


# Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

## "S" Surnames

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Scammell | Rob | 1963 - 1970 |
| Scott | Bernie | |
| Scott | Robert Bernard | Early 1910s |
| Scott | Richard Harold H. | 1910 - 1918 |
| Scrivens | G.J. | |
| Scutt | A. | Early 1970s |
| Seeley | Revd. Lord Bishop Martin Alan, B.A, B,Ed., S.T.M., **D.D.** | 1965 - 1972 |
| Shaddock | Christopher | 1938 – 1944 |
| Shaddock | John R. | |
| Shaw | R.B. (aka "Bert") | 1925 – 1963 |
| Sheppard | Leslie Frederick, **D.S.O.** | |
| Shepherd | Jack | |
| Simpson | Michael | 1950 – 1956 |
| Sims | Oswald Follett | |
| Sinclair | J.H. | |
| Smart | Brian | |
| Smith | Alan, Ph.D., **C.B.E., F.R.S.** | |
| Smith | Dr. Phil., **Ph.D.** | |
| Smith | Mr. E.W. | |
| Smith | R.O. (Dickie") | 1955 - 1962 |
| Smith | Sidney Sutton (Paddy) | 1911 - 1917 |
| Smithin | Tim | |
| Smyth (née) Young | Joyce | 1974 - 1976 |
| Spencer | Cpl. Ian Frank | |
| Stapley | Ronald Frank | 1939 - 1946 |
| Starkey | Roger | 1952 - 1958 |
| Starr | Christopher | 1967 - 1971 |
| Stubbington | George Rex | |
| Suggate | John | 1935 - 1945 |

| Scammell | Rob | Dates | 1963-70 |
|---|---|---|---|

Odd Memories of Prices in the Sixties

It is funny how my recollections of Prices always seem to go back to my earlier days there around 1963 or 64. The old school building, later demolished, was a three-storey affair with a black painted fire escape down the school side. Heavy wooden (though rather narrow) stairs mostly marked its interior, and on the ground floor there was a cramped dining hall and kitchen. If you dared to venture into this kitchen during the lunch hour then you were met with a scene from Dante's Inferno – huge quantities of steam and noise and a half a dozen gnarled dinner ladies ready to throw you out.

Classrooms above were mostly characterised by dusty floorboards and iron tie bars which ran across the ceilings to hold the place together. But the one place in the whole building that really concerned us all was the tuck shop. This consisted of a room separated off from the main corridor on the ground floor by a heavy wooden counter and partition, and situated just opposite to the kitchen adjacent to the dining hall. Every break time all hell would break loose as dozens and dozens of boys all fought to get to the counter to get spud puffs, fig rolls or individual packets of biscuits. Such was the crush that it was possible to get into the full scrum and find yourself literally carried past the counter in a solid mass of blue blazers and boys. The best idea I discovered was to fold your arms in front of you to minimise the chances of being crushed and just to dive in – or give up altogether and go out to the crates of free milk (which always seemed to be frozen or warm) and try to make that last until lunchtime.

Lunchtime of course came at twenty to one. For many of us school dinners in those days were in the incredibly cramped dining hall. I remember seeing Mr George with legs wide apart trying in vain to fit at the head of one of the benches ('Look' came a voice, 'he's sh..ing the table'.). I actually ate in one of the terrapin huts just across from the main building – classrooms which were rapidly transformed each lunchtime into a place to eat. Each room contained perhaps four or five tables, and each table seated, I believe, seven lower school boys with a prefect from the sixth form at the end of the table to supervise (Roy King comes to mind as our prefect). Food, which was always ample and stodgy, was brought over from the kitchen on old metal trolleys. Of course there still wasn't enough room and lunches were organised into two sittings. For some reason, those of us in second sittings had a constant dread of being 'captured' by the prefects who would come out from first sittings to grab boys to fill up empty places on their tables. Why we didn't just have two dinners I can't imagine.

In 1963 the prefects had an old green metal hut just by the 1C classroom (room 5, I think) and it was assumed that they used this as a sort of clubroom. It seemed to be the place of first years to taunt the prefects outside of this hut – but every now and then the prefects would come out, grab someone, and take him inside for a general 'roughing up'. On one occasion Steve Redaway (who I have heard is sadly no longer with us) got such a thump that he spent the entire ensuing prize giving (that afternoon) in a complete daze, and sort of propped up between two of us.

In the 90 degree angle between the outside of the 1C classroom and the library was a drainage gutter, running along the base of the wall. Here we used to play a ball game, which we called guttersnipe. The idea was simple enough – you simply had to kick a tennis ball against the wall and get it to rebound without it ending up in the gutter. The game became incredibly popular for a while and I later discovered that the name had been lifted from an entirely different game played at one of our old public schools.

Later in my schooldays, probably around 1967 there was the School Film. My memories of this are rather vague, but I do remember that the start of the film showed Jim Smith, who was brilliant at cross-country, running along part of the school cross-country route. When the film was shown the running sequence (which I suppose was meant to show the striving of 'Prices boy') went on interminably, so that the whole thing became quite comical. I had a part in the film - I was shown emerging from the toilet. This was entirely appropriate because I did most of my homework in the toilet!

Too many more memories to go into here – but who cannot remember the whole school trekking down to the two grass banks on the side of Pook Lane to watch the annual cross country race. I don't think I actually remember seeing any of the races finish because on arrival at Pook Lane I use to keep walking as fast as possible over the top of Portsdown hill to my home in Portchester – anything for a 'skive!' Then of course there was CCF, the shooting range, and the ghastly school swimming pool ('non-swimmers line up with their backs to the pool – now dive in backwards') – but somebody else must remember more of these than I do! Oh yes – and that day out at Browndown which my right ear never recovered from, and geography field trips, and Wise chasing us through the showers and……

But now I have a terrible confession to make! As anyone who was in Blackbrook house in the late 60s will remember, we were not a house of sporting geniuses. Somehow, anyone slightly good at sports (and I apologise if you were one of the one or two exceptions) seemed to end up in Cams, School or Westbury. Now one of the cups awarded on sports day would be awarded to the house that not only performed well on the day, but had accumulated points in the preceding weeks by getting members of the house to achieve sporting 'standards' at after school trials. As a senior member of the house (around 1969) it was my job (together with another who shall be nameless!) to supervise after school minors standards, informing a housemaster when each boy had achieved the standard. On this particular evening, Mr Smith (Smudge) was to keep score. Well, we managed to drag a dozen or so first years out on to the field and we discovered that a few of them might actually achieve long and high jump standards. A plan emerged – the supervising master did not seem to be paying that much attention on this occasion – all we had to do was cause enough confusion to get the boys who could achieve the standard to do the same standard over and over again, with the rest of the boys acting as a distraction. By the time certain boys had been through 2 or 3 times Mr Smith was becoming suspicious - and after another couple of rotations he actually started to protest! But we got the points. Even then I don't think we won the cup.

A sexual revolution took place in the 60s and 70s, and today we take it for granted that our young people are educated, sexually sensible, and know as much as us about the ways of the world! But things were different in the early 60s, and I think we were all a bit naïve. Sex education at Prices was such that most of us left the school thinking that reproduction only happened in rats. Now it so happened that in 1963 Mr Openshaw, the 1C form master and Latin master, was away for the day, and 'deadly' Headley the biology teacher told us to put our Latin books away. He immediately drew a picture of two mating frogs on the board and told us he was going to do – reproduction! It was the quietest Latin lesson ever, but when the bell went Mr Headley promised he would go on from frogs to 'higher' creatures as soon as we had another Latin lesson cancelled – but we never did.

Things moved on, and by 2C or 3C we were all interested in what little boys are interested in! 'Music appreciation' was held on the stage in those days, and Mr Smith (Smudge) would get us to sit and listen to records played on the school radiogram – while the odd boy or two would find out more about the facts of life in the back row!

On one occasion Mr Smith became suspicious – he actually became annoyed! 'Stand up that boy!'

But of course he couldn't without showing his er.. embarrassment! Smudge got even more irate – 'Stand up and come here!' Fortunately for all the boy was wearing a long jumper….. You know that old radiogram was very loud – I wonder how many of us went deaf?

Times moved on and by 4C somebody managed to acquire what we used to euphemistically call 'a pack of three.' Now, being young men at a boys' grammar school someone did what any one of us would have done – he blew them up and let them float across a cricket house match! Shrieks of laughter when one burst around mid-wicket. Of course, by then we were getting the odd biology lesson on the subject. To this day I remember Mr Parfitt (Rastus) finishing the lesson with 'If the man and woman reach this peak together it can be very pleasurable…….or so I understand!

Assistant Librarian 1969

Thousands more memories – but come on, someone else have a go now.

**Rob Scammell,** Prices 1963 - 1970

| **Scott** | Bernie | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

Someone you might want to add to the list of interesting achievers is Pierto? (I think: his mother was French) Scott, know as Scotty. He lived Bridgemary way and was around until about 67/68 when the family moved to the IOW. Anyway, Scotty and I were both in the RAF and he was a member of the Red Arrows. He also flew Harriers, had to eject twice (which eventually led to the end of his fast jet flying), I think did an exchange flying F16s with the Netherlands' air force and was a test pilot.

Overnight I had a flash memory on Scotty. His name was Bernard, known as Bernie. The name Pieto, or something like that, name was his mother's nickname for him.




*Harrier Display Pilot*




*Scotty sitting in wing, right*

01/71 – 12/89 Squadron Pilot / Flight Commander
12/89 – 11/00 Deputy Chief Test Pilot British Aerospace / BAE Systems
11/00 – 10/03 First Officer, Air Tours A320 / A321 / A330
10/03 – 04/11 Aircrew input for Harrier GR9 upgrade / Test Pilot Nimrod MRA4
05/07 – 11/14 BAE Systems Corporate Air Travel







| **Scott** | Robert Bernard | Dates | Early 1910s |
|---|---|---|---|

Born 1902. Brother of R.H.H.Scott

Per Mike Bayliss: A copy of the 1911 census return for Price's school, then only three years old at the Park Lane site, which I had come across by chance. I was immediately struck by the Indian connection. Edith Beatrice Bradly, wife of first headmaster S R N Bradly, has her birthplace stated as "India, Malabar Hill, Bombay (Resident)", while Assistant master Richard Oliver ('Ollie') Johnson, then living in the school house, has his as "India, Colabra, Bombay (Resident". On top of which, the birthplaces of no less than four of the thirteen then-resident boys were also in India: two of them, Leslie Russell Judge and Cyril Ridsdale, are described as from "India, Surat (Resident)" and – wait for it – two brothers, Robert Bernard and Richard Harold Scott hailed from "India, Calcutta (Resident)."

4/22 passed out of Sandhurst and sailed on September 19th in T.S. *Huntsend* for India. The Trooper was diverted, to land a battery of artillery at Chanak, at the time when trouble with Turkey seemed likely, but he did not land himself, and is now in India.

4/23 2nd Batt. Manchester Regt, Jubbulpore C.P., landed at Bombay Oct. 20th,and had 21 hours' journey by train' up the Nerbudda Valley, and on arrival found two companies doing company training, 8—1.30a.m., with the rest of the day more or less free. The Battalion has so many men away providing guards, ctc., that the Companies are much understrength. Part of the work is educational, and as some of the men can neither read nor write, while others are quite good, it is not easy to work them together.

4/24 has been posted to the 4/6 Rajputana Rifles (formerly 123rd Outrams Rifles), a very good regiment

7/24 4/6 Rajputana Rifles, Jubhulpore, C.P., writes that he met J. M. Lee, whose regiment (1st Hampshires) is quartered at a huge Barracks. Lee did so well during his musketry course at Hythe that he was offered a job as Musketry Instructor at Hythe, but the Regiment, having just come out, he could not get leave to take it.

The 4/6 Rajputanas won the Northern Command Hockey Tournament this year. The Regiment has won the hockey tournament of every command it has been since 1919. He, and R. H. Scott, both are due for eight months' leave next May, and hope to come home

1935 Waziristan Scouts, Jandola, Waziristan, hopes to get leave in the summer. A friend of his who was in Fareham last year and is now in Jaipur heard a noise in his room at 1-30 a.m. His wife switched on the light and found a man, armed with a sword, in the room. She pluckily threw the bedclothes over him while he went for the man and with the help of the servants caught him in the garden but was badly cut in the process and is now in hospital. 'Xmas Day was celebrated with a mounted paper chase, the hare taking the hounds twice through a canal as well over some fairly stiff jumps, so the chase was a great success.

Captain

1938

B. R. SCOTT – Is now Staff Major and is stationed in Rangoon, which he seems to find very attractive, He is quite one of the big noises out there.

## CHITRAL

The status of Dir, Swat and Chitral, which are in the North-West Frontier Province of India, have a British officer, known as the Political, assisted by another British officer, to settle any disputes which may arise, as they frequently do. He is usually an officer of the Indian Army who has entered the Political Service.

Before the arrival of the British, the administration of the country was in the hands of the local chiefs and landowners, and there is no doubt that bribery and corruption were rampart, as they still are to a certain extent, and that justice was pretty barbaric. Beheading was a very common occurrence, and by no means confined as a punishment for murder, while for thieving, chopping off a hand or putting out an eye was resorted to.

The inhabitants of the country are Pathans, and claim to be direct descendants of the Children of Israel (though whether there us anything in this is very doubtful!) Nevertheless, they certainly have the distinctive features and traits of Jews.




Like all Pathans, they are an extremely hardy race, due to the fact that there is little ground available agriculture owing to the mountainous nature of the country, and they can only eke out a precarious existence. The climate is also one of extremes; it is very cold in the winter and very hot in the summer; and as a result the country produces an extraordinary virile, hardy type of man – the survival of the fittest. There are no hospitals or sanatoriums in the country, and if a man is not strong enough to withstand a disease or injury, he dies, so one can imagine the survivors are pretty tough.

The last time I was out shooting I had an escort of six Chitralis, and although the weather was bitterly cold and there was snow on the ground, they lived out in the open for the whole time – ten days – with scarcely a blanket between the lot. They kept a fire going, but all the same it must have been very cold.

The average Chitrali is very poor and has to exist on the bare necessities of life, and flour made into chapattis form his staple food. Luxuries, like salt, sugar, meat etc. are out of the question, and therefore very much sought after. I have seen them take out lumps of meat from an animal which has just been shot, and is still warm, and eat it with great gusto. When they do cook their meat, all they do is to throw pieces on the glowing embers of a fire, and after it has sizzled for a bit, take it out and eat it with every appearance of enjoyment!

The Chitralis are much less war-like than the Pathans of Warizistan; in fact, they are quite peaceful. The people of Dir, on the other hand, appear to be more addicted to scrapping, and about five months ago they defeated the neighbouring state of Jandool in a pitched battle. They have a rifle factory at the capital, Dir, which we were shown over. I didn't actually see any rifles or guns being made, and I think the "manufacture" consists of the spare parts of Government riles being put together. The factory, altogether, was very crude compared to Western standards, and consisted of a courtyard closed in on four sides by sheds; there was very little machinery to be seen, and the work appeared to be carried out by hand mostly. One of the rifles shown us (it belonged to one of the Nawab's Guards) bore the Guides Cavalry mark on it, dated 1895. It must have been taken in some show or other and probably had quite an interesting history.

The garrison of Chitral consists of an Indian Infantry Battalion and some Mountain Artillery (two guns), as well as supplies and a hospital. The Infantry Battalion has a detachment at Chitral, while the headquarters of the Force and the greater part of the Battalion are at Droshfort, about thirty miles south of Chitral.

The forts are made of mud, the walls being thick and loop-holed, while the men have their quarters under the walls, with the hospital and supplies in the centre of the Fort and British Officers' Quarters at one end.

It is rather a monotonous life, as there is little to do in one's spare time except to go out shooting, and the playing grounds (which are also the parade grounds) ( consist of two very poor hockey pitches – not like one has at home, but made of mud with no grass – and an occasional outcrop of rock, however, when the weather permits (we have a lot of snow in the winter) we make full use of the grounds, and once or twice a week, in addition to other games, the British officers and Indian officers only, take on a team from the Regiment. The men all turn out to watch and the games, and there is usually much excitement and loud shouts of "shabash!" (well done!), especially when the Subadar Major (the senior Indian officer) in goal fails to stop a hot shot from the latest joined recruit!

The shooting up here is very good indeed, and officers go out for ten days at a time after marches, aurial, or ibex. These animals live up at great heights, and the winter months is the best time to go out after them, as then they come down to about 6,000 feet or lower.

You take your tent and some food and camp out for ten days or more at a time – it all depends on how far away your vala (valley allotted to you for shooting) is; ten days is the usual period, but if one is going into vala about 100 miles away, ten days doesn't give one enough time. The only means of transport is by donkey and cooly. By donkey as far as one can go, and then the kit is transferred to coolies.

The Ruler of the country is called the Mehtar (pronounced Mayter) of Chitral. He is a dignified hospitable old man, and had a very exciting time as a boy, as he was besieged in Chitral Fort, together with a small force of British officers and a Company of Sikhs, for almost six weeks, when the Ruler of Chitral at that time was murdered and a civil war ensued. The Fort was eventually relieved by a British Force, which came in by way of Gilgit, in the north.

He is the proud possessor of three cars – two "Baby Austins" and a "Dodge," – and as there is no road in this country, like there is in England – there is only a track which winds through the mountains, sometimes at great heights – it speaks well of the cars. In some places there is barely room for the "Dodge" to get past, and it is quite a hair-raising proceeding if one is in it!

His Palace is in Chitral Fort, and is absolutely up-to-date in all modern comforts, and if one goes to tea or dinner with His Highness, he does one very well indeed; the food is excellent and much the same as one has in England.

He even possesses a "Baby Pathé" cinema, and a gramophone with quite up-to-date English records, to amuse one, and on big occasion, or after polo matches, which take place very frequently, his troupe of dancing boys (not girls, as women never appear in public) perform Chitrali dances in their weird music. The band consists of one or two drums and a sianai – a kind of wooden flute, which makes a most piercing noise! To the average Englishman the dance is a monotonous affair, as they seem to be simply doing the same thing the whole time!

The other day news of a small force of Amanullah's troops having crossed over into Chitral, came through. It turned out to be a party of about twenty men, under a Colonel of the Afghan Army, who were escaping for Afghanistan, and they were brought in to Drosh. They had apparently been besieged in a detached post by the Shinwaris, whom they had managed to beat off, but, hearing that the rebels were bringing a large force to have another try, they escaped at night and managed to cross into British territory. The Colonel now wants to rejoin the Army by way of the Kurram valley, or Quetta, but whether he will be allowed to do this is not certain. Their arms, which were quite considerable – they consisted of two guns, four machine guns, and a hundred and twenty rifles – will probably be confiscated.

**R. B. SCOTT**

| Scott | Richard Harold H. | Dates | 1910 - 1918 |
|---|---|---|---|

Born 1901, Calcutta. Entered January 1910. Left July 1918. School House. Prefect 1916-18. **Head of School** House 1916-18. Junior Oxford July 1915. Senior Oxford 1917 (3rd Honours). Passed 20th into Indian Army 1918. Member of Cadet Corps 1914-18. Lance-Corporal 1916. Corporal 1917, Sergeant 1917-18. Member and Captain of Shooting Team. Thrice Winner of Shooting Cup. 1st XI. Cricket 1917-18 (2nd XI. colours). 1st XI. Hockey 1918 (2nd XI. colours). Captain of 2nd XI. Football 1916-17 (colours).

