled serenely by Miss Kinnear, whom a naval officer who won fame at Narvik, transformed into Mrs. Stanning. The English Master was assisted first by Mrs. Hayes, who only just topped five feet but who knew how to deal with boys; whatever their size or quantity. Then, when her maternal interests called imperatively, she was succeeded by Ruth Mullen's, a fine teacher and a lifelong friend. It was she and her inseparable, the other Ruth, soon to be Mrs. Shepherd, whom Shaddock had chiefly in mind when he made his remark. Miss Harcourt was a most conscientious teacher of Scripture and marked so conscientiously that she resorted to half marks. As she had the greatest difficulty even in adding whole numbers, her plight at the end of term was piteous. However, her method of marking had the unforeseen consequence of making Scripture a most important subject when it came to Final Orders. Top boys in English got, maybe, 60 or 70. Top boy in Scripture would have, more likely, 98.

On the whole, we got on very happily. Mr. Ashton had a lot to do with this. Like my own great Headmaster when I was a boy at Dover, he moved around and got to know everyone. How much he knew about the school always astonished me. Consequently, he was seldom taken by surprise and was usually to be found at the right spot at the right time. Mrs. Ashton, a lady *sans peur et sans reproche*, was a source of encouragement to everyone. In the war years, as Mr. Taylor remarks, England, for the first and perhaps the last time, was a democratic society. When a policeman came round to ask people to lock their doors at night the war was over. Even Gale, in his retirement, composed his thirty-year feud with Johnston.

So our quarrels were soon composed. An attempt to have works by Bertrand Russell removed from the Library was dealt with firmly by Mr. Ashton without the need for the Librarian to perform any deeds of valour. Only twice have I seen B.R.S., almost, but not quite, speechless with fury and the more remarkable occasion occurred in these years. At the end of one term Ruth Shepherd and Ruth Mullens conceived the admirable idea of tidying up the Staff Room and set about the task in the spirit of Heracles dealing with the Augean stables. Order began to emerge from chaos; the pair looked at their work and saw that it was good – so far as it went. Two shelves the most chaotic and Augean of all, remained untouched. For a while they considered the matter and then went over to the attack with the determination of the Eighth Army at El Alamein. By the time Shaw arrived on the scene his shelves were neat, tidy unrecognizable. He became a misogynist for at least two hours.

This was almost but not quite, Ruth Shepherd's swan song. That was delivered after she had left and become a mother. Revisiting the Staff Room just before emigrating to Australia, she gave a minute by minute account of her accouchement. Even Shaddock listened enthralled. It was a masterpiece of narrative art. However, Mrs. Longworth, the wife of a naval officer at Collingwood, arrived to take her place, so there was no flagging in the School's enthusiasm for its French lessons.

Her Christian name was Amelia, which she shortened to Li, as she and everyone else realised that her god-parents had made a mistake. Mr Longworth, an admirable cricketer (Lancashire 2<sup>nd</sup> XI and Lancashire league), had an equally high spirit and when one faced them, still more when they faced one another, on a tennis court, one realised what Yorkshire have to contend with on a Bank Holiday at Old Trafford.

I shall never forget the Rev. E.G. Braham whose view of life, oddly enough, made him more congenial to me than to Miss Harcourt. He had been distinguished as an RAF Pilot in the First World War as his son was in the Second. He was an author, a theologian, an examiner for London University degrees and he had an immense zest for life. He had left the Congregational Church for the Anglican and at this time was vicar of Newtown. I asked him once why he had not become a Catholic, "After all, the most these people can do for you is to make you an Archbishop." He looked gloomy for a moment and then a cheerful smile broke through. He slapped me on the back and said, "Married, old boy, married!" He left us soon after the war ended, full of vigour, and it was a bitter shock when he died a few years later. He was a wonderful fellow to disagree with.

One day, going to my form, late as usual, I came across a lady, who only lasted one term, weeping in the corridor and nerving herself to face her class. I sallied into her room and made the best speech I ever made in my life. It only lasted about two minutes, but, I tell you the truth, it was superb. I gave that class my opinion of its origins, its present condition and its predictable future. Then suddenly I realised that I could not maintain that level for another sentence, so I marched out as precipitately as I had entered. When she left she thanked me and said that I had given her peace for almost a week. I still feel proud when I think of that.

