Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"T" Surnames

Tanner	John Frank, Ph.D.	1955 - 1963
Targett		1945 – 1947
Taulbut	F.W.J.	
Taylor	Kim	1968 - 1971
Teek	R.H.S.	
Thacker	Herbert Ralph	1928 - 1965
Thomas	Derek	
Thomas	Jeremy J.	1956 - 1964
Thomas	John Boase	
Titheridge	Eric "Dustr" Victor	
Todd	Robert Gwynne	1962 – 1966
Thompson	Kim	1980 - 1982
Tomkins	Cyril Robert	
Tomlinson	Mr.John	1972 - 1974
Tompkins	John	1972 - 1979
Tooley	David	1964 - 1968
Traylor	Owen	1967 - 1974
Tuck	Mr. Charles	1968 - 1975
Turner	Brian.	

Tanner	John Frank	Dates	1955-1963

John Tanner 1944 – 2019, died from Lymphoma on 10th January 2019.

John had been my long term friend since our days at Prices School, starting in 1955.

Recollections have become a bit hazy over the years, but I think we were in different halves of the intake which was shared between 2A and 2B according to where in the alphabetical list, the equal split came. In some ways, it is odd that such a long term friendship should have endured, for I doubt that we were ever in the same teaching class, yet events were to cement substantial shared interests in lots of things during those years at Price's.

In a selective Grammar School which was predicated on elitism, enacted with a fair degree of the sort of vigour that Charles Darwin would have recognised, the wheat soon got sorted from the chaff when the plodders (chaff), such as me, were gradually filtered out of the academic race into classes like 3B then 4C and later 4B. John, by contrast was anything but a plodder, from 2B (on account of his **T**anner surname), it was a straight run through 3A, 4A and then into the GCE "O" level classes of the 5th year when John took residence in Upper 5th Science, and after years in 4C and then 4B, I followed into 5th Science *Lower* – Science on account of my dismal performance at Physics, Maths and Chemistry! So, not much of a Scientist.

Compared with my modest GCE "O" Levels at age 16, John was duly anointed with 10 "O" levels at age 15 and took up residence in the Clever Dick elite of the School. So, he was very successful, and I was not. We were not in the same classes or even the same competition. So, what of this friendship?

To most at School, he was known as "Spud" – everybody then had nicknames, but why "Spud" I don't know. It was thus for those in his sphere (and of course he knew the trigonometry formula for the volume of such, as 4/3 pi r^3) or else it was a blunt surname with an index if you were the 2nd or subsequent member of the same family. Nothing soft or "snow-flakey" such as a first name. Actually, he was quite hairy at times, a sort of advance guard for the later trend to wear shoulder-length hair.

It was common then for those of a non-athletic persuasion still to be very knowledgeable about all manner of sports, and their rules and results, and so John would be an umpire or a scorer – annoyingly, because he was even better at that than me! But he was not any sort of athlete, and that was where I managed to out-perform him. But being the sensible chap he was, he studiously avoided the sweaty types at School and thus the ignominy of watching others blaze away from him during events. So, actually, he was not out-performed at all! He just didn't do it! (But he was a friend of the Sixth Form "Arts" fraternity – enough to make anybody grow long hair!).

Maths, and further Maths (just how much Maths does anyone need?), along with Physics (and that was a lot of Maths then, and Chemistry – still a lot of Maths there) came to characterise his life, though surrounded by lots of other subjects at "O" Level, and devoid of these, were his loading at "A" Level, where it was Pure Maths and Applied Maths, and Physics and Chemistry, again. And then onto University to read Geology, an ideal fusion for his capabilities and a good integration of the Sciences.

Our friendship developed during our years in the School C.C.F. Band. Annoyingly, because I failed to see the relevant notice on the CCF Board, he was able to join the Band in the 1st Year (Year 7 in modern, inflated terminology). I had to wait until the start of the 2nd year, so he was still ahead of me! Fifers both, we enjoyed learning, and practising at lunchtimes, not a pleasure shared with the

Staff in their adjacent Staff Room. John took up Bugling while I was a Drummer and near the end of our years at School, we both played fife, bugle and drum, according to needs. The Band had descended to a shambolic state in the 4th Year and it was our plan presented to the Corps C.O. to turn it into a regular Platoon, meeting and practising during CCF time on Friday afternoons. This reorganisation was effective and we were proud of it, the Band reaching a good standard, some 27 strong. Whilst much of our time was spent pursuing our "A" level interests in the Sixth Form, working on Band matters was important to us as we became the leaders – John the Band Sgt., and myself the Drum Major – at last I was out in front, but only as a figurehead, John was the real leader – Hm!

Absences were not a feature of lives at School in those days, unless some misfortune made them long term or permanent! We went to School regularly because we had to, and we made it bearable by striving to get the best out of what was available to us. Mental health issues hadn't achieved the significance then (save for in the Staff Room), and faced with the pressure of exams etc. we just got on with it – John succeeding, and me ….. During my 6 years in the Band, I attended 50 external Parade / local events, John a few more and both John and I sounded the Last Post in Remembrance Day Church Services. We each went on Summer camps and survived the nighttime terrors and ravages of the ne'er-do-wells who sought to wreck mayhem on those less fortunate (i.e. smaller) than themselves. Some "snowflake" types took up refuge in the RAF section of the CCF, for an altogether more sanitised life, and even there, John took and passed as many of their badge tests as he could. Me – I just polished my boots!

I remember writing to John during my early days at University (no mobile phones then) – he followed on (!) a year after, and commenting on the issues of adjusting and dealing with the work, he reminded me in his usual, sage way that there was a weekend every few days, and to learn to take it easy!

We remained in touch over the years, more so during the past 15 years or so, when we shared talk about those we were at School with – Barry Keen and Mike Duffy *inter alia* – now there was a clever Dick (or Mick) – he became a University Professor of History.

John was good at everything and he had a better stamp collection than me (probably still does), a better train set, and a sister, and a Ph.D. We used to share Wednesday afternoons (no School then) playing together mostly at his house, well on the Wednesdays when I wasn't in Detention – don't think Spud ever emulated me in that way.

He was widely respected by his teachers at School. He chose an excellent wife and produced an excellent son – well, seems excellent to me, must be as he teaches Latin and Greek – something else John did at "O" Level.

John, my friend of 60 years or more, a leader in achievement all his life, thought ill of no-one, a dry sense of humour, not a fast mover, interested in and an authority on ancient Romano-Greek coins leaves a legacy in my life for which I am grateful, and amongst those others who knew him, and in his cherished family.

John Frank Tanner, B.Sc., Ph.D. R.I.P.

David Goldring

Band Sgt. 1959, 1960, 1961 and 1962

Targett	John	Dates	1945-1947

John was a boarder from 1945 to 1947.

John says that as a boarder, not infrequently, he had the job of rounding-up George Ashton's turkeys to get them inside their overnight shelter, at sundown. That activity was not regarded by the turkeys as a voluntary service, and some needed persuading! A rear approach was needed and the exertion of some authority to get said turkeys inside, dropped onto the floor and escape before the turkeys did. In this process turkeys tended to adopt a distinctive, malodorous response, which was very difficult to remove from clothing. An assigned duty that was not cherished!

My brother Michael A. Targett was also a boarder until 1948

In Jan 1948 trained to North Weald to enlist in the RAF as an Aircraft Apprentice, for which he trained at RAF Halton.

Subsequent postings and career changes took him to Calgary, Canada where he resided in 2008, and retired.

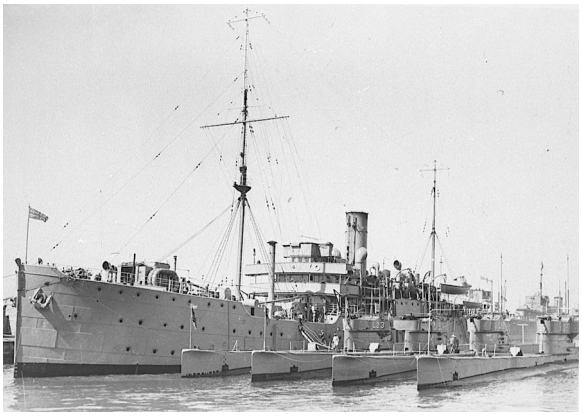
Taulbut	F.W.J.	Dates	

THE SPRING CRUISE OF H.M.S.
"LUCIA."
February 25th – March 25th

We left Malta on the forenoon of February 25th, and, steaming N.W., had a three days' run to Palmas Bay, Sardinia. The weather was all that could be desired: the sun hot and the sea clam. On the night of the 28th, we were joined in the bay by the Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets, and it was a very pretty and awe-inspiring sight the next morning to see the sun rising over the mighty fleet.

Seen from the ship, the scenery here was nothing great; low hills on both sides covered with scrubby vegetation, and a small village at one end of the bay, comprised the whole view. We left here on Wednesday, March 33rd [this is what it says?????? – reading further on it should be 3rd] and, in company with the Fleet had a day and a half steaming to Pullensa Bay, on the north coast of Majorca, Balearic Isles. This place was practically the same as Palmas Bay, the only difference being that the hills were more desolate and rugged. In most places these rose abruptly from the water's edge, with here and there a small, sandy bay, and, on the side of some of the hills, a small monastery.

On Friday, March 5th, a strong wind blew up, and we were compelled to steam to the more sheltered anchorage of Palma, on the South coast. We had a pretty rough passage to Palma, rolling heavily the whole time, which, luckily, was only one night.



HMS Lucia

Palma is a famous beauty spot, possessing a fine cathedral, some other fine churches, and an old castle, which standing just behind on a wooded eminence, overlooks the city and harbour. Legend has it that Admiral Nelson used this castle as a residence during this stays in the Mediterranean, but it is uninhabited now.

Leaving Palma on Wednesday, March 10th, we had another pretty rough trip down to Philippeville, Algeria. We were told afterwards by residents in the town that the bad weather was caused by a light earthquake, which also caused some of the largest waves ever experienced there. This place, viewed from a mile or so out, was very pretty, lying at one end of a shallow, sandy bay, with a large breakwater forming an orificial harbour. At the other end of the bay lay the pretty little village of Stora, which, in olden times, was a landing place of the Phoenicians. Behind the bay, the hills rose steeply, and for the most part were covered with vegetation, which, on close inspection, proved to be typically English, bluebells and other wild flowers growing in profusion. Here we saw a mixture of French and Arabs, and a great fuss was made of the ship, a very generous and hospitable programme of sports and entertainments being provided for us during the stay. Amongst other things, there were Vins d'honneur, Thes Dansant, Receptions, and Battues for Wild Boar for the Officers, and Carnivals, Torchlight Processions, Concerts and Balls for the Ship's Company, to say nothing of three football matches against the town team, of which we lost two and won one.

On Friday, March 19th, practically the whole ship's company made a visit to Constantine, and during their absence, the resident French soldiers were shown over the ship and given a performance by the ship's cinema.

On Sunday the ship's football team visited Constantine and played the local team. A word here about Constantine would not be out of place. It is a large town, being the capital of Eastern Algeria, with a population of 52,000. Approaching by motor from the coast, we had first to cross a high range of hills, and then the plain of El Hamma, in all about ninety kilometres.

The town stands out from this plain on the tip of a tremendous rock, five or six hundred feet high, which is split from top to bottom by a great gorge. The two halves of the town are joined by three bridges, one steel suspension bridge, and two built-up stone ones. It was a grand sight, leaving the town at sunset, to see the last red rays of the sun shining on the town and on the face of this gigantic rock. However, to get back. We – the football team – were accorded a grand reception on our arrival, the whole town, including the Mayor and Commandant, turning out to greet us. Later on, we were the guests of honour at a luncheon, after which many speeches were made by the Mayor, the President of the African F.A., and other dignitaries, extolling the fine sporting spirit and the friendship existing between the two nations. In return we beat the Frenchmen by four clear goals in a hard match and after again being entertained made the return journey to Philippeville under the African moon, livening the countryside with a few English songs.

On Tuesday, March 23rd, we reluctantly said farewell to Philippeville, and, in perfect weather made the return trip to Malta, reaching her again on March 25th.

F. W. J. TAULBUT.

WITH H.M.S. "DAUNTLESS" IN THE PACIFIC

The coral Isle of Bermuda slid away behind us on May 27th, and we were bound for the Pacific



and the South. Kingston, Jamaica, giving the impression of being crowded and pushed into the sea by the dense vegetation on the hillside at the back, saw us for one day; mainly for oil fuel, but just sufficient time to give the Banana Planters and Cable Company a beating at cricket.

A few mornings later, when we awoke, we found Colon and the Panama Canal in front of us, and all that day was taken in passing through the Canal to Balboa on the Pacific side. The surprising thing to most people was the fact that Balboa lies East of Colon in longitude, as the Canal is cut from North-West to South-East through the isthmus, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Panama differs from the popular conception of a canal, i.e. a straight, flat channel cut in the earth, in that every ship that passes through has to be lifted a height of 80 feet through the Gatun Locks to the Chagres Lake; has to steam across the 40-mile wide area of dead tree-stumps and queer shaped islets of this inland sea, created by damming the ends of the valley; then, through the Culebra Cut – a wedge-shaped slice of mountain hewn out of the solid rocks by the giant hand of American finance and endeavour; and finally drop down again to sea-level at Balboa by way of the Mirafiores and Pedro Miguel Locks.

Maybe, man's efforts will be brought to nought at some future time, as earthquake tremors have been felt in Panama recently and the surrounding country is sinking perceptibly year by year.

Balboa was hot and steamy, the nights being especially uncomfortable, and being in a "prohibition" area, our terrific thirst could only be assuaged by "soft" drinks, the concoction of which, it must be admitted, was in the hands of experts. Many "Dauntless" people, however, made the short journey inland to Panama City, finding it dirty and unwholesome; but once again a good day's cricket with the West Indian Colony more than atoned for the lack of attraction of the rest of the place.

My own personal opinion is that a repeat performance of the "Great Fire of London," staged in Panama City, would do it a power of good.

Buenaventura, Colombia, proved to be typically tropical or tropically typical, whichever you like best; low-lying hot and swampy, and the lazy, careless attitude of the natives summed up in their own word "mañana," to being interpreted "do it tomorrow."

Tropical South America is the land of "mañana", and how they manage to work up enough energy to conduct their numerous revolutions and wars is beyond comprehension. One can only surmise that their "siesta" lasts from sun-up to sun-down, and that the actual fighting is left for the remaining hours.

The atmosphere was certainly getting warmed up, but in spite of that, at Ancon in Ecuador, we all entrained for the 30-mile ride over sandy scrub to the Anglo-Ecuador oilfield right on the Equator,

where we saw and were instructed in the operations of drilling for and extraction of the crude oil, by the few English residents.

As at most other towns, we played them at Soccer and cricket, but here on wooden wicket overlaid with coconut matting. "Bodyline" stuff is mild to some of the "bumpers" that came up that day, but it did not detract from the fun, and there's no doubt that these Britishers in foreign parts – we can't call them exactly "outposts of Empire" – do keep up and enjoy their sport on the rare occasions that they are visited by a warship.

Guayaquil, the capital of Ecuador, is a horrible memory to most of us, since the particular brand of mosquito bred in the extensive swamps around the City, was no respecter of nationality, and evidently preferred a drop of fresh English blood to its own watered-down Ecuadorian variety.

Talara and Lobitos, in Peru, gave us further opportunities of studying oil production. This time for the Standard Oil Company of America, but judging from the current beverage, I think it must have been whiskey that they were getting from the wells. "- with milk and honey blest."

At Salaverry, the port for the City of Truxillo, we lay at open anchorage and suffered great discomfort from the very heavy Pacific swell. In fact, it was anything but pacific. Landing from the launches could only be effected by a crane hoist, which at one moment threatened extinction, and the next was seen in the dizzy heights above when the launch wallowed in the trough of a huge roller. Here it was, too, that we had our first introduction to "guano," one of the main exports of Peru and Chile, and it is only in the last week or so that we have been purged of its very distinctive odour. Like "the poor," it has been with us always.

The journey through the foothills of the Andes to Truxillo was very interesting, and the City itself much cleaner than any previously seen, but even then, not to be compared with Lima, the capital of Peru, which we next visited.

The "Dauntless" anchored in Callao harbour, and a half-hour's ride in the excellent electric tram service covered the 20 miles from the Port to the City. Some parts of Lima are very old, and some are ultra-modern, some we found a not-unpleasant mixture of historical interest and up-to-date convenience.

In the first Cathedral to be built in the Western hemisphere is kept the body of Pizarro, the Spaniard who conquered Peru in 1530, and the state of preservation is remarkable for such a relic, nearly 400 years old. (He died in 1540.)

It also has some very fine Inca and pre-Inca gold and silver ornaments, beautiful mosaics and oil paintings; and in the National Museum are blowpipes and darts of the poisoned variety, used by the Indians, and some particularly gruesome specimens of the practice of "reducing" the skulls of their vanquished enemies.

Apart from these informative rambles, a special ascent was made of the Andes, at the invitation of the Peruvian Central Railway, to Rio Blanco, 12,000 feet above sea-level. This is the highest railway in the world, and the trip was of exceptional interest; the cotton fields at the bottom, the wreckage of a train in one of the deep ravines, and the llamas and native Indians at Rio Blanco, were some of the objects that evoked excited comment the whole way; while the grandeur and rugged nature of the craggy peaks contrasted vividly with the semi-cultivated valley of the Rio Rem …. whose tumbling falls and eager rushing waterway, we followed to its source.

The rarefied atmosphere made us all breathe in pants, but none suffered more from the dread "mountain sickness" which attacks many tourists in this high altitude, mainly due, I think, to the ample supply of bottled beer with which we were kindly provided by the Peruvian Central.

The llamas are lovely beasts, and inspire of the heavy burdens which they have to carry, retain their dignity and graceful poise.

Plenty of sport and other amusements in the City kept our days fairly occupied, and the evenings'' diversions included an earthquake, mercifully slight, and a shooting-up affray in one of the restaurants, so our six weeks' stay seemed more like six days.

Eventually, however, we steamed away to the quiet, rocky bay of Independencies, and amid seabirds and seals recuperated sufficiently to face the Mollendo. This was but the jumping-off station for a footballing expedition to Arequipa, where, in the shadow of "El Misti," a beautiful snow-capped volcano, we made more Peruvian friends. The rocky coast at Mollendo appeared to be covered with snow as well, but a closer look proved it to be deposits of nitrates and guano, a condition very common down this side of Chile. All the way South we noticed it, and at times the sky was black with flocks of seabirds, until we reached our next port of call, "The Vale of Paradise."

Valparaiso is built on the slopes if a natural amphitheatre, overlooking the almost semicircular Bay, and seen from the ship upon on the right are the white buildings of the Chilean Naval College, red-roofed in a setting of green cedars.

Dotted here and there, the spires of the churches stand out from the groups of large commercial buildings; while away on the left horn of the Bay is the verdant loveliness of Vina del Mar, the seaside resort and residential quarter of the well-to-do. Here, also is the magnificent Casino, combining the attractions of the roulette tables with theatre and cabaret.

The National Sporting Ground at Vina is one of the finest in the world, comprising racecourses for the "flat" and steeplechasing, innumerable Soccer, Rugger and hockey pitches, tennis courts of both lawn and hard varieties and a delightful English cricket ground. Incidentally, the Club records and photographs in the Pavilion date back to 1875, and one can only say that the wicket must have improved with age, for it is a very fine piece of turf.

Out of several fast hockey games and two cricket matches with the English, "Dauntless" scored on solitary draw at hockey, the remainder being lost, thus emphasising the lack of training and practice, which many late nights and hectic parties did nothing to improve. Nevertheless, a keen sporting spirit was much in evidence, and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent during the ten days of our visit.

After four days of more heavy rolling southward out of Valpo, the ship turned into the channel between Chiloe Island and the Mainland and once again got us on an even keel.

Now we steamed through a veritable sea of islands; thousands of them, large and small, rising sheer out of the sea. On some, scant vegetation at sea-level, on others a narrow belt of trees, mostly firs, but the majority bare of all plant life; just masses of black and grey rock sticking up out of an immensely deep ocean. Ocean black and forbidding and a direct contrast to the pale green of the equatorial Pacific. On the higher hills, we saw snow, and every day the cold grew more intense; the Channel proved tortuous and difficult to navigate, so we anchored each night in rocky inlets off the main course.

On October 17th we encountered a heavy snowstorm, and from then on every island had its snowcap. We came now to the region of the glaciers, saw several isolated ones in the distant valleys, and two especially big ones, abutting right on to our Channel, which provided us with some excellent photographs; while at the Paso Timbales, in the Beagle Channel, seven separate glaciers were visible at the same time.

Eventually we merged into the Magellan Straits, passed the Western entrance, and dropped anchor at the most southerly town in the World; Ushuaia, on the South coast of Tierra del Fuego.

A small town of 1,500 inhabitants, it is mainly kept up as an Argentinian penal settlement, the large prison accounting for at least half that number. The background of high and jagged mountains, snow-covered to the very outskirts of the town, and the icy sea, form effective barriers to escape. Once a month a ship comes to them from the Mainland, and the "Dauntless" was the first British warship to visit them since 1920.

