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

Nash		
Naylor		
Neville	Dr. John, O.B.E.	
Newbury	Robert	
Nisbet	John	
Nobbs	E.J.	
Nobes	C. Patrick	
Noot	Ivor	1951 - 1958
Norbury	Sarah	1977 - 1979
Norris	Mrs. Barbara	1974 - 1984

Nash	Chris	Dates	



Comment by Kevan Bundell

Chris Nash went on from Prices to take a music degree and to record instrumental music with Andy Sandham. He has also performed regularly in folk, rock and jazz bands. He currently partakes of an instrumental guitar duet, 'Nash and Thompson', playing jazz, acoustic and classical pieces (https://soundcloud.com/search?q=nash%20and%20thompson

1973 member of the Tarsus band.

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.

Naylor	Rodney	Dates	

I arrived at Prices in January '63 - one of the coldest of winters amid dire warnings in assembly about the perils of walking on water across the upper end of Fareham Creek, having travelled from Scotland. Unusually, I was probably admitted with the prospect of a new swimming pool, rather than academic ability - thanks Eric.

Timetables and subjects in the Scottish and English systems were carefully designed to be different, and O levels were imminent. The result was that I suddenly took up art and woodwork, but still had time to spare, often working at the back of other woodwork classes (held by Mr. Briscoe but better known as Biscuits). In addition, I looked for other challenges - how many minutes did it take to split a sheet of 5 thou. (0.13 mm.) thick paper into two sheets of 2.5 thou. (0.065 mm.) thick paper using a penknife. One nameless curly haired and very suntanned classmate still owes me 10/- (50p) plus interest because he bet that I could not carve a wooden ball inside a ball.

The school itself was a variety of buildings, varying from very modern to Victorian brick. The older buildings were also populated by mice which came out and ran between our feet in the afternoons, hurrying to get the remains of sandwiches before the cleaners came in at 4.

Art, the other subject which I suddenly took up was interesting but painting caused problems and my budding career in the design field was halted at the school medical shortly before leaving. A doctor flipped through a book of spotty numbers which I was supposed to read. The nurse giggled and the doctor glared at her. The glares finally stopped working and the laughter was uncontrollable. "Well" she said, "there's no doubt about this one is there." If anybody out there has any government influence then I would like to know why a colour vision test was given at the time of leaving secondary school rather than at the start. If 10% of men have non-standard colour vision, then isn't it a waste of time teaching them subjects which they cannot possibly hope to use! Also, the giggle factor cannot be relied on to give an accurate indication of a future career. It should instead be a written explanation of the results.

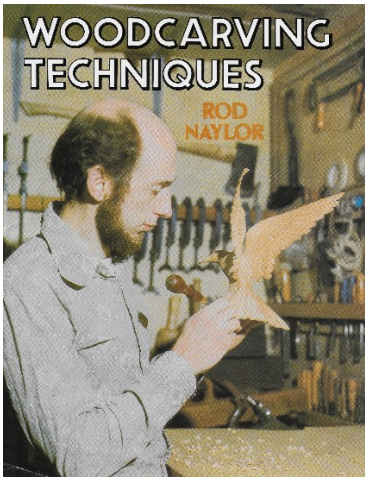
1962 RLSS Bronze Medallion, 1964. RLSS Bronze Medallion Bar, 1965 RLSS Bronze Medallion 2nd Bar. 1965 RLSS Instructor' Certificate, 1965 RLSS Award of Merit. 1965 Helped redesign Library floor space – a 3 day job! Also school colours, magazine prize for art, Garton cup, the Duke of Edinburgh's **gold** and captain of various teams.



See also Price's Creators Chapter in Lion Pride.

After school came College at Winchester and another 3 years of crafts. This provided lengthy holidays to work on overhead power lines. Income from this was about 4 times higher than a teachers pay and funded College but was not exactly a challenge. Teaching followed while saving for a workshop and using the school workshop during holidays. This took another two years, but gave security just in case I needed a proper job,(as people kept telling me).

Self-employment beckoned and has kept me busy and happy if not rich. The best work has been for collectors, but also churches, museums, national trust, publishers and tool companies - a rich variety including cabinet work, carving, consultancy and tool design, but the bulk of the work has been restoration. While the occasional piece has been worth more than my house, it is often the small jobs which are of more interest, for example, turn a maggot with a diameter of 3 mm curved into a quarter circle with a diameter of 50 mm. The curved body should be turned and segmented like a pile of car tyres. This must fit into a corresponding drill hole which is also curved and wider inside than on the surface. The hole must not go through the material and the maggot should fit inside but never fall out, yet move freely in and out, i.e. the tail of the maggot should be larger than the hole which it fits through. (Ed; Some spec!)



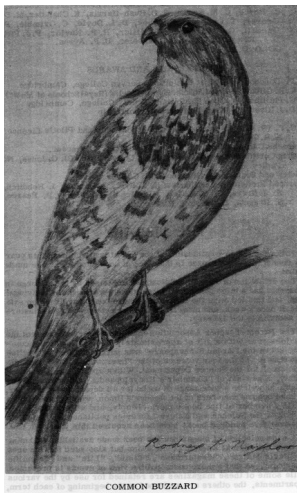
Work comes from around the world as small items are easy to post, much of it coming from other restorers who struggle with the fiddly bits. These have included making locks, hinges, handles and inlays in solid gold, silver and brass apart from more complete restoration, mainly of small boxes but also carving in materials including wood, mammoth ivory, coral, mother-of-pearl and even graphite.

Restoration often tends to use technology long since extinct. A pedal powered lathe over 200 years old is rare but available. (The tool marks left by early lathes are distinctly different from the modern equivalent). Other tools have had to be made to do specific repairs. Examples include a grinding machine to make mother-of-pearl veneers, a rolling mill to make pewter inlay and a circular saw to cut micro mosaics.

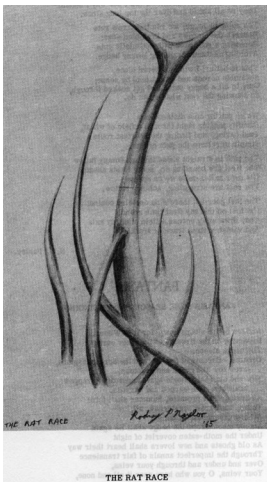
Materials are even more of a challenge than tools for they are often now endangered species, not helped by woodworm, rot and over enthusiastic cowboys. Also, a new piece of wood will never match an old piece. Why did I not pay more attention during chemistry, so that I would find it easier to understand processes during ageing. Currently, retirement is theoretically looming, so I am reducing my stock of rare materials hoarded over the last 50 years, but hope to continue on a smaller scale for another 50.

Rod Naylor

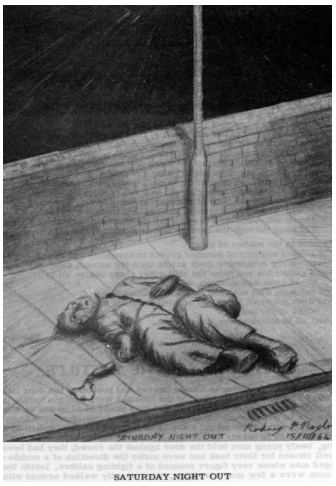
All of the art work shown below, from the 1966 Lion was that of Rodney Naylor.