Which provides an admirable precedent for shutting up now.

Herbert Ralph Thacker

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### **Peter Keemer remembers Price's during the War...**

Most of the interesting and amusing recollections of Price's staff have been about the post-war contingent - after my time. Here are a few memories of wartime, mainly short term and temporary, people (men and women), in no particular order.

'Boggy' Marsh who walked with a limp and a stick and took 2nd form maths and history; relatively normal with no special characteristics except difficulty in hearing boys' names - 'Hardy?' - no Sir 'Harding – ding'; thereafter known as 'Dinger'.

Pincher Martin from Ireland (art and woodwork) who couldn't bring himself to give less than 10 out of 10 for any piece of work, so awarded 11 and 12 out of 10 for anything remotely talented. Fairly free with detentions, which were entered in pencil and had usually disappeared by the time the detention register was taken back to its place in the corridor; slightly embarrassing when he relented and sent for the register so that he could delete an entry.

A little French lady (can't remember her name) who looked round the door and said "Are you ready for me boys?" and then went away when she got the inevitable response.

She was succeeded by a very glamorous Mrs Longworth, who left on becoming pregnant amidst much wishful thinking among the more senior boys!

'Fluff' Jewel (music) whose efforts to form a respectable choir were regularly thwarted as our voices broke.

Miss Harcourt (RI) who glared at anyone who called her 'Miss' until they added her name; this was an open invitation to 'Snaky' Bedford to bait her: 'Miss'; 'Miss Harcourt, Miss'; 'Miss Harcourt, Miss Harcourt ...Miss' etc. She usually gave up first.

Later we had Mr Howe for RI who had a ramshackle ? Austin 7 known to the boys as Sennacherib's Cylinder.

Dr Braham (chemistry) best remembered for his more famous son, a Wing Commander pilot who came to the school to tell us of his exploits in battle.

That we survived all this was probably due to the efforts of the stalwarts who were not called for military service - Bert Shaw, Thacker, Ron Garton (I'm glad someone mentioned his frequent use of "Now this is the point" as 'The Point' was one of his nicknames in our era). Royds Jones ("The Wick" to our generation which I always took to indicate a schoolboy corruption of "the vicar"). And not forgetting Jim Shaddock (physics), who valiantly demonstrated experiments which were usually wrecked when someone walked across the shaky floor of the "laboratory" in the temporary first world war army hut; and Olly Johnson (Latin) - famous for being arrested by the Italian authorities for "spying" when climbing in the Alps with Martin Privett just before the war. Olly devoted much t.l.c. to the cricket pitches and regularly wanted boys to stay after school to pull the mower while he steered "c-c-c-can you mow, boy?"

(the irreverent ode to the staff at the time included for these two:

*A little low-hung white-haired job called Jim,*

*who - at the best of times - looked very grim;*

*A relic of the Carthaginian war;*

*"sh - sh - shet up, you; D - D - Ditchburn, c - c - can you do some more?"*

*- can anyone remember any more of this?)*

Finally, a tribute to George Ashton, who managed to teach me enough maths to get a respectable place in the open civil service competition. And that's enough of these ramblings which, if at all, will only mean anything to the geriatric OPs.

On your latest e-mail about the Victor Ludorum, it was as I recall it, one of the few trophies for individual performance (most were for House teams) and with the 3,2,1 scoring system went to the real all round athlete on Sports Day, not just those who were brilliant at one or two events.

Best wishes,

Peter Keemer

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## Memories of School Life as a Boarder at Price's School [1941-49]

At 9 years of age I started at Price's School as a Boarder from 1941 to 1947 and became a day boy when the Boarding option was closed

I arrived in the evening during term time at George Ashton's study together with my mother and grandfather, who handed me over to Matron who showed me to the dormitory and my bed, followed by a visit to the dining room where the boarders were



doing their homework. Next day I was taken into school to join a class appropriate to my age group. Introductions were by a senior boy.