Even there, on the outskirts of civilisation, they ran their football team, and I refereed a match between them and the ship's XI. We won comfortably, but the "locals" were very enthusiastic.

Naturally, we felt the change of temperature very keenly, and were more than glad of the protective warmth of the ship, but by October 27th, when we arrived here at Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, our blood had thickened, and we can now enjoy the crisp, frosty atmosphere. If we could forget the trifle of 8,000 miles, it would seem almost like Home, for the 1,000 odd people here are entirely British; I nearly wrote "North-British," because Scots predominate, and were the island not quite so treeless, one might easily imagine it to be off the West coast of Scotland, complete with "haggis" and "och ayes."

Six weeks here, and Christmas once more at Mar del Plata, will bring to an end the "round trip" of this continent of South America, so I also will finish my "travel talk," in the hope that you have found it a little interesting, and perhaps helped to dispel the vagueness of those oft-recurring words "Foreign Service."

P.S. (I have purposely refrained from mentioning the gunnery, torpedo and seamanship exercises that we frequently carry out, in case you should get the impression that we are on a war-ship and not a "luxury tourist liner." Unspoken thought.)

F.W.J.Taulbut.

ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE DUKE OF YORK.

JANUARY-JUNE, 1927

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I must apologise for the brevity of this article, as full justice cannot be done to the subject in so few words; but, to go into your Magazine, it must necessarily be curtailed, and so I give you only the barest outline, and recommend you to the book of the tour by Mr. J. H. Darbyshire for the details.

We had a good send-off from Farewell Jetty, Portsmouth, on January 6th, but the sunshine of the morning gave way to rain and rough weather, and we had a rolling journey down the Channel and across the Bay of Biscay.

Las Palmas, Canary Isles, was reached on January 10th, but we anchored about a mile from the harbour and were not allowed to go ashore. However, the low-lying port, with beflagged ships in the harbour, and the blue mountains rising up behind, made a pretty picture.

The nine days in which we crossed "the herring pond" were never monotonous, our leisure hours being beguiled by cinema shows, a concert, boxing, deck tournaments, and miniature rifle and pistol ranges.

Approaching Jamaica, lovely sunshine greeted us, and turned the little flying fish we saw into streaks of gold and silver.

We were met at Kingston by the West Indies Squadron, and great interest was shown in the end of the breakwater, called Gallows Point, where buccaneers and pirates were at one time hanged – when they were caught.



HMS Duke of York

The town proved to be gaily decorated and illuminated for the royal visit, and many of our fellows enjoyed motor trips to the island's rum and sugar factories, and to the beauty spots, while I was content with two days' glorious cricket with the Naval Squadron against the Army and Jamaican teams.

The evenings we danced away at the Barracks of the Green Howard Regiment, who gave us a jolly good time.

Of our passage through the Panama Canal, I have made a special article, so will omit that and continue with our journey across the Pacific Ocean.

Perfectly glorious weather! Long, hot days, with pleasant cool breezes, which, after keeping watches down below in the almost unbearably hot boiler and engine rooms , a=gave us relaxation and physical enjoyment beyond compare.

Two days out from Panama we had an autocratic and distinguished visitor on board, "King Neptune" taking possession of the ship as we "crossed the line." He and his bears gave us – the greenhorns – a roaring, rollicking time in the barber's chair and the bath, during our investiture with the "freedom of the seas."

Stamping pleasantly along, we came to the Marquesas Islands, and at no place on this world cruise did I see a grander display of Nature's beauty than the scene as we approached Nukahiva.

It beggared description! A high, rocky island, standing out from the sea, presenting every gradation of colour, from the brilliant tropical greens and yellows at the sea level, to the bluish grey of the peak, with the bluest of seas for a background, all blending to form a most wonderful picture.

A few huts at the end of the small natural harbour was Nukahiva, and, looking at this lovely place, it seemed hard to realise that a mere forty years ago the inhabitants were all cannibals, practising their fiendish rites over the stew-pot.

Nobody made a feast of us, however; rather we had feast from them, for we went ashore and picked at will the wild fruits – bananas, limes guavas, and alligator pears – which were growing a little distance inland.

Our next hop – of three thousand miles – was to Suva, Fiji, and here we experienced our first tropical rain; while on an open motor drive through the island, water descended upon us; the word rain does not adequately describe it.

The feature that excited the admiration and envy of not a few of our baldheads was the tremendous mass of frizzy hair that each native wore.

Golliwogs come to life!

Steaming almost due South, we next came to Auckland, New Zealand, and here we were almost overwhelmed by the open-hearted welcome accorded us.

The city, gaily bedecked with flags and illuminated at night, presented a fine sight, and the people vied with each other to give us a good time. Motor drives, football matches, tennis and dances, were only a part of the programme which we enjoyed to the full in beautiful weather.

A party went inland and visited Rotorua, where the geysers, hot springs and mud baths form one of the wonders of the world, and while there they were privileged to see a native war-dance in full dress and paint performed by the living descendants of the old Maori kings.

An inspiring sight!
A two days' visit to Russell, Bay of Islands, provided the Royal party with some excellent big game fishing and the ship's company with a tasty breakfast.

Wellington, the capital city of New Zealand, was our next port of call, and again we enjoyed every hospitality our Anzac cousins could give us, making many nice friends, and getting a little insight into Colonial life.

Piston gave us a little rest and recuperation in its island-studded bay, and then we were away South to Stewart Island, where, by studying the movements of the albatross, we divined the true principles of flight.

"What do out think of our harbour?" greeted us as we steamed past the Heads into Sydney; and truly we knew not words to express ourselves, such a vista of sunlit blue water, green wooded shores, with here and there a strip of yellow, sandy beach, presented itself to our gaze. Not the least attractive part of the scene was the multitude of boats, each bearing its freight of cheering, enthusiastic Aussies, anxious to show their loyalty and give us of their best. And they did!

Every place was open for our amusement, and we played Soccer at every place around, even travelling one hundred and fifty odd miles North through fine country and over the famous Hawkesbury river bridge to play Newcastle and Cessnock, where, although most of the men were coal miners, we met some good teams, with a goodly Scottish element.

One party of fellows spent three days at the Jenolan Caves; a wonderful excursion through subterranean galleries in the Blue mountains, while I made one of another small party to Canberra and spent three days exploring the new Houses of Parliament and the future finest city in the world.

A huge canteen on the Circular Quay at Sydney gave us everything we desired, our hosts and hostesses being the undergrads of the University. It was there that we acquired the habit of the ice-cream nightcap. Can you imagine hoary old sailors going abroad at night with an ice-cream cornet in each hand?

Fun? It was great!

I would that I could tell you more of the delights of Manly, Bondi, and Coogee bathing beaches, the surf-riding and the dances, "at homes" and receptions we had, to say nothing of boat excursions to all the local beauty spots, but lack of space forbids me.

Sydney stands out as one of the most delightful places we visited, but three weeks of its hectic gaiety left us ready to enjoy the comparative quietness of Hobart, Tasmania. Here we made the excursion through the beautiful Derwent Valley to the National Park, whose exquisite waterfalls and cool forest glades claimed our full admiration.

From Hobart we went to Melbourne, and, as at the other places, the generous hospitality of our Australian hosts knew no bounds. St Kilda opened its arms to us, with its "fun city" – a miniature Wembley – and many fine dance floors.

An exceptionally imposing city at ordinary times, with the Houses of Parliament and other public buildings, Melbourne, at our arrival, became one wondrous mass of colour, bunting and greenery floating from every window, while myriads of flashing lights and illuminations transformed it at night into a huge electric rainbow.

A wonderful sight!

From here a large party went up from the ship to Canberra for the opening ceremony of the new Houses of Parliament, and other very enjoyable trips were made to Geelong, Warragul and Flinders.

The Soccer team had a great treat, as we were asked to play the Royal Australian Navy on the world-famous Melbourne cricket ground. This was the first occasion on which Soccer had ben played there, so it was an honour as well as a pleasure for us to do so. Needless to say, on such a pitch, and before such spectators, we all played as though our lives depended on the game.

It was with great reluctance that we bade farewell to Melbourne and set out across the Great Australian Bight for Freemantle. We had some fairly rough weather and shipped some hefty seas, but "Renown" dug her nose into it and brought us safely to Port.

Freemantle and Perth were "en fête" for us, and I will recount just one instance to show their enthusiasm for us Navy chaps. About eight hundred of us were asked to come ashore one day, and when we got up to Perth, fifteen miles inland, there were three hundred or more private owners, with their cars waiting to take us out for the day. We went for a long drive round the countryside, visiting the paces of interest and admiring the scenery, which, clothed in autumn colours, was very beautiful and such a welcome change from a rough sea.

Afterwards, we were entertained at our hosts' homes and had some joy parties, finishing up with a moonlight drive back to the ships.

At last the time came when we left Australia for good, and, setting out on our homeward journey, we revelled in the lazy swell and hot sunshine of the Indian Ocean, until we came to Port Louis, Mauritius.

The heat in the harbour was very great, so we soon hired some motor cars and went inland up through sugar plantations into the hills to Vacoas, where the small English garrison made us welcome in their barracks.

We met the "Effingham" boys here, and played them at Soccer, but could not beat those sub-baked veterans.

Now came the worst part of our journey, for as we steamed due North to the Great Hanish Islands the heat was intense, and passing through "Hell's Gates" – the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb – we met a hot blast that nearly roasted us.

Everyone was sleeping on the upper deck, myself no exception, and early one morning an amusing incident occurred.

I was lying in my hammock, dreaming that I had arrived home, and the usual greetings were taking place, when I awoke, to find my face being muzzled by one of our pet kangaroos, which was roaming loose around the deck. The worst of it was, the other fellows were awake as well – and laughing.

We managed to survive the heat of the Red Sea and came to Suez, where we entered the Canal. Unlike the Panama, the Suez is flat all the way, with desert sand on each side, and here and there a small French station.

Owing to the narrowness of the Canal, we could only move very slowly, and it was curious to see the water being sucked from in front of us by our powerful propellers. Had they moved at full speed we should have been left high and dry on the bottom of the Canal.

However, we eventually reached Port Said, late at night, and were off again early next morning for Malta.

Here we anchored in the Grand Harbour, whose fortress walls gave us the impression that we had dropped back into the Middle Ages. The Maltese had a grand water carnival in our honour, which, supplemented by a gorgeous firework display, gave that ancient harbour a magnificent appearance, and excelled even their July "festas."

Many dances were given, and we renewed many friendships with the fellows of the Mediterranean Fleet, who were in harbour to greet us.

The days were speeding now, and after one day in the shadow of the Great Rock, we left the blue waters of the Mediterranean for the grey rollers of the Atlantic.

Crossing the Bay again, this time in comparatively quiet weather, we turned the corner and headed for home, getting the best welcome of all at Portsmouth on June 27th, with the feeling in our hearts that here was ended a never-to-be-forgotten experience.

F. W. TAULBUT

BEHIND THE SCENES – XII.

Engine-Room Artificer in the Royal Navy

The first step is to pass the entrance exam. into the Training Establishment. This exam. is held twice a year – in April and September – is fairly stiff, and there is keen competition, usually about 1,000 boys from all over the country competing for about 150 vacancies.

The syllabus can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners, London.

Successful candidates are subjected to a very thorough medical exam. at the nearest Naval Depot, and form the new six-monthly classes in the July and January following the exam.

Then follows a very extensive and rigorous apprenticeship for 4½ years at the mechanical Training Establishment. It used to be on H.M.S. "Fisgard" at Portsmouth, but has been changed in recent years to more comfortable shore buildings at Chatham.

Discipline is strict under Naval Officers and Chief Petty Officers; pay is very little – from 7/- per week on entry to 16/- per week at passing out – and hours are long and arduous, the conditions being totally different from home and previous school life.

In the workshops, during the day – from 7.30 a.m. until 4 p.m. – the Apprentices learn one of the following trades: - Fitter and Turner, Coppersmith and Moulder, Boilermaker or Enginesmith, according to their own choice; and on four evenings a week they attend school for three hours, the subjects being Marine Engineering, Machine Drawing, Maths, and Electricity.

At the end of every half-year stiff examinations and workshop tests are held, and the failures are either put back for a further six months in that class or are discharged.

There are ample opportunities and encouragement for every kind of sport, a fair amount of leave is given, and providing the Apprentices take kindly to the routine, it is a healthy and interesting life.

At the end of the training period a final Admiralty exam. is held, the successful Apprentices re drafted to various ships in the Royal Navy proper, and become working units in this large and efficient organisation.

Much greater freedom is enjoyed, as the Engine-Room Artificer is a Chief Petty Officer, with all its attendant privileges – a rating which in other branches of the Service takes from 12 to 14 years to attain.

Pay, commencing at £2/10/- per week rises with each class from 5th to Chief E.R.A 1st class, to £5 with extras such as uniform upkeep allowance, marriage allowance from the age of 25, etc.

Foreign service commissions last 2½ years, on one of the following stations: - Mediterranean, China, East Indies, South Africa, North or South America, so it is possible to see quite a lot of the world during 22 years in the R.N.

Home service nowadays is short – and very sweet.

As regards Artificers in the Navy proper, they are the working Engineers, and large and increasing numbers hold Board of Trade, Merchant Services Engineers' certificates.

At sea, the main propelling machinery – turbines, diesel or reciprocating stem engines – the boilers and auxiliary machinery, are looked after and run by the Artificers. In harbour, they re-fit engines and keep the Engine-room department in a state of "fighting efficiency", and the years of practical experience on turbines, steam and diesel dynamos, refrigerating machines, distilling plants and hydraulic engines … supplement the knowledge gained in the M.T.E.

At an early age, opportunities are given for promotion to Commissioned Officers' rank; and, after a number of years' service, professional exams. open the channel to Warrant Engineer Officer, and subsequent Commissioned rank. Those who do not attain either, usually become Chief E.R.A's and are pensioned after 22 years' service, so that at the age of 40 a pension of £2 per week is assured.

Life as an Engine-room Artificer is not all that could be desired, but the varying conditions of service in the Royal Navy, and the interesting nature of the job, allied to the fact that one does see a bit of the world, make it attractive.

F. W. TAULBUT.

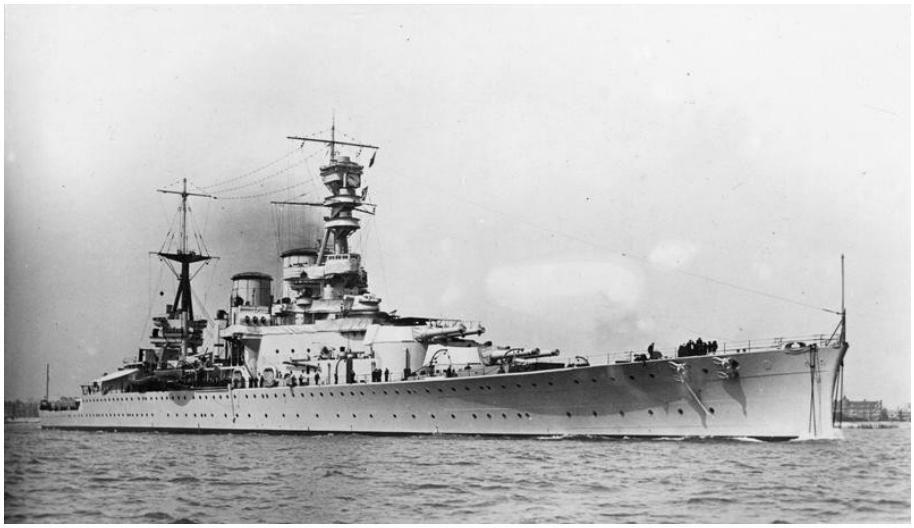
THE PANAMA CANAL

H.M.S "Renown."

No memory of this very remarkable tour is likely to outline the vivid recollections we all retain of the Panama Cana;. Its engineering triumphs are so astonishing, and the efficiency with which it is administered, is so amazingly compete that it must always remain for us one of the half-dozen first wonders of the world.

We all gazed entranced at the beauties of the Gatun Lake and the grandeur of the Gaillard Cut (formerly known as the Culebra Cut); we enjoyed a mild thrill at the sight of the crocodiles lazily taking the sun on the banks of the Canal; we marvelled that we should travel thousands of miles from London to see the aerial acrobatics of Hendon repeated for our entertainment – but no emotion could compare with the admiration we felt for the engineering skill which had made it all possible.

The history of the Canal is briefly this;- Balboa, when in 1513 he discovered the Pacific, crossed the Isthmus on a course about 100 miles to the South-East of the line of the Canal, and entered the Pacific in the Gulf of San Miguel, so naming it because he had entered it on the day of St. Michael.



HMS Renown

Sixteen years later, Alvaro d Saavedra, a companion of Balboa in the discovery of the Pacific, and later one of Cortey's most persistent lieutenants in the search of the Strait, prepared the first plans for the Canal. From that time through the centuries, every nation of impotence made surveys and developed projects. The idea made an inescapable appeal to popular as well as to commercial and naval imagination.

It remained for the French to do the first actual work on the Canal. The famous engineer, de Lesseps, fresh from his triumphs at the Suez Canal, sought to apply similar methods to Panama. He succeeded in inducing an International Congress in Paris to accept his scheme, which was to cost £24,000,000, for a tide-level canal. He entered upon his mammoth task with splendid confidence, in January 1882, even boasting that six years later the delegates could meet him in Panama to celebrate the completion of the work.

Disaster followed upon disaster, however. Loans followed loans, interest charges accumulated and became an embarrassment, and when the year for the festivities arrived, not more than one-fifth of the work had been completed, though the company's indebtedness had reached the huge sum of £80,000,000. The liquidation of the company followed, the plant rusted, parts of the Canal already constructed fell in, and the territory through which the Canal passed was, in the words of an historian, "a dreadful, fever-stricken and pestilential country, where dead men's bones lay thicker than trees."

After scandals in which many prominent Frenchmen were involved, and which led, among other things, to the imprisonment of de Lesseps, the United States secured a concession from the newly established Panamanian Republic, which had revolted, in order to expedite the work, agreeing in return for the use in perpetuity of a zone 10 miles wide, to pay £2,000,000, and £50,000 a year after a stipulated period. That the Panamanians made a wise choice is history. An army of doctors cleared the zone of fever and death, and an army corps of engineers and workmen, in the 10 years between 1904 and 1914, built the splendid Canal through which we passed.

There is one rather extraordinary feature about the plan on which the work was carried out. A big commission had decided by a small majority in favour of a sea-level canal, but the report of the minority, advocating a lock type canal, was adopted by Congress.

Time has shown that the changed decision was wise, because the lock type has provided a safer and quicker passage, provided the best solution of the problems of floodwaters of the Chagres and other streams. Cut down by half the cost of construction and the time occupied, and lessened the maintenance cost.

Tremendous problems had to be faced as it was. The building of the Gatun dam across the valley of the Chagres river made it possible to flood a great part of the valley, thus creating the beautiful Gatun Lake, the largest artificial lake in the world. Its surface is 85 feet above the level of the sea, thus reducing the depth of the Gaillard Cut by that amount, and its length from the Gatun locks to the entrance to the Cut is more than 25 miles. On the Atlantic side, the "Renown" was lifted to the level of the Lake by means of the Gatun locks, and on the Pacific side the descent was made through the Miraflores and Pedro Miguel locks.

Everyone knows now how that was carried out, but everyone does not know that in making that feat possible, not far short of £200,000,000 have been expended. But even that vast sum is trifling in comparison with the benefits which the Canal is destined to confer on the world.

Already it has proved itself self-supporting, for the revenue from tolls, and other sources, since it was opened to navigation has exceeded £25,000,000.

The expenses of operation and maintenance in 1924-25 were about a million and three-quarters, whereas revenue exceeded four millions.

F. W. J. TAULBUT

July 33

A Marvel of Engineering

One of the most interesting sights of South America, to both mechanically-minded and the real lover of Nature's beauty is the journey by steam and cable railway from Santos to Sao Paulo, the capital of the state by that name, in Brazil.



This is at once a triumph of engineering skill and an unrivalled opportunity of seeing the picturesque, natural beauty of the country. The vistas from the carriage windows are hardly equalled in the whole of the continent and are combined with really healthy thrill, as it is possible at one place to look out of the train into a steep drop of about 1500 feet to the valleys below. It is a British-owned railway, and one o the richest in the world, carrying, as it does over 5,000 tone of merchandise a day, consisting mainly of coffee, meat, fruit timber and cereals, from the city of Sao Paulo, the distance of 50 miles to the port of Santos where they are shipped to all countries of the world.

The principle feature of interest to engineers is that the railway has to overcome the tremendous obstacle of the high range of mountains known as "Serra do Mar", and in a distance of seven miles, the railway rises to a height of2.700 feet, this being accomplished in the cable portion of the railway, called the "Serra section".

The steam line from Santos to Piassaguera at the foot of the Serra, follows an almost complete semicircle. This is on account of the many rivers which flow from the mountains across the low-lying plains to the sea. On both sides of the line are extensive banana plantations, this fruit being exported in large quantities to Europe and the Argentine. Incidentally, we saw just outside of Santos the world's largest coffee-roasting oven where the Brazilian Government was burning, 2000 bags a day in huge heaps in order to avoid flooding the market which would bring the price down.