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Put in a two months' course with the 12th Officer Cadet Battalion at Newmarket, is now on leave, and sails for India next month.

Had two months' leave, during which he shot a panther; and also spent a month in Kashmir. He sends us a snapshot in which he looks brown, which is not surprising, as Nowshera, where he is stationed, averages about 120 degrees. He was one of five who passed (out of thirty) for final retention in the Indian Army, and also got through the Higher Standard Urdu. He expects to be in " Mespot." for a couple of years.
**7/22** has 8 months' leave from his regiment in "Mespot," and arrived in London on July Ist, coming overland from Marseilles.

**9/22** was home on leave from his regiment the 40th Pathans, Amara, Mespoamia. Was at Fareham for most of the summer. He has gone out again on the S.S. *Naldera*, joining it at Marseilles after a satisfactory visit to Monte Carlo, which seems to be quite a difficult place to enter. Forms have to be filled up giving all your history. The place is palatial, and crowded with people, busy at the gambling tables. The lowest stake is 5 francs, and you change your money into counters of different colours, 5 franc white, 20 pink, 100 green, and 500 blue. Having come away with a balance on the right side, he is open to offers for his "System."

**4/23** The 5/14 Punjab Regt., Shaibah, Iraq, is about 16 miles south of Basrah. The Indian Army has been reorganised, so the 40th Pathanshave a new name. He had a good voyage out, among the passengers being the Shah of Persia and spent Christmas in the jungle, but tigers kept out of the way. The weather at Shaibah is very cold, and the barracks are underground. The axe has been busy in the regiment, 8 out of12 having gone. The R.A.F. have a busy time, and on the day of his letter, they had flown out to bomb a village 210 miles off, getting back in time for tea.

Date?? R.H.Scott – 10th Bn., 18th Punjab Regt., Ferozepore will return to his own Battalion the 5th, in March, and then will be Quartermaster which means Rs 75 per month extra, with free fodder and groom allowance for his pony, so is quite a desirable billet. He has been at work lately on manoeuvres, acting for past of the time as an umpire which means from 9 am to 7 pm in the saddle,

so is not exactly a soft job,, especially when a night march in the dark followed by an attack at dawn, 6.30 am, lasting for some hours, and followed by an Officers conference. He is due to get his captaincy next January so should be Captain Scott when he comes home next year on leave. He had excellent shooting when on Christmas leave and amongst other things, bagged a crocodile in the Jumna.

**12/23** Ahmedabad, India, sends a long letter, enclosing a fine specimen of *a Babu letter**. Under the title: "Vagaries of the Bengali!). This part of the country swarms with big monkeys with long tails, but as they are sacred they cannot be touched. Several invaded his bungalow the other day and began throwing his clothes about.

**British commentators during the colonial period sometimes expressed amusement at the kinds of English used by their subject populations. Babu, or Baboo, English of India attracted particular attention because it aspired to poetic heights in vocabulary and learning, despite being full of errors. Arnold Wright, the author of this study of Babu, might have been surprised to hear that linguists today find a great deal in common between Babu English and the ornate style used by many British writers in past centuries.*

*Baboo English as 'tis Writ, first published in 1891, considers the language of Indian newspapers. It reproduces begging letters, characterised by their indirectness and excessive politeness. The writer of this letter – an Indian local – is pleading with a gentleman to give him work. Job applications today are phrased very differently*

*The Babu letter: "**Vagaries of the Bengali**"*

I was just disembarking from my taxi at Hourah station when 1 heard a deep rumbling, almost approaching a roar, close behind me, which immediately had the effect of making me leap from the taxi and stand in the entrance, mopping my brow.

Oh, what a terrible death I had escaped! On looking round I had seen a formidable-looking lorry thundering down upon me, piled high with every conceivable article—boxes, rat traps, bird cages, and a hundred and one other things. The largest of the bird cages was topmost, and was swaying in an uncertain manner. The bird, a large brilliantly coloured cockatoo, was experiencing the greatest difficulty in maintaining its balance, and was shouting—"Oh! Hades, Oh! Hades." Now came the owner himself, an immense Bengali, literally drowned in bundles of assorted hues, tied with enormous knots. The gentleman himself was slightly bizarre in his attire. His coat was of a brilliant pink, and his shirt of deep blue, displaying large gold studs from neck to waist. His "dhotie" (trousers) still bore traces of that big festival "Holy," and his shoes were of light red colour. Poor man, beads of perspiration were rolling down his chubby cheeks as he wrestled with his bundles in a vain attempt to extricate himself. After two or three attempts, he ultimately decided that he would get some coolies to empty the taxi before he made a move. Calling three or four men to his assistance, they soon emptied the car, and he, at last, stood on the platform issuing instructions in an irritable voice, at intervals mopping his countenance with a large green handkerchief.

I left him at this stage as I had yet to buy my ticket—a second-class one—for I had come down to Calcutta on business from up-country; but owing to having attended a race meeting the previous day, a temptation 1 could not resist, I was compelled to return second-class. As I passed the Bengali, I got a whiff of a sickly perfume. Ah, but had I only known at the time what I was letting myself in for, I would have certainly postponed my departure till the next day. However, I am not sorry I did not, as the situation was not without its humour.

Having procured my ticket and distributed my things in the best compartment I could find, I sauntered off to the book stall to get a paper to read on the journey, after which, I returned, only to find my compartment entirely obscured from view, the well-upholstered Bengali having dumped all his possessions before it. He himself was seated on a stool a short distance away, crunching beetle-nut, and surveying the mess complacently.

"Well, Babu, what is the meaning of this?" I said, as I was fast losing my temper.

"Ah, Sar, h'it will be h'all right, I will get them all in," said the Bengali confidently.

"Will you, by gad? You will do no such
thing. Where the deuce do you think I am going to sit?"

"Nothing doing, gentlemen, nothing doing," shrieked the bird, much to my surprise.

"H'it will be h'all right, sar, h'it will be h'all right," replied the Bengali, perfectly at his ease; and this was all I could get out of the gentleman. Seeing it was no use arguing, I bustled off in search of the station-master. "You are the station-master ?" I said, tapping the man on the shoulder, who had been pointed out to me by a guard as such, and who had just detached himself from a small group having a hot argument over the question of seats.

"Yes, sir," replied the station master, "what can I do for you?" He was only too pleased to escape from an old lady in the group, who by this time had worked herself into a frenzy.

"I would like you to come with me a moment, as I am not able to make this Bengali understand that he cannot put all the things he has brought with him into the compartment."

When we arrived at the spot, everything was exactly as it had been before I left.

"Well, Babu," I said, "when do you intend to make a move, there are only ten minutes left?"

"H'all right, sar, h'all right," replied the Bengali, rising with difficulty, "I will put them in," he repeated.

'No, you don't," I answered resolutely. Did you hear what he said?" I explained, turning to the station-master.

Look here, Babu," said the latter, "you can't put all these things into the compartment."

"Then what to do?" replied the Bengali, now losing his patience, and breaking into his pigeon-English again. After a good deal of argument and coercion alternately, he consented to have the majority of his belongings put into the van, but on no condition would he part with his bundles and his cage containing the cockatoo. The train was gradually moving out of the station as the last of the bundles was being handed in. I had just returned from the dining car, when I caught my friend the Bengali in the midst of ostensible preparations for a meal of no small dimensions. The seat was littered with utensils of various sizes, containing all sorts of mysterious edibles, some wrapped in filthy looking paper, and others in large leaves. So that, by the time he had finished, the floor of the compartment was strewn with greasy paper and leaves woven into cups. The compartment bore a stale pungent smell of curry, mingling with the odour of native sweets. Such was the condition of the compartment in which I had to sleep.

**E.B.D.W.**

## The Vagaries of the Bengali.

*(Continued from last issue).*

Early next morning I was awakened with shouts of 'To Hades with you, to Hades with you." Looking round to see whence the disturbance had come, I saw the parrot swinging itself to and fro, with its eyes sparkling, amusing itself by shouting imprecations every now and then at a bearer (valet) who had taken up and near my bunk with my *chola hasari* (breakfast). Seeing my puzzled look the Bengali raised himself on his elbow and laughed in his fat, oily manner. Oh, I could have cheerfully murdered the man, Then by way of conversation he explained to me that he had bought the bird from a turf commission agent, and chuckled again with delight. The bird was so brilliantly coloured that it hurt the eye to look at it. 'Out that cockatoo goes at the next station," I said to myself, for once I got the Bengali annoyed I would get no peace for the whole day. I had just finished my *chota hasari* when we rushed into a small station. Jumping out, I secured the guard, and eventually succeeded after a tremendous rumpus, over which the train was delayed five minutes, in getting the bird removed.

I also tried to rid the compartment of some bundles but their owner would not hear of such a thing.

I thought to myself, I will get a little settling myself down I took up my paper and lit a cigarette. Seeing my cigarette, it suddenly occurred to the Bengali that he might smoke also, so pulling out a flat tin box he selected a little green stump and tapped it on the box, not that it required tapping but because he had seen his burra sahib (boss) do it. Then thrusting it between his lips he lit it with a nonchalant air and burst into conversation.

"How far you going, Sar?" came the question.

"Lucknow," I answered abruptly. Here he laughed oilily and commented "Lucknow very nice place, Sar."

"Ahem."

"I am going Benares," he ventured, "where I will meet mine family."

Another half-hour and we steamed into Benares. So I was at last going to get rid of this objectionable individual.

As the train came to a standstill at the station a troop of children, dressed in scarlet velvet coats and trousers edged with gold braid, wearing dark blue caps inlaid with gold thread and having the eyes well blackened approached the carriage.

"This is my family, Sar" he announced.

Seeing that I would be rid of the man in a few minutes, I thought it best to humour him. Laying down my paper I leant out of the window and had a look at that to which he proudly alluded as his family.

"Very nice too, Babu," I said, being anything but interested and consequently short of words.

To my great delight the bundles were being deposited on the platform. Having taken up each child in turn and hugged it he prepared to leave. The train had already

whistled, when glancing at his bundles he discovered that one was missing.

"Oh, my bundle Sar, my bundle," he cried, tottering towards the compartment.

On searching the carriage I found it under the seat in the corner. By the time I had ferreted it out the train had begun to move slowly out of the station. Seeing I could not hand it to him I threw it out on to the platform. No sooner had it touched the floor than the place where it had fallen was scattered with opium. I saw the Bengali's eyes dilate, and clenching his hands he swayed giddily to and fro; but it was all over in a minute. The station-master had rushed up and gripped him before he could recover from his stupefaction.

The last I saw of him he was being borne away to the entrance between two burly policemen. The cockatoo, now wearing a bedraggled appearance, very vestige of brilliancy entirely washed off by a brisk shower of rain which had now commenced to fall, following close behind the Bengali, still shouting imprecations as he went. "So," I thought to myself, "opium smuggling was he, the rascal," no wonder I could not get him to part with those bundles. **E.B.D.W.**

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**4/24** 40th Pathans, Ahmedabad, has been riding the winner in the Regimental Point to Point Steeplechase, three miles with 17 jumps. He has also shot a bear at very short range and was lucky not to be clawed, and has got First Spear in his first "pig sticking" at a wild boar, which he, says is the pluckiest animal he has ever seen.

## Quetta, 1935

The earthquake was a grim experience. We at the Staff College were lucky to escape. We were all sleeping at the time and if our bungalows had fallen on us, we should have been for it! I Was awakened by a terrible din and my bed was darting backwards and forwards across the floor. The wardrobes and chests of drawers fell down, and pictures flew off the walls.

We went down in the morning to the Air Force to fly, thinking that they had only had a severe shaking like ourselves, but found an utter shambles with the survivors hard at work digging out the corpses of their comrades.

I was put on duty in the Military Hospital on the first morning. Earthquake victims were coming in by the hundred in lorries. They were put in rows on the lawns and verandahs, and a handful of harassed doctors were busy separating hopeless cases, amputation cases, internally injured, etc.

Doctors and nurses came by air from Peshawar, Wana, and other places and after two days things were more or less ship-shape. After the first day, I was on the railway part of the show, putting up camps, issuing rations, running soup kitchens, etc. We were at it from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m., and sometimes al night as well, for 10 days, and a bit of a rest was then very welcome. They gave out rations to the refugees, installed water supplies, stopped looting, and a hundred and one other jobs fell to their lot and jolly well they did them.

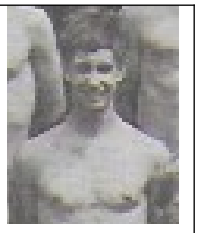
**R.H.H.Scott.**

Ed: The Quetta, Pakistan earthquake of 1935 was magnitude 7.7, and it's estimated between 30,000 and 60,000 people died.

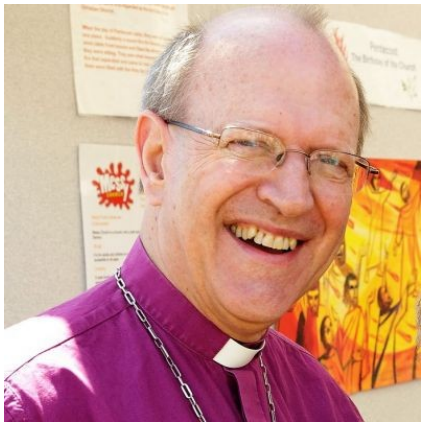
| **Scrivens** | G.J., Sgt. – 2nd Lt. | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

Second-Lieutenant G. J. Scrivens came to see us early in December. He was leading his platoon at Poelcapelle, and they were within forty yards of their objective when a Machine Gun got him, breaking his right arm badly a little below the shoulder joint. He got into a shell hole for an hour with bullets swishing over the top, one got him through the fleshy part of the leg but did no serious damage, though our own barrage covered
him with earth. His sergeant found him and helped to tie up his arm which was helpless, and cut off his equipment, using a puttee as a bandage, and he managed to walk back through the German barrage four miles, and is now down for three months hospital treatment and going on well, luckily the wound did not become septic.

| **Scutt** | A. | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

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|---|---|
| 1970 Gala 2 new records. In the 1970 Gala a new boy made his mark- A. Scutt, with 2 new records.<br>In the 1971 & 72 Galas. Swimming Captain.<br>Gold & Silver Medals in the Darmstadt Cup, in Germany, in 2 relay races.<br><br>A major force in the Price's swimming fraternity: his achievements elsewhere in the School and the role model he would have represented to other boys has been sadly lacking. |  |

| **Seeley** | The Rt. Revd. Lord Bishop, Martin Alan, B.A., B.Ed., S.T.M., D.D. | Dates | 1965 – 1972 |
|---|---|---|---|



Born in Portsmouth on 29 May 1954. He attended Price's School in Fareham, and later studied at Jesus College, Cambridge. He graduated with a Bachelor of Arts (BA) degree in 1976 and a Bachelor of Education (BEd) degree in 1978. In 1976, he entered Ripon College, Cuddesdon, to study for ordained ministry. He then attended Union Theological Seminary, New York City, from which he graduated with a Master of Sacred Theology (STM) degree in 1978. On the 16th October 2018 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa* from Berkeley Divinity School at Yale, New Haven, where he was also invited to deliver the 2018 Cheney Lecture.

Bishop Martin Sealey (above) has overall Church of England responsibility for the running of the Diocese of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich. He was appointed in May 2015. From 2006 to 2015, he was the Principal of Westcott House, Cambridge. Westcott House is a Church of England theological college based in Jesus Lane in the centre of the university city of Cambridge (though it is not part of the university).



*Westcott House, Cambridge*

Living in Ipswich, with the Cathedral in Bury St Edmunds and responsibilities covering most of the county, he has quickly discovered the beauty and diversity of Suffolk.

He is responsible for the 446 parishes and around 160 serving clergy in the Diocese. He has immersed himself in many aspects of Suffolk life, responding to needs and encouraging communities at local and county levels.

He served as the Vicar of the Isle of Dogs in East London for ten years until 2006 and before that worked at the Church of England's central offices in Westminster. He served the church in the United States for ten years before that, after a curacy in Scunthorpe. He was educated at Cambridge, Oxford and Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Martin was married to Cynthia McLean from 1980 until 1989. He is married to the Reverend Jutta Brueck, Priest in Charge of St Thomas' Ipswich, and they have two teenage children, Anna and Luke

At School, which Martin left in 1972, he is listed as Head Boy and, with distinction grades in Geography, Maths and Physics, proceeded to the University of Cambridge, to read Geography and Theology, but not before gaining the Cup for winning the Senior Boys' 800m race in Sports Day!

## Martin Seeley to be Bishop of St Edmundsbury & Ipswich

**The Society is delighted to report that Downing Street has appointed yet another of our Old Boys to Bishop. Martin joins Peter Hancock, Bishop of Bath & Wells.**

**Here is the report as set out in the Church Times:**

HAVING been nominated as a Bishop, one of Canon Martin Seeley's first considerations is whom to nominate as an episcopal colleague.

On Thursday, Downing Street announced that Canon Seeley, at present Principal of Westcott House, Cambridge, is to be the next Bishop of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich.

The diocese is currently short of one Suffragan: the Bishop of Dunwich. On Friday, Canon Seeley said: "I would join with those who lament the length of time it has taken [to enable women to be bishops]. . . We will obviously want to find the person that God is calling to this post, whether they be male or female. I am delighted that we will be able to include women candidates."

Dunwich is one of several vacant episcopal posts. On Friday, Canon Seeley suggested that the first

women bishops would face "a huge burden of expectation and scrutiny. What I have consistently said is none of us know how we are going to respond to the reality. . . I think that we don't quite know what the unconscious dynamics are going to be. That could make it even more difficult, which means that we all need to be supportive. I rather hope that I am consecrated with a woman."

Canon Seeley, whose appointment was announced on Thursday, has been Principal at Westcott since 2006. The formation and learning of all Christians had not received adequate attention by the Church, he said: "It's an area where we need to refocus our energies, because it's the nurture and growth of all Christians that is the foundation of the faithfulness of the Church.

"Without that we won't have flourishing churches and lay ministers and ordinands being called forth.

"For me, that starts with worship. We can put on as many courses as we like, but everybody who is engaged with the life of the church participates in worship, so let's look at how that is the locus not just of praise but how we are changed and grow in faith."

Like the majority of dioceses, St Edmundsbury & Ipswich has seen a fall in numerical growth: average weekly attendance has fallen by ten per cent since 2009, and current Sunday attendance accounts for just three per cent of the population. While 20 per cent of the population is aged 65 or above, this age-group accounts for 56 per cent of congregants.

On Thursday, Canon Seeley said that young people and education must be a priority: "I am the son of a school teacher, and education has been in my blood from a very early age. I am passionate about it, both in working hard for the best possible education for our children and in that developing and strengthening Church schools is a priority for me."

On Friday, he added: "We need to recognise that the challenges of communicating the gospel in the context of a town may not be the same as the challenges in the very rural communities of Suffolk. So we need to do some thoughtful and attentive analysis before trying to present approaches that may work in one context but not another."

