Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"M" Surnames

Malone	Peter	
Manley	Nick	
Manley	Ray	
Marlow	Derek	
Mather	Kenneth Edward	
Mathews	Chris	
Maule-Cole		
May	Mr. Alf	
May	I.M.H.	
McDowell	Tom & Bob	1972 – 1976
McLarty	Eric	
Meadows	Phillip & Constance	1915 - 1921
Millard	H.A.	
Mollard	Mr. P.W.	1954 - 1967
Moran	Steve	
Mortimer	Richard	
Morton	Tery R.	
Moxey	Brian	
Mullins	G.R.H., **M.C.**	
Mundy	Revd. T.W.	

Malone	Peter	Dates	



Peter Malone was born at Fareham, Hampshire. Soon after graduating in fine art, he taught drawing to art foundation students but for the last twenty years he has worked as an illustrator. For the most part he has illustrated classic and modern books, for both children and adults, for publishers in Britain and the United States. He has also undertaken commissions for Royal Mail stamps, editorial work and design projects. His work has been chosen frequently for exhibition at the AOI and SOI, gaining two bronze awards and certificates of merit. The books which he has illustrated have been translated into languages as diverse as Korean and Catalan and have been consistently well reviewed.

He works in gouache and watercolour.

Past clients include: Orion, Running Press, Chronicle Books, Arthur A. Levine Books, Penguin Putnam, Knopf, Pavilion, Random House, Lothrop, Harper Collins, Dorling Kindersley, The Folio Society, Templar Books, Holiday House, The New Yorker, Royal Mail, Decca.

In press reviews his work has been described as- 'lyrical; witty; poignant; haunting; exuberant; modern yet traditional; ethereal and earthy; brilliant with colour and feeling; sophisticated in composition; full of theatrical panache; possessing a unique enchantment that a thoughtful child will return to again and again; elegant paintings that interpret rather than simply illustrate; zesty characterisations; somewhere between Bosch and Rousseau; a marriage of Edward Gorey and the Pre-Raphaelites; he gives the child a detailed, complex but uncluttered world to explore'.

His artwork is highly sought-after by publishers and collectors alike.

"He went on to become a successful professional artist and illustrator. I remember him in the art room calmly, Zen-like, producing detailed, psychedelic and mysterious paintings. He was later commissioned, among many other things, to produce a set of postage stamps." **Tony Hiles**



A World of Words



Beauty and the Beast



Fire



Book illustrations

In Peter's own words:

"Dear David,

Thank you for considering me for inclusion. Not sure how many words you want but here goes.

My mother's cousins, Walter, Charles and Alan Jones, all attended Price's before the war. She pushed me to pass my eleven plus with old test papers so that when the day came, I could hit the ground running. "Don't open the envelope yourself but take it home for your parents". What colour would the note inside be? Fortunately, it was pink. I can't remember what, if any, expectations I had of the next seven years. Confirmation that one was quite bright, after all, and the confidence that that brings? I gained a place in the Remove, which meant that I would be fast tracked to 'O' level exams at fifteen. Delighted, my mother started buying me The Listener magazine. After two copies I conceded defeat. Coming close to bottom of the class at the end of 2A, I was demoted to 3C where I jointly won the form prize that year, a dictionary that I have to this day. I won the Rita Dyke art prize in the upper sixth. Because my father's side of the family was military back to the 1860s, I was for a while keen to join the army. It's fair to say that CCF persuaded me otherwise: it had its uses.

The art room of any such school tends to provide a haven for those of us who wish to avoid games, CCF or don't see ourselves as Oxbridge material. University entry was a much tougher call fifty years ago. Although the teaching of classroom subjects at Price's was very good in the way that all recipients were treated as equal, I can't quite understand why games skills seemed to be vouchsafed only to those who would represent the school. I would like to have been shown how to defend successfully as a centre half, or how and when to play a cover drive. The Monday morning roll call of weekend glory, as read out from the stage, would never feature my name.

I had a careers meeting with Mr. Vail who in his role as my Latin master had told me that my translation of Erasmus was on a par with the rantings of the inmates at the asylum where his brother was a doctor. Not very PC that. I declared that I would like to be some sort of artist. He replied that I didn't strike him as being particularly artistic as, for instance, I had failed to wave my hands around in an expressive manner while talking. As already being put on a par with his brother's lunatics, there

was no way I was going to do any such thing. He suggested that I might like to go into the paint production side of things. I got grade 9 at Chemistry 'O' level which was probably more that I deserved. See illustration below.

How long could one get away with wearing one's hair and how short a raincoat could be worn, or when the fashion for ex-service, trench coats came in (£2 - 10s from Ben Grubb's at Portsmouth, reeking of mothballs), how long? Mr. Chaffey referred to us on a field trip as looking like refugees from a Bavarian town band. There was a certain spirit of rebelliousness in the air that probably reinforced my notion that art school would be the ideal option for me. ***I owe much to Tony Hiles's encouragement throughout the seven years I was there.*** *English, history and geography were also subjects that I warmed to. I can't look at a small stream meandering its way across a Cornish beach without thinking of the mechanics of water motion and conducting practical experiments with my foot. A few years ago I won a prize from the American Meteorological Society for a book that I wrote and illustrated on the subject of the Beaufort Wind Scale. Where all these subjects succeeded was in giving one an ability to analyse and to know how to apply the principles of cause and effect. And a healthy amount of scepticism. How valuable is that in the current climate?*

I went to Winchester College of Art and then Lanchester Polytechnic, Coventry, for a fine art course. After that I taught drawing at Bournemouth College of Art for fifteen years and then became a full time illustrator; something I still do. I also worked part-time as a studio assistant to Sir Howard Hodgkin, mostly framing his collection of Indian paintings and anything else involving joinery. Those woodwork lessons with Mr Hunt were not in vain. Rather than listing what I've done over the years, it might be more appropriate to refer to my website at [*www.petermalone`illustration.com*](http://www.petermalone`illustration.com) .

I have written published articles on the history of 19th century plaster cast figure makers and am, by my own admission, the world authority on the plaster death masks of John Keats: a small thing but my own. I am married to a painting restorer; we have two daughters. I enjoy cryptic crosswords and cycling.

I hope this is OK.

Kind regards, ***Peter Malone***

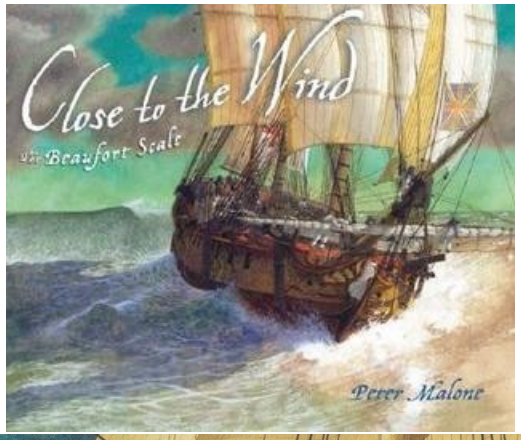
Close to the Wind: The Beaufort Scale

by
Peter Malone

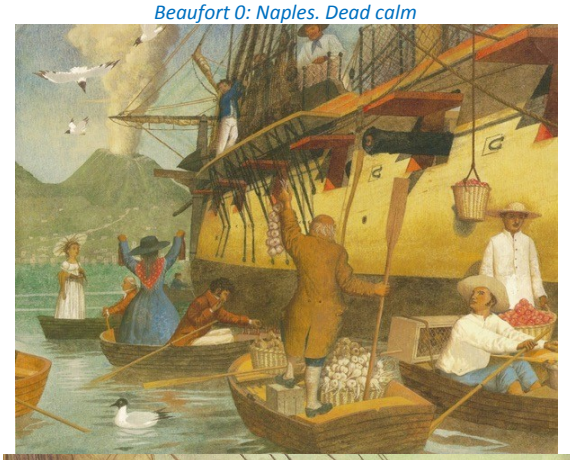
In 1810, a British naval officer and surveyor named Francis Beaufort developed a scale to give sailors a common language for describing the wind. From 0 (calm) to 12 (hurricane), stunning artwork and jaunty prose show what life at sea must have been like for a young boy serving as a midshipman in the 1800s. As William sails from Naples to the Caribbean, we learn intriguing historical information and nautical terminology, and witness how the wind affected day-to-day life on a ship. Detailed illustrations show the wind at work, and readers will be engrossed and fascinated as they watch the storm develop in magnificent full-colour paintings.

There are dozens of these, listed on Peter's own website See also Peter's entry in the Lion Pride chapter on Price's Creators.

