

Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"P" Surnames

Packham	Eric F.	
Paice	Ray	
Palmer	Mr. Norton	1908 - 1934
Paskins	Malcolm D.	
Pasley	Norman	
Peagram	Michael	
Pearce	Harold	1918 -
Pechal	Katrina	
Pemberton	Mrs. Lyn	1959 - 1978
Pepper	Dr. Duncan	1953 – 1960
Percival	Don	1948 – 1955
Perrin	Max	1964 – 1969
Phelan	David (Paddy)	1951 - 1958
Phelan	Peter	1946 – 1951
Pigney	Grahame	1965 - 1972
Pike	Phillip	1968 - 1975
Pond	Roy	1953 - 1957
Pook	Richard	1942 - 1948
Porter	Antony	1957 - 1962
Porter	Rodney	1944 - 1953
Poyner	Mr. Eric A.B.	1959 - 1979
Preece	Mrs. Daphne	1980 - 1985
Privett	Martin C.	
Pugh	Tim	
Purkis	Antony	

Packham	Eric F.	Date	

ERIC F. PACKHAM. Lieutenant, 2nd Battalion Hampshire Regt. Died of wounds received in France in October 1918. Buried at Stubbington, November 1918. (Cams House. Head of the School. School Monitor. Ramsay Exhibitioner. Capt. Cadet Corps. Oxford Senior 1916. London Matric. 1916. Prize Cadetship, Sandhurst (20th), November 1916. 1st XI. Cricket, Football and Hockey).



On passing out of R.M.C., was gazetted to A.S.C. at Aldershot, and in 1918 attached to 2nd Battalion Hants. Regt.,

Paice	Ray	Dates	1969 - 1974

I was at Price's School from 1969 to 1974 and Prices College from 1974 to 1976 and my younger brother was at Prices School two years behind me - I was in the very first cohort at the new college so I can provide some information on your question about assemblies during the period 1974-76.

As students of the new Price's College we were assigned into small, mixed, tutorial groups and assigned a group tutor and room - my group tutor was Jeff Kerley(?) - anyway, we didn't have assembly as such but would meet as a group in our room for notices, to share experiences and generally socialise. I recall that it felt very strange to be on first-name terms with everyone, including tutors, at least initially.



The last years of Price's School pupils did not have a conventional assembly.

There was an informal gathering of the college students for morning tea/coffee in the main hall - I recall that was well-attended and with lots of social engagement. Talking of social engagement, do you have the college discos on your radar?

I'm looking forward to the WP300 event at the Solent Hotel and hope to bump into some old friends, many of whom I've not met for over 40 years!



CCF Arduous Training in the Peak District, under canvas, circa Dec 73/Jan74 and very cold as I recall.
Left to Right: ?, Mr. Howard-Jones, Roger Marshall, Clive Prentice, Andy Case, Andy Marks, ?, Steve Cogan, Ray Paice

Palmer	Mr Norton	Dates	1908 - 1934.

This term has seen the retirement of our woodwork instructor, Mr. Norton Palmer, who has held that post since the School first began as a Secondary School. During that time, every boy in the School has benefitted from his very efficient teaching. Mr. Palmer was a trained certificated teacher but had specialised in handicraft. He was a wonderful craftsman, far beyond the requirements of his work here and he had a vast store of knowledge about woods of all kinds, both old and new.. He must have been a very popular member of staff in the very early days of the School, for the School was so small then, that all the boys went into the workshop at once, and the rest of the staff took a half holiday!

Not only did Mr. Palmer instruct, but he often did work needed in the School. Two examples of his work we shall always possess are the School War Memorial and the small tablet to Charles Beauchamp , both in the Hall. The War memorial tablet in the Fareham Post Office is also Mr. Palmer's work.

We are glad to think that although Mr. Palmer is retiring from School work, he is not giving up his craft. In fact, he hopes to do more work than before and is fitting up improved equipment in his home at Petersfield, We all wish him health and strength and may his hand never lose its cunning, that he may long continue to experience that very deep and real satisfaction that the craftsman feels over a good job well done., and he, of all people, should know how real that is.

Paskins	Malcolm D.	*Dates*	

I have remained friends with Mick Pope throughout the last 40 years, even though he has lived in Darlington for most of that time while I live at Portchester. I have recently renewed acquaintance with Dickie Bridgland who is also still resident in the Fareham area. We would be interested in hearing from any of our contemporaries so perhaps you could add our e-mail addresses to the directory.

I also have copies of the 1957 and 1960 school photos as well as several informal photos from the first field trip to Malham Tarn led by John Chaffey and the first school trip overseas (Austria 1959) which I will send if anyone is interested.

I work at Xyratex, Havant alongside 4 other Old Priceans - Roger Cooper (1960-66), Ian Warn (1957-63), John Stevens (1957-63) and Richard Bristowe (1969-75) - enough to form our own SOP branch!

(PS: I never knew that Mike Croad-Brangwyn was an OP until I found the SOP site - I worked in the same Division as him at GEC-Marconi for 17 years!!!)

Hope some of this is of interest, keep up the good work.

Regards **Malcolm D Paskins**

ANO: Malcolm's picture (quality too poor to print) of a very young John Chaffey reminded me of the awe in which he was held in my day. He was known as "God" partly because his classroom was at the top of the old School House and later of the new teaching block built in the late 1960s

Malcolm replied....

Mind you, John Chaffey never came across as God to us, he was always regarded as "one of the boys" in my day. I think that's because we were the first bunch he had at Price's, the notorious 6th form of 60-61 which even got a mention in the "Lion" with the activities of its unruly "Hard" Club! I think we were the first of the Rock 'n' Roll teenager generation and JC soon learnt that if he offered an inch we would take a mile! The very first field trip he organised was a weekend at Durdle Dore and we managed to spend the evenings in the pub at Lulworth. Malham Tarn is best remembered for the girls of Skipton High School, I've still got a photo of the one I got off with and No, you're not having that for the website!! The wife wouldn't like it and any of this going on site had better be heavily censored!!!



I never actually saw it move from this spot, I presume Wilbur somehow manhandled it when we were in class - the horse disappeared into school dinners or somewhere long before my time!!

Photos were taken in the summer of '59 and shows the gentlemen of 5 Arts at the end of summer term, after GCE "O" Levels.

This (staged) tableau shows that Bill Thomas had obviously offended and is being held down by myself while the roller is propelled over him by Graham

Fuller on the left side and from L to R: Mike Duffy, Archie Cumberbirtch and Paul Gritt. Bill was always up for a laugh as can be seen from the lady's hat! Nobody got hurt but the roller was pretty heavy!



The guys are -

hanging from roller: Mick Pope
standing on roller: Pete Kiddle, myself, Mike Duffy
front row: Paul Gritt, Graham Fuller, Archie Cumberbirtch and Bill Thomas

Actually the second photo does show that the roller could move! Good shot of the end of the old science labs too

.
Hope you find these of interest, keep up the good work.

Regards, **Malcolm D Paskins**

Mike Smyth wrote:

I certainly do remember the school roller. In fact we used to be detailed off (in assembly if I remember correctly) to roll the 1st eleven cricket pitch - every day - during the summer term, the pitch being hallowed ground was roped off so that the lesser mortals should not despoil it during break times. Mike

Pasley	Norman	Date	1964 - 1967

In my Adult life:

1967-68 VSO service
1968-71 BSc Civil Engineering, University of Leeds
1971–79 Plying my trade in London, Somalia and Nigeria (mostly irrigation and water supply design)
1980-82 supervising construction of a reservoir for Portsmouth Water Company
1982-2010 in highway design teams doing projects in southern England. Sailing was my main hobby.
2010-to now: fully engaged on environmental campaigning and networking ‘saving the planet’



Studies

Use of English

As well as our chosen A-Levels, science students had to take an examinable course called Proficiency in the Use of English. Mr Glynne-Howell taught this course to the group I was in. I recollect him telling us that medicine was his chosen career. He told his story more or less as follows: “Early in my medical training my course group were taken into an operating theatre to observe a surgical procedure. The procedure was a brain operation and the surgeon set about removing part of the man’s cranium. I didn’t see anything after that; I’d fainted, which is why I’m now a schoolmaster.”

Private Study in the Library

The old library was a place of quiet and many books and magazines. I used it for private study. One day I discovered a book of short stories. One of the stories, The Necklace by Guy de Maupassant , stunned me. I’ve been reading short stories ever since.

Exam resits

My A-level grades were very disappointing: I could not believe it after two years of hard work. However, at least 16 other boys had additional subjects at O-level, meaning they had failed to get an A-level grade (The Lion, January 1967, page 8)
Four of us, Jan Ciupek, Bob Restall, Ken Raby and I decided to stay on at school and resit pure maths and applied maths in the hope of getting better grades.
The University of Oxford set A-Level examinations only once a year in the summer. However, I found out that Purbrook Grammar School did (University of London) examinations in the winter and Purbrook agreed to let us join them. The four of us sat the maths exams in January, and all of us got much better grades which allowed us to move forward in our careers.

Hockey

We played hockey on winter Saturdays against other teams in the area. The pitches were usually muddy. Don Percival demonstrated how to dribble the ball forward, turning the stick from one side to the other. I was in the 2nd XI until I scored a goal, when I was promoted to the 1st XI. When we thundered forward in attack, Marcus, one of the best players, was always yelling for the ball!

Price’s School – Providing Opportunities

I joined Price’s School sixth form in September 1964 and left in April 1967. Below are my recollections of the CCF, studies, hockey, a winter photo, cruising on M S Nevasa, a Land’s End Race, a Duke of Edinburgh Gold Expedition, and finally Voluntary Service Overseas. I hope you find them interesting. I’ve forgotten everything else.

Adventures in the Combined Cadet Force (CCF)

I volunteered for the RAF section of the CCF. With it came a rough blue serge uniform, including a blue cap and belt. The uniform required some maintenance to pass inspections on Tuesday afternoon parades. On the night before CCF, I would put the trousers under my mattress to refresh the crease. Brasso on the buttons and belt buckle and blue paste on the belt and nobody complained.
Soon the new intake were in a classroom studying from an Air Ministry manual about flight theory. It contained explanations about things like thrust and drag, lift and weight, anhedral and dihedral. We took the Certificate of Training Proficiency Test, and I believe many achieved a pass with distinction if not 100%. This was followed by the harder Advanced Test in March 1965.

Gliding

In March 1965, 12 of us were selected for our first gliding experience at RAF Tangmere, the former WWII airfield near Chichester.



A Kirby Cadet Mark III glider

We trained on two Kirby Cadet Mark III gliders. Each glider was pulled into the air by a cable on a winch. The two gliders were positioned on the grass, near one of the old runways. I remember climbing into the front seat while my instructor, Flt Lt Pearce, sat in the rear seat. We buckled up our harnesses. Another cadet clipped the winch cable to the nose of the glider, while a second cadet lifted up the port wing to bring the wings level. On the pilot's command, the slack in the cable was slowly wound in by the winch driver, located a long way up the airfield. On the pilot's command for take-off, the winch cable was wound in fast, the glider picked up speed, and the wing man ran along the grass keeping the wing up. In a few seconds the glider become airborne and rose rapidly into the blue sky. At about 800 feet, and very nearly over the winch, we dipped the nose to take the tension off the cable, and pulled the cable release toggle.

We had time to do some turns and enjoy views for miles around. We had to push the control column forward to maintain airspeed. This caused the glider to descend, and, to ensure a safe landing we had to be back over the launching area with the altimeter showing 400 feet.

Kevin Collyer and I, were encouraged to attend a further gliding course.

Annual camp at RAF Oakington, Cambridgeshire

Two weeks later, our commanding officer, Captain Briscoe, took 20 of us to the annual camp at RAF Oakington in Cambridgeshire. We met at Fareham railway station. All the others turned up in uniform and Captain Briscoe confirmed - with a grin - that I should change into my uniform in the station waiting room.

Someone brought a dog-eared paperback copy of Harold Robbins' *The Carpetbaggers* with them. He broke it into segments, which were then passed around the group in the train carriage for private study and exchange. We arrived at RAF Oakington mid-afternoon. My diary records that evening pillow fights went on until 2am.

King of the Road, by Roger Miller seemed to play constantly on the radio that week, and the line, *two hours of pushing broom,* was in my ears every time I went down the very clean corridor to the mess.

We spent the week doing a station tour, leadership, drill, games, swimming in Cambridge, an 18-mile walk, church, rugby, and drill leadership. Chipmunk flying was called off because of cross-winds on the airfield. The following day we had a long flight in a Varsity, and I got my 0.303 marksman badge. The next day we came home.



RAF Oakington - with an Argosy aircraft

Back L to R: Michael Dennison/ / Kevin Collyer / 'Chas' Weager / Osborne / Norman Pasley / ? / Allan Davis / Harry Rumble / ? / Kinge / 'Boggett' Raggett / Harry Webb
Front L to R: Jewell / Iain MacFarlane / ? / Royston Peake / Captain Briscoe / Flt Lt Abbott / ? / ? / Ronald Vincent / Graham Eddy

More gliding at Tangmere

Eight of us did more glider training in June 1965. We made our way to RAF Tangmere with requested items: a record of service book; parent's consent; freedom from infection certificate; fitness for gliding certificate; nine shillings; and warm clothing – scarf, gloves, sweaters and plastic mac!

The following day we were gliding in perfect weather. On the Sunday I had three launches with Flt Lt Pearce. On Monday I was up in the air continuously, and by 7.30pm I had completed 26 launches with instructors. At 7.30pm mine was the last glider up and I did my three solos by 8pm to qualify for the A and B Certificates. Flt Lt Pearce was kind enough to say: "Come and see us again."

Annual camp at RAF St Mawgan, Cornwall

Captain Briscoe took 20 of us to annual camp at RAF St Mawgan in Cornwall in April 1966. In the photo you see one of their Shackleton maritime patrol aircraft. Flying west over the Western Approaches, sitting in the glass nose of the aircraft, with the sun's rays reflecting off countless waves, was a special experience.

I recently heard that pilots referred to the Shackleton as: "Ten thousand rivets flying in loose formation."



Back L to R: Michael Dennison/ / Kevin Collyer / 'Chas' Weager / Osborne / Norman Pasley / ? / Allan Davis / Harry Rumble / ? / Kinge / 'Boggett' Raggett / Harry Webb

Front L to R: Jewell / Iain MacFarlane / ? / Royston Peake / Captain Briscoe / ..... / ? / ? / Ronald Vincent / Graham Eddy

One day was devoted to orienteering (finding our way back to the airfield). We all climbed into the back of a large truck with a canvas cover and were driven about 10 miles, and dropped near a small village. For navigation we were given a small section of an ordnance survey map (not including the airfield) stuck to a piece of plywood.

The Flight Sergeant marched us along a country road, in two ranks, in proper drill fashion. Out in the countryside, I had a feeling (I can't quite remember why) that we were going the wrong way. It may be that the sun was on our right hand side meaning we were going east, not west. "Excuse me, Sir, I think we should be going the other way," I said. "Platoon - halt," said the Flight Sergeant. We got into a huddle and discussed it. It was agreed that we had to turn round. After that there was less concentration on marching or staying together; I recall walking across Rosenannon Down in full warm sun – a most beautiful area of heathland.

A CCF Night Exercise

Twelve of us were dropped at Buriton, near Petersfield, on Friday 18 March 1966. We walked in darkness to Old Winchester hill, and went to bed in tents at 2am. It was very cold. We were up at 7am for breakfast - I remember baked beans being warmed up in an aluminium pot and looking round the chilly landscape towards the sea. The discomfort ended a few hours later when we were driven back to school.

Flying Scholarship

In 1965 I went to Biggin Hill for Tests in Advance for the RAF. However, I was unsuccessful. In the following year I applied for a Flying Scholarship. This time I passed and the scholarship allowed me to obtain a Private Pilot's Licence. I trained, alongside candidates from other Hampshire schools, in Piper Cherokees at Three Counties Aero Club based at Blackbush Airport north Hampshire,

An Educational Cruise

In **May 1965** Mr Poyner sent out an invitation letter for boys to go on a school cruise on M S Nevasa later in the year. Eight boys signed up.

The cost was £51 which I did not have. My uncle knew a farmer near Park Gate who grew mangel worzels to feed his cattle. The farmer wanted the crop dug up from the muddy field, topped and tailed with a machete, and stacked in piles. I got the job and the fare for the cruise.

The nine of us, Mr Poyner plus eight boys - M S Allen, Jan Ciupek, Mike Doyle, Stephen Eyles, Norman Pasley, Terry Richter, ... Tiller and 'Woody' Woodward, flew from Gatwick to Venice to join the ship.



Jan Ciupek, Mike Doyle, Terry Richter

Our Viscount aircraft passed over the coast east of Brighton, over the meanders in the River Seine, west of Paris and into increasing cloud. Some Alps were visible in breaks in the cloud before we landed in full cloud in Venice. We were given Blake dormitory on the ship.

That afternoon we visited the Venice seafront, side streets, the Bridge of Size, and St Mark's Square. In the square we were shown into the glassworks and gently encouraged to buy!

The next day Mr Poyner suggested we take a motorboat ride on the Grand Canal. We cruised up the meanders, under the Rialto Bridge, and on reaching the open sea the captain sped round to the island of Murano, decanting us at the glassworks. We visited a factory where the furnace is at 1600 deg C and the Chief, 2nd, 3rd and 4th class makers blow and mould the glass into everything from ashtrays to chandeliers They have great skill; we saw a fellow make a perfect glass horse in about 15 seconds from one piece of red-hot glass. The finished work is very expensive – Mr Poyner bought a set of sherry glasses.



Murano glass horses

That afternoon we visited the Venice seafront, side streets, the Bridge of Sighs, and St Mark's Square. In the square we were shown into the glassworks and gently encouraged to buy! The return was along very narrow canals where we had to duck under low bridges, and that evening Nevasa left for Antalya, Turkey.

The following day Captain Mortlock gave us an introductory talk on the ship and its history. My personal log records the following activities: table tennis; a classical music class 'Swan Lake'; lectures on Greek civilization, Turkey, and the Arab world; private study; a dormitory inspection with the ship's officer inspecting their tidiness of all 54 dormitories!; lectures on Greek architecture, Beirut, and Damascus; an illustrated lecture on some of the main stars in the Northern Hemisphere; deck hockey.



The Temple of Athena on the Acropolis

My thoughts at the time are recorded in a letter home: "This trip is going marvellous. The air down here off Crete is fresh and warm, even at 10pm the air is still warming. We left Venice on Saturday and were able to see Italy on one side and Yugoslavia on the other, at the same time. Both coasts were no more than outlines but now we are sailing between hundreds of islands off the south coast of Turkey.

There are lots of girls on the deck soaking up the hot sun. The sea is usually very calm, but the other night a wind rose and the ship pitched through the dark blue water.

They said a school of dolphins followed us the other day, but I didn't see them; I believe other fish keep away because of the ship's vibration.

We have just passed along the north side of the island of Rhodes and we were able to see the town, the fortress and even the traffic on the roads. Yesterday we pulled into a lovely bay where the Greeks and Spartans are said to have had a great sea battle.

The day is divided into periods for games, recreation, lessons and lectures. That goes for the girls too – there are 800 of them; I'm told they outnumber the boys by six to one!

I can hear the sea pounding the ship's steel plating. Our dorm is five decks down and just on the waterline.

Later that day we were welcomed ashore in Antalya by a band. This was followed by a display of Turkish folk dancing in the completely renovated amphitheatre at Perga.

It was a four-hour coach ride from Beirut through stony desert to Damascus, passing an occasional magnificent Cedar of Lebanon. We visited the Omyian Mosque where John the Baptist's head is said to be buried, two palaces, the street called Straight, and the place where Paul is said to have been lowered in a basket. I recall sitting on cushions in a courtyard, drinking tea from a glass and looking up at the sky.

The return trip was via Athens and Gibraltar. In Athens we were given a guided tour of the buildings on the Acropolis, followed by a coach stop to see the entrance to the Royal Palace with its guards in national dress.

I took a photo of the town of Rhodes as we passed the island of that name. The next day I was up early to see the sunrise over Turkey and the mist leave the snow-capped mountains to the west.

It wasn't all sightseeing: we had to bring our books and do private study while away. Mr Poyner sat in front of us to see that it was done!

Land's End Race

The Lion (**June 1966,** page 50) reported the results of the hitchhiking race held in April to Land's End and back. Four pairs of boys succeeded in finishing the course while the remaining 12 pairs did not.

I would like to say (all these years later) that I think there is a more interesting story here than the bear results reported in the school magazine. All 16 teams will have had a story to tell about their journey and where they stayed. But I only know one story – the unique one for Rodney Bunce and me.

Like everyone else we set off from Fareham and hitchhiked west. Nothing remarkable happened as we got lifts through Southampton, Salisbury, Taunton and Exeter. On Plymouth by-pass we were picked up by a lady in tweeds in a Hillman Imp. Many rides later, we were dropped off at dusk on a main road near of St Austell in Cornwall. We looked down on the distant town; it was too far to walk and there was little traffic passing by this time. Where could we stay? We could see nothing but earth banks and countryside around us - and a red telephone box across the road.

We chose the telephone box. I sat on the concrete floor with my knees under my chin. My left ear was against the black coin box listening to its clockwork mechanism. Rod sat opposite me next to the door. During the six hours we sat there – from midnight to six am - we were favoured by a light wind. Every few minutes it opened the door a few inches then let it slam shut.

At six am we had to make a decision: onwards or back? We were cold, and after a bit of discussion, we decided other pairs would be ahead of us and we were in no mood to go on.

Most of the return was by train. It started snowing as we left Plymouth and was still snowing in Salisbury. I wish I'd kept a better record of the whole trip; I was never going to repeat such a daft activity!

When we returned a story was circulating that some pairs had arranged lifts in advance with contacts in the police. I never found out if this was true; I thought it was at the time, but now I think someone was making trouble! Were there any rules? Who knows? I've been more fussy about accommodation ever since.



The destination – a place too far.