Next year, the diocese will partake in the shared conversations on sexuality taking place across the Church. While cautioning that "we must not get overwhelmed" by the issue, Canon Seeley said: "There are plenty of people outside and within the church who are baffled why this is an issue and we need to be careful that people see the conversation process as a positive and constructive approach to reconciling differences among people who are bound as one in our proclamation of Christ."

Before taking over at Westcott, Canon Seeley was Vicar of the Isle of Dogs for ten years. He served from 1980 to 1990 in the US, as Curate at the Church of the Epiphany in New York City and as assistant director of Trinity Institute at Trinity Wall Street, before becoming Director of the Thompson Centre, an ecumenical continuing education centre, in St Louis.

Canon Seeley is married to the Revd Jutta Brueck, Priest-in-Charge of St James, Wulfstan Way, Cambridge, and they have two children, Anna, 14, and Luke, 11. He will take up the post after Easter.

Dear David

I have been hugely remiss in taking a month to reply, but hope I am not too late and can add a

little to your fascinating enquiry. Let me start from the end, and actually my name – which is spelt with 3 'E's – so Seeley, and my dates are 1965-1972. In the list of ordained staff and pupils, and teachers of RE – Hywel Ellis (I think that was his Christian name – Pete will correct me if I'm wrong) taught RE all the years I was there – he was not ordained. Alan Glynne Howell I know you have already. And the other teacher in my day was Rev Brian Hibberd, whom I by chance met up with again 14 or 15 years ago – he retired to Abbots Langley. I remember his lessons on the missionary journeys of St Paul!

Richard Mortimer, an exact contemporary of mine, is ordained in the URC, and I think Tom Bayliss, also contemporary, may be ordained – originally Congregationalist I think. The Rev Jeremy Chadd I think went to Price's. He would have been in the year below me – though I am now doubting my memory. He is the son of the then Vicar of Ss Peter and Paul, Leslie Chadd. Jeremy retired as vicar of St Chad's Sunderland in April 2021. Pete may remember whether he was at Price's.

On your point about the "Doctrine and Principles of the Church of England", I think I would want to focus on ethos rather than specific practices, although the practice is part of the ethos. When Pete 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.

Statutory RE was certainly provided, but its quality was patchy. Most memorably, Hywel Ellis' regularly had us learn passages of Scripture in class and the first person to recite the passage without a mistake received 2/6. This didn't strike any of us, Christian or not, as a particularly Christian way of approaching RE. However, the class instinctively, and without conversation or comment, responded to this situation in an extraordinarily Christian way – by everyone sitting tight so that the person whom people quietly assumed was the most hard-up had a chance to recite and win the prize. That is fixed in my memory!

I think that the situation is more challenging today, with a society that is much more explicitly secular. However, I think that in church schools the same principle applies, that it is the pervading ethos that is most significant in conveying Christian values and embodying the Gospel.

Happy to produce more for you if you wish, but I want to make sure I actually send this to you so will stop now.

Best wishes

**+Martin**

Martin Seeley, Bishop of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich

See also: Lion Pride, Chapter on Religion in the School, and also the Chapter on The William Price 300th Anniversary: 4 Anniversaries

| Shaddock | Christopher | Dates | 1938-1944 |
|---|---|---|---|

Son of John R. Shaddock

Before Prices, Christopher was at Wykeham House where, at a young age, he rather stood out in assembly as the only boy in the middle ranks of girls behind me. He was 5 years in the sixth form at Prices.

His chambers in Edinburgh, on the fourth floor up a winding helical staircase, contained several ancient keyboard instruments. He was, in my opinion, the brightest boy Prices ever had.

**Paul Lewis**

We were in the Sixth Form together and, if I remember correctly, he was 2/3 years ahead in academic terms and probably one or two years younger. He was a rather private person and, apart from the things already mentioned, I think he was very interested in (and inevitably good at) chess. His father

Captain ("Jim" to us, so presumably "James*) Shaddock's Great War service left him with shell shock. He was a very good physics teacher who suffered the rickety 1st World War army hut as a laboratory and the way it wrecked his experiments when anyone moved about. He must have been a good teacher as he helped me to get a respectable Higher School Cert result and then a good mark in physics in the Civil Service exam. **Peter Keemer**

We have to report the death of Christopher Shaddock, son of Capt. Shaddock who taught at Prices.

Our President writes:

Christopher was the son of Capt Shaddock, a member of staff who taught physics and who fought in WW1 - see anecdote in Gregory's book on Price's. He (C, not his father) took School Cert ( = O levels) aged 13, and got all distinctions, or thereabouts. Took Higher Sch Cert (A-levels) two years later - same result - Maths x 2, Physics, Chem (I think). After three, or poss 4 years in the 6th, waiting to be old enough, he took the Scholarship exam for Christ's Coll, Cantab, and got an exhibition. At the end of his course he took a First (or double First?), and was Senior Wrangler. He started a PhD on algebraic topology, but never completed it. .(At some point about here he was at Manchester University.) Went as lecturer to Warwick University, I think. Then on to Edinburgh as Professor of Maths.
He taught himself German, and the violin. His knowledge of classical music was encyclopaedic, as was his knowledge of the latest records being issued. (He and Humphrey Coombes could talk non-stop for ages at a time vying to outdo each other showing off this knowledge.) He read at tremendous speed. Early 50s - When he came into an inheritance (I think left to him by his mother) on his 21st birthday, he bought a state-of-the-art record -player (the large loudspeaker of which was individually made to fit facing into a corner of the room, and was sound-proofed at the back by sand), a new Morris Minor, and a liberal supply of Benson and Hedges cigarettes. I suppose he was the nearest thing Price's has ever had to a genius. I remember George Ashton struggling to work out some maths problems that C had solved.
He was permanently excused games, but could cycle, on an old-fashioned bike, great distances at great speed. On Wednesday afternoons, while we were doing games or in detention, it was not unknown for him to go to both films on at the Savoy and Embassy in quick succession. He enjoyed the Goon show, (had a lively sense of humour), and cooking. I think his was the first omelette I

ever tasted, and he was the first person to discover, demonstrate to me, the powers of the new washing-up powders just coming on to the market.
(So far as I know he never married. I think Peter Keemer's* wife was related to the lady who kept house for the Shaddocks, and helped bring C up, Mrs Shaddock having died years before we knew him.)
Apparently he died of heart trouble. His father suffered from the same problem, but took comfort from the fact that the doctor ordered him to drink whiskey every night as treatment.

**Patrick Nobes**, President. 14-03-2012

**Christopher Shaddock 14 Feb 1933 - 8 March 2012**

Our man in Edinburgh, Gareth Howlett, (1969 – 76) very kindly and efficiently represented the Society of Old Priceans at Christopher's funeral, and wore the Presidential insignia and OP tie to do so. After the service he contacted Professor Alastair Gillespie and received this reply:

Dear Gareth,

Thank you for your email. I knew Christopher well as we were colleagues for around 30 years and I was very sorry to learn last week of his death.

He was an established figure here in the Mathematics Department at the University of Edinburgh when I joined it in 1968 as a young and very inexperienced lecturer. I learnt much from him.

Unfortunately, records weren't kept particularly efficiently in those days but I think I can give you a very brief outline of his career here. He was appointed to a Lectureship in Mathematics here in 1962, coming from a position (I am not quite sure what that was) at Keele University. He stayed in Edinburgh for the remainder of his professional life, retiring in the late 1990s (it would almost certainly have been on the 30th September after his 65th birthday. He was promoted to Senior Lecturer in 1974.

Christopher was a key member of the Department, much respected for his common sense and the substantial contributions he made to our teaching activities. As a mark of the respect with which he was held, I recall that when the Chair of Mathematics was to be filled in the late 1970s, Christopher was on the appointment panel as the representative of the non-professorial staff. He was also a non-professorial member of Senatus for many years. He cared about the welfare students and served as a Director of Studies for many years. One final thing worth mentioning is that he served as Secretary of the Edinburgh Mathematical Society (EMS) from 1983 to 1992. I should explain that the EMS is in fact the national society in Scotland for university mathematics and plays an important role in the mathematical life of Scotland.

Mr Christopher J. Shaddock was elected a member of the London Mathematical Society on 21 February 1986.

His partner was Dr.Jonquil Bevan. Outside of teaching and research, Quilly lived a full life, her passions including a love of music and walking, both of which she enjoyed with her partner, the mathematician Christopher Shaddock. With Christopher she was a member of a group that organised a regular programme of early music in Edinburgh long before the Early Music Revival in Britain. Together they brought many of its pioneering practitioners, now well-known musicians, to delighted audiences.

Sadly, I am not going to be able to be present at his funeral. I circulated details of the funeral arrangements to my colleagues a few days ago, so I hope that the Mathematics Department will be represented at Christopher's funeral.

With kind regards, **Alastair Gillespie**

(*The Society made a donation to the charity nominated by Christopher's relatives as he would have wished. Gareth discovered for us that the charity close to Christopher's heart was a hospice for children where a young cousin of his had died some years ago.)*

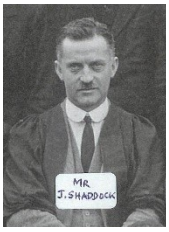
Librarian 1951. Son of Mr John Shaddock, teacher of ....

| **Shaddock** | John R. | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

Father of C.J.Shaddock

As Lt., Cadet Corps Officer 1914, Volunteers for WW1 duty. **As Capt. O.C. Cadet Corps 1939-1944.** Died 1958.

In charge of Chess for some years until 1953, influential and appreciated- many late evenings



1924

## Views from the Front.

WITH THE MESOPOTAMIA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.

We print the following letter from Mr. Shaddock:—

Att. 1/4th Hampshire Regt.,
c/o Cox and Co., Bombay,
14-5-17.

Dear Mr. Bradly,

You'll be glad to hear that the Hampshires have done splendidly every time, and are getting quite well known. I missed the first two shows, having been sent down river with conjunctivitis, and I rejoined the battalion in the Hai trenches on February 6th. There we had a fairly quiet time, being in support on several shows, in which the luck was so good that we weren't required. We did a fair amount of digging, and came under fire from snipers and artillery pretty regularly. Then came the great day when the Turk was boosted out of the Dahra bend,and the greater number of them not being able to cross, were taken prisoners. We were given a good view that day, being in support the whole day, and then in the afternoon rushed up at furious speed, to the accompaniment of a terrific bombardment, so that we all thought we were in for a show. We suddenly came to the end of our trenches, and strolled on across the open, and by this time we could see what was on. The Turks had been driven out of their one line of trenches and redoubts (all they'd had time to make), and were in the open between that and the river, and it seemed as if every gun in Mesopotamia was letting loose at them. The whole of the bend was nothing but the smoke of bursting shell, in a line right across the bend, and it was slowly moving nearer and nearer the river, and narrowing in the habitable space. The Turks were utterly demoralised, and we could see bodies of them running about in the smoke,

dodging like a frightened hare, each mass of them seeming to act together. It was a perfectly fiendish show. Behind the barrage was a line of our own troops advancing, but all they had to do was to round up the prisoners into batches and send them back. When it was evident that we were not needed, we got the surprise of our lives in being ordered back to camp. When we got there we were told to stand by and rumour has it, and I think rightly, that the crossing of the Tigris was intended that night or early next morning. It rained heavily, though, and we had a rest instead. During the following week nothing much happened but rain. Then we were asked for a number of men to row pontoons, and we supplied 230. These practised on the Shatt el Hai for two or three days, and one day the rest of the battalion also was ordered to practise. Of course, this set us guessing, but it wasn't till the 22nd that we were told anything. Then we got our orders for the 23rd.

The idea was to cross the river on to the Shumran Peninsula, by pontoons. Each pontoon had ten passengers and a crew of five (including cox.). There were three ferries. At No. 1 the Norfolks went over, doing their own ferrying. At Nos. 2 and 3 two battalions of Gurkhas were to go over, ferried by our party. This commenced at 5.30 a.m. on the 23rd. The remainder of the battalion was to move out of camp at 7.30 a.m., and to go to a rendezvous and await orders. The Engineers were to begin building the bridge as soon as it was safe to do so. The crossing wasn't a pleasant task, for the stream is 600 yards wide, and had at that time a current of quite six miles an hour, and pontoons aren't built primarily for rowing. However, what actually happened was that the Norfolks at No.1 ferry were lucky enough to surprise the Turks and capture the machine gun which commanded that bit of river, and they were able to cross fairly steadily, getting a fair amount of shellfire, but not sufficient to stop them. 'The Gurkhas were not so lucky, and the two ferries came under such a hail of fire as to eventually be compelled to stop. Our men naturally suffered most, as of course the Gurkhas, once across, stayed there, while our lads had to keep on going backwards and forwards, and from what I've heard since I think they accomplished one *of the finest feats in the campaign, if not in the war. Often the whole crew were shot, and the boat went down river. After the two lower ferries stopped working the remainder of the Gurkhas were taken across on No. 1 ferry, and they and the Norfolks' pushed on up the peninsula. The bridge building was very lucky. The Turks planted H.E. with monotonous regularity on the river just about 150 yards below the bridge during the whole day. I think the bridge was finished by about 3.30 p.m. We advanced about 4.30, and were shelled by the Turks as we came up towards the river, but being in artillery formation no damage was done. You see, the artillery formation leaves such a lot of empty space for the shells to drop in. We crossed the bridge a platoon at a time, and lay out in a rough line about five hundred yards from the bridge, the Turks favouring us with a little shrapnel. There we stayed till about 10 p.m., when we were told to go up to the front line and take over from the Gurkhas. By the time we had taken over it was nearly midnight. The line was a very poor one at the time, being made up of nullahs of varying depths, and a few old gun pits, so we had to make a trench of it. I myself was sent on an even more unpleasant job. I had 20 men left in my platoon, and I was told to take these, and two Lewis guns with their sections, and establish myself in front of my company as a piquet. The orders I got were some-thing like this: "The Gurkha people say there's a ridge about 250 yards out, along the whole of the front, and each company is putting a piquet on that ridge, 'B' Company on your right, 'D' on your left. When you get out to the ridge send out a patrol to your right and get in touch with 'B' Co. piquet before you commence to dig. As soon as that is done, start to dig in Patrols must be sent out to your front and to the piquet on your right continuously through the night. You may have to stay out all day to-morrow, so dig a good trench. If the Turks attack, use your discretion as to what to do."

I ventured to enquire on a point I thought it might be useful to know about, namely, how far the Turks were from us and was told that nobody knew. Well, it seemed to me that if the ridge ran so conveniently it was at least within the bounds of possibility that the Turk was occupying it, with piquets at least, if not with his main force, so it behoved me to be careful. Also I knew that I should not have too much time for the trench digging if we were to get a safe place before dawn. Out I

went, and walked on with my piquet, looking for the ridge. I got out quite 500 yards, and found no ridge, and thought it was too risky to go further. Then I remembered that about 150 yards out the ground had risen about a yard on a bit of a slope, and then gone on level again. I thought this must be the thing intended, and that they had over-estimated the distance, so I went back to it, and events proved that I was right. Then I sent my patrol out to find the next piquet, and after a deuce of a time they returned unsuccessful, and I had to send another, with orders to go further out if necessary. They found the piquet all right; it had evidently not come out by the time the first patrol got there. Then we had the digging to-do. Sighting a trench by night isn't the easiest thing in the world, and I was afraid lest morning should find me dug in with about two inches for a field of fire.

I stuck the Lewis guns on the flanks of my position, and had their men standing by ready to open fire at once, if necessary, and I sent my patrol out forward, and started away on
the digging, the Lewis gun people acting as sentries. Beyond the digging and the sending out of patrols nothing happened till about 3 a.m., when my Company Commander came out and said, "You needn't dig any more, we are going to attack just after dawn." He told me that just before dawn he would send out to me another platoon, so that I'd have half the Company. He himself would follow at 100 yards distance with the other half. Other companies doing the same thing. Bombardment, 6.10 a.m., advance 6.15. He gave me the cheerful intelligence that our objective was the Dahra Ridge, estimated distance 3,200 yards. Pretty useful, wasn't it. The rest of the night I arranged to let the men sleep as much as possible, but I didn't get any myself. About 4 a.m. a violent burst of rapid fire opened on my left, and I didn't know what was happening. It kept on at intervals for about three-quarters of an hour, and then died away, and there was peace till 5.30, when we "stood to." I was pretty busy from them till it was time to start. The bombardment was short and sweet, and as nobody knew the Turks' position it probably didn't do them much harm. Then we started away, just a walk in extended order, with fixed bayonets, that's all there was to do. The sectional rush business doesn't seem to be popular, we simply walk on, no matter how far, and charge the last 100 yards or so. The Turk soon let us know where he was, and opened fire on us from a trench about 1,000 yards away. Our guns had not then crossed the river, and had no communication with the firing line at all, so they couldn't fire other than blindly, and wisely refrained most of the time. Of course that made it pretty bad for us, for the Turks simply stood up and blazed away all they had, rifles, machine guns and artillery, and not a solitary thing was firing at them. We jogged on steadily enough, and I feel proud to have been with such men, they walked on as if here was nothing on earth to worry about, but keeping a decent line, and all the while the fire was as hot as it could well be. The Turk enfiladed us for a time with a machine gun, which added to the pleasure of our walk, but at last we got within charging distance of the first trench, or at least some of us did, and we went for them.

About 30 yards away from the trench I felt an awful smack in the thigh, and down I went, and there I lay for the next five hours, exposed to most unpleasant attention in the way of shrapnel, which, for some unknown reason the Turk kept sending over that particular spot all the morning. I wonder I was not hit again, for I heard the stuff spattering on the ground round me time after time. However, my luck was in, and after about two and a half hours two men carried me into the trench we had been going for, so I was a bit safer during the rest of my waiting period. I managed to get out my cigarette case from the side pocket of my tunic, but found to my intense disgust that the bullet had ploughed through it, and smashed up the few cigarettes I had left, and had done ditto to my matches. I think I was more annoyed about that than about my leg, though that was making me groan a bit at times. It was a rather bad wound, which might have been heaps worse. It is very high up on the thigh, as you can tell from its having gone through my tunic pocket, and in coming out it tore away a lot of flesh, leaving a hole as long as the palm of my hand, and about half as wide. I don't know how near it was to the femoral artery, it was so near that the doctors didn't risk putting a probe in, but if it had hit it so high as that I'd have just faded away. It leaves me an unpleasant souvenir in the shape of a damaged nerve, which strafes pretty regularly, and is quite likely to do so permanently, but otherwise it is healed up, though the lost flesh is only partly replaced as yet. I was

discharged from hospital on Saturday, and am now on sick leave at a convalescent place in the Western Ghats, about 120 miles from Bombay. It's very quiet, but I feel that's the sort of thing I want, for I'm still very weak.

Well, I'm afraid this is a frightfully long and very egotistical letter, but I thought the details of the show might interest you.

I don't think the Censor would object to anything I've written, it's all past history now.

Yours sincerely, **J. SHADDOCK**.