In the distance is seen the major highway to Sao Paolo, ascending the Serra with innumerable windings, looking for all the world like a piece of white tape thrown haphazard on a green bank, and also the pipeline of the Electricity Company, from the huge reservoir on the plateau down to the hydroelectric plant in the foothills.

Ascending the Serra, the scenery unsurpassed while the cable railway is unique.

At Piassauguera, the steam engine is taken off and a loco-brake is attached for the ascent, which is made in 5 incline, each a mile and a half long with a rise of 1: 12½.

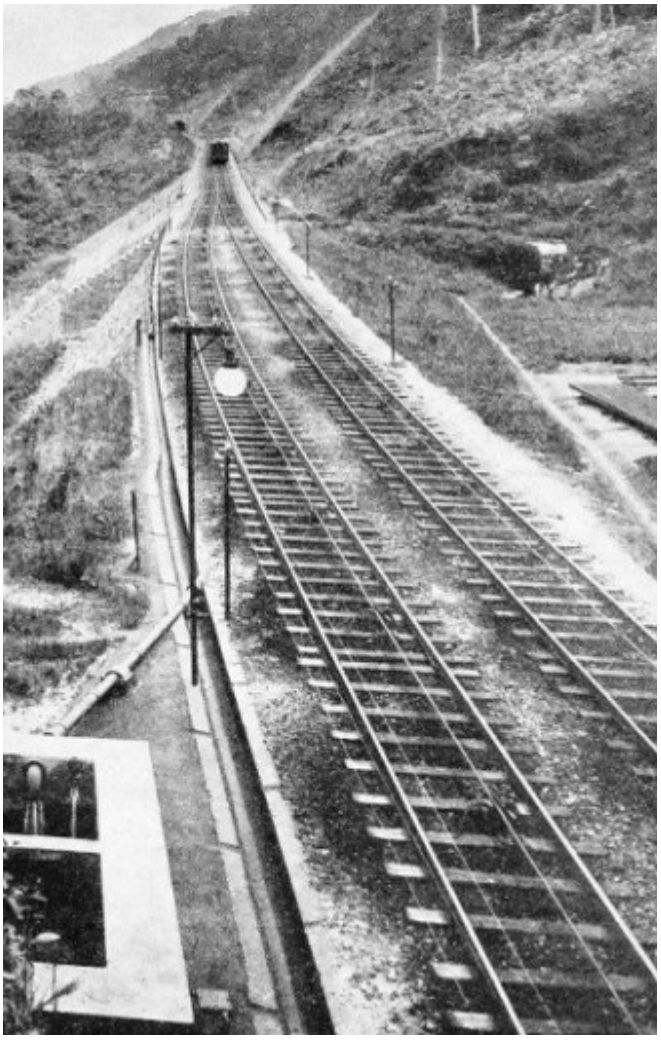
The cables are manufactured in England, have an average life of two years and are very expensive, costing £2.000 each. They are tested every day by specialists and in spite of the terrific strains imposed on track and cables it is the Company's proud boast that there has never been an accident on this line since it was opened in 1901.

The loco-brake is fitted with a mechanism for lifting the cable and securing it in a rope-grip underneath. It also has sufficient tractive power to pull the train along the "bankheads", the level stretches at the bottom of the inclines, in order to reach the "gripping" positions.

When firmly gripped, the driver touches a signal wire at the side of the line with a brass rod giving notice to the power house man that the train is ready for the next incline.

There is a power house for each incline, located beneath the track and the cable, entering directly from the up-line makes four turns around the hauling drum thence out to the down-line, crossing under the track again at the bottom of the incline, thus completing the "endless rope" system of haulage.

There are "up" and "down" trains on each incline – carrying a maximum weight of 110 tons each – and when all are ready, the power house drivers receive signals and start them all off together.



The cables are guided by revolving pulley-wheels and are held taught on bends and inclines by heavy weights of seven tons at the bottom of each incline under the guide wheels which return the cables to the up-tracks,

A single line would not be made enough for two sets of pulleys beneath the rails, so three rails are used, opening out to double track at the passing places, halfway up the inclines.

In addition to the loco-brake, the most modern form of automatic vacuum brake is fitted to each train, also powerful rail grips for security

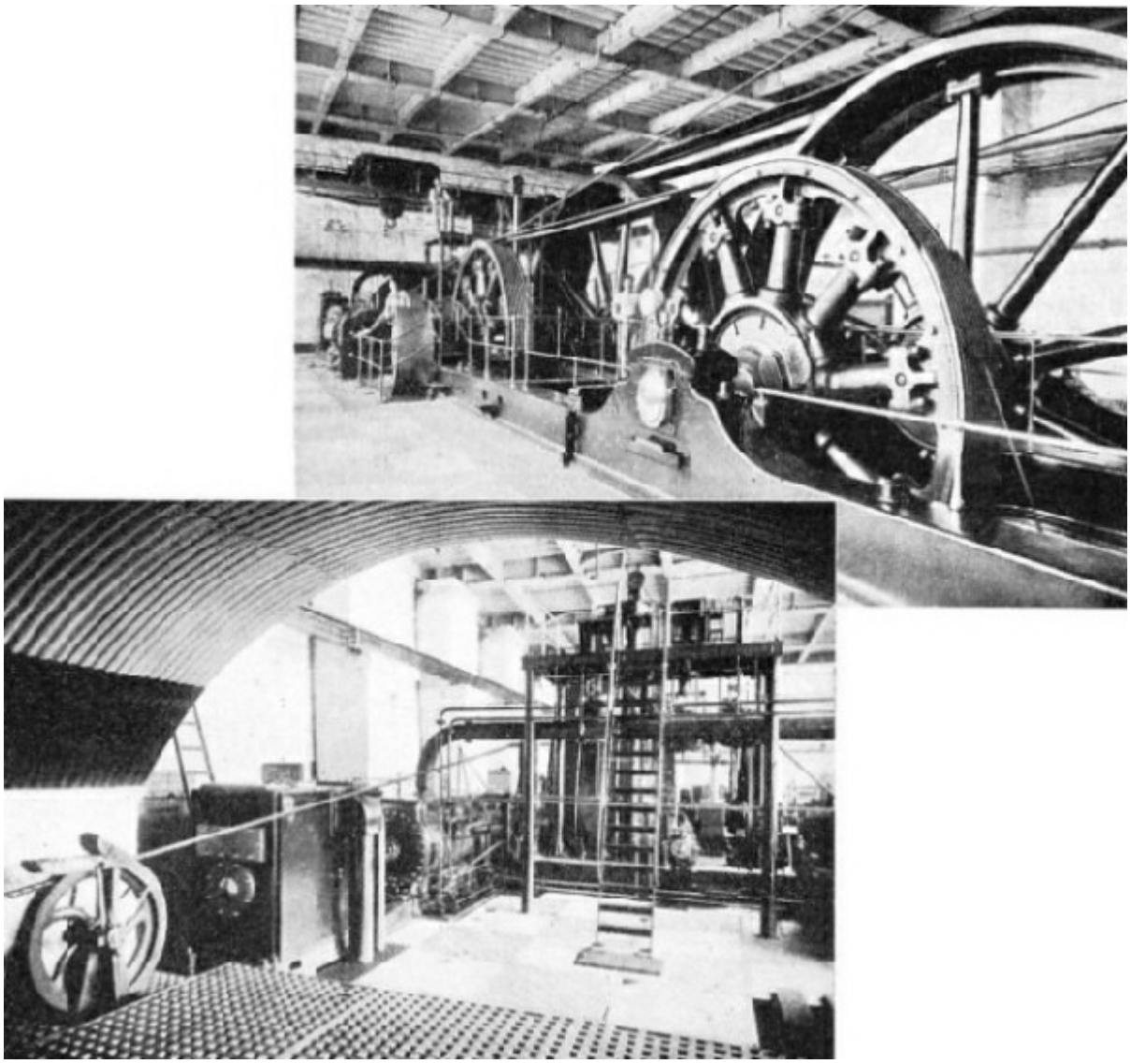
Traversing the steep slopes of the Serra do Mar, the railway necessitates the unremitting attention of the civil engineers, the geological formations being difficult and consequent upon the heavy rainfall, innumerable channels lead far up and into the sides of the mountain to carry off the water, as this is one of the wettest districts in the world..

The Alta da Serra – the top of the range – the average rainfall is 147.4 inches, compared to London's 25.6 inches., while in 1929 the record year, the total was 220 inches. It is thus obvious that the safe carrying away of all this water is no easy job.

In order to build the railway, it was necessary to blast through rock in places and in all there are thirteen tunnels, while to cross the valleys and ravines, viaducts with a total length of over a mile were erected.

These contrasting conditions, allied to the beauty of the scenery, make the journey one of absorbing interest, each bend in the line presenting a fresh view to the mountains, with waterfalls cascading

into deep valleys and flowering shrubs and bushes adding a touch of exotic colour to the background of green trees and grey rocks.



The Hauling Engines used on the inclines are each of c. 1000 hp. The wire rope enters this engine house from the up-line, makes four turns round the rope wheels and then passes to a 14 ft. return wheel to the down line

The remaining 40 or so miles to Sao Paulo are traversed by fast, modern locomotives over the high, inland plateau, and afford an opportunity of seeing more of this productive and progressive country, the much cooler temperature providing a most pleasant relief from the hot humidity of Santos and the coast.

The journey ends at the large, imposing Luz Station of Sao Paulo, where a fine view of the skyscrapers of the commercial quarter impresses the visitor that here is a modern city, with plenty of work – and scope – for its population of over a million people, and all made possible by the triumph of British engineering skill in providing an outlet for its production and trade with the world.

F.W.J.Taulbut

Gateway to Brazil" *From part 16 and part 17, published 17 & 24 May **1935.** The Taulbut submission to the Lion magazine was published in the April **1933** issue, and there are some striking similarities in the text. Maybe Taulbut had seen an advanced copy***Ed:***

1 The text is ascribed to F.W.J. Taulbut. The illustrations are from "Railway Wonders of the World"

2 The Brazilians sent to England to enlist the aid of the eminent British railway engineer James Brunlees.

3 James Brunlees, although aware of the formidable difficulty presented to construction by the granite cliff of the Serra do Mar, accepted the challenge on the Brazilian concessionaires' terms. Brunlees' first step was riot only to consider the problem of the Serra, but also to look for a man capable of tackling that cliff which had hitherto defied all attempts to conquer it. The circumstances demanded an engineer who had a railway eye for the country, was accustomed to working in mountainous districts, and was thus qualified by experience to grapple with the peculiar difficulties which were certain to crop up. The eminent engineer remembered one of his former pupils, Daniel Makinson Fox, who had been connected with some most difficult undertakings.

4 Daniel Fox was then only twenty-six years of age, but he had demonstrated his ability in no uncertain manner, having assisted, among other enterprises, in laying out and constructing a narrow-gauge railway in North Wales. There was another recommendation in the young man's favour. He was conversant with Spanish, having mastered this language while spying out the land for railways among the mountains of the Pyrenees, and, although Portuguese is the language of Brazil, the similarity between the two is such that a man with a knowledge of one can soon learn to speak the other.

Fox succeeded in keeping within the estimates. The contractors built the railway ten months ahead of the specified time (eight years) and were awarded a bonus of £43,750 by the Brazilian Government. The line was opened to traffic in the year 1867.

July 1933:

F. W. J. TAULBUT writes:-
"It is a long time since I have had the opportunity of turning up at an Old Boys' Day at the School, as I have seen very little of my Home Port since 1929.

"My meeting with Hewetson and H. Wellborne at Rio de Janeiro, however, and the receipt of a 'Lion' recently, have prompted me to write for you and also include a short article for the Magazine, which I hope the Editor will find printable.

"It is an account of one of the many interesting and attractive trips which the ship's company of H.M.S. 'Dauntless' have been able to make in South America, and when we go down the West Coast, from May 27th onwards, I may find other subjects to write about.

"I am surprised that one of the Rio members has not managed an article about that city and its surroundings, as it was by far the best place that the 'Dauntless' visited on her last cruise, which included Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Mar del Plata, Bahia Blanca, Rio Grande do Sul, Santos, and Bahia on the coast, and Fray Bentos, Concepción and Paysandu up the River Uruguay.

"It has certainly been a very fine cruise for us all on board, for we have been given every chance to see the many and varied sights that South America has to offer.

“At Rio we made excursions to the Cap d’Asucar or Sugarloaf Mountain, which has a thrilling aerial railway to the summit; and also to the Corcovada, another high mountain, up the peak of which is built a tremendous statue of Jesus Christ.

“This statue is made of ferroconcrete, is 120 feet high, and flood-lit every night; so that it stands out and dominates the whole of the city and really is a marvellous piece of work.

“One wonders whether it was inspired by a true religious feeling, or by the love of the sensational, which seems to be characteristic of the Latin South American.

“Over the other side of the harbour – which, although very fine, does not compare with Sydney harbour, in my opinion – we spent many pleasant afternoons at Nictheroy, the residence of most of the English people, and the Country Club.

“The Club gave us a beating at cricket, but we had our revenge at ‘soccer’ and hockey, although I suppose it is hardly fair to mention hockey, as we have a very strong side, including an English International centre-forward and three Navy players.

“I may mention that our International – Lieut. E. Kirkconnel – did not have matters all his own way, as Wellborne i played a very strong game at centre-half for the Club.

“I have been playing regularly for the cricket team, but with only moderate success, my best being 56 against the Hurlingham Club at Buenos Aires, and about 20 wickets in a dozen matches.

“We have met some very hot teams – the Hurlingham side, for example, fielding several of the South American team which toured England last year; but on the whole we manage to give them good games.

“At Buenos Aires, we visited one of the largest beef exporting and corned beef canning factories in the Argentine – the Anglo – and saw the whole process from bullock to tin.

“It was an interesting experience, but my personal admiration was for the speed and efficiency with which each carcass was dealt with, the time taken from killing to being cased ready for shipment being only 35 minutes. They were killing 3,000 head of cattle a day when we were there, but we were given to understand that they were not working at full output owing to orders being cancelled by the Ottawa agreements.

“The cattle are washed; then pass up a long ramp to the top floor of the building, where they are killed; then slung up on an overhead rail along which they are passed, while men at various points do certain jobs in the cleaning and preparation for either chilling or canning.

“Every little detail has been thought out, and each operation is carried out swiftly and with the minimum of effort; and I shall never be able to look a tin of corned beef in the face again without mentally reviewing the whole process.

“The earlier stages – and by that I mean the raising of the cattle – were shown to us a few days later when we went to Mar del Plata, where a party from the ship were invited to a large estancia, about 40 miles inland, on the Argentine Pampas.

“That was a good picnic outing, though we were all a bit low-legged and a trifle sore after being in the saddle all day.

“Believe me, sailors on horseback are the funniest things I’ve seen yet, and some of them not only *saw* the Argentine, but tasted it as well when they came croppers.

"Another good day was the visit to the Snake Farm at Sao Paulo, although a bit creepy. Every kind of South American snake, and a good many others besides, are kept there under – as near as possible; - their natural conditions, for the purpose of study and experiment in the laboratories.

"Antidotes and cures for snake-bites are diligently sought after, for thousands of people are killed every year by snakes which range from a few inches to thirty odd feet.

"One of the keepers told us that in a fight the non-venomous variety always kills and eats the poisonous kind, and he staged a mix-up for us, with two non-poisonous snake eating a third.

"We all wondered what would happen when they got to the middle, but one must have had a nasty-looking eye, for when they were within an inch of each other, the fellow on the tail end simply disgorged in a hurry and shot away to find a nice hiding place – and perhaps another meal.

"Every colour has its counterpart in the snake world, the brilliant scarlet coral snakes and the emerald green garter snakes being especially prominent; but what surprised us all was the nonchalant way in which the keepers walked amongst them.

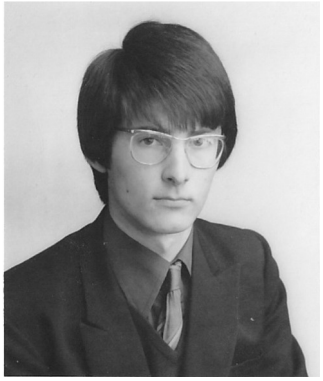
"They had leather gaiters on, it is true. But one of them deliberately infuriated, first a cobra for us to see its hood, and then a rattlesnake to hear its tail give that unearthly rattle that denotes an attack. We also saw the venom reign extracted from a rattler, and the needle-sharp fangs which deal instant and awful death.

"Visitors are protected from the compounds by a three-foot water-filled ditch and a low concrete wall; this is the most effective protection, as the snakes cannot get a purchase from the water to climb the wall – thank goodness! But the speed at which they travel through the water and up trees is simply amazing.

"I'm jolly glad we don't get reptiles like those in England, but it will be a long time before we see home again.

"We've been having a quiet time here in Bermuda, with the exception of a mild (?) hurricane a week or so back. It blew the 'Norfolk's' awnings to ribbons and sank our motor-cutter, but that was mild compared to the one that blew H.M.S. 'Calcutta' across the harbour in 1926."

Taylor	Kim	Dates	1969-71.



Dear Mr Goldring,

I was at Price's in 1970/1971 (all too short but I am mentioned in the 1971 Prize Programme on the website). Following up your exhortation to have a look through the attic I have come up with the following. I am unsure if these items fit your purposes, but obviously it is up to you to indicate if they are of any use to your project:

1. A school cap of 1970 vintage: this did many years' service as a cricket cap both at a subsequent school and at university.
2. A set of CCF badges: the reason they are so pristine is that they were never sown onto a uniform – I left before this could be done.

3. The notification from Mr Gros of the award of an 'O' level prize (in 1971): the reason for the personal note from Mr Gros was that my father had held some coaching sessions for the 1st XI hockey. (My father had played for Trojans First XI). Unfortunately I did not have the wit at that age to return to Fareham for the prize giving.
4. The book token that accompanied the prize.

I have discovered a couple of school reports as well. There in nothing personal in them of any sensitivity. Are they of any interest?

All my memories of Price's are fond ones. My son is an engineering officer in the Navy and has just spent the last year training at HMS Collingwood. I have therefore been to Fareham several times in this period. I could show him the house I lived in (still standing) but alas only the housing estate where the school once stood. One thing that sticks in my mind about Price's is that, in strong contrast to the grammar school in Sussex I attended before it, the boys were open and welcoming. Consequently my stay at Price's was a very happy one.
Yours,

Kim Taylor (4B/5B 1970 to 1971).

Dear David,

Thanks for your reply. I had failed to notice that the exhibition idea had had to be abandoned, but it did at least prompt me to sort out a few things in the loft!

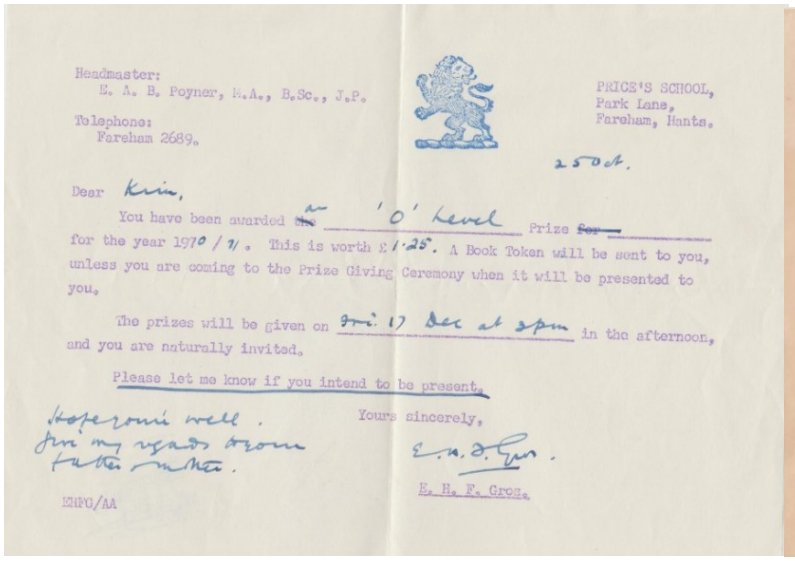
As is the way of the world (but perhaps less so today) my father led a peripatetic working life. This is why I pitched up at Price's in the 4th form, though I had actually been born in Portsmouth, and only stayed to the end of the 5th form. I went then to the grammar school in Worcester and from there to Pembroke College, Oxford to read classics. For whatever reason my parents seemed to take no trouble to hold on to their social network when they moved on anywhere, and that applied to me too. So I did not, after leaving Fareham, actually meet any Pricean until I attended the Christmas lunch 18 months ago, and even then I have not met anyone from my class at these lunches. I am a firm believer that, in dredging the memory banks, two brains or more are better than one. Thus I am somewhat chastened to admit that I have very few memories indeed of my time at Price's and have not kept contact with anyone at all. Consequently I can offer no insights or aid to the themes that you are pursuing. I do not even have any photos!

I do have a distinct memory however of Mr Vail. I arrived in his class doing different set books from the ones he was teaching; he taught me individually after school in order that I could continue with the (exceptionally tedious) Caesar's Gallic Wars for 'O' level Latin. I am sure that played an important part in my eventually getting to Oxford.

So, in conclusion, all I can really do is offer you the best of luck with your researches. By the way I live near Esher, just north of Sandown Racecourse, if that helps to plot my location.