Front Cover

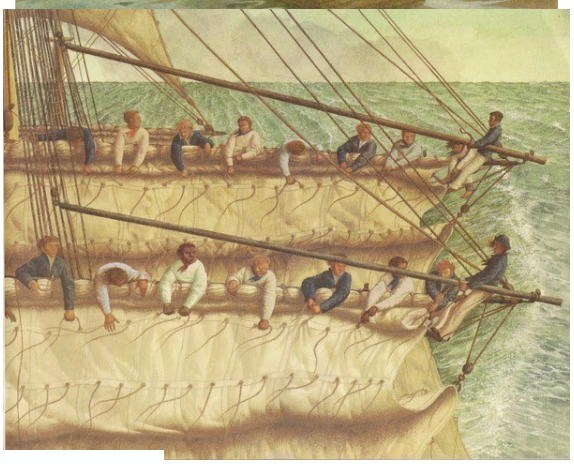


Beaufort 0: Naples. Dead calm



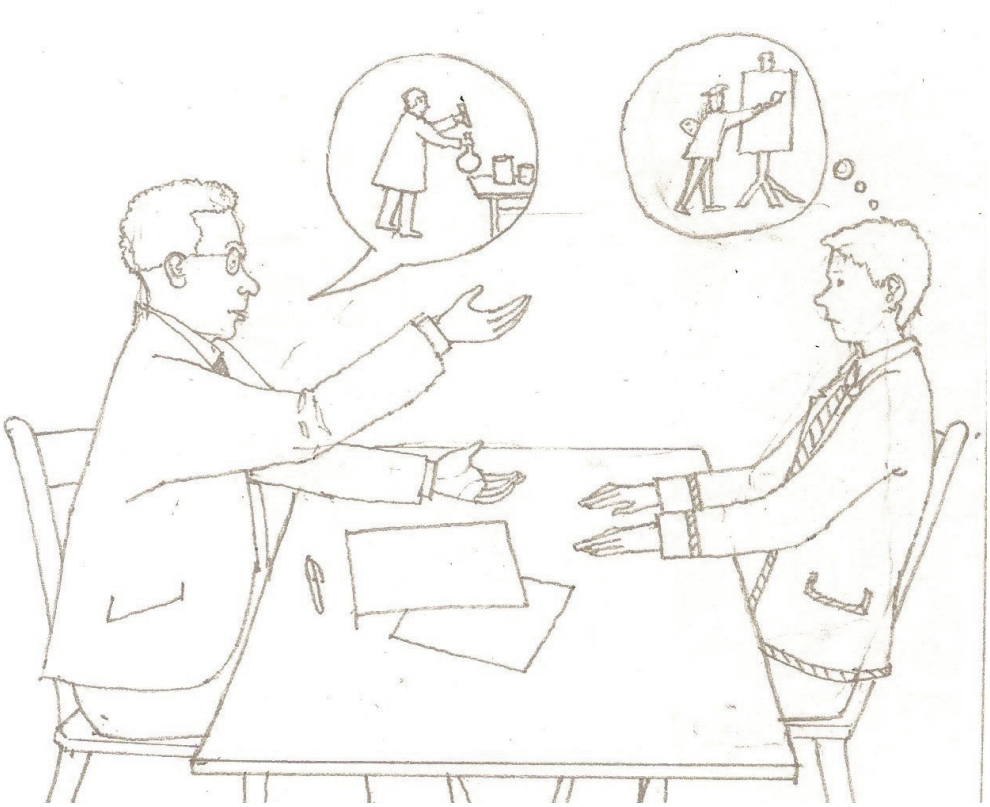


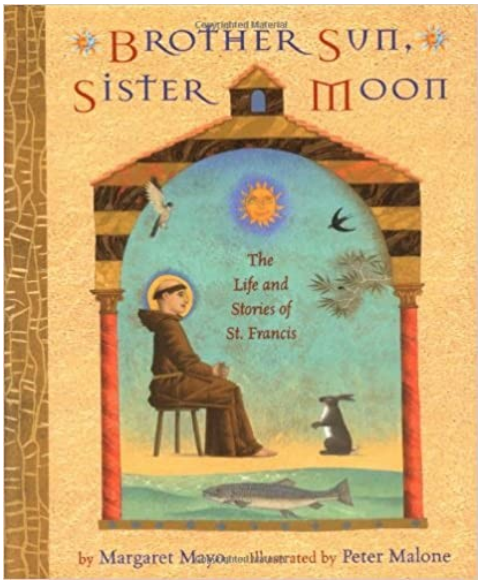
Beaufort 4: Don't try this at home

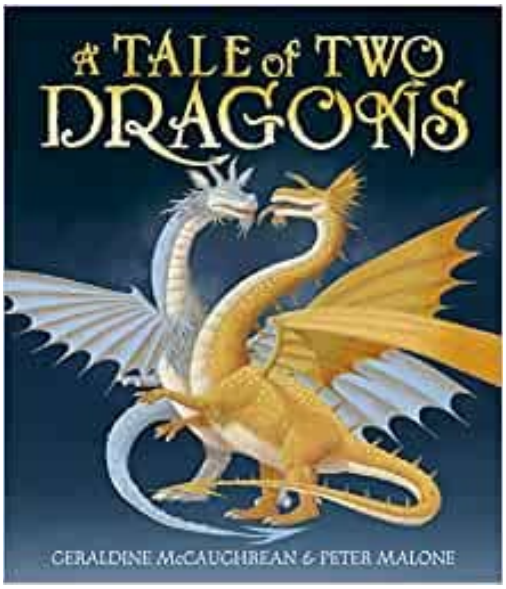


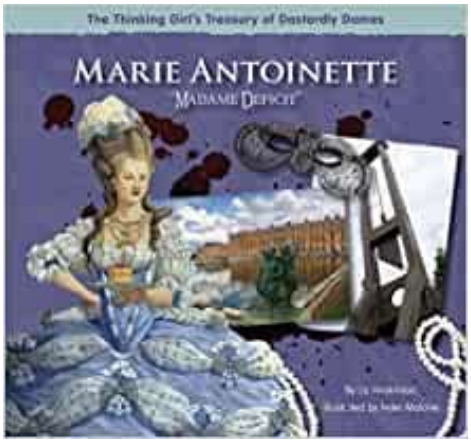
Beaufort; Reefing the Top Sails

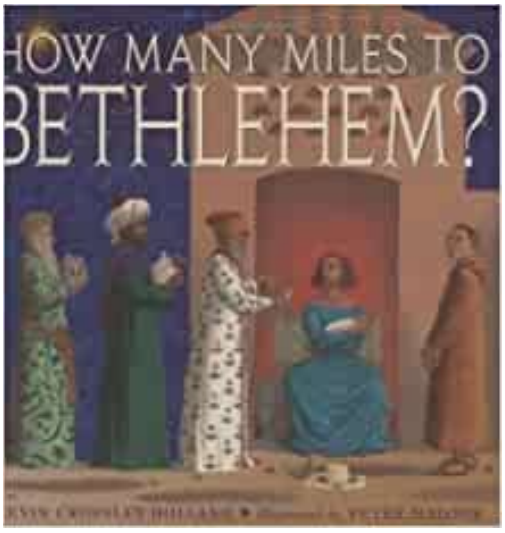
And finally, this simple sketch below was pencilled as a gesture to Old Priceans. What is its message?








The Thinking Girl's Treasury of Dastardly Domes
MARIE ANTOINETTE
MADAME DEFICIT


HOW MANY MILES TO
BETHLEHEM?

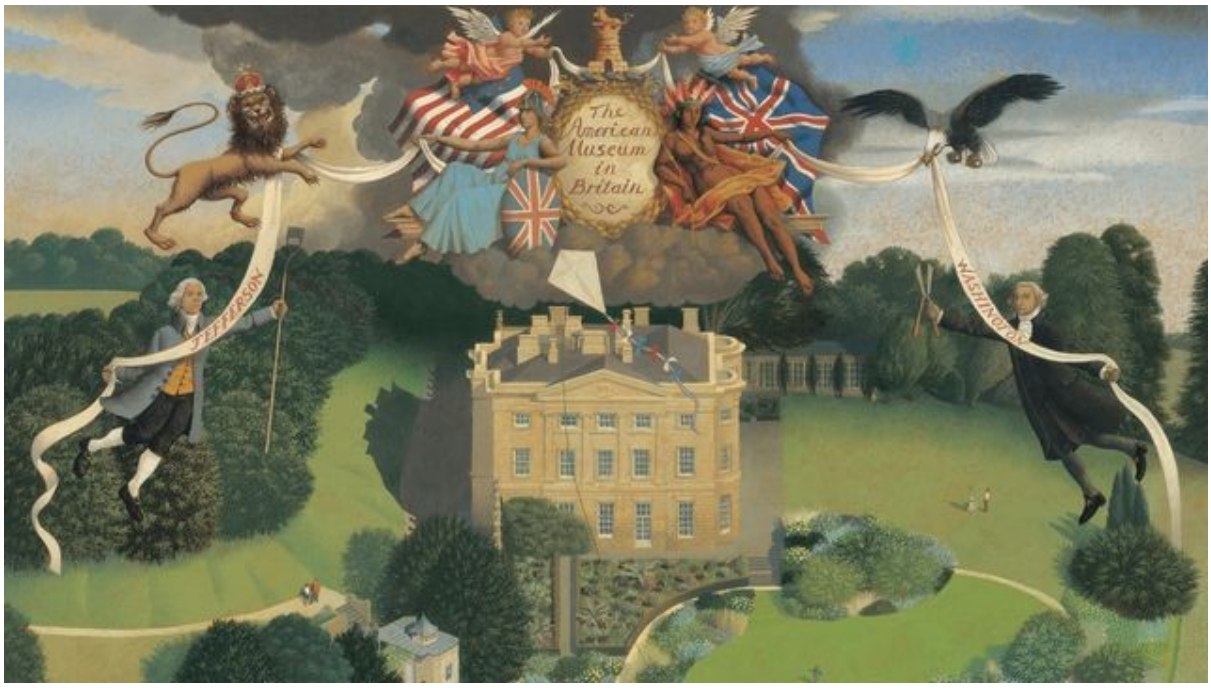


Ed.: See Peter Malone in the Creative Priceans Chapter of Lion Pride and consult Internet sources under Peter Malone illustrator



Peter Malone, relaxed at his home in Bath

Published: 6:00 PM September 15, 2022 Great British Life



The American Museum in Britain, at Claverton Manor, Bath, by Peter Malone - Credit: petermaloneillustration.com

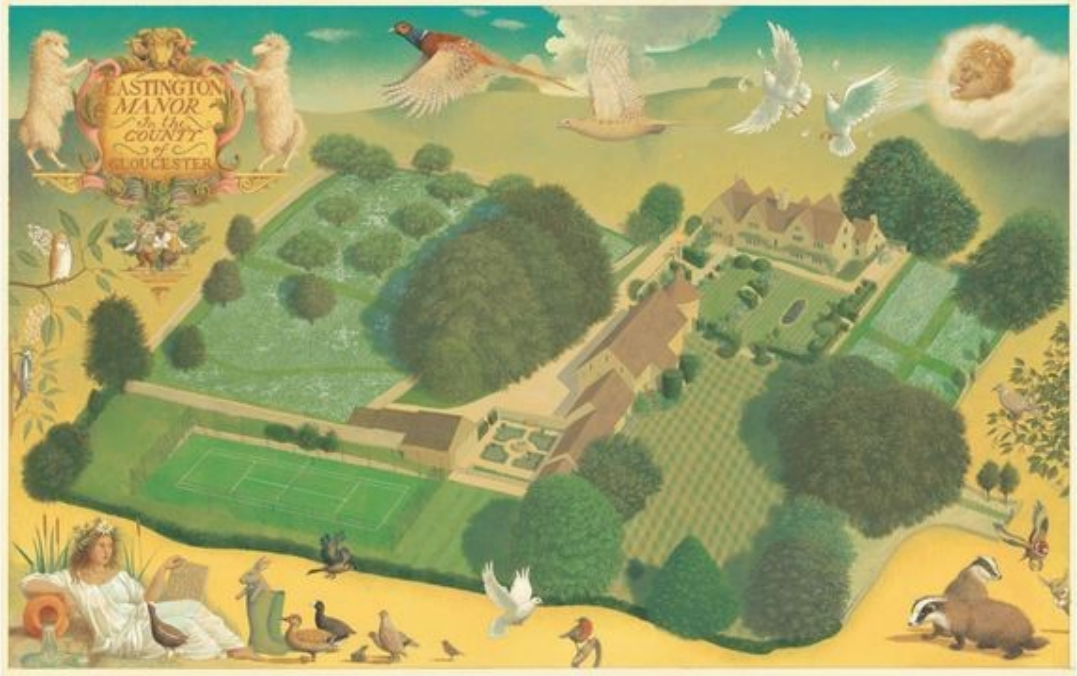
Candia McKormack goes to the elegant city of Bath to meet the fine artist and illustrator who has the ability to capture your home in classic 18th-century style

Entering the coolness of artist Peter Malone's solid Bath stone house is pure heaven on one of the hottest days of the year. Set within spitting distance (what *would* Jane Austen say?) of the Royal Crescent, I'm told by Peter that this beautiful building 'only survived by the skin of its teeth' as it was slated for demolition; being compulsory purchased by the council, with the front windows breeze-blocked up. Saved for a mere £26,000, it is now a fitting home and studio for a fine artist and illustrator.

Peter taught drawing at Bournemouth College of Art for 15 years before deciding to become a full-time professional illustrator in 1993.

'I took a fine art degree in Coventry before realising that I didn't really have it in me for that sort of thing,' he says. 'I need to be prompted, to react to things rather than respond to a blank canvas, as it were.'

Peter's first commission was for a book called *The Secret Language of Dreams* by psychologist David Fontana, then went on to have runs of books with publishers such as Orion and Chronicle in San Francisco 'after around three months of pavement-pounding'. 'It was a much easier business then,' he continues, 'you could always find a phone number for a publisher to get within the castle walls, but nowadays it's almost impossible to get through. Publishers are so vast now that you have no idea where someone is within the organisation... it's not a castle now, it's a city.'



Eastington Manor, by Peter Malone - Credit: petermaloneillustration.com

Peter may have developed a 'bit of a reputation' with some publishers, but as a creative it would almost be disappointing for him to not be more than a little particular about his commissions... and, besides, networking, charm and negotiating skills are what agents get their cut for.

One particularly beautiful book, which he both wrote and illustrated, *Close to the Wind* – a seafaring volume about the Beaufort Scale – is peppered with his wonderful paintings, and he naturally wanted to make sure that every aspect – including the all-important typography – was just as he envisaged it. 'I have absolute admiration for typographers,' he continues, 'and the importance of proportions and suitability is not to be underestimated.'