**July 1944:**

Lion*: "He came to the School just before the start of WW1 in which he won a Commission and served in Mesopotamia and elsewhere. He returned to the School in 1919 and remained there until his retirement in 1953.*

*It is fair to say that although he was the least obtrusive of men, he had a profound influence on the boys with whom he came in contact. In his life he had more than his share of troubles which he bore with a Roman fortitude: fortitude and integrity and discipline could all be learned from him and his pupils were not slow to appreciate his quality. For many years in the Cadet Corps, and at all times in the Physics laboratory, in innumerable casual contacts he moulded the minds of and set a standard for generations of Priceans.*

*He will not be forgotten by those who knew him, least of all by his pupils and colleagues*

**George Ashton.**

The one matter for regret is that Mr. Shaddock should have found it necessary to break his connection with the Corps. He worked hard for the original Corps and when, shortly before the present war, the Corps came to life again, he gave much assistance to the new officers. When the war came all the active officers were immediately called upon by the Services, and Mr. Shaddock, in addition to his other heavy duties, once more took on the leadership of the Corps. For some time now we have known with what difficulty he has continued ; we are not surprised at his decision, but we do very much regret that it should have been necessary. We all wish him health and happiness.

**September , 1958**

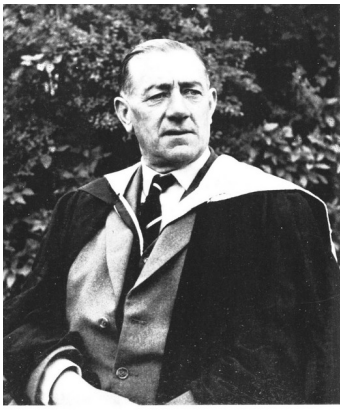
**Obituary**

As reported briefly in our last issue, Mr. Shaddock died suddenly on May 15th and another link between the School and many Old Priceans, of whose Association he was a Vice President, was broken. He came to the School just before the 1914-18 war in which he won a commission and served in Mesopotamia and elsewhere. He returned to the School in 1919 and remained with us until his retirement in 1953.

It is fair to say that, although he was the least obtrusive of men, he had a profound influence upon the boys with whom he came into contact. In his life he had more than his fair share of troubles which he bore with Roman fortitude: fortitude and integrity and discipline could all be learnt from him and his pupils were not slow to appreciate his quality. For many years in the Corps, at all times in the Physics Laboratory, in innumerable casual contacts he moulded the minds of and set a standard for generations of Priceans.

His later years of retirement were made happy by the brilliant career of his son Christopher at Cambridge and it was a crowning joy to him a few days before his death when Christopher was an appointed at Lecturer in Mathematics at the University of North Staffordshire. He will not be forgotten by those who knew him, least of all by his pupils and colleagues.

| **Shaw** | R.B. aka "Bert" | Dates | 1925 - 1963 |
|---|---|---|---|



B. R. SHAW, Esq., M. A.
(1925–1963)

In 1925, Mr. Shaw joined the staff of Price's School, his first appointment after coming down from Cambridge. Now, 38 years later, he is retiring as Deputy Headmaster of a School which, though still bearing the same name, is in many ways different from the one he first knew. The 100 boys of 1925, housed in a small block overlooking the School field, have now grown to 460, occupying buildings covering five times the original area.. In all this period of growth and change, Mr. Shaw's considerable influence, consciously or not, has been devoted to the maintenance and development of the good reputation of the School in every field.

A keen games player, he was closely associated with School games from the start and his example, coaching and shrewd tactical advice produced even in the early days School teams which were always respected by their opponents on the cricket and soccer field. He played Hockey and Cricket for many years for the Fareham team and, though a troublesome hip forced him to retire in 1938, his interest in School teams and their training did not diminish. It is only in the last 10 years that he handed-over responsibility to others.

As a teacher, Mr Shaw was for a long time fully engaged with French, Spanish and Geography, but proved on many occasions capable of turning his talents to most subjects outside the sciences. In every subject he achieved naturally and with apparent ease what most teachers try to attain but often with results which inspire at best divine dissatisfaction. He seemed to have a talent for making clear to the most unpromising pupil that there was inevitably hard work but interest and satisfaction too, in mastering fundamental facts, and they worked with a will and found it so.

His authority was never questioned. Punishment was to him, an administrative necessity, never needed to maintain his position but meted out with impartial severity to underline the truth that, though virtue be its own reward, it is more obviously so if the way of the way of the transgressor is made unmistakably hard. But in all his 38 years he did not slip into a routine in dealing with boys. He had a natural sympathy and understanding for individual differences, in

class or out, and both geese and swans were treated on their merits.

In a world where it is the fashion to question all established practice and belief, where old principle are discarded and new ones propounded every day, where “agonised appraisal” is considered the only alternative to decrepitude and stagnation, Mr Shaw has stood, in the small world of Price’s as a most effective example of what a simple adherence to the basic principle of decent civilised living can bring in achievement and satisfaction. Diffident, uneasy with ceremonial occasions and a loathing of pomposity, his warmth and directness encouraged many a new boy – on the Staff, too, and with a longer association, m\any generations of Price’s boys have found instinctive liking deepen into respect and admiration, as they grew to appreciate more fully his genuine devotion to their own best interests and those of the School as a whole.

**The Staff.**

All Priceans will regret the departure of Mr Shaw from the School after his 38 years on the Staff. To us, as first formers, Mr Shaw was a benevolent despot of a master, with a ready supply of amusing anecdotes. Tales of much digging in the fens, his work in a bottling factory, and tripe in a garlic-flavoured Spain provided interesting diversions from the mundane monotony of the classroom. As we moved up the School and in and out of various scrapes we came to see how understanding Mr Shaw was, more benevolent and less despotic. He was always prepared to listen to the other side of a case and then, ,like Solomon himself, his judgements and his justice were never questioned: it was automatically assumed that his verdict would be fair.

Although he was undoubtedly conservative in his outlook, his tolerance was never in doubt. He was prepared to lean over backwards to try to be fair with us to state his opinions honestly and understand ours. If he did not agree with us he made no pretence and would tell us so, but whatever happened, we could always rely on having a fair hearing.

Now, we hope that Mr Shaw will leave with many happy memories of the School and will enjoy his retirement. After so long at Price’s it is his due to have a little peace, and we shall all miss the most popular master in the School.

**M.Duffy and P.Kiddle**



2nd Lt. Bert, Cadet Corps Officer 1938

## Obituary

B.R.Shaw, M.A., 1925 – 1963

B.R. Shaw came to Price's in 1925 and served the School for 38 years, being Deputy Headmaster for the last nine years. He came when the numbers were about 170 and left when they had risen to about 500, so he saw a great increase in the size, and at the same time, a great step forward in academic progress.

He taught mainly Geography, Latin, French and Spanish and whilst he would be the last to claim great academic distinction, there is no doubt that he was a great teacher, illustrating the more unpalatable facts with anecdotes and stories from the mine of general knowledge he possessed. He demanded the attention of the pupils at all times and, if his words were not enough, other methods were used.

He would, however, I think, most like to be remembered as the Games Master. For over 30 years he organised all the School games, coached the School teams and watched them play and, in his younger days played with them. No one ever exacted better performances from a School team than Mr. Shaw. Loyalty to the team and to the School became a watchword and woe betide anyone who fell away from the very highest standards of behaviour and courtesy in the field of play.

He lived in the Fareham area for 47 years mixing with all manner of people, and he was astonishingly well-liked by everybody. When he retired in 1963 it was not long before his wife became ill and he took up the whole burden of housekeeping., including cooking at which, I can personally vouch, he became very expert. He was obviously very pressed by this burden but never complained.

Words are quite inadequate to describe such a character and the tremendous influence he had on the School and his friends, and we who knew him shall miss him very much. It will be a very long time before Price's School has such a servant.

**Tom Hilton**

**B.R. SHAW (1926-63)**

Mr. Hilton has written in another place of Mr. Shaw but it is unthinkable that we, of the Old Priceans, should let his passing go unmentioned.

We knew of his illness in April and hoped in vain for his recovery but it was not to be. He died at his daughter's home in Sussex on 27th July.

He was without doubt one of the 'greats' of Price's School, following in the footsteps of Mr. Bradley, Mr Johnston and Mr. Shaddock. All his working life he spent at Price's, retiring as Deputy Headmaster in 1963.

It is certain that no words can fully do him justice but Mr Thacker's tribute in the Lion of 1963, comes nearest to it, perhaps. May we, then, use his words:-

"Mr Shaw has stood, in the small world of Price's as a most effective example of what a simple adherence to the basic principles of decent civilised living can bring in achievement and satisfaction."

So shall we remember him.

| **Sheppard** | Leslie Frederick, **D.S.O.** | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|



At his funeral, the Greek Minister of the Interior said;
*"On behalf of the Prime Minister and the Greek Government, I lay a wreath and address a last farewell to a glorious and honoured departed friend …. His name will go down in the great annals of the fight for freedom.*
*He was a Greek scholar of broad culture who had a clear conception of the new social trends. He will be remembered as one who rendered invaluable service to the Greek cause. He fought in the mountains and came down to the capital during the dark era of servitude, at great personal risk, to contribute more to the liberation of our country. He was the Liaison Officer between the British and three members of our Committee. His friends and collaborators will remember with deep emotion and heartfelt regret the good friend and brave soldier. Greece will gratefully include his name in the long list of brave British Philhellenes."*

This simple entry on the Society website was crying-out for some background. What was the link with the Greek Minister? A Greek Scholar? Fought in the mountains … a Liaison Officer? What ….? Here is a good example of how the Internet can flesh-out a story of someone apparently unknown by most, whose intrigue might be raised with such unexplained links as above.

Son of William and Florence Jane Sheppard, Southampton, Hampshire

His time in Price's School is not recorded in the Lion Magazine, which started publication as far as present records are concerned, in March 1922, albeit with the Issue number of Volume VI Number 1. The editorial of that date mentions awakening of The Lion, "after a brief period of slumber" which seems to suggest there had been no publication for a year or so before and thus, there is a deficit of Information on the activity in the School of Leslie Frederick Sheppard, beyond the fact that he was a member of the Editorial team in the December 1922 issue.

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|  |  |  |
| Royal Army Intelligence Corps | Distinguished Service Order | |

Page 116 of the 1971 edition of the History of Price's School by FEC Gregory notes: " … owing to the constraints of National Security, the Lion was not able to publish much news of Staff and Old Boys' activities during the WW2." Over 40 boys lost their lives in active service and that was to fall the fate of Leslie Frederick Sheppard, who was killed in Greece by a landmine explosion.

Internet sources show that, after graduating from Oxford University in Classics, there is no information on that beyond referring to him as a "Greek Scholar", though where he learned his modern Greek from …? Details of years until the start of WW2 show that he became Professor of English, University of Egypt, Cairo 1935, served with the Ethiopian Army (Bimbashi), and was

awarded a D.S.O. medal in Abyssinia in 1941 and worked with Force 133 of the S.O.E. from 1943. His working in the University of Cairo – coincidentally (?) with the fact that the exiled Greek Government had set up in that city also. Such detail would probably give the clue to his background and entry to the Army's Intelligence Corps, where the records of his death, show him as 175375a Lt.Col. in the Special Operations Executive.

For students of politics and current affairs in countries which have just emerged from a period of domination, occupation or annexation, it will come as no surprise that in the aftermath of the Nazi occupation of Greece which ended in Autumn 1944, when the Germans withdrew to concentrate on defending their western front against the Soviets, there were opposing factions within the groupings of resistance movements. Essentially here, there were two factions and it was Leslie's role as a Liaison Officer in the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) / Special Operations Executive to mediate between the two groups.



*Leslie Frederick Sheppard D.S.O.*

Inevitably, there was a greater inclination on the Allied forces & Governments to favour the right-leaning, U.K. & U.S. supported side (EDES / EOEA ) than the other, communist insurgents – the National Liberation Front EAM) which was the main movement of the Greek Resistance during the Axis occupation of Greece. Its main driving force was the Communist Party of Greece (KKE), but its membership throughout the occupation included several other leftist and republican groups. EAM became the first true mass social movement in modern Greek history. Its military wing, the Greek People's Liberation Army (ELAS), quickly grew into the largest armed guerrilla force in the country, and the only one with nation-wide presence. At the same time, from late 1943 onwards, the political enmity between EAM and rival resistance groups from the centre and right evolved into a virtual civil war, while its relationship with the British and the British-backed Greek government in exile was characterised by mutual mistrust, leading EAM to establish its own government, the Political Committee of National Liberation, in the areas it had liberated in spring 1944.

Leslie Sheppard's role was to mediate, yes, but also to influence policy of the British Government, and on this he was very active, but, according to Internet sources, the wrong side, in that the U.K. Government backed the wrong group, as a result of what some referred-to as failing to apply due diligence to analyse the claims of widespread support promulgated by the EDES spokespeople.

The situation was complex, with all manner of vested interests trying to jockey for position nearing the end of the War. Best to consult the many Internet sources on these matters – there are several with Sheppard-related content to inform of the situation.

Nonetheless, in his funeral eulogy, the Greek Government Minister spoke of the valued work of Leslie Sheppard. Good to think of his work as being appreciated.

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|---|---|---|
| Born 1905<br>Wroxall, Isle of Wight<br><br>Died 30 Dec. 1944<br><br>Buried: Phaleron Cemetery, Athens, Greece<br>Plot 19A11<br><br>Memorial ID 56553440 |  | All he had hoped for<br>All, he had he gave<br>To save mankind.<br>Himself he scorned to save. |

**Lieutenant Colonel Leslie Frederick Sheppard D.S.O., Royal Amy Intelligence Corps**

| **Shepherd** | Jack | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

**Incredible co-incidences – Jack Shepherd**

I was recalling Mr Shaw's words about how far the "Price's candle" shed its beams and that in my case they had been shed a pretty long way! I think the best thing to do would be to map it out chronologically for you, so here goes:

1945-47 There was a fair colony of Old Priceans at Portsmouth Municipal College at that time. They included "Aggie" kiddle and Reuben Skipper who are presently members of the Society, additionally there was Ray Mills, a very fine footballer, J.R. "Topper" Hughes, Michael Moore, John Fabling, ? Lennox and my particular friend John Neville, who, after an acting career of some distinction (he used his second name - Oliver, and eventually became Principal of RADA. I haven't spoken to him for a few years but I think he is still there.

1947-49 When I was called up into the Navy practically the first person I saw on arrival at the training ship HMS Raleigh, was Ginger Rogers who had been a year senior to me at School. He met each incoming draft with the query "Anyone from Fareham?" Subsequently I was serving on HMS Implacable and a figure popped out of the radar shack and said "Hello, Jack". This turned out to be Peter Trelfa who had been in the same years as me at School. He was a radar technician.

1950-53 Germany. I was teaching a class of soldiers in Iserlohn, Germany, when I noticed a familiar face coming into the room. It was Ken Foster – he was about 2 years behind me, and now a fellow member of the Royal Army Education Corps. He was attached to the 1st Battalion The Royal Leicestershire Regt., newly arrived in Iserlohn and we spent a year together as colleagues until my Battalion (1st Queen's) went off to Malaya. Ken retired and now lives in Titchfield, I think.

**1953-1957** Malaya. I was stationed in a jungle metropolis called Tampin and was called to collect one of my vehicles from the REME workshop in Serembam. The chaps in charge of the workshop were chatting while I waited for my vehicle to be brought round and I discovered one of them was a pre-War Pricean., called Geoff Kirby. Although we met several times thereafter, we lost touch when I

returned from the Far East. During my time in Malaya I used to listen to broadcasts from home and that is how I learned that John – now Oliver – Neville had become an actor. I heard him in a series of GB Shaw Plays, recognised the voice and checked the cast list. We then started corresponding.

**1957 – 1960** Paris. SHAPE. I was summoned to Field Marshall Montgomery's Office. He was writing his memoirs and I used to supply him with writing materials and references, On arrival the place seemed deserted and as I was waiting in front of his desk – more like a console really – a voice from underneath, seemingly in the depths greeted me by name, asking me to pass a screwdriver. This was Norman Brown who had been in the Prep School when I left Price's. He has a very interesting career as a sapper and was renowned for creating a generator from oil drums, rubber tyres etc., whilst serving I Korea. On this occasion he was adjusting some element of the great man's console. Again, I lost contact after I returned home from Paris.

**1960-1967** U.K.: Old Priceans were a bit thin on the ground during this period, although I kept in touch with Oliver Neville and went to see some of his Productions at the "Old Vic" where he was the Director. Notably this included "The Tempest" with Alistair Sim as Prospero.

1968 – 1972During this period I was serving at the Army College at Harrogate. A fellow member of staff was Peter Gregory who had been in the Prep School when I last saw him. He put me in touch with the Old Priceans Society so I was able to join and also acquire a copy of his brother's book "A History of Price's School". Earlier in the period I had been stationed in Munster, Germany., in command of an Army Education centre. An Army postal unit was located in the same building where I was to come across Ian Winfield serving as a captain in the Royal Engineers. We had joined the school together in September 1941. We both came from Portchester and our birthdays were close together. We were to keep in touch, albeit sporadically that is, until his sad death last year (1995).

Now, being a member of the Society and back in England, I used to get down to the school as often as I could, meeting old friends such as Roy Daysh and John Cole, sporting idols of one's youth. At the Society meeting and Dinner in 1971, I had the honour of being the last Old Boy to propose the toast "Price's School" and the first "Old Boy" to propose the toast "Price's College".

**1972 -** I left the Army and moved into our new home in Bury, Lancashire. As we were unloading our possessions from the furniture van the twin teenage sons of our next door neighbour came out to help. One of my first acts was to put up my "Old Priceans" shield in the hall. When the twins saw it they said "That's our old School too!" We have just moved up here from Fareham as our father had got a new job – we miss the School very much. They were the Williams twins – the family moved again three years later and we lost touch.

It seemed to me quite remarkable that after all my years of military wanderings, bumping into Old Priceans all over the world, I should end up by living next door to two of them.

| **Simpson** | Michael | Dates | 1950 - 1956 |
|---|---|---|---|

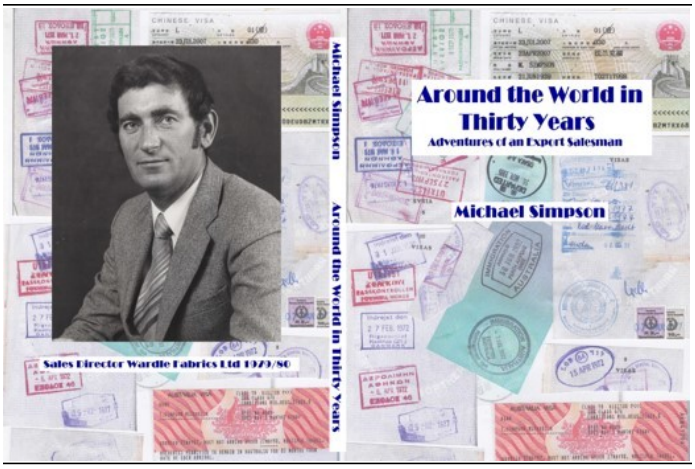
Michael Simpson, who lives in Bielefeld, Germany has been a regular at our Christmas Lunch at the RAF Club in the company of his long-standing friend, John Hudson.