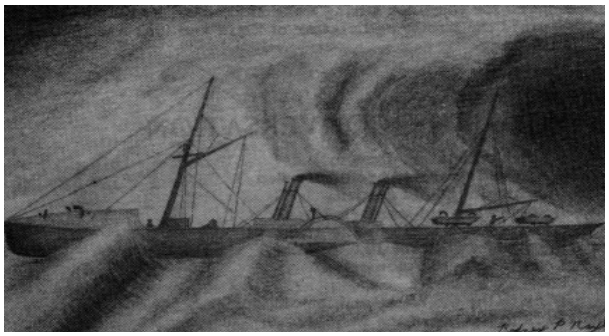
COMMON BUZZARD

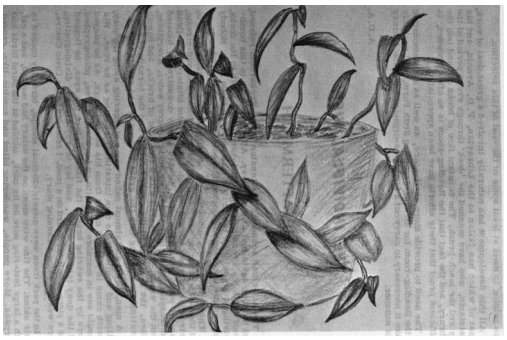


THE RAT RACE



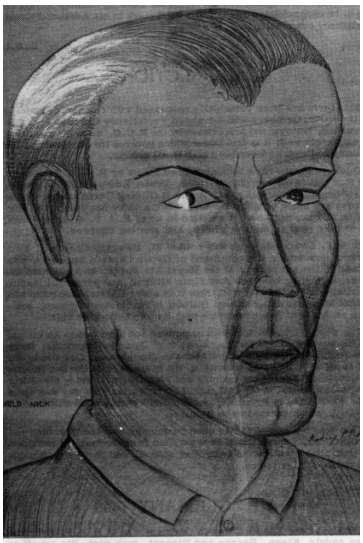
SATURDAY NIGHT OUT



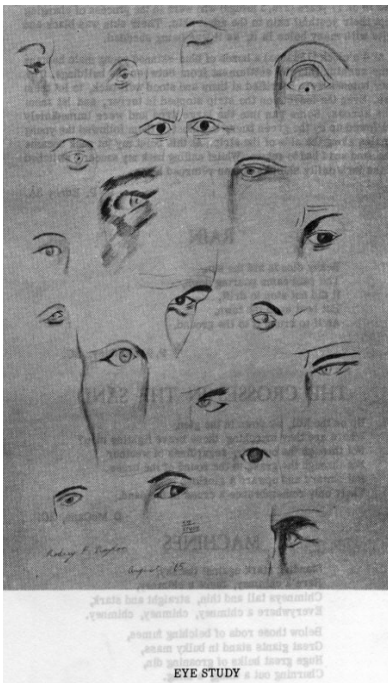




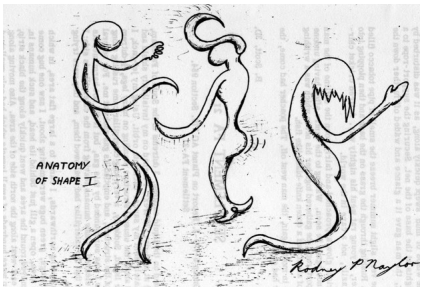
DIPPER

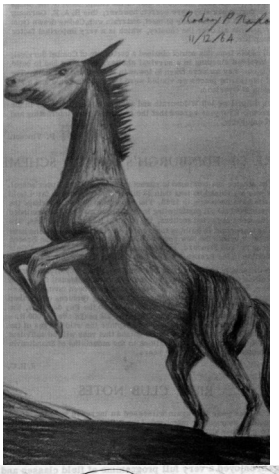


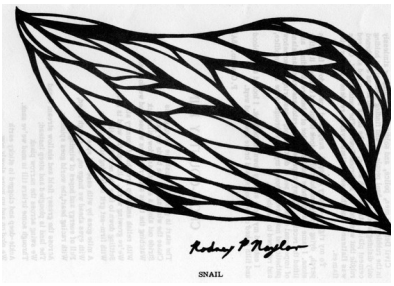
AULD NICK

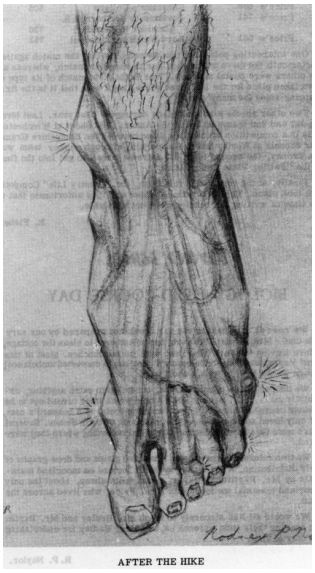


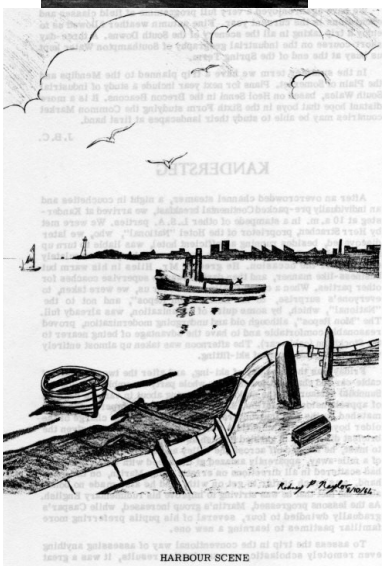
EYE STUDY

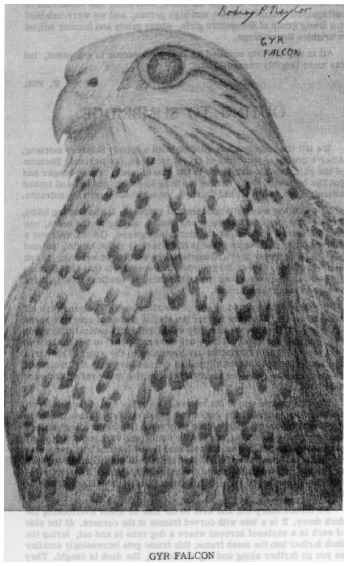







AFTER THE HIKE


HARBOUR SCENE



GYR FALCON

Ed: See the Price's Creators Chapter in Lion Pride publication, for more details of Rodney's work.

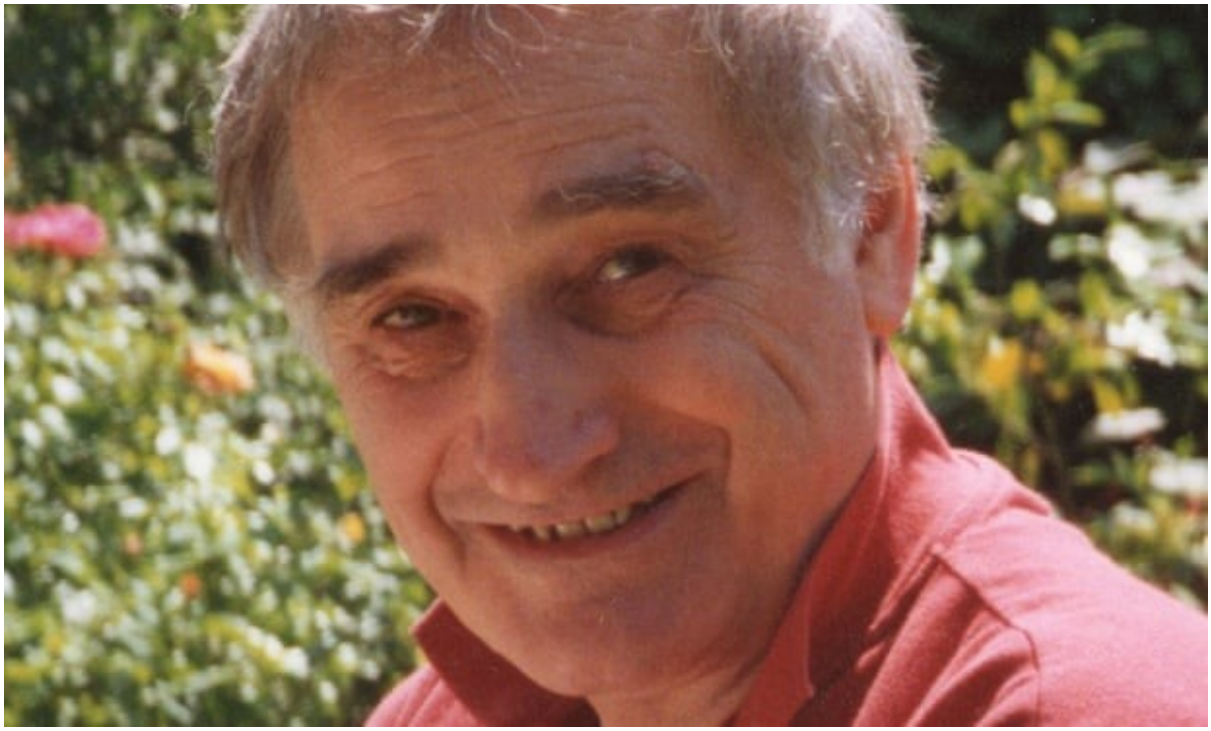
Neville	Dr. John Oliver, OBE	Dates	

RADA celebrates 25th anniversary with King's College London

Thursday 22 October 2015, 10am

RADA is delighted to be celebrating 25 years of partnership with King's College London, which started back in 1990 with the formation of a ground-breaking and unique course.

Principal of RADA at the time, **Dr Oliver Neville**, and Professor Katharine Worth at the University of London were the first instigators of the MA Text and Performance course – which combined theoretical and practical approaches to the study of drama. The course was then led by Deputy Principal (and eventual Principal) Nicholas Barter and former Dean of the School of Arts and Humanities at King's, Professor Barry Ife, and continued to be run jointly by King's and RADA until 2011.



After many years in the theatre, Oliver Neville studied English at Cambridge University and did a PhD

Obituary: *Jeremy Northam*
Tue 8 Jun 2021 18.35

My friend Oliver Neville, who has died aged 91, was principal of RADA, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, in London, for nearly a decade. He had started his life in the theatre as a scene painter before acting in regional theatre.

Oliver was born in Birmingham, to Frederick Neville, a schoolteacher, and his wife, Ethel (née Baird). He was brought up in Hampshire and attended Price's school in Fareham. Following national service, spent largely defusing landmines in Egypt, Oliver pursued his goal of becoming a director. He wrote to Reggie Leefe at Stratford Memorial Theatre, and in 1949 went to study theatre design there.

In 1951 he took a walk-on part in Tamburlaine at the Old Vic, with Donald Wolfit in the title role. A decade of acting work followed in repertory and on tour overseas, with roles including Peer Gynt, and Sir Thomas More in A Man for All Seasons.

In 1958 he returned to the Old Vic, playing Claudius in Hamlet and Warwick in Henry VI. Under Michael Benthall's stewardship he then worked as assistant director at the Old Vic, eventually directing his own productions of Macbeth and The Tempest, with Alastair Sim, in 1962.

The following year he took over as director of the Manchester Library theatre and ran innovative programmes with close-knit companies. In 1966 he moved to the Ipswich arts theatre, where he expanded its work with the community.

At the age of 40, in 1969 he set about studying for an English degree: he sat A-levels and went to King's College, Cambridge, graduating with a first. He continued his work on Ben Jonson to study for a PhD. His supervisor, Muriel Bradbrook, became a close friend.

He then taught English at Bedford College, University of London, and drama at Bristol University.

In 1984 he was invited to become the principal at RADA, where he brought his varied expertise to bear not only on the students' training, but also their welfare, improving the buildings at the Gower Street base and introducing a joint MA with King's College London to facilitate fairer student funding.

Ill health forced his retirement in 1993, but Oliver retained a keen interest in his students, many of whom kept in contact with him at his home in Bristol. He enjoyed gardening, reading extensively and pursuing his passion for medieval churches.

Oliver's first marriage, to Shirley Hall, ended in divorce. In 1964 he married the actor Pat Heywood. She survives him, along with his son, Edward, and daughter, Sarah, from his first marriage.

Oliver Neville was born in 1929 in Birmingham, Warwickshire, England as John Oliver Neville. He is an actor, known for The DuPont Show of the Month (1957) and Counter-Attack! (1960). He has been married to Pat Heywood since 1965. He was previously married to Shirley Hall.