The book he has worked on most recently is a gorgeously produced children's fable called *A Tale of Two Dragons*, by Geraldine McCaughrean. He decided to set his watercolour and gouache paintings in the Balkans in the late 19th century, and text and illustrations work beautifully together to convey a powerful message of sharing and cooperation in difficult times. He's also worked on a series of cover illustrations of books by Rita Mae Brown – for Random House, New York – which feature playfully anthropomorphic foxes on each one. It's a delightful collection of illustrations, and each features Peter's distinctive wit and illustrative style.

Three of Peter Malone's cover illustrations for Rita Mae Brown's books - Credit: petermaloneillustration.com

One of Peter Malone's illustrations for Geraldine McCaughrean's book A Tale of Two Dragons, published by Andersen Press, October 2021 - Credit: petermaloneillustration.com

Then, around ten years ago, a friend of Peter and his wife Helen's asked if he could do a painting of his manor house and grounds in the Cotswolds in the style of Jan Kip and Leonard

Knyff, the renowned 18th-century engravers. The success of his painting of Eastington House has led to further similar commissions.

Working from sketches, hundreds of photos and Google Satellite – he has never to date had the luxury of aerial drone or light aircraft pictures – Peter now produces incredibly pleasing Kip and Knyff-style paintings for various clients, and is finding his work in demand. Although the properties are lovingly captured for posterity, it is sometimes necessary to move things around a little (most notably, a whole chapel in one of his pieces) to show things off in their best possible light... it is an artist's prerogative, after all.

'When I did Alan Titchmarsh's home, though, I imagined that every petal had to be in place,' he laughs, 'it was such an immaculately laid out garden and everything was very carefully considered.'

Artistic additions to Alan's painting, though, included the figures of 'Capability' Brown and Humphry Repton, together with his playful depiction of his 18th-century shepherd statue on one side, with a shepherdess on the other.

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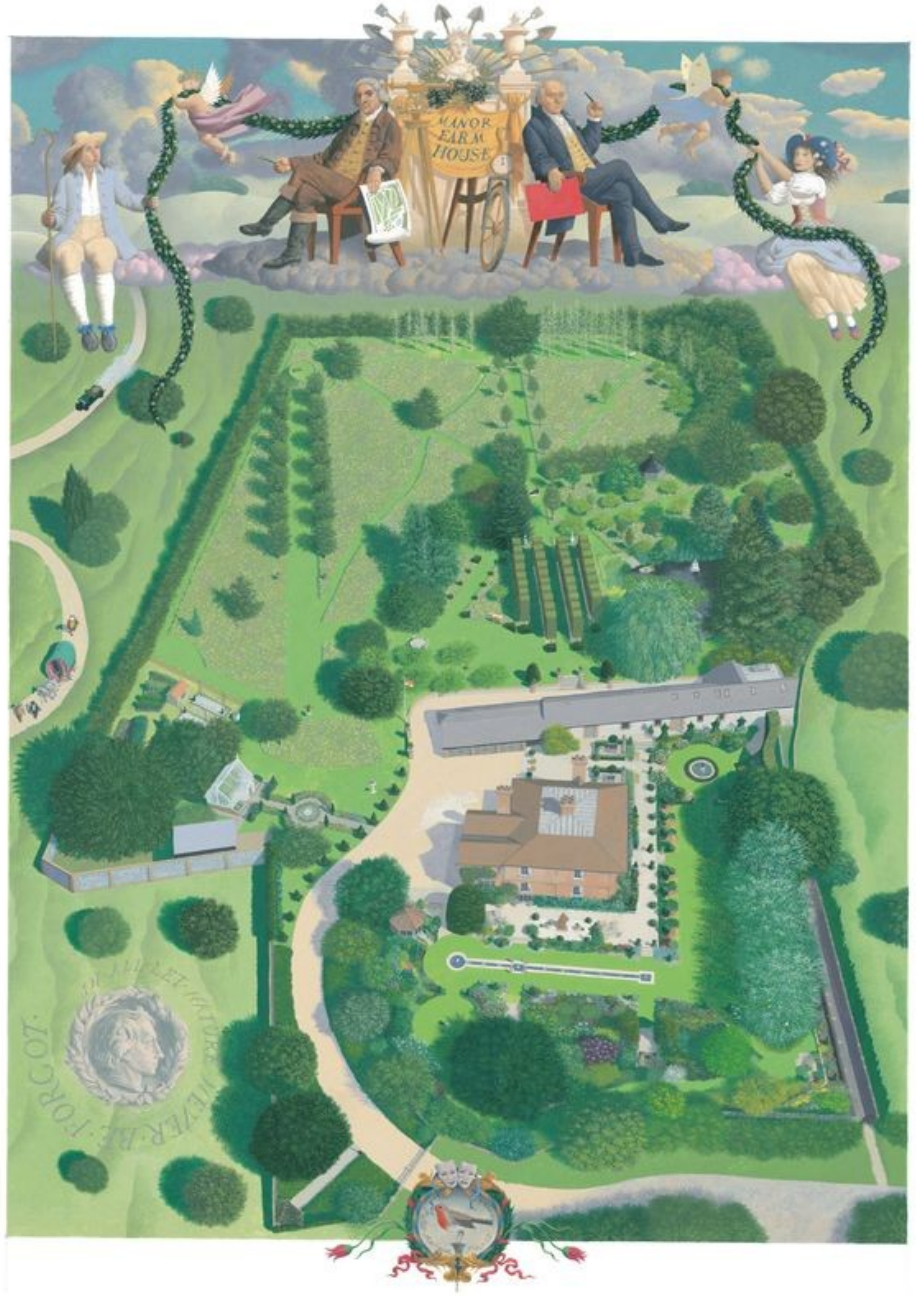
'I quite often make a big – around A2-size – layout of where the main stuff in the landscape should be. I'll then photograph that and use it, but I do play around with the space quite a lot... including putting in a third-perspective viewpoint. There's a lot of fiddling around with the spaces to make it work as a composition, and I don't think I'd get that if I used a drone.'

The Alan Titchmarsh commission came about via the director of the American Museum in Bath, whom Peter is friendly with, following on from the painting he did of their building and grounds at Claverton Manor.

'They were redoing the gardens at the time,' he says, 'and they have also done a certain amount of rejigging of the smaller gardens, and so my painting became an image of what had been, what was, and what will be. I was also working from architects' drawings of what

their intentions were for it, as well as the landscape designers' drawings of how the new bit of the garden would evolve.'

Peter's latest commission sees him venturing back into Gloucestershire – painting a fine house with extensive orchards – and this would seem to be where his future passions lie. And so, if your home is worthy of Peter Malone's distinctive Kip and Knyff-style treatment, you owe it to yourself – and your fine house – to get in touch.



Manor Farm House – Alan Titchmarsh's home – by Peter Malone - Credit: petermaloneillustration.com

Manley	Nick	Dates	

Nick Manley began for me as a solo performer – as described above. But he also played in *Springwind* and, writing songs together with Dave, Tink and others, formed the very wonderful band *Red Shift* – https://soundcloud.com/theoriginalredshift Nick has since had a long and prolific writing and performing career in various bands and solo – much of it in France. More recently he has been generous enough to play together with myself, Mick Daysh (see below) and Chris Nash (ditto) under the banner of *The Old Boys Band*. Our *oeuvre* has included some *Red Shift* classics



Comment by Kevan Bundell

For Black Lion No. 3, had joined the Editorial team.

Jan 1970 Part of a growing band of would-be Folk Musicians, gathering around Bard, Cummins and Wood. He had become well known for entertaining us with an anti-war song of the time and another involving Adam and Eve and a snake. At one or other of the concerts he was forced by audience demand to sing them again. Unfortunately, on this occasion, Mr Poyner happened to be listening at the back. " I was suspended" says Nick "for singing the *Fish Cheer / Fixing to Die Rag* and *The One Eyed Trouser Snake*. I don't know which song caused the most offence." Dec. 1971 Nick Manley played in Reflections of Summer. Most of us were singer-songwriters – Nick Manley, Lonene, Morningstar, Springwind. We were creating and delivering original songs and music – and our audience was kind enough to respond with enthusiasm. 1972 *Gromboolia,* in March **1972,** organised by Nick Manley and poet Alan Hill. The line-up was similar to the preceding concert but also included Andy Morely, Steve Cawte, Colin Andrews and a trio of Dave Andrews, Alan Smith and Colin Frances.

Both "Tink" Wood and Cummins were an inspiration and wrote some great songs together, and with Nick Manley too.

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

Manley	Ray	Dates	

I went to a small village school in Warsash and I was the only boy in my year to pass the 11 plus. I was actually disappointed to pass and to lose all of my friends and to face a lonely long bus journey to the foreign world of Fareham with a school full of masters in gowns and mortar board hats.

I certainly wasn't prepared for the higher educational experience, my primary school had barely got beyond reading, writing and arithmetic and grammar school subjects like Latin, Physics and Chemistry were things I had never heard of. Needless to say, my academic performance was unimpressive and I languished in the lower classes right up until the 5th form.

My only credibility at school was on the sports field, I particularly loved football and was a member of the first 11 football team at quite an early age. Football on one afternoon a week was the highlight for me but our PE teacher ' George' Thompson would often wreck that enjoyment by substituting it at the last minute for cross-country running.

To my great surprise, and also the School's , I passed enough O levels to qualify for the 6th form and, with no plan for life after School, I decided to stay on and take some A-levels. It was like flicking a switch and I suddenly discovered a thirst for education that previously didn't exist, whether the masters treated us differently I'm not sure but I think it was probably because being at School was now a personal choice rather than an obligation. However, I struggled to keep up with Mr Chaffey's excessive supply of Geography notes and together, (but mostly his idea) we decided that I should change subjects as I was considered a threat to his 100% pass rate with A level students.

Art was the only other subject I could think of doing, despite not having done it in the fifth form and despite nobody else in my year doing it at A level . Tony Hiles kindly came to my rescue though and sacrificed all his free periods and took me on, an act that completely changed my direction in life. I passed my A level Art and went on to study at Portsmouth and Manchester Colleges of Art. I also have to thank Mr Poyner too. After leaving school I was still deliberating over my future career whilst temporarily working for the Fareham Borough Council's Highway team. I used to cycle to work from Warsash to Fareham every day and one morning I passed Mr Poyner in Titchfield walking his dog. I tried to avoid him but he spotted me and cried out "Manley, what are you up to now boy ? " "I'm working for the Council cutting grass" was my embarrassed reply. Within a few days he had managed to get me a place at Portsmouth College of Art and within a couple of weeks I was at College on a Pre Diploma Art course.

My love of fine art wasn't quite matched by my ability to produce it so after Portsmouth I switched to photography and was accepted for a place at Manchester College of Art on a 3-year Full-Time Photographic Course. In 1978, I was appointed as staff photographer for the Peak District National Park, a post I held and cherished for almost 30 years. I am forever grateful to Tony Hiles who's generous time and teachings were influential in leading me to a career that I couldn't have hand-picked better ….and to Mr Poyner for stopping me on my bike.

I have happy memories of Price's despite experiencing Thacker's dictionary on the head and Poyner's cane. If you are interested in any more information, let me know.
I have 8 copies of the Lion magazine from 1961 to 1965 and a School photo hidden away somewhere, probably taken around 1962. I am quite happy to donate these to the Old Pricean's or Westbury Manor Museum if you think that would be appropriate.

Good luck with your hard work and efforts with WP300. Best wishes, **Ray Manley**

manchestereveningnews.co.uk

At the Peak of perfection . . .

■ Ray hangs up his camera after 30 years

■ He would wait hours to get the right shot

DEBORAH HAILE

FOR almost 30 years Ray Manley has paid careful attention to the weather forecast.