I quickly got into the rhythm of life at Price's School.

All boarders were confined to the school premises except for Sundays when we were marched across the playing fields and through the bottom gate to church. We had been issued with a three penny piece for the collection but on some occasions we just tapped the collection bag as it went by and kept the three-penny-piece. Very naughty!

I soon became one of George and Anne Ashton's favourites which allowed me to help with various tasks behind the scenes. On reflection, it was probably because I was one of the youngest boarders and George Ashton would have known that my father had died when I was four years of age. Although George Ashton was an authoritative figure I saw him as a father figure and we seemed to have some sort of relationship.

A Southampton Football Club Scout offered me a trial. I discussed this with George Ashton who said *"it was no career for a grammar school boy"*.

Ollie Johnson, who was a teacher at Price's School before the war had returned after the war and, unbeknown to us, lived in the house overlooking the school sports field. I was always interested in sport, and one day when the field was officially closed we boarders started playing football. The next thing Ollie Johnson admonished us and sent us packing. However, Ollie Johnson having been a hockey player in his time, was interested in having a school hockey team. He produced some sticks and started teaching us boarders the rules of the game. I dropped football and took up hockey, and since then have played the game throughout most of my adult life.

Matron, having some connection with Portsmouth football team, had in her possession 3 tickets for a forthcoming home match which she gave to three of us. We had to approach George Aston for permission to go which he reluctantly gave, but consideration was given to the fact that it was Matron's idea in the first place. We took a bus from Fareham to Gosport Harbour and then the ferry across the harbour and onto a special bus to the ground. We noticed that a bus with a full load of passengers going away from the Portsmouth ground, and we learned that the match had been cancelled due to the pitch being snowbound. We returned to school rather deflated and disappointed to say the least.

One of my friends was Peter Dennis Elliot Gregory, the older brother of the author of the book *"Prices 1721"*. We lived fairly close together in Gosport, so we were not only mates at school but also spent time together during school holidays.

D-Day. We woke up one morning several days before D-Day to find the school fields full of military lorries. We thought they were Americans with thoughts of approaching them with "got any gum chum?" but they turned out to be Canadians.

The top floor of the School House was our Dormitory and I remember it being larger than it is shown in the photograph. This was occupied by Juniors and when we passed our Eleven Plus we became Seniors and moved down to the floor below, which was divided into individual cubicles. We had a bed, wardrobe and desk each. I passed my 11+ (as all boarders did) but at the time there was no spare cubicle so I had to stay in the Dorm until one became free.

I was an original member of the Scout Troup, but when I was old enough I transferred to the Army Cadet Force where I reached the mighty rank of Corporal. *Reference the photograph of the band. I was in the band at the rear playing the bugle.*

The following are some answers to questions:

Prep.? - 6 to 9 pm Monday to Friday in the Dining Room.

Parents allowed to visit? – NO.

Boarding was - ? full time.

Allowed out into town? – NO.

Day-boy friends allowed in the evenings? – NO.

Supplementary food sources permitted? - YES the Tuck shop.

Transport? My mother collected me by bus for school holidays.

Home, sick or ill? The Doctor would be asked to visit. The only time we saw home was during the school holidays.

Cohesiveness?. Plenty of comradeship. No sense of differences.

Barry Callon

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## How We Lived Then

The classroom was like countless others – gloomy overcrowded and musty with that odd smell of chalk dust which is common to classrooms all over the world. This particular room was in Germany, the teacher was a major in the Intelligence Corps and the subject was Security.

After the first hour of lecturing, I was more interested in trying to think where I'd seen one of the other "pupils". His face was vaguely familiar and during the coffee break we got down to that old army game of "where have we met before". The names of distant outposts of lost empires rattled out in quick succession. The solution to the puzzle lay in Park Lane, Fareham. We were Priceans, his name David Brown, and he'd been about two years my junior.

For the rest of the week, during the breaks we talked "Price's" and the personalities we knew, half forgotten names and faces came flooding back on waves of nostalgia.