Best regards,

Kim.



Headmaster:
E. A. B. Poyner, M.A., B.Sc., J.P.

Telephone:
Fareham 2689.

PRICE'S SCHOOL,
Park Lane,
Fareham, Hants.

25th.

Dear Kim,

You have been awarded a 'O' Level Prize for
for the year 1970/71. This is worth £1·25. A Book Token will be sent to you,
unless you are coming to the Prize Giving Ceremony when it will be presented to
you.

The prizes will be given on ~~Thu~~ 17 Dec at 3pm in the afternoon,
and you are naturally invited.

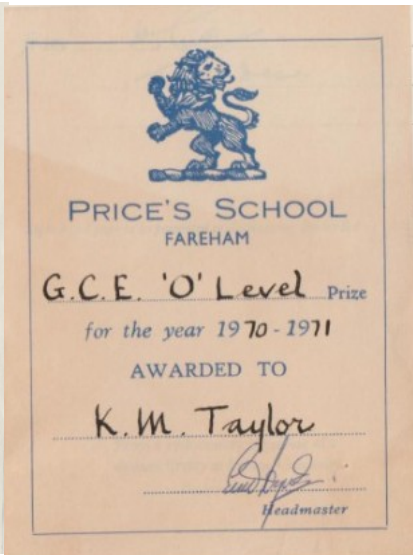
Please let me know if you intend to be present.

Yours sincerely,

Hope you well.
Give my regards to your
father & mother.

E. H. F. Gregg.

EHFG/AA



From: taylorkm@waitrose.com <taylorkm@waitrose.com>
Sent: 06 March 2022 12:28
To: 'David Goldring' <thegoldrings@hotmail.com>
Subject: RE: PRICE'S SCHOOL FAREHAM

David,

You asked what happened after Price's.

Throughout my childhood my father constantly changed his job and this is why I left Price's at the end of the 5Th form.

We moved to Worcester and so I did my sixth form at RGS Worcester, now a private school but then a state grammar school. I had the good fortune to arrive there at the same time as a new classics master. (Hence the importance of the extra time Bruce Vail had put in with me when I was at Price's). This master was of course keen to demonstrate the value of his subject to his new headmaster and it was he who propelled me forward to Pembroke College, Oxford.

I went up in 1974 to read classics. It was a four year course and, when I had obtained my degree in 1978, I stepped out into the real world and started working for KPMG in London as a trainee accountant (at a starting salary of £3,000 a year!). I do not think I chose this profession for any solid reason that I can remember, but it seemed like a good idea at the time. I qualified in 1982 and, unlike many, stayed with the firm for a number of years before leaving in 1986.

At this point I had the offer of two jobs at a similar level: one (and the better paid one) was from the Bank of England. However (and here the hand of fate intervened) I chose the other one at Exco plc, a stock exchange-listed moneybroker. I became the finance director of that company in 1992 but left after the company was taken over in 1999. After a couple of years as finance director of another moneybroker I went to work with an Exco colleague who had set up a private equity business. I became the finance director of one of his AIM-listed ventures, Rotala Plc. This is a regional bus company with its HQ in Birmingham – and I am still there eighteen years later!
Best regards, **Kim Taylor** (4B/5B – 1969/1971)

Teek	R.H.S.	Dates	

Entered 1911. School House. Prefect 1915.Head of School House, 1915-1916. Junior Oxford, 1915. Obtained Commission in Royal Marines, passing in 17th on the list, June, 1916. First XI., Cricket, 1914-15-16 (colours 1915-16). Awarded "The Average" 1916. First XI Hockey, 1914-15-16 (colours), Captain 1915. First XI., Football, 1915-1916, Captain 1915. Senior Sergeant in Cadet Corps, 1915-1916. Captain shooting team, 1915-1916; five times winner of Shooting Cup; Musketry and Efficiency Badges, 1916. Sub-Editor of "Lion." Left July 1916.

Winner of Shooting Cup 1915,1916. 1st Xi Hockey Captain 1915. 1st XI Soccer Captain 1915. 1915 – 1916 6 times termly Shooting Competition winner. 1915 listed as Shooting Captain, but probably continued to 1916 when he left School. An interest that continued into his later Royal Marine's life.

Lieut. R. H. S. Teek (R.M.), after an adventurous trip on the Atlantic Patrol Route, in the course of which his ship rammed an enemy submarine, has been appointed to H.M.S. Erin and is now somewhere north.

7/22 is off on another cruise in H.M.S.*Constance* on the North American Station



Ranked as a Major in most later evidence but, in a list of R.M. Officers 1930 – 1958, is listed as Lt.Col. from 1944 onwards. In 1945, he was a Major, Commondant SASRM Browndown ranges, leaving as a Lt.Col. In 1945 he is C.O. Holding Battalion and also of 30th Battalion. His School-originated interest in Shooting is reflected in 1930 as a Captain in the Portsmouth Miniature Rifle Club with, in 1936, his wife holds the R.M. Ladies Cup! He is with the HMS Rodney boxing team in 1943 & 1944, and the R.M. Boxing teams in 1945. His daughter is engaged and married later, in 1951, in Manila!



Battleship HMS Rodney

Thacker	Herbert Ralph	Dates	1928 -1965



At St. John's College, Oxford, he developed the mark of a Scholar, that inborn love for books which finds expression in not only close study but also in the pleasure of perusing every Publisher's and bookseller's catalogue, even though there is no possibility of adding to his own extensive Library at that moment. It was this which made him devote such care and thought to the development to the development of the School Library, which he nursed at a time when there were even less funds than today."

Herbert was also Editor of the "Lion" for 22 years.

"With that memory which marks a good School master, he could recall and describe almost every pupil he had ever taught. … In the same way, he could recount stories about other members of the Staff, going back through the lady assistants of the War years to the stalwarts of an earlier vintage."

"As a Housemaster, Mr Thacker was a model of keen enthusiasm, not slow to chide but always swift to encourage by word and presence. I doubt he ever missed a Blackbrook match, or seldom even a practice. He took great interest in all facets of School sport and it was a great disappointment that, in all the years he was the Housemaster, Blackbrook never won the Reed Cup. He took an interest in all facets of School Sport – many an unstudious boy has been saved by his "But we can't get rid of X , he will be needed for next year's football … team!"

It has become clear to me, as Editor of this project, that amongst the various people who were Housemasters, Herbert Thacker was consistently the best in summing-up the character essentials of the senior boys in his House, ensuring that his words at the end of a eulogy added the real measure of a boy's worth to House and School. (Ed. D.G. – he taught me English for a while, and undoubtedly added much to my ability to say what was appropriate, but I remain sorry, Herbert, that still, after some 60 years, I cannot be sure if, correctly, I am using "owing to" or "due to"!)

Thomas	Derek	Dates	

Physics teacher at Price's. Prolific and exceptional Harpist

Graduate of University College, Cardiff, then a PGCE and started some very happy years teaching physics (and a bit of maths, too) in Price's School, Fareham.

I served a term at Price's as part of my teacher's training and gave a lecture to the assembled sixth form on the harp. This must have gone down well, for at the conclusion, the head of music thanked me, announcing that I may be joining the staff on a permanent basis in September (I had made it known that I would love to fill an expected vacancy there). The headmaster left his seat at the back of the hall, and said in a loud voice that "Mr Thomas WILL be joining us in September!"

Of course, I also gave many harp performances in the area, all of them for various charities. Moving to Plymouth after four years, I spent another three as head of Science in Tamar grammar school. Musically, I played with the Dartington Orchestra, a not-too-distant 45 minutes' travel. However, the move to the West Country started a slow change in teaching. The crunch came when our department failed to attract two replacement teachers of even adequate quality, after a period of budgetary restraint. My wife saw a gradual depression settle upon me. It was she who responded to an advertisement in the Observer: to join the Instructor branch of the Royal Navy. It took 6 months after filling in the forms, sending them back to the MOD, attending interviews and medicals for me to become a naval officer.

I was born in a village pub, the Carpenter's Arms situated almost at the foot of the northern slopes of the Garth mountain in South Wales. The village is named *Efail Isaf* (I believe this translates as the Lower Blacksmith Forge). The pub had been run by the Bryant family for generations, and in 1882, my grandfather Tom Bryant was born in that pub.



Then came my first public performance at a concert held in a church on the outskirts of Pontypridd. As the local-boy-makes-good Eisteddfod winner, I was to play my Eisteddfod piece Pierne's Impromptu Caprice. I had progressed about three quarters of the way through it, when I unwittingly forgot to change a pedal before getting on to the piece's last section. I was playing the correct strings, but the wrong sounds were emerging. I froze. The audience's intakes of breath could almost be felt. The awkward silence was broken by the stentorian voice of grandmother, sitting in the front of the upstairs gallery. Leaning out over the balcony, and addressing me in no uncertain terms, came the demand "Derek, play Gwyneth!". I promptly set the pedals to their correct initial positions for this piece and launched into Bugeilio'r *Gwenith Gwyn* with aplomb. I don't remember the applause, but stuck in my mind was the encounter at the end of the proceedings, when, at the back of the church, the time had come to receive my fee. "Two guineas, wasn't it?" the man asked. "Oh, no, in view of Derek's mistake, please make it two pounds". Wouldn't happen today…

Osian Ellis then wrote to me to enquire if I would consider an audition to study under him. Grandmother said that she would not stand in my way, but spoke to me of her

experiences with her husband, who was so often away playing at one town or another and always fretting over his harp's welfare. (Such instruments are not easily transported or stored!). I was starting to study for A levels at school (Portsmouth Grammar School), and was deeply interested in Physics and Maths. I decided that I would continue along this road.

I then entered the Daily Mirror young instrumentalist competition, managing to reach the finals, held in the Wigmore Hall, London. As a result of this, the director of the National Youth orchestra of Great Britain, Ruth Railton, heard me play, and invited me to audition for her orchestra. When I joined this fantastic organisation, I played second harp to its principal harpist, David Watkins. (David, of course, went on to professional training, and became a world-renowned player and professor of harp at the Guildhall School of music. He is still performing).

I continued my studies at the University College, Cardiff. The University held an Eisteddfod, and I entered this to win the harp solo section. I was invited to play for two broadcasters, first BBC Wales to perform a couple of solos in a domestic program, and then by the Welsh Television Company TWW to play for their magazine program *Amser Te*. Even after these public performances, I was still unconvinced about a professional career in music. After getting my degree, I took a postgraduate qualification in teaching (the PGCE) and started some very happy years teaching physics (and a bit of maths, too) in Price's School, Fareham. I bought my first car (with dad's help), a Hillman Hunter estate. I took before an astonished salesman a measuring tape to gauge the space available with the back seats folded, explaining that the car must be able to take a harp! I served a term at Price's as part of my teacher's training and gave a lecture to the assembled sixth form on the harp. This must have gone down well, for at the conclusion, the head of music thanked me, announcing that I may be joining the staff on a permanent basis in September (I had made it known that I would love to fill an expected vacancy there). The headmaster left his seat at the back of the hall, and said in a loud voice that "Mr Thomas WILL be joining us in September!"

It took 6 months after filling in the forms, sending them back to the MOD, attending interviews and medicals for me to become a naval officer. Ironically, my father died just two months before I joined. I took my harp to Britannia Naval College Dartmouth, where it was described as "an unusual piece of kit". I was soon playing with the college's orchestra, and astonishingly, performed with a skilful flautist fellow student, the soloist's parts in the Mozart harp and flute concerto. Wardroom mess dinners provided opportunities to keep up with my solo work. Richard Baker was principal guest at one of BRNC's mess dinners. He was astonished to find one of the mess members entertaining with the harp after the speeches were done,



My first appointment as an instructor officer was to HMS Collingwood, one of the area shore establishments where my father had served during his RN career, and also as a retired officer still instructing there just a couple of months earlier. Back to my stamping ground, then. News of my harping preceded me, and, once more, the sound of the harp wound its way through mess dinners. I also continued to play at charity concerts in the area. The RN then taught me to become a weather forecaster in a six-month course held in Culdrose, Cornwall. I took my harp there, too. This time, not by car, but being flown there from Lee-on-Solent, courtesy of the Fleet Air Arm in whose company I was to spend the next 20 years. After qualifying as a Met Officer, I was then appointed to my first sea job, on HMS Devonshire, a guided missile destroyer based in Portsmouth. I was resigned to spending the commission harpless having been refused insurance to take my instrument aboard. Fate took an unexpected hand when the ship's band sergeant, a Royal Marine, told me that the Royal Marine's Eastney Barracks sported a harp in its stockroom. The RM concert band had not had a harpist for years, and the harp was gathering cobwebs, with only a few strings (apart from the wire ones) remained. OC marines welcomed me to his office. I left half an hour later with the fantastic news that I could take the harp on board Devonshire provided that I re-strung it (at MOD expense!) and made it playable again. The ship's Land Rover was soon carrying the harp the few miles to our berth in Portsmouth harbour.

I must add here about THE moment of my term aboard Devonshire. This was not to be found in performances that I was asked to give in a church in Malta whose congregation included a US ambassador, nor in a broadcast for the British Force's Network nor yet in a cocktail party given to Russian Naval officers and their guests at a reception on Devonshire's fo'c'sle when visiting Odessa. The harp was placed under one of the turrets on the deck, and an audience slightly bemused at the sight of a uniformed Naval Officer playing a harp rendered polite applause.

When I finished my appointment to Devonshire, I returned the harp to the Royal Marines with the utmost gratitude for their generosity. The remainder of my career in the RN was spent mostly in shore establishments, where I could take my own harp to entertain the troops. A red-letter day for me occurred in another performance of the Mozart Harp and Flute concerto, this time with co-soloist Emma, my 13-year-old daughter, with The Player's Consort in Bridport. What a wonderful event that was!

Ed: For the full account of Derek Thomas' harping career, see the entry under his name, in the Price's Creators Chapter in the Lion Pride publication.

Thomas	Jeremy	Dates	1956 - 1964

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WAYWARD SCHOOLBOY 1956-64

It is such a long time since I was at Price's, but it was a significant period of my life and I am confident my recollections remain reasonably accurate, e & oe!

When I joined Form 2B as Thomas VI, some 66 years ago, the Masters were all Oxbridge alumnae, apart from the games master, Mr Thompson, who was a Loughborough graduate, so top echelon, too!

From time to time, I have thought of my old school friends, and wondered what became of them. I'm sure they did well since they were all highly talented. Whilst I did not maintain contact after they departed to their various universities (and I did not!), I hope they kept in touch and perhaps met up from time to time. To me, they will always remain special.

Such thoughts were not on my mind on 4 February this year when I attended a black tie dinner organised by the Society of Master Mariners at St Mary's in Southampton, where I bumped into Richard Leedham, whom I have known professionally for many years. He told me about the pending tercentenary celebration and the piece he had written for the Old Priceans Society. Our conversation led to my reading the excellent pieces written about the school, and I decided to put pen to paper myself. Why should the star pupils alone paint a picture of their schooldays at Price's!

So, back to the beginning.

My introduction to the school and the eccentricities of some of the Masters.

My elder brother, **PAB Thomas**, had gone to Price's before me in 1953, and he was a splendid exemplar. Not only was he my hero, he was a paragon of virtue, and so well-behaved. He had gained just about every badge in the CCF, from his sergeant's stripes, to his marksman 2:02 & 3:03 badges, the signals award, Duke of Edinburgh silver & golds – he had badges all the way up his arm!

He used to save his pocket money and did his homework on time. In due course, he was the leader of our team when we did the gold award hike on Dartmoor, one wet and freezing February. He even led us across Fox Tor Mire (well, we were supposed to go around it – when we got to the camp that evening we were told an army truck had been lost in it shortly before!), but we survived.

Through Paul, by the time I joined the school, I was familiar with the names of several of the masters. On my first day, he introduced me to Bert Shaw, whom I subsequently got to know and respect. He was avuncular, but you knew there was an underlying discipline – you didn't trifle with Bert! As deputy head, Bert's personality set the tone for the whole school. Every year, he would chase the stragglers in the 880 yard Handicap across the finishing line with his walking stick! As I was introduced to him I gave a bow, whilst extending one arm behind, which made contact with Mr Foster who was stood there. To my considerable embarrassment (and his amusement) I had struck him in the midriff. Bert asked me whether I understood whom I just struck, to which I replied quite brightly - "Yes, sir, its Mr Floss!'. Well, Mr Foster's nickname was Flo, but he was also known as Flossie, so I had assumed his actual name was Floss!

Not all the masters' nicknames were as obvious as Bert and Flo. Yes, Mr Airedale was Doggie and Mr Mollard was Duck, but the Rev Royds-Jones (who taught physics) was known as Daddy Wick! I used to go sailing with him in his 14-foot dinghy (he probably still wore his dog collar which was an integral part of him) – he was quite a character – as thin as Chalkie (the cadaverous school master in the Gile's cartoons) but there the likeness ended – whilst he had the build of a long distance runner he was very strong. If you misbehaved in his class he might administer one of his "gentle pats", which could leave your ears ringing for a fortnight! On one occasion, when we were out sailing and had capsized offshore, with the boat upside down, he decided to unclip the rudder, which had zero buoyancy and dropped like a stone. That was that I thought – goodbye rudder! But he merely handed me his glasses, and dived straight down! He had been a distinguished engineer in his day and made the calculations on a project for the boring of a tunnel through a mountain - the two boreholes meeting spot-on in the middle. Rumour had it he had joined the school for a fortnight to stand in for another teacher, but was still there some 30 years on!

I remember the time he was in charge of our table for lunch. Sometimes a master might head a table together with a prefect or two, and between them they would dish out the food. It was no secret that the younger boys at the other end of the table tended to receive smaller portions! When the sweet arrived, it included some custard in a large jug, which Daddy Wick took upon himself to pour out, talking all the while. As he did so, his false teeth fell out and landed in the custard! Without a moment's hesitation, he plunged his hand in, fished out his teeth and put them back in his mouth, before proceeding to share out the custard. There was a chorus of "Eurggh"…from around the table to which he responded by saying 'Silly boys – none of the custard came into contact with my teeth'. Yes, I thought, perhaps not, but what about your hand! No-one on our table that day ate their sweet with quite the usual relish!

At the end of lunchtime, the tables had to be cleaned, and two or three dish cloths were handed around in bowls of water for that purpose – any food ending up in the bowls via the swabs. This provided a splendid opportunity for a spot of fun, with swabs being thrown around when no-one was looking. There was quite an art in launching a swab once you had managed to get hold of one, the procedure being to identify your victim, select the right opportunity (since getting caught was an automatic prefect's detention) – then stand up and in the same movement throw the swab at your intended target. Well, I had one of the swabs and my friend and classmate Richard Johnson had another. I could see he had taken the lie of the land, and was plotting his next move, so I bided my time. As he got to his feet, I threw my swab, liberally laced with water, plus a few bits of potato and what have you, and it caught him full in the face, whilst his arm was outstretched behind him, ready to make his throw! So there he was, one swab in his hand and the other wrapped round his face,

with some difficult explaining to do! It was a lucky throw on my part, but one of the funniest things ever! Sixty years on, it still makes me laugh!

Very few of us knew what we wanted to do with our lives once we had finished our education, but **Richard Johnson's** ambition was always to become a medic - long before he had a tobogganing accident on Portsdown Hill which put him in hospital for quite some time. I understand he rose to considerable eminence in the medical profession The only other person who knew in advance was Roger Taylor who wanted to become an ophthalmic optician!

Another school pal was **Brian "Titch" Turner** (most of the nicknames were strictly non-PC, as indeed was Richard Johnson's). Brian was a favourite of the dinner ladies who always made a fuss of him, with his wide eyes and his habit of flashing his lashes! No doubt they served him well later in life! Anyway, on one occasion we trooped into the kitchens after a meal which we felt was perhaps not up to the usual high standard. The dinner ladies were delighted to see Titch, who looked at them in his endearing way and enquired 'Well, what went wrong today?' At which one of the dinner ladies burst into tears, much to Titch's mortification – of course, he hadn't intended to upset anyone!

The dining area also served as the music room, and we would sit at the dinner tables on long benches with retractable legs, which locked into place. But if you released the mechanism a little then, with a bit of luck, when any weight was applied the bench would collapse and deposit the occupants on the floor – to everyone's amusement. Our music master was Smudge, Mr Smith. It was said that he had not had a good War. He told us of his time in the trenches and how he and his comrades used to sing Linden Lea, making as little noise as possible in order not to attract any enemy attention. He wished to recreate that sound, so we would sing really quietly, whispering the words,

'And there for me the apple tree do lean down low on Linden Lea'

A wonderful Dorset folk song, which also included the words,

'For I don't dread a peevish master, tho' no man may heed my frown….for I be free to go abroad……"

Propitious words in view of my future legal career and the many places abroad to which I travelled – I didn't dread a peevish master, either!

Smudge wasn't a disciplinarian – he was considerate and caring – and we rather took advantage of his good nature. Before Smudge started his music lesson, invariably there was considerable uproar in progress. He would quietly enter the room and sit at the piano, whilst saying "Now, boys, please be quiet", rather like John Le Mesurier from Dad's Army! Then he would touch the keys and quite often there would be no resulting sound from the piano. He would say "Oh dear, boys, not again!", and lift the top of the piano to extricate the odd hockey stick, or some knives and forks left over from lunchtime, impeding the mechanism.