Both have had to endure spells of indifferent health but Michael has kept busy writing a book about his experiences as a travelling salesman in the textile industry.

He writes:

I am in the process of publishing a book about some my experiences in 30 years of travelling the world as an export salesman in the textile industry plus some details of how I came to do follow this career.

I am currently awaiting the ISBN number, after which the book will be available from Amazon. I already have a few production copies of the book, but cannot yet send them to the UK because of looming Brexit problems.




As it might be of interest to members of the OP society to see how yet another Op has spent (or misspent) his life I thought I would send you the details of the book and perhaps you might consider putting some details on the website. I am anticipating the selling price will be around 15 Euros, which is rather a lot for a 200-page paperback, but maybe some old schoolmates will find it gives them a couple of hours entertainment on a long train journey or flight.

I am cherishing a hope that I might be able to get over for the Xmas dinner at the RAF Club, assuming it will be held. My brother-in-law has offered to drive me over, and I would therefore want to bring him to the event as a guest. I guess that would be OK.

My Parkinson problem is fairly well under control, but I would not make the journey alone. I hope that John Hudson will be able to make it too. ....

He is my oldest friend and we have been close friends ever since we met when we started at Prices. If I do manage the trip to the Xmas lunch it will definitely be my last trip to the UK so I am going to try very hard to make it.

I hope you find my book of anecdotes mildly entertaining – it is not designed to be great literature. I think nevertheless that Thacker would have been pleased. He told me once that I had talent for writing, and once persuaded me to write a small article for the Lion which appeared in an issue somewhere around 1953. I even, to my astonishment, in 1958 won the annual English Prize at the college I attended in London during my training as a junior management trainee, and I did once have ambitions of becoming a journalist and was actually offered a job as a trainee reporter with the Portsmouth Evening News, but the bright lights of London proved a too strong counter attraction and further, the money they offered was abysmal.
Arminia Bielefeld have started the new season well and have a very good team and are second in the 2nd Div, behind Hamburg. They are many peoples secret tip for promotion to the 1st Division at the end of this season.

I still go to the home games with my son and grandson.
Well, that is more than I originally intended to say, this writing business has become quite a habit. Hard to stop once I start.

All the best to you and all OP's

I was clearing out some old photos today and came across this ancient photo. The original is about 2" square and it was taken with an antique bellows Kodak with a hole in the bellows, accounting for the splashes of light. I have scanned it and enlarged it as far as possible so that everyone is still recognisable. It must have been a Friday, because most of the boys are in CCF uniform. These were all boys out of my form at the time, I think either 3a or 4a - probable 1952 or 1953, but my memory may be playing me up. By a lucky chance I wrote the names of the boys on the back, and they are as follows:



Top left on his own: Herbert (Surname ?)
Back row: Brian "Bryl" Newman, Neville Tully Middle row: Michael Croad, Calendar, "Poppets" Payne, Front row: Shepherd, Leach, Rands The photo was taken on the grass bank leading down to the playing field.
Apart from Mike Croad, I don't think any of these guys are in the Association, but if you put it on the website it might call up some memories for others.

Regards, Mike Simpson

Born 21.6.39 in Manchester

I attended Prices School, Fareham from 1950 to 1956. I passed 6 'O' Level GCE subjects and spent one year in the 6th Form (Arts) intending to take English, History and Geography at A Level after the second year. I was however, offered the opportunity of applying for participation in a junior management training scheme with my father's employer, The Rank Organisation, in London. I and two others were selected from 180 applicants and I started the two and a half years training at the Head Office of the Rank Organisation in September 1956. After completion of the course I was called up for National Service in the Royal Signals and trained as a high speed morse telegraphist, a so-called Special Operator. I was stationed on the Dutch border in Germany intercepting Russian military wireless traffic. I was demobbed with the rank of corporal.

I returned to the Rank Organisation where I was given the position of Junior Assistant to the Property Controller, a somewhat boring job. When my best friend, another Old Pricean who had also been stationed in Germany in the Royal Engineers, announced his intention of moving to Germany to marry a girl he had met there, I decided to go with him and spend some time trying to learn the language.

We emigrated with all our possessions on a motor scooter and settled in Bielefeld, where I initially worked as a proofreader in a German print works specialised in printing documents etc for the British Army of the Rhine until I had a sufficient command of German to look for something more interesting. I worked for a while for a British insurance company selling Life Insurance to members of the Forces and eventually also married a German girl and we settled near Dortmund where I obtained a job with The German Ministry of Defence Costs. I was responsible for the upkeep and maintenance of about 200 German owned flats leased to the British Army as married quarters in the Dortmund and Iserlohn Garrison areas. My German was by this time fluent.

We lived in Dortmund for four years, when my wife became pregnant and as I was by then 28 years old we decided to move to the UK as it was obvious the British would at some time leave Germany leaving me redundant.

I returned to the UK at the end of 1967 and after some weeks I was offered a job with the Courtaulds Group company, British Cellophane Ltd in Bridgwater, Somerset, who were setting up a new export sales customer service department. I was to be responsible for the German-speaking customers in Germany, Austria and Switzerland, with the aim of later being trained as an export salesman.

I spent one year in this department and learned a very great deal. During this time I also took the Institute of Linguists examination and passed the Oral exam with distinction. This brought me to the notice of the Managing Director of another Courtaulds Group company, Bonded Fibre Fabric Ltd, also in Bridgwater, who was desperate for a German-speaking export salesman. I was offered a transfer to this company and after due consideration I accepted the position and started with BFF at the end of 1968.

After three months training I was thrown in at the deep end and was responsible for sales of the company's clothing interlinings and disposable non-woven products in Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Greece, Cyprus, Israel and the Lebanon. Later Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia were added to the list. I did not spend much time at home.

Five years later I was contacted by the Sales Director of The Cosmopolitan Textile Group and offered the position of Export Sales Manager of that company. Cosmopolitan was a young, dynamic, fast-growing manufacturer of stitch bonded non-woven fabrics and it was an excellent opportunity which I grasped with both hands. I spent five years with Cosmopolitan continuing to travel all over Europe. I had by this time boosted my schoolboy knowledge of French to a reasonable degree of fluency, and thanks to my extremely basic knowledge of Latin had been able to acquire a reasonable grasp of Italian. I could also, thanks to my years spent travelling in Scandinavia, well understand Swedish and Norwegian. Dutch, due to its close similarity to German I could understand and even converse in up to a point, much to the amusement of my Dutch customers and friends.

I was next approached by the Managing Director of a Vantona Group company, Wardle Fabrics Ltd, a merchant printer producing bed linen, home furnishing fabrics and other textile products. I had worked with this company on many occasions arranging printing facilities for customers in Europe who bought Cosmopolitan cloth and had it printed at Wardles.

I became Sales Director of Wardles in 1979, but one year later my wife and I decided to move to Germany so she could be near her parents who were both suffering from ill health, so in 1980 we moved to Bielefeld. Shortly afterwards I was contacted by a headhunter and eventually offered the position of Export Sales Manager of the Vossen Group, the biggest manufacturer of towelling products in Europe. Here I was responsible for the Groups total world-wide export sales. Later I was additionally made responsible for the commercial side of negotiations for technical and design know-how agreements in Japan, India, Pakistan, and the Philippines, and later still I was made project manager for the erection and establishment of a manufacturing facility in the UK in Wrexham employing 80 people.

Sadly, due to severe competition from the Far East and some disastrous decisions by the owner of the Company, the Vossen Group went into liquidation in 1997. The manufacturing facilities in Austria together with the Vossen brand name were bought by an Austrian Textile conglomerate. The factories in Germany, Mauritius and the UK were closed with the loss of over 2,000 jobs.

I was offered the opportunity of moving to Austria but declined and signed a two-year contract as European consultant to Canning Vale Weaving Mills, a towelling manufacturer in Perth, Australia. At the end of 1999 when this expired I intended to retire early, as I was then 60 years old and had had enough of travelling.

However I was then approached by the Principal of the local Inlingua language school who was desperate for an English teacher with wide practical commercial experience to help senior executives of local German companies in the further development of their English language skills.

After some thought as I had never done any teaching, I decided to give it a try, and soon found myself in great demand, and was fortunate enough to work with some notable personalities in local major German enterprises such as the Bertelsmann Media group, the biggest publishing and media group in the world which owns RTL Television, Random House, Penguin, and many other such well-known brands. I also worked with the Claas Agricultural Machinery Company and Miele, the world's leading manufacturer of quality washing machines, tumble dryers, vacuum cleaners and other kitchen and domestic machinery products. I was fortunate enough to be able to accompany one or two of my "Students" on trips to the USA, UK and China. I think I learned a great deal more from them than they from me.

Ten years ago I was diagnosed with Parkinson's disease and slowly reduced my work load to zero and can say I am now completely retired. I recently wrote a small book describing some of the typical situations which I encountered during a life of travelling the world as an export salesman. I was encouraged to do this by many of the people to whom I gave English lessons. I related many of these anecdotes during the course of our lessons and they found them amusing and of interest and told me I should put them in writing. This I have done.

I realised rather late in life how much I owed to the opportunity of being able to attend Prices school, and the education I received there. I wish I had been able to meet some of the masters who taught me, in particular Ralph Thacker, before they had passed on. Sadly the only master I was able to meet again was Tom Hilton after I started attending the London and Fareham reunions about ten years ago.

I was certainly not a star pupil and have often wondered what would have become of me had I gone on to university. I believe however that Prices equipped me with the necessary basic education and self-confidence to make the most of my life and can look back on an interesting and not unsuccessful career and have few regrets.

One observation I would like to make is regarding languages. Whilst travelling I was often appalled at the ignorance of many English salesmen I met whilst on the road. They blithely assumed that wherever they went they could get by only speaking English. Of course, generally speaking they could. This can however be a very serious handicap. I knew at least two or three major French buyers who spoke perfect English but always initially professed not to when meeting a new salesman and would not speak English until they had satisfied themselves that the salesman concerned had at least a basic knowledge of French, whereupon they would relent and suddenly speak English.

Qualifications:

1968 Institute of Linguists – Passed German Oral Examination with Distinction

1979 Elected Fellow of the Institute of Sales and Marketing Management

1981 Institute CERAN Spa Belgium – Passed advanced course in French for Sales Management

I naturally attended many other Company internal and external management and communication courses during my career

Other Work

I have been an examiner in Business English at the Bielefeld Chamber of Commerce and Industry (Industrie-und Handelskammer Ostwestfalen zu Bielefeld) for thirty years, and for the last fifteen Chairman of the Examining Board. Five years ago I was presented with a certificate commemorating 25 years voluntary service to the IHK, an honour which very few English people have received here in Bielefeld

| Sims | Oswald Follett | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

**In Memory of**

**OSWALD FOLLETT SIMS**

Private 24644
1st Bn., Hampshire Regiment
who died on
Monday 22nd January 1917.
Age 19.






Son of Ebenezer and Elizabeth Sims, of The School House, Bishop's Waltham, Hants.

**Cemetery:** GROVE TOWN CEMETERY, MEAULTE, Somme, France

**Grave Reference/Panel Number:** II. M. 8.

**Location:** Meaulte is a village a little south of Albert. Leave Albert by heading south-east on the D329 in the direction of Meaulte. Go through the village of Meulte in the direction of Bray-sur-Somme. After leaving Meulte, 2.5 kilometres down the road turn right towards Etinehem (C6) heading south. The first CWGC signpost is at this turn off. Follow the C6 for 0.8 kilometres and then follow the second CWGC signpost indicating a right turn down a dirt track. Carry straight on down the dirt track for 0.4 kilometres and Grove Town British Cemetery is on the left-hand side of this track.

**Historical Information:** In September 1916, the 34th and 2/2nd London Casualty Clearing Stations were established at this point, known to the troops as Grove Town, to deal with casualties from the Somme battlefields. They were moved in April 1917 and, except for a few burials in August and September 1918, the cemetery was closed. Grove Town Cemetery contains 1,392 First World War burials. The cemetery was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens.

| Sinclair | J.H. | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

1st XI Soccer Captain 1922

12/1923 **An Experience of a Coal Mine.**

I appeared at the Colliery, Colgnant Colliery it is called, but no one knew anything about me, so I got the manager on the 'phone (he was down the pit), and he came up to fetch me. I was informed that I was an official, and given a 3-foot stick, divided up into inches; that was the badge of office. I was

also given an oil lamp (a specially light one, made of aluminium for officials). I then stepped into the cage, and down I went. I shall never forget that! I seemed to leave my inside at the pit top. The pit is 600 feet deep ,and they let you down in about one  minute, something like 30 m.p.h., because they slow it up a lot for officials, etc. It is all right after the accelerating is finished, but until then it was awful. After a few days you are used to it, and then you rather enjoy it—at least I did.

I didn't get much encouragement on arriving at the pit bottom, for the first thing my eyes fell on, was a man being carried out on a stretcher—you can guess how I felt. I thought of nearly half-a mile of earth above me, and the pit on one side; but the others didn't mind.

Colgnant, 1 believe, has one of the best pit bottoms in the country. It is high and very wide, all arched up, of course, and electrically lit for the first hundred yards along the headings. As we proceeded along the road, my spirits sank decidedly; the top became low, I could only see a few yards with my lamp, and the roof was held up only by pieces of timber which were badly cracked and had, in places, fallen away. I tried to make a mental calculation of the weight of half-a-mile of earth. Every now and then a piece of rock would fall from the roof with a bump. I was told "not to touch the top, because it was loose."

We proceeded as far as the double parting in the rails; it is the same as the places on the Gosport tram line, where the trams pass each other. The full trams or trucks of coal are brought by horses up to one side, and when the "journey" is ready, a signal is sent to the pit bottom, where the winding engine hauls out an empty journey which arrives eventually on the other side of the parting. The rope (it is a steel hawser really, and works on the endless system) is then transferred to the full journey which is hauled to the pit, and raised to the top.

Going in from the double parting, the roof became still lower and still looser, while water made an appearance on the floor, and was often as much as a foot deep.

We then came to the face, where the coal is cut. Each collier works in his own tunnel, with a boy, and the tunnels are supposed to run parallel to each other, all of them leading off the main heading. The stalls, as they are called, are all joined along the face, so that all the coal is used. The spaces between the stalls are "gobbed up" with "muck," that is to say, they put the rock, etc., there. Anything that isn't coal is "muck." They also fill in all old stalls except those they want for airways. We crawled on our hands and knees along the coal-face, which was about 2ft. 6in. high, visiting all the stalls in that district. We then had to go through a "roof up," that is to say, a hole in the floor of our seam at an angle of about 40 degrees to another seam, which was about 30 yards below us. 1 was told to sit on my heels, and slide down, which I did after a fashion, but I was glad when it was over, for the wind was against us, and the dust we raised was enough to choke anyone. We then repeated the process of going round the coal-face. Half-way round this district I gave my lamp a bang, and out it went. I was given another, while a boy was sent back to the lamp room to get mine re-lighted.

Another experience that I disliked intensely was inspecting a fall (the first I'd seen). We came to a part of the stall where about three tons of the roof had fallen in. We walked straight on to this mound of earth, and the manager and the agent, who were also with us, proceeded to poke the top with their sticks. I was expecting to be buried under another three tons any minute ; but they only got a piece weighing about two pounds, down, and that caught one of them on the knee, which made him retire, and I followed, quickly. All the colliers speak Welsh, with a few English words stuck in, but I can't grasp it at all, especially as no two of them speak the same way, and one half doesn't understand the other. Coming up the pit for the first time, I found my legs doubling up under me owing to the speed at which they lifted us.

The day's work is not over when you are back home. You are black from head to foot, and it takes nearly an hour to get clean. The eyes are the hardest part to clean, because the coal dust goes right to the very edge of the lid, and doesn't come off at all willingly, with the result that your eyes suffer.

All your clothes give off clouds of coal dust when you touch them, even your underclothes, of which you have got to have a lot, because one minute you are in the cold air that has just come down the pit, and the next you are in the hot return air that has been all round the workings, when you promptly shed coat and waistcoat. Boots are also a problem. You kick an ordinary pair to pieces in a week, but if you get heavy ones with iron tips and heels, you are fit to drop after walking all the morning, especially as your back is nearly broken from bending in the low roads.

Those, however, are details which fade into insignificance (in my estimation, anyway) beside the hours that are kept. I have to be down the pit at *half-past six* in the morning, which means catching the six o'clock train, for which I have to rise at *5 a.m.*! I nearly 'chucked' mining when I heard that. However, I come home at one, and sleep till about five in the evening to make up for it.

**J.H.S**

| **Smart** | Brian | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

## The Last Challenge!



I am now back in Jamaica and just have to tell you about Brian Smart's incredible athletic feat last Saturday.

He arrived on **Monday** night and after an 'aperitif" chez mes amis, we had dinner and started to catch up on 50 years past.

On **Tuesday** morning we rode halfway up the col d'Aspin to gauge his fitness, using his heart rate monitor.

On **Wednesday** we went to the top of the col de Soulor and rode across the Cirque du Litor to the top of the col d'Aubisque and back again.

**Thursday** was serious, in gloomy conditions we rode up to the top of the col d'Aspin and back. Not bad for a guy with 400km in his legs, I have 6000 this year.

**Friday** was wet so we booked Saturday for the col de Tourmalet and Brian had an extra motivation because he was sponsored for cancer patients if he made it. Frankly I was pessimistic.

**Saturday** morning I got on the computer and checked the pinpoint weather forecast they have in the mountains. It looked bleak but possibly clearing up later in the day.

Any way at 10am Brian, my son Adrien who had come down specially and a French neighbour

Christian, aged 68, who had never done the Tourmalet, all bright-eyed and bushy tailed, were assembled in front of the sign in the village that gives you the bad news that the pass is open and how high it is. We took the obligatory photo and started off on the 17km odyssey.

The first 5km are fairly easy until you arrive at a village called Gripp. Brian rode up the first steep slope and we had our first stop to bring his pulse rate down on the monitor.

We continued and it started to rain, lightning and thunder. Me the old mountain man would have gone home, but the pilgrims for this Holy Grail were still looking upwards to heaven.

We continued on to the really steep parts and I motivated Brian with "it's only 4km to La Mongie the ski station where you can have a rest and a cup of hot chocolate", At this stage the clouds came down and we were riding in the cloudy tunnel, but the road was going upwards.

We came to the really steep piece before La Mongie and I told Brian that this was where Lance Armstrong had asked Roberto Heras to slow down in the Tour of France, Brian said something about we don't have EPO!

We got to La Mongie and the crew plus the two female team managers went into my favourite restaurant for a large cup of hot chocolate. I then played my trump cards, "remember I buy lunch and unlimited alcohol for anyone who makes it to the top and the souvenir shop now sells "Tourmalet' jersies for those who make it".

We reluctantly left the warm haven and tackled the 13% slope in the middle of La Mongie and the sun started to appear, 4km to the Holy Grail. We climbed onwards and upwards and had a momentary rest when a herd of horses blocked the road. There is a sign at every kilometre showing the height and the gradient for the next kilometre and Brian was hallucinating with the numbers, despite the fact that he is a maths guru.

Whilst it was obvious he was going to make it we tried to talk him up, when we went by the 1 km sign he said "was that two to go?"