By the end of the week I'd resolved to do something I'd meant to do for years. I applied to become an Old Pricean. The reply from school came very quickly, as did the first copy of "Lion" that I had seen for over 25 years. It contained an article by Mr. Thacker on the Staff Room in War. It set me thinking...

I came to the school in September 1941, very conscious that my cap was different from everyone else's, and totally lost in what to me was an enormous and mysterious organisation. I remember that the thing that impressed me most of all on that first day was that the end of a period was signalled by the tuck of drum, and the end of breaks and the lunch break by bugle call. Any school which went out of its way to provide that sort of diversion I thought, must be good!

I was put into the second form and all went well until the first French period – this was before the days of Mrs. Shepherd, née Sims, and we were too lowly for Mr. Shaw. Consequently, we suffered under the hand of a gentleman of, I think, French Canadian antecedents, whose sole teaching aid was his umbrella. He used it to make points of pronunciation and syntax in French, and bruises in

us; if he was particularly upset he would throw the books of the boy or boys concerned along the corridor. As you came back from collecting your books you received a wristy late cut from the broolly! His wrist work was excellent. His French instruction was less-so we gathered, and he left fairly quickly.

It was during this year that I had my only Latin instruction under the famous Mr. Johnston. I learnt no Latin, (I was a poor scholar) but I did get to know one of the great characters of Price's. I shall never forget him sweeping into class in a rusty gown and gumboots and herding us all out onto the First XI square to pull dandelions. I have hated gardening ever since, but to hear 'Olly' Johnston talk of Italy was something we all enjoyed.

And so into 3b, which threw together the hardest bunch of characters I think I have ever come across. Picture poor Miss Harcourt, vainly trying to put across some theological point by means of a hastily produced playlet, while the smaller of the Nickless brothers, who had had himself pushed up in the air at the back of one of the sliding black boards, gazed at us 'Chad' like over the top of the board.

Then I recall Mr. Marsh, moving surprisingly quickly for a man with a gammy leg, prodding the delinquent with his stick, and muttering 'Get out you lout'. This was usually followed by Detention – a Wednesday afternoon spent adding up endless 'Civil Service Tots', when you might have been seeking an early death running to Fontley and back in the rain – what a choice.

This was the time of the great scandal of the school, when two brothers were expelled; happily I can remember neither their names or crimes. I can only remember the enormous impact it made at the time and the hushed tones in which it was discussed. And so to the Remove, in which form I had the distinction of serving twice! In those days the Remove had no form room and all our belongings were stowed in lockers along the corridor, the other forms when passing invariably pulled all our things out and kicked them, or us, which ever was easier. It did however give us an excuse for lost prep and mislaid books.

During this time the war was at its height, and air raids were frequent. The great thing was to get as many of your so-called friends into the same air raid shelter, then all keep pushing along the benches until the boys at the end either fell into the toilets or were forced up the escape hatch to appear again at the entrance of the shelter with some fatuous excuse to the master or prefect on duty.

And then to the fourth form – a form room again and the real pleasure of Mr. Shaw for Geography and Mr. Thacker for English, though I shall never forget his way of finding a 'lost' book. This was the end of the 'Pincher' Martin era for art and woodwork and instead of Physics, E.M. Royds-Jones took us for PT. For Physics we had graduated to the redoubtable Mr. Shaddock. For Chemistry, we had moved from Mr. Garton to the Rev. Braham, Rector of Newtown. If the subject got too difficult, we would get him talking about the exploits of his son, a famous night fighter ace, or Plato, or current affairs, or anything but Chemistry.

Is the Tin Room still standing I wonder? Boys who had packed lunches had to eat in the Tin Room – it looked like something between a battery hen house and the restraint ward in Bedlam with just a touch of Dante's Inferno, on wet days.

Then came the fifth form with the sudden and awful realisation that "School Cert" was only about eight months off and we knew nothing. However, this was the age of Spinner, Chapman, Anscombe, Hall and a host of other jokers who made that last year a joy forever, if not a thing of beauty!