Another pal, **Freddie Wills,** loved larking around – he often had us in fits of laughter. The music lessons provided him with plenty of opportunity to do precisely that. One summer day we were part-way through a lesson, and Freddie was on excellent form, sitting with his back towards the partially open sash windows. As he was in mid-antic, a face appeared at one of the windows – it was "Gash" / George Ashton, the headmaster, doing his rounds, and his gaze took in Freddie's performance with the clearest disapproval. We gesticulated to Freddie as best we could to desist, but he misunderstood, and fooled around even more outrageously. The face went from the window and we just had time to warn Freddie to stop when Gash swept into the room and thundered "You -

boy, come here!". I thought Freddie was going to drop dead on the spot with fright. When he came back a little while later, there was a noticeable reluctance on his part to sit down or place any pressure on his posterior! Getting the cane involved bending over the end of the school piano – perhaps it was the nearest prop available!

Johnnie O'Keefe was Freddie's best friend – if you saw one the other wasn't far behind - what mischief they got up to together - what fond memories I have of them. When Johnnie was chastised by a student teacher on temporary furlough, who demanded his surname, he replied nonchalantly "Bag, sir"!

Smudge turned up at one of the Open Days with an attractive wife and a small child in a pram, and it was only then we realised he wasn't in his mid-sixties, after all - probably in his late forties – so his wartime experiences must have taken their toll. I have no doubt his pupils looked back on their time with him with considerable fondness.

Smudge was our form master initially. In our classroom the desks had integrated seats with metal skids underneath, which you could use to propel yourself around, so there was quite a lot of movement when Smudge's back was turned. The two black boards were on sashes, one behind the other, which meant that homework or the like could remain confidential by the simple expedient of writing on the back board, and pulling down the front one to cover it. But it also enabled it to be re-arranged - with the back board in the raised position, and the front one pulled down almost to the ground - that when Smudge pulled it up, to his considerable surprise, **Dozey Dudson** tumbled out from behind it! All that Smudge said was "Really, now, boys….!"

That was the same Dudson who managed to position himself at both ends of the school photo – quite an accomplishment! The headmaster could not have been pleased when he saw Dozey's face smiling at him at either end! Or perhaps Dozey was smiling at one end and frowning at the other! Dozey was quite a personality, and I trust life has treated him kindly.

One year we had the chemistry teacher, Gunge Garton, as our form master. It was only on reading the fascinating piece by John Coombes that I realized his nickname was originally Gunga Din, but had been abbreviated by the time we came on the scene! I was told on my arrival as a new boy to listen out for his only two jokes which he would retell year in year out. One was "And when I say a wood anemone, I don't mean a wooden enemy!", and the other "And when I say a polygon, I don't mean a dead parrot!". I learned from him that people without a sense of humour really ought not to tell jokes!

Gunge's desk in the chemistry lab was on a raised plinth, from which he would gaze balefully down at us over the top of the Bunsen burners. He was rumoured to have been a professional footballer in his day, but we never saw any evidence of his prowess, other than that he was a big person and had probably been quite fit at some time. Perhaps he had been a goalie? He would sit on a raised stool, which had a step or two to assist him to mount the thing – so when he got up there, he was at a considerable height above us, plinth and all. One day, as he was sitting there, he moved, almost imperceptibly, to our right, whilst remaining seated, and then a little more, but he didn't seem to notice. Then the movement gathered a little momentum, whilst he appeared to lose height - before he really speeded up, and a look of alarm appeared on his rapidly disappearing face - when, with a final forlorn grasp at his desk, he vanished sideways, followed by a resounding crash and the sound of breaking wood. He shot off the plinth at great speed, landing in a tangled heap amongst the waste paper baskets! One of the boys, the form do-gooder (no doubt spotting an opportunity to ingratiate

himself to the stricken Gunge), rushed forward to assist, but was shoo'd away angrily by Gunge with the words "Get away, boy!"

At that, any of us who weren't already in fits of laughter, could no longer restrain ourselves. It was only Gunge's pride which had been hurt – nothing more – and I will never forget Gunge disappearing out of sight and crashing sideways off his plinth, for the rest of my days! But how had this situation come about? Well, the boys from an earlier class (no, it wasn't us on this occasion!) had found an old raised stool that was in bits, and they had pieced it back together and swapped it with Gunge's good stool. It had probably lasted for a lesson or two, but its collapse was just a matter of time. Clearly, he had not realised at first what was happening but, as his exit sideways accelerated, the horrified look on his face showed he knew he was at the point of no return!

As Gunge was our form master that year, when Christmas came around, we were duty bound to give him a present. But very few of us had any great affection for him (or he for us, so it seemed) and the whip round generated something of the order of 1s 7d! That didn't add up to much of a present, so we bought him a bar of soap and a couple of knick-knacks. As he unwrapped his presents, we felt a little mean, but it was too late by then. To our surprise, Gunge made a touching thank you speech, which showed there was a pleasant side to his character, worth getting to know. But the mask only slipped for that moment or two, and then we were back with our familiarly lugubrious Gunge!

Tom Hilton, the senior chemistry master, commanded the CCF. To us, he was the genuine thing, a proper soldier, and we felt he had the presence to lead a real army, if required. Late one afternoon, as we were hanging around in the quad before leaving to go home – that would have been **Richard Lewis, Philip Wake** and perhaps **Stubby Evans or David Howard-Jones** – when Tom Hilton was backing up his Vauxhall Wyvern. He reversed it into the pole supporting the handball net. He hit the metal pole quite resoundingly, which put a big crease in his back bumper. If any of us laughed out loud, it would have been more out of embarrassment, because you didn't upset Tom Hilton! He got out of the car and gave us such a rocket, that left us quaking in our shoes, before driving off a little way when, to our trepidation, he stopped and got out again. He walked back, and explained he had reversed into that same pole a fortnight or so earlier, and had just taken delivery of his car with a new bumper, earlier that day – he had not intended to take out his frustration on us! That was a nice gesture on his part.

His right-hand man in the CCF was David Howard-Jones' father, known to us as Taffy (or for some unknown reason, Adbul). He used to act out some of the characters in his history lessons and, when we were new boys, to our great amusement, he gave us his impression of a cave man!

When we were on an arduous training course we ended up in a pub one evening – looking all of our 14 years or so – but A E Smith was a bit taller than the other three of us, so he got in a round of beer. None of us had drunk any beer before, let alone a pint, and it tasted awful! One of the locals had noticed we weren't enjoying it, and said we'd much prefer the local scrumpy, which he and his friends were drinking, so we downed our beer and four pints of scrumpy were ordered. It didn't taste much better! I was violently sick outside the pub, but David Howard Jones was out of his head, fell into a ditch, and we had to carry him back to the camp! That was the first and last time I ever drank any scrumpy!

One day we were informed one of our classmates (the name **Robin Lusty** rings a bell?) was about to take his driving test. He had been learning to drive on private roads so he could take his test more or less on his 17th birthday. His aunt had promised him a new car if he passed and the school had agreed he would be allowed to drive it to school in that event, and park in the quad alongside the

masters' cars. 'Robin' sat at the back of the class, and kept to himself most of the time, hardly saying a dickie bird. He was of slight stature and rather shy – and what's wrong with that! Anyway, imagine our surprise when a few days later this brand new Humber Super Snipe was driven into the school playground; it ghosted in, with no sign of the driver, hidden behind its enormous steering wheel.



Humber Super snipe

Those Super Snipes were the size of a Rolls-Royce, and only came in black, since they were invariably chauffeur driven. Out clambered our classmate! When asked why his aunt had bought him such a car (the Mini had just come out, to popular acclaim), he said his aunt wanted him to have a car in which she felt he would be safe in the event of an accident!

None of the masters owned cars which began to match the Humber. The oldest was Gash's beat-up old Morris, which was kept in a tumble down wooden shed on the edge of the playground. Gash used to career around the place at great speed - he was either a good or a very bad driver – nothing in between. You kept out of his way when he reversed out of the garage and charged off to Fareham, as if on the Monte Carlo rally. We decided it would be fun to tie his front bumper to the back of the garage, and see what would happen - there surely could only be one outcome. But did we follow through with our plan? I just cannot remember, but the garage did fall down at around that time, so who knows?

'Ada' Alderson (my French master, together with Mr Openshaw) had the next best car, a duo coloured blue Standard Ensign, which was kept immaculately clean, unlike Gash's which had probably never seen water apart from when it rained. Ada was an accomplished linguist; an academic who, I believe, was completing his work on the Oxford Turkish dictionary. He introduced several of us to French pen-friends from a lycee in Grenoble, which was the high point of my time at Price's. I spent many summers in France enjoying the kind hospitality of my penfriend's parents, and I know he equally appreciated the welcome from my family each Easter. I have kept in touch with my pen-friend, Christian Roy, to this very day, although we are now in our mid-70's.

Christian and I became part of our respective families – and I continue to regard him as one of my closest friends. Christian joined Hewlett Packard when the company was setting up its French headquarters in Grenoble. He was the second person to be taken on – he jokes he never made any progress since when he came to retire he was still no. 2 – but by then there was a total workforce of 3,000 employees! Christian is an accomplished ski-boarder and continues to fly his light aircraft which he enjoys landing on glaciers!

One summer, when I was a relatively new boy, a sports pavilion was built on the edge of the sports field, with showers in the central section and changing rooms on either side. As part of the celebratory opening, a match was held between the staff and the school – either hockey or cricket, no doubt. Whilst the masters were in the shower after the match, we were playing outside. The game consisted of one person standing against the front of the pavilion wall and a ball being thrown at him, which he had to dodge or fend off with his fist. When it was my turn I threw the ball hard but inaccurately; it went high and struck the crenelated glass window which ran the length of the showers, a foot or so above head height. To my horror, the glass shattered with a loud crash, with shards of glass cascading down on the masters below. My immediate and instinctive reaction was

to rush in and apologise – to find half a dozen or so naked masters, in the process of trying to extricate themselves from the showers, without cutting their feet on the broken glass littering the floor. This was a sight not intended for my eyes - and I was lost for words. What can one say in such a situation? They certainly made it clear they were not pleased to see me!

I don't remember getting punished as a result of that incident, but by then I had come to learn that if the outcome was serious enough, quite often there were no repercussions!

Unlike the time I was caught throwing a snowball at Jerk Jarvis, who taught Latin, and was not the most popular of masters. He had seen the snowball coming and managed to duck it, noticing I had gathered a pile of snowballs together. Jerk ordered me to pick one up as evidence and marched me off to the headmaster's study for a beating. That prospect was better than one of Jerk's sessions with a slipper. I had narrowly escaped such an encounter myself, but that's another story! By the time the headmaster was available, and Jerk got me to show him the snowball, I had been squeezing it and all that remained was a tiny bit of ice the size of a farthing! Nevertheless, the punishment was duly administered!

One of the banes of school life at Price's was simply getting there from the outskirts of Hedge End – then a tiny village. My brother, Paul, and I would cycle the mile or so from our home to the bus stop for the 53 or 76 buses to Fareham and, when we got there, we would walk from the bus station through the town and up Park Lane to the school. The journey was of the order of an hour and a half either way – six days a week, since the Saturday morning regime was still in place. One winter's evening, I fell asleep on the way home on the upper deck of a 53, which went by way of Wickham and some open countryside. Waking with a start, and looking out over a dark unfamiliar landscape, I thought I had gone past my stop and was bound for Southampton, so I raced downstairs and leapt off, just as the bus was pulling away from a bus stop. I looked around to get my bearings, and realised I was outside Wickham, miles from anywhere, with no prospect of a bus for another hour! So, I thumbed my way home – that was in an era when drivers gave people a lift without fear of the consequences!

On my way to school one morning, Paul was not at the bus stop, but was some way beyond it. He explained he was playing truant, intending to thumb his way to Earls Court and visit the Motor Show. He agreed I could come with him after I explained that was a price for my silence, and off we went. I remember keeping my school cap on since it was a capital offence to be caught outside school without it on! When we got to the outskirts of London a very dapper person driving a Mini Radford De Ville, with lattice work on the sides, kindly gave us a lift. We were chatting away when Paul remarked that the Beatles must be millionaires by now, and our host responded not yet, but perhaps in the future. I said he seemed to know what he was talking about as regards show biz, and did he have any connections in that world? To which he replied, 'Well, my name is Norman Wisdom'! He dropped us off right outside Earls Court, recounting on the way that his proudest achievement had been playing cricket for the Lords Taverners at Lord's, and how he had started out as a page boy at Liptons. When I asked him why there was any need for such a person at a supermarket, he told me Lipton's had been an exclusive London hotel!

But the journey to school kept me from my school friends as regards extra-mural activities, since they lived closer and could spend more time together, including going to the cinema on Wednesday afternoons. I always enjoyed them telling me about the plot of the films afterwards – it was as much fun as being there myself!

We were such good friends - I often was invited to lunch by **Richard Lewis** or **Freddie Wills** - their parents were most welcoming.

We were together in the playground one lunchtime when I felt distinctly unwell and, as the stomach pains got worse, I was walking around practically doubled up. I told Duck, who was on duty, that I was truly unwell, that I might need medical assistance, and could I be excused to go home early. I believe he thought I was pulling a fast one. Then, several of my pals, inc. **Richard Lewis** or **John Keith,** spoke in turn to Duck, but he was not to be fooled by such antics and said for me to take things easy, then wait until after lunch to see how I felt. I told my pals I was in such pain that I was going home, permission or no. So I set out for the bus station, bent double all the way, and boarded a 53 bus, unable to progress beyond the platform, hanging on to the rail for support. Off we went – I almost passed out a couple of times – but I made it back to Hedge End, where I retrieved my bike for the final leg home.

I cycled and stumbled for about half a mile before I collapsed in a heap in the road, just outside the village sweet shop, where the lady who ran it came to my assistance and telephoned my mother. I was put to bed and our family doctor called around – that was in the days when doctors regularly visited their patients and were held in high esteem. Dr Stanger called an ambulance and I was whisked off to hospital to have my appendix removed later that night.

I enjoyed my time in hospital, and I was kept in because I had a touch of peritonitis. On my return home a few weeks later, the district nurse would come and dress the wound for another couple of weeks. Then, it was back to school, with my O levels pending, but the school seemed a different place, from which I had become disconnected. I do not recall any contact from Price's between the time I endured that terrible bus journey home, and my return to school all those weeks later. On the science side, things had moved so far and I never caught up. **Philip Wake** had a slide rule, which he tried to explain to me, and he had worked out his own mathematical equations, rather than rely on those he had been taught! Sines and logarithms meant nothing to me, and I still wonder what useful purpose they can serve beyond the upper realms of physics or mathematical academia!

I cannot write about Price's without mentioning the importance of Mr Thacker, our English master. He was the tops – no nickname - always Mr Thacker. He used to read Middlemarch every summer holiday – and he was the teacher every pupil most wanted to impress.

But what about my school career, I hear you say?

Well, as my brother Paul puts it, I rather dropped out. I was the veritable rebel without a cause, and I still don't know what it was I was rebelling against. Apart from playing hockey at county level, about which the school knew very little until Mr Oxford, who played for Fareham 2nd XI, found out I was playing for their 1st, I rather lost interest in the school curriculum, although I continued to be chosen to read the lesson at St Peter & St Pauls. What I enjoyed more than anything else was going to the Concorde Club in Southampton to watch Manfred Mann performing!

My A level results were a disaster. If people ask me, to this day I would probably say I managed to get an E and two D's but, actually, I think I got a two E's and a D! It was clear I wasn't Oxbridge material, or for any uni for that matter! I had one interview to read law at Birmingham University and, after an enjoyable stay with a girlfriend who lived in Lickey Rock, I duly presented myself. I had built up my expectations - they must surely be interested in offering me a place if they had invited me there. But the fellow I saw just went through my CV and didn't enquire any further. I asked him if he would like me to add anything, to say a little about myself or explain why I felt I should be offered a place at the University. "No" came the reply "It's all here – everything I need to know is already in

writing". At that point it dawned on me that I was probably just cannon fodder and had been asked to attend so that they could say they had interviewed a certain number of candidates – the chances of being offered a place were slightly less than nil. So, I asked him again and got the same reply. I asked him why I had been asked to come all the way to Brum, merely for him to read in front of me the particulars I had provided. For that matter, I said, how do I know you aren't just a janitor in a suit who has been asked to stand in and go through the motions of conducting a serious interview? "No" he replied curtly, "I'm the head of the Faculty of Law". Unfortunately, he didn't have much of a sense of humour, and we went our separate ways.

So, back to Price's. My Latin master was Geoffrey (Twitch) Vail, and he was also head of careers. He had been most patient with me and was thoughtful by nature. Thank goodness he didn't put my name down to sit Greek "O" level! When he first joined the school he had tried to win us over by kindness, but that had not worked and we simply ran riot in his lessons. Luckily for him, he had joined at the end of term, for when the new term commenced he had received training on how to deal with an unruly class, and he made it clear he would brook no further nonsense. So, he was that more effective as a teacher, but he still had this unfortunate twitch, which naturally became his nickname.

He had the top drawer of a filing cabinet with details of job opportunities, but there was nothing beyond the first inch or so of file holders. I asked him whether his experience of the outside world made him the ideal person for the job, where he was a Price's old boy, who had gone to Oxbridge, and then returned straight away to teach Latin. He pointed out that there hadn't been much need for his services where I was the first sixth former within living record who hadn't gone on to further education! Also, that between Uni and rejoining the school he had worked for the National Coal Board for two months! So we went through the motions of whether the school could get me into Sandhurst, or Dartmouth or Cranwell - but I had heartily disliked the CCF and was a free spirit, so service life was clearly not for me. How about joining a Bank or an Insurance Company? That sounded pretty dire, but I agreed to meet another Thomas from Price's who was working for a bank in Southampton. He told me he was bored witless, and that the only moment of excitement had been when he had inadvertently set off the Bank alarm, and the place had been surrounded by police. He thought that episode had not helped his career prospects. I asked Twitch, how about the law, but he had to admit he knew nothing about the profession or what it involved.

Life after Price's.

So, I went my merry way and, with the assistance of my mother who was a local magistrate, got articled to a firm of solicitors in Winchester. I found I enjoyed the law, and it was fun working with the other articled clerk who later became head of Sony, Europe. In 1971, I went up to London and joined a firm with a maritime law department, and then moved to another City firm, by the name of Constant & Constant, subsequently becoming an equity partner and heading the Maritime & International Trade section.

My work took me all over the world, and I had a lot more fun in the process, though some of the places were more pleasurable from an after-dinner conversation point of view - on returning from rather than actually attending! I will just mention Moscow in the days of outright Communism, pre-perestroika and glasnost; setting up an office in Murmansk; the curfew in Luanda under Dos Santos; attending Ceausescu's palace in Rumania; Yugoslavia during the civil conflict (when the US military took out my clients offices), and a confrontation at Belgrade airport when my bodyguard refused to hand over his gun.

There were so many experiences which served to enliven one's zest for living. Flying on Concorde; staying at some of the world's finest hotels; addressing a host of guests on Tito's island; being one of the few solicitors to be granted an audience in the Court of Appeal; being driven along the Corniche to Monte Carlo in a client's Rolls-Royce Corniche; appearing in arbitrations and mediations. There was so much variety. I never knew where my work would take me next, perhaps to a ship in trouble in the port of Mangalore, or to Alexandria to sort out a rejected consignment of frozen beef, or to Casablanca, to Santiago over problems with the carriage of table grapes, or Bucharest – all at the drop of a hat! And finally, representing the Govt of India in a dispute over funds which had belonged to the Nizam of Hyderabad, and in which the Govt of Pakistan was represented by one Cherie Booth!

When I look back on my time at Price's, it is with considerable fondness, and I wonder what difference it would have made to my subsequent career if I had put in more effort and got to a good university. I'm not sure it would have, and who knows – I may just have been lucky in life! But perhaps I worked more diligently post-Price's in order to make up for my lack of diligence when I was there – I think that must indeed have been the case! That being so, Price's served me well!

Jeremy J Thomas – March/ April 2022.

Thomas	John Boase	Dates	



In Memory of

John Boase Thomas

Lieutenant
Royal Flying Corps
who died on
Wednesday, 23rd January 1918. Age 20.

Son of the late John Boase Thomas, of Poplars, Curdridge, Hants

Commemorative Information

MAALA CEMETERY, Yemen

Cemetery/memorial reference: Sp. Plot. 4.4.

Most of the 145 Commonwealth servicemen of the 1914-1918 War buried here lost their lives in the defence of Aden against the Turks. There are 157 Commonwealth war burials of the 1939-1945 War in Maala Cemetery. Most of those buried in other parts of Yemeni territory, whose graves could not be maintained, were later transferred to this cemetery. Aden was a naval and air base of vital importance during the war. There are 11 Non Commonwealth war burials and 379 Non World War service burials named here. The cemetery is surrounded on four sides by a wall. The entrance, on the northern side, leads to the central avenue, and half-way along stands the Cross of Sacrifice at the intersection of two paths. The war graves, which are scattered in the different denominational plots among those of civilians, are marked by headstones or private memorials and surrounded by kerbs filled with coral chippings. Many of the graves of the 1914-1918 War have also been kerbed in conformity with the general design of the cemetery.