We then came to the last big hairpin bend,about 500 metres from the top and we rode off to make sure that the ladies were in the right spot with the camera.



**Le Col du Tourmalet** elevation 2,115 m (6,939 ft)) is one of the highest paved mountain passes in the French Pyrenees, in the department of Hautes-Pyrénées. Sainte-Marie-de-Campan is at the foot on the eastern side and the ski station La Mongie two-thirds of the way up.

It was quite a moving moment when the St. Raphael jersey  our old team) came round the sharp turn before the top and the 20% slope  and a very happy Brian achieved the impossible, climb the Tourmalet with virtually no kilometres in the legs. He did have a very low gear!

At this stage it was hugs, kisses and photos and the stern instruction from me, the old pro, “put something warm on”. We also went and bought the Tourmalet souvenir jersies, I should be on commission!

We then went into the restaurant, perched on the side of the rock, plastered with photos and memorabilia of the Tour of France in yesteryear, and had a substantial French lunch, copious red wine and a dazed Brian asking, “Is this really the top, are you sure there is not another bend?” Honestly I said to him:  “that was nothing to do with your legs, this was a test of your mind and your character”. How could anyone in their seventies do better than that?

Having taken 3 and a quarter hours riding time we came to the fun bit. When I told Brian that we would be home in 20 minutes, he thought I was joking, actually it took us 26 minutes, we were careful on the descent, so as not to spoil a significant day!

Brian and his wife Liz (another story worth recounting) invited everyone to dinner in their hotel and we had a great time to end a perfect day.

| Smith | Alan E., C.B.E., **F.R.S.** | Dates |
|---|---|---|



## Dr Alan E. Smith CBE FRS

The Society is absolutely delighted to hear from Dr Alan E. Smith who writes how Tom Hilton inspired him to go to Christ's College, Cambridge, to become involved in the hugely influential Laboratory of Molecular Biology in Cambridge and work and life in the US ultimately leading to Alan's election to the Royal Society in 2010.

Sadly, Tom Hilton died in 2006 at the age of 93 but he would have been thrilled that his protégé had been elected by his peers to the legendary Royal Society.

To understand just how great an honour this election to the Royal Society is, it is worth reading something of the history of the Society here; https://royalsociety.org/about-us/history/
There is also an explanation of the motto of the Society "Nullius in verba".

My name is Alan Smith and I was at Price's from September 1957 until Autumn 1963. I went on to Christ's College, Cambridge, on the recommendation of Tom Hilton, and then did a PhD in Molecular Biology. I started my career in Academia in the UK and was Head of Biochemistry at the National Institute of Medical Research in Mill Hill, when in 1984 I as head-hunted to the nascent biotechnology industry in Boston, Massachusetts. I spent my entire career in the US, building a company, Genzyme, from start-up to 12,000 people; but we eventually got acquired by the Pharma company Sanofi, whereupon I retired. I now live in Wayland MA. I have 5 grown children who live mostly on the west coast of US.

I visit UK very often, and have recently been researching my Family Tree. As it happens, my paternal Family comes from the Meon Valley and remarkably (considering your address) I have roots going back at least 250 years in Meonstoke! Indeed, I stayed at the Bucks Head last Fall while visiting in part to view my Grand Father's old farm, Cott Street, in Swanmore, which is presently on the market.

I have very happy memories of Price's and note that you are planning a 300-year anniversary celebration next year. Assuming that by that time we are back to something resembling normal, I plan to attend. I have a few items of memorable, that I would gladly share if of interest.

Yours very sincerely,

***Dr Alan E Smith CBE FRS***
*Lady Margaret Beaufort Fellow, Christ's College, Cambridge, UK*
*Chairman, Cambridge in America, New York, NY, USA*

Fred Sanger, mentioned in the CV, was one of only four people to win the Nobel Prize twice, the others being Marie Curie, Linus Pauling and John Bardeen. Only Sanger and Bardeen have won twice in the same category.

Alan has also been a tremendously important financial friend to Cambridge through his Chairmanship of Cambridge in America.

As for my story, feel free to circulate if you think it would be of interest. If you need more detail, I attach a short CV and photo written in 2012 when I was made a Fellow at Christ's College. I have recently posted a couple of old pictures from the Prices days on the Fareham Nostalgia FB page; I attach a more recent mug shot.

Finally, Cambridge in America is the representative body of the University and Colleges of Cambridge in the America's; we are an alumni relations and fundraising organisation with a staff of 25 in NYC and board members throughout the country. I'm proud to say that during my time in the chair we have raised more that $400M for Collegiate Cambridge.

**Alan E. Smith, CBE FRS PhD** is the Chairman of Cambridge in America. He served as Chief Scientific Officer and Senior Vice-President of Research at Genzyme Corporation for over two decades, before which he was Vice President and Scientific Director at Integrated Genetics. Dr. Smith was a founding director of Cambridge in America and rejoined the Board in 2011. He holds a BA in biochemistry and a PhD in molecular biology from the University of Cambridge, matriculating at Christ's College in 1964. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Through both his research and work in industry, Alan Smith has made many significant discoveries in diverse areas such as protein synthesis, genetics and the nature of cystic fibrosis. In his early work, Alan furthered the scientific understanding of the genetic code by identifying that the first codon of messenger RNA to be transcribed during protein synthesis is typically AUG, encoding the amino acid methionine.

He revealed the genome structure of simian virus 40, a DNA virus found in both humans and monkeys that can cause tumours. His subsequent work at the biotechnology company Genzyme, where he was Chief Scientific Officer and Senior Vice-President of Research, has aided in the development of drugs to treat a variety of medical disorders.
In addition to being a Fellow of the Royal Society, Alan was elected as a Member of EMBO in 1980 and in 2005, he was awarded a CBE. He also serves on a number of scientific advisory boards, including those at the Cancer Research UK Cambridge Institute and the Massachusetts Life Sciences Center.

His CV follows:

## Alan E Smith CBE FRS PhD

## Lady Margaret Beaufort Fellow, Christ's College, Cambridge.

I feel very honoured to be elected a Lady Margaret Beaufort Fellow and to become formally associated with the Fellowship.
I matriculated at Christ's in 1964 and read Natural Sciences. I went on to do a PhD at the Laboratory of Molecular Biology in Fred Sanger's Division. This was during perhaps the golden age of molecular biology, with every day made all the more exciting by the presence there of Francis Crick, Sydney Brenner and the many other illustrious scientists both established and newly emerging.
I spent number of years at the Imperial Cancer Research Fund and in 1980 was appointed Head of

Biochemistry at the National Institute for Medical Research. Rather than spend the rest of my career there, as I had considered likely, in 1984 I was headhunted to the fledgling biotechnology industry in Boston Massachusetts. For the next 27 years, as head of Science, I helped develop Genzyme into a worldwide healthcare business with eventually over 12,000 employees. I retired from full time employment at the end of 2011 shortly after the company was acquired by Sanofi.

My scientific work initially was on the genetic code in eukaryotes, but later involved studies of protein synthesis, gene organisation and function of the transforming proteins of small tumour viruses, protein trafficking especially to the nucleus, and latterly the disease, cystic fibrosis.

I became more actively involved again with Christ's and with Cambridge in America during Alan Munro's Mastership, and I have greatly enjoyed taking part in the fundraising events associated with the many anniversaries and Campaigns we have celebrated over the last 10 years. I look forward to more campaigning, especially to fund bursaries to cover increasing undergraduate fees.

## Dr Alan Smith CBE FRS

Through both his research and work in industry, Alan Smith has made many significant discoveries in diverse areas such as protein synthesis, genetics and the nature of cystic fibrosis. In his early work, Alan furthered the scientific understanding of the genetic code by identifying that the first codon of messenger RNA to be transcribed during protein synthesis is typically AUG, encoding the amino acid methionine.

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## Alan Smith (geneticist)

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

**Alan Edward Smith** CBE FRS (born 9 October 1945) is a British geneticist who was Chief Scientific Officer of Genzyme from 1996 to 2011.

He was educated at Price's School, Fareham, Christ's College, Cambridge (BA, 1967) and completed his PhD at the MRC Laboratory of Molecular Biology in 1984. He was head of the biochemistry division at the National Institute for Medical Research in Mill Hill, London from 1980 to 1984. He revealed the genome structure of SV40, a DNA virus found in both humans and monkeys which can cause tumours..

He is on the boards of Arecor Therapeutics plc and Candel Therapeutics.

He was made a CBE in the 2005 New Year Honours for services to biotechnology research and to British trade development in the USA.[5] He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 2010.

Alan E. Smith CBE FRS has, of course, a stellar background in Molecular Biology dating back to the late sixties. He published extensively on the genetic code in eukaryotes; protein biosynthesis; gene organisation and function of the transforming proteins of small tumour viruses; protein trafficking especially to the nucleus; and the inherited disease, cystic fibrosis. He writes about his experience of COVID as follows:

I have had an extremely mild case of COVID, in that although I tested positive on May 14th, the only ill effect that I suffered was a dry cough the evening before, which is what prompted me to test myself. Later that same day I began a 5-day course of paxlovid and I tested negative by May 22nd. However, on May 24th the CDC issued a warning about so-called paxlovid rebound, and learning of this prompting me to test myself again and found myself positive on May 30th. I remained symptom free the whole time and tested negative again last Thursday June 2nd and again today.

It appears that once again COVID SARS 19 is surprising us. As yet there is no convincing explanation for this course, but it seems to be commonly observed. Perhaps it reflects one of the mechanisms of action of the drug (that is, a protease inhibitor) which possibly leads to the subsequent release of cleaved antigen - but not active virus. It almost certainly also means that the 5-day drug course is too short, even though as yet the CDC does not recommend extending it.

The end result it that I suffered little from illness but more so from the inconvenience of isolating, being unable to travel and constant mask wearing (even though I may well have not have been infectious). After 2 years plus, there is much still to learn about this virus, its variants and the resulting course of disease.

Alan has also sent some photos and writes:

I heard from my classmate Brian Turner that the event was well attended and much enjoyed and he told me that another person from our year also attended - Jeremy Thomas. I remember him well and even have a photograph including him taken surreptitiously (with a camera hidden in a pencil case) during an RI class with 'Duck' Mollard sometime around 1960.



*L-R: David Howard-Jones, AS, JJ Thomas. RA Lewis*

Ed: Please see also, the Lion Pride Chapter on the **WP300 4th Anniversary**, for Alan's speech, delivered *in absentia.*

| Smith | Dr. Phil. | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|



I seem to remember him arriving circa 1964 - he taught us sixth formers organic chemistry - we sometimes referred to him as "sniffer" due to his habit of encouraging us to inhale the aromas of organic compounds we had made - his particular favourite was ethyl acetate or "pear drops" - - I hope he didn't start a trend for inhaling other substances - I still love the smell of those compounds - give me a highlighter pen and I'm anybodies!!

I also remember that he became a father around 1965 time - it might have been his first one as seemed so a) overjoyed and b) knackered - obviously due to lack of sleep.

Dr. Phil Smith left to go to Tauntons in Southampton.

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**George Heyd-Smith**

| Smith | Mr. E.W. | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

Roy Daysh wrote:

In these days it is common for staff to leave after a year or two. Mr. E Smith left in July after 20 years with us. He was here a long time in Mr. Ashton's era and served with Messrs, Shaw, Thacker, Royds-Jones, Garton and Mollard, to name but a few whom Old Priceans remember with pleasure.

Everyone at School will miss him greatly both as a House-master of Blackbrook and Mathematics teacher. We all wish him a long and happy retirement in his new home in Brighton.

Charles Evans writes:

It is somewhat of a surprise to see Mr Smith (nickname Smudge) among those listed of which little is known. Please feel free to use any of this memoir.

On arrival at Price's, on our very first day in September 1954, we the new boys, were retained in the Hall, where we stood patiently to be divided into two classes 2A and 2B.

The Headmaster Mr Ashton was there with his deputy Mr Shaw and two prospective form masters, one a somewhat gruff looking untidy man, Mr Smith, and the other a rather dapper, somewhat younger looking man who was smiling and appeared friendly, Mr Garton.



To a boy, I feel sure we all hoped to be assigned to Mr Garton. However since my surname was near the start of the alphabet, I was assigned to Mr Smith.

Any disappointment I may have had evaporated quickly over the next few days because we soon found out that Mr Garton was a strict disciplinarian who seemed to hold all boys in withering contempt.

Mr Smith on the other hand was a very friendly and kind man. Too kind in fact because the class played him up a lot and got away with it. He taught mathematics but was not a particularly inspiring teacher although undoubtedly he did his best. When he turned to the blackboard, paper aeroplanes would frequently descend on to his gown. His gown of course was very chalky as indeed was he.

His best attempts to achieve discipline were to bang his desk lid, shouting over the din in his gruff voice: "If I have to bang this desk lid you will all stay behind for 5 minutes!"

Bang - chaos continued

"Right! If I have to bang the lid again you will stay behind for 10 minutes" - bang - again chaos continued but eventually things quietened down.

At the end of the lesson, when the bell went, he would invariably have forgotten what he had said and we would all leave.

He had a distinctive walk in which his right leg seemed unable to bear his weight so that he dropped down on that side. His briefcase which he always carried would then almost touch the ground. I remember on one occasion some boy had vomited in the corridor and Mr Smith oblivious to this fact made his way down. Whether there was a tidemark on his briefcase or whether this is my imagination, I cannot with any certainty say.

I once had the temerity to ask Mr Thacker during an informal class gathering, when we were talking about various masters, if he knew whether Mr Smith had been injured during the war and that had resulted in a leg injury.

Mr Thacker replied that if I wished to know that, I should ask Mr Smith himself but he left me in no doubt whatever that it was none of my business and, quite correctly, indicated that it was impertinent of me to enquire.

I think Mr Smith was a very kind person and we were all lucky to have him as a form master and I regret that we didn't value him then as much as we should have done.

**Charles Evans**

***Ed:-*** *Charles refers to "playing-up" Mr Smith – well, as people breathe, so we did what Charles says. Some of the antics were not so nice, but not atypical of the humour of that era:*

*In those days – 2nd half of the 1950s, pupils had a daily 1/3rd of a bottle of milk – meant for drinking, but often secreted away en masse in Smudges old, wooden bookcase, wherein lie jumbled assortments of books providing a cover for these festering time bombs. Temperature-dependent, it might be many days before the nauseous aroma wafted from the cupboard to pollute the room – front-row sitters got the first wave. Disapproving noises of the foul smell eventually led to the cupboard doors being opened and the source of the pong revealed, some of the fermenting liquid was still in sealed bottles, and others' spillages had permeated into the books!*



*E.W.S. with an untroubled smile on his face.*

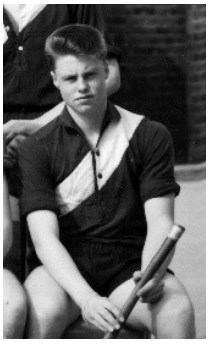
*At this juncture in life, I wish, and I hope lots of others do too, that we had been nicer to this gentle man, a good mathematician, who only wanted us to do well. And now, I want to say sorry to him ….*

| **Smith** | R.O. (Dick) | Dates | 1955 - 1962 |
|---|---|---|---|

Unfortunately/apologetically, I have not come across any OPs since - with the exception of really infrequent contacts with Tommy Hunt, who probably started with you in 2a. (He and I were good buddies, having gone to the Primary School in Titchfield; I think he left after O Levels).

I must congratulate you on the sterling work you've been doing on this Price's project. I can well imagine the amount of time that it is taking and its impact on "normal" life's activities. Splendid work on all counts!

Yes, we entered Price's in the same year intake (1955); alphabetically, I started in 2b; the next term in 3b and after a term, then moved up into 3a (along with



*1st Xi Hockey 1961*

Peter Kiddle and Paul Gritt). That (move) was a rather strange and intimidating affair, joining an already established group. The first person I was placed next to was Michael Edinberry. Thence onto 4a and into 5 Arts and then the Sixth Form. There is a photograph on the website of, I think, U6Arts, with all my contemporary reprobates, Mike Duffy and Paskins included.

I left Price's in the Summer of 1962 for a BA(Hons) Geography course at Southampton University and graduated in 1965. By which time at the end of the third year I had little idea of what to do in life. I knew what I didn't want to do - teaching; banking/accountancy; or a "stale" Civil Service job (see later!). I fancied something that combined practical implementation along with research. With due respect to John Chaffey, I felt that a degree in Geography qualified you for nothing in particular, except pub quizzes and game shows. When I approached the Careers Chap and mentioned Town & County Planning I got little by way of a response, except "sounds interesting; go for it!".

After making a few applications (mainly to northern and midland universities) I got a place at Leeds School of Planning - a 2 year PG course leading to a Dip TP. During that course, I got a job with Staffordshire County Council and got married. Two years into the job, I still felt that my grip on details (beyond common-sense) was missing and joined a MSc Engineering course at Birmingham Civ Eng Dept, studying highways & transportation. This I greatly enjoyed and felt more at ease.

In 1974, when Local Government was being up-heaved, I took the opportunity to move and join a big metropolitan authority - West Yorkshire Met, and to settle in Wakefield, where we still live. Come the dismantling of the Mets (along with the GLC) in 1986, I moved to a post with Sheffield District Council in planning, highways & transportation - another enjoyable experience throughout. In 1994, I then moved to a post in Wiltshire, from which I retired in 2003. After about 18 months of ill content retirement, I took up a (Civil Service!) post in the Planning Inspectorate until 2010 and then retired fully.

Along the way, still chasing details, I digressed into social science & politics with a MSocSc from Birmingham and a MBA from Leeds. I continued to play hockey for a goodly number of years - really until the introduction of Astro pitches took hold and showed that I was unable to keep up with the play. I never really followed the umpire dream.

Many thanks for forwarding Roger Starkey's Major Sports Roll Call. I found it really interesting, with particular names leaping off the pages eg: Pete Tudge; Tim Pugh etc. Having read it, I wonder if I might have a supplemental to my CV by adding 1st XI Hockey to the list? Many thanks.

Best Wishes, **Dick Smth.**

1st XI Soccer Captain 1961. 1962 Badminton team. 1962 With M.D. Thomas, was losing Finalist in the School Tennis Doubles. 1972 Tennis Team

**Ed:** Dickie Smith was a great Sportsman, See Lion Pride Minor and Major Sports Chapters

| **Smith** | Sidney (Paddy) Sutton | Dates | 1911 - 1917 |
|---|---|---|---|

## Halt! Who Goes There?

Sidney (Paddy) Sutton Smith (The Lion 90th Anniversary issue, March 1998)

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

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

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

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

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

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



*Paddy's Paint Job! 1917*

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

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

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

In Maths classes Bradly said there were now many thousands or our troops in France who were getting used to decimal currency and found it much easier than the 12 pence to the shilling and 20 shillings to the pound. He suggested 1000 cents to the pound, the cent bing close in value to the farthing – then a usable coin, e.g. for a "sherbert sucker" sweet. Henceforth we were to use that in any money problems.