Mr. T.W. Foster and Mr. Hilton had both returned from the war to teach us French and Chemistry respectively, though when confronted by the Spinner, Chapman etc. chorus line, I imagine there were times when they wished that the war was still unwon. At least in the Forces they'd appeared to be on the winning side.

All too quickly it seemed the examinations came and went and we'd sung "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing" for the last time, and were cast upon an unsuspecting world and so ended our school days.

Upon re-reading Mr. Thacker's piece, I realised, not without a slight pang of remorse, that I'd been one of the miscreants mentioned in his penultimate paragraph. I forget the lady's name, but I shall never forget the trauma of his short moving speech! He was even right about my future. As I recall it, he said we were lot of thugs and embryo assassins.

Ian Winfield

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## The War Years

### Personalities

The masters who left for service in the armed forces were replaced by a mix of women and older men:

*"Boggy" Marsh* – 2A Form Master and Maths, who walked with a limp

*Miss Marjorie Harcourt* - RI & History, who didn't like being called "Miss", so - Snaky Bedford "yes Miss"; MH "Miss what" SB "Miss Harcourt, Miss"; MH - Eyebrows raised and glare: SB "Miss Harcourt, Miss Harcourt, Miss" etc. "Yes, Miss"

*"Pincher" Martin* – Woodwork and Art

*Mrs Longworth* – French – a rather glamorous lady.

A very small French lady (? name) – who would look in the door and say "Are you ready for me boys?" get the inevitable answer and go away.

*Dr Braham* - ? RI / Science; his son served in the RAF with a distinguished war record – I think he gave talks at Price's about his exploits. He was a prisoner of war at one point and Dr Braham used to ask us all to listen to broadcasts from the continent in the hope of picking up information about him.

*Miss Vivienne "Fluff" Jewel* - Music whose attempts to produce a choir were frustrated as boys' voices broke. Rode her bicycle to school from her house on the Gosport Rd.

The masters who remained provided the backbone for the school and kept the limited sports going:



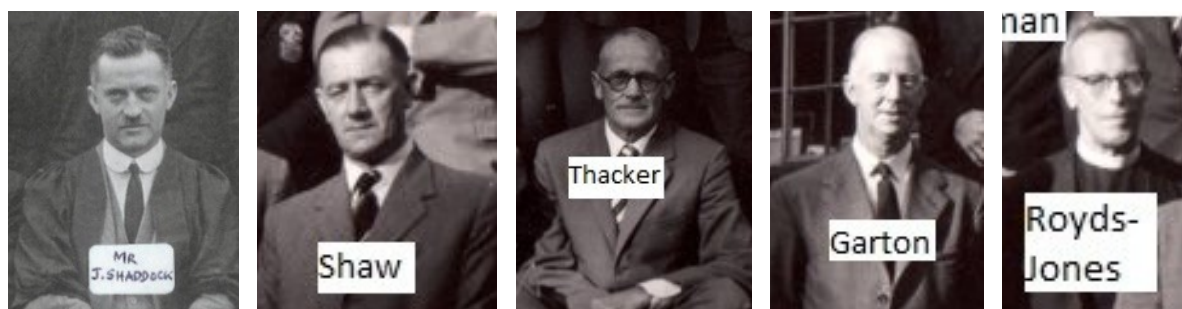
*George Ashton (GAA)* – Headmaster and Maths for V<sup>th</sup> & VI<sup>th</sup> Forms. MA Christ's College, Cambridge. Had been a good soccer player, and played centre-forward for his college with F.N.S. Creek, a famous sports writer and commentator of the time.

*"Olly" Johnson (ROJ)* - Latin and coaching the Colts Cricket XI and tending the cricket squares. Used to pay a penny (per bucket?) of weeds to boys who would do pitch-weeding during the holidays. He would come quietly up to people (mainly 5th formers) and ask "Can you mow, boy?" which was an





invitation to be harnessed to the hand-mower to cut the cricket squares after school. He went to Keble College, Oxford. Read theology and trained for priesthood, but never became ordained. Played hockey for England, and was an important person in Hampshire hockey circles. Before the war the school had been known as “the nursery of Hampshire hockey.”