But while most of us look out for bright sunshine, photographer Ray has been hoping for something more extreme whether it's storms, clouds or snow.

Until last week, Ray worked for the Peak District National Park Authority, where he has earned a reputation as one of the country's top landscape photographers.

And throughout his time with the authority he was always on the look-out for conditions that would give the rolling hills of the Peak District a more dramatic twist.

"Taking landscapes was my passion," said Ray, 60, who has retired to look after his mother.

"Many good landscape photographs are determined by the weather. Stormy weather tends to produce the most dramatic photographs – and I do prefer it when there is a bit of drama in the sky."

Even after finding the right position for his composition, Ray says he could spend up to three hours in one place before clicking the shutter, waiting for clouds to move or the light to change.

Ray, who trained at the Manchester College of Art, took the photography job with the authority during the extreme winter of 1978.

Ray's dramatic images have captured the Peak District in all its moods and seasons. And they have appeared in books about the National Parks, displays, exhibitions and tourism publications. There are few corners of the national park that Ray hasn't explored.

"It's very hard to think of a better job," said Ray. "The one thing that has kept me going for the 30 years is that even though I had visited places a number of times they never looked the same."

National Park chief executive Jim Dixon said: "Ray has left a remarkable legacy of landscape pictures that will stand the test of time."

Ray's National Park colleagues bought him a black Labrador puppy to accompany him in his retirement.

To see a photo gallery on this story, log on to:
manchestereveningnews.co.uk



HAPPY SNAPPER Ray Manley says he has loved working as a photographer at the Peak District national park



MISTS OF TIME Ray says he would often wait for a change in the weather to make sure he achieved the perfect picture

PEAK PARK
A CELEBRATION

AN EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY RAY MANLEY



CURBAR EDGE: DIGITAL IMAGE

23RD MARCH TO 19TH MAY 2001

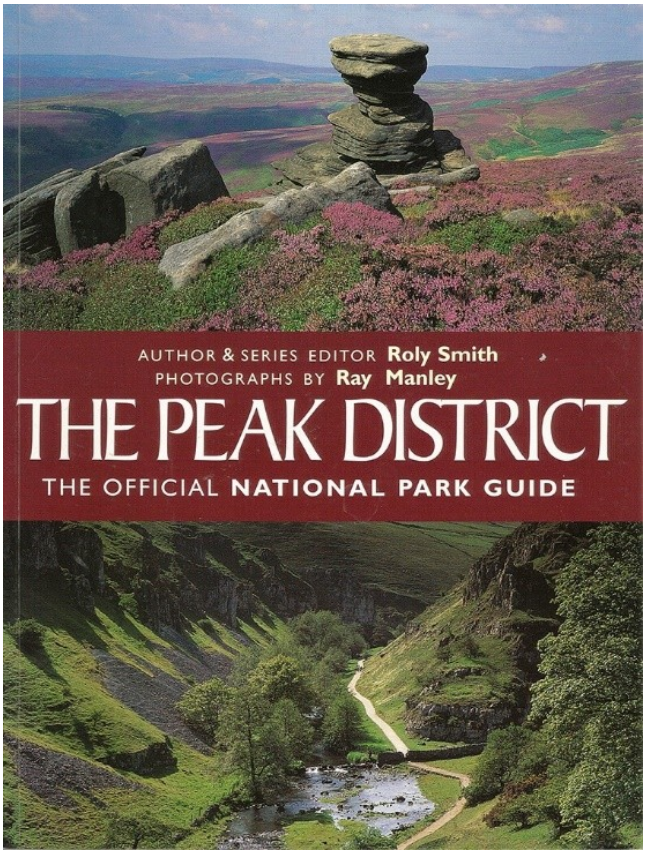
Buxton Museum and Art Gallery

Terrace Road, Buxton, Derbyshire, SK17 6DA.Tel: 01298 24658/Fax: 01298 79394.
Open Tuesday to Friday: 9.30am. to 5.30pm.Saturday: 9.30am. to 5.00pm.
From Easter, Sunday & Bank Holidays: 10.30am. to 5.00pm.

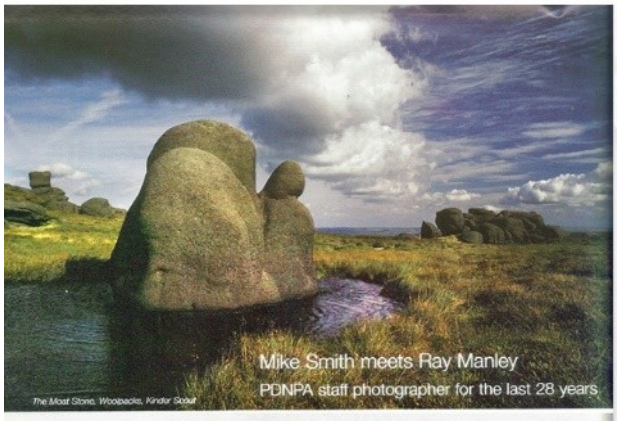
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PEAK DISTRICT NATIONAL PARK Celebrating 50 years 1951 2001

Libraries & Heritage DEPARTMENT



From Derbyshire Life Magazine





Mike Smith meets Ray Manley
PDNPA staff photographer for the last 28 years

The Moat Stone, Woodlands, Kinder Scout

CAPTURING THE MOMENT

'Who wouldn't have been delighted to be offered the chance to spend their working life taking photographs of one of the most beautiful and varied places in England?'

On the southern rim of Kinder Scout, between Crowden Tower and Noe Stool, there is a gritstone tor known as the Moat Stone, so called because it is an isolated rock that is completely surrounded by a pool of water. Most of the nearby rocks do not stand alone, but are arranged in packs, rather like the granite tors of Dartmoor.

A photograph of the Moat Stone and its companions appears on the cover of *A Park for all Seasons*, first published in 1989 and, to my mind, the most evocative book ever produced about the Peak District National Park. The picture was taken by Ray Manley at the precise moment when the formation of gathering clouds above the plateau became a mirror image of the arrangement of rocks on its surface.

Ray is an expert at capturing those moments when sky, clouds, rocks and land combine to make a satisfying image. Sometimes he is lucky enough to find that nature has arranged a composition for him, but on other occasions he is prepared to wait patiently until weather conditions give him a perfect combination of shapes.

In 1979, when he first joined the Peak District National Park Authority as their staff photographer, Ray was asked to take shots of Kinder Scout and the Vale of Edale for use in the newly refurbished Edale information centre. Recalling his anxiety during that first assignment, he told me: 'I would leave the National Park headquarters at Aldern House in Bakewell in bright sunshine, only to find Kinder covered in a blanket of cloud when I arrived in Edale. Each day, I would return with nothing to show for my time on location. In fact, almost three months elapsed before I took a decent photograph.'

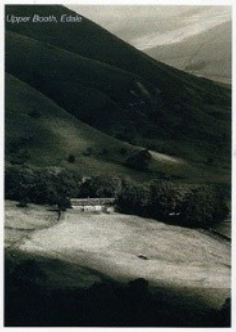
Of course, Ray wasn't simply waiting during all those weeks for clear skies, but for appropriate skies. His keen eye for composition dates from his childhood in Hampshire, when he made up his mind that he wanted to be a painter. After a year spent at Portsmouth's art college, he realised that he had insufficient talent to achieve this ambition and opted instead for a three-year photographic course at Manchester College of Art.

On graduating, he would really have liked to work as a photographer for the RSPB, but settled for a job with a local authority on the south coast. Six years later, he applied for the post of staff photographer with the Peak Park. When he was chosen out of 51 applicants, he felt he had landed a dream job. As he says, 'Who wouldn't have been delighted to be offered the chance to spend their working life taking photographs of one of the most beautiful and varied places in England?'

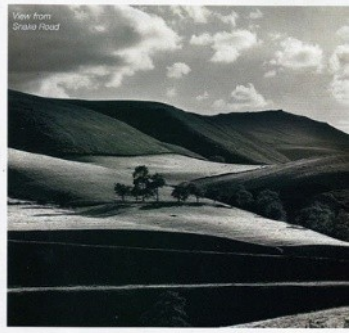
Almost three decades on, Ray's



Ray in his early days with the PDNPA



Upper Booth, Edale



View from Shaila Road

98

Marlow	Derek	Dates	

***Raising the Profile* – Derek Marlow**



It was with a feeling of excitement tinged with trepidation that I accepted from Patrick Ridett the office of Chairman of The Society at the February 1998 committee meeting.

As your newly elected Chairman I hoped that over my term of office the committee may be able to build on the fine foundations laid by Patrick Ridett and others to take The society forward.

I have heard it asked of the Society *But what do you do? and -..*

What's the purpose? Perhaps being a Society without any formally adopted Aims and Objectives that is not quite so easy to answer nor perhaps so easy to keep in focus.

We all know our common bond and I feel sure we would all wish to continue to uphold and advance the good name of our fonder in educational circles. Through our public and private lives we surely practice those skills and disciplines we learned from our masters while at the School.

Together with other members of the committee we shall seek to codify some general Rules and Constitutional guidelines over the next few months to aid our focus ad our discipline and shortly

thereafter we will hope to give some form to Aims and Objectives to assist our mutual sense of comradeship and guide our purpose. All contributions to those endeavours would be welcomed from members through the Secretary. God made us all different and perhaps within the same feeling of belonging to the School we have differing perceptions of the Aims and Purposes of the Society.

The committee will be actively considering ways at a local level of raising the profile of William Price, and the awareness of the general Fareham Borough population as to what our founder did to establish a fine educational heritage for the town. (Borough population now 102,000!)

Some will know that the housing development of the Park Lane site bears the names of the Founder (William Price Avenue) and past headmasters (Poyner Close and Cogham Close).

With an early start now expected on the Market Quay redevelopment south of West Street in the town centre (on the old animal and produce market site), recognition is given to Henry Cort (locally big in iron founding). As the development includes the site of the 1721 school, we are seeking to get recognition of that fact within the scheme. More news later through the minutes hopefully.

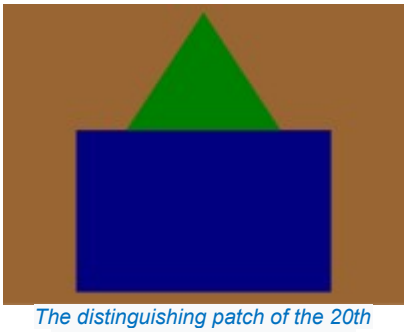
The strength of the Society is in its membership. Please be ever mindful and where the opportunity presents itself, network with other Old Boys, encourage them to join the Society to keep abreast of news of their contemporaries and keep the traditions of the School alive.

Mather	Kenneth Everard	Dates	



In Memory of

Private 1045181
20th Bn., Canadian Infantry (Central Ontario Regt.)
who died on
Thursday, 8th August 1918. Age 24.



The distinguishing patch of the 20th Battalion (Central Ontario), CEF

Son of Edwin Ernest and Alice Ada Mather, of Bristol.

The blue rectangle identifies the Second Division. The colour green identifies the first brigade of the division (the 4th Brigade) and the triangle identifies the third battalion of the brigade (the 20th Battalion).

Commemorative Information

Cemetery:	CRUCIFIX CORNER CEMETERY, VILLERS-BRETONNEUX, Somme, France
Grave Reference/ Panel Number: Location:	I. D. 17.

Villers-Bretonneux is a village in the Department of the Somme, and lies on the N29 road from Amiens to St Quentin. Enter the village of Villers-Bretonneux on the D23 heading south. At the crossroads head in the direction of Demuin and Mozeuil, remaining on the D23. Two CWGC

signposts will be seen. On leaving the village, carry on south for 2 kilometres, still on the D23 Demuin road. After passing over the A29 Motorway (Amiens-St Quentin), the cemetery is signposted down a side road on the right.