Spouses: Pat Heywood (1965 - present), Shirley Hall (1952 - ?) (divorced)

Dr. John Oliver Neville:

- (1963) He directed William Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice," at the Library Theatre in Manchester, England with Robert Eddison, Georgine Anderson, Sebastian Breaks, Bernard Holley, Angela Down, and Thomasine Heiner in the cast.

- (1964) He directed William Shakespeare's play, "A Midsummer's Night Dream," at the Library Theatre in Manchester, England with Robert Eddison, Georgine Anderson, Michael Meacham, Dan MacDonald, Thomasine Heiner, Pat Keen, Kendrick Owen, Bernard Holley, and Antony Linford in the cast.

- (1963) He directed Benn W. Levy's play, "The Rape of the Belt," at the Library Theatre in Manchester, England with Zoe Hicks, Robert Eddison, and Angela Down in the cast.

- (May 29, 1962) He directed William Shakespeare's play, "The Tempest," at the Old Vic Theatre in London, England with Alastair Sim, Robert Eddison, Eileen Atkins, and Kerry Gardner in the cast.

- (December 19, 1961) He directed William Shakespeare's play, "Macbeth," at the Old Vic Theatre in London, England with Maurice Denham, Maxine Audley, and Robert Eddison in the cast. Oliver Neville was director.

Obituary: Playbill, Sept 17, 2022

John Neville, the respected British-born actor and director who was artistic director of Canada's Stratford Shakespeare Festival 1985-89, died in Toronto on Nov. 19, surrounded by family, the festival announced Nov. 20. He was 86.



*John Neville in **Love's Labour's Lost at the Startford Shakespeare Festival 1984***
Photo by David Cooper

Late in his career, Mr. Neville, who received the Order of the British Empire in the 1960s, starred in the motion picture "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen," and he played The Well-Manicured-Man in TV's "The X-Files."

Mr. Neville, however, was a man of theatre first. In the 1950s, he was a major player in the Old Vic company in London. Richard Burton was his contemporary there, and they played the roles of Iago and Othello in rep. He moved to Canada in 1972 and became artistic director of the Citadel Theatre in Alberta.

On his watch at Stratford in the late 1980s, programming for the world-famous Ontario festival founded by Tyrone Guthrie was expanded to include musical theatre beyond Gilbert & Sullivan. The change was controversial at the time, but Broadway musical titles remain a financial boon at Stratford, where several are produced every season, in rep with Shakespeare and other titles of world stage literature. The festival's 2011 revival of *Jesus Christ Superstar* is moving to Broadway in spring 2012.

Mr. Neville — who cut a dashing, upper-crust figure — played Henry Higgins in Stratford's *My Fair Lady* and later toured the U.S. in a separate, unrelated commercial production. Actors Colm Feore, Geraint Wyn Davies and Lucy Peacock came of age in Mr. Neville's time at Stratford.

According to the Canadian Encyclopedia, Mr. Neville starred in the first season of Sir Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival in 1962 and played the title role in *Coriolanus*, directed by Sir Tyrone Guthrie, for the opening of the new Nottingham Playhouse in 1963. His West End credits included *The School for Scandal, Once More with Feeling* and *Irma La Douce*. He created the title role in the stage play *Alfie*.

He was Artistic Director of the Nottingham Playhouse before he moved to Canada.

Mr. Neville made his Broadway debut with the Old Vic playing four productions in rep: the title role in *Richard II,* Romeo in *Romeo and Juliet*, Macduff in *Macbeth* and Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida.* He later appeared on Broadway in the Old Vic double bill of *Twelfth Night* (as Aguecheek) and *Hamlet* (as Hamlet) in late 1958, plus *Sherlock Holmes*, *Ghosts* (a Kennedy Center staging in 1982) and *Saint Joan* (for National Actors Theatre in 1993).

Wikipedia:

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen is a 1988 adventure fantasy film co-written and directed by Terry Gilliam, and starring John Neville, Sarah Polley, Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, Oliver Reed, Robin Williams and Uma Thurman. An international co-production between the United Kingdom, the United States and Germany,[3] the film is based on the tall tales about the 18th-century German nobleman Baron Munchausen and his wartime exploits against the Ottoman Empire.

The film was a notorious box office bomb, grossing just $8 million, losing Columbia Pictures $38 million.[5] Despite this, it received positive reviews from critics and was nominated for four Academy Awards: Best Art Direction, Best Costume Design, Best Visual Effects and Best Makeup.





Theatrical release poster by Lucinda Cowell

Directed by Terry Gilliam, **Written by** Terry Gilliam & Charles McKeown,
Produced by Thomas Schühly,
Starring John Neville & Eric Idle

Newbury	Robert	Dates	1969 -

Robert Newbury recalls his school days with a hop, skip and a jump ….

I quite liked the old-fashioned stuffiness of the school, although The Black Lion was always something to look forward to and seemed very daring and subversive at the time. My first form master was the kindly Mr Nash, but my first year at Price's was not an easy one. I was quite intimidated by some of the teachers, particularly Charlie Tuck the gym teacher. He had little time for less athletic pupils like myself. I had PE each Monday and Wednesday, and I missed one Monday session where Charlie taught the hop, skip and jump. I still maintain that a more foolish and pointless athletic exercise has yet to be devised, and can really feel no shame at all at my lack of skill. On Wednesday we were asked to show our prowess to Charlie and the rest of the class. I observed half a dozen others demonstrate the absurd dance before being called on myself. A fairly haphazard sequence of shifting from one foot to the other at speed got me across the gym, and I half-thought I had got away with it. 'Well done, Newbury. What a star.' called Charlie to my surprise. I turned back toward him and the rest of the class to find them gawping open-mouthed and stifling guffaws of laughter. Even Charlie found my performance so hopeless that he didn't even bother to remonstrate with me or ask for a repeat.

Rugby was a wretched business. Charlie would show off his skill with his sturdy figure in his red and blue hoops as he weaved his way up the field. I quickly developed the technique of keeping the right distance from the ball to look involved with the game, but with little chance of actually receiving a pass, with all the consequent physical dangers. Some well-placed lumps of mud rubbed into my shirt early in the game helped the illusion. Then one day, completely by chance, the ball was thrown to me in acres of space. I looked around for someone to pass the wretched thing to, but there was no-one. I began a lumbering run, and by the time any opposition were near me, had developed considerable momentum, i.e. mass times velocity as Sammy Cole taught me many years later. My velocity was not exceptional, but my mass was awesome compared to most eleven-year-olds.

My hapless colleagues bounced off me as I galumphed under the posts to score my one and only try, and to secure myself from Charlie's gimlet eye for the rest of the term.

It was with dismay that I heard that my form master for the second year would be Charlie Tuck. But then fate took a hand in my affairs. He was also to be my Maths teacher. Now initially this appeared to be another disaster. But Mathematics was by far my best subject. My Auntie Daisy taught me about gambling at 'Chase the Ace' when I was five, and I knew the odds of getting a pat full-house at poker by the time I was eleven. I spent odd hours dallying with roulette systems, and studying odds and so on. At primary school I had become formidable at mental arithmetic, which was used as a way of divvying up any spare bottles of milk at the end of the school day. I remember one day Charlie was grappling with a long multiplication on the blackboard. '17 times 13' he muttered to himself at the blackboard, scratching his closely cropped head. '221' I chimed up immediately from the back of the class, surprised at my own boldness, but half expecting a bottle of milk. He ignored me and carried on his deliberations. After a few more minutes he looked up slowly. 'Who said that?' he asked with ill-concealed astonishment. And from that moment on he treated me as a human-being. I couldn't hop, skip or jump either singly or in sequence, but I could multiply two figure numbers in my head, so I was all right really.

The most dreaded moments of my five years at the grammar school were the 'Games' periods when it was wet. Each Tuesday I would look out at the garden with dismay if it was raining or had rained in the night. If so, we would be in for the awful 'Cross Country Run'. How I hated this. I was actually OK at football, and all right at hockey at a pinch, but this pointless running was beyond me. Out of the school gates we turned right towards North Hill for the Pook Lane run. If you were lucky, and the teachers couldn't be bothered to supervise, you might get 'three laps of the school' instead, and sneak down an alleyway for a while and skip a couple of circuits. But the Pook Lane run was much worse. Charlie would jump in his car and shepherd us over the crossing points under the safety of his brolly. By Serpentine Road I was completely fagged out. I'm sure I could walk the course now faster than I ran it then. I resorted to ambling around with the other kids at the back smoking fags, and had a job keeping up with them. Yes, you know who you are Ross Kearns. I would return to the school completely exhausted, the other kids already queueing to come out and have lunch. An awful experience from start to finish.

Like most schoolboys, I spent considerable time devising plans to avoid the more unpleasant side of school life. I was well aware of the awful CCF when I joined the school, having a brother who loathed as much as I knew I would.

At the end of a music lesson in the first year with the chummy Mr. Gilbert, I sidled up to him and made inquiries about the orchestra. Violins and clarinets were plentiful he said, but they had no oboe player. I had discovered early on that the only way of avoiding CCF, which started in the third form, was to join the orchestra, and clearly however useless I was to become at the oboe, that could be my salvation. So I persuaded my father to buy me one (second hand for £25 I remember - I sold

the wretched thing for £50 five years later - what joy). Within a year I could just about pick out a tune, which was above average for the school orchestra it seemed. We even did a concert one evening I recall and murdered Bizet's Carmen and a clutch of Slavonic Dances. To this day I think the oboe one of the most evocative instruments of the orchestra, although sadly in my hands all it evoked was a plaintive duck drowning in the village pond.

I had no aptitude for art, and always came bottom of the class. Poor Mr Morley tried to point me in the right direction, and he was kindly in his criticism. I loved drawing and painting, and was bewildered at my total lack of skill. Still, luckily art was the first subject I could drop, although I had to do woodwork for two more barren years, and came bottom at that as well every single time. My wobbly tea-pot stand graced the tea table just once, and my three barred towel rail managed to discharge its contents to the floor every time.