Pretty good thought although forty year ahead of its actuality. *(**Ed** – strange that Bradly chose 100 cents, when cent clearly means 100, better to have suggested mille, implying 1000*)

## "BEHIND THE SCENES."

### IX. – A Deck Officer in the Merchant Service.

By S. S. SMITH (December 1932)

Sir John Strachey once said that there was no such country as India and that the Indians as a people did not exist. The same reasoning might very well be applied to the British Merchant Service, a collection of private companies each running their ships in their own way, but with a background of discipline, necessary factors for Safety of Life at Sea, and qualifications of officers supplied by the marine Department of the Board of Trade.

There are three grades of necessary certificates, second mate, mate, and master; also a further voluntary one, extra-master. Before sitting for the first exam, the candidate must be able to show four years' satisfactory service at sea, in some suitable rating on deck, usually, but not necessarily, that of apprentice or cadet. For mate's and master's exams, he must show further periods of service at sea as an officer in charge of a watch. The minimum age at which a candidate is allowed to present himself for the first exam is twenty, and for that of master, twenty-three, but under modern conditions the average age of obtaining the last certificate is about twenty-five. The exams, are now tolerably difficult, the theory being mainly mathematics, especially trigonometry, and the practical side requiring a considerable amount of memory work combined with a good reasoning mind for solving the ever-lasting problems which beset the mariner.

Many fellows start their career at sea by serving two or three years in one of the training schools – Worcester, Conway, Pangbourne, - where the education is mainly nautical, with a thorough grounding in the allied subjects. After a satisfactory course of not less than two years at one of these schools, the candidate for second mate is required to show only three years' sea service instead of four. The fees are approximately £100 to £150 per annum.

A few companies require a premium for the period of apprenticeship, but that is not customary at present. Apart from board, keep, and medical attendance whilst on a voyage, an apprentice's pay is usually nominal. All seamen are paid by the calendar month at a rate decided by the National Maritime Board and in accordance with the size of the ship. For a foreign-going cargo steamer of from 5,000 to 7,000 tons they are:-

| | |
|---|---|
| Third Mate | £10 : 17 : 0 |
| Second Mate | £13 : 1 : 0 |
| First Mate | £16 : 0 : 0 to £20 : 14 : 0 |

There are no fixed rates for officers of passenger ships, not for Captains in any ships. These rates do not give any idea of what to expect at any particular age, as the promotion rate is so variable, also in many companies there is no pay whilst waiting between voyages. Annual leave on full pay at the rate of one fortnight per completed year of service was granted from the 1st July 1929. Owing to the present slump this order is in abeyance, and is only granted by the bigger companies.

The sea is not today the hard life Danae wrote about some hundred years ago, but it still requires unremitting watchfulness and attention to duties in often unpleasant surroundings, with extremes of heat and cold. A few seconds' indecision may mean the loss of hundreds of lives and millions of property. For the duration of the voyage the ship is the sailor's home, work, and pleasure. A mate is required to be a sailor, lawyer, policeman, doctor, and mathematician, and when in addition he can see mistakes in the work of skilled carpenters, shipwrights, plumbers, painters and blacksmiths, not to mention soothing irritated passengers with the aplomb of a maître d'hôtel, he will make a very suitable chief officer for a passenger ship. Then, in the course of time, he will attain the exalted rank of commander of a liner and be answerable for the deficiencies of all the other departments of a ship in addition to the one in which he was brought up. **Paddy Smith**

A few weeks ago, the Telegraph deaths announcements had one for Brigadier R.B.Scott. No age given, only a connection to an Indian Army regiment, so I was uncertain about bringing it to your notice. Now, a full biography make it certain it was Scott 2, at Price's.

My mother and I were on holiday, stopping with an aunt in Bristol when war was declared on 4th August 1914. Like a good aunt, she took us to Cheddar Gorge and caves. This was the furthest I had been from Fareham, so you can imagine my surprise when walking back to the station there was a sudden shout of "SMITHY"! In front of a house facing the Cross were several Price's boys – the two Scott brothers and Ridsdale who, having parents in India, were permanent boarders. Scott 1 and

Ridsdale were in the death notices some three years ago. Ridsdale was a popular boy and excelled at Sports and athletics. At the School concert in Portland hall in 1913, he and Mrs Bradley brought the house down singing "Two goldfish swam in a little glass bowl." Scott 2 and I were in the Geisha chorus.

Coming to the present day (1995), it took me two years to find an old lady who not only knew the owner of the house but still wrote to the youngest daughter. She promised to write at once and the following came back: Two Teek boys went to Price's. Peter who went to Canada and died two years ago aged 89, and Rob, who retired to Rhodesia. Price's was opened up and run for many years by Neville Price (sic) who was up at Cambridge with Daddy. Daddy being Mr Teek, a solicitor and owner of the house. (Bradly's initials were SRN (Nevil), so the daughter must have erred in writing Price!)

I lived in Southampton Rd, at the bottom of the School field. Opposite were the four Swaffields. My ship went into Dieppe and there was a letter from Geoff suggesting I come up to Paris where he and his brother were working. He had tickets for the All Blacks v Paris match where we sat in the row behind the distinguished guests. They were of course, given a priority exit in which we managed to join. At the gate there was a bit of a scrum and I managed to tread on the toes of a man who gave me a withering look. Outside, the President of France was stepping into his car and behind it a Rolls-Royce, a top-hatted man ushering in my victim. "Who are those?" I asked. "Top hat is your Ambassador, and funny hat is your Chancellor, Winston Churchill." Life was never dull with the Swaffields.

Bradly told us one day that he was introducing decimalisation into any Money sums as it seemed almost certain with so many people now using it in France that it would be introduced in England. His pound had 1000 milles, a mille being close to a farthing, which could then still buy something. The next year I was in New York and found 100 cents to the dollar very easy. Pity his prophecy only came true 50 years later.

**Ed:** An interesting and prophetic harbinger of events all those years later – decimalisation of the currency (Feb. 1971)!

**04/31**

S. S. SMITH is on S.S. Rovuma at Beira, Portuguese East Africa, a vessel specially built for the coasting trade, with large capacity and a light draught, which makes it possible to go in and out of the many rivers which lie between Beira and Moyambique. Beira is the nearest port to Rhodesia, and has a railway form Nyasaland; between it and Moyambique are Chinde, which exports fisal and sugar; Quelimare, Macuse and Pabaanc, which all export copra; while Moyambique, a big shipping port, exports maize and monkey-nuts. The Castle Line intermediate ships make the circuit of Africa, two of them running out by the East Coast and home, by the West, and the other two vice versa, the "Rovuma's" job being to supply the East Coast boats returning via Suez with cargo, usually copra. Just at present things are very quiet as the low prices current at home do not encourage growers to sell their produce. The ship's complement consists of eight white officers, thirteen Indians (carpenter, quartermasters, greasers, cooks and clerks), while the boson, stewards and firemen are natives from anywhere within 500 miles of Beira. As there are only two executive officers besides, the captain's' work is heavy when the ship is going hard, with watches 8-12 p.m. and 4-8, working all day in a shade temperature of 90 degrees. This



*SS Rovuma*

lasts for nine or ten days at a stretch, and then four or five days at Beira, comparatively peaceful, as the shore stevedore gangs are efficient ad will carry on steadily. Up the coast, however, the gangs are raw hands and need constant supervision. For amusements, an occasional dance, or a day's golf with bathing and tennis at intervals, prevents things getting too deadly, but there is plenty of work and no room for slackers.

**07/31**

A letter from S. S. SMITH, who is now on the Union Castle Line, S.S. "Rovuma", Beira, P.E.A.:-

"I ask you as a bright young Scientist – can't you invent an insecticide that does actually cide". The moment I started to write, 51 flies assailed my personage. I advanced to the attack with a swatter, and killed one, the remainder settling on my back. The attacker's casualties were – one electric light bulb dented, one bottle Eno's damaged. It was then decided to outwit them with a gas attack. Accordingly the 'Flit' machine was brought into action. Forty-eight flies immediately donned gas masks and retired into the depths of my bunk, whence they will merge on a surprise night attack at about 23:00. The remaining two having left their masks at home were temporarily fuddled, and dropped down the inside of my shirt where they are now buzzing horribly. I am now contemplating whether to despatch them by leaning up against a wall or undress myself and kill them in the more sanitary method of a good kick.

Meanwhile, the operator of the 'Flit' is

(a) Sneezing frantically,
(b) Half-blinded.

Get to it, my son, and invent a new bug-juice guaranteed to kill all flying animals or insects. I suppose that if it did it would kill all your clothes in the process.

Unlike the gentleman in the December magazine, who complains that he received many requests for subscriptions and no magazines, I have to confess to having received many magazines, no requests for subscriptions and having paid for several years, which is partly the reason why I sent three years' subs, along the other day. Further, as a slight redress, will the A.S.A.P. accept my humble hospitality at No. 9, Fairway, some time in Autumn of this year. I am afraid there won't be more than a week's notice, so perhaps it had better be made an extraordinary meeting."

**Dec 31**

S. S. SMITH, having served for the required time as Chief Officer on a Coastal Steamer in Portugal, East Africa, came home for a month's leave, and sailed again for Africa on October 14th. He is due back in London before Christmas.

**Dec.1932**

S. S. SMITH continues to appear spasmodically in London, and to write interesting letters from the various stopping places of the Union Castle Line. In one letter he says: - "Did you have a good day a School last month? I had the pleasure of being Officer of the Day on that particular date, and, to add insult to injury, they fumigated the ship with cyanide, so that I was harried from one 'Safety Zone' to another, by officious gentlemen in gas-masks. I got fed up with it and retired to bed in my own cabin. I am still alive, and so are the rats, so perhaps the gas-masks are mainly bluff. But we have a beautiful new form called a Deratisation Certificate, to show to Sanitary Authorities the world over. So who cares? I am sure the rats don't.

"We took 200 excursionist passengers with us on our ten days' Continental voyage. One of the cheeriest little trips I have ever been on."

He also has a long tale of woe that although freights, owing to the new tariffs, on his line have ever been more prolific, heavy reductions in staff are taking place, and many officers are being degraded in rank.

| **Smithin** | Tim | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|

*Nov 1970* Another Prices concert/show/review took place "Something to Remember", over 2 nights, with poetry and sketches to broaden the program. 1967/68 1st XV , 1968-9 1st XV.





NB Brother: J.N. 1st XV 1969. 1970 2nd in the County Chess U16 group. 1971 in Portsmouth team.

| **Smyth** (Nee Young) | Joyce | Dates | 1974 - 1976 |
|---|---|---|---|

Prices Sixth Form College 1974-76

I was very lucky to be in the first cohort of girls who transferred after O levels to Prices, although in June 1974 I remember feeling rather cheated that we would not ever be sixth formers at Fareham Girls Grammar -having worked our way up from the rather oddly named form 1Z . In any event, any misgivings about joining a mixed environment were short-lived, and I particularly loved ballroom dancing classes on a Monday night and sixth form "club" ( or should I say the disco) on a Thursday . I also carried on plonking my guitar and singing at every opportunity .

Being something of a geek I also enjoyed my A level courses (pure maths, Latin and English) but struggled to think what I might do with these subjects. I hit upon law almost by accident and was encouraged by a group of boys in the year above to think about applying to Oxbridge. This seemed to me a preposterous idea as no one in my family had ever been to any university but I went along with it and took the entrance exam 4th term (principally so I could keep in touch with those lads who left in summer 75 and were taking it at the same time as me -their 7th term ) . I owe these lads a lot as well as Barbara Norris who taught Latin as absent their encouragement I would never have contemplated giving it all a go. I also owe them for suggesting I enter a rather random youth competition which gave me the opportunity to sing at the Royal Albert Hall in a show compeered by Rolf Harris – enough said!

In October 1976 I went to Clare College Cambridge to read Law. I fell in love both with my husband but also with a group called Telephone Bill and the Smooth Operators who I thought were the coolest people I had ever met. Through them I became a stalwart of the Towns Folk Club and I also ran Clare's Folk and Jazz club where I tried my hand at promoting -somehow I never quite balanced the books but I learnt a valuable lesson for my later years which was ALWAYS balance the books ! Certainly I was smitten with the idea of doing something at least connected to show business though this was to be a plan lengthy in its gestation. I had to manage for the time being with singing in the Roundabout Hotel Fareham during the holidays until I graduated.

After leaving Cambridge I joined city law firm Theodore Goddard in March 1991, becoming a partner in 1989. I had my son Will in 1990 and my daughter Rachel in 1993. In 1997 I left to form my own law firm taking with me my principal clients the Rolling Stones. By a very circuitous route I slithered slowly from the law towards artist management finally becoming their full-time manager in 2011.

It has been an extraordinary decade and I truly wake up most days thinking how on earth did I get this job? Mick is always amused when I remind him that my musical influences were really Julie Andrews and David Cassidy but I guess it has served me well not being some sort of uber-fan.

I assumed that I would oversee about 5 shows with them in addition to the record, publishing and merchandise operations. Some 150 shows later we have been around the world twice including an amazing though logistically challenging show in Cuba. I urge any fellow Priceans to watch Ole Ole Ole which is on Netflix and really does give a true picture of what life on their particular road entails.

The last 2 years have been very difficult as they have been for many of you. We lost the wonderful Charlie Watts but I write this having returned from the most amazing series of gigs in the USA to honour a commitment to fans given in 2020. I am also pleased that several old Priceans have been able to see a show – if there are any fans out there be sure to let me know.

My time at Prices really was incredibly happy and I have many fond memories of both people and place. Sad to think the college did not survive for future generations to have the opportunity it gave me and many others.

In conclusion let us all hope for a good 2022 and thank you again the boys who were the class of 1975 -and Barbara Norris.

## Christmas Cruise 1974

Under the watchful eye of Mr Poyner, Mr Briscoe and Miss Heron, a bleary-looking band of Sixth Formers, mies, although to be more accurate, predominantly female with a spattering of the other "type", waved farewell to an equally weary bunch of parents. The vast territories of Russia, Europe and Asia Minor lay ahead.

We arrived at Athens airport after a three-hour flight, fairly uneventful when you consider that our predecessors – the riotous mob of '73, were struck by lightning and were almost forced to make a hasty exit by parachute over the channel. However, saved from such a perilous death, we savoured the delights of the Acropolis, the city and the ruins of Corinth and wondered at Agamemnon's tomb. We were though, rather disillusioned that this huge "bee-hive" had in fact, been built before the patter of Agamemnon's tiny feet was ever heard by the Greeks.

It was only on the second night aboard S.S.Uganda that possibly the most memorable incident, at least as far as Hillary dormitory was concerned, took place. Indeed, this anecdote is still frequently related. Suffice to say that pandemonium broke ,loose when a large plastic dustbin lid was hidden in someone's bed and the South African duty matron, most perturbed by the sight of uncovered refuse, asked in stern, Matronly words "Where is the *leeed* to this *beeen*?" Unaware of the lid's whereabouts, , a yawning "Hillarian" grunted from under the bed-clothes "Wasn't someone playing gladiators with it?" This, of course, met with stern disapproval from the matron, and even sterner from the gladiator in question! Nevertheless, no friendships were broken even if here was some rivalry amongst the 230 girls for the 13 boys!.

It is said that the annual rainfall for Yalta, in the Crimea, is approximately 90 inches, and it rather seemed as if 98.9 of them fell on the day we were there!

Of the events which took place on the ship, while we were actually at sea, the most noteworthy were the quiz, (in which we were placed 3rd), fancy dress competition, the race evening, the carol concert, the captain's cocktail party and tea with Miss Breeze. The captain returned our visit to her cabin, by an untimely entrance into Hillary dormitory later the same evening and various Hillarians were in stages of undress and some were playing 'The Blue Danube' on the taps!

Despite this, we thoroughly enjoyed visiting the palace where the Yalta conference was held after the Second World War, at which Churchill, Stalin and Roosevelt were present. In the afternoon we were given a guided tour of the 'Artek' pioneer camp, where very young soviets are trained to place the mother country first and themselves second. A group of very talented children from Yalta came aboard in the evening, after the Uganda had been thoroughly checked by Russian officials, to take part in a small concert which had been arranged. We all felt that their talent was far superior to ours.

The next port of call was Batumi where we were welcomed by brass bands and throngs of cheering people. We felt particularly honoured since we were the first tourists to visit them in a ship of such considerable size. We spent two days here, which we felt was too long, because although we went on several excursions, it was depressing to see such a spartan existence. (We didn't like the cakes either!!)

The hubbub and bustle of Istanbul was a far cry from the austerity of the Soviet Union which we had left behind. Here was a world of street sellers and pedlars, all eager to thrust their cut-price postcards and beads down your throat! We visited the 'Blue Mosque', St. Sophia and the Topkapi Palace. We were all very impressed by the treasures, especially the 86 carat diamond, the second largest in the world. We spent the afternoon in the acclaimed 'Grand Bazarre' which although an eye opener tended to be over-powering at times. Perhaps it was we who misinterpreted the amiability of the vendors, for lechery!

The coaches at Dubrovnik, our last port of call, were a considerable improvement on those at Yalta, which had leaked and rattled. But it was a shame to think that the cruise was coming to an end. We did in fact have only half a day, which was hardly long enough, to appreciate the beauty of this Yugoslavian resort. We bought and saw as much as we could in the time allowed, and put our legs to good use walking the walls of the old city.

After lunch we waved a cheery farewell to the s.s. Uganda, all hoping that some day we might have another chance to cruise on her in the future. The fortnight had gone all too quickly. We should like to thank those intrepid members of staff who had the energy to keep up with us!

Joyce Young
Sally Alford

**See also: the Price's Creators, Chapter 19 of the Lion Pride. Joyce's maiden name was Young.**

| Spencer | Cpl. Ian Frank | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|



1969 in the Christmas Concert Choir.

1971 with Allen, quite a successful Tennis second pair with Spencer being the team captain. The same side played in all nine matches and were undefeated thus becoming undisputed winners of the league.
1972 saw the formation of the school's first under 19 tennis team. The Grace twins formed the anchor spot for the team and were ably supported by Cooper, Wilson, Spencer I. and Spencer S. The team performed fairly well considering their ages which indicated a potentially auspicious future. Spencer also played for his clubs' senior teams, Park Lane and Sarisbury Green, respectively on numerous occasions. 1971 team. 1973 team. 1974 U19 Tennis team.



1970 Four of the previous year's Tennis team, the Grace twins, Meek and Wilson were still young enough to compete at under 15 and they were joined by newcomers Spencer and Allen who made quite a successful second pair with Spencer being the team captain.

The same side played in all nine matches and were undefeated thus becoming undisputed winners of the league. The Grace twins did not lose a set throughout the season greatly enhancing the confidence of the other pairs and all team members were awarded school colours

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## Ian Frank Spencer: Two Sisters, Falkland Islands -11/12 June 1982

It is nearly 30 years since the surrender of the Argentine forces on 14th June 1982 to end the Falklands War. On Remembrance Sunday we remember former pupil, Cpl Ian Frank Spencer of Zulu company 45 Royal Marine Commando who was killed on 12th June 1982 in the attack on Two Sisters, a key strategic part of the horseshoe defensive line which the Argentineans had created around Port Stanley.




Ian Spencer can be seen in this picture from the 1969 Lion. Although he appeared to be a promising cricketer, he was also mentioned in relation to swimming and judo in later Lions.