Historical Information:



The site became famous in 1918, when the German advance on Amiens ended (on the 23rd April) in the capture of Villers-Bretonneux by German tanks and infantry. On the following day the 4th Australian and 5th Australian Divisions, with units of the 8th and 18th Divisions, carried out "an enterprise of great daring",* and recaptured the whole of the village. The Cemetery was begun by the Canadian Corps in August 1918, and closed in the same month; the original British Cemetery (now Plot I, Rows A to D) contained 90 burials, and French troops buried in Plot II at the same time. The Cemetery was greatly enlarged after the Armistice by the concentration of graves from the battlefields between the Somme and the Luce. There are now over 650, 1914-18 war casualties commemorated in this site. Of these, nearly 200 are unidentified and memorials are erected to one soldier from the United Kingdom and one from Australia, known or believed to be buried among them. Sixteen American, 241 French and ten German graves have since been removed to other places of burial. The Cemetery covers an area of 3,012 square metres and is enclosed by a curb. A ruined Crucifix, from which the place was named, is near the entrance. The only considerable British burial ground concentrated into this cemetery was:- VAIRE WOOD CEMETERY, VAIRE-SOUS-CORBIE, near the West side of the Bois de Vaire. Here were buried 26 soldiers from Australia and one from the United Kingdom who fell in July and August 1918. * Sir Douglas Haig's Despatch of the 20th July 1918

Canada's Hundred Days

Early August 1918 found the movements of the 20th Battalion cloaked with secrecy. Marches were made at night and orders to move were sudden. Eventually, it was revealed that the whole Canadian Corps would be taking part in a counter-attack near Amiens. "The great secret had been well maintained up to the last moment; the Germans would naturally expect an attack on any front where they found the Canadian Corps, which had been held in reserve during the fighting in March."

The Battle of Amiens was the turning point in the war, the beginning of the end for the Central Powers. It began on 8 August 1918 and its spearhead was made up of the Canadian Corps and the Australian Corps. On the first day, the Second Canadian Division advanced an unbelievable eight miles. On the second day, they made another advance of 5000 yards. Ludendorff, the German Commander-in-Chief, in his memoirs called 8 August "the black day of the German Army". The battalion met with more success at Arras, later that same month. These gains, however, exacted a heavy toll on the battalion; casualties during the month of August 1918 totalled 18 officers and 563 other ranks.

While the Allies had finally managed to win ground and build momentum, the Germans also continued to resist fiercely.

On 10-12 October 1918, the battalion found itself exploiting bridgeheads across the Canal de l'Escaut. In 42 hours of almost incessant fighting there were casualties of 11 officers and 319 other ranks. It was here that Lt W.L. Algie won his Victoria Cross.

The fighting continued in the Pursuit to Mons up until the last moments of the war. In the last 24 hours before the armistice, the Battalion lost one officer and 11 other ranks killed, and 30

other ranks wounded. Also, the 20th captured the last prisoner taken by a Canadian unit, at 10 A.M. on 11 November 1918, at Mons.

No Canadian unit of the First World War has a prouder record of service. The 20th Battalion won a total of 18 Battle Honours and 398 decorations and awards, including two Victoria Crosses. During the entire war, on no occasion was the battalion ever driven out of its trenches by the enemy, nor did any company, platoon, or section ever flee the battlefield. Altogether, 855 officers and men of the 20th Battalion died in the First World War. Over 60,000 Canadian men died in the First World War, one out of every eleven who served.

Following the armistice, the 20th marched 280 miles from Mons and crossed the Rhine at Bonn on 13 December 1918 with colours flying and bayonets fixed, reviewed by General Sir Arthur Currie.

They finally took up their post as part of the Army of Occupation in Siegburg, 16 miles south-east of Cologne. The battalion returned to England on 7 April 1919, and received colours from HRH the Duke of Connaught on 25 April 1919. They participated in the Victory Parade of Dominion Troops in London on 3 May and departed for Canada on 13 Mar 1919.

The 19th and 20th Battalions arrived at the North Toronto station of the CPR (now Summerhill Subway Station) on 24 May 1919 and marched to an official reception in Varsity Stadium: "Police were powerless to stem the rush of friends and relatives who had been waiting the arrival of the two battalions for what seemed hours on hours. . . . The speeches of welcome were never delivered...the Battalion dismissed itself." The following day, the 20th C.E.F. Battalion was officially demobilised.

At the request of the officers and men of the battalion, the unit was perpetuated as an active unit of the Canadian Militia as the West Toronto Regiment on 15 September 1921. On 1 August 1925, The West Toronto Regiment was amalgamated with the 2nd Battalion, 12th York Rangers to form the Queen's Rangers. In 1936, the 1st Battalion, 12th York Rangers was amalgamated with the Queen's Rangers to form the Queen's York Rangers, 1st American Regiment, which perpetuates the 20th Battalion to this day.

Article reproduced by permission of (c) The Regimental Council of The Queen's York Rangers (1st American Regiment), website.

The battalion was composed of volunteers from militia units in central Ontario. Much of the unit was drawn from the 12th York Regiment, the Rangers, with men coming from ten other militia regiments – of which four still exist. The unit fought in France and Flanders as part of the 4th Infantry brigade, 2nd Canadian Division. Notable actions include the Somme, Vimy Ridge, Hill 70, Passchendaele, Amiens, the advance along the Scarpe, Canal du Nord, Canal de le Escault and the advance to Mons in the Last Hundred Days. The battalion was disbanded in 1920.

The 20th Battalion (Central Ontario), CEF, is perpetuated by The Queen's York Rangers (1st American Regiment) (RCAC).[3]

KENNETH EVERARD MATHER. Canadian Expeditionary Force. Killed in action, August 1918, in France. (School House 1908-10. 1st XI. Cricket and Hockey. Was one of the Original 17 boys who formed the School in January 1908).

Matthews	Chris	Dates	

Chris Matthews writes from the Orkneys:



I was in the navy section(of the CCF) from around 1965 - 68/69 and reached the dizzy heights of leading seaman. My father was in the RN so I felt obliged to join although we didn't seem to do a lot. Perhaps the following will jog some memories for you all.

I remember the main officer was a physics teacher (Lt. Eric Iredale). I think he had dark hair. The kit store was at the lower end of the rifle range. The crown and stripes (imaged in the uniform section) are the rank badges worn on the upper left arm. The two rifle badges are for skill in rifle shooting, the crown being a better level than the star.

These badges were worn on the lower right arm. There were I think other badges for navigation and flying skills if you had been to the flying or glider training.

The uniform was very itchy, the top was ridiculously tight and the bell bottom trousers had to have 7 alternate pleats ironed into them every Monday night ready for CCF on Tuesday. There was also the embarrassment factor of having to wear your uniform to school on Tuesday, thinking that the Fareham Girls Grammar or St Anne's girls might take the micky.



The Navy section didn't always do very much, we worked on charts and navigation, slinging hammocks between the trees and erecting a sheer leg from 3 telegraph poles. We did have a boat, kept at Fareham Sailing Club, it was a gaff rigged cutter (?) of about 18 feet in length. We took it out on good days but by the time we had waded across the sulphurous mud of Fareham creek and got it launched and rigged it was usually time to come back to school. Once we had a longer trip and went out to sea to meet Sir Alec Rose on his return from his round the world trip. We were late of course and went out through the Portsmouth narrows to sail along Southsea beach just as most of the welcoming fleet was coming back in the other way. We also once got as far as the Isle of Wight coast, bobbing up and down in the wake of the ferries.

I remember going on 2 camps, one to the Army camp at or near Bovington in Dorset. The teacher in charge was an RE teacher most memorable to me for telling us in class once that men often woke up with an erection but that a good cup of tea usually sorted that out. Good advice I've found! (Ed: Seems a bit of a drastic thing to do to a cup of tea!)

At Bovington we played war games with blank ammunition and went to a tank museum and the beach at Durdle Door. One boy was late coming out of the tank museum so the officer drove off without him. I don't recall how long he had to run after the lorry. We ate very well at the canteen and watched the early stages of the world cup so that must have been 1966.



I also went on a more Outward Bound Course to Newton in what was then Montgomeryshire. We stayed in this very grey chapel-ridden town and walked for miles with full packs setting up camp in the countryside and eating compo rations. There was some minor trouble with Welsh boys because some of our number had tried to chat up some local girls.

Inspection was a highlight of the CCF year and I once got to be NCO (or right marker perhaps) in charge of the guard of honour. It was a mixed services guard and I and others had to pipe the inspecting officer "aboard".

I wish all the very best to any and all Old Priceans who read this.



Maule-Cole		Dates	

7/23 (Longerenong Agricultural College, Dooen, Victoria, Australia), has been in Australia for two years now, He calls it a 'bonzer' place.

He says this part of Australia (or Aussie), the Wimmera, is about the best for wheat. The College is in the centre and contains some 3,000 acres. The year is divided into two Sessions and two Vacations. The sessions are five months each and the Vacations one. Last Vacation I went up to a sheep-station in N.S.W., consisting of 50,000 acres and carrying 23,000 sheep. It was very hot, the temperature going up to 112°, but we had a ripping time. We had dances every fortnight. It is now mid-winter and the mud appalling, but we splash around somehow. The lamb-marking is just over, and the 'cropping' (sowing the seed) is nearly finished too.

Every Session we have Exams., Agriculture, Veterinary Science, Dairying, Chemistry, Botany, Physics, Surveying, etc., etc. The course here is two years, and then providing all exams have been passed, they serve us out with certificates of competency.' There was to have been a paper-chase to-day, but it started to pour yesterday and has kept up ever since. We learn every branch of farming here, sheep, wheat and other cereals, dairying, orchard and poultry. One cannot take a special course here in any one of these branches, as they do at Dookie College.
The Australians have a football game of their own which might be called a combination of Rugby and Soccer, with a good deal of variation too. The Australian chaps are not much different from the English chaps, and they are a bonzer lot, on the whole. They are awfully open-hearted, and as a matter of fact everyone seems to be so, more especially in the country; not nearly so conventional as at home.

May	Mr. Alf	Dates	1908 - 1960

When groundsman Eli May retired he was replaced by his son Alf. The gang mower and roller was pulled by a horse that wore leather hoof boots to protect the cricket square turf.



Mr. A.A. May

The death occurred on Wednesday 30th November, at his home in Portchester, of Mr. "Alf" May, aged 81.

He was born in 1896 and began a life-long association with Price's School when he was 12 years old. His father, Eli, was Caretaker at the School and Alf joined him as boot boy in 1908 when Price's moved from West St., to Park Lane. Subsequently he took to looking after the games pitches and gardens, and eventually took over as Caretaker when his father died. Alf served throughout the First World War in the Field Artillery, mostly in France.

He retired in 1960 after an association of 51½ years with School, and many generations of Price's boys will remember him as a hard-working and loyal servant of the School, and a genuine friend-in-need. For many years, Alf bore his crippling arthritis with cheerfulness and great fortitude. His garden in Newtown was a great joy to him and to passers-by, and until the last he tended it using a stool and trowel with amazing results.
We extend our sympathy to Olive, his widow and to his sons, Michael and John. In his passing many people have lost a friend who, in his own unobtrusive way, was an inspiration to all with whom he came into contact.