The only subject which I really disliked, but which, due to some arcane principle of education at the time could not give up, was geography. To this day I can see nothing to be gained in knowing the size of the yam crop in some obscure 1950s African country. I discovered early on that trying to fill your head with facts which held no interest was a Herculean task. I believe the teacher's name was Mr. Elliott, but he was bald and avuncular, and so we nicknamed him David Nixon. 'Carboniferous' (as in limestone) became his magic word. How we wrestled to bring some lightness to the gloom. Still, I struggled on manfully. I recall "Pengy" O'Neill talking to 4C when he was our form teacher. 'You may not see the point of studying all these subjects' he said perceptively, 'but each piece of paper with another 'O' level on it might earn you another £100 a year in a few years' time.'

Like most teenagers, who have a rather mercenary disposition, I took this on board. At the time it may even have been true, and it was enough for me to decide to pass all of these exams however pointless they seemed, because it occurred to me that I would have to sit in the classrooms for all that time anyway, so might as well get something out of it. I know, what a swot. Pengy also warned me before my Physics O level that I might fail it, a guaranteed method, as he certainly knew, of ensuring that I didn't.

We did have another Physics teacher for a while - Mr. Phillips I think. He was a nice man, but had unfortunate protuberant teeth, was openly insulted by the pupils, and was quite unable to control a hedonistic bunch of thirteen-year-olds. Once the kids got wind of this they were merciless.
The poor man was hounded out of the school within a year I think. We felt a bit guilty about this I remember, as we liked him really. The ability to quell unruly teenagers with a single glance, as Pengy did, was a rare gift, and I don't know how you go about learning it.

Another man who had an awful time was the school groundsman. I remember looking out across the field watching this poor man go about his business with a train of boys walking behind him imitating every movement because they had nothing better to do. Each lunchtime he would stomp off to see Eric, fuming about these awful children who tormented him. Couldn't blame him really.

At the end of the sixties, the second world war was not the distant memory it is now. On one bright autumn day in 1969, I recall the school assembly when Eric Poyner handed over to Tom Hilton, who then stood in the pale sunshine and read the famous 'Going down of the sun' speech. It was one of those coming of age moments, and is perhaps the moment that sticks in the mind more than any other from my time at Price's.

There were other rather fearsome teachers; I recall the enigmatic Mr Glynne-Howell, or Genghis as he was more or less affectionately known in those non-PC days, chiding a hapless boy, I think it was Tony Pursey, for some minor misdemeanour. We were in one of the art rooms, and Ghengis turned

on one of the hot taps. He strode up and down the room, feeling the water temperature every now and then as he berated my colleague, and advised him that when it was hot enough, he would put the boy's head into the basin.

I was young enough to believe that in this strange, new and frightening world that it might be true. Tom Brown's School Days was being serialised on television at the time.

Jock Daysh also had a fierce reputation, although this was undeserved. He was a keen adherent of Murphy's Law 'if somebody can, somebody will', particularly in relation to the inability of pupils to deliver completed exam papers with the hole punched in the top left-hand corner as I recall.

Most teachers had nicknames; 'Buzz' Ellis, the history teacher with rather sibilant s's; 'Thunderclap' Newman the maths teacher rather than the one-hit wonder. 'Sparky' Sparkman the French teacher. 'Smudge' Smith. Jock and Charlie also had nicknames for many of my form-mates; 'Ashleigh' Mallett (after the Australian spin bowler), 'Ray' Ruffles (a tennis player?), 'Tom' Tullett (a sports writer), Steve McGuinness 'Flint' (another pop-star).

I don't remember being called 'you' or 'boy'. But we were all called by our surnames, by both the masters and the other boys, which seems so outdated now. It was also a source of some confusion as to how to address one of my friends, Peter Dear. 'Hello Dear' was too effeminate by half, and 'Hello Peter' far too familiar, so for Peter we resorted to a simple Hi or Hello.

I fell into learning Latin to avoid Chemistry. First year chemistry had been a haphazard affair. Even then I was rather surprised that eleven-year-old boys were fooling around with asbestos mats, gas taps and sulphuric acid. We were also advised to watch magnesium burn out of the corner of our eyes to 'avoid blindness'. Not the sort of caper that would be approved of these days I think. Small explosions were by no means unheard of. In another show of youthful inexperience, I half believed for a term or so that Brownian motion was named after our chemistry teacher. Anyway, by the time I was doing third year Latin, there were only four of us left under the beady eye of Mr. Glynne-Howell. He turned out to be a kindly urbane man despite my initial misgivings. One day he failed to appear for our early morning lesson. He explained the reason in some detail at our next meeting.
As was his habit, he rose early and dressed himself slowly before coming into school by bus. On the morning in question, he arrived at the school gates to discover that due to poor light and failing eye-sight, he had mistakenly shod himself in an unmatching pair of brogues - one brown, and one black - and had to return home to change. How the four of us gaped as he told us. Still, his ministrations for three years have helped me no end with The Guardian crossword over the years.

Music as an O level was a complete nonsense. We fell to learning long turgid descriptions of musical pieces from books, that we were then required to parrot out in the exam. I don't recall being asked for an actual opinion on any music or composers; just to learn the perceived wisdom and reproduce it. The practical side was more sensible. I did actually have a little musical talent (I had some pop songs published in the 1970s but sadly it never came to anything) but this was of no benefit whatsoever.

The German O level was more a disaster for the school than for me; four of us passed out of 32 - an appalling result for a grammar school. I think even Brooking, universally hailed as the school genius, could only muster a grade three. It transpired that our teacher taught Swiss German, not real German, and taught that rather badly. I think he was on his way shortly after that result.

Maths was a breeze, once I ended up with 'Thunderclap' Newman, an excellent teacher, rather than with 'Beaky' Jones, a thoroughly nice man and excellent bridge and chess player, but whose teaching

methods left a bit to be desired. I am afraid part of it was down to me too, because I enjoyed the bridge and the chess too much. In fact, I was one of the few in the school to sport a colours tie, despite my lack of physical prowess. I only revealed if pressed that this was won for chess playing rather than for winning the Victor Ludorum on sport's day.

I remember the 250th anniversary celebrations. It was such an event, that it seems inconceivable that fifteen years later the place would be torn to the ground. I think there was real pride in the school at the time. The 250 years meant a lot to many of the teachers, and even to some of the pupils. I recall an open day when my Uncle John showed up; he was at the school in the 1930s I think. It seemed as if it would last forever then.

One of my best memories is of the house cricket matches in the summer. Some teachers would give us lessons off so that we could go and watch them in the sun. My friends and I would either lie on the bank outside the staff room, or under the trees at the bottom of the field and watch the gentle passing of an English summer's day. Priceless moments. At least some of the trees are still there.

Oh well, I remember a great deal about Price's and still find it hard to believe it has gone forever. The interminable assemblies with their regular batch of boys keeling over in the heat; the lion and the '1721' over the school entrance; the archaic lecture theatre where, if you were lucky and didn't disturb any of the masters, you could sneak in and watch Wimbledon or the Test Match on summer days for as long as your bum could stand it. The quiet library where I used to skive from games in the fifth year, and where I kissed a girl under the mistletoe in the winter of 1975.

Oh well, I come up North Hill every night on the way home to Titchfield, and drive by the site of the school frequently while returning my mother-in-law to Serpentine Road. If only I had known her then, I could have stopped for a cup of tea on the 'cross-country' run. Best days of your life? Well no, not really thank heavens. But some of them were OK…

Newbury	Martin	Dates	1964 -

1970 - in both Junior & Senior Chess teams. 3rd in the County Chess U16 group. 1971 Playing for the Hampshire Senior (adult) Chess team. 1972 won internal graded competition.

Nisbet	John	Dates	

The main aim of this message is *to ask you to convey the news to anyone you happen to know who is of John's vintage.* He was born 1931, so his fellows of that year in the 6 Arts were, I believe, Watts D.G., Miskin, Innocent, Figes, Higgins. (Anyone else? Please let me know if you can add to this list, and add the corresponding scientist.)

John went into the Civil Service after leaving Price's with his Higher School Certificate safely achieved, probably with some very good grades. He was clearly of university calibre, but I had the impression that he and the school had to work hard to retain him in the Sixth, as his parents had been keener to see him start work at 16, at the end of the Fifth Form. But he was not able to go

further in his academic studies after Highers. He was promoted in the Education Ministry until, I believe, he attained the highest position ever reached by a non-graduate. He worked for some years in Milan. He was seconded from Education to the CBI. He had a remarkably successful career.

He collapsed while driving some years ago, as a result of a stroke that affected his brain and memory. Gradually he declined, though at the beginning he made a brave effort to cover his problem. The last time I saw him while he was able to communicate he said: "Sorry for this. It's all in here (tapping his head) but I can't get it out." We played snooker on his half-size table, and he still recalled and used the clichés - "I've left you on." "Straight pot." And so on. When I last saw him he seemed to be aware that I was a friendly presence, and seemed to listen as one spoke to him, but he could not reply.

He was a staunch supporter of the OPs, and until it was no longer possible he attended the London Christmas lunch/dinner, gently shepherded by June, who bravely cared for him and, with nursing support, kept him at home as he moved slowly but inexorably towards his peaceful end.

He was a Gosport boy, but I did not get to know him as a friend until I reached the Sixth. There we two shared lessons with Mr Howe, as we were the only two boys doing Subsidiary HSC in R.E. His set book was *Romans,* and mine the *First Epistles of James, Peter, and John*. We three sat at a table in the Arts Sixth room with a great pile of huge New Testament Commentaries in front of us. Howe would say: "What does Bishop Gore say about that verse, Nisbet?" And the next verse it would be my turn to read a piece from some other commentary. We both got A's in the real exam.