*1920s*  
*Late 1950s*  
**Jim Shaddock** – Physics; shell-shocked and white hair from 1<sup>st</sup> World War. i/c Cadet Corps until 1944. Westbury Housemaster

**Bert Shaw (BRS)** – Geography and 1st XI Cricket master – coaching and refereeing / umpiring cricket, football & hockey. School House housemaster. A successful practitioner of swing bowling, and had been an outstanding tennis player. He had read modern languages at Oxford, but did not teach them. Deputy Head. Married Headmaster Bradley’s daughter.

**Ralph Thacker (HRT)** English. Sixth Form Arts form master. St John’s College, Oxford. Editor of ‘The Lion’. Blackbrook Housemaster.

**Ron “Ginger/Gunga” Garton** – Chemistry & ? Maths and football? –his pupils competed to count how often he said “Now this is the point....” during a lesson; reputed to have been on Arsenal’s books before turning to teaching. Took us through the Laws of Cricket during non-corps periods, so that we knew them better than most umpires.

**The Revd Royds-Jones** - physics and PE Also vicar/curate? of Church of St Peter and St Paul. (Did the articles of governance of the school stipulate that there must be an ordained minister of Sts P and P on the staff? I think so.) Lived until he was 99, and went bungy-jumping on his birthday.

We are missing one Housemaster. I think Garton may have been Cams.

Other stalwarts were Alf the caretaker and his sister who was one of the cooks. Alf’s father Eli? Recall the huge horse-roller we used to push.

## **Facilities**

The addition of a new Hall in pre-1939 I think, meant it was no longer necessary to fold back the screen between two classrooms for morning assembly. But there were still not enough classrooms to accommodate everyone as the school had expanded. So Form 2B and the Physics Lab were in decrepit First World War army huts on the sports field. Jim’s physics experiments were often ruined when someone moved about and the whole place vibrated.



*Hall Pre-1930*

Later, as the VI<sup>th</sup> Form grew and divided into Arts and Science, the Arts group used the Library and VI Science was housed in another hut. But at least it was brick built and relatively comfortable.

The VI<sup>th</sup> Arts leavers in 1949 were notable. They were: Innocent, Miskin, Watts, Higgins, Figes, and the first four of these all won places at Oxford or Cambridge.

The use of Church bells during the war was reserved to sound the warning for an invasion, so the school bell above the Tin Room (which housed the Prefects Study in the corner) could not be used to summon the boys back to their form rooms. Instead, a member of the Cadet Corps Band (often Roy Rolf) stood at the corner of the School and played a bugle.

## **Food**

School lunches helped to supplement family rations. At Price's the boarders usually had roast meat on Sundays. The leftovers were the basis for lunches for the rest of the week – cold on Monday, minced on Tuesday (Wednesday - no school lunch as morning only school and sports p.m.), stew on Thursday and (a very watery) soup on Friday.

The meals improved greatly after the 44 Act when caterers came in. At some point the Tin Room became the place where the sandwich boys ate their sandwiches supervised by the sandwich-eating prefects.

The Prefects organised the sale of buns during the morning break – when 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of a pint of milk was issued free to every child of school age.

The prefects could be (just) distinguished by their black (instead of dark blue) caps. In about 48 a tassel attached to the button on the top of the cap was introduced to mark them out more clearly. These tassels were made by Mrs Figes - one of the mothers.

## **Roll Call in the Hall**

Before 1944 Education Act, which outlawed such amateurism, I expect, morning registration was a strange business. The whole school (including the prep school) gathered in the hall for morning assembly. At the right of each form (looked at from the Head's dais) stood a prefect with a form list. At a given signal (what was the signal?) all the prefects began to shout out their list, and all the boys shouted back 'Here!' as their names were called. The noise was huge, and I always wondered how on earth the prefects could be sure that someone was present. I don't remember any master being present during this raucous procedure. (After the Act, registers were taken by the form master at the beginning of first lesson.)

The other rather strange thing, and this went on throughout our time at the school, was that no member of staff was involved in the choosing of the bible reading which was part of the assembly. So the prefect who was the reader for the day would choose his own reading and go up to the Head's dais and read his selected piece when he got the nod from the Head. "The lesson is taken from the nth chapter of (whichever book of the Old or New Testament.) I remember Foster going up and reading : "Jesus wept..." Here endeth the lesson."