Eric A.B. Poyner

May	I.M.H.	Dates	

In Memoriam

Of all the boys who passed through Price's School in recent years, none had more versatility or promise than Iain May. None has any knowledge of what he would have done with his life; we are left only with a series of disappointed hopes. He had high gifts for acting, as his Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts proved, As a dramatist he had already had some of his plays produced by amateurs, and had shown a remarkable gift for dialogue. Asa tennis player he had won several Open Junior Tournaments and was a most formidable left-handed player. If he had less tangible success as an artist and author, the promise was there, too. We just cannot guess where his talent would ultimately have led him, or how far; but those who knew him are firmly convinced that in some sphere he would have gained high honour and renown.

He was not twenty when he died in Italy. He had a great and fine influence on a group of able boys who were at School with him. Neither they nor those on the Staff who worked with him will forget him. To his family we offer our sincerest sympathy in their irreparable loss.

H.R.Thacker

McDowell	Tom & Bob	Dates	1972 - 1976

Tom and Bob McDowell competed in the successful sailing team from 1972 to 76 and we have kept our interest in dinghy, yacht and multihull racing going from the early days of the family messing about in boats in Hillhead. Represented School House in Bosuns. In the days of kapok life jackets, discarded in favour of the kit we were using for our own use!

Our father passed away late last year (sorely missed) - in recognition of his skills we will make the most of the opportunities presented to us.

I include a series of pics of us in Titchfield Haven doing some lowering / mast head checks/ raising of the mast with a gin pole prior to a channel crossing.

Not sure it would be allowed today.







Bob McDowell

1972 At the Hamphire Schools' Regatta Juniors Team Race winners.
1972 Winner Southampton Schools Sailing Regatta.

McDowell	Bob	Dates	



Bob & his brother ..... were keen Members of the School sailing fraternity – see the sailing Report in the Chapter on Minor Sports. When I was in contact with him some many months back, I mentioned the "Minor" Sports Chapter, which he took umbrage at, claiming it was anything but a Minor part of their life. I recanted, of course – he looks bigger than me – and I explained that "Minor" was an antonym of "Major" which I blamed on Roger Starkey, who cornered the term usage by getting his Report in, first! And, true to say that the Sailing option at Price's was really, seriously pursued activity that both elevated the status of the activity in the School, and of note, in a much wider regional context, too. Their achievements were everything as important and valuable as those of any other, land-based, individual or team-centred activity, or academic successes.

Evidently, a keen Pompey soccer supporter, Bob, shown here wearing his precious Price's scarf, some 40 years after its acquisition says "*You can presume I have been wearing the Price's school scarf since 1971. Very useful cheering on Pompey at any venue. Can be used as a weapon to defend yourself if you whack them hard) and the officers never confiscate scarves."* His experiences of combat, weapon and of "officers" (the police, presumably") suggests something of a lifestyle a bit off the straight and narrow? Unless he went on an unarmed combat course while in the CCF!

McLarty	Eric	Dates	

1
957 RLSS Bronze Medallion.
Played the Bagpipes!
1st XI Hockey
Became a Doctor



1961



Obituary: ERIC MCLARTY

Salcombe turned out in force to say farewell to Dr Eric McLarty, a much-loved family doctor and friend to many residents for more than 30 years. Cliff House was packed for the celebration of his life. Dr Eric was 66 and died after suffering a brain tumour for several months with a good humour that amazed and inspired his family and friends.

Tributes were paid by members of his family, by medical colleagues and representatives from the community he served, including the RNLI and the lifeboat crews he went to sea with as medical officer. He served under five different coxswains on board the Baltic Exchange and its successor Baltic Exchange II. He took part in numerous rescue and humanitarian missions until he retired aged 60.

The celebration was also attended by representatives from other interests he pursued including Thurlestone Golf Club, of which he was a member for many years and a regular prize winner. At the family's request no-one wore black and it was an occasion full of laughter as everyone remembered a very active and caring life.

Dr McLarty was born at Portchester, Hampshire, and gained Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery degrees at University College Hospital in London. After qualifying, he went to Canada to work at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Apart from two brief appointments elsewhere he was in Salcombe for all of his medical life joining the busy practice there on New Year's Day, 1972. He used to say that he never wanted to work anywhere else. A man of many interests, he was a keen sea fisherman and in recent years had taken up fly-fishing as well. Dr McLarty was survived by a widow, Barbara, and three children.

Meadows	Mr Phillip Pierrepont Woolmer	Dates	1915 - 1921
Meadows	Miss Constance	A non-teaching sister of Phillip.	

Born 24/02/78. Appointed Jan 1915 into a Wartime post, made definitive April 1919. Left July 1921. Died 1952.

Gained Durham University Matriculation 1899, Educated at University College, Durham 1899-1901 – passed Inter B.A. 1901, then Epsom College 1901-1905. Taught English and History Taught in three private Prep Schools in Kent, and then spent 5 years at St Thomas; School, Sarawak, as Headmaster.

Remuneration at Price's included lodgings, estimated at £15 p.a. + salary rising from £126 in 1915, to £247/10/-* including £20 War Bonus, in 1921, when he left for King Edward Vii School in Johannesburgh, South Africa.(* BoE equivalent in 2019 = £12,232)

The 1901 Census has Philip M. W. and Constance C. A. son and daughter of George F. W. Meadows F.R.S. in Suffolk. Philip is an undergraduate at Durham. His birth certificate has him Philip Pierrepoint W Meadows, born 1878, registered in Woodbridge, Suffolk. In 1909 he marries Edith Badcock in Lymington, Hampshire. He, Edith, and daughter Diana Constance emigrate to South Africa in 1921 to take up an appointment at King Edward VII School in Johannesburg. At the time, he's a schoolmaster living in North Hill House (North Hill is the road descending from the end of Park Lane down to Wickham Road, A32.) [Ed.: *And thus quite likely he was still a teacher at Price's School, and maybe that accounts for the unsettled period of Editorship of the Lion magazine? – Ed. Subsequent research shows his departure from Price's to be in July 1921.]*

It's possible he's related to Sir Philip Meadows 1708-1781 who marries Frances daughter of William Pierrepoint, Viscount Newark. Their son Charles (1737-1816) takes the Pierrepoint name. Somewhere in the family tree is Sir Philip Meadows d. 1718, Cromwell's ambassador to Lisbon, who marries Constance Lucy.

He was the first Editor of the Lion magazine from 1915, a writer of long, Editorial of a Homily kind. A wordsmith, a composer of poetry, as was his sister Constance, whose pieces form a significant part of the first pages of the Lions for some years. Constance tends to attribute her name to the work, and sometimes, Phillip does also. There is no definitive end to his time as Editor of the Lion

magazine, and just a hint of dispute about aspects of its management and funding. No knowledge of a named successor.



Phillip was the first Editor of the Lion Magazine, and left it imbued with much poetry, written by himself and extensively and with impact, by his sister, Constance. The family departed for Johannesburg in 1921, and there has been no further contact.

Teacher-employee and his non-employed sister were routine contributors to the early pages of the 1915 – 1918 editions of the Price's School magazine. Phillip's work was the more prominent for the Editorial context in which he also contributed significantly. In this way, he was quite different from successors who felt it appropriate to write leaders for later articles in the magazine, or to summarise some of the major achievement or problems of the School of it's pupils.

Phillip's Editorials were very wide-ranging, always with a tale to tell. Constance was more artistic in her writing and I suspect was hidden behind various *nom de plumes* that accompanied other pieces.

To the Arch Fiend.

For you who've blasted God's fair earth,
And maimed and killed His creatures fair;
Because they deemed their Country's fame
More lasting than a Tyrant's word.
The Doom of Dooms must surely fall
On your dishonoured Throne.

For you whose pledges were as nought,
And papers merely useless scraps;
Because the end you sought to gain
By any means however foul,
The Crime of Crimes must always rest
On your Imperial Head.

For you who've stooped to deeds of shame
Of vilest hue—beneath a King;
Because you thought the world was yours.
To tyrannize with lust and grin.
The Hate of Hates must ever thrive
On all your deeds of Hell.

For you must be our righteous hate,
And anger mingled with our woe;
Because you made to keep us out
By smooth and seeming words of truth.
The Curse of all must surely light
On all your "Cultured" Tribe.

For you who thought the God of all,
Was yours to order at your will;
Because in arrogance and pride

The Post Office Pen.

The business-like Post Office mortals
Behind each department are round,
As ent'ring through heavy swing portals
You note the perfection around;
But since all's so carefully fitted
Regarding convenience, then
You wonder why fate has omitted
Perfecting the Post Office Pen.

For, armed with a blue Postal Order
Intending to fill in your name,
You pause at the sleek counters border
And know that the pen is the fame;
In silence, without interruption
For minutes as many as ten,
You toy with the mass of corruption
Adhered to the Post Office Pen.

In face of well justified mutters.
The antediluvian nib,
With vicious and ill-mannered splutters
Behaves like a desperate squib;
While over your hand courses madly
The Ink….oh, you realise than
In modern progression they've sadly
Forgotten the Post Office Pen.

You wonder how many Officials
Attempt to decipher the blots,
The straggling erratic initials

You schemed for all the world to rule. The wrath of Christ will surely fall For He is always just. And in the end, for you, what then ? For you must face the judge of all; No use to cringe with honeyed words, The Day has come and you must pay. Into the Dark—alone,—accursed The Saviour bids you go. **P. PIERREPONT MEADOWS.**	Immersed in mysterious clots: But only the fear of infection Inspires one with courage to men- Tion the truly appalling collection Of germs on the Post Office Pen. These days of enforced sanitation When microbes are sought high and low, Have brought much required reformation In ways undreamed of long ago; When life spells Advance and Improvement, One queries with eagerness: "When Will someone bring forward a movement Condemning the Post Office Pen ?" **CONSTANCE MEADOWS**.

Ed.: The Lion was never again, quite like it was with these two in tandem!

H.E. Dean Cooper wrote, in 1922, of Mr PIerrepont Meadows:

"Another Master I shall never forget is the late Mr. P Pierrepoint W Meadows who taught English and History. To me, Mr. Meadows was the greatest collector of all times; 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 'swopped' spare cards with Mr. Meadows."

Millard	H.A.	Dates	1909 - 1910



We regret to announce the death of H. A. Millard, Corporal, Gas Section, R.E., in France. He was at the School 1909-1910, from here he went to Truro College, and from thence to Hartley University College, Southampton, where he was studying engineering. He with others volunteered for the front. During a big gas attack something went wrong with the apparatus. Millard was badly gassed in trying to save others from a similar fate. From this he never recovered and passed away soon afterwards. His section commander said of him that "he always worked hard and was cheerful under all conditions."

He is our first Old Boy to die for his country.

Mollard	Mr P.W.	Dates	1954 - 1967

Mr. P. W. Mollard

Mr. P.W. Mollard, who joined the staff of Price's School in 1954, and left at the end of 1966 had an interesting career before he came to us.

He was educated at Portsmouth Grammar School and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he read Theology. Soon afterwards he went to East Africa, to what was then known as Tanganyika.

It was here that he did notable work in the important position of Education Officer. In this capacity he did much pioneering work in organising Secondary education; for when he arrived in Tanganyika there were very few schools — as this country had been a German Colony and seemed slow to rehabilitate her services after the first World conflict. It is therefore to Mr. Mollard's credit that he organised not only secondary education in the colony, but also saw the establishment of a university College before he left. This was an achievement of a high order, when it is known that in the few secondary schools that existed when Mr. Mollard arrived in Tanganyika, there were only those boys for whom the tribal chieftans had neither any use nor time!

Mr. Mollard taught Religious Instruction and Latin while he was with us, with a thoroughness to which his pupils will testify. He was an extremely successful form master of the new boys, whom he guided with care in the traditions of the school. He also taught mathematics.

Again, Mr. Mollard associated himself with the boys outside the class room. In this connection his contribution is perhaps best remembered for his skilled training of those boys who were interested in sailing.