John was not a natural athlete, but he loved table-tennis. In his parents' home, their flat over their shop in Forton Road, he had a table-tennis table squeezed in, and our out-of-R.E. association developed into friendship when he used to invite me for a couple of hours' table-tennis followed by a huge, very rich (cake,etc.,etc.,) tea. I can see him now, his face a mask of dedicated concentration, striving to win each point.

John next appeared at first hand in my life when we had both moved, unknown to each other, to Berkhamsted. One day, taking an after-school hockey practice, I heard a voice bellow my nickname from Price's, a cognomen unused for many years. "Nobby!" the voice roared from a car. It was John, and in the passengers seat a very embarrassed pupil, Elizabeth his daughter, shocked to witness this sacrilege visited upon a senior member of staff. We picked up our friendship, and did not lose touch again.

Unlike most of us, he pursued an independent life outside school. For example, he acted in the Gosport dramatic society; and he had a regular girl-friend from Wykham House, somehow escaping George Ashton's strictures concerning "loitering."

We have lost another important and successful Pricean, a warm and friendly man. Our sympathy goes to June, Elizabeth his daughter, and Andrew and Robert, his sons, together with the members of their family.

Nobbs	E.J.	Dates	

LIFE IN THE INDIAN ARMY

We are now having tour of garrison duty in Amritsar, the Holy City of the Sikhs. Personally, speaking, its smelliness is far more noticeable than its holiness, and it beats the few cities I've been in for odour and filth. It is a walled city, containing well over 100,000 inhabitants, though in size it is no bigger than Fareham. To march round the walls, including the march to and from the barracks, takes about three hours, its circumference is about five miles at the very outside. It is continually threatened from Fort Gouindjash by 18-pounder guns. In the Fort are two Companies from the 1/1st K.G.O. Ghurka Rifles and a few Gunners from Ambola. One gun is permanently trained on the Golden Temple, which is the Sikh Holy of Holies.

My C.O and I visited the Temple shortly after our arrival. It is a really fine place and well worth visiting. We were very cordially welcomed and shown round. There are some very fine decorated pieces in the main Temple, which is in the "Tank" (Lake) and connected with the shore by a marble pier. In this a service is perpetually going on. Priests taking their turn in this duty. Also, they take turns in perpetually reading from their Holy Book. The Temple has a number of annexes, each of which is very finely fitted up. The Temple is the only clean spot in the whole of the city.

E.J.Nobbs. (March 1931)

Nobes	C. Patrick	Dates	1941 - 1951

"These are the last House Notes I shall write in the Lion. I have thoroughly enjoyed being Captain of a House whose keenness and wholehearted support both in defeat and victory, have been a consistent encouragement and source of pride to me during these past two years. I am sure my successor will experience the same happy state of affairs; may his term of captaincy be a successful one."

……

" I am sure that all members of school House will join me in wishing Nobes good luck in his future career. He has been an excellent Captain of School House during the last two years, and has had the happy knack of encouraging his teams. Much of the success of the House has been down to his inspiring leadership. We shall miss him very much."

B.R.Shaw.



In response to an enquiry I made of him:

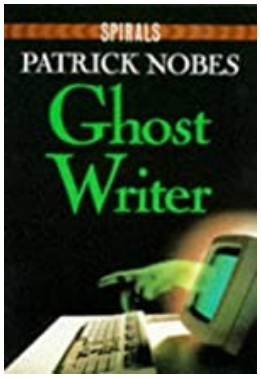
"The books you refer to constituted a series called Bulls-Eyes. The series was for adults and young adults with reading difficulties. All the titles were modern bestsellers, e.g. the James Bond books. I started the series in 1973 when I had my first experience of teaching in a comprehensive school, and found little or nothing available to interest the (then) 15-year-old tough school-leavers with low reading ability. All the books were shortened and the vocabulary simplified. I realized that these tough lads, and even tougher prisoners, members of the Armed forces, etc., would not be interested in the sort of reading books then available for people of limited ability, but would be interested in, and would not be ashamed to be seen with copies of the books their more able peers and the general public were reading. There was nothing like this on the market at the time, and Hutchinson took up my idea. In its heyday the series had more than forty titles. Hutchinson were bought by another big firm, and they in turn were swallowed by another, and the series was dropped by one of these successors. By then it had been running for some 20 years, and the big boys, e.g. Penguin and O.U.P. had cribbed the idea. I was the inventor, General Editor, and main adaptor of the series."

My book of poetry, which I called "Eighteen to Eighty", was a collection of some of the poems I had written over those years, and was privately published in 2013. Apart from the one or two copies I hold on to, all were sold. Now, if anyone wants to see the poems I send a copy of them by Wi-Fi, but I would hesitate to foist them on the unwary!









A letter from Patrick to his long-term friend, Victor Hughes

Dear Victor,

Many apologies for the long delay in answering you. I have been away, and have now just about unpacked and settled back into normal life.

VERY MANY THANKS for your long and extremely interesting letter, and for the light you shed on boarding life. Michael Peagram and I between us will produce a typed version and pass it to David Goldring, the chap who is producing the new history of Price's, as you know.

I think it probable that some people who read the history will have been unaware of there being boarders at all. By the time the last headmaster, Poyner, took over, all traces of them would have disappeared.

Who would have thought that this could happen when you and I first joined the school? I think Peagram will already have passed on your comments about Donald Hunt to his son and grandson, who were enquiring about him. They were particularly interested in the story of his having slept

through the explosion when the bomb fell across the road from the school house. What a narrow escape for all you boarders, and the Ashtons!

I saw a bit more of boarding life than most people, as I was in the Prep School. Mrs Ashton would appear from time to time to speak to us. I remember she presented the prize for the best peace pipe competition. We had been listening to "Hiawatha" by Longfellow being read to us by Miss Strong, the prep school mistress. This reading spread over many weeks, and at the end she set a competition - to make a Red Indian (as we called them then without fear of arrest and imprisonment!) peace pipe. I won the competition with a superb pipe! Mrs Ashton was in great pain from arthritis even then.

She was still supervising the production of school lunches in the kitchens of the school house. The meals I remember were pretty ghastly, and seemed to be mainly stews made of gristle and mangel-wurzel. It must have been very hard to cater with rationing in place, but I think a better job could have been made of it! However, we never grew fat, as so many youngsters are these days. Rationing was a boon, and we had more exercise in a day than the modern youngsters get in a week. I remember the Corps Camp you mention with the inspection by George VI. I was standing next to John Browning, and the King stopped to ask him a question. So I was able to see His Majesty from very close quarters. He was, as you say, looking very ill and was heavily made up. All sorts of other odd memories have been conjured up by your excellent letter, but I must stop rambling on. Glad to hear you are well, and that your family is thriving. Amazing to think that you, Brian Pearce, and Roger Ditchburn are all 90 next year. And I think Harold Langridge will have beaten all three of you, as I believe he is at least 6 months older! I'm a year behind you four, but hope I shall continue to follow your good example and keep going. I'm glad to say my family is all well, - three sons and four grandchildren. The oldest of the grandchildren has just graduated with a 1st Class Honours degree in Bio Chemistry. I told her that she was lucky to take after me and nobody else in the family! Hope to see you next year at the postponed 300th celebrations, so struggle on and keep fit! Very best wishes from us all, and again many thanks for your sterling effort in writing at such length.

See also: Lion Pride Chapter: "Creative Priceans")

C.P.Nobes : His Life and Times (In his own words)

Born 1933 to Alderman A.R. Nobes, OBE, and his wife, Marguerite. (His father was the first Labour councillor in Gosport, elected in the year of his birth, and became its first Labour Mayor, elected by a Conservative majority Council!) OBE for services to housing.

Joined Price's Preparatory School in 1941. Went into the main school in 1943, and eventually became School House Captain, and Head Boy. Vice Captain 1st XI Cricket. Hockey colours. Love of literature fostered by the inspiring teaching of H.R (Ralph) Thacker, Sixth Arts form master and Head of English.



1951 Senior ACF Soccer Patrick Nobes



1951


1951

After two years' National Service in the Royal Army Education Corps, went up to University College, Oxford to read English Language and Literature, and edited the university newspaper, "Cherwell". This led to one year as a trainee on "The Times", and then a decision that journalism did not beckon. Teaching did.

First in two London grammar schools, and then at King Edward VIth School, Bury St Edmunds. Believing the future of education would be in comprehensive schools, went to an early bi-lateral, Ashlyns, in Berkhamsted, as Head of English, sixth form master and i/c university entry. Director of the Hertfordshire International Students Course.

Then to first headship in a brand-new comprehensive at Buntingford in Hertfordshire, the Ward-Freman School, all ability, coeducational.

Second headship, Bedales. Independent. Co-educational. J.H. Badley, the founder, had a vision of a new school in1893 which led to this "progressive" school's becoming arguably the most influential school of the 20th century; music, environmental work, and the crafts being looked upon as being as important as academic subjects.

Head of Weymouth Grammar School. Scheduled for reorganisation, the area around this large, 1200, mixed, school remained untouched until well into the '80s. At this point a huge realignment took place and he found himself in charge of over 2,000 pupils, 11-16, on three sites, while playing a role in the reorganisation.

Retired in 1988, but recalled to assist various schools in crises. Last in 1991.

Editor, the "Bulls-Eye" series. These books were simplified versions of modern bestsellers, and sprang from his finding nothing of interest to the older weak readers in comprehensive schools. Now copied by Penguin amongst other major publishers, his idea was new at the time, and the books were also used in prisons and in the armed services to help with the education of people with reading difficulties.

Other works: "Eighteen to Eighty" - collected poems. "Laugh, we nearly died! 1939 - 45" A play about WW2. Various short stories, and further poems.

Three sons: Eldest at Marlborough and about to retire after running the department dealing with university entry and further education. Second: lecturer at UEA in Developmental Psychology. Third: teaching in London.
Life member of Hampshire Cricket, National Trust, and English Heritage. Ex-churchwarden.