Rodney Bunce

This was not our first hitchhiking trip. Back in August **1965**, Rodney and Michael Lusty and I and another friend (not at Price's) hitchhiked to Holyhead (complete with tent), took the night ferry to Dublin, and based ourselves in a nearby coastal holiday resort for two weeks. Rodney was fearless when it came to exploring sea caves and climbing the walls of a derelict castle.

In August **1966** six of us camped in the Peak District. Rodney got good A-Levels and he started his maths degree at Birmingham University in October 1966

.

In the summer of **1967** he and I had driven to Wales and had a weekend camping near Aberystwyth. But tragedy struck him in the following year. It would have been at the end of his second year at Birmingham. I heard that while he was on holiday in France, and swimming in the sea near Bordeaux, he was caught in the undertow and drowned. I later visited his parents in Longmynd Drive, Fareham to give my condolences. They were, of course, devastated.

Duke of Edinburgh Gold Expedition - Fifty miles on Foot

In **March 1967**, a group of eight of us (five from Price's, two from Totton, and one from Alton) set off to attempt the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme Gold Expedition. The expedition would involve walking, "at least 50 miles across wild country, such as moorland and mountain areas in mid-Wales. The journey is to be completed in four days, including three nights at different camp sites."

The wild country was the Brecon Beacons. The expedition leader was a Mr Frith from Hampshire CC in Winchester; he also drove our vehicle, a former ambulance.

Unfortunately, as we were going down North Hill, Fareham, not a mile from the school, a Rover car ran into the back of us. No one was injured. The ambulance was strongly built and undamaged, but its rear bumper made a large impression on the Rover's grill and radiator.

Delayed by this incident, we arrived at the Hampshire Cottage in Hoel Senni in Powys in the evening. We had tea and rations and a talk before going to bed at midnight.





The next day we walked to the first camp site. It was a good day without rain. Mike Lusty and I shared a team tent. Mr Frith came to inspect our camping. He was insistent about tidiness: "Leave nothing here, not even a matchstick, when you pack up."





We rose early the next morning, had breakfast and took down the tents. It rained and we walked through cloud on a hill top before descending and walking along the canal to Tallybont and on to the next campsite. The sun came out in the afternoon and we dried our clothes. Mr Frith examined us about aspects of survival; he questioned me about exposure and its treatment.




On our third day, Monday, we were away from the campsite by 8:30 and ascending in mist to Pen-Y-Fan, the highest point in the Brecon Beacons (886 metres). This day involved a lot of map reading. We camped by a stream and bought milk which came in quart bottles.



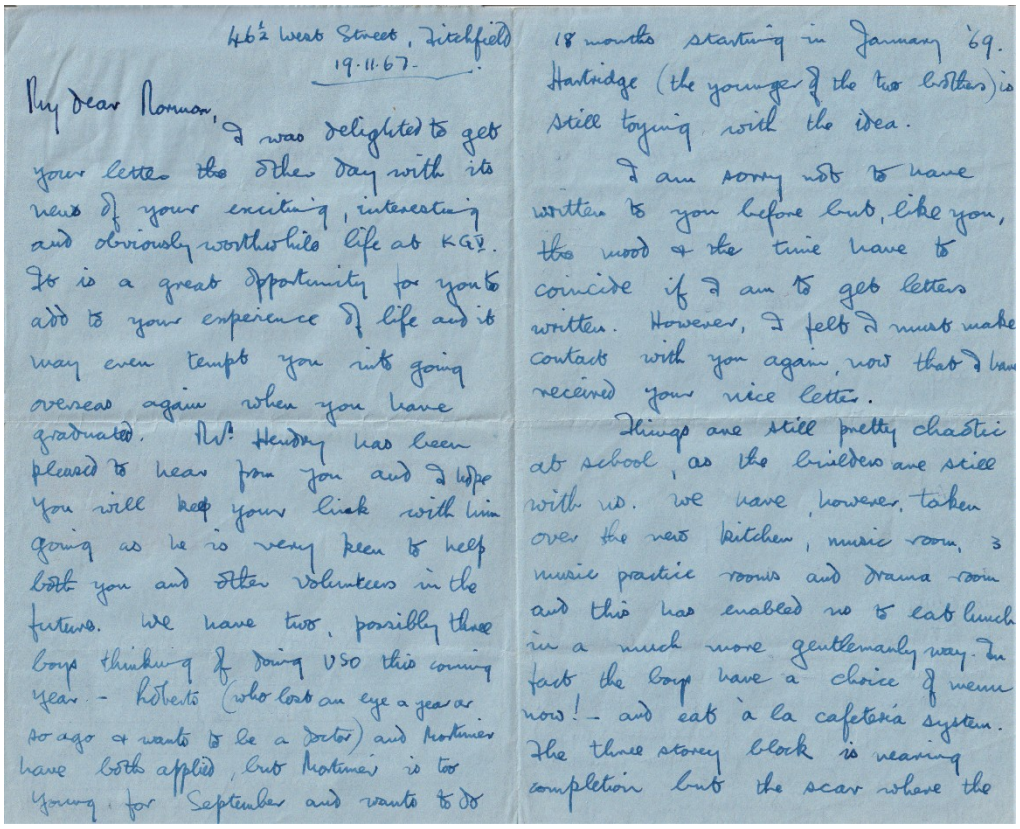

On our fourth day, Tuesday, we walked back to Hoel Senni by road. This was the end of the expedition. It was followed by Mr Frith's debriefing. He called us into his room, one at a time.

Turning the pages on my D of E record book, he asked me: "Have you done the Silver Expedition?" "No," I said. You must have the Silver Expedition before you can get the Gold." "No one told me that," I replied.

He wrote in my record book: 'Candidate combined Bronze and Silver expeditions. In spite of inadequate clothing, candidate maintained excellent moral and achieved pass at Silver level. No Gold was a great disappointment; but the wild country walking was enjoyable.

Price's students were: J R R Rogers; J Perry; S D Bush-Harris; M G F Lusty; N C Pasley.

Correspondence from Norman's VSO stint



46½ West Street, Fitchfield
19.11.67.

My dear Norman,

I was delighted to get your letter the other day with its news of your exciting, interesting and obviously worthwhile life at KGV. It is a great opportunity for you to add to your experience of life and it may even tempt you into going overseas again when you have graduated. Mr Hendry has been pleased to hear from you and I hope you will keep your link with him going as he is very keen to help both you and other volunteers in the future. We have two, possibly three boys thinking of doing VSO this coming year - Roberts (who lost an eye a year or so ago & wants to be a doctor) and Mortimer have both applied, but Mortimer is too young for September and wants to do 18 months starting in January '69. Hartridge (the younger of the two brothers) is still toying with the idea.

I am sorry not to have written to you before but, like you, the mood & the time have to coincide if I am to get letters written. However, I felt I must make contact with you again, now that I have received your nice letter.

Things are still pretty chaotic at school, as the builders are still with us. We have, however, taken over the new kitchen, music room, 3 music practice rooms and drama room and this has enabled us to eat lunch in a much more gentlemanly way. In fact the boys have a choice of menu now! - and eat à la cafeteria system. The three storey block is nearing completion but the scar where the old school house block recently stood is still weeping mud all over the little yard. They have to level and relay the whole lot out as far as the lawn & they say it will be done by January - I do so hope so, as I am getting just a bit fed up with the accommodation situation. Never mind, I shall be away, all being well, for 17 days as from 29th November, as I am taking 16 of my 6th formers & 5 of the 6th form of a school up north, on the cruise - [memories for you?]. We are scheduled to visit Naples, Rome, Nauplia, Athens & Rhodes, so I am hoping the Turks & the Greeks don't start shooting while we are [my] Greece, at any rate. - Now I must go to help my wife in the garden. It is a lovely day & lots of autumn jobs need to be done. - Do write again when you have time. - all the very best for your health & happiness & may God bless you in your work - Yours most sincerely, Bobby.

TO OPEN SLIT HERE

Sender's name and address:

Mr. ERIC POYNER
'BRAMBLE CLOSE'
46½ WEST STREET
FITCHFIELD
HANTS.
ENGLAND.

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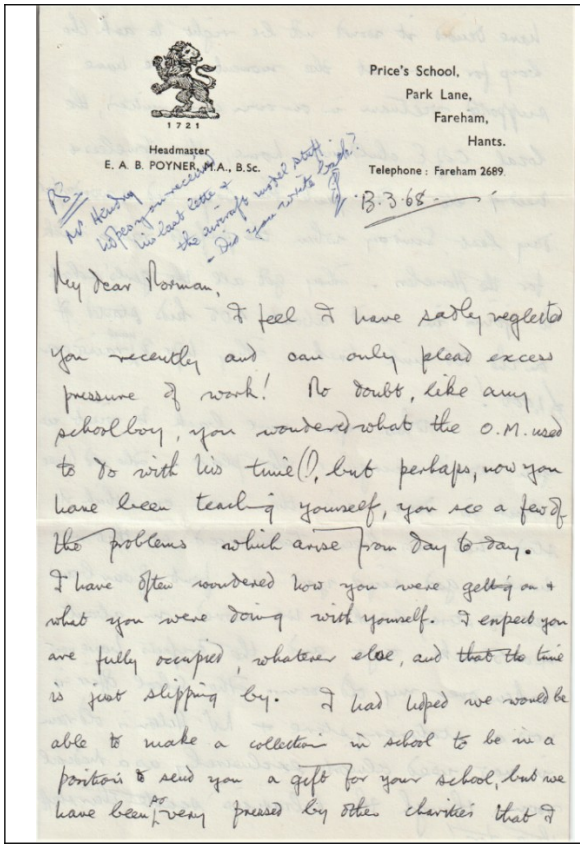
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REHAT 30PM 15 NOV 1967 HANTS

NINEPENCE POSTAGE

Mr. NORMAN C. PASLEY,
KING GEORGE V SCHOOL,
BIKENIBEU,
TARAWA,
GILBERT AND ELLICE
ISLAND COLONY



Price's School,
Park Lane,
Fareham,
Hants.

1721

Headmaster
E. A. B. POYNER, M.A., B.Sc.

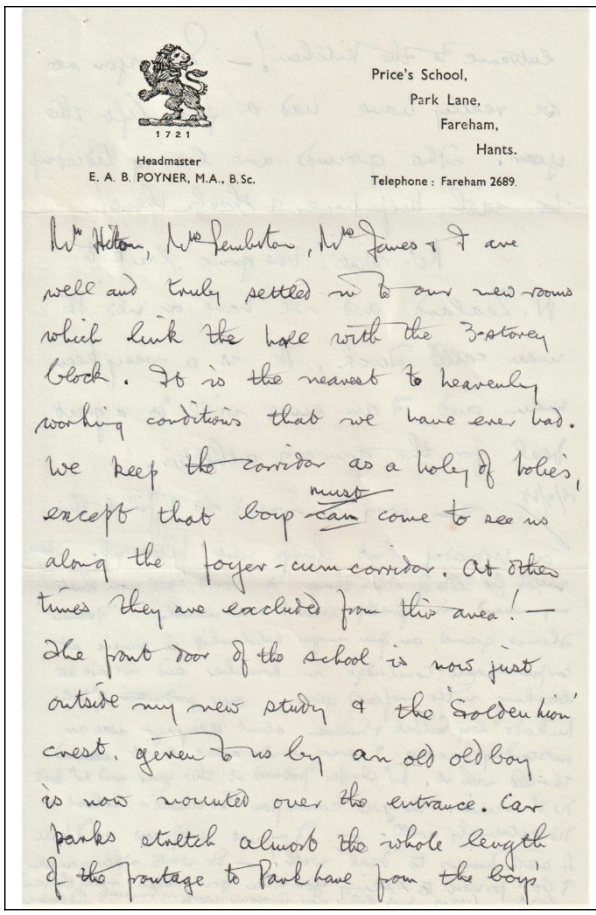
Telephone : Fareham 2689.

13.3.68

My dear Norman,

I feel I have sadly neglected you recently and can only plead excess pressure of work! No doubt, like any schoolboy, you wondered what the O.M. used to do with his time(!), but perhaps, now you have been teaching yourself, you see a few of the problems which arise from day to day. I have often wondered how you were getting on & what you were doing with yourself. I expect you are fully occupied, whatever else, and that the time is just slipping by. I had hoped we would be able to make a collection in school to be in a position to send you a gift for your school, but we have been so very pressed by other charities that I have decided it would not be right to ask the boys for more at the moment. We have supported Vietnam in our own communities, the local C of E children's home, the homeless & needy etc. In fact the boys had a wonderful day last Sunday when the prefects "ran" a walk for the Homeless. They got all the girls' schools to join in and about 405 kids started off on the 25 mile trek. They hope to have raised over £1,000!

When you come back to visit us you won't recognise the place. The old house block is down and the area on which it stood has now been tarmacced so that we have a good sized yard in front of our brand new 3-storey block. We moved in about 4 or 5 weeks ago and the prefects have now taken over my old room. The School Office is now a stationery store & Mr Helton's old room is now used almost exclusively as a medical room, though the librarians scatter their stuff there too!



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Mr Hilton, Mrs Fenbuton, Mrs James & I are well and truly settled in to our new rooms which link the hall with the 3-storey block. It is the nearest to heavenly working conditions that we have ever had. We keep the corridor as a holy of holies, except that boys must can come to see us along the foyer-cum-corridor. At other times they are excluded from this area! — The front door of the school is now just outside my new study & the 'Golden lion' crest, given to us by an old old boy is now mounted over the entrance. Car parks stretch almost the whole length of the frontage to Park Lane from the boys' entrance to the kitchen! — So, you see we really have had a face lift this year. The grounds are being tidied up too with turf here & shrubs there!

Mr. Wise has gone back to N. Zealand and we have a new PE man called Duck. He is a very keen man and I am sure will do a great deal for the games & athletics.

15/3/68 Now sorry I wasn't able to finish this on Wednesday, but things just piled up. There must be lots of other things I could tell you but my mind is pretty blank — as usual!! Francis Thomas gained an open major scholarship in music at Corpus Christi Cambridge in November and we are all basking in the reflected glory. Our production of "The Mikado" by Gilbert & Sullivan about 10 days ago was an outstanding success & everyone who came to it seemed thrilled with it. Mr Chaffey produced it this year and Mr Boote did the music. The girls came from St Anne's School & did extremely well. — I must stop now as I have 4 sixth formers to "deal" with! — Do write when you can. I look forward to seeing you when you get up — all the very best. — Many God bless you in your work. — Sincerely, Ted Poyner.



Students weaving coconut palm fronds into plates for a school feast



Gardening Club at KGV – digging a well

A winter scene – sixth formers shivering in front of the School Hall



Back row: Graham Hartridge / Fred Pitt / Jack Lewis / George Heyd-Smith / Jan Ciupek / Norman Pasley / 'Fred' Walker / Richard Bunce / ..... Read / .....'Woody' Woodward / ..... Croaker

Middle row: ...../ Rodney Naylor / Bob Old / Mark Evans / Jim Hair / ..... Deschmuch / Bob Fisher / ..... / 'Gus' Cooper / .....Josclyn ..... / ...../ ..... Hebditch

Front row: David Astley / ...../ Doug Case / Nigel Davies / .....''Pancho' Payne / Kevin Collyer / ..... / ..... Wheeler / ..... Isles



Norman Pasley

Peagram	Michael	Dates	

"Some question the work of the Society of Old Priceans and whether it is worth the £10 per annum subscription. The objectives of the Society are set out in the Constitution which is available to view on the website www.societyofoldpriceans.co.uk

In contrast to so many clubs and societies which have struggled to find members willing to devote their spare time, we have thrived and grown for more than 30 years since the London Society under Patrick Ridett moved its base to Fareham. In that time, the Society has established a regular series of events which are consistently well-supported and nicely fill the rooms booked for them.

The fellowship enjoyed by members at the Summer Lunch, AGM Lunch and Christmas Lunch is particularly special and greatly valued. Our London Christmas Lunch is held usually on the first Saturday in December at the RAF Club, one of the finest dining spaces in London by courtesy of one of our members. Our Summer Lunch is held usually at Lysses House Hotel close to 31st May – the date of William Price's death in 1725 and our AGM is usually held at Fareham College in early October with lunch in their restaurant.

The Society aimed to raise the profile of William Price in Fareham and this we have done remarkably well with our links through key committee members to Fareham Borough Council who often provide the Mayor to place the wreath. We established a blue plaque on the original School site in West Street and sponsored a drinking fountain commemorating William Price and his Charity. We staged a wonderfully successful celebration in 2008 for the 100th Anniversary of the opening of the School on the Park Lane site. Many hours were spent working with Westbury Museum to create a fine display of Prices memorabilia.

We have done remarkably well to preserve the history and artefacts of the School and College. Our volunteers have patiently digitised the Lion back to 1926 and our volunteers carefully tend our artefacts and our records most of which are maintained at Hampshire County Council.

We have ensured that the war dead of Prices School are honoured and the Society instigated the reading of the names of all from Fareham area who fell at the Remembrance Day ceremony in Fareham. We have established a large website of photographs and memorabilia running to several gigabytes of information including 16 school panorama photographs back to 1920.

We issue occasional Member Updates and Newsletters with news of events and recent contacts relevant to Priceans. Some of our members have roles in the Prices Charity which supports young people in Fareham. The Society has sponsored students to work in Africa and we have provided prizes for Fareham College students.

The Society's work is deeply appreciated notably by those based abroad. There is often contact from descendants of Priceans seeking to know more about the life of their relations. The Society will hold another major celebration to commemorate the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Will of William Price jnr. over the weekend of 21st/22nd May 2022. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary sophonsec@gmail.com."

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The coming of Internet communications has saved money on postage and printing and speeded up the distribution of information but it has entailed considerable expenditure on website infrastructure by the Society.

Tim Berners-Lee created the first website thirty years ago and since then there has been a dramatic explosion in all areas of the Internet, including better and more varied machines for consuming the Internet, including smartphones, tablets and smart TVs, hugely faster network provision throughout the world and much more sophisticated and complex web design software.

The Society has operated a website for many years, initially on a Hampshire County Council server with limited space but provided free to local groups. This was closed down by Hampshire and it was found necessary to move to a commercial server which would cope with the range and complexity of the Society's website.

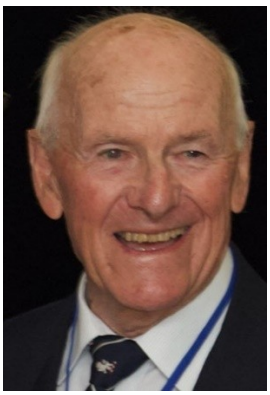
The greater freedom offered by the commercial site necessitated the use of more sophisticated and complex software with a steep initial learning curve. Fortunately, high speed broadband eventually arrived to enable the webmaster to handle the size of the task.

Currently the Society's website hosts more than 600 webpages, searchable by Google site-specific search functions, with 1.25GB of images and it has very recently been supplemented with 142 Lion magazines dating from 1915 to 1975 which are all in searchable PDF format. All twenty Newsletters prepared by David Goldring are also available on the site.

In addition, the Society maintains contact with members all over the World using the free email bulk sender, Mailchimp. This helps to avoid the problem whereby any private address sending too many multiple messages may be taken off-line by ISPs as a possible spam site.

At School, Michael was a regular in the Chess teams. His playing skills enabled him to occupy for several years a place in the area and County junior representative sides.

Pearce	Brian	Dates	



The recent funeral of long-standing committee member, Brian Pearce, was attended by a number of Society members.

The President has penned this tribute:

Brian Pearce left us a few short weeks ago. He was approaching his 92nd birthday, and was one of the four oldest men in membership of the Society.

He was something of a renaissance man with a wide knowledge of many valuable and interesting subjects, as well as being a musician, an artist, and a sailor, and having an encyclopaedic memory.

He had an unrivalled knowledge of churchyards and tombstones in Hampshire, First and Second World War planes,* traditional jazz, etc., etc. He undertook, and always completed, work for the Society - the Old Pricean lion flags and various different badges marking important milestones, were all his work. But above all he was a very fine and honest man, a very good friend and an exemplary family man, wonderfully generous with the time and effort he gave to his daughter, his grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

*Brian introduced to me, as Editor of the L.P.300 project, to the reality of one of the WW2's greatest fighter aces Jack Brabham, whose father was a local Vicar and also was a temporary teacher in the Price's staffroom during the War. Jack actually came to the School to give a talk to older pupils. **Ed**.

We have written words of sympathy to Pam, his wife, who is made an Honorary Member, and his family, and have made a contribution to Dementia UK to honour his memory.

Lux perpetua luceat ei;
Requiescat in pace.
Per Jesum Christum Dominum Nostrum. Amen.

Pearce	Harold	Dates	1908 – 19?



HAROLD PEARCE, Corporal, Australian Imperial Force, died July 21st, 1916. Pearce entered the School in 1908, and left in 1911. He went to Australia, and immediately on the outbreak of the war he gave up a good post and enlisted in the Australian Imperial Force. He served for some time in Egypt, and was later transferred to France. He was wounded, and taken prisoner, and died in Germany, on July 21st, 1916.

Pechal	Katrina	Dates	



Since the age of 11, and my first introduction to working with clay on the wheel, I have been fascinated by the magical way a lump of clay can be transformed into a pot and inspired by the clays, softness, fluidity and ability to hold an impression.

"It was at Prices Sixth Form College, and with the encouragement and wonderful teaching of Mr. Issac in my 'A' level Pottery classes, that started me on my journey with clay.

From there I went on to complete an art foundation course at Portsmouth, a Degree in Ceramics at Camberwell School of Art, work as an assistant to potter Douglas Philips, open my own studio, start exhibiting and selling my work internationally, to be selected as a member of the CPA, to have the opportunity to share my knowledge and love for

pottery in teaching at adult education centres all over the south of London, which lead to me founding and running Forest Row School of Ceramics.

Mr. Issac was a talented artist and potter himself and gave his students the belief in themselves. His praise was so powerful and I am so grateful to him.

I absolutely love what I do and hope that I am as inspiring to my students as he was to me."

I graduated from Camberwell School of Art where I had the privilege of learning my craft from Takashi Yasadu, Colin Pearson and Ewen Henderson, among others. Their work and teaching made a big impression on me.