He was popular in the staff room and respected by his colleagues as a knowledgeable gentleman who enlivened his association with them by his quick humour and his learning.

We hope he will visit us from time to time, and in wishing him many pleasant years of retirement we send our kind thoughts also to Mrs. Mollard.

A.L.G.-H.

Per **Roy Kilford:**

"The alternative lessons, were taken by the Latin teacher, (Mr Mollard?) and we spent a lot of time talking about his experience in the RAF, flying Sunderland flying boats. Much more interesting!"

"Duck" was the founder of the Sailing Club, in 1961, an extracurricular activity that lasted for 11 years, provided great opportunities for the boys, some of whom became area champions and even England representatives. A major contribution to the life of the School.

See the Minor Sports Chapter in "Lion Pride" for more details of "Duck", and Sailing.



Moran	Steve	Dates	

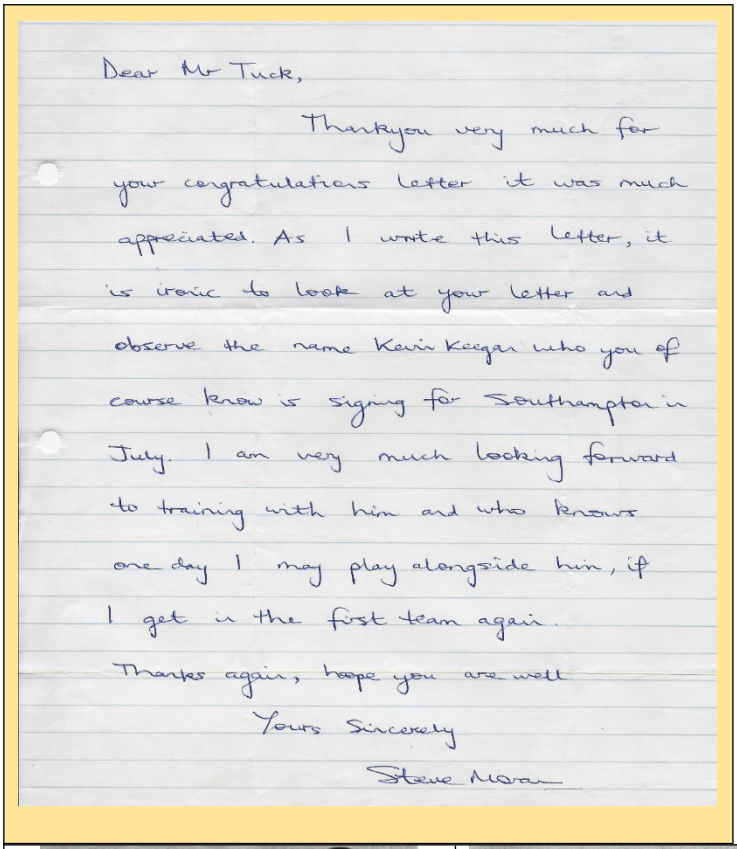


Stephen James Moran (born on 10 January 1961) is a former footballer who played as a striker for Southampton during the 1980s. Moran was one of the finest strikers that Southampton has possessed. He had a knack of scoring some crucial goals for the club and had a fine understanding with midfielders Steve Williams and David Armstrong.

Moran attended Prices School in Fareham and appeared regularly for his school team, where he was spotted by scouts. He signed for Southampton in August 1979[1] and made his debut as a substitute in a 4–1 home win against Manchester City in January 1980, scoring with his very first touch of the ball.

In the 1980–81 season, Moran scored 18 goals in 30 starts in the league, and in 1982 he was voted PFA Young Player of the Year.

Among the 99 goals that Moran scored for the Saints were a hat-trick in an 8–2 victory over Coventry City at The Dell in April 1984, during the club's most successful ever league season, when they finished as runners-up to Liverpool In the same year, Moran scored an injury-time winner in the 4th Round of the FA Cup, away to arch rivals Portsmouth. David Armstrong crossed from the right and Moran arrived at the back post to volley left-footed past the Pompey 'keeper Alan Knight.



Dear Mr Tuck,

Thankyou very much for your congratulations letter it was much appreciated. As I write this letter, it is ironic to look at your letter and observe the name Kevin Keegan who you of course know is signing for Southampton in July. I am very much looking forward to training with him and who knows one day I may play alongside him, if I get in the first team again.

Thanks again, hope you are well

Yours Sincerely

Steve Moran

Moran made 228 senior appearances for Southampton, including playing for them in the UEFA Cup. He was also capped twice for the England under-21 team. But he suffered from a recurring back injury and despite the promise of his early career, never represented England at senior level.

In 1986–87 he joined Leicester City for a transfer fee of £300,000, although at the end of the season they were relegated to Football League Division Two. During the following season he moved to Reading and he went on to make 144 senior appearances for them. For the 1991–92 season he moved on to Exeter City and after 74 senior appearances he transferred to Hull City for 1993–94.
(ex: Wikipedia)

SAINTS CALL IN MORAN

By ALAN THATCHER

Fareham youngster Steve Moran is set to make his League debut for Saints against Manchester City at the Dell tomorrow.

Moran, an 18-year-old striker, has been named in the squad as a possible replacement for the injured Phil Boyer.

Moran is a former pupil at Price's School, Fareham.

Boyer suffered a painful ankle injury after scoring for Saints in last week's 1—1 draw at Liverpool.

Saints manager Lawrie McMenemy said: "Boyer had not trained this week until yesterday, when he came in and did some jogging.

NO FEARS

"He's getting better each day, but he could still feel the pain and he's a doubtful starter."

Mr. McMenemy said he had no fears about the possibility of Moran making his debut — although he would not commit himself to his selection.

"He's been substitute before and he played in the first team in the testimonial at Torquay on Tuesday, so he's obviously not entirely raw," he said.

Steve Williams could make a return to midfield to take the place of Charlie George, who made an impressive comeback at Anfield only to be loaned to Nottingham Forest on Monday as the first stage of a projected £500,000 transfer.

"Williams has had this stomach muscle trouble, and the best thing for it was rest," said Mr. McMenemy.

"He's had two weeks off and I might consider him for tomorrow if Boyer is unfit."

IN SQUAD

Trevor Hebberd, last week's substitute, and reserve striker Austin Hayes are included in the squad.

Saints, bidding for a place in next season's E.U.F.A. Cup, have won their last four matches against Manchester City, who have defenders Tommy Booth and Ray Ranson back in contention after injury.

Saints men Mike Channon and Dave Watson will no doubt be anxious to impress against their former colleagues, who are struggling in the bottom half of the table despite Malcolm Allison's extravagant ventures into the transfer market.

Saints (from): Wells, Golac Waldron, Williams, Watson Nicholl, Ball, Boyer, Channon Holmes, Baker, Hebberd Moran, Hayes.

←← 21/01/81



THE NEWS, MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1980—

Steve Moran scores Saints' fourth goal after being on the field for only a couple of minutes as substitute.

6381-1

15/12/83



Moran makes a dream debut

Saints' young striker scores

SAINTS 4, MANCHESTER CITY 1

By ALAN THATCHER

Steve Moran, the 18-year-old Saints starlet from Fareham, made a dream debut by scoring with his first kick in League football after coming on as substitute just five minutes from time.

With a Dave Watson goal regaining Saints' control in the 80th minute to end an anxious period of City rebellion, Moran was sent on in place of Yugoslav defender Ivan Golac to savour the taste of Division I soccer.

His first touch of the ball was a header that helped set up a Saints move down the right and his first kick produced an opportunist goal that at last gave Saints the winning margin their overall superiority deserved.

When Mike Channon crossed from the right, top scorer Phil Boyer took a swing at the ball and miskicked, but there was Moran, at the far post, to accept a simple chance that was later watched by millions of Match of The Day viewers.

SLACK

Saints manager Lawrie McMenemy said: "I was delighted to see Steve score on his debut, but he has scored hundreds of goals like that in all football.

"I've been watching him develop since the age of 12, and he's a bit like Ted MacDougall.

"He's a lively little player, a real sniffer, but at his size you've got to be."

Mr. McMenemy was not too happy, however, with a slack period in the second half when Saints allowed City to fight their way back into the game.

Saints were coasting home with a 2—0 lead, thanks to goals from Channon and Alan Ball, but a terrible mistake by Golac let Paul Power in to narrow the gap.

"I was annoyed that we let them off the hook and gave away a sloppy goal," said the Saints boss. "But in the end the score was a true reflection of play."

Mr. McMenemy was also full of praise for City goalkeeper Joe Corrigan, who made several blinding saves as Saints carved their way through a Manchester defence lacking in confidence, method, and organization.

"Joe did very well. He's a good goalkeeper and you need players like him to help you through a transitional period.

"You need people like him until the rest come through, which I am sure they will. There are a lot of teams in Division I worse than this."

EXPOSED

Kind words, indeed, from a man whose team had exposed all of City's weaknesses in a one-sided first half that would have ended with Saints four or five ahead but for some indifferent finishing and the agility of Corrigan.

Channon and Ball both should have scored before Saints opened their account with a goal in the ninth minute made and finished by ex-City men Watson and Channon.

Watson headed down a Ball corner and Channon stabbed home his 200th goal for Saints and his 161st for them in the League, the latter total beating Terry Paine's record.

Saints constantly powered through a porous City defence but Corrigan was always in the way, twice saving goal - bound efforts from Boyer, a thundering free kick by Waldron, and other attempts from Holmes, Hebberd, and Ball before the interval.

RACED

The pattern continued after the interval and Corrigan palmed away a shot from Hebberd that was destined for the bottom corner before Ball struck in the 49th minute to put Saints 2—0 ahead with his first goal of the season.

Ball and Waldron worked the ball away from a congested City goalmouth and when Holmes crossed it back behind the defence, Ball ran through to give Corrigan no chance from close range.

Boyer and Baker wasted further chances that would have put the games miles beyond City's reach, and Boyer had a "goal" disallowed following a foul on Corrigan by Watson before Golac's terrible blunder let in Power to reduce the arrears.

Golac obviously thought he had all the time in the world to cut out a through pass from Reid, but Power raced in to gain possession and leave the defender stranded as he took the ball into the box and steered it low past Wells.

Earlier, Reid had twice tested Wells with long-range shots and substitute Palmer was narrowly off-target with a 73rd minute scissor kick.

Saints, who had enjoyed nearly total domination, suddenly found themselves being hustled out of their stride as City at last woke up and began to look like a team.

Ironically, it was a former City stalwart who ended their resistance.

When Nicholl sent a long pass upfield, Watson climbed high to head past Corrigan as he advanced to the edge of the box. Then the two men collided and Watson was laid out cold for several seconds before being able to continue.

"He could not remember anything about the goal," said manager McMenemy. "He was totally concussed and could not remember what he had for breakfast, let alone his goal."

With Watson's goal, Saints began to buzz again and Moran made it a storybook ending as City, who had Ranson and Daley booked, were finally put to the sword.

Saints: Wells, Golac (Moran), Waldron, Baker, Watson, Nicholl, Ball, Boyer, Channon, Holmes, Hebberd.
Manchester City: Corrigan, Ranson, Donachie, Reid, Caton, Booth, Power, Daley, Robinson, Viljoen (Palmer), Lee.
Referee: Denis Hedges, Oxford.
Attendance: 21,422

Dave Watson's hea
Sa

Mortimer	Richard	Dates	

In August 1965 a family need to be nearer grandparents battling what would now be called Alzheimer's caused a sudden move to Fareham. I am grateful to Price's for accepting me because I had passed the 11 plus elsewhere. My first school had been an examination factory for 11 plus and common entrance and Price's felt like a bigger, richer world.