Member of the Society of Old Priceans since leaving school, and of the London Society of Old Priceans while it existed. Currently, and very proudly, Honourable President having been chosen as President in 1999, and had the "Honourable" added by the Society in 2017 to mark his contribution to the Society.



And, some later thoughts;

As for the .303: We were all issued with them when we did National Service, and fired them each week on the ranges. As Bayliss says, they were uncomfortable unless holding and firing them had been properly taught. The practices and tests were of great value to the marksmen, whose pay was increased while they held this distinction. We had to run down from 600 yards (I think) and stop to fire a number of bullets at each 100 yards. The old timers would not fire any rounds at the longer distances, but would save all their bullets for 200 and 100 yards. That's how they remained marksmen, and kept their pay up. I was nothing better than a good 2nd class shot. (I was more accurate with the Bren gun than with the Lee-Enfield rifle.)

After National Service of two years we had to do a number of weekends and summer camp training. Our practice shooting continued during these periods. I was involved in the regimental competition, and we went to Browndown in appalling weather. There was a furious gale blowing in from over the Solent, and we could see the targets only in brief moments between the worst gusts, so it became a matter of snap-shooting. The rain was driving straight into our eyes. Most of the time we could not see the markers' signals telling us whether our bullets had hit bulls, inners, magpies or outers. I was surprised when the odd signals I could see were marking my shots as bulls-eyes. I thought someone else must be firing on my target in the general confusion.

When the results were announced my score was the best and I was declared Regimental Champion! I shall never know how this happened, but it earned me a one pint pewter beer mug, ceremonially presented by a general specially drafted in for the occasion.

There was an enquiry about the order in which people were put into houses when they joined the school in the 2nd form. In my day the names were read out in the order in which the boys entering the main school from the prep school had passed the school's entrance exam - top boy first. Then the outsiders coming in were read out, but I don't know in what order. Whether this order of top boy first and so on down was preserved after the end of the prep school, I don't know. But old habits die hard, so you never know.

VBWs

HPP **Patrick Nobes**

Noot	Ivor	Dates	1951-1958

I went to Prices in Sept 1951, a year under age like Cecil Rowling. From the word go I was dead keen on the cadets and wore my uniform neatly pressed on Mons and Weds, as it was then. Somewhen during the first year I started to play the Bugle and soon learned most of the marching tunes and the General Salute, Present Arms. This was to remain a firm favourite particularly as it was only used once a year for the annual inspection by some boffin from on high(War Office etc).

My overriding memory is of us all parading on the school field in May or June. The Buglers itching to play this General Salute. Clearly something was amiss as no boffin had yet appeared. Major Hilton was doing a bit of background work. Captain Howard Jones with a few sharp commands was keeping the troops in order.

Suddenly after what seemed like an age there was discussion between the officers and murmuring in the ranks. From the direction of the headmaster's house appeared Tom Hilton and a smartly turned out George Ashton wearing his lined hood, mortar board and gown.

Years later, looking at the school photo of G A Ashton inspecting the School Cadet Force, I'm still not sure whether the Boffin didn't turn up and so Tom persuaded George to step into the breach or whether George simply forgot and had to be reminded.



The photo opposite shows Society's future Chairman Charles Evans looking very smart. This must have been a selected group for the Inspection. There wouldn't have been enough ammunition pouches and straps for everyone.

I tend to go for the former but perhaps there's somebody out there whose memory is sharper than mine. I unfortunately cannot locate this photo on the LSOP website now and as my computer skills are limited you'll have to take my word for it.

The first Band Parade I went on was as a first year. I can't remember any parades prior to this, not even the celebrated Titchfield Carnival. By this time I had mastered all the marching tunes and found myself on a bus to North End. The others insisted I wear the sash of Bugle Major. I had no boots as few of us did at that period. The uniform was the best hand me down I could find in the stores from WW2. Even these were hard to come by. I must have been the shortest bandsman and was given the job of communicating with the Drum Major, Robin Gray if remember correctly.

I can only imagine that the band was going through one of its shortage of recruits phases of which it went through several in my time. I was dead beat after this parade, we seemed to march for miles. Afterwards I never looked back and for most of my time in Lower School was a solid member of the Band.

The next memory of the Band was the arrival of Bob Jarman, possibly an old boy but someone who came with the approval of Tom Hilton. Throughout the 50s, Bob revitalised the band. First he persuaded Tom to set up a fife section which contained the names of some well and lesser known

Old Priceans. My brother Peter Noot, a recent MBE. Marcus Miller one of the cleverest people I ever met in my life. Fellow Classmate Peter Tudge. Come in Pete where are you? “Prof” Carpenter who went all the way through school with my brother and who once you met never forgot.

The fife section was a great success and when Bob came to re-enacting beating the retreat fitted nicely into the drama and the movement.

I would guess that it was about 1955/6 that we first started beating the retreat. Bob was a keen trumpeter and could be found playing with local swing bands. Pete Noot and his friend Dave Smyth were invited to play a few numbers in a skiffle group, Pete on three sting German double bass and Dave on guitar instead of his side drum. Considering the audience at this “Mental defective colony” as it was then known, this was quite a success and turned out to be a regular weekly hit for our two bandsmen.

One person I must not forget from this era was Tony Linford. A much better bugler than me but because of his father’s work spent a couple of years or so in Fife. I can’t remember whether he came back to play with the Cadet Band on his return but in his 20s/30s/40s played as a trumpet teacher at Fareham College. My cousin thought highly of him and that’s where this information comes from. I only hope it’s accurate.

In a Drum/Bugle/Fife Band there are always 2 who need their strength, The Cymballist who frequently grows into the Bass Drummer and the Bass Drummer who may become the Drum Major. We had a number of these. Our Cymballist became the Bass drummer at a certain stage. And subsequently after long service in the Royal Air Force and as treasurer to our society. Well done Michael Croad Brangwyn*, you’re doing a great job.

Another, Roger Kaiser*, became one of the first of our Drum Majors in the Bob Jarman era. Yet Alan Bath was a dynamic Bass Drummer and never went further. He seems to have overlapped to some extent with ever reliable John Potier*. We lost John to Welbeck Military College after his O levels.

It was common for old Priceans to end up at Sandhurst. Tom would have liked me to follow this route into Adult Life but my father would never sign any paper that put me in the army. He had allowed my 2 uncles to try to get me a cadetship at Dartmouth Royal Naval College back in1956 and I partially succeeded as I got through to the final interview.

I remember George coming to explain to me one morning after assembly that to match the public School boys we at Prices needed to be one year ahead academically and physically. It was an interesting experience living along side the public schoolboys but they were more than our equals.

* Players shown in the photo, below.



Sunday 24th February, 1957, West St., Fareham.

Baden Powell Centenary Parade *(Names on next page)*

Drum Major Roger Keyzor;
Drum Sgt Dave Smythe, ?, Tech Palmer;
Fifer Pete Noot, Bass Drummer Roger Potier, Fifer Charles Evans;
?, Fifer Dave Goldring, ?;
?, Fifer John (Spud) Tanner, ?
3 Buglers ???;
?, Bugler Steve

Dowse?; *?, Pete Dore, ?*

Band Sgt Ivor Noot.,

In my era Don Robertson Fox made it to Sandhurst but was unfortunately killed when his land rover was hit in Aden.

The Army Badge Scheme was opened in 1959. For us that was myself, Sgt Bill Butler and Flight Sergeant Marcus Miller. It was much the same as the entry to Sandhurst or Cranwell. Being responsible for a section for both day and night exercise. Practical tests, a whittling down process and a final interview. I have to admit that my thirst for the CCF and things military had greatly waned. When it was suggested that I dive into a patch of stinging nettles to avoid an imaginary air attack I saw red.

Over the past two years pop music had occurred. Politics was changing for good, Ban the Bomb whether you agreed with it or not showed life might well be very different. Younger teachers started to appear who were educated after the war.

Returning to Prices after my second attempt at A-levels in 1959 I'd made the wrong choices for University, wrong courses and wrong universities. In fact apart from the results,3 A levels, I'd wasted a year. I chose to enter the civil service. By late Oct I had an executive job starting in Jan. My friends in the sixth form found this choice of career somewhat strange as I'd been following an academic one all the way since 4 Arts. Why they said, did I not do a combined/mixed course?.

Yes why not indeed? My father needed little persuasion and so Cec Rowling did me the greatest favour by talking sense into me. Who else might have been involved? The late Al Holden, Pete Tudge, Marcus Miller, I can't be sure but I can still hear Cecil's voice.

One morning in late Oct I was called into Mr Poyner's office to be confronted by Bert Shaw and the recently appointed headmaster. There was something in the air. I should have guessed it was the

Latin master who had replaced dear old Louis Chapman. Everybody knew he was having a hard time of it. I was asked to stand in for him until Xmas on normal teacher's pay.

I survived and even managed to keep in the new Headmaster's son in the process. It is difficult now imagining how staffrooms would change in the succeeding 40 years, but I was there to witness it. When in 1999 I received details of what my pension would be, there at the head of the column were the six weeks I'd spent at Prices happily divulging and confirming all the little idiosyncrasies we'd noted about our teachers.

I have no more memorabilia of the Band apart from the attached photo taken by Archie Tinling's father. Archie was Head Boy from 1959 to 1960. At first I kept my tunic top but my successor approached my brother and we handed it back. Was this to you David I rather think it might have been? (Ed - Yes!).