I try to capture the essence of time in my work. My glazes are highly textural reminiscent of the kind of erosion and accumulation on objects found washed up on the beach. One of my favourite activities is beach combing and picking up gifts from the sea. My pots I hope have the same quality. My forms are simple, opening, bud like vessels. All are thrown on the wheel and sometimes dented or distorted while still soft, giving them a human quality. I continue to develop new colours and textures in my glazes and look for inspiration in my surroundings, on the beach and coastal landscapes.

I regularly exhibit and am invited to talk and enjoy demonstrating at events and for art groups. I share my passion and enjoyment of working with clay through my teaching and running of Forest Row School of Ceramics. I am passionate about keeping the craft alive and am proud to continue to inspire students, many of who have gone on to open pottery studios of their own.






I opened my first studio in May 1992 in Wandsworth London and then later in Surbiton, selling in galleries, craft fairs and exhibitions all over the country.

At the same time I taught at Wandsworth, Richmond and later Kingston, Adult Education Centres, which included; Summer Raku and Intensive Throwing Courses.

Between 2002 and 2010 my priorities changed and I had a brake from my pottery while we moved, to be near a Waldorf Steiner School in Forest Row for our son and renovated our house.

In April 2010 I set up a studio again in Forest Row. I remember how good it was to get my hands on clay again! I also started teaching from there and had such a lot of interest, that in January 2016 I moved here into a beautiful building in the grounds of Emerson College surrounded by Ashdown Forest. And set up Forest Row School Of Ceramics. I have lots more space including space for an outside kiln site, fulfilling a dream! I built a covered area with sold floor to house a wood and gas fired soda kiln built with Joe Finch and a small gas kiln. I now employ 2 of my students as technicians. We run: throwing and hand building weekly classes during term times, weekend workshops with prominent potters and am introducing a 3-month full-time course in September this year with the help of some the countries leading potters.

Testimonial:

As the opportunities to learn about ceramics in Universities decrease it is so encouraging to find an independently run School of Ceramics that is so dedicated to teaching the diversity of ceramics to such a high level.

Katrina is not only an established maker in her own right; she is also a superb teacher with an in-depth knowledge of the subject and an infectious level of motivation and passion. Forest Row School of Ceramics offers fantastic facilities and plenty of studio space for students to work without feeling restricted; there is an outdoor kiln site, glaze mixing room, ample electric kiln capacity and all this is set within the beautiful and inspiring rural grounds of Emerson College.

Students on the full-time course never fail to make significant progress during an intense 3 months of study in which they explore the diversity of ceramics before identifying a more personal direction.

The work in the final exhibition rivals that of any university level course, which is testament to the amazing progress these students make in a relatively short amount of time. I always look forward to the teaching and workshops I deliver in this inspiring and exciting school.

Craig Underhill

Pemberton	Mrs Lyn.	Dates	1959 -1978



The retirement on 28th February 1978, of Mrs. Lyn Pemberton from her post as Administrative Officer at Price's College, was for many people a sad occasion because we knew we had lost from amongst our community a friend who always performed her duties most efficiently and with human understanding.

She came to Price's as the first full-time secretary in August 1959 and many generations of boys will remember her with affection. She always met every problem and every crisis with equanimity and solved them with calm expertise.. Her professionalism was a great example to us all. I am sure I am expressing the feelings of all Staff and boys of Price's School, and latterly of Price's College, too who knew Mrs. Pemberton, when I say how much we came to rely on her in the sure knowledge that she was always there with her wealth of knowledge of the organisation at Price's, to offer help and advice to those who needed it.

We shall miss her very much and would just like to say a very sincere "Thank You" for the 18½year of service she has devoted to Price's School and to express the hope that she and her husband, Frank, will enjoy a long and happy retirement.

Eric A.B. Poyner

Pepper	Dr. Duncan	Dates	1953 - 1960



←←After the 880 yards handicap held on the 15th May 1959 when Ron ''Vicious'' Vinall completed the race in army boots and a tin hat. Your scribe is second from left in the front row.

Taken at the leavers dance in July 1960. Little did we know what that decade was to herald. We seem to have been enamoured of top hats as both Barry Shurlock and Jim Brammer have them.

Maybe this was a prelude to beyond the fringe and mocking authority.

Seriously, let me have your news as I am now early retired and planning to make a grand tour of the S of England and meet up with as many of the old lags as possible. I am currently resident in Edinburgh these last 30 years, but am a regular visitor to all points of the compass.

Best Wishes, **Duncan S Pepper**

Duncan started his career in the SNBTS in the early 1970s and took over the newly constituted Headquarters Laboratory. Over his time in the SNBTS, Duncan oversaw collaborations with many local and visiting scientists and contributed greatly to aspects of basic science in many areas of transfusion, particularly in platelet biochemistry and homeostasis, but also continued to demonstrate his commitment and aptitude to practical problem-solving in areas ranging from red cell freezing to preparation of chromatographic gel. His interests remained eclectic but were always focussed on the topical issues engaging blood transfusion and haemotherapy.

Duncan was generous in his support for researchers in finding new ideas for work, a kindness which he maintained throughout his life. He was a constant source of knowledge and encouragement and, within the bounds of scientific reality, boundless optimism.

On his retirement, Duncan returned to the south of England and engaged in his mother interests, particularly model aeroplanes. He did not abandon science and his last scientific paper, co-written with myself, dealt with Molluscan (snails and slugs, squids and octopus etc.) anatomy – further evidence of his eclectic interests.

He touched our lives with his humanity, his generosity and his everlasting contributions to his scientific field.

Adapted after **Dr. Barry Shurlock (O.P.)** and Albert Farrugia, 2017

Dr Duncan Pepper

I found David Vaughan's reminiscences (available under David's name, also in Gazetteer, Part 2) very relevant and interesting, as I was party to some of the crimes he mentions and can answer a lot of the points he raises. I have been feeling rather guilty about Rodney Kings hand as I taught him how to make pipe bombs and showed him on the fateful Saturday how to scavenge steel pipe from an old bicycle frame in Wych Lane and he went off and did it, but ignored my advice to include wadding at each end before folding over the tubing and hammering the ends flat. The rest is history.

I have been thinking of writing up some of the exploits of The Field Club as we called ourselves, it was an alternative to Wednesday afternoon games, especially attractive to those of us who hated games (about half the fourth form at that time). Robertson Fox was killed in Aden when his service Land Rover went over a land mine. I think it was a dreadful waste of a life in a totally futile gesture at the end of Empire. His younger brother was dating my sister at the time and the family were very badly affected by it. I had great cause to thank Robertson Fox as, on the first day at Prices, we were all interrogated by him as to what our religion was. I remember not wanting to answer in case I said the wrong thing, after an agonising wait I answered RC, and was duly parted off with a few other dubious characters to a quiet corner and told we were all excused prayers, it was a superb skive that lasted all my 7 years at Prices, rather like a social club in the early years, with the impossibility of being recorded Late, and in later years was a sure path to early promotion to a Lates Prefect. The only snag was being interrogated at regular intervals by Mr Briscoe as to what church I was attending!

The detention board was removed by Gates (Senior) and Shepherd, was duly cut in half and burnt ceremoniously in Gates back garden at the end of Wych Lane and Fareham Road. I got the story from Gates younger brother who was a friend of mine and went to Gosport County Grammar School. As I recall, Gates and or Shepherd had been as they thought, wrongfully added to the board for some misdemeanour, and this was their way of fighting back.

I could go on and on about the less salubrious side of life at school, but for know, Ill leave it for others to raise their points.

Best Wishes, **Duncan S Pepper**

Duncan died in 2017 but not long before that, working in conjunction with the Geograph (sic) project, he released a treasure trove of several hundred countryside photos which can be accessed by Googling Dr.Duncan Pepper, whence view of the most amazing array of high quality images, all annotated and Grid referred, can be had.

"The **Geograph Britain and Ireland*** project aims to collect geographically representative photographs and information for every square kilometre of Great Britain and Ireland, and you can be part of it."

*The introduction to Duncan's work includes:

Retired Scientist (NHS-Scottish National Blood Transfusion Service), he still does the occasional biotech freelance work. Likes to visit old airfields, dockyards etc. Dilettante aeromodeller (SAM 35), photographer and bibliophile (Richard Jefferies Soc., WH Hudson, BB etc), can bore for Britain on Compost production. May be slightly autistic ... (according to wife). Generally harmless and friendly. Father of three and grandfather of seven. Widower since Easter 2013. Back garden is in ST5863.

Prolific photographer of 1km squares – lots in Somerset & West of England. Here is a small selection of his work:



A geological unconformity in Summer House Wood

The upper layer is a Triassic Mercia Mudstone whilst the lower layer is Black Nore lower Devonian sandstone- separated by 200 million years.



Recently ploughed field with wild life corridor left adjacent

Such corridors have become a regular feature of arable land, enabling movements across habitats and sources of food for a variety of wildlife



Here Be Dinosaurs!

A classic piece of eroding Jurassic landscape-popular with fossil hunters and surfers alike.



The Boar's Head Public House in Aust

All field workers need access to one of these from time to time.



Wild flower meadow

Obituary

Duncan Pepper

1941-2017

Transfusion Science lost one of its foremost practitioners with the passing of Duncan pepper on 10th June, 2017.

Duncan was the Chief Scientist of the Scottish National Blood Transfusion Service over the 1070s and 1980s when he led the newly constituted Headquarters Laboratory in Forrest Rd, Edinburgh. This unit subsequently evolved into the SNTBS' National Science Laboratory (NSL). The NSL's first Director, Dr Chris Prowse, the Director of the Medical Research Council's Blood Transfusion Group, Dr Joan Dawes and many other eminent transfusionists were all part of this peer environment which was strongly influenced by Duncan.

Duncan was born in 1941 and was brought-up in postwar England in the port town of Gosport in Hampshire. His early life and education revealed a propensity for Science, particularly in its practical aspects, and he demonstrated a substantial capacity for experimentation. Following his Science studies in Price's School, Fareham, he studied chemistry and biology at University College, London, and was subsequently engaged as a research assistant in the Department off Bacteriology in the University College Hospital Medical School, working towards a PhD on aspects of purification of the influenza virus: papers from his work constituted Duncan's first publications in the mid-1960s. In the late1960s, Duncan made a watershed move in his career by taking-up a research position in the Research Laboratory of the American Red Cross, under the supervision of its distinguished Director Dr Graham Jamieson. Duncan's engagement with Dr Jamieson's active platelet research programme undoubtedly provided the bridge which, I suspect. Engendered in him the recognition that this field would provide his scientific home. The work with Dr Jamieson led to several publications on platelet-membrane associated proteins which clearly previse Duncan's later contributions on platelet secreted proteins.



Aeromodeller, Aug 2017

Percival	Donald	Dates	1948 - 1955

Additional to the more in-School centred attributes for this Pricean, recorded in Part 1 of the Gazetteer:

Captain of 1st XI Soccer, Hockey & Cricket teams. Captain of the Hampshire and of the Combined Schools' XIs. 1951 - Junior and Senior Prices Army Cadet Soccer Title Winners

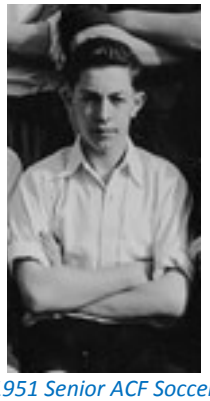
1950 As a junior, he was playing table tennis well.
1951 - Junior and Senior Prices Army Cadet Soccer Title Winners.
1952 Captain of Table Tennis.
1953 Winner of the School's Open Table Tennis Tournament.
1954 Winner of the Table Tennis Open Tournament. Percival winning the Championship for the fourth straight year.
He was also a member of the school badminton team from 1952 to 1955, being captain that year.

From the "Lion" House notes, Housemaster **Herbert Thacker** records this appreciation:

"It has been my privilege to write notes on many Blackbrook House Captains. It remains true that none has done more than D.P. for the House and School. There is no need for me to enumerate his athletic achievements which, taken together, have not been surpassed by any member of the School past or present., but it is impossible not to remark that he has set a standard of modest but effective leadership by which, all future Captains of Blackbrook will be judged. The House will not forget him, nor will his Housemasters. We wish him all success in his career at Oxford and beyond."

From the **Headmaster's notes**:

"*We say goodbye to D. Percival, who has had a full School career in every sense. If any boy before him has captained the School teams at Soccer, Hockey and Cricket, it must have been more than 30 years ago when the School was a deal smaller than it is now. Nor is it a case of a moderate athlete dominating a lean period; indeed his Captaincy has been an outstanding success: only one match against another School has been lost in the past 12 months. In fact not only has he been an outstandingly good athlete, he has been an outstandingly good Captain and this has been recognised outside of the School – at the Easter Hockey Tournament he was chosen first to captain Hampshire and then to Captain the Combined Schools' XI.*



1951 Senior ACF Soccer
Don Percival

But this is by no means all, nor even the most important. He has had equal success as Head of the School and he has won a County Major Scholarship (later succeeded by ***his State Scholarship.*** *He has never developed a swollen head which is an ever-present danger to a Schoolboy who has achieved, or thinks he has achieved a good deal. He has never brought anything but credit to the School and when his period of National Service is over, we shall watch his career at Oxford, academic and athletic with interest and confidence. We wish him and all the others who are leaving us, happiness and good fortune in their careers."*

Ed.: Don Percival was something of a legend when I was young in the School (mid 1950s). He returned later as a teacher of History, but did not enjoy a good press – apparently rather lazy and even for his time, old-fashioned in his teaching style.

1950 As a junior, played Table Tennis very well.
1952 Captain. 1952 beat Spencer in School tournament final.
1952 In School team.
1953 won the School Open Tournament, and in 1954 and again in 1955.
1952 Badminton team + 1953.
1954 Rudling and Percival as a pair were not beaten throughout the term and were the most consistent pair in the club's four seasons of "active existence".
1955 team. In the annual tournament Percival beat Thompson in the final.
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1953.
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1954.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1954
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1955.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1955.

Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist):-

Captain of Hockey 3 years, Captain of Cricket, Captain of Football,
Hampshire Schools Hockey (capt.) and Football,
Combined Grammar Schools' Hockey (capt.).

1964 As a teacher, "Gondoliers" assisting with costumes.

Don Percival ("Percy") was another character, who was a much better batsman than history teacher. He was a keen practitioner of "permanent detention", instant corporal punishment and 7/10 for history essays. We had to use a classroom at the Harrison Road Secondary Modern School for a term due to space problems at Price's and had Percy for double history (i.e. the whole afternoon) on Fridays. Percy often forgot his watch and one Friday we all put our watches 20 minutes fast, knowing he was almost certain to ask one of us the time. Sure enough, he did and we escaped early! We would have got away with it, but Percy met Eric Poyner while walking back to Price's and the Head was definitely not amused. Percy had his own watch the following week.

Percy used to like telling us of his batting exploits along the lines of "When sir went in the score was 37-5, when sir was out for 146, 45 minutes later, it was 213-7." I recall seeing him bat in a Staff v First XI match and he was actually very good, scoring very fast."

David Kill

Perrin	Mr. Max	*Dates*	*1964 - 1969*



Quite by chance a very good friend of mine (himself an old Pricean of very short tenure) mentioned the SOP web-site. Scrolling through it I found myself referred to as one of the 'one-time' young members of staff of whereabouts unknown. As it happens I have never been far away (as is true of many ex-Prices staff!)

I taught chemistry between 1964 and 1969, and must have missed the 1969 photograph by a few months. I moved to (then) Havant Grammar School and stayed as it, too, converted to a Sixth Form College. The College and I have gradually aged and mellowed together. I still teach a little chemistry although much of my time is now devoted to administration and such mundane matters as quality assurance.
Some correspondent referred to a chemist, 'Dome' (Ron Garton). That correspondent would have been Dr. Phil Smith who left to go to Taunton's in Southampton, to be replaced by Dave Stephens. I guess you know Dave (perhaps still playing dominoes with Tom Hilton?) but I don't know about Phil, who retired quite a few years ago.

A splendid update from Max Perrin.....

Incidentally, my Programme Area Manager for Biological Sciences is one Hugh Smith who I taught! I have seen Andy Jay (German and goal-keeping) on and off throughout this time. He ended up as a Senior Lecturer at South Downs College and has only recently taken early retirement and intends moving to France. Oddly enough, I met Mike Parfitt (Biology - known I believe as 'Rastus') two or three years ago having had no contact with him since he left Prices.

(See also, comments in Malcolm Paskin's Gazetteer, Part 2)

Phelan	David (Paddy)	Dates	1951 - 1958

What did I do then and what have I achieved since.



I attended Price's from September 1951 to July 1958. This provided continuity for the Phelans as my brother Peter had left in July 1951.

On the academic side I remember that one or two boys had taken their 11+ a year early and some pupils jumped from 1A or 1B to 3B, so a number of pupils took their O levels at 15. In the fourth year there was a split in some subjects between the arts and sciences, with a complete split for arts and science in the fifth and sixth forms. Fifth formers took O levels set by the Oxford Examining Board. After 2 years in the sixth form A levels were taken and a number of pupils stayed for a further year to retake A-levels, either to improve or gain them. Exceptionally a few took a new subject during their third year in the sixth and also scholarships examinations were taken.

In sport, football was in the autumn term, the winter term was for hockey (when the field was fit enough) and for the cross country run, the summer term was for cricket, athletics and swimming. We had to go to Gosport Swimming Baths for swimming. Table tennis was also played and I was in the School badminton team. The school week was from Monday to Saturday, with Wednesday and Saturday afternoons allocated to sport.

I remember two groundsmen, only by their nicknames. When I joined it was Alf and when he retired Wilbur took over. Alf was not very commutative but Wilbur was chatty and I talked to him. I do remember he was religious, being a leading light in a nonconformist chapel at the bottom of Osborn Road almost opposite Mr Foster's house.

A new sports changing room was constructed some time in the mid-fifties, after a very short time there were problems with the foundations and shortly after the building was demolished. I also remember that when I was a prefect our study was in part of the headmaster's house.

Some pupils came from quite a distance to attend school. I often met up with the Netley contingent as they arrived at the railway station and we walked to school. Later I cycled in, incidentally I still have and use the same bike, a Hercules.

Buns were available to purchase (1d?) at morning break. School lunches were cooked on the premises and these were generally very good, certainly in comparison to the lunches I had at primary school which were brought in. The potatoes were particularly awful, produced from powder, the forerunner of Smash but nowhere near as good.

I played football and hockey for the school, in the Colts and in the 1st Eleven. I obtained the School Colours for football. Whilst still at school I turned out once for the Fareham Hockey second team. When Fareham were short of players and desperate enough they turned to Price's to make up the shortfall.

I managed to win the cross-country race for up to about 15-year-olds. I cannot remember the classification.

There were swimming certificates, Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced, if I remember correctly , and obtaining one gained points for the house competition. I was a basic swimmer and managed the elementary.

I was in the school CCF and the scouts, a matter of weeks in each. This arose because I was in a troop of scouts outside the school so I joined the school cadets. My scoutmaster had strong views that boys should only be in one youth organisation at any one time and although "reluctant to lose me" encouraged me to transfer to the school 9th Fareham troop and therefore leave the cadets. So one Monday in my first term (I suppose I must have cleared it with Mr Royds-Jones) I turned up in my scout's uniform and brought back my cadet uniform (and bugle, as I was going to be in the band). Within a very few weeks Mr Royds-Jones announced he was giving up running the scouts and would disband the troop. Mr Howard-Jones had visions of keeping the scouts together as part of the cadets, Mr Royds-Jones said this was not viable. I rejoined my old scout troop outside the school and I must have had an interesting discussion with Mr Hilton indicating that as I was a scout I did not want to be a cadet. I spent the remainder of my time at Price's, the best part of 7 years, not in the "compulsory CCF". Incidentally I was in scouting the whole of this time and beyond and I found it a very rewarding experience.

On the social side of school life I remember that on one occasion Miss Beer, who was the headmistress (terminology of the time) of Wykeham House School, phoned Mr Ashton to ask if a few responsible older boys could be invited to attend a dance at her school. I was one of a few who went, and very pleasant it was too, to be in demand at an all girls school.

I left the school in 1958 with 3 A Levels and joined the gas industry as a pupil engineer.

I studied through a sandwich course at Westminster and Enfield technical colleagues, obtaining a Higher National Diploma with endorsements, which at the time the Engineering Institutions recognised as equivalent to a degree for their entry requirements for Chartered Engineer status, professional interviews were later required. I am a Chartered Engineer in the Institution of Civil Engineers, the Institution of Gas Engineers and the Energy Institute.

I had a varied, enjoyable and interesting career in the gas industry. I joined a nationalised industry, with autonomous Area Boards, these 12 Boards came under national control as the British Gas Corporation in1972 and in the eighties the industry was privatised. During my career I worked in three Regions, Southern, North Eastern and South Eastern with the headquarters based in Southampton, Leeds and Croydon respectively.

Just to touch on a few highlights. First, working on the district in Southampton as an engineer helping to maintain gas supplies during the exceptional winter of 1962/3, when the snow started on Boxing Day and was still lying on the ground in March. Being the lead engineer on the introduction of computer analysis of gas supply systems in Southern Region and the design of the gas distribution system for what was then the new town of Milton Keynes. During the conversion of the whole of the gas transmission and distribution system from town gas to natural gas one of the interesting jobs I had was to design the network to allow the gradual systematic introduction of natural gas whilst maintaining town gas supplies to the then unconverted part of the system.

I enjoyed the management part of the job as well as the engineering side. I progressed through the management structure becoming Regional Distribution Engineer in Southern Region, Director of Engineering for North Eastern, Director of Engineering for South Eastern and when the management structure was changed from functional to a general management one, an Operations Director in South Eastern.
In 1994 prior to another restructure in the industry I had an opportunity to retire from the gas industry. I then spent six years in Training and Enterprise Councils. Firstly as Interim Chief Executive in the South London TEC (SOLOTEC) and then on a part-time basis at Hampshire TEC working on economic development activities.