A later extension on the western side, Maala Memorial No. 2, commemorates 10 servicemen of the 1914-1918 War and 1 airman of the 1939-1945 War who were buried at North Point Christian Cemetery, Kamaran Island and Perim Cemetery, Perim Island.

J. B. THOMAS, 2nd Lieut. RFC, Was killed in action in Mesopotamia, on January 23rd. School House, 1910—14. Head of the House, School Monitor, 1st XI. Cricket, 1913—14, Holder of the Shooting Cup on four occasions. "Tommy" was one of the most popular boys in the School, in which he has always taken the greatest interest since he left, looking us up whenever he was in the neighbourhood. Joining a civilian Flying School at Hendon, he soon got his "ticket," and a commission in R.F.C. followed. For nearly a year he was an instructor in India, and was moved to Aden in November.

Titheridge	Eric "Dusty" Victor	Dates	

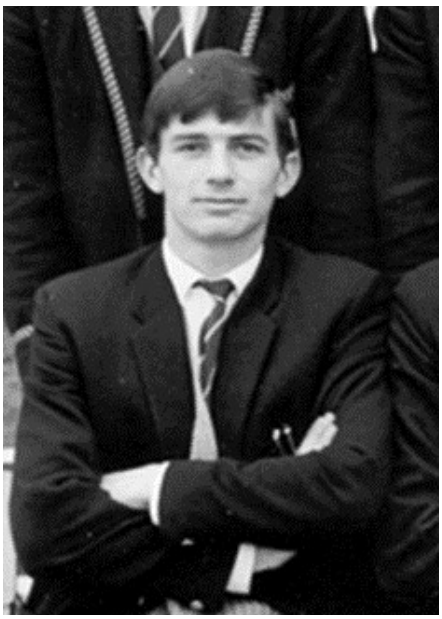
William Edwin Titheridge (1883-c.1963) husband of Beatrice Louisa Daysh (1883-1961)

Their children:
Reginald George (1910-?), Doris (1914-?), Eric (Dusty) Victor (1923-?)
|
|
Eric came to Canada in 1946
|
|
Eric (Dusty) Victor Titheridge (1923-) husband of Ruth Hunter
Their children: Janet, Mark Alan (1950-?)

Todd	Robert Gwynne	Dates	1962 - 1966

Borne in Calccutta, Indua, his father was a Captain in the Royal Arttillery, and his mother a Nurse in the QARANcs. On their return to Britain, Robert was sent to King James 1st Grammar School on the Isle of Wight before joining Prices in May 1962.

Quickly into playing any sport that was going. Apart from being gifted with amazing co-ordination, he was a constant bundle of explosive energy and full of confidence. These attributes enabled him to ply most sports and he would succeed in any he put his mind to. As a young boy in India, he would play hockey in the local play area, with a cricket stump, so his quick reflexes were developed at an early age and hockey thus became his prime sport.



Tony Izzard and I opened the bowling in almost every game. We bowled out PurbrookG.S. for 13 runs. Todd 5 wickets for 5 runs, Izzard 5 for 5!

We took a lot of wickets between us over the years from Colts to 1st Xi. Happy days.

My time spent at Price's was generally enjoyable, especially when sport was involved. I fact I think I spent more time on the sports field than I did in the classroom.

Soccer; Colts U15 team 1962, 6-a-aside 1st team 1963/64, 1st XI 1963, 64, 65, Hants Schools' Finalist 1964

Cricket: Colts 63/64, 1st XI 64, 65. Hants Schools' trial

Hockey: 1st XI 64, 65, 66. 1st XI Captain 66. Johnson Hockey Stick award 65, 66. Hants Schoolboys' team 66. 1966 English Boys' trial, South of England trial, Hants U21's + Hants 1st XI Fareham Town Hockey Rugby 1st XI 65/66 whilst still at School.

Badminton team 65/66, Basketball team 65, Swimming team 64/65

Representative Sport:

Rugby	1st XV	1965 / 66
Badminton	team	1965 / 66
Basketball	team	1965
Swimming	team	1964 / 65
Sailing	School House team	1964 / 65
Athletics	School House team	1983 / 64 / 65

1966 English Schoolboys' trial, at St. Albans
1966 South of England Schoolboys – Crystal Palace
1966 Hampshire U21s (while still at School)
1966 Hampshire 1st XI (while still at School)
1966 Fareham Town Hockey |Club 1st X(while still at School)
I

Ed: In terms of then spread of his talents, clearly one of the outstanding boys at Sport, across all years, with high quality representation at the highest level.

Thompson	Kim	Dates	1980 - 1982



I attended Prices's College from 1980 to 1982, studying 'A' levels in English Literature, History and Art with art history. I remember those years as being full on studying with huge amounts of essay writing and revision as we prepared for our exams. It was not all hard grind; there was a Theatre trips club, visits to London galleries and opportunities to travel, including a trip run by the history department to Russia. My history teacher, a slight, elderly woman called Mrs Gorman, had a resigned approach to teaching the broad span of European, World and British History from Robert Peel through to the Suez crisis. Stopping for a 'ciggy break' halfway through our mind bogglingly long history lessons to nip out for a puff on a quarter of a roll up, she came to life with the Russian Revolution and the rise of socialism.

She taught me a lot about editing my essays as I never wanted to be accused of padding mine out with 'clouds of verbiage' a rebuke delivered with a smoky grin of amusement as she handed back marked homework. Although the Dictionary description of verbiage is 'an excess of words that add little or nothing to the meaning', I actually rather liked 'clouds of verbiage' . It suited my creative writing style. Looking back I should have listened more attentively to her! I never went to Russia but was reliably informed that those who did packed their cases with Levi jeans to flog to the communists who were desperate for real denim. Mrs Gorman has left me with the lasting knowledge that the teachings of Carl Marx are known as dialectical materialism ans that ‘Religion is the opium of the people’. That's one for University Challenge!

At the time I was passionate about art and creative writing and was lucky enough to get the chance to attend a course run by the Arvon Foundation at Totleigh Barton in Devon. I had always loved books and this opportunity made me consider routes into journalism and writing, encouraged by our lovely English teacher Ray Bell who was keen for me to become an author. I was keen for a while too and probably still nurture the desire to write something that will blow the literary world apart with its brilliance. However, virtually from birth I had been obsessed with drawing and painting and art quickly became my focus as a career option as I progressed through my A level courses. The art classroom at Price's was the place where I felt inspired and excited about what I was doing. It was hard work but never the tedious slog of learning quotes from Shakespeare, Milton's Paradise Lost and D H Lawrence by heart or writing reams and reams about the Corn Laws and Gladstone versus Disraeli. Art was escape and wonder and the thing I wanted to do forever. So, my career path as an artist most probably started there, amongst the A1 sheets of cartridge paper, gouache and charcoal and the still life set-ups of kitchen utensils and cheese plants and skulls. I blame my art teacher, Tony Hiles, for lighting a fire of curiosity and total joy at creating art for my decision to become an artist. At that time I was not sure how to take that passion and turn it in to a career but Mr Hiles gave me the belief in what I was doing and my potential and also the importance of striving in each project we were set. Art in some capacity as a job seemed entirely possible and I never looked back. Encouraged to 'break new ground' every time we picked up a paint brush, that lesson has stayed with me through hours and hours of painting over 35 years of being a freelance artist and illustrator.



Water Hole in Botswana

Looking back at my time at Price's College, which was just two years and seems so short, I see now that this time did have a big impact on the decisions I took for my career path. I was a studious person but my heart was not in poring over tomes of knowledge but in making and creating. Art is something you carry inside and it is hard to ignore it. I was very lucky in having parents who both encouraged and supported my desire to pursue art and that is the route I took.

Tomkins	Cyril Robert	Dates	



I am afraid that I cannot remember any really significant events while at Price's. Apart from the classes and several masters, my memories consist of cold conditions trying to learn physics in an old wooden hut, days out "on exercise" as a member of the CCF (where we took bottles of cider to drink and thought ourselves very bold), very cold conditions at a swimming pool in Gosport in Summer term, splendid carol services at Christmas time, tennis matches once a year against the staff on the Headmaster's lawn (partnered by Geoff Hardwick – see below) and a pleasant two years in the Sixth Arts studying in the library.

I was selected to move from the Fourth Form direct into the Sixth Form where I took just two A-levels while completing the four necessary O levels for possible Oxbridge entrance. The School's idea was then that I would spend a third year in the Sixth to take the Oxbridge entrance exam.

In retrospect I think that was not a good idea as I missed out on a lot of science that I would have learned in the Fifth Form and the idea did not materialise anyway. While I was in the Sixth Form my father died and I was a sole child living with my mother who could not earn much and so I left school to work in a bank, which I disliked, and then HMIT.

After three years I decided that I should have gone to University and the headmaster George Ashton was very helpful in getting me a place at the University of Bristol to study Economics and Accounting and a County Council grant to finance me while there.

After Bristol, I qualified as an accountant and, having been a prize winner in the accounting exams, was invited by Professor Baxter to go to LSE to study for an M.Sc. (Professor Amey at Bristol University gave me one of his SSRC grants to go to LSE. I still think this was an amazing gesture. I cannot see a University using one of its grants to send someone to another University there days). While at LSE, I decided that the academic life would probably suit me, got a post at Hull University and stayed in Universities from then onwards.

The fellow pupils that I can remember in the Sixth Form Arts are Roy Kilford, Chris (?) Powell, ? Gullick, ? Roberts (the first two also went to the University of Bristol) and I was quite friendly with Neville Tully and Geoff Hardwick who were in Sixth Science. I am not in touch with any of them now.

Cyril (Tomkins)

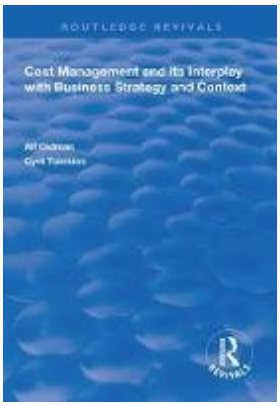
CURRICULUM VITAE

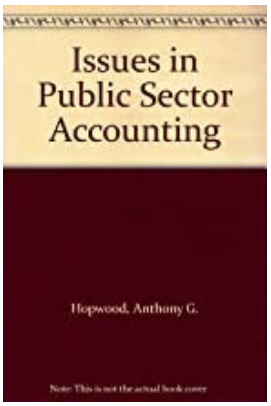
Cyril Tomkins, B.A., M.Sc., C.P.F.A.,F.C.C.A is Emeritus Professor of Business Finance, of the University of Bath where he was Head of the School of Management for six years and afterwards a Pro-Vice-Chancellor for three years. Before his appointment at Bath, he had academic posts at Hull University, UCNW and Strathclyde University.

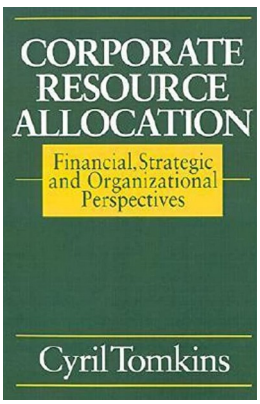
During his career he undertook research into a variety of topics in accounting and financial management leading to over 120 publications, including 12 books, several Government reports, and many refereed journal articles on accounting and finance. Apart from his own personal writing and research, he has undertaken research for H.M. Treasury, H.M. Customs & Excise, The Welsh Council, The Confederation of British Industry, The Royal Commission for the Distribution of Income and Wealth, The Equipment Leasing Association, The Society of British Aerospace Companies, several leading accounting Institutes and conducted work sponsored by a Regional Health Authority, local authority, S.S.R.C., E.S.R.C. and EPSRC.

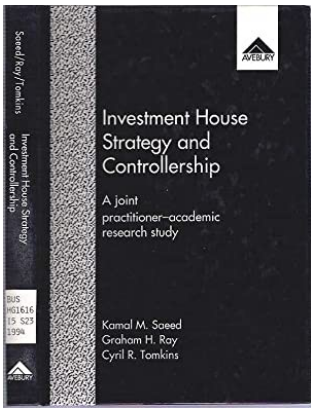
He also supervised over 50 PhD students who conducted their research in accounting or finance fields. He has served on a wide range of public and private sector bodies and journal editorial boards. In 2004 he was awarded a Lifetime Achievement Award by the British Accounting Association.

After retirement he spent a four year term as Treasurer of Kingsdown Golf Club – one of the first 13 golf clubs in England and second oldest in the West Country.

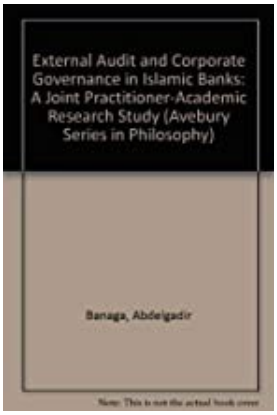












Other BOOKS

1. ***INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNTS FOR WALES*****,** 1964-1968, WELSH COUNCIL,
2. ***FINANCIAL PLANNING IN DIVISIONALISED COMPANIES,*** HAYMARKET PRESS (NOW PRENTICE-HALL) 1974
3. ***INTER-REGIONAL INPUT/OUTPUT TABLES FOR WALES AND THE REST OF THE U.K. 1968*** WELSH COUNCIL, 1978 (WITH R IRESON).
4. ***AN ECONOMIC ANALYSIS OF THE FINANCIAL LEASING INDUSTRY,*** SAXON HOUSE, 1979 (WITH J LOWE & E MORGAN).
5. ***STRATEGIC INVESTMENT DECISIONS: A COMPARISON OF UK AND GERMAN PRACTICES IN THE MOTOR COMPONENTS INDUSTRY,*** AVEBURY, 1994, 389 pages. (WITH C.CARR AND B. BAYLISS.)
6. ***GOVERNANCE PROCESSES FOR PUBLIC SERVICES - A COMPENDIUM OF CASE STUDIES,*** CIMA, London. 1998 pp 326. (WITH PETER VASS, PETER DAY AND STEVE BRIGLEY

13 **Under consideration for publication January 2021**

A LAYMAN LOOKS AT PHILOSOPHY –and a little science

Articles:

Administrators as Managers of Change at the Karolinska Institute (I.D.Colville)

An Experimental Use of Data Envelopment Analysis in Evaluating the Efficiency of UK Departments of Accounting (+ R.Green)

Local Authority Audit Under the Audit Commission and What it Means to One Private Sector Professional Firm

Value for Money Auditing - Towards Incorporating a Naturalistic Approach (+ M.Greenwood)

Developing and Understanding Cultural Change in HM Customs and Excise: There Is More to Dancing than Knowing the Next Steps (+ I.D.Colville)

Managing Tax Regimes: A Call for Research (C.Packman, S.Russell), I.D.Colville)

Ed: See also, the Lion Pride Chapter on Price's Creators to see John listed there.

Tompkins	John	Dates	1972 - 1979

Former Royal Marine John Tompkins has been in touch



Almost certainly the best excuse for missing the Society's Christmas Lunch is this postcard received by the Secretary from the Falkland Islands. John Tompkins is trekking across the islands for "The Not Forgotten Association".

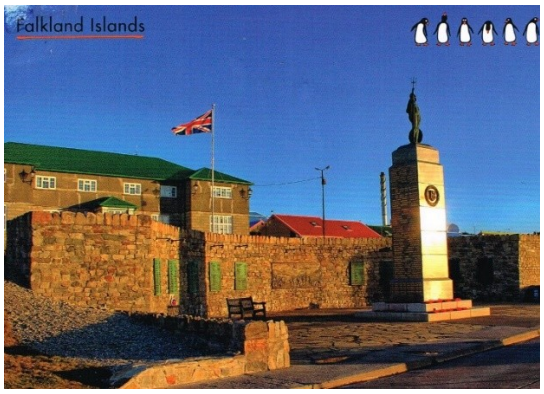
John emailed to say:
"As a veteran from the 1982 conflict I will be with the "Not Forgotten" Association taking other disabled ex servicemen and women on a trip.

This will be my first return trip to the islands.

I hope that you all have a splendid time and please pass on my apologies to other Old Priceans, especially any who were at the school 1972 - 1979.

Best regards John Tompkins "





1972 Judo Club. 1972 With Wilson, won the Hampshire Schools' pairs' Badminton Championship at their age division.

John Tompkins writes:

The black and white photograph was taken in the gymnasium at Prices, whilst we were trying to break the world record for continuous judo training in 1972 or 1973. We broke the previous record of about 24 hours and raised about 200 - 300 pounds to buy a new mat.

Unfortunately, the Judo Instructors were all from the Royal Navy, all from the same establishment, The main instructor was called "Rod" Their whole ship was posted up to a base in Scotland, so the Judo club folded in about 1974.

I can't remember that many names, Top Row 3rd from Left was a boy called Smith, his father was a Teacher at Prices who taught mathematics. I am middle row 3rd from Left. Front row 2nd from Left is Chris Davies.

Tomlinson	Mr. John	Dates	1972 - 1974

Price's School 1972-1974.

Memories of a new teacher

Having spent the first period of my PGCE Teaching Practice at a Middle School in Shirley, Southampton and hence beginning to wonder whether teaching was really for me, it was a great relief to learn that the second 3-month stint would be teaching Maths at a Grammar School in Fareham. Being a Londoner, I barely knew where Fareham was, but warmed to the sight of Price's School immediately. My first impression was that I had stepped straight into an episode of "To Serve Them All My Days", but this wasn't a displeasing feeling and any misgivings were soon allayed by the warm welcome I received from all of the staff. Well, nearly all.

On my first morning, having been given an outline programme, I had a little time to spare before Break, so made myself comfortable in a large armchair in the staff room. As staff started to drift in, some gave me strange, almost worried, looks. Apparently, I had chosen the Deputy Head, Tom Hylton's favourite chair. He politely, but firmly, disabused me of the wisdom of sitting in "his" chair. On further acquaintance, however, I came to appreciate what a steadfast colleague Tom was, admired and respected by all with whom he came into contact.

I was introduced over the ensuing days, to an eclectic range of staff, a few of the old boys of the School and many having served in the Second World War. Most of the pupils were well-behaved although on one occasion I did discover a noisy collection of boys in the corner of a classroom and, when I finally removed them, discovered the teacher whose class I was there to observe, at the bottom of the scrum!

One of my tasks on the PGCE course was to undertake a questionnaire with the staff - one question asked why they chose to enter the teaching profession. I particularly enjoyed one heartfelt response: "It was a vacational calling"!(sic)

Having completed a very enjoyable Teaching Practice, I then spent an interesting year at Havant Grammar School. This was supposedly an equivalent institution, but being on the edge of Leigh Park, had a somewhat different ambiance. However, within six months, I had a phone call from Head of Maths, John Cole, asking if I would be interested in returning full-time to Price's. I can't even recall an interview for this post - apparently in those days such minor protocols were overlooked. I accepted with alacrity.

Once again, Price's worked its magic on me. From the first staff meeting on the eve of the Autumn Term (followed by the inevitable adjournment to The Miners Arms) the staff, and the Maths staff in particular, made me feel at home. The boys were, on the whole, respectful and hard-working. In those days, any pupil who achieved less than a grade A at O level Maths was deemed a failure! The majority of 6th Formers went on to university - quite a few to Oxbridge- and many were the occasions when staff were invited to dinner at Oxbridge Colleges to help "smooth the wheels of recruitment".

The staff contained numerous characters and many of them, as ex-servicemen, were strong disciplinarians. I well recall the one who refused to allow a boy to leave the classroom even though he could see his house (which was adjacent to the School) was on fire! The Maths staff also had many of its own notable stalwarts -the fatherly avuncular figure of Trevor Owens, who became a

wise mentor to me, Roy Daysh with his endless store of limericks, the formidable figure of Ken Newman, billowing smoke from his cigarette - who turned out to be a very kind-hearted man despite some horrific experiences in the wartime Arctic Convoys.

Other notable characters included Alan Glyn-Howell, with his 7 degrees, acerbic sense of humour, and his stories of the glories of the schools he had taught at in India before his escape to England. I could have listened to his accounts of pre-Partition India for hours, and regularly did so, when invited to his house for refreshments-supplied by his delightful wife, Tess. Some staff were just eccentric. I fondly recall one who came rushing into the staffroom at the end of the day shouting wildly that someone had stolen his car. He ranted on, threatening retribution to all and sundry, before sheepishly admitting a little later that he had, in fact, come to school on his bike that day!

As time went on, I was lucky enough be promoted to Head of Maths, with the recommendation of John Cole. Soon after this, the Sixth Form College hoved into view and the old atmosphere began imperceptibly to change. I enjoyed my subsequent time at the College but would have liked a little more time to experience the unique atmosphere of Price's School.

John Tomlinson

Into the P6FC

As regards the transition to Price's Sixth Form College and eventually Fareham Tertiary College, there wasn't a lot to tell. No real characters!

Initially, the ethos seemed to change minimally. However, once Incorporation was inflicted on us, we became more of a business than an educational institution.

We became entirely responsible for our own finances and hence recruitment became key to survival and the pressure to succeed was immense.

I eventually became one of the Assistant Principals so can't complain too much, but the endless meetings, impossible targets, constant restructuring and the need to become a business manager rather than an educator, was relentless.

Nevertheless, the more mature atmosphere came as a pleasant change from the previous adolescent environment.