In 1958 or thereabouts Tom was at last prevailed upon to finance the purchase of a Mace. I remember unpacking it from its box and coming across the bill, in old money of £27 15s 0d. However there were strings attached. The Mace was not to be thrown and should remain firmly in the Drum Major' hands. And so it did until in 1960 my brother reported that it had suffered the indignity of damage. No names no pack drill to quote Raef Thacker.(***Ed*** *– mea culpa – At the end of the long slog that was the route of the Portchester Summer Gala along the Crossways, down Cornaway Lane, along White Hart Lane and into Castle Street, to the Castle. Made it!. One last flourish! And dropped it! Small dent on the outer rim of the head. Sorry, guys!)*



Here are all the names I can remember from the 1959 Band photo, above: Drum Major: Ivor Noot (with kind acknowledgement to Michael Wybrow's article about the band in 1957 in which he remarks that all the girls were looking at me. He is wrong he was much better looking than me and could play a mean bass drum

Lead Drummer: Pete (Bilko) Clift. missing. "Heap" Read, David Goldring.

Bass Drummer Jim Blann

Leading Fife: Peter Noot

Other images not clear from this copy, but will have included: "Heap" Read, Prof Carpenter, Band Master Bob Jarman
Senior buglar Ivor Williams, Bugle Major Tim Riches would have been rear right.

Band Sgt, 1956 and 1957. CSM 1958, 19. Drum Major 1958. 1958 Badminton team. 1959 team. Brother of Peter.

Norbury	Sarah	Dates	1977 - 1979



Education: Fareham Girls' Grammar School, Price's Sixth Form College and latterly University of Keele

BA Joint Hons English and French Language and Literature

Fareham Grammar School for Girls

Freelance Journalist and Consultant Editor



A highly experienced journalist and editor, most of my career has been with IPC Media, Europe's biggest consumer-magazine publisher. After 15 years at the helm of first Yachting Monthly and then Practical Boat Owner, I left IPC to pursue a freelance career. I work as a writer specialising in boats, travel and food, and as a Contributing Editor with Practical Boat Owner.



Some recently-published articles can be seen at www.clippings.me/sarahnorbury

IPC Media **15 years**	**Editor - Practical Boat Owner** 2001 - May 2013 12 years. Editor of Britain's biggest-selling yachting magazine	**Editor - Yachting Monthly** 1998 – 2001 3 years Re-launched and increased sales of Britain's second-biggest yachting magazine.	**Projects Editor - Motor Boat and Yachting** 1995 – 1997 2 years

Self Employed, May 2013 – Present 8 years 10 months



‘After 10 years at the helm of PBO, preceded by two years editing Yachting Monthly, I am delighted to now make the move into freelance journalism which will allow me to write about the many areas of yachting that interest me, focusing on cruising guides, gear testing and French maritime matters.’

Sarah will be replaced by David Pugh. David says: ‘I’m delighted to be given the opportunity to lead PBO into the future.

‘Sarah is passing over a strong brand which commands the highest readership of any marine title in the UK, with a fiercely loyal and passionate subscriber base.

‘These are difficult times for businesses worldwide, but PBO’s core values of practicality, common sense and enjoyment afloat are timeless.

‘I am fortunate to be supported by an extremely competent team, and together I’m sure we can continue to produce and develop a multi-platform magazine which meets our readers’ needs and inspires them to practical boat ownership.’

Publishing director Simon Owen adds: ‘It’s been a massive privilege for me to have worked with Sarah.

‘She has been completely in tune with her readership and has never tired of coming up with brilliant creative ideas to superserve the PBO marketplace!

‘I wish her all the very best in the next phase of her working life and would like to thank her for the enormous contribution she has made to IPC’s marine brands over the years.

‘Sarah’s a tough act to follow, but David has both the talent and credentials to take PBO forward.’

Ed: This page appears also in the Price’s Creators Chapter of the Lion Pride publication.

Norris	Mrs. Barbara	Dates	1974 - 1984

There are not many staff from Price's still with us and many of us are in our dotage!!

I don't have many stories to tell but here are some of my memories.

I joined the college in 1974 as one of the female staff from Fareham Grammar school for Girls and found myself teaching classes of boys for the first and last time in my career!

I was a Senior tutor responsible for oversight over one third of the Sixth form, finding myself writing references and dealing with problem students who needed to pull their socks up!

I was quite taken aback with the state of some of the buildings, some of which leaked like a sieve and were propped up by poles! The heating was also somewhat archaic and often broke down. New buildings were built to house the English Department after a few years and the swimming pool was filled in to make way for temporary huts.

I remained at the College until it was amalgamated with the Technical college in the nineteen eighties and students and staff were transferred to the Technical College site. Quite a few of the staff held a party at the College the Saturday before the College was bulldozed, and celebrated our impending retirement with food, wine and fireworks, no doubt disturbing the local residents!
The site was bulldozed immediately to prevent vandalism and is now occupied by posh houses!!
One road is named after Eric Poyner, the former Head, whom I remember with great affection.

Barbara Norris

Nugent	F.E.	Dates	1913 - 1916

F. E. NUGENT, entered 1913. School House. Prefect 1916. First XI., Cricket, 1914-15-16 (colours 1916). First XI., Hockey, 1915-1916, captain 1916. First XI., Football, 1914-1915 (colours 1915). Corporal in Cadet Corps; member of shooting team, Musketry and Efficiency Badges, 1916. Left 1916.

1st Xi Hockey Captain 1916. **Sportsman of the 10s Decade** (shortlist). 6 x International Hockey selections

4/18 we believe, is in the R.A.F., but he never could write much

3/22 Has played in both the hockey trial matches for the South Division, and plays regularly for Hants. He has now left Thorneycroft's and is at present at the Bournemouth Hockey Festival.

12/23 is teaching at Saugeen School, Bournemouth, and in the intervals playing hockey for Hampshire.

4/24 has been picked for all the matches played by the South in this year's International 7/24 Trials.

HOCKEY WORLD

CIRCULATING THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM AND OVERSEAS

(OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE **HOCKEY ASSOCIATION**, ALSO IRISH UNION, THE SCOTTISH AND WELSH ASSOCIATIONS)

EDITED BY E. A. C. THOMSON

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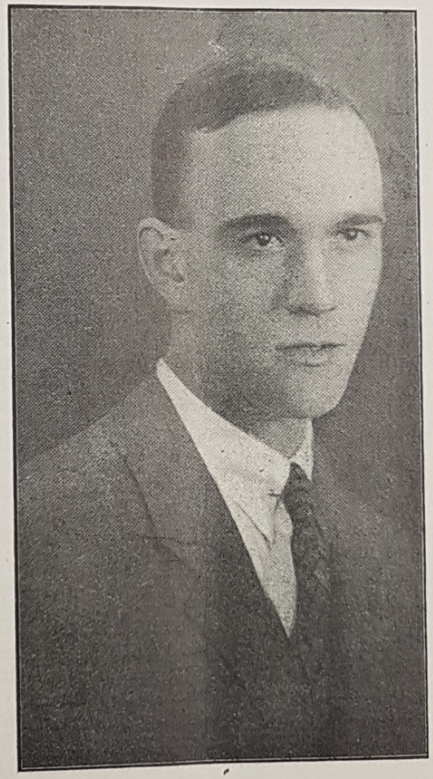
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Notable Personalities

XXIII.—England's New Forward

MR. F. E. NUGENT is one of the most talked of forwards of the English season; by sheer playing merit he has risen to the highest point in the game. Mr. Nugent has been rather away from the limelight glare of first-class hockey by reason of being a resident in a district where few good clubs of quality exist. Three years ago he first came under our notice when he took part in a southern trial at Beckenham as an outside-left. All his Hampshire friends declared he was an inside-left, where his stickwork, dash, speed and great shooting power were revealed to the full. And so he has proved by his form, though he played outside-left for the South this season. Mr. Nugent's abilities for the South were such as to carry him into the English forward line against the Rest at Nottingham last Saturday, where he again acquitted himself brilliantly. And so he has been rewarded by the full confidence of the English selectors against Wales to-morrow. And the honour gained by Mr. Nugent is also an honour for South country hockey. Born in Calcutta, Mr. Nugent commenced hockey at Bishop Cotton School, Simla, at the age of eight years. His parents moved to England in 1912, and his real progress dated from his entry at Fareham, where he came under the instruction and coaching of Mr. R. O. Johnston (Oxon and Hampshire), an excellent player of wide experience and sound judgment, who is still hon. secretary of Hampshire County H.A. To the sound principles then instilled by Mr. Johnston and the valuable advice given to Mr. Nugent personally, much of his further playing successes may be largely attributed. At Fareham, until 1916, Mr. Nugent was captain of hockey, also a first eleven colour for cricket and football, besides being prominent as a sprinter and a long and high jumper, so that his athletic prowess can well be appreciated. Indeed, as we once wrote about Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. Nugent has the real "athletic eye" and is capable of success at any game. Mr. Nugent represented the School in Winchester Sports for the Hampshire championships from 1916 to 1918, when, on attaining military age, Mr. Nugent joined the R.A.F. as a cadet, then playing no hockey at all. Resuming the game after the war interval, he was chosen for Hampshire County (as a member of the Celts H.C., now the Toc H., Soton) in January, 1921, and has played ever since. Mr. Nugent acquired much knowledge by playing in combination with Captain Erroll Manners, R.N., one of the most finished centres of the past decade, and late of the Royal Navy team. Mr. Nugent has played in almost every position in hockey, even in goal, at one time or another, so that his great versatility is manifest. He is, too, fairly useful at lawn tennis and pulled off a first and second in Hampshire L.T.T. last summer, and has proved a great swimmer in galas. A born and natural athlete, a fine all-round sportsman, Mr. Nugent's career as an English international will be watched with more than ordinary interest. His success is a real object lesson to all young English players that practice, perseverance and ready adaptability may in due time bring the highest honour hockey can confer. Mr. Nugent has "won through" by his own playing abilities.