Phelan	Peter	Dates	1946 - 1951



From Peter Phelan O.B.E., Q.P.M. I am not a member of the Old Priceans' Association (more of that later) but my brother, David, is and he occasionally forwards copies of the newsletter to me when he thinks it contains something which might be of interest to me. Within the past couple of weeks he has sent me newsletters which I think he has done in an effort to spur me into print as I come into two of the categories you cite in the newsletters. I left school at 16 and went on to a successful career and I was a member of the 9th Fareham Scout Troop - the school troop. As to why I am not a member of the Association - I have no particular reason for not joining; the time just never seemed right. On one occasion many years ago I did go to what was meant to be a meeting of the London Society of Old Priceans at a public house, I think in Villiers Street near Charing Cross Station, but the only other person there who was an old boy of the school was a colleague of mine John Fenwick Gale who was drinking with other colleagues I had a drink with them and when the others left I persuaded John to stay on and join the meeting. As it happened no one else that we recognised appeared nor was there a likely looking group which might have been Old Priceans so we reminisced between ourselves about the school - something we had not done before. (John had left the school before I joined).



1958

It was during that conversation that I learned that John had been in the school scout troop and was indeed the individual whose letters from Africa to our scoutmaster were sometimes read to us as an example of someone who had done well. Until that meeting with John I had no idea that he was one of my scouting heroes.

I digress. I joined the school in September 1946 and left at the age of sixteen and a half in July 1951 with eight G.C.E. "O" levels (this was the first year of the G.C.E. it having just replaced the School Certificate). I was in Cams House and our housemaster was Mr. Foster who also taught French. Our Form Master when I first started in Form 2b was Mr. Marsh (inevitably known as Boggy).

I joined the scouts very soon after starting at the school. Our scoutmaster was The Rev. E.M. Royds-Jones and I progressed to become a Patrol Leader and eventually Troop Leader. We had camping trips at Whitsun (usually locally) and a longer summer camp further afield. Royds (as I came to know him later) is at the back of this photograph below, taken at one of our camps. I am on the extreme right. Others in the photo are Tony Sherwood, "Titch" Stone, Brian Byng, Roger Dimmock (who went on to become a Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy), Colin Nicholson and Neil Densham.

At one stage during my time at school it was decreed that everyone would have to join the Army Cadet Corps and on the first parade day that this edict had come into force I was in scout uniform but was still marched off by Mr Howard Jones to join the ranks of the cadets. Not many minutes later Royds came out and marched me back again saying I was an essential member of the scout troop. That was the end of my career in the cadets.



Photo c/o Peter Phelan: at Whitsun Camp in 1948 which was at Southwick House.

After leaving school I worked as an accounts clerk for British Railways at Eastleigh until March 1953 when I was called up for National Service in the Royal Artillery. (I was not happy as an accounts clerk and I don't think the British Army could have had a more willing volunteer than I was.) I passed the War Office Selection Board for officer training (I believe that my scouting experience served me better at dealing with the problems we were set by the board than anything I might have learned in the cadets) and was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in January 1954. Despite expressing a wish to serve in Germany, I was posted to a Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment at Sheerness-on-Sea so instead of crossing the North Sea I crossed the River Swale.

I seriously considered making a career in the army but at the time my National Service was ending the Army was going through one of its periodic reductions and my regiment was due to be disbanded so I gave up the idea of signing on and decided to revert to my long time ambition to join the police force. I was accepted as a Metropolitan Police officer and began training in April 1955. After two years on the beat in central London I was selected for the Special Branch where I spent a considerable part of my career. After nine years as a constable and six years as a sergeant my promotions came rather more quickly and I retired in December 1991 as a Deputy Assistant Commissioner. During my police career I served for two and a half years at Prestwick Airport in Scotland and spent three months in Anguilla in the West Indies. I had two spells of duty totalling four years with the Anti-terrorist Branch. During the course of my service I travelled to many of the European capital cities, to Africa on two occasions and to the U.S.A. The Metropolitan Police easily outdid the army in enabling me to see the world. I was awarded the Queen's Police Medal in 1985 and appointed an Officer of the Order of the British Empire in 1991. With my wife in my office at New Scotland Yard after receiving my O.B.E. from H.M. The Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Pigney	Grahame	Dates	

Price's School – a subjective, and perhaps unconventional, reflection from half-a-century away



Going to a grammar school was not so much an achievement but an inevitability. I was quite bright at Primary School and ended up a year ahead in my last year at Titchfield County Primary, thus I spent a year and a term in the final year. Nobody knows exactly how they did in their 11 plus but three of us at Titchfield passed. I remember being told that I wasn't top in our area, but the person in front of me was and had scored 99%.

This is not any sort of attempt to brag myself up, just a statement about what was the last academic excellence I displayed.

Grammar school was hard work and frankly boring, I often compensated by not trying. Having said that my time at Price's was very enjoyable, I learnt so much from my 7 years there.

My grasp of Maths was nowhere near the grasp of Arithmetic I had at primary school, Messrs Owen and (Smudger) Smith must have despaired.

English Literature was always a bit of a mystery, just how do you know what a poet or an author meant when they wrote a piece? I do remember Mr Johnson being rather gobsmacked that a class of boys chose Midsummer's Night Dreams for "O" level instead of one of the more martial Shakespearian plays.

History I enjoyed, but mainly the understanding of the actions during the various wars. I recall a project on the tactical/strategic movements during WW1 that I really enjoyed. I had no real grasp of the geo-politics involved.

Woodwork and TD were great although I was a bit clumsy/slap-dash in my execution. But what Messrs Hunt and Bristow taught me about the use of tools and working wood has nonetheless enabled me to build a couple of boats and renovate a couple of houses.

Biology was the only science I really enjoyed; a field trip to Snowdonia with Messrs Smith and Hedley is still one of my precious memories, "hanging bog" is a phrase that sticks in my mind and I still know what it means. Mr O'Neil lost me in Physics (my fault not his) and my abiding memory of Chemistry is one of the Masters (can't recall his name) being reduced to having to have a Prefect in his class as he couldn't keep control.

Languages, well Messrs Jay and Chapman would be staggered to learn that I now live in France. As well as using French as an everyday language I use German, to a lesser extent Spanish and even a little Italian to buy things across Europe.

Sport was a bit of a struggle, a mediocre athlete – long jump and running. Loved rugby but I was a little weedy and ended up with a displaced septum as a result of being on the bottom of a pile in. Cricket wasn't any good, the eye, hand, ball co-ordination never clicked. Football was better if there was a need for a Terry Payne type centre-half, but usually more skill was needed. There was a short-lived dalliance with judo, I didn't gain any coloured belts just a couple/three coloured bands on the end of my white belt. Sailing was my passion but it wasn't one of the sports the school supported.

I was a librarian, you got to read Punch, Illustrated London News, the Economist and the broadsheets before anybody else, but as importantly you could be in the library when it was cold and wet outside.

I was also a server in the kitchen for a while, a much coveted job that could only be obtained by an existing server passing your name on. You ate after everybody else but you had as much as you wanted.

Does anybody remember the trade in bags of day-old cakes from the baker in the High Street? Some people on the east side of town would buy bags of the cakes on the way to school and make a decent profit selling the cakes individually to people at school. I would get somebody to buy me a bag or two, at a modest premium, after a while I'd go and buy bags myself. The bottom dropped out of the market when too many people were doing the same thing. Capitalism rules OK!

The CCF was something I really enjoyed, there was a fantastic week learning to fly gliders at RAF Swanton Morley. I was a pretty fair shot and I passed the interview and aptitude test for a Flying Scholarship. But, that displaced septum led to me failing the medical. No problem, have an operation to straighten it; a Flying Scholarship was mine and probably a coveted commission in the RAF as well.

Why didn't that all happen, nobody to blame except myself for being a wuss about having my nose broken and straightened.

It is not surprising that a frequent comment on my reports was "this boy is wasting a place that others could take advantage of".

My recollection is that things were very fair at Price's – there are only two things that stick in my mind as being unfair and arbitrary:

1. The selection for a skiing trip. We were told that the first x to bring their deposit could go. My parents didn't get round to doing the needful until the last morning. I got to school early and handed the form and cheque in at the staff room, there still were 5-6 places unfilled. By the end of the day there were too many lads signed up. Those who had signed up on the last day went into a draw. I missed out, I was gutted. The silver lining was that my parents helped pay for me to go on the 6th Form cruise to the Caribbean, a month over Christmas/New Year 1970 visiting Las Palmas, Barbados, Martinique, Trinidad, Jamaica and Bermuda. I've caught up with the skiing since but could never replicate that cruise around the Caribbean.

2. The other occasion was when we had been given permission to go to the Isle of Wight to compete in a schools sailing competition. We had two boats organised, one crewed by myself and Paul Mason, the other by my brother (Gerald) and Leo Fox.

As we were setting sail from Warsash a fellow Pricean ran down the jetty to stop us because we didn't have a Master to go with us. In rather Nelsonian fashion we said that he should tell the school we had already left.

Leo & Gerald came first in their class, Paul and I came second in ours.

On the Monday the sports results were read out and there was no mention of our achievement. We were simply ignored.

The teaching staff, with one or two exceptions, was very fair and just seemed harsh to us because we didn't understand what they were trying to prepare us for



Eric Poyner, as well as being our Headmaster, was a lay preacher at the church where I was the choir leader. He could seem rather stiff and authoritarian but that wasn't really the case, I recall one occasion when he drove me home in his Jag after I'd been taken ill at school. I regret not having tried to get in touch with him later in life. His, quite correct, assertions that I was pretty useless academically did more to push me on after I left school than many other comments.
Alongside all this there were other extracurricular activities in the 5th and 6th forms: learning how to sail, build boats, a certain amount of "poodle-faking" at the bus station in Fareham and a part-time job before/after school and during holidays working at a big chrysanthemum nursery (that's how I paid for the sailing and my part of the cruise).

My time at Price's will not be viewed as any sort of academic achievement but it played an important part in my life and help to equip me for what came next.

Price's, as an institution and by the efforts of its staff, sought to inspire academic excellence. It would probably have measured this excellence by the numbers of pupils going to university or entering the Forces.

But for my part it also achieved excellence by providing its pupils with an education. I flunked out after 7 years with 5 poor "O" levels, but there is much of what I am today that would not have been possible without the education that Price's and its staff provided me with.

For that I am very grateful. It was a criminal waste when Price's was closed and demolished. Price's was, by far, one of the best equipped in the area, the result of a vigorous and hard-working PTA that raised considerable sums of money to equip laboratories, the gym, the library…. much was left to be bulldozed and only saved by illicit actions of some ex-pupils.

But I suppose the powers that be could only see the value of the grounds as potential housing stock and not the inherent and inestimable value of the institution and its traditions.

Price's School - what happened after the summer of '72, well at least from my perspective?

As with many of the things I did back in the early '70s there wasn't a plan, let alone a master plan. I sort of tumbled out of the 6th form, 5 mediocre "O" levels, no "A" levels, no wish to go to University. From the summer of '70 I had been working part-time at a big chrysanthemum nursery in Locks Heath (this helped pay for the 6th Form cruise and my sailing). During the summer months this involved going to the nursery before school to take the blackout curtains off the beds of chrysanths and after to school to put the blackout curtains back on. Why, I hear you ask? Chrysanths like a regular 12 hours light and 12 hours dark because of where they originate from in South-East Asia. During the winter the chrysanth houses are lit up to extend the number of hours of daylight. During the holidays I worked there cutting chrysanths to be sent to flower markets such as Covent Garden, preparing the beds for the next planting, all those manual chores needed to sustain the industrial production of chrysanths. There were a great bunch of people there and I rather liked the idea of going into horticulture. It only paid a modest sum of money per week, but I was still living at home, and it did enable me to feed my sailing habit. But after a year the novelty was starting to wear off. 42 hour weeks, almost compulsory overtime and it wasn't going to get any better if I did go to horticultural college and subsequently manage to get a manager's job. Even the excitement of being

put in charge of the propagating house didn't soften the prospect of a lifetime of excruciatingly long hours and pitiful pay. Time to change.

I applied for 5 jobs across the Portsmouth/Southampton area. Ranging from a progress chaser at CANDA in Cosham through trainee accountant (aka pencil pusher) at a metal products company in Portsmouth to Insurance Clerk in Southampton. None of them were going to set my ambitions on fire. Faced with 5 job offers there was only one to accept - Insurance Clerk at Commercial Union in Southampton, it was paying just over £1,000 a year - £200 more than any of the others. So in 1973 I became a claims clerk. It was an interesting and varied job. Because of attending Grammar School, despite not getting any "A" levels, I was slotted into the "A" level intake. Lots of courses in London but the downside was studying for the Chartered Insurance Institute exams.

In the summer of '74 CU's data processing department were advertising for branch staff to train as computer programmers. That sounded interesting, so I applied and was called for interview at the data processing centre in Surrey. Passed the aptitude test and the interview at the end of which I asked what the job paid. "£2,000 a year while training and after 6–12 months £3,000 as a junior programmer" was the answer. So deal done and I moved to Whyteleafe in Surrey. Only one problem, I still hadn't passed my driving test, taken it twice and failed twice. So a quick course with driving school, took the test again in the driving school car rather than our rather ratty Moggy 1000. I was then the proud holder of a full driving licence and the owner of yet another Moggy 1000, this time one that my grandfather gave me.

It was an exciting time to be working in DP, soon to become Information Technology. Computers and disk farms that could, almost literally, fill the Albert Hall. Languages evolving from machine code, to assembler languages, to COBOL, PL/I 3rd generation languages and on to 4G languages such as NATURAL. Moving from processing files held on card decks and paper tape, through magnetic tape and incredibly large format but very small capacity hard disks to big relational databases. The opportunities for inventiveness were legion and the money was great. Over the next 10 years I bought a house (almost interest free mortgage was a big help), got married, had two sons and got divorced. Information Technology has one of the highest divorce rates of any career, the long hours, and the calls in the middle of the night….. Combined with a partner who was a nurse working shifts, the result was almost inevitable. Money is not the answer to everything.

I was also heavily involved with the staff association (the in-house union) eventually becoming the national Chairman and lead negotiator. By 1984 it was time for a change. Internal promotion was a bit like waiting to walk into dead man's shoes. The only problem was that the next level up and even the one above that was filled with people only 4–5 years older. At about that time Commercial Union and General Accident set up a joint venture specialising in engineering services and wanted the new venture to have its own I.T. department. To cut, what is already, a long story short, I moved to Manchester to head up the I.T. department. The next five years happened so fast I still can't keep proper track of it all. We built a department of a dozen or so staff, had a tendering competition between IBM and DEC, a competition that to many people's surprise (but not mine) came down in favour of DEC despite both C.U. and G.A. being Big Blue IBM through and through.

After a reorganisation I was promoted to Management Services Manager adding Personnel, Industrial Relations (interesting because I was now on the management side of the negotiating table) and Property Services. But, and there is nearly always a but, there was no way to move up. By this time we, my wife and I, had become expert in workflow management and control systems. The company we worked for had several hundred engineers who needed to have planned and ad-hoc work scheduled and recorded. So we set up a software company to deliver a tailorable system. The idea was great, we knew how to build the system, we knew that lots of businesses needed such a system but we underestimated just how much money would be needed to promote and sell such a system. Within 5 years we had shut down the software development and the rump of the company

(myself, my brother and my wife) reverted to contract/consultancy work. In 1994 my wife and I had a son and my brother and I were back on the road as “guns for hire”. It was at this point that we decided to move to France. We were living in Manchester, the work was all in London so I was travelling down to London on a Monday and back to Manchester on a Friday. Anybody who has moved from London to somewhere like Manchester will know it is pretty much a one-way trip unless you are prepared to saddle yourselves with a massive mortgage when moving back to London. So squaring that circle requires thinking outside the box, to use a horrible mix of metaphors.

We both liked France, I had spent many summers camping/caravanning on the continent with my parents during the ‘60s, early ‘70s. My wife had spent her university placement year in Bordeaux. In the late ‘80s/early ‘90s we had spent off-season holidays in France. So if I was going to be away from home during the week, and we couldn’t relocate home to where the work was, why not move home to somewhere nicer and cheaper? We took a couple of long winter lets to check out parts of France down towards the Pyrenees and in 1998 we sold up in Manchester and moved to France. The bonus was that just as we did that Ryanair starting flying from Stansted to Carcassonne. I could commute from Carcassonne to Stansted on a Monday and back on a Friday for less than it had cost to travel between Manchester and London. In addition we had paid off a mortgage and were able to buy a property for cash and pay for the renovation of the property from my income as a consultant/interim manager – London income, rural France expenses.

One other thing, I now had a master plan, I had pencilled it in when we moved to Manchester. What I wanted to do was to have the option to give up work by the time I reached 50. In 2001, I completed my last contract as an interim manager running a support team in London for one of the world’s biggest re-insurers. Since then I have still worked – buying, renovating and now selling houses (that’s where our pension fund is). And there has been the voluntary work – a local community group in one of the villages we have property in, campaigning to keep the UK in the EU (failed at that one), took the UK government all the way to the Supreme Court over the use of the Royal Prerogative to trigger Article 50 (we won that one), campaigning to inform Parliament about who and what was being ignored in the Brexit negotiations (something that is being highlighted every day now). It hasn’t been a cakewalk, like many of us we’ve had to deal with the illness and loss of parents, then there have been some dodgy tenants (unfortunately all Brits), the aftershock of Brexit and the impact on right to reside, work and travel plus the impact on savings and income, now we have the loss of income and the isolation caused by the COVID pandemic.

What has all this got to do with Price’s? Well without going to a grammar school I wouldn’t have been offered that insurance job in Southampton and if I hadn’t been there I would not have been able to get onto that preferred track for a job in data processing.

After that the connections are perhaps a bit tenuous. What Messrs Briscoe & Hunt taught me about woodwork and how to use tools, so that I could build boats and renovate houses? The French that Messrs Jay & Chapman had persevered with so I didn’t have to start from scratch when I moved to France? Becoming a librarian and by doing so meeting Nigel Groves, Jim Lamont et al. and through them learning to sail? The opportunity to fly a glider, a magical experience, and to discover a lot about myself by passing the aptitude test and interview for a Flying Scholarship? The sailing and the flying taught me that there are other measures of achievement other than academic results. Understanding that builds confidence. The experience of camaraderie and competition, even when you are on the wrong end of the competition it helps teach you what your strengths and weaknesses are. Even being called “Piggers” and being snorted at adds to your character and experience. Above all, I have always had in the back of my head Eric Poyner saying “you’ll never do anything unless you apply yourself”. I hope I have honoured his efforts and commitment to teaching us by following that simple but seminal advice.

Senior Steeplechase **Winner** 1968.
1971 National Schools' Sailing Regatta in Southampton , with Mason, I won the fast handicap in the Merlin Rocket. ,
At the 1971 Hill Head race.
1972 At the Hampshire Schools' Regatta Senior's Challenge Cup winner.
1972 At the Hampshire Schools' Regatta Juniors Team Race winners

Ed: Grahame has spent a lot of time and effort in trying to help the Society along the road to modernisation, through his contacts with other, *ad hoc*, O.P. groups, but was confronted with a disinclination to co-operate from outside of the SOP and also from within. His willingness to become active in the Social Media would have been very valuable, but he became disillusioned and has given up that offer.

The potential for a radical improvement in SOP communications was the more remarkable given that he lives in France.

Pike	Phillip	Dates	1968 - 1975

1968 – 75. Philip Pike (nickname Spike)
Year 1 Soccer, Years 2- Upper VI School Hockey teams.
Colours awarded.
1972-73 **Hampshire U16 hockey team**.
CCF years 4 & 5. RAF section



Early days, September 1968

I started life at Prices in class 1C. The classroom was one of the old Terrapin huts heated by a paraffin stove.

One thing I remember is the instructions for parents of new pupils. They stated that the wearing of shorts for new boys was a parental responsibility. It took me years to work out what parental meant, but it's so obvious now. There were several boys who wore shorts in the first year. Many pupils wore blazers several sizes too big to allow for future growth.

My introduction to PE was with Mr Tuck. He introduced us to Sebastian, his helper. We always had to rush through changing at the end of PE to get to our next lesson, and avoid an encounter with Sebastian. During PE I learnt how to play basketball and hockey. In my first year I played football but because I had to wear glasses I changed to hockey from year 2 onwards. I played in defence for the school hockey teams for the rest of my time at Prices. In the summer we alternated between athletics, volleyball and cricket. The school swimming pool was an ordeal at the beginning of the summer term because it was not heated.

Mr Gros taught English, and he always leant heavily on his walking stick. I appreciated him for having such an enthusiasm for hockey. He organised the interschool matches, coached teams and set up the annual hockey club dinners.

The geography teacher was Mr. Kerley. He started off on a very strict note and kept us all in order.

Music appreciation was taught by Mrs Buckley, the only female member of staff at the time. I remember she played the Blue Danube to the class and asked everyone what that piece of music was called. No one got it right. My contribution was the song "On top of spaghetti".

In the second year Mr Hobson came to teach compulsory Latin. He had the manner of an army officer and drilled us into learning '*amo, amas, amat*' etc. Learning Latin helped me with my French in future years. I tried woodwork in the second year after giving up art.

One day while waiting for a lesson to begin we watched a pretty French assistant walk across the playground and serenaded her with 'wolf whistles'. 'Buzz' Ellis came storming in and as a class punishment we all had to write an essay on 'Manners maketh man'. It was probably the same assistant we watched from our classroom sunbathing in a red bikini by the swimming pool.

Mrs Head (Ma Tête) was an amazing French teacher and it was because of her that I passed my 'O' Level. She was loved by many and sadly she died of cancer far too young.

I ate school dinners throughout my time at Prices. I remember queueing up every Monday lunchtime to buy our lunch tickets and then having to endure spam fritters or cheese flan on Mondays. The school day always began with assembly and hymn singing. Often the piano was played by a pupil (Bayliss or Purver). The headmaster Mr Poyner and many of the staff wore their gowns.

Another feature I remember is the tuck shop, open during morning break time. It sold products made by Burton, some of which I had never encountered before; Tea Cakes, crisps and Waggon Wheels.