As far as the pupils/students were concerned, they seemed to cope admirably. Those who entered at the age of 16 had known nothing different; those who were seeing out the old Grammar School were guided admirably by the "Head", Cyril Briscoe and were only too happy to see the introduction of sixth form girls into their hitherto all - male environment.

Hope this helps a little with the appreciation of the post Grammar School years.

Regards,

John Tomlinson



Names not supplied

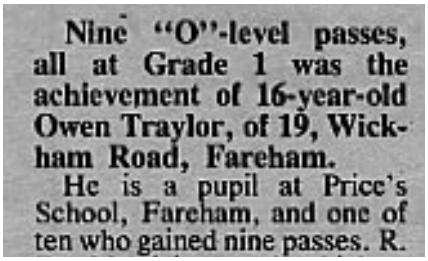
Tooley	David	Dates	1964-69

David recalls 1964 Form 1c (Mr Boot) :... those tortuous cross-country runs that 'Tuck' used to stitch us up with over the back of beyond. It all seems like yesterday, I remember my school days 1964 – 1969 recalls 1964 Form 1c (Mr Boot) vividly. I also remember all the characters in our class.

Noakes certainly comes to mind, ... Also Todd, his partner ... Wheeler, the sporty lad, I hated him, he excelled in everything he did...ratbag. Plumpton and Robson, the football wizards. Ian Virgo, who sat next to me in our first year. Stribley called horse because of his strange running stance, but a really nice guy. Mitchell, me and him worked in an old dears garden as voluntary work down Trinity street.(Another really nice bloke) .... Slocombe.. I remember he was the first one in our year to buy a motorbike. A 125cc Yamaha, complete with fairing, went like the clappers. We used to bunk off CCF sometimes for a ride out on it. ..... Nicky Retzler, whose mother was sadly killed in a car accident during the late 60's. I could write a book on my school days at Prices, and in fact may well do so. They were great times, and it's sad that the present youth will never have what we had to look back on.

Traylor	Owen	Dates	1967-74





Nine "O"-level passes, all at Grade 1 was the achievement of 16-year-old Owen Traylor, of 19, Wickham Road, Fareham.
He is a pupil at Price's School, Fareham, and one of ten who gained nine passes. R.

Owen Traylor, off to Cambridge to study Law.

"Owen Traylor developed his interest in foreign affairs by studying languages, gaining A grades at A-level in French, German and Latin (a first for the school). He also immersed himself in sports, winning 1st XI colours for football and cricket, and the 220-yard sprint cup in 1974. While studying at the University of Cambridge he took part in the Price's College cricket Tour of the West Indies in 1975.

After graduating from Cambridge he joined Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service, enjoying a 31-year career including postings in Tokyo, Berlin, Istanbul and Tel Aviv. Having survived the al-Qa'ida truck-bombing of the British Consulate-General in Istanbul, he was appointed deputy British Ambassador to Israel.

Since retiring he has worked in academia, and is currently a Senior Research Fellow at the University of Kent, focusing on counter-terrorism.



Powerful people?. Yes, during my Tokyo posting I met Margaret Thatcher and interpreted for her husband Dennis (who mostly talked about golf); in Berlin in 1992 I met HM the Queen and interpreted for the Duke of Edinburgh. I've had dealings with many British ministers and senior officials, of course (Jack Straw and Margaret Beckett when they were Foreign Secretary in 2003 and 2007 respectively). As for non-British ministers and officials, in my final posting in Israel I called on the Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Olmert in his office in 2007, and met the heads of Mossad and Shin Bet on many occasions 2006-2008.

Crises - quite a few. For example, I was duty officer at the Embassy in Tokyo at the start of the Falklands War of April 1982 (we were lobbying the Japanese government to support us in the United Nations). But the most significant crisis is the one I already mentioned: the al-Qa'ida truck-bombing of the British Consulate-General in Istanbul on 20 November 2003. It was splashed all over the front pages of British newspapers,

so you may remember it. I crawled out of the rubble to discover that the Consul-General Roger Short had been killed in the blast (along with 9 other staff members) which left me in charge. I attach the text of an article I wrote about the bombing for Harbinger magazine in 2012. Unfortunately Harbinger magazine is no longer available online, but the text will give you the flavour of what happened.(Below)

Special occasions - the State Visit of HM the Queen to Germany in October 1992 (when I met her and interpreted for the Duke) was especially significant as it followed German reunification. As a result, the four-power status of Berlin was coming to an end (in 1995), the British garrison in Berlin was being drawn down, and so the "Last Tattoo" celebrated this end of an era during Her Majesty's visit. For some reason, it was thought a good idea to have Status Quo perform at the Tattoo.....

THE DAY I SURVIVED AN AL-QA'IDA TRUCK-BOMB ATTACK
By Owen J. Traylor

The last days of Ramadan, warm and cloudless, a perfect autumn morning. The white Hino detergent-delivery truck with Feridun Ugurlu at the wheel labours up a steep hill, weighed down by a more deadly cargo. Just five days have passed since truck-bombs exploded simultaneously outside two synagogues, killing 25 and injuring 300. Minutes earlier, a fellow fanatic has detonated his vehicle-of-death outside the tower-block offices of HSBC a few miles away. Now Ugurlu, a 27-year-old clean-shaven Islamic radical, slams his truck against iron gates flanked by the symbol "VR" and detonates 600kg of ammonium nitrate.

On 20 November 2003 these two massive, near-simultaneous attacks transformed the bustling heart of the city into scenes of utter carnage. But this was not Baghdad or Kabul; this was Istanbul, Turkey. Ugurlu, a Turk from Eskisehir some 200 miles south-east of Istanbul, had targeted the British Consulate-General. Having rammed through the gates and penetrated into the compound, he found his path blocked by a raised vehicle barrier. So he detonated his payload at that point, between the Gatehouse and Consular Section on the perimeter of the compound. The blast razed to the ground both of these Victorian-era two-storey brick buildings, killing the Consul General, whose temporary office was on the upper floor of Consular Section, nine other Consulate staff (including two other Britons), two police guards who stood by helpless as Ugurlu rammed the gates, and five occupants of nearby shops and offices.

I heard, and felt, the deep roar of the explosion seemingly emanating from the ground beneath me as I stood in Consulate snack-bar immediately behind the Gatehouse, about 15 yards from the point of detonation. As the light-bulbs extinguished and the ceiling fell towards me as if in slow-motion, I knew we had been attacked: "The b……s have hit us" went through my mind. An orange burst of smoke and flame seemed to pass me on my left. The next sensation I felt was the air being sucked out of my lungs, and I found myself flying through the air and landing on all fours with a thud. Acrid smoke filled my nostrils and I felt grit in my mouth. Of greater concern was that in the darkness I could make out an iron girder on top of me, and again a thought flashed into my mind: "God, don't let me be trapped in here". I guess the smoke began to clear slightly and I could make out a shaft of light ahead of me, so I started crawling towards it, oblivious to the fact that my hands were being ripped by glass and metal. The main thing was that I could move, I wasn't trapped. But I soon became aware of another danger: as I crawled forward I heard to my right the unmistakable hiss of escaping gas. Again, a thought registered: "Oh great, now I get to be blown up a second time." But I scrabbled forward into the welcoming arms of a colleague who had emerged unscathed from his office about 50 yards away and ran towards the devastation to help.

As I crawled out of the rubble, the scene that emerged through the smoke resembled a First World War battlefield, grey and threatening. Twisted metal dark with burn marks, scorched concrete, toppled trees as if struck by lightning, overturned and burnt-out vehicles, rubble and shattered glass everywhere. As dense clouds of orange dust began to disperse, the extent of the devastation became clearer: buildings destroyed, vehicles on fire, and lying in the wreckage of the snack-bar, the lifeless bodies of Turkish colleagues I had been speaking to just moments earlier. Even the supposedly bomb-proof guard tower was wrecked (though evidently it had helped to shield the part of the snack-bar where I had been standing from the direct force of the explosion, so I guess I owed it my life). Somehow the scene did not surprise me. I recall looking across to where the Consular Section used to be, and thinking "Yes, this is how things are supposed to look after a bombing." In retrospect I believe my ability to accept this reality was helped by my experience just five days earlier, when I had gone to the site of one of the synagogue bombings and immersed myself in details of the scene. I think this helped prepare me for what was to happen to me and my colleagues at the Consulate.

The next few hours passed in a blur of action. With the Consul-General killed I was the senior officer on site. I positioned myself between the blast area and the main compound building, which was badly damaged but still standing, in order to impose some control on the situation. I focused initially on ordering staff to the muster-point in the centre of the compound – both to enable us to do a roll-call and see who was missing, and out of fear of a secondary explosion close to the first. It took some persuasion to get staff away from the blast area: for example, one Turkish staffer was bravely but foolishly trying to extinguish a car on fire, while another British colleague was running up and down past the bomb crater (which was about 25' across and about 10' deep), desperately looking for her friend, the Consul-General's assistant (sadly, who had died). Within a couple of minutes of the explosion the area by the gate where the Consular Section and the Gatehouse used to stand was swarming with Turks who had come to help from nearby shops and businesses. This ad hoc search party soon began to carry away some of the dead and wounded to ambulances drawn up outside the compound. At this point the first Turkish policeman on the scene climbed past the wreckage of gate area and approached me, asking how many Consulate staff were likely to have been in the area devastated by the bomb. I guessed at 15, and explained (in Turkish) that two buildings had disappeared completely. He was incredulous. Only with the help of a photo which the Consulate Works Manager rescued from his damaged office was I able to convince him of this. During the course of the afternoon I fielded a number of Turkish dignitaries who came to survey the scene and offer their condolences, such as the Mayor of Istanbul and the Turkish Interior Minister Abdulkadir Aksu. Aksu could not conceal his surprise at my appearance: suit torn to shreds, cuts to face and hands, and covered in dust reminiscent, so I am told, of the 9/11 WTC survivors.

As is inevitable in such an emergency situation, the major cell-phone networks were overloaded and crashed, exposing our reliance on this form of communication. Fortunately, one of the Turkish staff gathered at the muster-point found that her cell-phone, using the least popular of the 5 Turkish networks, was still working. Within half an hour of the attack I used this to phone through a sitrep to the Embassy in the Turkish capital Ankara, and they in turn passed the information to London.

The second call I made was to my opposite number at the US Consulate-General. He and I knew each other well, having served together in Germany ten years earlier, and indeed we had met just two days earlier to discuss threat scenarios in the wake of the synagogue bombings. It was good to hear his expression of sympathy and words of support. He and the US Consulate-General generously offered all kinds of assistance, providing us with vehicles (most of our cars both official and private were destroyed in the bombing) and making available as temporary office

accommodation the former US Consulate-General offices in downtown Istanbul. Throughout my final months in Istanbul my US colleagues were consistently supportive in word and deed – even sharing Christmas Day lunch with me! One of my favourite mementos of my time in Istanbul is an antique print of an Istanbul mosque which my US colleagues presented to me on my departure. In this article I offer only an impressionistic account of aspects of that day's events, told from my point of view. There is of course a whole spectrum of viewpoints from which to study such a tragic, momentous event. Details of the Turkish police investigation into the perpetrators, an analysis of their funding and modus operandi and of their links to AQ, lessons learned in terms of protective security and crisis preparedness – all these are important and will continue to have their place, but not in this article.

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Since retiring he has worked in academia, and is currently a Senior Research Fellow at the University of Kent, focusing on counter-terrorism."

University of Kent's Conflict Analysis Research Centre (CARC)

Owen Traylor, Senior Fellow of CARC, visited Kent for three days to engage in a series of employability talks on careers in the foreign service and giving a guest lecture on his experience in the third-year undergraduate module Humans at War. Owen served for more than three decades in the British Foreign Service, including on the Cabinet Office Committee on Northern Ireland in the run-up to the Good Friday Agreement, in Tokyo (1981 - 84), Berlin (1990 - 94) and Istanbul (2000 - 04) before his final posting as Deputy Ambassador at the British Embassy in Tel Aviv, Israel.

CARC intern Adriana Jones Lima had the chance to meet with Mr. Traylor to discuss his diplomacy experience, his advice for politics students, and the future of conflict resolution.

Q: What drew you to a career in diplomacy?

A: My father was in the Royal Navy and my stepmother was a civil servant as well. I grew up in an atmosphere where the public sphere was natural and the private sphere wasn't natural. It was all around me. It is odd but I always liked the idea of immersing myself in another culture. I loved foreign languages. In my A-levels I did all three languages and went on to pass all three. During my A-levels I practised French by reading *Le Figaro,* a newspaper and started to pick up on the political issues in it. This helped develop my understanding of international issues and politics. I then went on to go to Cambridge, there I studied Law. By my 3rd year of my law degree I realised I didn't want to go into a law. So instead of taking family law classes I focused on classes that would help with foreign service.

Q: What advice do you have for students looking to go in to diplomacy?

A: My advice would be what I would say to any graduate. Recruitment is a two-way process. You have to make an impression on them but they also have to make sure they are impressing you as well. Students need to be clear if diplomacy is what they are looking for. Be attracted to the upsides but aware of the downsides

Q: What would you say are the upsides and downsides of a career in diplomacy?

A: In terms of the upsides, in the early stages you are moved where you're sent. This is called the mobility requirement. If you do not want to go abroad or only want to go where you want to go, this is not the career for you. With the movement it is hard to maintain relationships, even with social media, FaceTime, Skype. Your life becomes a bit like a balloon that you twist into. You have your life abroad and then home with barely any connection between the two. It will be like this your whole career.

Some places will be really nice and some will not. Visiting a colleague in Ghana, no electricity, it was boiling hot inside the house. My colleague came to greet me at the door in shorts drenched in sweat. I met him with a rubber tire for his son's bike since it was impossible to get one there. People assume diplomats are molly coddled everywhere they go but this is not the case. Now there are also security issues in some places, making it too dangerous to take your family along with you. Also a career in diplomacy can be very disruptive to family and children life and education. One needs to have an interest in International Relations more than just the average citizen. Also one must be adaptable, flexible, operate more or less on their own and work with lack of support. One needs to be a self-starter and be able to demonstrate these abilities.

Q: Touching on the new security issues facing diplomats, can you talk about how security in diplomacy has changed from when you first started working to now?

A: It is certainly more of an issue now. There are increasing incidents of terrorism and different kinds of threats now than when I first started. In the 70s hijacking planes was the biggest security threat, (not to crash them but more to get what they wanted). What happened in Istanbul wouldn't have happened at the beginning of my career. There was no Al Qaeda it just wouldn't have occurred. There was much less security at the embassy. There was no such thing as counterterrorism in my first 10 to 15 years, there weren't security briefings. Now even businessmen have to take counterterrorism courses as well as diplomats.

Q: What would you say is the biggest challenge facing UK diplomacy?

A: The biggest challenge for the UK diplomacy is to continue to be relevant. Britain is faced by concerns none of us expected after Brexit. I went to talk recently by the new British Ambassador to Japan and he stated that his principal concern is to remain commercial. 20 or 30 years ago the Ambassador would have never sputtered those words. Diplomacy was still focused on political relationships. Negotiation is a form of diplomacy. There will also be other issues after Brexit. The UK relied on the EU for negotiation. Working outside the cozy confines of the EU will be a challenge. We could then speak with the force of 27 countries with 500 million people. Now we will negotiate as a relatively small country with a strong economy, it will be a new and another challenge in the fight to stay relevant.

Q.: What would you say will be emerging issues in the next 5 to 10 years? Or even farther than that?

A: Climate change will be an issue. None of us know how that will pan out. With the arctic melting we know Pacific Islands will start disappearing and coastlines will change. The Trump administration's decision to be unwilling to follow the Paris Agreement will be an issue.

There will be a successor to ISIS. I don't know who it will be or what it will look like but something will take their place.

I predict the biggest problems, I am not saying this as an economist, will be economic slowdown of Chinese economy. Slow down in growth rates all around. This will be lead to declining living standards.



Q: **What would you say is the biggest lesson you've learned through diplomacy?**

A: Trying to see the other person.

Q: Can you talk a bit more about that? I know the other day you mentioned that you have forgiven the young man who drove the truck in the consulate you worked at in Istanbul. Did you learn that through diplomacy or was that something you learned after the attack?

A: It wasn't forgiveness but I didn't hold any animosity toward him. The point is he is another human being. Seeing another human being doesn't mean accepting what they think or do. One has to accept that they have the right to their point of view, even if I don't agree with it.

Q: What is a failure you experienced in your diplomacy career? What did you learn from it?

A: A general failure I would criticise myself for is being too detail oriented. The big picture is important for making progress. It is important to not get lost in the weeds but to look at the horizon. One specific example was a particular incident in which I failed to see another's point of view early on in my career. I was so bent on my ambitions on a particular project and my stake in it, that I dismissed the point of view of the other stakeholder. It was hard lesson to learn. I paid greatly for it.

Q: Yesterday you mentioned that you should never take anything at face value? In our current context we are living in a time with fake news, alternative facts, media agendas, how can students and civilians delve deeper into issues and go beyond face value?

A: This didn't all start with Trump, in fact I had advised my students to not take anything at face value for years before this. The Trump concept of truth has exacerbated what was already there. When looking at written or spoken word see it as what it is. See it as somebody else' intent. No matter who is writing or speaking they will have a judgment. Everyone has an agenda. My advice would be to see where this coming from don't take it as gospel. Almost literally try to peel the word behind to see the intent. Selective facts are almost as bad as alternative facts.

Q: That is all for my questions any final thoughts, anecdotes, or last pieces of advice?

A: My final thought has to do with something I touched on yesterday. Nelson Mandela was considered to be a terrorist. There is a historical perspective that comes with time. The world is not black and white but has shades of grey and that only comes with time, and that is immutable. An appreciation of that and understanding of that in advance would ease the suffering that comes with that transition.

Tuck	Mr Charles	Dates	1968 - 1975

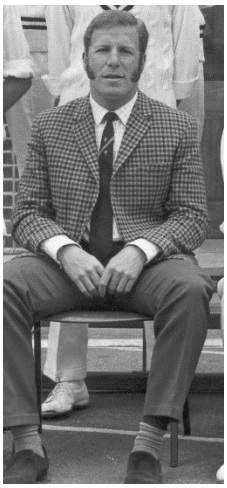
PHYSICAL EDUCATION 1968-1975 PRICE'S SCHOOL, FAREHAM.

The years 1968 to 1975 at Price's School, Fareham were without doubt the happiest years of my time in teaching.

Educated myself, at an extremely good school , Doncaster Grammar School, followed by three years at Carnegie College of Physical Education (now the Carnegie School of Sport within Leeds Beckett University), my first venture into teaching was in my home town, at St.Peter's Roman Catholic Bilateral School. This was in the early days of comprehensive education & although the school at that point was not fully comprehensive with all that comprehensive education came to mean, St.Peter's ran two grammar school streams of about 30 students & 6 or 7 secondary modern streams of roughly the same number of students, running in parallel, but not mixing at all in subject groups.

I did enjoy my time there as an assistant PE teacher; being a Roman Catholic School the catchment area was roughly a 15/20 mile radius of Doncaster town centre. Doncaster was surrounded by small coal mining towns & villages & in fact it was impossible to leave the town without passing a coal pit. You can understand therefore that the intake had some real tough youngsters & when it came to playing Rugby (one of my roles was to change the school from playing Rugby League to Rugby Union) they were pretty handy, not always with great skill & finesse however! When I left in December 1967 we were running U.12s, U.13s, U.14s, U.15s & very young 1st & 2nd XVs. We had at that point, at all levels, some excellent records, but I wouldn't necessarily put it down to the coaching!! My cricket captain at each of the levels he played at (U.14 & U.15) was one Kevin Keegan. He left after his "O" levels(ie at the end of the 5th Form) & although the 1st & 2nd Soccer teams included both 5th formers & 6th Formers, he was by no means a fixture in the 1st XI. He was small & much slighter than he eventually became & always had to work extremely hard all the time for any success. This served him well as he moved forward & upwards. He was never a "star" at school ; so many youngsters who are "stars" at school have very often found things easy in the early years generally because of early

physical maturity but as they go on & things become rather more competitive & others catch up physically, they can find it difficult to cope.



By coming to a southern boys' Grammar School (Price's School) in January 1968, was not only swimming against the tide in terms of career path & the then trend towards comprehensive education, but was like stepping into Utopia! What lovely genteel boys to teach. Quite a shock to the system , but a very pleasant one! I certainly respected & got on quite well with the then headmaster Eric Poyner, but the then deputy head Tom Hilton, a fellow Northerner, albeit from the wrong side of the Pennines(!), was a man who I had the utmost respect for. A lovely man who I got on so very well with…..apart from the fact that he was far brighter than me, we were out of the same mould…we spoke the same northern language (but with a slightly different accent!!)…..his educational style was very much my style ; mine (popular or otherwise!) very much copied from what I considered to be the "the best bits" of my teachers during my seven extremely happy years at DGS & I guess his initially from his days as a pupil at Oldham Hulme Grammar School.