His platoon leader, Lt. Clive Dytor wrote:

*Thank you for your enquiry about Cpl Spencer.*

*As a young troop Commander in the same Zulu Company, I was always very impressed by Cpl Spencer's professionalism and wonderful sense of humour, both vital elements in war. He was a Junior leader right at the top of his game and was also an inspiration to his marines. All my memories are positive.*
*I hope this helps in some way. Well done on the work you are doing: I am sure that his family will appreciate this.*

***Clive Dytor***

*The following account was written by* ***Michael Peagram*** *following his 2018 visit to the Falkland Islands, and should remain connected with the Cpl. Ian Spencer and the John Tomkins.*

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Extracts from an article by: By Emma Reynolds , PUBLISHED: 11:07, 30 April 2012: Daily Mail.

In Tribute:

Gordon MacPherson, from Oban, Argyll, died alongside comrade Corporal Frank Spencer during the battle. Both served with Zulu Company, 45 Commando, Royal Marines, which is based in Arbroath.

David MacPherson and Mike Cole, who was the company commander in 1982, are now about to travel the original 120km (75 mile) route across East Falkland and will pay their respects at Two Sisters.

The men will be laden with heavy kit for the long journey - a Marine practice known as a 'yomp' - and will cover 17 miles each day in wintry conditions.

When Mr MacPherson and Mr Cole reach Two Sisters, on their way from Port San Carlos to Stanley, they will stop for a ceremony in honour of the fallen Marines.

A piper from The Highlanders, 4th Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Scotland (4 SCOTS), is expected to play *Nam Anna Le Mo Smaointe*, a Gaelic song which means 'Alone With My Thoughts' and was written for Gordon after he died by family friends Erik Spence and the Reverend John MacLeod.

The idea for the yomp came from Cpl Spencer's son Simon, but he and his brother, Gareth, are no longer able to take part for family reasons.

They will be carrying equipment weighing about 20kg and raising money for the Royal Marines Charitable Trust Fund during the challenge.

They have had a royal seal of approval from the Duke of Edinburgh, who sent them a letter of support last week.

He added: 'We were delighted to receive a letter from HRH the Duke of Edinburgh, as Captain General Royal Marines, commending us and wishing us luck on our expedition, which he indicated was a unique and fitting tribute to Corporal Spencer and Marine MacPherson.'

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Ian Frank Spencer




**Falklands War; Two Sisters**

The Secretary recently visited the Falkland Islands with his wife, Angela and took the opportunity to visit Two Sisters where Price's pupil, Cpl Ian Spencer of Zulu Company, 45 Royal Marine Commando was killed on the night attack on Two Sisters (North) on 11/12th June 1982. The successful attack coupled with that on Mount Tumbledown and other key locations led to the collapse of Argentinian resistance and the surrender on

With the help of arrangements made by John Tompkins, another former pupil who was serving in 3 Para on the Falklands during the war, a very special transport vehicle - an ex-army BV206 - took us to the summit of Two Sisters where a newly erected memorial commemorates Ian Spence and three others who fell with him.

The Memorial showing the Falklands capital, Stanley in the distance approximately over the right corner of the memorial. A cross was left on behalf of the Society in honour of Cpl Ian Spencer and also the container ship, "Atlantic Conveyor", sunk by Exocet attack since Angela used to work for Atlantic Container Lines in Southampton, the operators of the vessel

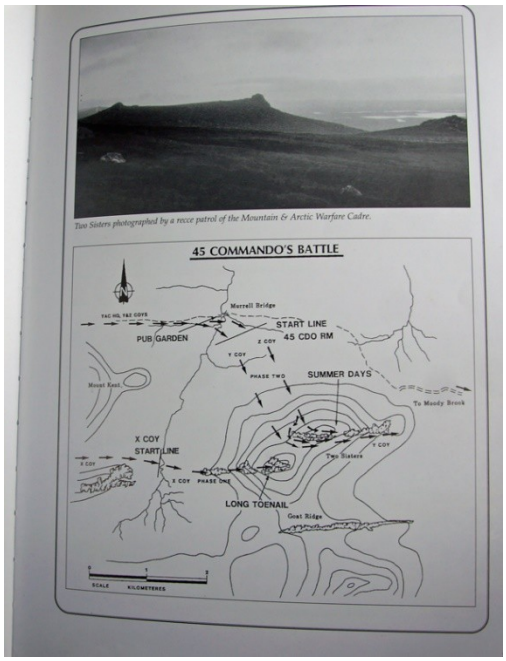






Two Sisters North to the left and South to the right. Cpl Ian Spencer was killed in the attack on Two Sisters North.

Zulu company attacked by night across featureless moorland with no cover. Our knowledgeable guide, Karl, whose family had roots on the Islands stretching back to 1854, told us that Ian Spencer fell about two hundred yards from the objective whilst pinned down by fire.







Our transport a BV206.

The plan of attack as shown in the official RM Commando records. Our guide said that the whole Falklands campaign was recently reviewed by "top brass" and found to be thoroughly sound in the circumstances

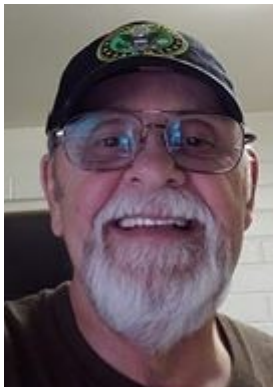
And now, forty years on we still remember this fine man:

## Cpl Ian Spencer - KIA 11/12th June 1982

As the fortieth anniversary of the Falklands Conflict is commemorated we honour the memory of Ian Spencer of Zulu Company, 45 Royal Marines who was killed in action on the night of 11th/12th June 1982.

More memories of Ian may be found here: https://www.societyofoldpriceans.co.uk/Ian_Spencer_Two_Sisters.html

| Stapley | Ronald Frank | Dates | 1939 - 1946 |
|---|---|---|---|

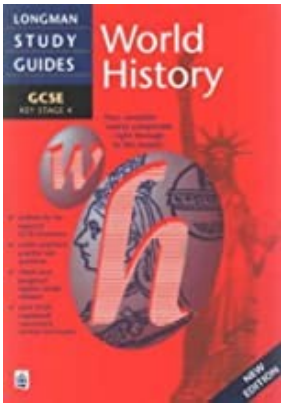


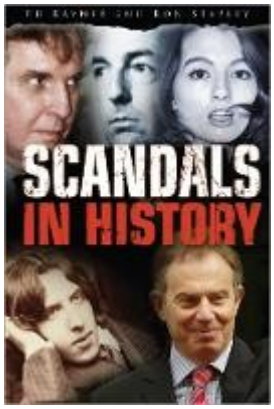
My father's full name was Ronald Frank Stapley.

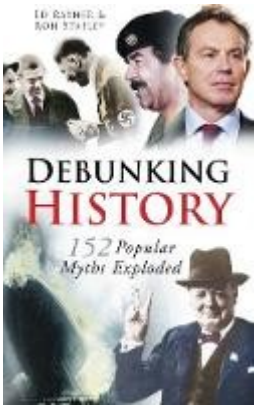
He was born in 1927. He went to Price's school from the age of 11 to 18. He then went on to study History and Latin at Exeter University. He stayed on at Exeter to train as a teacher.

My father taught history and worked as an examiner for various examining boards, mainly London. He also wrote a number of books with a fellow examiner. Many of these were published by OUP.

They also wrote a number of more 'fun' history books, including: Debunking History; 152 Popular Myths Exploded ; Scandals in History; Who was Mr Nobody?:Debunking Historical Mysteries




He absolutely hated wearing the school cap. He couldn't understand younger generations who wore baseball caps as a fashion statement. He thought they looked ridiculous!

| Starkey | Roger | Dates | 1952 - 1958 |
|---|---|---|---|

## Recollections of School Life (Price's 1952-58) by Roger Starkey.

The thing that really impressed me on my first day at Price's, apart that is from the long uphill walk up Trinity Street, was the sight of those spacious green playing fields. At my Junior School we had to walk half way across Gosport to find some grass at Privett Park, but here Price's had this lovely Sports Field all to themselves. So, maybe, it was clear from the start that my heart was going to be on the sports field rather than in the classroom, and so it turned out. I was to be a modest achiever in intellectual terms whilst at Price's. I soon realised that I would have to work hard at my studies if I was going to get near the top of my Form. But it was much more fun to concentrate on the many sporting activities available, where it seemed I had a natural talent. The Junior House matches and then the Colts teams provided me with all the excitement I needed. Eventually, however, O level time brought me up with a shock, and for the first time ever I devoted serious time to study, at school, at home, on the bus, on the beach or wherever. My 6 O levels was a modest return and probably below average for Price's. But I had manage to avoid the disgrace I had feared.



Then several things happened at once. I moved to 6th Form Science and I was now playing 1st XI Hockey, Captaining the Cricket and Football Teams and enjoying sporting success in Athletics and Badminton. All this meant I had a very visible profile and influence over some of the juniors and it was probably why I was made Prefect. When the PE Master became a long term absentee I was pleased when asked to take over some of his duties. Then suddenly the penny dropped for me! I had to somehow separate sport from study if I was ever to achieve anything; and Price's was certainly not going to allow me to do this. However I had learnt a number of things in the last year or two. One of which was how to pass exams; I mean how I personally could pass my exams. Very useful.

Looking back I think Price's did seem to value, not surprisingly, their outstanding academic scholars, those destined to progress to University, above the more modest achievers. I discovered after leaving that they often referred to pupils like me as plodders. What they failed to recognise was that some of us were just as capable if allowed to work at our own pace. And after leaving School I discovered something else that no one at Price's had told me. In the real world your ability to succeed was not limited to your ability to come up with a quick answer. Industry wanted people who were able to consider all the relevant facts, to insist on more information where necessary, and only after that to come up with the right answer.

My other reflection is that progress and performance in school was often directly related to ability and style of individual Masters. I had a certain fascination for mathematics. I was always impressed that it seemed only in maths were you likely to find answers to problems that could, definitively, be proved right or wrong. But, at school no one ever showed me what a beautiful and universal language mathematics was. I had to do discover that for myself later. There was also a complete lack of career counselling, which I think was a serious failure. If anybody had sat me down to discuss career opportunities and ambitions I would have told them I wanted to study "sports science" and I would have been a decade or so ahead of the rest of the world.

I left School, after 1 year in the 6th Form, and began training as an electrical / electronic engineer. A Student Apprenticeship, working with part-time day release, plus evening courses let me gain HNC qualifications, an AMIEE and excellent long term employment prospects. Working as an engineer it was soon apparent that I had an aptitude for design and development. That may not sound anything special but after working alongside men with PhD's in Electronics (from somewhere in India) I can tell you how totally useless those people were in the real world. Wherever I worked I developed a reputation as a safe pair of hands, particularly for a new project, settling eventually with many years at IBM.

What happened to my sporting ambitions? I played top level amateur football, very successfully, for a number of years. I went from the School 1st XI into Worthing FC first team. A big step for a young footballer. I scored 96 goals in 4 seasons, with the best being 32 goals in 34 games. But a serious knee injury brought a premature end to things. My cricket never really transferred itself from school to the club scene somehow work / family commitments always stood in the way. I was always sad about that. As for Hockey, well I only played the game because there was no other option in the Easter term. In retirement I play golf.

What attributes did Price's manage to instil in me? Well unsurprisingly most of it came from the sports field. It was the value of teamwork and effective leadership. It was certainly a humbling experience to get beaten 5 v 0 and then have to call for 3 cheers for the opposition. From the classroom I guess a little bit of everything but I do remember liking Thacker's "précis" lessons where

we learnt to reduce a page and a half of blurb to two paragraphs without losing meaning. Without that this script would have run to many pages!

So I am both a product of, and champion of, the Grammar School education system; and that despite the fact that it did not entirely suit me. I saw many boys, from relatively modest backgrounds, go on to achieve great things. The closure of Price's Grammar School was a sad loss to Fareham and the surrounding area.

**Roger Starkey**



**At the 2008 Exhibition**

1954 playing in Club Table Tennis sessions .
Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1956.
Senior Steeplechase 3rd 1957.
Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1958.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1957.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1958.
**Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist)**

**Ed:** Roger has been a major contributor to this WP300 project, with his thorough research leading to the **Major Team Sports** report, detailing all School 1st team activity in Soccer, Hockey and Cricket, at the School, from 1908 onwards.

His early commitment to that project and its early completion was greatly valued. He has remained a consultant in this overall WP300 project.

| **Starr** | Christopher | Dates | 1967 - 1971 |
|---|---|---|---|

Dear David,

I don't know if you remember, but I believe we met briefly at John Chaffey's funeral?

I was at Prices from 1967 to 1971, in 4th to Upper 6th years, having moved to Fareham from Bath due to my father's work in the Admiralty/MOD.

I can help you on some of the sports awards you asked about in your recent email, as I was very involved in school sport, mainly athletics, cross-country and soccer where I played in both 1st and 2nd XIs. Unfortunately, a lengthy period of illness in autumn 1970 prevented me from playing many games for the 1st XI, but I was fit enough again to do athletics in the summer of 1971. I also joined Portsmouth Athletic Club (together with my classmate Stuart Russell), and used to train at Alexandra

Park in Hilsea, as well as taking part in a few meetings in the Southern League doing high jump and sprint relay.



As far as those Prices' sports awards are concerned, I won the senior High Jump in 1970, then was pipped for the title by Burton in 1971, coming 2nd.

My best performance was in the 440 yards/400metres, which I won in both 1970 and 1971, winning the Goldring Cup!! (I think the change to metric happened between those two years?) I've attached an old b/w photo someone took of me in my 6th form suit holding my two cups in 1970, the Goldring Cup in my left hand and the High Jump cup (the name of the trophy evades me for now) in my right.

There is also a photo of me doing high jump for Portsmouth at Alexandra Park that summer, which was published in Portsmouth Evening News. Note the longish hair, which was then permitted. It was even longer by the end of the Upper 6th - I've also attached an appropriate photo of me with my pal Graham Cook, who was in the year below me at Prices. I'm still in touch with Graham, who lives not far from me in Somerset. And there's an aerial photo of the school from the late 60s, too.



My main academic subjects of study were Geography and French, both of which I studied at the London School of Economics, Geography as my main subject, and French as a subsid. After leaving university, after a spell teaching English as a Foreign Language at Limoges University Technology Institute in France (where my French wife and I married in 1976), I eventually went on to teach French at Wells Cathedral School in Somerset, before teaching my main subject of Geography at Aiglon College international school in Villars, Switzerland for 25 years. I was Head of Department there from 1996. I also pursued my other main academic interest, Astronomy, and set up a Space Science Department at the College, building a small observatory there, and taking students on trips to meet various astronauts and mission scientists.
Having taken early retirement, I returned to Wells with my wife in 2011, and studied for a Certificate in Astronomy and Planetary Science with the OU. I've done voluntary public outreach work in Astronomy/Space Science on and off since then, founding the Wells and Mendip Astronomers, and doing occasional writing for science magazines. I've attached a list of some of the articles/interviews I've done in recent years. Great fun!

I hope this is of interest. Thanks for all your hard work in looking after and researching the archives. I'd love to discover more photos of my time at Prices.

Best wishes. Stay safe in these difficult times. **Chris Starr**

For a full list of Chris' writings and creativity, consult his Lion Pride file in "Price's Creators"

| **Stubbington** | George Rex | Dates | |
|---|---|---|---|



*1951 Senior ACF Soccer Rex Stubbington*

Rex was born in 1933 and attended Price's School, from where he entered the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst and later the Royal Military College of Science at Shrivenham, where he gained a 1st Class Honours Degree in Engineering, and an Army Technical Staff qualification.
Entering service with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Rex rose from Private soldier to Brigadier in a variety of Units and Headquarters at home and overseas as a Commander, Staff Officer, manager, trainer, logistics planner and engineer.



He had complete responsibility at several levels for the work of civilian contractors and service personnel dealing with both military and general structural projects with concerns at contractual level , health and safety issues and with Union representatives.

He was in the forefront of the deployment of computerised systems and for a period of 8 years had responsibility for the development of engineering and logistic management policies and plans for a wide range electronic-guided weapons and optronic equipment coming into Army service worldwide. This included inspection, repair and modification functions as well as general supporting services and advice to designers on reliability. Resource planning to meet set financial, manpower and time limitations.
There was also logistic training of T.A. Officers and soldiers. Technical and academic training plans and assessments of efficiency. Concerned with the insertion of Q.A. standards into defence equipment procurement.



*1st XI Cricket 1951*



From April 1980-82, as Colonel, Rex was Commander of Telecommunications and Radar Branch of the REME, overseeing 350 civilian and military staff.

April 1982 – February 1985, he was responsible for developing and implementing maintenance policies for electronic equipment.
June 1985 saw him as Commander REME Territorial Army in all aspects.
Rex was married to Margaret. They have 2 children, Clive and ????

**STUBBINGTON- GEORGE REX , BRIGADIER (RETD).**

Died 29th January. Beloved husband of Margaret, loving father to son Clive, his late daughter Ashley and devoted grandfather to Emily, Charlotte, Alastair and Harry .
Promoted Brigadier 1985/6, retired 1988



| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Suggate** | John | Dates | 1935 - 1945 |

Subject: SCHOOL CADETS - 1939-1945
Date: Sat, 29 Mar 2008

These are some remembrances, I hope they are facts! I joined in late 1939 or early 1940.

1. The uniform was a service dress tunic with brass buttons, trousers, side-cap and black shoes. Band photos show this on the Website.

2. We drilled with Martini-Henry breech-loading lever actuated rifles, single shot, of circa 1881 manufacture. Compare Hitler Youth!
3. We marched in fours.
4. Our affiliated regiment was "Duke of Connaught's Own" Hampshire, of which I am sending a photo of the cap badge.
5. Subsequently we re-equipped with conventional battle dress, Lee-Enfield rifles, marched in threes and changed the cap badge to that of the Hampshire Regiment (if I remember correctly).

I recall little of the middle years save the fact of two summer inspections and the introduction of Certificates A and B (1943) with the examinations being conducted by Army officers.
Captain Shaddock was CO. He taught Physics in the school and Applied Mathematics to the sixth form for Higher S.C. I much admired him as he was slightly shell-shocked from WW1. Incidentally George Ashton taught Pure Maths for HSC. I took both. In 1944 I became CQMS of the Corps.

The School Tuck Shop which was on the school field opposite the Assembly Hall - had closed due to rationing, became our Orderly Room, and I was thus involved in the Cadet Corps being forced to join the 14 Hants Cadet Battalion (1944). I opposed this because I could see that this put Price's School as a school in competition with the other non-school Companies of the Bn. (Fareham, Titchfield etc.), which we were bound to win, and of course we did, whether football or Sport's Days or whatever.

This naturally led to more cries of Price's “doughnuts” after the cake shop (named Price’s) and cafe in the town. There was always a bit of Town v Gown in those days, and it led of course ultimately to being politically correct and to closing the school. Nonetheless when I left school I was invited to become RQMS of the 14th Hants Cadets which I became whilst waiting for call-up. I could write a great deal around the last paragraph but I think enough has been said.

**Ed.:** John ended up as a Squadron Leader in the RAF! He was a great help in the writing of the 2012 Report on the CCF and its Life and Times.