My further recollections of sport: I gained my hockey colours by playing in the team every year. We only played on grass and the second pitch had quite a slope on it. Teachers who coached hockey included Mr Gros, Mr Bowler and Mr Elliott. The First XI match against staff team every year was quite entertaining!! We also played against a parents' team. In years 2 to 5 matches were on Saturday mornings against other schools. I remember the half-time oranges – they never seem as good now! Sometimes it was a treat to go to an away match where the school provided a tea or some other meal. In my fifth year I played for Hampshire Under 16 hockey team. Matches were on a Sunday and the team was coached by Mr Law from Brune Park School. In the sixth form hockey matches were on a Wednesday afternoon so that left Saturdays free because many players had Saturday jobs. Mr Gros organised school hockey club dinners for four years from 1970 to 73.

Another memory of Prices was the Combined Cadet Force (CCF) which took part on Tuesday afternoons. The alternative was orchestra or community service. I joined the RAF section because I was interested in aeroplanes, so I was a bit put out when the Navy section flew before I did. The Navy section flew in an RAF Hercules from Thorney Island. I eventually had a flight in a single engine Chipmunk from Hamble airfield and managed to fly over Fareham. One year I was in the RAF guard of honour which meant weeks of square bashing under the strict eye of the caretaker who had previously served in the RAF. One Tuesday we went on exercise to Browndown ranges, carrying guns with blank ammunition. I do remember firing at John Newton at point-blank range - thankfully he was okay. In the summer of 1974, many Price's cadets travelled by train to Penhale camp near

Newquay in Cornwall. Because someone had hidden all the boxes with the stamps in, it was impossible to complete an orienteering exercise on the sand dunes. We carried out a 'raid' on the hut occupied by another school. Groups of us were taken by truck and dropped off in locations around Dartmoor. We were given a map and then had to make our own way back to the camp. We managed to quickly work out where we were and even hitched a lift part of the way back.

Musical concerts have been mentioned by other Old Priceans. I enjoyed going to hear people perform. I remember Nick Manley, with his very long hair, hunched over his guitar. Chris Bard of course and the 'smoking kills' sketch where he wielded a three-metre-long cigarette and hit someone over the head. Former pupil Mr Gilbert came back to teach music and he played and sang some risqué songs.

One year an Old Pricean, 'Spud' Smith won a half blue at Cambridge University for soccer, although while at school he was a regular hockey team player. To celebrate this event Mr Poyner awarded an extra day off to celebrate!

In Tony Johnson's article he recalls taking a pupil to hospital who had shot himself with a homemade gun. I still remember the incident and the pupil running to the Staff Room with blood pouring from his face.

It was only a short walk to the school for me. In many ways I'm grateful I didn't have to travel in by bus every day and then walk up Park Lane from the bus station. Many pupils had journeys of at least an hour each way. I did think that one benefit of travelling in by bus was the opportunity to mix with grammar schoolgirls, but I did go to a youth group and met girls anyway!!



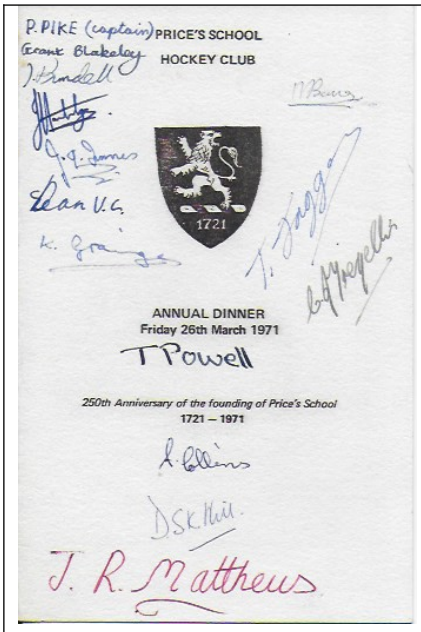
Hockey first XI 1973
Mr D Elliott, K Grainger, A Spink, C Law, G Blakeley, P Pike,
P Old, P Whitby, R Bradford, S Whitby, A Morley

One aspect of girls joining the sixth form in the lower 6th was that in my year no one was appointed prefect or head boy. In my view I do not think that school changed much during the first year of girls joining the sixth form.

Mr Owens, a stern Welshman taught me maths in the 6th form. One Monday in February 1975 he set us a problem. 3T + 1C + 2P = 20. No one solved it. It was the rugby score. Wales beat England 20-4.

A group of us celebrated my 18th birthday with a long liquid lunch at the New Inn pub at the top of Park Lane. We thought we had made it safely back into school, but a teacher remarked on it later.

Philip Pike July 2021



Post Prices

1975-76 Student Apprentice with Metal Box
1976-77 Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge – Engineering
1977-80 University of Swansea – Engineering.
1980-83 Vickers Medical, Basingstoke – Development Engineer
1983-86 AIM Kenya – worked on drought rehabilitation project.
1986-87 Cranfield University – MSc Energy Conservation
1987-90 WS Atkins – Energy Consultant
1990-98 BSRIA – Principal Research Engineer
1999-2001 Secondary school Zambia – Site Manager
2001-12 Oxford University – Energy Manager
2012-16 OM UK Maintenance Manager
2016-18 OM People Care

2018 onwards retired.



Priceans playing for Hampshire Schools 1973 (White shirts)
P Harvey, N Challis??, A Herbert??, J Innes, J Matthews, C Prentice, P Pike, ??, ??. ??, K Grainger, D Cooper, A Spink, A Collins, G Blakeley, G Lawson??

Pond	Roy	Dates	1953-1957

With regard to the most recent Society update, I was awarded the BEM, in 1981, for services to "Motor Cycle Safety Training". I was serving in the Royal Air Force, at the time, and too many airmen were having accidents, some fatal. The Station Commander decided that an awareness training course was required, with mandatory attendance, by all active riders.

To cut a long story: I with 5 other airmen set up a training course, with involvement of 2 Suffolk Police class 1 motor cyclists. I then contacted the local council safety department and joined them in training civilian riders, becoming an RAC ACU Instructor.

Because of this, and some Air Force commitments, the Station Commander put me forward for the honour.



Regarding tales from school. A couple of "events" occurred, during my time and I think that you were possibly at Prices, as well, as it would have been 1956 or 57. I think that if they happened today, there would be much media interest, but back then very little was made of it.

In the 1950s' there were local shooting ranges, for the Royal Navy & Royal Marines, and security was quite lax. Several of my classmates would go on to the ranges, and could pick up live ammunition. One guy decided to make, what would now be called a pipe bomb. He took a piece of metal tube, closed one end, by hammering in a … (?)

At around the same time, another 4 guys decided to take some live ammunition on one of the CCF exercise days. If you remember, each year we would go on to some farm land, and run around firing blanks at each other. Fortunately, Tom Hilton found out, so that time we ran around shouting bang, at each other, as the rifles were back at school. The outcome was that one guy was expelled, and the other 3 punished, but what the punishment consisted of, I cannot remember.

I reckon that the Society might want to forget those incidents, but they did happen.

Best wishes. **Roy Pond.** 1953 - 1957.

Ed: The Pipe Bomb story I heard recounted as described.

The live ammunition incident also happened: live ammo secreted away during the previous Summer Camp, was brought to the Field Day which included an attack of a wooded position. Blank ammunition – about 2 magazines per cadet, I expect – plus a few thunderflashes for NCOs to lob about. Lots of noise and some smoke from the bog bangers - although these tended to be lobbed, grenade fashion towards other cadets (and hence, were very dangerous). The exercise was overseen by some regular Army troops who soon recognised the sound of live ammunition bangs and the

whistle of bullets through the air and their thud into trees, The exercise was stopped and instructions to stay where we were whilst the source of the suspicious sounds was identified. That done and the task was over. The outcome was a whole school assembly ensued a couple of days later. The miscreants were arraigned before the School. The event s described and the boys (all) were summarily expelled. Quite an experience for e first year to see. There will have been a lot of consequences to this incident.

Pook	Richard	Dates	1942 - 1948



I was sometimes a drummer and sometimes a bugler as required. I can probably still play a drum roll before stepping off with the left foot, or bugle '*semper fidelis*'. You can probably find the photo of the band dated July 1943 already in the SOP files in which photo I am seated, second from the left, with drumsticks across my knees. This was about the time of transition from old brass button uniforms. It may also be about the time, (most probably later) that our OTC became "C" Company of the 14th Cadet Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. Not The "Royal" Hampshire Regiment - that title came much later.

CSM1946. With ANO, undertook a major hitchhiking trip to Edinburgh in 1947 & 1948 = reported below

I did play a little football and cricket, never made a first eleven or 100 runs ; I disliked cross country running as I always got a painful stitch in my side. Ironically, I thoroughly enjoyed a long route march.



Ken Joint ?? Richard Pook

In January1946 three Cadets from Price's School were in a class of eighteen attending an Engineering Course at the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Base at Longmoor near Aldershot. Their photo shows the writer, R. H. Pook and to my left (?) and to his left K.R. Joint. Four activities stand out in my mind. First was learning Arc Welding. Secondly, while we did not actually build one we studied , hands on one on dry land, how a Bailey Bridge was built. Next the very exciting time of learning how to operate a Diesel Locomotive and actually drive one on the several miles of train track there.(Before the Invasion, Engineers were trained at Longmoor in railway operating, ready to take over the trains in Normandy.) We Students also learned, on the very extensive, indoor, miniature railway, how to 'key' trains from station to station safely and the use of signals and the operation of signal boxes.

CSM Bruce Tappenden and to his left CSM Richard Pook at Upper Barracks, Winchester, supporting Price's Cadet Band in Cadet Bands competition in 1947.





This sculpture was donated by a Tappendon

Report on Initiative Test

Carried out by C.S.M. Pook and Sgt. Wigg of
No. 2 Coy., 14th Bn. Royal Hamps. Regt.

Information :

Initiative Test carried out between Thursday, 14th, and Tuesday, 19th August inclusive. Travelled from Bishop's Waltham to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dunbar, and returned to Bishop's Waltham, a distance of 1,180 miles, in 62 hrs. travelling time. Remainder of time, 57 hrs., spent resting, etc. Only money spent on food and cost of "wash and brush up."

Equipment :

Full battle dress, haversack, groundsheet-cape, blanket, cleaning and washing requisites.

Method :

The original intention was to start early on Friday morning, but as the weather conditions were dry and warm, we commenced by walking, leaving our H.Q. at Bishop's Waltham at 1810 hrs. on Thursday, 14th August, intending to travel by night, resting in the heat of the day. Our first lift was at 1940 hrs., when we rode in a truck from Fisher's Pond to King's Sombourne, arriving at 2015 hrs. At 2030 hrs. we had a lift in a private car to Stockbridge, arriving at 2040 hrs., continuing our walk towards Andover, at 2055 hrs. we were again in a private car, riding to Fullerton where we arrived at 2100 hrs. From here we walked to Andover in the gathering dusk, and having passed through the town at 2230 hrs., it was now dark, feeling somewhat tired, and not thinking highly of heavy transport at night, we bedded down at 2300 hrs. outside Andover, our sleeping accommodation being a hay stack.

The next day, Friday, 15th, we awoke at 0500 hrs., feeling very refreshed. We proceeded to pack our kit, leaving our sleeping place at 0530 hrs., and having our breakfast at 0600 hrs. Good fortune favoured us by our getting a lift on a lorry at 0615 hrs., passing over the county boundary into Berkshire, travelling through Newbury and Abingdon, and over another county boundary into Oxfordshire, passing through the City of Oxford at 0745 hrs., and on to Deddington, arriving at 0845 hrs.



Next came two short lifts, the first in a private car to Addersbury, next a lift on a lorry loaded with wood for 15 minutes. Our next lift was in a private car through Birmingham to Wolverhampton, where we arrived at 1155 hrs. By now we had crossed Oxfordshire and Warwickshire and were into Staffordshire. The scenery had changed into terraces of slums and slag heaps, but we were soon out into the open rural country again. At 1200 hrs. we were once again in a lorry heading for Newcastle-under-Lyme, arriving at 1300 hrs. Next a lift by lorry that took us out of Staffordshire, through the lovely scenery of Cheshire, and into the industrial towns of Lancashire. We crossed the world-renowned Manchester Ship Canal at Warrington. When we arrived at Wigan at 1605 hrs. we had a wash and brush up that refreshed us considerably. At 1630 hrs. we were in a L.W.A.E.C. truck heading for Preston. The next two lifts took us through the lovely rugged landscape of Westmorland and Cumberland to Carlisle, where we arrived at 2200 hrs. We obtained supper and sleeping accommodation from the R.A.F. 'drome at Kingston.

The next day, Saturday, 16th, we were woken at 0630 hrs., and given breakfast before we left the drome at 0740 hrs. We walked until 0825 hrs. when we had some tea in a Cafe, and when we returned to the road we had a lift to the Border, where we changed lorries, crossing the Border a few minutes before 0900 hrs. The lorry took us through Dumfries and into Ayrshire to Ayr, arriving at 1205 hrs. Here we had dinner and a rest on the beach. At 1345 hrs. we were back on the road, and received a lift to Kilmarnock, arriving there at 1415 hrs. Our next lift did not arrive until 1520 hrs. when we rode in a private car through Renfrew and into Lanarkshire and so to Glasgow. We then walked to Baeilliston except for 1 mile ride in a private car. 1920 hrs. saw us in an ambulance heading for New-house, where we arrived at 1535 hrs. At 1946 hrs. we were in a private car being taken from Lanarkshire through Linlithgow to Endinburgh, at Newbridge. From here we had a lift into the City of Edinburgh, where we visited the Castle, War Memorial, and Prince's St. At 2330 hrs. we found our sleeping accommodation in a potato field near a very noisy railway goods yard.

The next day was Sunday. 17th. We had a restless night because of the trains and a heavy Scotch mist that drenched us through. We were up at 0500 hrs. and were glad to be walking to Mussleburgh, where we had breakfast and a wash and brush up at 0600 hrs. We walked out of Edinburgh and into Haddington. At 0835 hrs. we had a lift in a private car to Dunbar, arriving at 0900 hrs., walking on to Broxburn and at 0920 hrs. we had a lift through Berwick, Northumberland and Darlington, arriving at 1540 hrs. We both slept during the journey and were glad to eat at Darlington. From here we walked to Stapleton, where we dried out blankets and recovered from the mist. That night we slept in a Dutch barn on hay, by kind permission of Farmer Brown.

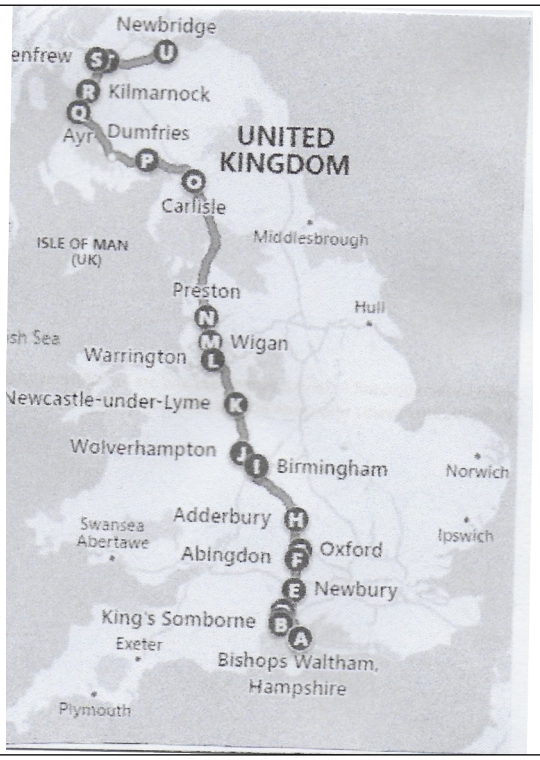
The next day, Monday, 18th, we were up at 0620 hrs., and were bathing in the River Tees at 0730 hrs. We left our bathing place at 0825 hrs. feeling very refreshed. At 1005 hrs. we had a lorry lift to Doncaster, arriving at 1250 hrs. This lift took us from the North Riding to the West Riding of Yorkshire. Next came a six mile lift to Nottinghamshire. At 1325 hrs. we had a lift in a mobile class-room through East Retford where we were almost involved in an accident with a loaded tank transporter in a very narrow street; fortunately nothing happened, and we continued without incident to Markham Moor, arriving at 1415 hrs. 1500 hrs. saw us riding in a coal lorry towards Newark. At 1610 hrs. we had a lift to Grantham, and so into Lincolnshire, arriving there at 1630 hrs. Leaving Grantham for Huntingdon via Rutlandshire,

arriving there at 1905 hrs. Our supper and sleeping accommodation were again supplied by the R.A.F.

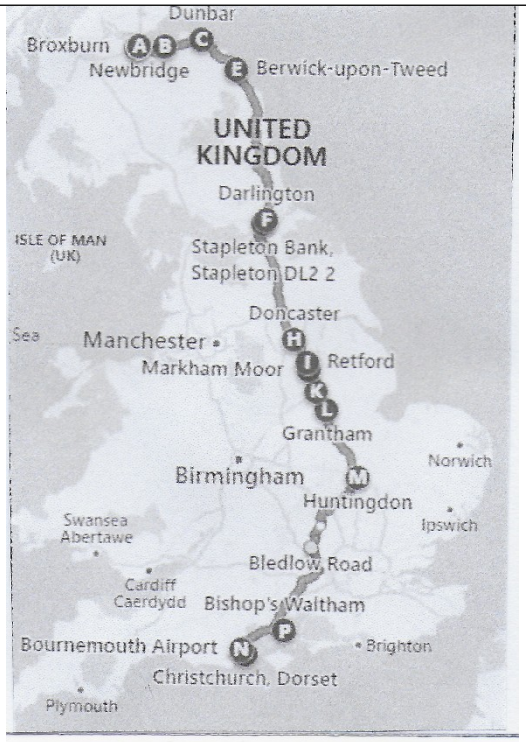
On Tuesday, 19th, we were up by 0730 hrs. and had breakfast supplied by the R.A.F. At 0900 hrs. we presented ourselves to the O.C. Tech. Comm. Flt. to ask if he had any planes going South that could take us. In the O.C's office we were taken over by Flying Officer Bingley who managed to get us an aircraft to Hurn by No. 90 Sqdn. We were put in parachute harness and drilled in the use of it, and then taken to the dispersal area, only to find the plane unusable. We handed the No. 90 Sqdn. parachutes back, and had visions of having to go by road. Instead we were fitted out with parachutes again, this time by 138 Sqdn., and flown over Huntingdon, Bedford, Buckingham, Oxford, Berks. and Hants., to Hurn Airport, where we arrived at 1430 hrs., having taken off at 1225 hrs. This indeed was a very unique experience, having obtained an airlift over the counties mentioned, and the great pleasure of seeing the English countryside in such comfortable circumstances. At 1505 hrs. we had a lift in a private car to Christchurch. We then had a lift in a truck until 1550 hrs. At 1555 hrs. we had a lift in a private car to Southampton, which was very pleasant, going all through the New Forest. We left Southampton in a private car, arriving at Botley at 1740 hrs. The driver who gave us this last lift invited us to his house to tea, and drove us to our starting point which we reached at 1840 hrs.

Throughout the whole journey we found everybody very helpful, and very interested in our progress. We sent postcards back to our H Q. from Banbury, Ayr, Glasgow and Mussleburgh. We each received a Certificate from the Flying Officer Adj. for No. 90 Sqdn., Wyton, to certify our flight in a four-engined Lancaster from Wyton to Hurn Airport.

P. WIGG (Sgt.), p.p. C.S.M. Pook and Sgt. Wigg.



The outward route on the 1947 trek



The homeward route of the 1947 trek



Sgt. Peter Wigg (left), and C.S.M. Richard Pook en route through Ayr, in Scotland

I came across a document, copy below. This item relates to the paragraph in red on Page 2 of Newsletter 5.

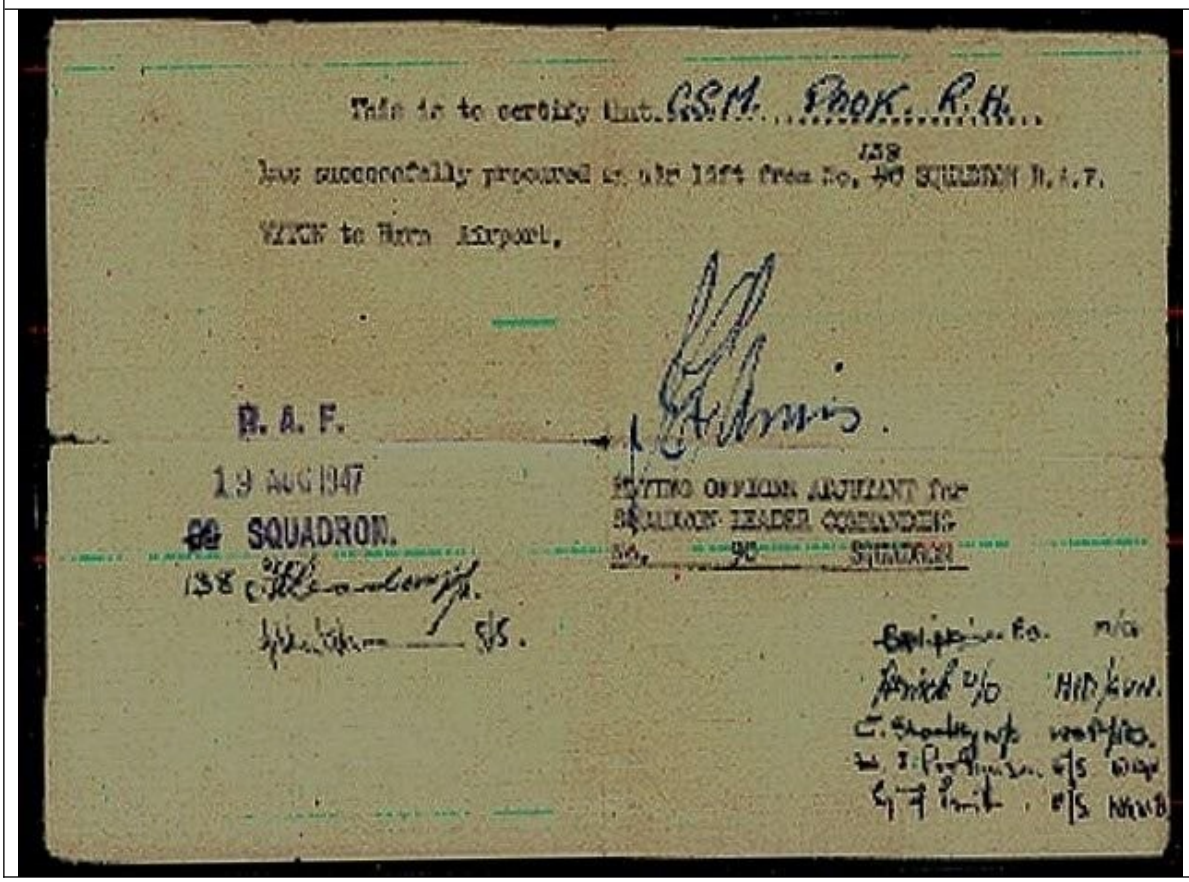
Perhaps not, as suggested there, a "colossal achievement" by today's standards, but at the time a great adventure, for Peter Wigg and myself. I am the ? Pook mentioned on Page 7. A fairly comprehensive report about this adventure by two Price's Army Cadets in August 1947 (I will not be a nonagenarian until the 31st of this month) can be found in a "LION' magazine that followed. (Regretfully, I cannot locate my copy but think the society has one.) I believe for one thing the Lion article in mentioning the Lancaster Bomber trip does not tell that on the way from Wyton aerodrome to Herne Airport we diverted to a bombing range near The Wash and dropped practice bombs. On arrival at Herne the plane was allowed to land as the pilot advised the control tower he had two VIP's aboard! He then told Peter and me to hop over the closest fence and disappear after landing!