The sight of the channel every morning when I opened my bedroom curtains, the nearness of the ports at Portsmouth and Southampton, perhaps above all the presence of the Navy, made the setting, community and culture cosmopolitan. Quite a few of the Price's staff were ex-Navy and at best brought with them the experience of having been all round the world. IBM was doing interesting things nearby with computers and Hovercraft services were running from Stokes Bay to the Isle of Wight. And Price's, by not opposing that sense of a wider world, seemed happy to affirm that broader vision and allow boys to explore: e.g. it laid on a 6th form computer elective with IBM.

In terms of educational ethos if you were good enough and mucked in then your background didn't matter and this I think was where William Price's original purpose of providing something for the

needy still held true. At best, Price's gave boys room and space to make the most of their opportunities. The really clever to some extent taught themselves. Some of the less gifted deliberately chose subjects where the (variable) teaching was excellent in order to get qualifications. But I do wonder if others who needed it got the amount of guidance they would have found helpful.

And it was the 60s, when much seemed to change. In 1967 there was a lot of building and at the same time the decision was taken to do away with the accelerated stream. Perhaps that was the moment where in some ways things moved from a focus on 'top end into Oxbridge' to 'everyone who got here is gifted and can make a contribution to the common good'. The school I left in 1972 felt nearer that than the independent grammar school edging into public school I had joined in 1965.

As for me, after leaving Price's I read for a degree at Warwick which led me to spend a year in Burgundy teaching English as an "*assistant Anglais"*. I returned and during my final year I candidated for the URC ministry. I was ultimately accepted and sent to Manchester for training. I then worked in one form of ministry or another for the next thirty-eight and a half years: eight years in Newcastle upon Tyne in an inner suburb, hospital chaplaincy and planting a church on a new housing estate, sixteen years in East Anglia in Ipswich, the Norfolk Broads and a regional post covering East Norfolk and North Suffolk,

ten years in United Reformed Church House in Bloomsbury, London, first running ecumenical relations and links with churches in Europe, particularly Germany, then latterly serving as Deputy General Secretary, and a final pastorate in East London. I retired at the end of 2017 and now live on the North Wirral coast of Liverpool Bay.

Morton	Terry R.	Dates	

1970 Basketball team. Selected to play for the South Hants representative squad. 1972 Basketball team. 1973 Basketball Captain. S.E. Hampshire U14 & U15 Basketball teams 1970 & 1971. **Sportsman of the 70s Decade** (shortlist).

"Without blowing my own trumpet too hard, in the summer holidays of 1971, the Price's 250th anniversary, I was away up to Liverpool to play cricket for the West of England in the E.S.C.A. festival. That year there were a number of players who went on to play first class cricket and 3 who actually played test cricket (Graham Stevenson from Yorkshire, Paul Parker from Sussex and Ian Botham from Somerset). Having played in the West side, "Beef" (Botham) was exactly the same at 15 as he has been for the rest of his life. Read into that whatever you wish. Our one thing in common was that he did not get picked for the England side either. When the England side was announced to us all, "Both." being "Both." went and complained about why he wasn't chosen. So, they made him 12th man.

2 years later I went to Taunton to see Hampshire in a B&H quarter-final which Hampshire were strolling until Both came in at 9, got hit in the face from an Andy Roberts bouncer, scored 50 & won the game. I realised then that he was special and that I was not!!"*

Moxey	Brian	Dates	



Brian Moxey was evidently destined to be a high achiever, though there is little to report on from his younger Price's School days, beyond the award of a Year 9 (U14) Speech day prize In 1967. H gained selection for the 1st XV Rugby team.

It was through his CCF career however, that his future potential was to be noted. He elected to join the RAF section after gaining his Cert. A, Part 1 and ultimately became the Corps Senior cadet as Warrant Officer. At that time the RAF section was rapidly enlarging and Brian was the second RAF section W.O.

Keen to take advantage of all opportunities, he attended Summer Camps with the RAF section and duly earned an Advanced gliding course in 1968 and secured his Advance Proficiency Certificate in 1969. The ultimate accolade, however, was the award at the Summer Camp of 1968 of the Air Commodore's Certificate of Good Service.

Brian had an element of drive in him and where a chance didn't already exist, he created one. A prior series of Land's End Hikes had ended when he and a friend Bryan Gamlin decided to do one, unofficially, anyway, probably in 1967 or 68. This is the only "on-the-record" evidence of that trip:

"Not to be denied, Brian Gamblin and I still undertook the challenge (unauthorised) over a weekend (of the Land's End Race). We wore our CCF RAF uniforms thinking this would enhance our chances of lifts. And it did; as best I recall we did the trip relatively quickly and were back in class on Monday, albeit somewhat knackered. "

Brian Moxey

Other, "Spirit of Adventure" antics: One of my CCF camps was in Germany. Rather than travel back to the UK with the group, I asked and Capt Briscow obtained agreement from the RAF for Bryan Gamblin and I to fly home two weeks later. We spent that time hitchhiking around Germany and Austria.



The second, and I have confessed this to Micahel Peagram, was that when the school cap was ....

←← *Tower + pole*

.... abolished (or was it just made not compulsory?) [09/1966] I went to the school at the weekend, scaled the roof and tower of the old block and placed my cap on the top of the pole. It was a scary climb! I've attached a photo which show the tower and the pole on the left side. It caused great interest on the following Monday when it was spotted.

Brian Moxey

1st XV 1969. W.O. class 2 of RAF section - Warrant Officer of CCF 1967 and 1968. Awarded Air Commodore's Certificate for Good Service. 1968-9 1st XV, 1969/70.



1st XV 1969. - Warrant Officer of CCF 1967 and 1968. Awarded Air Commodore's Certificate for Good Service

Brian Moxey

Accomplished executive level manager Extensive experience in:

* Practice Management
* Management and Organisation
* Budgeting and Finance
* Planning and Project Implementation
* Information Technology
* Human Resources

Strong interpersonal and leadership skills used successfully to build, motivate and lead large teams, frequently on a virtual basis
Accustomed to working in an international environment

June 2013 - Present (7 years 8 months) Retired
Auckland ICT Executive Committee, April 2008 - September 2013 (5 years 6 months)
BDO New Zealand COO April 2011 - June 2013 (2 years 3 months) Auckland, New Zealand. (BDO is the fifth largest full-service audit, tax and advisory firm in the world. It has more than 48,000 people in 1,118 offices across over 135 countries. BDO is a network of international member firms, all offering comprehensive local knowledge and experience within an international context.)
ISC Lenco Change Manager January 2011 - April 2011 (4 months) Interim Management role focussed on process change. (ISC Lenco is a clothing manufacture, import, wholesale and retail company. To further improve its effectiveness, the company sought a review of its controls and management. This involved assessments of practices, financial controls, stock and communication; the outcomes were change management to realise efficiencies and improvements. Additionally, a project was planned and implemented for a wireless warehouse scanning stock control system.)
Silicon Avenue General Manager April 2008 - May 2010 (2 years 2 months). I resigned from this company when I and others were not paid for two months or more.
Royal Air Force Club Trustee April 1975 - March 2008 (33 years).
Senior member and Trustee of the RAF Club Executive and General Committees: management responsibilities for prestigious Piccadilly premises, 21,000 members, £5+ million annual turnover, 110 staff. Chairman of Fine Art Governance Committee.
Linklaters Head of Global IS Services. September 2001 - February 2008 (6 years 6 months). Head of function responsible for quality and development of service delivery for all IS systems to 7,200 users in 30 offices in 22 countries. Service Delivery and Management. Resource and Financial Management. Communication. Focal point for communication between the business within each

region and IS. Highlight and promotion of the services of IS within the firm and externally. Strategy Development and Implementation. Analysis of the IS requirements globally and identification of opportunities for IS services to improve the efficiency of the firm or the service it provided to its clients.
PricewaterhouseCoopers. Global Management Services Leader - IT May 1990 - July 2001 (11 years 3 months). Earlier positions: Merger Management and Implementation Team. General Manager – Global Technology Solutions. Business Analyst – Strategic Technology Group . Group Administration Manager – Tax Practice.
Institute of Directors - Manager of the Policy Unit November 1989 - May 1990 (7 months). Responsible for the operation and coordination of the unit's activities, including liaison with Government Departments.
Royal Air Force Commissioned Officer (September 1970 - November 1989, 19 years 3 months) Headed teams of staff both with own professional background and others that were of disparate skills. Work situations ranged from stable and static - for example, office based – to the control of mobile staff and functions requiring the creation and operation of temporary (often detached and difficult) working environments. Led up to 600 staff, often managed through line managers, sometimes based at other locations, or by gaining the co-operation of assigned staff. Held posts with responsibility for accounts, personnel, recruitment, adjutant duties, training, senior staff officer duties (RAF Board level), theatre operational plans, intelligence, counter-terrorism, MOD welfare policy.

Graduate of Advanced Command & Staff Course, RAF Staff College - now UK Defence Academy

Education

Price's School, Fareham
MIT Sloan School of Management
Finance for the Technical Executive & Systems Dynamics for Senior Managers (1988-1988)
RAF Staff College (Now The Defence Academy of the United Kingdom) (1986-1986)
RAF College, Cranwell Military & Professional Studies (1973-1974)
University of London BSc (Hons) (1970-1974)

Mullins	G.R.H., **M.C.**	Dates	

Awarded Military Cross, May 1944 After Captain Mullin's Company had restored of another Company near the factory area of Caracetto, the Enemy counter-attacked fiercely. With complete disregard for personal safety he arranged the defence of the position and set a fine example to the men, many of whom were casualties and who lacked section and platoon leaders. Although badly wounded in the arm and leg, his organisation and defence were so effective that all enemy attacks were beaten off.	

Mundy	Revd T.W	Dates	

The Rev. T. W. Mundy.

1936

The end of this term brings with it the retirement of the Rev. T. W. Mundy, who has accepted the living of Hardwicke, in Herefordshire, and is taking up his duties there in January.

Mr. Mundy joined the Staff of the School soon after the end of the war, and for some time he must have found life rather full, since he was also Curate of Holy Trinity Church. Later, he resigned his curacy, and was thus free to devote himself almost entirely to the task of enlightening youth. Mr. Mundy has, as one would expect, taken an important part in the Religious Instruction throughout the School, and we all know how he valued the opportunity thus afforded him.

As Form Master of the Second Form, Mr. Mundy had a responsibility – by no means a small one, of starting the school career of a considerable proportion of the boys who have passed through the School, and has thus been able to exert his influence at a very important stage in their lives.

Mr. Mundy's interest in boys has not been confined to their academic career only: he was for many years Housemaster of Cams, and followed their varying fortunes with great keenness. Many boys, too, will remember with pleasure being shown the sights of Winchester, about which Mr. Mundy could discourse with authority.

We know that Mr. Mundy's regret at laving Fareham must be tempered by satisfaction in knowing that he is going to devote himself to what is after all the work he loves best, and we wish him success and happiness in his new life.

1939, March

The Rev. T. W. Mundy.

Many members of the School, past and present, will learn with real regret of the death of the Rev. T. W. Mundy, which occurred on January 18th last.

He left us at the end of the Christmas term of 1936 to become Vicar of Hardwicke, in Herefordshire, and we all rejoiced that he had, as we hoped, years of happy work before him, but unfortunately less than a year after he arrived at Hardwicke Mr. Mundy was taken ill, an illness which finally left him with weak heart. During the past year he had been an invalid and was unable to carry out his parochial duties and he died on January 18th.

He is buried at Marlow, where he was born and where he spent his boyhood.

Of his work here I wrote on the occasion of his retirement, and will not repeat it now. Those who knew him well will not easily forget him, and will wish to express our deep sympathy with Mrs. Mundy and her family in what we know must be a very great sorrow.