F. E. NUGENT (England and South)

SURNAME:	NUGENT
CHRISTIAN NAMES:	F E
DATE OF BIRTH:	
DIVISION:	West & South
COUNTY:	Dorset & Kent
CLUB:	Poole & Westgate
POSITION:	Forward (IL)
RECORD:	6 England Caps

01	083	07 MAR 1925	v	WALES	Merton Abbey	2
02	084	14 MAR 1925	v	SCOTLAND	Perth	1
03	085	21 MAR 1925	v	IRELAND	Edgbaston	1
04	086	04 APR 1925	v	FRANCE	Paris	
05	091	19 MAR 1927	v	WALES	Trent Bridge	
06	092	26 MAR 1927	v	SCOTLAND	Aberdeen	

(085)

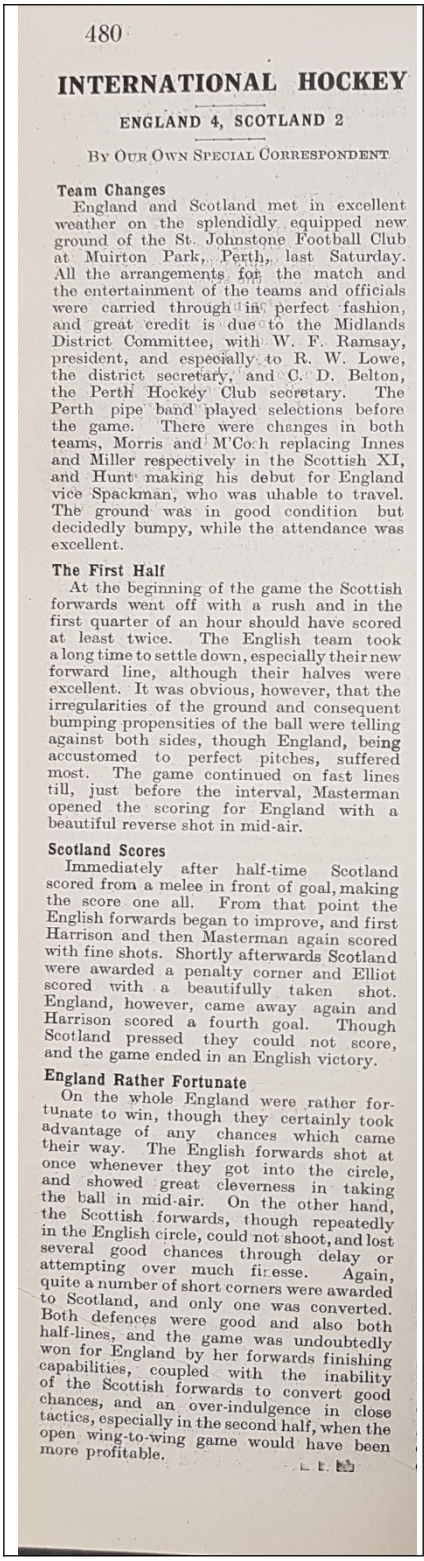
DATE:	Saturday 21 March 1925
VENUE:	BIRMINGHAM - Warwickshire County Cricket Ground - Edgbaston
MATCH: (27)	ENGLAND v IRELAND
BULLY OFF:	3.00 p.m.
REFEREES:	H G Nelson (Wales) & R A Lightbody (Scotland)
RESULT:	ENGLAND WON 4:2 (HT 3:2)

ENGLAND (5:3:2:1)

	CAPS				
GK	2	E E	Brett		(Erdington & Midlands)
RB	2	W	Hunt		(Timperley & North)
LB	3	H J	Still		(Teddington & South)
RH	9	A W	Kirkcaldy		(Nottingham & Midlands)
CH	3	C J R	Turner		(The Army & Combined Services)
LH	15	E	Hartley	(Captain)	(Isis & South)
OR	4	G F	Rowbotham		(Manchester University & North)
IR	6	F C	Harrison	1	(Northern & North)
CF	2	J C	Masterman		(Isis & South)
IL	3	F E	Nugent	1	(Poole & South)
OL	11	K G	Chilman	2	(York & North)
	(60)				

IRELAND (5:3:2:1)

GK	12	E M	Dillon		(Lisnagarvey)
RB	5	W M	Stockil		(Limerick PYMA)
LB	5	W M	Dick		(Cliftonville)
RH	1	J N	Peatt		(Railway Union)
CH	9	S R	Malcomson	(Captain)	(Queen's University, Belfast)
LH	7	J H	Harvey		(Banbridge)
OR	3	V	Sully		(Railway Union)
IR	6	C	Sully	1	(Railway Union)
CF	10	G G	McGregor		(Lisnagarvey)
IL	6	W P	MacDonogh	1	(Dublin University)
OL	2	W E	Acheson		(Dublin University)
	(66)				



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INTERNATIONAL HOCKEY

ENGLAND 4, SCOTLAND 2

By Our Own Special Correspondent

Team Changes

England and Scotland met in excellent weather on the splendidly equipped new ground of the St. Johnstone Football Club at Muirton Park, Perth, last Saturday. All the arrangements for the match and the entertainment of the teams and officials were carried through in perfect fashion, and great credit is due to the Midlands District Committee, with W. F. Ramsay, president, and especially to R. W. Lowe, the district secretary, and C. D. Belton, the Perth Hockey Club secretary. The Perth pipe band played selections before the game. There were changes in both teams, Morris and M'Coch replacing Innes and Miller respectively in the Scottish XI, and Hunt making his debut for England vice Spackman, who was unable to travel. The ground was in good condition but decidedly bumpy, while the attendance was excellent.

The First Half

At the beginning of the game the Scottish forwards went off with a rush and in the first quarter of an hour should have scored at least twice. The English team took a long time to settle down, especially their new forward line, although their halves were excellent. It was obvious, however, that the irregularities of the ground and consequent bumping propensities of the ball were telling against both sides, though England, being accustomed to perfect pitches, suffered most. The game continued on fast lines till, just before the interval, Masterman opened the scoring for England with a beautiful reverse shot in mid-air.

Scotland Scores

Immediately after half-time Scotland scored from a melee in front of goal, making the score one all. From that point the English forwards began to improve, and first Harrison and then Masterman again scored with fine shots. Shortly afterwards Scotland were awarded a penalty corner and Elliot scored with a beautifully taken shot. England, however, came away again and Harrison scored a fourth goal. Though Scotland pressed they could not score, and the game ended in an English victory.

England Rather Fortunate

On the whole England were rather fortunate to win, though they certainly took advantage of any chances which came their way. The English forwards shot at once whenever they got into the circle, and showed great cleverness in taking the ball in mid-air. On the other hand, the Scottish forwards, though repeatedly in the English circle, could not shoot, and lost several good chances through delay or attempting over much finesse. Again, quite a number of short corners were awarded to Scotland, and only one was converted. Both defences were good and also both half-lines, and the game was undoubtedly won for England by her forwards finishing capabilities, coupled with the inability of the Scottish forwards to convert good chances, and an over-indulgence in close tactics, especially in the second half, when the open wing-to-wing game would have been more profitable.

L. E.

Scottish Play

On the Scottish side Traill, in goal, was brilliant, and stamped himself as a keeper of the first class, his anticipation and kicking being excellent. Elliot and Morris were both good at back, and in a splendid half-back line Mackay was outstanding, his work in the first half particularly being magnificent. In a forward line which compared unfavourably with that of the Rose, Smith showed very fine form and great speed. He had hard luck once in the English circle, as when he was about to shoot the ball jumped over his stick and a good chance was lost. The inside forwards, on the whole, were disappointing, although all showed clever touches. Walker showed fine stick-work but did not have much of the ball in the later stages.

English Play

In the English side the defence and half-backs were very good, but the forwards as a line showed only glimpses of the old English forward play to which we are accustomed, a fact easily explained by the bumpy condition of the surface. Brett did well in goal; both backs and all the halves were excellent, Hartley probably being the pick. Masterman and Harrison were the best forwards, both showing a great capacity for taking advantage of any chance offered and wonderful shooting power.

The Teams

Scotland—J. Traill (Edinburgh Northern); G. M. Elliott (Edinburgh Northern) (captain), and R. L. Morris (Edinburgh Northern); D. C. Dickson (St. Andrews University), G. W. M. Mackay (Portsmouth), and A. C. Anderson (Western); S. F. Smith (Cartha), H. E. C. Bacon (Western), N. C. R. Kirkpatrick (Wimbledon), P. S. M'Cosh (7th Hussars), and H. S. Walker (Melrose).

England—E. E. Brett (Midlands); H. J. Still (South), and W. Hunt (North); A. W. Kirkcaldy (Midlands), Capt. C. J. R. Turner (Combined Services), and E. Hartley (South) (captain); C. D. Terry (Midlands), F. C. Harrison (North), J. C. Masterman (South), F. E. Nugent (South), and K. G. Chilman (North). Umpires: W. W. Miron (Wales) and R. K. Megram (Ireland).

The SOP knowledge of Biddy Nugent's Hockey International selections and matches has been, until September 2022, largely apocryphal, there seeming to be no knowledge of the man, or his International selections.

Such a lack of detail might be accounted for by the loss of many year's of OPA Secretarial records through carelessness, or the fact that present day (2022) inertia in a failure to make past records available for this process in bringing up to date, the history of the school.

Nonetheless, some beavering away via the The Hockey Museum has yielded precisely that evidence, initially thought not to have existed at all, thus casting doubt on "the myth". Once it was established that the nickname "Biddy" was for a male, the mists of time cleared and a 7-page extract came to light which has been copied to me.

So, a front page spread of "Hockey World" for March 1925, along with team selection details of a match against Ireland in that same season and the match report for the game against Ireland is included, to verify his place in the School's history as the first International selection to its honour. Other reports are in hand, but in very small type, making reading difficult, though there is no mention of Nugent's playing performance.

Thanks due to the Hockey Museum Staff for their invaluable help in pursuit of this detail. **David Goldring**

NB: 20/09/2022

Dear David
One of our researchers has looked into your enquiry but I'm afraid that **we cannot find any record of Biddy Nugent.** Ed: NB They were looking for a female, on the presumption that "Biddy" was a girl's name! With further effort they found, and sent to me the content used above.

With kind regards,
Mike Smith THM Hon. Curator & President