You will notice that the regretfully well-worn 'certificate' given before we took off shows two RAF Bomber squadrons were involved. However, after being equipped with parachutes and briefly

instructed in their use, the first plane was found to be 'unserviceable'. Our disappointment was soon relieved when a second squadron came to our aid.

Some other stories come to mind such as why teacher 'Bert' Shaw and I spent time on the Scholl roof during air raids!!!.

Cheers for now! ***Richard***



David:

"Hike to Scotland. I do not think there were any special preparations made except getting approval from school and parents.. I think we just took off late in the afternoon and didn't get very far that day – slept that night close up to the bottom of a haystack in a farmer's field.
Probably asked permission being Price's trained! No emergency numbers – the two-way wrist radio was just a Hollywood dream.

RAF Base. As at most stops (an army camp, a police station for instance) we just told the story of what we were doing and asked if we could stay for the night. The R AF also gave us a good dinner and breakfast. ……..

In the back of my mind I think the local Fareham newspaper reported it. It may have been announced at school when we returned for the next Term, however being a day boy with a long bus ride from Bishop's Waltham I was classified as "always late" at roll-call and happily missed Assembly. The wartime Hants & Dorset bus was powered by gas generator on a trailer it pulled

behind. It broke down frequently on hills near Wickham. Usually did my homework on the bus if there were no Wyckham House School girls aboard.

On the subject of Wickham, my school friend Bruce Tappenden lived in Wickham. (You may know his book "A History of Wickham" published in 1996.) Bruce and I were promoted to CSMs on the same day in 1947. There had been great speculation as to which of us would get the rank. In the Powers good judgment we both did. To get to the point I have a photo of the two CSMs together at a cadet band competition held at Upper Barracks, Winchester in 1947. I will add it to the list of photos I owe you when I get the computer fixed."

Report on Initiative and Endurance Test (1948)

Carried out by C.Q.M.S Wigg and Sgt. Hall of
No 2 Coy., 14th Bn. Royal Hampshire Regt.

Information:

Initiative and endurance test carried out between Saturday evening (1915 hrs.), 3rd July, and Thursday morning (10.20 hrs.) 8th July. We travelled from Fareham to Bristol, and through the following large towns: - Gloucester, Manchester, Carlisle, Salisbury, Edinburgh, London, Reading, Marlborough, Bristol, Exeter, Dorchester, Salisbury, and back to Fareham in 111 hrs. 86 hrs. of which were spent travelling, the remainder of the time spent sleeping etc. Our average speed for the journey was 19 m.p.h., thus giving us a total mileage of 2109 miles. We took no money or food with us, and so lived as well as we could.

Equipment:

Full battledress, groundsheet-cape, blanket, cleaning and washing requisites, small pack, road map.

Method:

Having prepared our kit we left Fareham walking in the direction of Southampton. Our first lift was at 1935 hrs. from Catisfield Fork to Titchfield Balloon Barrage Station, and this was followed at 1945 hr. by a lift in a 13-year-old Austin to Bitterne. When we reached Bitterne we began the disheartening task of walking through Southampton, but at 2035 hrs. we were lucky enough to get a lift through the town. When we were clear of the town we were given a lift at 2100 hrs. to Ower where a taxi gave us a very short ride onto the main Salisbury road. We had hardly got out of the taxi when we were given a lift in a Salvation Army car to Salisbury. We then began to walk along the Warminster and Bath road, and our next lift took us to Wilton. At Wilton a kindly farmer took us in and gave us tea and cakes. Now came the first blow of the evening. We were forced to march, an event against our principles, 7 miles into Stapleford, where at 2445 hrs., we received a lift in a large Buick to Warminster, arriving at 0115 hrs. We cleared the town and eventually bedded down for the night in a clover field on the Warminster to Bath road at 0200 hrs. As this was Saturday evening, when there is no long distance transport, we thought ourselves lucky to reach Warminster, a distance of 55 miles.

The next morning we moved off at 0745 hrs. heading for Bath. As it had rained all night, and was still raining, we were really wet, and the wind, which was very strong, whipped the rain into our faces, and made us feel thoroughly downcast. Although the road we were travelling on was a main road only 3 cars passed us during the next four hours. During this monotonous march we were given a cup of tea by a pleasant old lady, who was eighty years of age and who knitted garments for 8 hours a day to help the export drive. We had a short rest in her picturesque old cottage for 10 minutes. After this our luck changed, we had only walked another mile when we got a lift in a Ford

10 car to Bath. As we approached Bath we had a wonderful panoramic view of the city, lying in the Avon valley. From Bath we had a short lift, which took us back to the main road. Our next lift was to Bristol, where we arrived at 1355 hrs. This was rather an eventful journey as the car in which we were riding burst a tyre, which we changed. When we reached Bristol the driver, who said that we had earned a reward for our services, bought us lemonade and two piping hot pasties, which were greatly appreciated. After this short interlude we proceeded to the Police Station where we had our log book stamped by P.C. Robert Knight. We now had to walk across another large city, and when clear of the town, we were given a lift to Filton. Then a taxi took us by a very devious route to within 8 miles of Gloucester. From here we got a lift in a converted Army Recce car, which seemed to have no springs as we were considerably shaken up. This took us to Redditch, and the driver stopped half way to buy us a cup of tea. Our next lift was in the back of an open lorry to Wolverhampton, where we had our log book stamped by P.C. G. Morgan of the Wolverhampton Boro Police. A car then took us to the centre of town where we picked up a private car and were taken to the pint where Watling Street crosses the Wolverhampton to Stafford road, and we had not gone more than 100 yards when the car we had got out of caught us up again and gave us some gloves which we had overlooked in getting out of the car. This lift was rather amusing as the car had something wrong with its steering which made it zigzag along the road. By now it had stopped raining, and although we were still very wet our spirits rose with the sun. It was not long before we were picked up by two R.M. diesel lorries which took us to Newcastle-under-Lyme. During this ride the heat of the engine dried us out and made our boots, which had been supple when wet, feel like clogs. By now we had passed through the rural country of Somerset, through the dock areas, we had been through high class residential areas, through the well planned city of Bath, and though colonies of prefabs. Our final lift on Sunday, which in our opinion was the best of the whole trip, took us by a very devious route through Manchester. The reason why this was our best lift was that the driver of the car, a gentleman of scientific repute. Not only gave us sandwiches and fruit in the car, but took us to his Manchester house, in the Disbury area, and gave us dinner for which, unfortunately, we were unable to dress. In addition to this he gave us a bed for the night and cooked us a wonderful breakfast and drove us on to the main road. Thank you very much, David, it was certainly very good of you. Needless to say Manchester greeted us with rain.

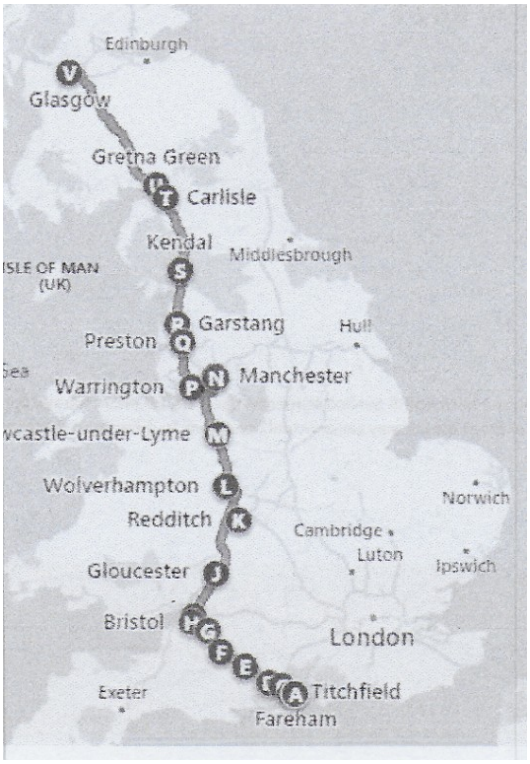
The next day we left our very comfortably sleeping place at 0830 hrs. after having overslept. Our first lift after we left David was in a van through Manchester and Salford on our way to Warrington. We then had a ride in a heavy lorry to Warrington, quickly followed by a lift in a private car to within a mile of Preston. The driver of this car bought us some sandwiches for our lunch in a tavern on the road. From here we were taken into Preston. In Preston a generous café proprietor gave us tea and cake. From this time onwards we had to cut the walking down to a minimum as our boots, which were as stiff as breadboards, were playing havoc with our feet. We hobbled out of Preston and were given a lift in an M.G. for about 10 miles, to Garstang. This car was supercharged with twin carburettors, and along the wide, dead straight road several times exceeded 90 m.p.h. The driver, although very good, was rather too reckless for our liking and we were glad to get out. During this trip we had to lean out of the sides of the car to keep it on the road. We then got into a heavy tar lorry, the impression of this lorry we still bear, and it took us into Kendal. We marched across the town and were picked up by an R.A.F. lorry which took us right through the beautiful Lake District to Carlisle. This was really a most enjoyable trip, as we were in a covered wagon which was very comfortable in comparison with some we had ridden in, and we had a lovely view as we passed through the rugged scenery. At Carlisle we had our log book signed by P.Sgt, Ballantyre of the Carlisle City Police. Here we met our first Scotsman who took us to the famous Scots village of Gretna Green where we saw the famous marriage room where 10,000 marriages have been made. We crossed the boarder at 1855 hrs. Leaving our transport we walked about 75 yards to our sleeping accommodation, the Plantation sub-station of Govan police division, where we had our log book stamped by a police sergeant. We spent the night in a cell.

After having washed and shaved we were given tea and rolls by the police and set off for Edinburgh at 0820 hrs. We were then taken into the centre of the city in a vegetable van. We had our log book stamped and pressed on to the A1 road. We were taken to the outskirts on the Dunbar road, and then a lift on a lemonade lorry to Musselburgh. We were then taken to within 3 miles of Dunbar in a converted 14 cwt. Truck. The driver bought us tea and sandwiches on route. From this point a private car took us to Broxburn Bridge. The driver gave us a 7 lb. basket of strawberries so we sat on the bridge and ate the lot. After this very important event we were taken to Innerwick. From there we got a lift via St. Abbs Head to Eyemouth. This again was a very pleasant journey as it took us along a very picturesque part of the coast. Here we met an American who was travelling the same road as us and who was trying to hitchhike to Cambridge. He gave us some food for which we were very grateful. All three of us were taken on to the main road where we separated. Our next lifts was Alnwick, and then to Newcastle where we marched through to Gateshead. Here we had our log book stamped at the Gateshead police headquarters by P.Sgt. Fowlie. From here we were given a lift in a heavy transport lorry by a very devious route to Weatherby. We were picked up by another lorry which took us to Bawtrey. We were picked up by a private car, which ran out of petrol half way to Newark. Then came a really good lift. At 2230 hrs. we picked up a heavy furniture van which took us from Newark to Tottenham. We had company on this trip in the shape of two Edinburgh University Students who were going to London and on to Paris for three months holiday. By now we were really hungry, as we had not had a cooked meal since we left Manchester. During the relay hours of the morning, at 0315 hrs., we stopped at a wayside transport café and the driver bought us breakfast. This was a wonderful affair and consisted of 3 eggs, 3 large sausages, 2 slices of bacon, green peas, 4 pieces of fried bread, unlimited bread and butter and several mugs of tea. The whole of this only cost 6/3 for all five of us. We arrived at Tottenham at 0445 hrs. and had our log book stamped. We then marched back to Edmonton, on the North Circular Road where we picked up a lift to Reading and were given another good breakfast. On arrival at Reading we were picked up almost immediately and driven to Newbury. We then went on to Hungerford where we were taken in a very uncomfortable lorry to Bristol. Even though this was an uncomfortable journey we were so tired we managed to sleep most of the way. At Bristol we again had our log book stamped. And after walking over Bristol, owing to erroneous police directions, we eventually got a lift to within three miles of Cheddar. At this point we passed a section of Army Cadets from a local school out doing Signal training. Out next lift was in a market lorry to Bridgewater, from there we got a lift in a converted 14 cwt. van through Taunton, Illminster, Chard, Axminster, Cullumpton, to Exeter. This trip was very amusing from the drivers point of view because when he was driving along at 60 m.p.h he suddenly decided to stop and one of us was projected from the cab, across the bonnet into the nearest ditch, but was fortunate enough to escape with minor bruises. On arrival in Exeter we had our log book stamped by the city police, and then took the coast road towards Dorchester. After we cleared the town we were picked up by a Royal Blue coach which was returning empty to Dorchester. This was a very comfortable ride, and we saw some wonderful West Country scenery, both inland and on the coast. It is certainly understandable why the tourist trade is prospering in the West. The driver of the coach gave us 7/- to buy a meal, but as all the cafés were closed we used it to buy breakfast next morning. From Dorchester we were taken as far as Puddletown and then to Blandford where we had our log book stamped by the Blandford police, who also put us up for the night in the cells. The next morning, we were given a lift at 0730 hrs. to Salisbury. From here we were taken in an electrician's van to Whiteparish where we bought breakfast. We were taken from the wayside café as far as Bitterne, and from here we were taken to Park Gate. And then came our last lift in a small van as far as Fareham Railway Station.

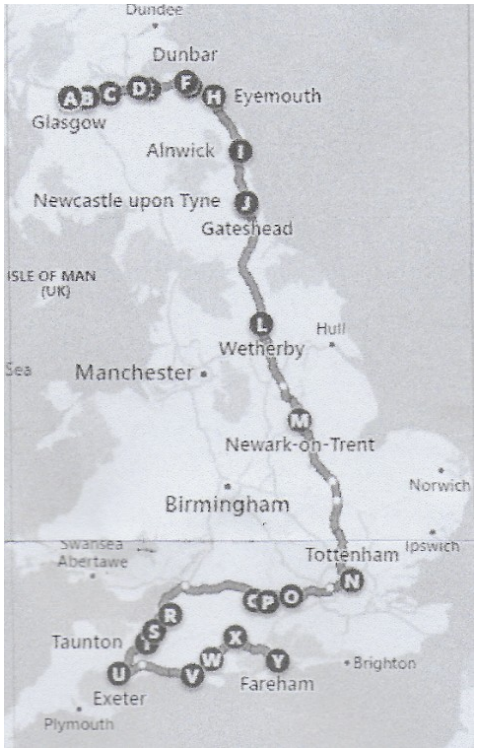
Throughout the test we found everyone most helpful, and always willing to put us right, and to do as much as they could for us. Our lifts were all given out of kindness, and were often accompanied by food and drink, all of which was given freely, nothing being asked for or begged.

Money was only accepted under pressure, usually of our stomachs, and was only used to buy food During the trip everybody was very interested in our progress, and certainly gave us some exciting thrills and surprises. We both would like to thank all persons who helped us on our way and gave us refreshments. If anybody ever thinks of doing a similar test we would both highly recommend it as one of the best ways of seeing our country and meeting some of her very interesting peoples.

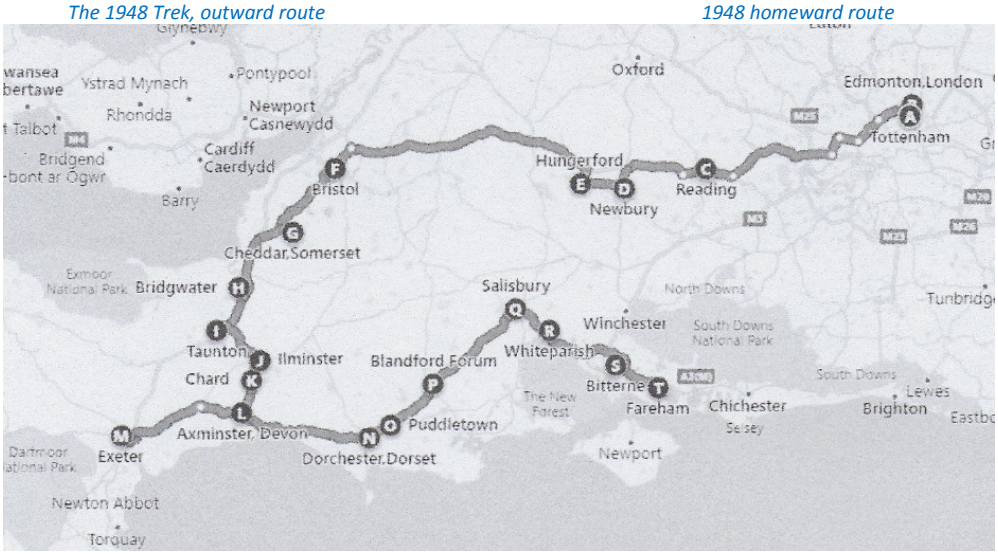
Fareham. 9-7-48 **P. WIGG, C.Q.M.S., L.R. HALL, Sgt.**



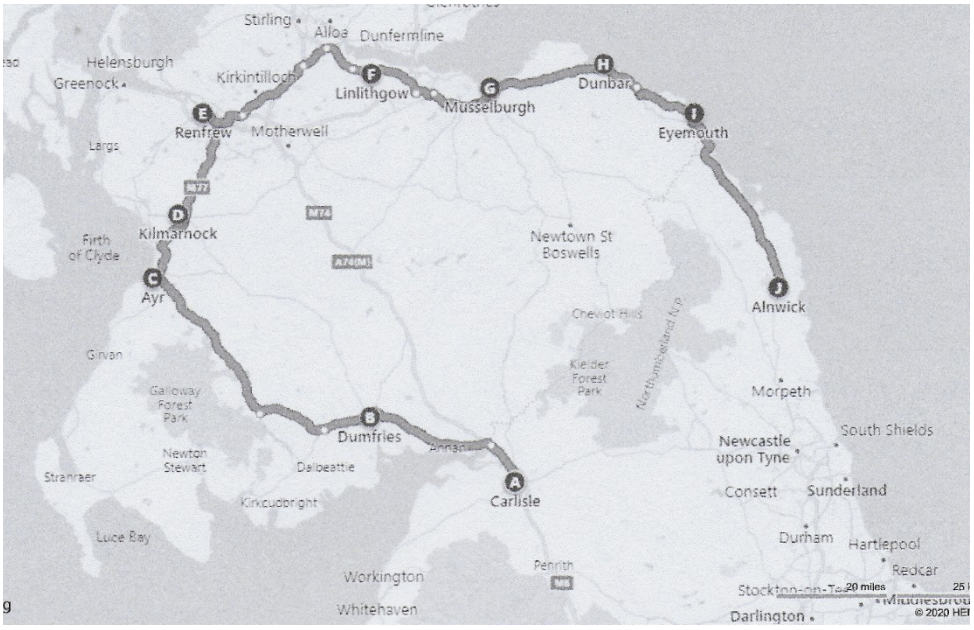
The 1948 Trek, outward route



1948 homeward route



Getting back to Fareham from London was nothing like as straightforward for the 2nd group. Tempting to have "jumped ship at Newbury and head the short distance to Winchester!



The venture into Scotland – a combination of the Scottish route of both treksStoke.

Obituary: **Peter Wigg**

We were all saddened this term by the tragic death or Peter Wigg : he had done a great deal for the School and above all for the Cadet corps. He was one of those who gave to the School as well as took from her, and he gave generously in ability, time and energy. His death was a loss to us, whom he was about to leave, and to his Country which he was soon to begin to serve. We offer our deepest sympathy to his parents on their loss. Only last term we published a contribution from him which marked his abounding zest for life, and it is sad to think of such promise unfulfilled.

Unsigned, Autumn 1953

AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS – The reason I would be on the school roof with Bert Shaw.
At first, when the air raid warning siren sounded students would leave their classrooms and, in a trained orderly fashion, repair to the Anderson Shelters behind the tall brick wall (rifle range area). However, much classroom time was lost unnecessarily. It was then devised that students would stay temporarily in class. Then the current duty bugler (who was the 'clock' at the end of each period) on hearing the siren would head to the roof with a teacher Mr. Shaw. When enemy action over Portsmouth or Gosport appeared to head Fareham way, Mr. Shaw would send the bugler down to the school corridors to sound the Alarm on his bugle. Students would then make track to the Shelters. I learned a lot on the roof. 'Burt' Shaw was a great fellow. He even took me to a pub for a beer on the day I left Price's.