George Ashton took almost every assembly. He would use the collect for the day and one of the other BCP morning prayer collects. Thus we got to know these collects rather well. The next most likely person to take assembly was R.O.Johnson. He would always include the Cardinal Newman prayer, which came to be known as Ollie's prayer, " ... until the shades lengthen and the evening falls ..." etc. If no pianist was available, he would lead the hymn singing standing on a bench halfway down the hall on the right-hand side.

## Games

If there were no house matches or similar taking place, every Wednesday autumn and spring term during morning lessons, a member of staff, usually Bert Shaw, would come round and ask if anyone wanted to play in a “voluntary”. Many of us would.

In one junior cricket house match, School House v Cams (?), Rudling, the School House junior captain, scored 103, and Cams were all out for one leg-bye off the leg of Chinnery. This must be some sort of world record. Am I the only person who remembers this? Have I imagined it? (Date? 49/50?)

## The Archives

By some sort of spontaneous combustion, a combination of 6.1 Arts and George Watts 6.2 Arts began writing various original pieces. His was the outstanding contribution “*Ashtun Agonistes*” by Georgivus Quodus. There were other very fine contributions. I (CPN) am still the Keeper of the Archives, and have them. We kept them in one of the drawers (provided for us to keep our belongings) under the fiction library in 6 Arts. One day, for no particular reason, our form Master, HRT went through the drawers. We held our breath when he came to the special draw which contained only The Archives in solitary splendour. To our horror, he picked up the file, glanced quickly at it, and carried it off. We thought we would be expelled, as many of the pieces were libellous or indecent, to say the least. Reports came from the form he went on to teach through the day: “He didn’t teach us. He set us work, and sat reading this file, and laughing away to himself!”

The following day, he caught me quietly on my own (I was Head Boy) and told me to keep the file more safely. Nothing more was said. In later years he told me how proud he had been to find that his pupils were being so inventive in the literary sphere, and wondered how we found the time amongst all our other commitments to write the pieces.

The following pieces are extracts from wartime Lion Magazines. Regulations prohibited the publication of information regarding the whereabouts of serving OPs and, with many in Service, that “keeping in touch” aspect of its role was put into abeyance. The War time publication of Lion magazines was as follows:

1939	3 issues, 10 / 24 / 19 pp
1940	2 issues, 16 / 19 pp
1941	2 issues, 8 / 9 pp
1942	2 issues, 10 / 11 pp
1943	2 issues, 15 / 10 pp
1944	1 issue, 15 pp
1945	3 issues, 18 / 15 / 15 pp

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## The Boarding Life and Prep

### Price's Prep School

The Prep School was a private fee-paying venture run by the Governors / Trustees and the Headmaster of Price's. I do not know when it was started, but it finished in 1948 along with the Boarders with the general reorganisation brought about by the 1944 Education Act.

The uniform was light grey trousers and blazer, with a light grey cap bearing the Price's lion. (And possibly a red star emanating from the button on top of the cap, or a red panel in the cap?) The Prep School boys joined the main school for assembly each morning taken by the Headmaster in the school hall.



The Lower Prep. was housed in a prefab hut north of the School House. There was a lengthy dividing brick wall between the main school / School House grounds and a long narrow piece of land on which stood the Lower Prep. (And, further away from Trinity Street / Park Lane roughly parallel to the CCF armoury and the cloakrooms/changing rooms, the air-raid shelters. There were two of these. They were long, Nissan hut type erections covered with earth and turf. They could seat the whole Main school and prep schools.)

There were perhaps twenty boys in the one class of the Lower Prep, taught by Miss Dowman, a most pleasant and patient lady who cycled from Lee-on-the-Solent to school. She was thirty-something, I guess. I remember little of the lessons, except the delight of our being read to by Miss Dowman at the end of each afternoon. She read *Treasure Island* to us. Magic! I think this was the only time of the day when I was silent. I was constantly being sent out of the classroom for talking, and had to stand in the cloak-room inside the entrance to the hut. I was terrified of being found by the Headmaster of the Main School, Mr George Ashton, on one of his occasional visits to the Lower Prep, so I used to stand against the wall under the coats hanging on the pegs in the hope that he would not see me were he to visit.