I also was sometimes a drummer and sometimes a bugler as required. I can probably still play a drum roll before stepping off with the left foot, or bugle '*semper fidelis*'. You can probably find the photo of the band dated July 1943 already in the SOP files in which photo I am seated, second from the left, with drumsticks across my knees. This was about the time of transition from old brass button uniforms. It may also be about the time, (most probably later) that our OTC became "C"

Company of the 14th Cadet Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. Not The "Royal" Hampshire Regiment - that title came much later.

I did play a little football and cricket, never made a first eleven or 100 runs; I disliked cross country running as I always got a painful stitch in my side. Ironically, I thoroughly enjoyed a long route march.

Frances and I were married on June 27, 1964 (! at the grand old age of 34). We were in BC for a couple more years when a posting to the bank's agency in Hong Kong became vacant and I applied for it. Surprise! We were moved to the Bahamas. Either Personnel were short on geography skills or thought I would be more useful there. No problem, we enjoyed our next four years. For the first two years I was the District Inspector and my territory covered branches in the Bahamas, Jamaica, Cayman and Belize. Lots of travelling. At home in Nassau Frances kept busy raising our first two daughters - both born there. (And sheltering from a major hurricane while I was in Jamaica.) For the second two years I was Deputy Manager of the large Main Branch in Nassau. Not much hands on banking in that job. Mostly entertaining foreign clients on the golf course, at the Club or in our home. It was not all sun and sand though and we felt four years was enough and were not disappointed to be transferred (after three months home leave) back in Vancouver to the District Office supervising commercial lending. Number three Daughter was a couple of months old when we were next transferred from the Domestic scene to Head Office, in Montreal International Department. Here began teaching in earnest. I opened a training school for highly qualified applicants from outside to become managers in our international branch system. My job also included being the bank's representative at annual NA banks Commercial Lending Association seminars in the USA. I did New York and Chicago and the next was to be in Hawaii. However, by then I was on the move to Winnipeg after daughter number four was born.

Winnipeg gave me supervision over part of the portfolio of larger commercial loans by branches for a while. l next I headed up the District Law, Department, A lawyer and other support on my staff dealing with bankruptcies etc. I also conducted, for branch Managers and lending staff, seminars concerning their work.

At that time Frances and I both began being quite active in our local Anglican Church. She with the Sunday school an Altar Guild and me as a Lay Reader plus. At the same time as banking I attended, weekends and evenings, at St John's College, then a seminary and part of the U. of Manitoba. I eventually, to my surprise, earned a degree in Theology. Then, to my even greater surprise the Bishop asked me if I would be prepared to become a Priest. Then without any hesitation, and to my even much greater surprise, I immediately said, "YES". I was ordained a Deacon in 1987 and a Priest in 1988. That Summer I took a course at St. George's College in Jerusalem. I retired from the bank a couple of years early and served as a non-stipendiary Assistant Priest in our Parish for five years.

Going back a little, while at St. John's College a couple of new friends there got me interested in Hospice. In 1983 the three of us founded Hospice and Palliative Care Manitoba, Inc. (now operating as Palliative Manitoba - one of the larger Hospice Societies in Canada). I remain an Honorary Director.

We moved back to Victoria as I had promised Frances that when I retired we would do so. For my sins I served in our present parish as a Non-stipe Assistant for eighteen years and presided at the Eucharist for my last time on August 1st 2010. Frances is still President of the Altar Guild and I have churchmen's breakfast club at a local restaurant on Wednesdays. Except now I have been housebound for one thing and another since January.

Somewhere along the line during my rambling above have been a couple of trips to England , a comprehensive tour of Italy and three weeks in Malta.

<u>The Reverend Richard H.</u> Pook Anglican Priest

d.o.b. May 31, 1930 Curdridge Hampshire England

Attended PRICE'S School 1941 - 1947 Matriculation Exemption

1947 CSM Price's Army Cadet Corp. (14th Cadet Battalion Hampshire Regiment)
1948/9 Worked on a Market Garden and a Dairy Farm
1950 Emigrated from England to Canada
1950 Employed by The Royal Bank of Canada for 36 years, serving in various capacities in several Branches across Canada inc. Head Office, 3 District Offices including Nassau, Bahamas
1983 Co-Founding Member and Director of Hospice and Palliative Care, Manitoba Inc.
1987 Retired from Bank's Manitoba Law Department
During previous 4 years (part-time) read Theology at St. John's College (U of M)
1987 March 25 Ordination as a Deacon in the Anglican Church of Canada
1988 January 25 Ordained to the Priesthood and served at St. George's, Crescentwood, Winnipeg. as Honorary Assistant Priest.
1992. August, returned to Victoria B.C. with wife Frances and two of four Daughters
1992 Served for the next 18 years as Honorary Associate Priest in the Parish Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Oak Bay, Victoria.
2010 Retired on August 1st, after presiding at the 10 am Eucharist Service.
2021 Died,

Cheers! **Richard**

<u>RICHARD H. (DICK) POOK</u>

At the insistence of the Board of Directors of Phantom Publications, our Senior Roving Reporter (Alphonse) took leave of Kelowna to go offshore to that tropical paradise in the Pacific Ocean - Vancouver Island, in order to interview one of our long time pensioners. In the lovely garden of the parish church of St. Mary the Virgin, in Oak Bay, Victoria, he caught up with the busy Reverend Richard (Dick) Pook, Anglican Priest – better known to his old banking buddies as Dick Pook. Dick has served there as a non-stipendiary Priest assistant for the past fifteen years and in a similar capacity previously at St. George's Winnipeg, (where he was also a hospital chaplain.) The following are extracts of their conversation which took place over a glass or two of wine. (We trust it was not purloined from the Sacristy!)

P/P Tell me first about your bank career Dick, and then what got you interested in the ministry?

Dick Pook (DP): Well, banking was great and mostly enjoyable. I served in twelve locations spread through Ontario, BC, The Bahamas, Montreal Head Office and Winnipeg, and in twenty one different capacities. Some of my time was in lending where I managed to consistently lose enough money to qualify me for even higher lending or loan approval limits! As for my present avocation, I didn't have an epiphany if that is what you are wondering. It was just a long slow process. I think it began at the

age of about four when, for want of a babysitter, my mother took me to the funeral of a neighbour. As the casket was being wheeled down the aisle I jumped up on the pew and exclaimed in a good stage voice, which I am apt to use even now when I forget my travelling mike, “Mummy, look at all the flowers on the wheelbarrow!” Seriously though, I have a great deal to be thankful for in life, and this is the way I have found to give something I believe to be beyond useful back to the community.

P/P Where was that early childhood?

DP I was born in the South of England. After WW2 my parents, sister and I immigrated to Canada and settled in Brampton, Ontario. It was there that I accidentally joined the Royal Bank. I was working on a farm, and learning that it got cold in the winter, thought I should find an indoor job. I had heard that the bank at Main and Queen St. West was looking for a junior clerk and I applied at the first bank I came to, the RBC, not realising it was the Bank of Montreal across the street that was advertising. Anyway, it was my lucky day because, being able to spell “Saskatchewan” on my first attempt, the Royal hired me despite my being a little older than the desirable ‘right out of High School’ of the time

P/P I understand that it was thirteen years later, when you were Assistant Manager at Victoria Main Branch, that you met Frances on a blind date.

DP I don’t know where you picked that up, but it is almost true. It was brokered (is that the appropriate word?) by a friend of hers on our branch staff who, learning that Frances was home from overseas and knowing that neither of us had a date for the Art Gallery Ball, got things started. Being a cautious old bachelor, I telephoned Frances on Halloween and took her out for dinner on Guy Fawkes Night ahead of the dance, and by then I was smitten. We were engaged at Christmas and married the next June. It has been a wonderful forty three years; we have four beautiful daughters and four grandsons. One daughter currently lives in China, which reminds me of Hong Kong.

P/P Don’t tell me you worked in Hong Kong!

DP No, but I wanted to. Soon after marriage, I was Assistant Manager at Vancouver, Main and Hastings Branch with Norm Napier and for a short time with Ab Halliwell, two of the several fine gentlemen I had the privilege of working for, (each on a couple of occasions.) Of course many of our clients and some of the staff were Chinese. Having experienced much Chinese food and mastered the use of chopsticks, I let it be known that I would like to go to our Agency in Hong Kong. So, the powers that be in their wisdom sent me to the Bahamas as District Inspector. After that I was Deputy Manager of Nassau Branch.

P/P So that’s where you disappeared to. But you did come back to BC for a short while before taking off again?

DP I did indeed, in the District Credit Department. However, before long we were off to Montreal and Head Office International to set up and run a training program for recruits with prior corporate experience, an MBA and foreign language skills, to be fast-tracked into International Management. Fourteen months and fourteen potentially successful students later I ‘crossed the floor’ to Head Office Domestic, still enjoying a great view of that wonderful city of Montreal from Place Ville Marie. During that time I was the Bank’s representative in the Robert Morris Associates. (A US bank risk management association.) This took me to a number of annual conventions in major American cities. Just before the next one to be held in Honolulu, I was transferred to Winnipeg to enjoy fourteen winters there!!!

P/P You retired in Winnipeg?

DP Yes, from the District Law Department. While there I also studied Theology at St. John's College, U of M. evenings and weekends. In 1987 I was ordained a Deacon and the next year a Priest. It was time to go! The bank didn't have many clergy on the payroll or a suitable job description. I like to say my last transfer was from the "Law and the Profits" to the "Law and the Prophets".

P/P And then what?

DP As one might expect it has been officiating, preaching, baptisms, marriages, burials and visiting. A lot like banking really, dealing with people in times of joy, sadness, hope and expectation. Unfortunately I have had to slow down because of my encounter with cancer a couple of years ago and the need for radiation and radical neck surgery. But there are still lots of things I want to do and 1001 banking tales yet to be told.

So, having so far reached the point of my marriage I will continue from there. So here goes!

Frances and I were married on June 27, 1964 (! at the grand old age of 34). We were in BC for a couple more years when a posting to the bank's agency in Hong Kong became vacant and I applied for it. Surprise! We were moved to the Bahamas. Either Personnel were short on geography skills or thought I would be more useful there. No problem, we enjoyed our next four years. For the first two years I was the District Inspector and my territory covered branches in the Bahamas, Jamaica, Cayman and Belize. Lots of travelling. At home in Nassau Frances kept busy raising our first two daughters - both born there. (And sheltering from a major hurricane while I was in Jamaica.) For the second two years I was Deputy Manager of the large Main Branch in Nassau. Not much hands on banking in that job. Mostly entertaining foreign clients on the golf course, at the Club or in our home. It was not all sun and sand though and we felt four years was enough and were not disappointed to be transferred (after three months home leave) back in Vancouver to the District Office supervising commercial lending . Number three Daughter was a couple of months old when we were next transferred from the Domestic scene to Head Office. in Montreal International Department. Here began teaching in earnest. I opened a training school for highly qualified applicants from outside to become managers in our international branch system. My job also included being the bank's representative at annual NA banks Commercial Lending Association seminars in the USA. I did New York and Chicago and the next was to be in Hawaii. However, by then I was on the move to Winnipeg after daughter number four was born.

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Porter	Antony	Dates	1957 - 1962

I first visited Price's School during the Summer of 1957. I was 10 years old and had just passed the 11+ Exam. Accompanied by my mother, I met the Headmaster Mr Ashton and we discussed my coming as a pupil that Autumn, just as my late brother Rodney had been a pupil from 1944 until 1953.

It therefore made sense that I should follow in his footsteps. Notable today is that his teachers also became my teachers, for there was that continuity largely lost today, with parents finding their children unable to form long-term relationships with their teachers because of the rapid turn-over of staff



At the WP3-- Lunch

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I vaguely remember sitting on a large sofa in Mr Ashton's lounge. There were giant trees everywhere, for that part of Fareham still had a semi-rural atmosphere. It was also quiet and at night completely dark. Over the next 5 years I was to get to know Trinity St. very well, just like my brother before me.

Trinity Street and Park Lane were already familiar to me as my mother had staffed a little clothes shop there, now a private house. My earliest memories were of visiting there as well as the lending library nearby. Here you could borrow a novel for a three-penny bit. How simple life was then!

Mr. Ashton invited us into his home at the front of the school. I vaguely recall it had bay windows covered in ivy. We were welcomed to sit down on a comfortable sofa but I was in awe of Mr. Ashton, who seemed to have a military presence.

This was to be my only direct contact with him, for fortunately I never needed to be disciplined! He often led the Assembly that began the school day. He was to retire two years later when Mr. Poyner took over the reins. Their deputy for many years was Mr. Shaw.

Going to Price's was an expensive experience! Boys were generally required to wear a blazer in the Summer months and a suit during the winter. Then there was the School tie, woodwork apron, kits for football, cricket and physical education, and various items of stationery.

My Schooling at Price's began one Wednesday that September. It was an odd day, for we were required to start at 10am but then to go home at 12.30pm – Wednesday afternoons were always free, for there were nearly always sports activities of some kind.

Furthermore, that free time was paid for by having to go to School to attend lessons on Saturday mornings! That was a practice abolished a year or so later. There were 5 periods of study each morning plus another three in the afternoon. The, upon returning home you had to face three pieces of homework.

Price's was for me, something of a culture shock. I had previously attended Holbrook Primary School in Gosport, of which I had happy memories of designing lighthouses and constructing photo albums. No such fun at Price's, where boys were expected to work! Even our Art class was geared to an eventual exam.

For example, teachers such as Foster, Garton, Shaw and Thacker lasted for decades. Also, the dormitory where my brother had slept now became the classroom where Mr. Chaffey taught me Geography some fifteen years later. Sadly, that was also when Rodney was killed in a motorcycle accident. (See Gazetteer Part 2 – Porter, Rodney)

I soon had to cope with unfamiliar subjects, notably foreign languages, Chemistry, Physics and Technical Drawing. My one claim to fame at Price's was that two years later within the same class I came top in French and bottom in Mathematics, a topic that for some reason I seemed quite unable to grasp.

At Price's you either sank or swam! More fun, however, were the friendships we all enjoyed. I can still remember the roll call of surnames for that first year, for it was repeated so many times. Fifty years on - Class 2B during that first year:

Jenner, Johnson M, Johnson R., Jones, Keith, Kemp D. and Kemp R., King, Lampard and Lewis, Mason, Myhill, Oakshot, O'Keefe, Porter, Salmon, Searle, Smith A., Smith D. Stride, Thomas, Turner B. and Turner M., Wake, Watton, Wills, Whit and Wight!

(It's a bit like the Trumpton and Camberwick Green Fire Crew of:
Pugh, Pugh, Barney McGrew, Cuthbert, Dibble and Grub*!* – Ed. - very useful to have this knowledge! Younger kids these days look askance, thinking "What is he on about?!")

Every day began with an Assembly, usually taken by Mr Ashton. That was the only time boys saw him unless you were sent to him to be disciplined in some way. There was also a Service at the beginning and end of each Term, always at St. Peter and St. Paul's Church.

The Cadet Force proved to be a mixed blessing. Some boys loved it, others loathed it. My main memory is of a group of us being dumped upon Salisbury Plain and left to find our own way back. I also recall being given a 1914 rifle and taught how to use it, the only time I have ever handled a gun!

Life seemed simpler then. We schoolboys were all white, British and Christian. Smart in our crisp uniforms, our common aim was to obtain plenty of qualifications. We were shielded from the distractions of the opposite sex and it was not until I started to work in libraries that I for one began to meet them.

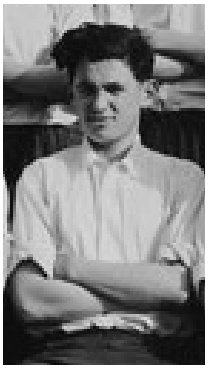
Years later, it still baffles me how one headmaster could control hundreds of boys and so by extension their families. I eventually met Mr. Poyner in old age at his retirement home on the Isle of Wight. And when I too retired, his widow baked me a cake! They've both gone now but I recall them with affection.

Odd memories also remain. Mr. Chapman taught us Latin with an Australian accent while Mr. Alderson instructed us in French, yet had once published a dictionary of Turkish to be found in Fareham Library. My evenings were often spent in that library, with other evenings passed in the two local cinemas.

In closing, I recall that Price's always had a good reputation, with us boys proud to be pupils there. It also taught us much about discipline and self-discipline, behaviours almost lost today. If you encountered a teacher in the street, you had to raise your cap and say "Good Morning, Sir". How times have changed!

Porter	Rodney	Dates	1944 - 1953

Rodney Porter was born in 1935 and attended Price's School from around 1944 to 1953. He was at first a boarder, sleeping in dormitories at the back of the headmaster's house, the same rooms where I was taught some fifteen years later, often by the same teachers, for I too was a Pricean from 1957 to 1962.



1951 Senior ACF Soccer Rodney Porter

Rodney excelled in scientific subjects and was also a keen sportsman. He obtained badges in athletics and cross-country running as well as medals from the Royal Life Saving Society and the Army Cadet Force. He played both bugle and trumpet and enjoyed jazz music, even starting a university jazz band!

He later won a prize as "best all round electrical fitter apprentice". On 3 July 1959 Durham University awarded him a B.Sc. in Applied Science, having qualified in Mechanical Engineering. That same year he was at his peak socially and was also engaged to a girl called Penny.



Then on 28 July 1959 tragedy struck. Riding his motorbike to his first job in Bristol, he slid on a patch of oil, crashed and died the next day. This proved a terrible blow for our family and friends. His funeral was held at Trinity Church, Fareham and fifty years later I asked for him to be mentioned in a Service there.

Sadly Rod's death was ignored by Price's School, for it had occurred during the holidays and soon after the retirement of Mr. Ashton, the headmaster who would have known him. Only one teacher responded, spotting his obituary in a local newspaper and then briefly speaking to me in a busy corridor.

Years after I became a librarian, obtaining a B.A. in Information Management and later a B.Sc. in Health & Social Welfare. The latter included a section on "Death & Dying" that featured bereavement and grief studies in which we learnt about the importance of socially acknowledging a death.



Antony Porter

Ed: *It is very difficult for Schools to get this sort of incident right. In the circumstances as explained by Rodney's brother Antony, two paragraphs up, and for a boy who had left the School some years before, with the death near the end of term, it is easier to make excuses.*

That being said, The Society of Old Priceans now, some 61 years on, pays respects to the surviving family members as we place on the record this sad end to a promising life. Rodney's name, if only by reference as a part of a larger group of Priceans who died young will be referred-to in the William Price 300th Anniversary Service in 23rd May 2021

As a teacher in a large School, I have been aware of lots of similar situations where a death has an impact on individuals and their friends. Mostly, it is the loss of a Parent that brings into action what should have been an effective pastoral strategy, well considered with careful involvement of pupils as a part of their pastoral education. Such processes have a much better outcome where there has been substantial stable Staffing, and with a specific responsibility for a particular member of Staff to deliver on the occasions when it is needed.

Poyner	Eric A. B.	Dates	1959 – 1979



3rd Headmaster of Price's School, and of Price's Form College until 1979.

Nothing surprised me more than the offer in 1959 of the Headship of such a prestigious School as Price's, especially as I was the only "red-brick" graduate on the short-list. Nothing gratified me more than the warm welcome and loyalty the talented staff of 17 gave me – a mere youngster compared with most of them.

And nothing pleased me more than the deep, genuine and enduring friendship which developed between my predecessor George Ashton and myself.

George Ashton handed onto me a school in extremely good heart with 385 boys on roll. Fareham was growing fast and our numbers grew with it. By 1974 when the Sixth Form College was born and we had a complement of between 850 and 900 and after a further five years when I retired in 1979, there were almost 1100 young men and women in the Sixth Form.

The change from a boys' grammar school to a mixed college could not have been smoother which in fact, reflects the efforts and co-operation of the School Staff and those who joined us from other Schools. There were 85 members of Staff by 1979.

How can one select memorable moments in the life of Price's when there are so many? One can only mention a few and leave the reader to their own reminiscences.

In my early Headship days, when Bert Shaw was Deputy Headmaster and Mrs Pemberton was the first permanent School Secretary, we operated from a room in School House with two dining tables and a portable typewriter.. One day when admin work was pressing more than usual, we hope to

stem the tide of callers by sticking a notice “Engaged” on the door, to which, with typical Price’s wit someone added “Congratulations”!

Assemblies were held in the old Hall which served a s a gymnasium as well and I remember watching many boisterous games of the unique Price’s game of what I can only describe as “shove hockey” played on the knees with a puck propelled by the hand!

Saturday morning School was abolished after a while and Wednesday afternoons were devoted to games. The devotion of so many staff to the hockey, soccer and cricket teams can best be illustrated by the fact that in our games hey-day, we were able to field 8 or 9 teams on a Saturday, and with a great deal of success.

As the school grew, so did the crop of temporary classrooms. In good weather, they served their purpose well, but when the outside temperature fell, they were far from popular, neither with the boys nor the Staff. But eventually more buildings and more facilities came along and with them the curriculum and other activities expanded.

I suppose the outstanding milestone in my time at Price’s came one week in 1971 when we celebrated in so many ways, the 250th Anniversary of the Foundation of the School. The weather was glorious for the whole week, and everyone from Holiday, the youngest boy in the School, through all ages of teaching and ancillary Staff gave of their utmost to make the occasion such a memorable success.

I have mentioned the sporting successes but the academic achievements matched and surpassed them in so many ways. University and College entrants grew considerably year by year and many boys went into varied and worthwhile employment. The ripples went out from Price’s into all walks of life at home and abroad and I often think that the Price’s influence may still be having a great beneficial effect in many corners of this planet of ours. I know that every Price’s boy in one measure or another gained something more than sporting or academic experiences – something was “caught” not “learned” – caught largely from the qualities and characters of the Staff and by rubbing shoulders with his fellow pupils, thereby forming his own attitude to life which was to stand him in good stead for the future.

The memories of those, young and not so young, whom I have had the privilege to know at Price’s are very precious to me, but my gall rises and eyes moisten when I allow myself to remember that “educational administrative pressure” brought to an untimely end in 1984 what we had all so richly enjoyed over the years and out predecessors before us. Future generations of the youth of Fareham, unfortunately are now denied the great experience of being a Pricean.