At one point, I suppose in an attempt to modernise the curriculum, a work-book about the outside world was introduced. I found this extremely boring, and made things more interesting by giving birth to *The Black Knife*. This was a secret gang, of which I was the only member. When they were unaware, it wrote in people's books threatening messages signed *The Black Knife* and illustrated by a long dagger dripping blood. Whereas I saw this as a joke, others felt threatened, apparently, and the matter was taken to the Head. He appeared in the Lower Prep and demanded to know the identity of this

*Black Knife*. Being an extremely honest lad, I owned up immediately. I was taken to the School House and there, in the place of punishment (the boarders' lobby), I received three strokes of Mr Ashton's canes on my behind. Very painful, and rather excessive, it seemed to me, as punishment for my very successful prank. (I was more terrified of my parents' learning of this punishment than of the punishment itself, and was terrified that they would spot the red weals on my behind, where they were visible for over a week.)



I joined the Lower Prep in 1941, but after a short time I was moved out of my year, I suppose because it was clear I was not being stretched – hence my constant talking. I went into the Upper Prep, which was housed in the school house dining room. The Upper Prep was divided into Sets 2, 3 and 4, totalling in all perhaps thirty pupils, the Lower Prep counting as Set 1. All three sets were presided over by Miss Strong who handled all three with ease and efficiency, teaching them sometimes together and sometimes separately. She was an extremely good school mistress. There was no talking from under-occupied youngsters in her care! She was tall and rather thin, and apart from in her character, no great beauty. But she was firm, fair, and engaging. We all liked and respected her. I was put straight into Set 3 and then moved up into the top set 4, in a relatively short time. There were two or three extremely able boys in that set (plus one there in recognition of his extreme old age and not of his intelligence!) and I never managed to beat two of them (Hounsom? and Greenfield?) in overall competition.

I went into the main school (which started as Forms 2A and B, presumably as the Prep counted as form 1) in 1941. As I had been moved swiftly from the Lower to the Upper Prep, and then straight into Set 3 I had somehow missed out on two years, so I was 9+ instead of 11+ when I moved up, and remained two years younger than almost everyone else (except Shaddock) throughout my school days until I caught up by spending 4 years in the Sixth form until I was old enough to do my National Service two years, followed by Oxford.

Patrick Nobes

*Ed: There is further content relating to the working of the School in the war years in the Lion Pride Chapter "Old Priceans".*

*It is in the "Old Priceans" Chapter that Lion extracts listing Honours and Casualties for Priceans appear.*

## Chapter sequence in the Lion Pride

Chapter No.	Title	Pages	File Size (KB)
1	The Cultural Life of the School	43	6630
2	Introduction	11	4030
3	Boarding and up to 1949	44	21,285
4	The Buildings	47	136,380
5	The 50s, 60s and 70s.	56	7,236
6	Extra-curricular Life of the School	45	7,230
7	The Charity School and the Family Price	50	3,901
8	The Cadet Force	62	21,452
9	Price's Sixth Form College	82	55,700
10	The Major Sports: Football, Hockey and Cricket 1 <sup>st</sup> XIs	76	7,388
11	Price's Time Line	13	1,492
12	The Price's (9 <sup>th</sup> Fareham) Scout Troop	65	57,545
13	Minor Sports	112	43,857
14	The Library	21	14,578
15	Athletics and the Steeplechase	26	3,769
16	Spirit of Adventure	45	19,214
17	Academic Performance	66	12,925
18	The Lion Magazine and Other Publications	46	12,925
19	Price's Creators	142	30,009
20	The Old Priceans	76	17,703
21	The Tercentenary Celebrations	53	40,099
22	Religion in the Life of the School.	36	11,634
23	A Portrait of William Price	13	2,500
24	Closing Thoughts	11	23,214