(The Lion 90th Anniversary issue, March 1998)

Editorial 1979 (extract)

Since September 1958, we have been solely a Sixth Form College and it is pleasing to note that, with 750 Students on Roll we have exceeded earlier expectations. …. Next September when we enlarge the number of our courses, it is likely we shall witness a further increase. Price’s College seems to be maintaining its reputation in the area as an attractive and successful Centre for Sixth Form studies. ….

It is twenty years since Mr.Poyner was appointed Headmaster of Price’s School, and only two members of Staff have been here longer than that (Mr. John Cole and Mr. John Chaffey). Mr Poyner

has impressed Staff with his sincerity and integrity of character and it is difficult to realise that this friendly personality will no longer be with us at the helm next term. We should like to take this opportunity on behalf of the College to wish him a long and happy retirement in which to pursue his many hobbies and interests untroubled by the cares of his present office.

R.M.Jenkins

Ed: Readers might be interested to know that Eric Poyner authored a novel, written with teenagers in mind: "The Seventh Stone". See the lion Pride Chapter on "Creative Priceans"

College head to retire

Mr. Eric Poyner, Headmaster of Fareham's Price's School for 15 years and Principal of Price's Sixth Form College, since it was formed five years ago, is to retire in the summer.

The successor to his job at the 730-student college is expected to be announced in April.

Mr. Poyner (59) who lives at Titchfield, joined Price's School in 1959 as headmaster. He told The News today: "The change over to a sixth form college has worked tremendously well.

"If offers enormous scope for the students and I believe the academic standards have improved. The college has reached a stage where it can offer courses to young people of all interests and abilities.

"IMPORTANT"

"It is important to create a happy relationship between staff and students, between students themselves, and the staff themselves. I believe we have managed to do that," he said.

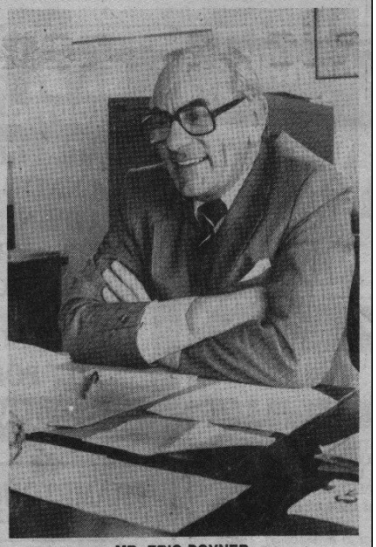
Mr. Poyner was educated at Midsomer Norton Grammar School, Somerset, and at Bristol University. During World War II he served in the Army, maintaining radar and communications equipment. He reached the rank of captain.

His first teaching job was as Senior Science Master at Coalbrookdale High School and he has taught at Bristol Grammar School and Loughborough College School.

He came to Price's after three years in the Isle of Wight as headmaster of Cowes Grammar School and later as deputy head of Carisbrooke Grammar School.

He is married with two children and three grandchildren.

Mr. Poyner is a lay reader in the Portsmouth Diocese and a member of the Diocesan Lay Reading Board. He serves on the selection board of the Voluntary Service Overseas scheme.



MR. ERIC POYNER
... proud of a happy atmosphere

1979

A treat for the head

PRICES Sixth Form College, Fareham, is to throw a concert in honour of headmaster Mr. Eric Poyner, who is retiring in July, after 20 years as head.

The school choir, orchestra and soloists will perform a variety of music, including madrigals and negro spirituals, in the college hall on Wednesday, May 16 at 7.30.

Conductor and head of music Mr. Brian Sawyer has described the concert as "a light-hearted event in appreciation of the headmaster's services, particularly his support of the music department."

Among the works Mr. Sawyer has chosen are Stanford's Songs of the Fleet with student Robert Ormiston as soloist, Hungarian folk songs by Matyas Seiber, four pieces from the Yeoman of the Guard, by Gilbert and Sullivan, and the March from Carmen by Bizet.

Mr. Poyner (59) JP, MA, BSC graduated from Bristol University and was a captain in the REME at the War Office. He took posts as head of the sciences at schools in Bristol and Coalbrookdale before becoming deputy head at Carisbrooke Grammar on the Isle of Wight.

He became headmaster at Prices when it was a boys grammar in 1959 and has seen pupil numbers rise from 385 boys to an expected mixed total of 900 for September.

During his retirement he hopes to travel, follow his many hobbies and devote more time to his parish church of St. Peter's in Titchfield where he is a lay-reader.

E.A.B.Poyner, Esq. – his retirement eulogy

Mr Poyner came to Price's in September 1959 after a distinguished and varied career in Education. After graduating from Bristol University in 1941, he served in the Army and returned to Bristol in 1946 to take his M.A. in Education.. He taught at Coalbrookdale, Bristol Grammar School, Loughborough College School, East Cowes Technical School and Carisbrook School. Before being appointed to succeed Mr. Ashton as Headmaster of Price's school. He thus became the third Headmaster since the School was re-founded in 1908.

He has guided Price's carefully over the last 20 years and always had the foresight to make the changes that were inevitable in the varying pattern of education before confrontation occurred. However, throughout all those years he still maintained the very high Grammar School traditions of academic excellence for which Price's is famous. He has worked tirelessly for pupils' welfare

throughout their School lives and watched carefully to see their careers develop in Industry, Commerce or Further Education after they had left. He has always been most sympathetic to their problems and will go to great lengths and personal involvement to solve them.

His greatest challenge came in 1974 when the Local Education Authority changed the system of Secondary Education in the Fareham area and Price's was designated as a Sixth Form College, with Mr.Poyner appointed as its first Principal, and required to admit young ladies for the first time since the earliest foundation. That the transition went so smoothly is a tribute to Mr. Poyner's judgement in choosing staff who could work together and create a happy environment in which the students can prosper.

Those of us who have worked with him for a great number of years have greatly appreciated the care and concern he has shown to all Staff and Students with whom he has come into contact. He will be sadly missed by the College, but we are sure that his interest in our activities will not cease when he leaves.

Finally, we are also sure that he would be the first to acknowledge the debt that we all owe to Mrs, Betty Poyner for her help and encouragement over the years, and we wish them many happy years of retirement.

John D. Cole



Mr Poyner's Farewell Dinner

On Saturday July 14th, 1979, nearly 150 current and former Staff , Governors and partners gathered for far a Dinner Dance held to mark Mr. Poyner's retirement in December, earlier in the School year. Guests included Mrs. Poyner, Mr George Ashton and Mr.Ron Garton – himself on a 50th anniversary year of his arrival at Price's, during which time he has seen 3 Headmasters retire.

The excellent Dinner was prepared by Kitchen Head, Mrs Read and her ladies. John Cole's speech was full with reminiscences and humour. On behalf of the Governors, the Revd Bruce Carpenter stressed how well Mr. Poyner had fought at all levels for the good of Price's school and College. Eric replied, saying how he had especially valued the pleasant atmosphere and friendship he always met at Price's. More than anything, he had valued everybody's ability to preserve a sense of humour in a crisis.

D.S.

Eric A. B. Poyner 1919-2001

With very great sadness, we must announce the death of Eric Poyner (1959-1979) on 12th October 2001, quietly in his sleep.

Here is the text of an email received 13th October 2001 from Juliet, his daughter....

I have to tell you that very sadly, my father died in the early hours of yesterday morning, 12th October.

It was very sudden and unexpected, but he died peacefully in his sleep, something to be thankful for.

He had suffered a heart attack about a year ago and had been making excellent progress, after a second setback a few months ago. He had been leading a very full and normal life right up until his last evening, when he had attended a Probus lunch and then a PCC meeting. He went to bed happily, but did not awake.

The following appeared in the Daily Telegraph of 17th October:

POYNER.—Eric peacefully at home on October 12th. Eric, formerly Headmaster of Price's School, Fareham, and later Principal of Price's Sixth-Form College. Dearly beloved husband of Betty, much loved and loving father of Andrew and Juliet, father-in-law of Josephine and David, and loved and devoted grandpa of Amy, Rachel, Georgina, Alice, Hamish and Joseph. Funeral at 2p.m. at St. Peter's Church, Seaview, Isle of Wight on Friday, October 19th.

"When Pete(r Hancock) and I were at Price's the Christian nature of the school was embodied in the head, Eric Poyner, who set the tone and was a consistent witness to the Christian faith in his actions as well as his words. He was known, for example, among the boys for being fair – I would say, just – and in many of our contemporaries' minds that was connected, even if not expressed, with his Christian faith. He always – if I remember – took the daily assembly, and I presume chose the reading and the hymn (we all were given miniature "Hymns Ancient and Modern" and he would give a short reflection from time to time. Sometimes there were visiting speakers though they rarely impressed (never, in my memory). The tenor and tone was set by him. He had some views that were hard to understand – guitars were forbidden, I think, in school. But his Christian presence was the biggest factor in the school's Christian ethos. In fact, in my time, I think every head boy was a Christian, and certainly in my case I was not an obvious choice and various worthier candidates were overlooked to find a Christian one."

Rt. Revd. Bishop Martin Seeley

A personal note from Betty Poyner received 22nd October 2001:

Dear Old Priceans,

The family is so very grateful for all the wonderful letters we have received from former students and staff of Price's School and Price's Sixth Form College on Eric's unexpected death. We have been quite overwhelmed to discover to what extent he was appreciated and admired for the work he did and for the person he was. We feel very humble and proud, too, to realise how many lives he influenced for good.

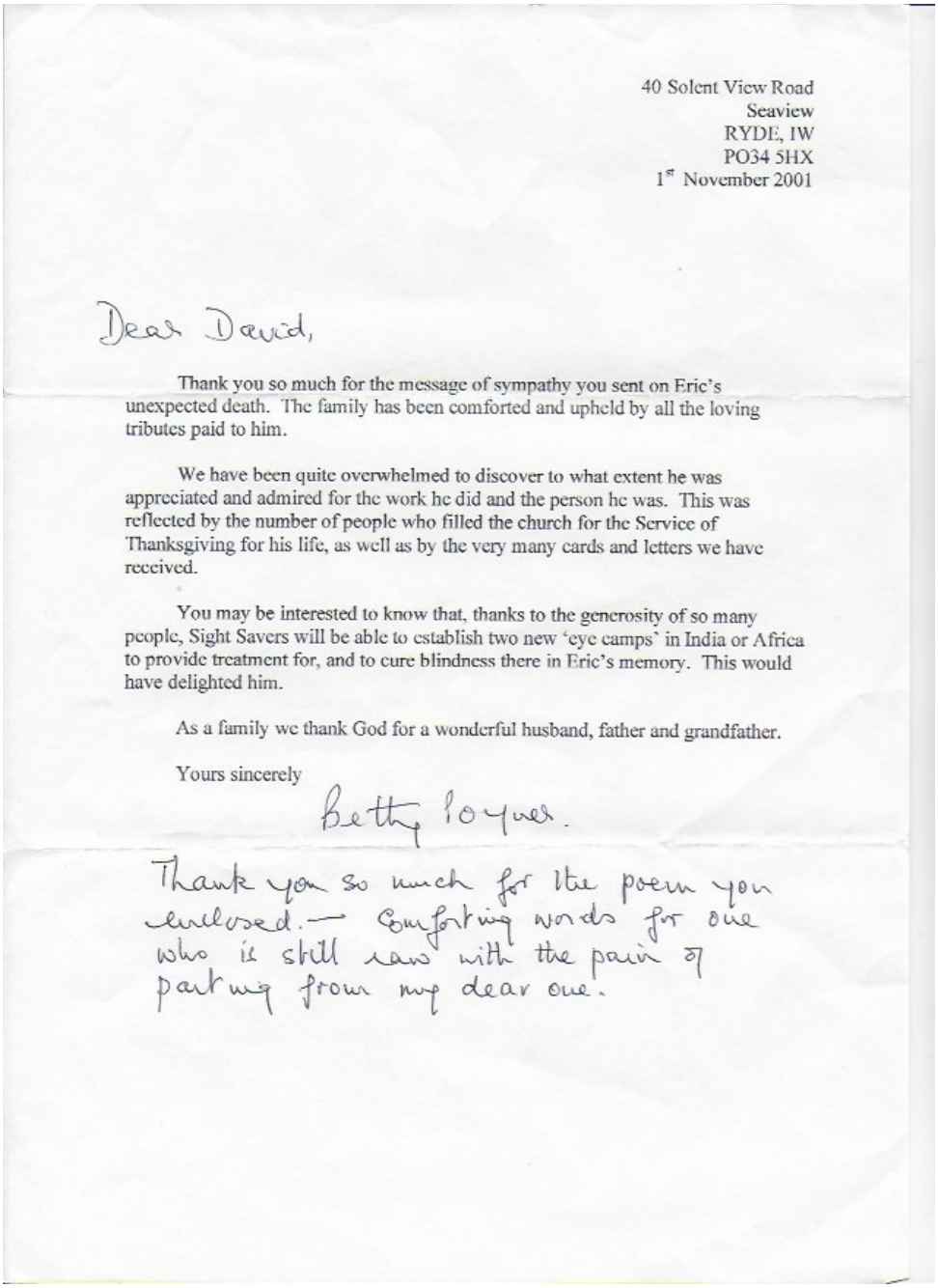
He loved his work among you during his twenty years in Fareham, and after his retirement, when he felt he had accomplished to the best of his ability what he had been given to do in the academic field, he never ceased to be concerned for the continuation of the traditions of Price's. He was always pleased to maintain contact with past students through the Old Priceans' Association, and was anxious for it to continue and grow.

I hope you will understand that writing to you all individually is not possible, but please accept our

heartfelt gratitude for all the wonderful messages we have received.

You may be interested to know that, thanks to the generosity of so many people, Sight Savers will be able to set up two new “eye-camps” in India to provide treatment for blindness there.

Yours very sincerely, **Betty Poyner**



40 Solent View Road
Seaview
RYDE, IW
PO34 5HX
1st November 2001

Dear David,

Thank you so much for the message of sympathy you sent on Eric's unexpected death. The family has been comforted and upheld by all the loving tributes paid to him.

We have been quite overwhelmed to discover to what extent he was appreciated and admired for the work he did and the person he was. This was reflected by the number of people who filled the church for the Service of Thanksgiving for his life, as well as by the very many cards and letters we have received.

You may be interested to know that, thanks to the generosity of so many people, Sight Savers will be able to establish two new 'eye camps' in India or Africa to provide treatment for, and to cure blindness there in Eric's memory. This would have delighted him.

As a family we thank God for a wonderful husband, father and grandfather.

Yours sincerely

Betty Poyner.

Thank you so much for the poem you enclosed. — Comforting words for one who is still raw with the pain of parting from my dear one.

This letter was addressed to the late David Williams, initiator of the William Price 300 project, of which this publication is a part.

Preece	Mrs. Daphne	Dates	1980 - 1985

Dear David,

I must begin with an apology. Your letter reached me via Ruth Chaffey in the middle of May. In the following days I thought a lot about what you were asking and raked up all sorts of memories. Then a lot of other things happened, and as someone else once said by way of apology to me, I'm afraid your letter got lost in my 'piling system'. I have now retrieved it! So my apologies for the lateness of this response.

I joined the staff of the then Price's College in September 1980 and taught Earth Sciences with John Chaffey for 5 years until I left in 1985 to move into ordination training. I was then Daphne Williams. I still have the door sign John had made for me – 'Miss D. C. Williams'!

You asked about 'Spirit of Adventure'. I think in my time the biggest adventure was being a pilot college for what was then known as 'The Schools' Council Geography 16-19 A-Level Project'(which I seem to remember had a subtitle something like 'Man and Environment' – you wouldn't get away with that title now!) I joined the staff just as we started to teach this. It was very much the sort of integrated approach I had enjoyed at university, but revolutionary as school geography. It made students think and work on their own, as well as learning facts, concepts and skills. I loved it, and was so pleased John had managed to get Prices' involved. But it certainly needed a spirit of adventure on the part of all the staff to engage with the material, a lot of which we (especially John) wrote ourselves, and to teach in a different style.

I could go on with more stories of field trips etc, but I may be too late for your project, so I'll send this now and if you'd like more please do e-mail me back direct.

Best wishes,

Daphne Preece

Privett	Martin C.	Dates	

MARTIN C. PRIVETT (1920-1995)

The death of Martin Privett will have saddened many people, both in Fareham and far beyond its bounds.

His family have been connected with Fareham for several generations, having originally come from Alresford. His father, Harry was Senior Engineer of Fareham Council. His uncle, George, was famed as the author of "The Story of Fareham". (1949)

Martin lived, as a boy, at 59, Southampton Road, Fareham and attended Price's School from 1930 to 1936 He was a brilliant student and after leaving gained his B.Sc. in Engineering and his qualifications as a Civil Engineer

He joined the Royal Air Force in 1942 in the Airfield Construction Branch, becoming a Squadron Leader. Afterwards he worked as a civil engineer in Local Government in Sussex, making his home in Worthing

His days at Price's School were happy ones and the deep influence the school had on him lasted the rest of his life. He became Secretary/ Treasurer of the Society of Old Priceans in 1968 and almost single-handedly kept the Society active. He remained in office until ill-health forced him to resign this summer. He had still hoped to attend Old Priceans' functions, but alas, it was not to be and he died peacefully on 21st November.

As a Fareham exile he remained in

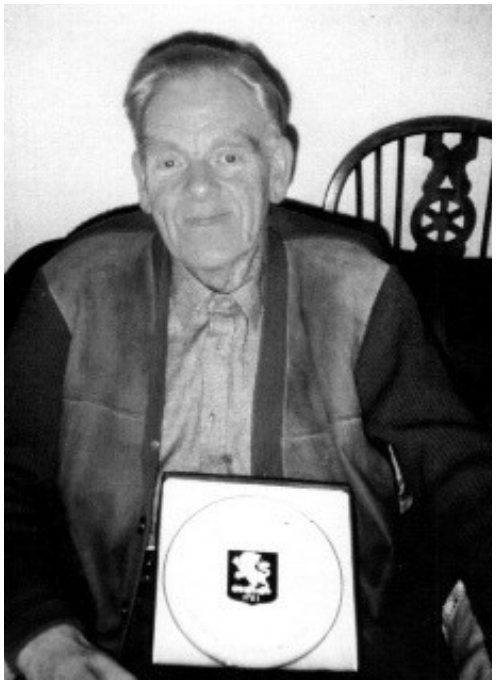
remained in /

close touch with the editor of "Fareham Past and Present" often sending us photographs, painting .... and memories!

He will be sadly missed by his relatives and friends. We send our sympathy, especially, to his wife, Irene, and his two daughters, Mary and Jane.

R. E. D.

Tribute by **Roy E. Daysh**



Martin Privett 1920 – 1995

Pugh	Tim	Dates

1957 won Open Tournament Cup for best non-Badminton Club member. 1958 & 59 & 60, in School teams. 1959 in most successful Badminton pair. 1960 Badminton team. 1st XI Cricket Captain 1960. 1st Xi Hockey Captain 1961. 1st XI Cricket Captain 1961 .Junior Steeplechase **Winner** 1958. Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1960. Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1960. Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1961. **Highest aggregate score in Steeplechase: 40.** **Highest number of 1st three places: 7.** **CCF** CSM 1960 **Sportsman of the 60s Decade** (shortlist).	

Purkis	Antony	Dates

Celebration of the Life, Service for Antony Collins Purkis

Eulogy (extracts)

Tony was born, in London, to parents William and Molly, on the 13th March 1935, just days after Malcolm Campbell set the world land speed record in Blue Bird, an event that would also have excited his engineer father, alongside the birth of his son.

His parents split up in 1945, when Tony was just 10, and his father bought him up and therefore the two of them had a very special bond which lasted a lifetime.

Tony saw a spell in the armed forces as he carried out his National Service for the REME, the Royal Electrical & Mechanical Engineers.



1951 CCF Soccer team

Pat met Tony at Christ College. Pat explained why she was there (to see a friend) and Tony invited her to stay for afternoon tea and the rest, as they say, is history. After a short courtship they were Married in 1959, at St Mary's church in Plympton, Devon and they set up home in Harlow, Essex.

His main occupation was as a Chemist, in the Research & Development department, in the Rubber Industry, which led to a career in Management and saw him and Patricia travel the world part of his work.



1951

Not long after they were married, Tony was pondering a move from a laboratory to the Royal Navy, when he was offered the exciting opportunity to live, and work, on a rubber plantation in Malaya. An offer too tempting to resist, he and Pat moved there in 1960 and formed friendships with fellow expats and locals that last still'.
And it was whilst they were living in Malaya, that Tony set up a company football team and they played in the local league. Tony was quite a keen sportsman, playing Hockey, football (played for Cambridge University and Harlow Town), cricket, squash and golf.

Both of their children, Davey and Annie were born in Singapore and Tony and Patricia returned to Harlow in 1968 and then moved again, for his work, to Birmingham in 1978. Another move to Essex (and of football club to Tottenham Hotspur' of which he'd been a life-long supporter), before the move to Abingdon in 1987.

Although this meant a move to the less glamorous Oxford United, Tony loved Abingdon and being so close to the Thames. As he eased off his work commitments, he joined Pat, in being actively involved in the health and voluntary sector. He became Chair of the local Mental Health Trust and was an early champion of putting patients first.

He was also the chairman of the Learning Disability Trust, now known as the Ridgeway Centre. As a result of his work for the Learning Disability Trust he and Patricia were invited to tea at Buckingham Palace.

(The remainder of this very long and moving tribute is essentially family-related). ***Ed.***

Purkis	Phil	Dates	

1st XI Soccer Captain 1952. 1st XI Soccer Captain 1953.
Captain 1952 Badminton team + 1953. 1954 Purkis and Lewis, with excellent covering and powerful and accurate shots had used their experience to become a steady number two pair. Purkis beat Wooden in the Singles Tournament final.

1953 In School Table Tennis team. Defeated in School Open Semi-final.

CCF BSM 1953