When I arrived at the School, I gathered the PE lessons had been "run" between September '67 to December '67 by Graham Bryant a 3rd Year sixth former, because my predecessor John Wise had emigrated to New Zealand in the Summer of 1967, & I think his decision to leave had been rather last minute & there had not been sufficient time to find a replacement for September ; & I was appointed for January 1968. I always sensed I was Tom Hilton's (rather than Mr.Poyner's) appointment as I did spend quite some informal time with him outside the interview room & around the school…..& we did get on well!

Graham Bryant was quite a big help in the first weeks after my January '68 arrival. When he left Price's I forget where Graham went to College, but I do know that later on he went onto to teach at St.Edmund's RC Comprehensive School in Portsmouth. He will have retired now I guess but where he is now I know not.

I was extremely lucky & so grateful to head up what was a large group of academic staff who were very happy coaching not only during official games sessions, but outside of formal teaching hours looking after & coaching the various sports teams. I know that we couldn't have managed without their time, their knowledge & enthusiasm. One of the first members of staff I came into contact with was the delightful Ham Gros. A Cambridge graduate teaching English, he was also the school librarian. He coached the junior hockey & cricket teams, more specifically both sports at Under 13 level. What a superb coaching grounding he gave the boys who came under his wing….he was a real stickler on standards of behaviour, sportsmanship & turnout/dress, & from my angle (& having a very similar attitude to standards) an absolute dream initiation for youngsters into Price's sport & for those staff coaching these boys further up the school. I felt so lucky having him there in the early Price's years. He was such a gentle gentleman & one feature I shall never forget was that he always invited his various teams to tea at his Alverstoke home together with his lovely wife whose name just escapes me.

Other members of staff who were very supportive of the school sport in those very early days were a fellow Yorkie from Barnsley, Dick Bateman, a great character, who was a pretty fine Rugby player but who ran the 1st XI Football team together with Andy Jay. Dick was a Geographer & Andy a linguist. Unfortunately they did not stay for more than 2/3 years….both were young, enthusiastic & very well

liked by the boys & a great loss to the school. Sport was quite healthy when I arrived & I would like to think over the years the large coaching team that we had, helped not only to maintain that but also increase the quality.

Football was played competitively during the 1st term at all levels; & Hockey during the second term. Competitive sport in the Summer in my early years at Price's was cricket, but later when the tennis courts were built, tennis became pretty strong. We had some very good tennis players (& teams), in particular the Grace twins (their sister played Junior Wimbledon), Stuart Wilson & Julian Godfrey. We were extremely lucky to have as coaches of tennis Tony Hiles (also Head of Art) & David Bowler(Chemistry) both of whom were Somerset County players & great coaches…..both were also very helpful in the coaching of various Hockey teams. After leaving School I'm not sure what happened to the Grace twins, but their father, Nick, who was chairman of Lee on Solent Tennis & Squash Club, also held a senior post with Pernod. He managed to persuade Pernod to sponsor what became a pretty major pre-Wimbledon Tournament at the Lee club, & for a number of years some of world's best male & female players appeared there, preparing for SW19 a few weeks later.

Stuart Wilson, on leaving school, joined Slazenger & worked in both sales & administration I believe. Subsequently he became involved with the main Professional Tennis Circuit, looking after the needs of those players contracted with Slazenger clothing & equipment, & at one stage he became Boris Becker's agent/manager, in particular while Boris was playing in the UK. My wife & I were Boris' guests (via Stuart of course) at Queen's Club one Summer, & I met up with Stuart on several occasions at Wimbledon & also at Roland Garros in Paris. Julian Godfrey went on to play for the Hampshire County team & is currently Hampshire's non-playing captain.

Football was always very healthy right throughout the school. There were some very useful players in those years 1968-1975 & we had also some very good support from a number of staff, managing & coaching the different age group teams. Dick Payne joined the staff in, I think it would be, for September 1969 & he made large contributions to the 1st XI Football & the senior Basketball teams. Dick was a larger than life character, very enthusiastic & popular with his players & who had no difficulty getting huge respect from all those playing under him, with consequently a high success rate. David Hall who had been one of Price's best all-round sportsmen a few years before & my excellent captain of cricket in 1969, took over from Dick Payne when Dick left & continued the success. Over those years quite a number of boys went on to play for Hampshire Schools, and I suppose the boy who went on to make the biggest impact in the game was Steve Moran who played for Southampton very successfully for quite a number of years alongside that other former student of mine the earlier mentioned Kevin Keegan; Wayne Pratt who was a very similar age to Steve was also on Southampton's books for quite a while. Another young man who was a good all-round sportsman, Tony (Spud) Smith, who played for the 1st XIs in Cricket & Hockey went onto Cambridge & won a Soccer Blue at, I think, the old Wembley Stadium.

One thing I remember from that period(although fifty years on naturally I have forgotten so much) the then Southampton manager, Lawrie McMenemy came to school to see both myself & Mr.Poyner to try to arrange for Steve, who was doing "A" levels at the time, to fit in some extra training with the Saints during the time when he was not in lessons. As far as I can remember Steve was able to fit in a few sessions each week which obviously worked out well for his later soccer career.

Rugby Union was really a fringe sport when I came to the school & was then mainly run as an outside club (rather than part of the main Physical Education programme).Two great enthusiasts in Tony Johnson & Richard (Dick) Hedley had been running it prior to my arrival. I joined the school & coached alongside Tony & Dick, at the same time increasing the fixture list. In fact subsequently the 1st XV played quite a large number of fixtures throughout the first two terms. Naturally we did not

have first choice in selection matters as Soccer was always first choice in term one & Hockey in term two & of course having little or no coaching in the early years at Price's , rugby knowledge was a little thin & some of those who opted to play Rugby were not going to be first choice selections in either of the two main sports. I'm sure some of those who did play Rugby would be slightly offended by that remark but certainly there were some who would have always preferred Rugby over Hockey or Soccer. Educationally it was good to offer a third major outdoor winter sport, but the team was short of a few natural ball players (those usually playing soccer & hockey) who might well have had the flair & natural ability to offer "that spark" to make a difference. Against some Rugby-only playing schools, the 1st XV did struggle at times but despite those games, there were other very good results, & a lot of enjoyment & experience along the way. There were one or two who made the Hampshire Schools team , which was quite remarkable considering their background. Bob Lee was one who did well for Hampshire at No.8 as did Michael Genge.

Hockey was very strong & as I've pointed out earlier the boys had such a good grounding with Ham Gros. Results were always good with once again some very good coaching from several members of staff. Several players played for Hampshire Schools, a good number went onto play for Fareham HC at a high level & I'm sure one or two played for the England Indoor squad at Senior level.

However Colin Bradbury has kindly written some notes on the excellent hockey played while he was in school & what happened to some who played after leaving school.*** See attachment 1)

On arriving at the school we started Basketball fairly seriously at Under 12 level, competing in the SE Hants league. Despite competing against one or two very experienced Basketball schools who had built quite a tradition in the sport (St.John's College, Southsea & Southern Grammar School, Portsmouth in particular) our teams faired, by & large, very well. Those two aforementioned schools were excelling in national competitions reaching national semi-finals & finals. There were some enthusiastic players at the top end of the school for whom we quickly provided fixtures. They really lacked a little experience not having had much competition lower down the school, but nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed participating in a competitive environment. By the time the transition was about to happen, Price's had teams competing in the South East Hants League at U12,U13, U14, & U15 levels plus a senior squad playing mainly friendlies. Dick Payne was a fine basketball player & his input/coaching at all levels was invaluable. It was a shame he was at the school for only a few years. At that time I was very fortunate to have available a very good & enthusiastic senior basketball player in Jim Matthews. He was a good all-round sportsman playing 1st XI Hockey & Cricket & of course for the senior Basketball squad. He was of great value to me by coaching one or two of the junior Basketball teams & also helping to referee the junior team matches. I think Jim went into teaching, and I'm sure it was great experience for him both coaching & refereeing the junior teams.

Naturally having an outdoor pool, swimming was very much a part of the Physical Education programme, although not the favourite sport at the beginning of the summer term. In early April, as one can imagine, the water was a little chilly! We did form a competitive swimming club with just six or seven fixtures against other schools during the Summer term. In preparation for these we used to have early morning swimming training on two mornings a week from 7.30 till 8.45am. We did have some very useful swimmers including Steve Wheeler, Mark Hartley, Andrew Scutt & Michael Genge. The pool became very popular as the Summer wore on, & especially when we offered recreational swimming under supervision at lunchtime & after school. The junior boys especially enjoyed these sessions in the heat of late May, June & July……and it was also very well received by the cricketers after a hot & sweaty home game….but with a shower first!

During my time at Price's one of our boys was an excellent badminton player. He was Stephen Wassell & he reached a number of National Championships Singles finals at various levels. I honestly

cannot remember if he was at any point the actual Singles Champion, but I do seem to remember he may well have been the British Singles Junior Champion on one or two occasions. Although Badminton did not feature as part of the Physical Education programme, we encouraged the game as a club activity & built up a fixture list for quite a talented group of enthusiasts who had the aforementioned player to learn & develop alongside.

Cricket was prospering at this time & once again assisted enormously by Ham Gros with the Under 13 squad. Not only did they play well but they were immaculately turned out, with virgin white boots, well pressed trousers(known as flannels in those days!), the team pads all well whitened & bats well sanded & looking pristine. Blazers were always worn at tea ; every aspect was something instilled early & it just followed automatically in every team as they went up the school . I always said looking the part is half the battle & sometimes a match can be won before it starts just by looking the part! We ran Under 13 ,U14, U15, 2nd & 1st XIs & all were well run & coached by a number of staff including not only Ham but Tony Johnson ,Peter King, Dick Payne, Mike Low, Reg Harcus, David Hall & myself. The staff had a very enthusiastic cricket team playing friendlies in the evenings & if ever the team manager/coach could not umpire a school team match, there was never any difficulty finding a stand in member of staff from the enthusiastic staff team.

One particular year group were quite strong right the way up the school ; I always felt that in cricket if a boy is good enough he is big enough & little by little I would introduce boys, especially from that particular year group into the 1st & 2nd squads but who were still only in their 3rd & 4th year. We increased the fixture list at all levels, especially at 1st & 2nd XI level including new fixtures at public schools such as Winchester College, Lancing College & Canford ; our philosophy was that in order to create more interest in the game you need plenty of competitive action. Very quickly we introduced a cricket tour for the 1st XI, initially during the Whitsuntide half-term & subsequently at the end of term ; that helped increase the length of the school season & also the number of fixtures at 1st XI level to 22/23/24 matches, & at the same time maintaining the other levels to about 12/13/14 matches. The first tour was to the Isle of Wight playing against the likes of Ryde School, Bembridge School & one or two of the club sides. After that we went to Guernsey & played Elizabeth College, one or two other schools & the Guernsey Island CC ; & for the next 2 or 3 seasons we went to both Guernsey & Jersey where Victoria College were added to the fixture list, also Jersey Island CC & one or two other Jersey schools. I have to say we had most generous hosts in Elizabeth & Victoria Colleges. They always made us most welcome on every visit, & there was always much fun and enjoyment.

Our reasons for touring were several fold…..bonding as a group; improving social skills with the opposition & hosts; playing outside the normal fixture circuit; experiencing another part of the world; having fun but being responsible & disciplined; increased fixture numbers and it was also an incentive to those further down the school to play 1st XI cricket knowing there was a week's tour to another part of the world.

I mentioned earlier in the piece about promoting talent early if considered good enough. Before I arrived at Price's I'm not quite sure if any boys had been sent for Hampshire Under 15 trials. I cannot remember precisely but four boys, Terry Morton, Mark Hartley, Ian Corkett & Simon Whitby who were in their fourth year & in the 1st XI squad, would I think, have been sent for trials. Only Terry Morton that year got into the Hampshire Under 15 team, but he told me that Simon Whitby was much better than any of the batsmen picked for the Hampshire team. Terry subsequently was selected for(after a successful Hampshire season) & went on to play for the West of England in a competition involving the West, East, South & North for eventual England Under 15 selection.

Terry Morton tells his own story****

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

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

Ham Gros & myself came up with the idea of both Cricket club & Hockey Club dinners at the school. The idea being not only to raise the profile of the two sports but also to give the boys some pride in & privilege of representing the school. We ran these for a number of years & to keep the price down used the school canteen & its ladies to lay it all on. As I remember they always really went to town with an excellent three-course meal followed by coffee. We always tried to make the evening something to really remember, akin to events they more than likely would attend in the future. There were always a number of distinguished guests : Great Britain Hockey Internationals, Hampshire Cricket captain, Richard Gilliat , & other local sporting celebrities who had done really well not only as a player but in any number of capacities . Naturally all the various members of staff who were team coaches attended & other interested staff. Each year we followed a similar pattern…..after the meal the 1st XI captain of Hockey or Cricket would give the Loyal Toast ; Mr Poyner more often than not would toast the Guests. All the team captains would give a report on their respective seasons, following which certain presentations were made for such things as the player making the most progress in a season, the most successful team of the season etc. The Guest of Honour would respond on the behalf of the guests & the evening would be rounded off with some member of staff toasting "The School Hockey/Cricket Club".

Just briefly about the West Indies tour following on from it being mentioned in the section above about our touring…..it was a pretty huge undertaking & without going into great detail we eventually finalised, with the help of the West Indies Cricket Board, the Windward Islands Cricket Board, the St.Lucia Education Dept., & the Trinidad & Tobago Secondary Schools Cricket Association, an itinerary over one month that included 4 internal flights, 14 cricket matches, a football match against a local St.Lucia Youth team & even a Volleyball match on the beach against a team of local young Volleyball players. On one internal flight the pilot announced he had a touring cricket party aboard & proceed to give us the most astonishing flight, flying low over the sea, then banking left & right to "avoid" the small islands, giving us the most wonderful views of those magical islands. We were privileged to practice at the iconic Queen's Park Oval in Port of Spain, Trinidad, but also had to contend with some poorer conditions…..power failures, which meant no lighting in the streets, & no running water(imagine no showers available after a hot 2 hour session in the nets!!); lots of ants, mosquitoes etc…..one morning in Trinidad at the nets one of the boys turned up with his head, face & neck absolutely covered in bites. Not a great start to the tour for him!

Two years before we were due to go on tour, about 40/45 cricketers were told that from that group the tour party would be chosen…..some of these boys were quite young & I'm sure there were some who considered themselves as rank outsiders but who nevertheless were potential tourists. From that group of boys we managed to bring together a big workforce of those boys & their parents, the idea being to set about raising what appeared to be a huge amount of money in order to be able to take the strongest team possible. The workforce were wonderful & so willing ; in my view it was one of the most rewarding aspects of the tour….loads of people pulling together as a unit & when we climbed aboard the plane it was so satisfying to reflect on how we had raised so much between us, the efforts put in & also the gratitude for all the hard work done by so many. We put on numerous events…….several discos ; a big draw in conjunction with Orrell Rugby Club ; a huge three-week second hand sale in Fareham's old Fire Station with an extensive rota of helpers ; an evening of film taken by John Jameson (Warwickshire & England) of the MCC tour of the West Indies just one year previously ; an evening with Tony Greig, the then England cricket captain ; two big Balls with Tony Linford & the Southampton All Stars Band…Tony happened to be a peripatetic brass teacher who taught brass instruments every week in school; a big gig at Portsmouth Guildhall with the New Seekers ; a variety show in the school hall involving a number of local acts with Leslie Crowther topping the bill….I shall never forget the impromptu party at our home where so many of the "workforce" were invited on the night. Crowther was in great form & we shall never forget him dancing/jigging in front of the house about 3 am & subsequently accompanying a number of folks part way home!!

Other events…….Skiing holidays to Switzerland (Einsideln) certainly one year with Mike Low (Languages) ; Tony Hiles (Head of Art) took one or two other groups.

Water Sports holidays to the South of France…..canoeing on the River Ardeche followed by sailing in St.Tropez.

I (plus one two other staff) took parties of boys on 3 educational cruises around the Mediterranean(2) & West Africa(1), on SS Nevasa (her last cruise before sailing to the far East for scrapping) & twice on SS Uganda, better known for her role as a hospital ship in the Falklands war.

Every year whilst I was in School, a party of boys went on these educational cruises with other staff members.

My colleague around the early 1970s **Dick Payne** writes as follows……

How's this for a swift reply,Charlie! I have many memories of my time at Price's so thought I would send you some random reminiscences and you can pick the bones out of them,some more vivid than others.

Regarding the 1st XI in my time,the first year, 1971, was the most successful, losing only one game. Alan Loo was captain and played in every game for Hampshire that year. He used to take me to the games in his Triumph Spitfire! He was a lovely chap and he and his then girlfriend used to cook me meals. Richard Long and Steve Collier also played for the county but that was the following year when we were less successful. If it's any help I can actually remember the team in 4-3-3 formation but am not sure of the goalie's Christian name-Mickey Sparkes,Steve Collier, Andy Collier, Richard Long, Steve Withers, 'Golly' Robson, Ian Farley, John Prout, Chris Tucker, Alan Loo and Graham Porter with Rob Seath as sub.

In the following years I played cricket with and against Ian and Chris and football against Graham. Ian and Chris seemed outstanding at any sport they played.

The staff cricket team also features in my memory with Geoff Kerley as captain when we retired to the Daish house afterwards for beer and cockles! The sight of the great Merv Jones steaming in was a glory to behold and Peter King bowling his leg breaks.

Gordon Greenidge (later one of the world's best opening batsmen) stumped Morton bowled Corkett on a lovely sunny afternoon is another delightful memory as are the many characters who were on the staff at the time, Gerald Smith, John Chaffey, Sooty, Dick Hubbard with whom I took a trip to Austria, the Praying Mantis (Brian Chadwick) and,of course Mike Low with whom I shared a house for two years and still keep in touch. Alan Glyn Howell's curries were a delight, a lovely man. I also remember Nicky (Marie-Nicole),the French student you mention, good fun as were many others but I suspect I've gone on for too long already and this could become a book! I'm sure the Morton Gang will be able to supply you with more relevant information but I hope some of this will be useful

If you require anything more let me know since while writing this more memories return, a happy time in a very good school.

Another memory that I forgot was the game the 1st XI played against Southampton U21 team, we lost but the manager at the time Ted Bates came and the school came out to watch. The assistant manager, John Mortimore spoke at the football club dinner as well. I also remember my form, Ronnie Corbin, Colin Fricker, Peter Cledwyn (he stayed with us when we moved to Ipswich) and many others, the Coopers (Tufty and Dafty),all great characters! I will send more over the time.

Regarding Price's, I thought that if I mentioned the staff I remember it might jog memories for both of us. This is in no particular order; Tom Hilton, Tony Johnson, Tim Foster, Mike Low, Duncan Hill, Bob Nash, Dick Hubbard, Trevor Owens, Ken Newman, Peter Chapman, Gerald Smith, Peter King, Tony Hiles, Mervyn Jones ,John Chaffey, Geoff Kerley, Bob Hunt, Mansell Howard-Jones, Dierdre Buckley, Anne Agar, Alan Glyn-Howell, Roy Daish, John Cole, Eric(?)Smith, Brian Chadwick, Roger Sparkman, Cyril Briscoe and Bob Gilbert. When I re-read this I'm sure more will come to mind. I also remember the 250th anniversary when the Admiral visited and two drama productions, 'Journey's End' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' for which Brian Chadwick wrote the music. I'm sure you remember Brian whom you christened the Praying Mantis!

David Hall who followed Dick as my colleague in the Physical Education Dept. writes as follows…..

Rather like Jesse James, I hear I am a wanted man!

A number of people have attempted to make contact with me as I appear to be in a rather unique position. A brief biography to contextualise:

Having passed the 11-plus in January 1962 from Fareham County Primary School, I joined Price's School in September 1962, proudly wearing my brand new cap, carrying an initialled briefcase, and wearing short trousers - what a poser!

Other than sport, my academic career was not overwhelmingly shining, and I left in July 1969 to train as a teacher, in Reading.

Appointed to my first post at Portchester School, starting in September 1972, as a PE and Maths teacher, I resigned in the summer of 1973 after being appointed, by Eric Poyner, to work as a PE

teacher, under Charlie Tuck, and teaching English under Tony Johnson.

Incidentally, I have never properly acknowledged the respect I have for these men; each taught me a lot and although I rarely see either of the latter two these days, I hope they are keeping well.

Starting in September 1973 coincided with the last boys' intake (including my brother Richard Hall), I continued to work at the school until its demise.

Reluctantly, but with probable little choice, I was appointed to the new Tertiary College - about which I have nothing further to say, due to the libel laws of this country.

My time at Price's School, and College, were the happiest times of my teaching career.

Although the challenges of introducing a sixth form college were immense, I like to think that we all made a success of it.

I held a variety of posts during the metamorphosis between school and college, initially taking over from Charlie Tuck as Head of PE, then becoming a Pastoral Senior Tutor and eventually becoming the pompous-sounding Director of Admissions and Student Affairs. The latter part of the title often needing clarification for friends and colleagues! I am reminded, at this juncture, of Alan Glynn-Howells' famous comment, quoted by Tony Johnson a couple of years ago, about students "perambulating the campus in amorous juxtaposition".

Having been associated with Price's since 1962 until its closure, I should be happy to assist in any way I can in the 300-year anniversary.
Please feel free to pass on this message to anyone who has been trying to make contact, in particular Charlie Tuck. I have a few items that may be of interest including the official closure/reorganisation notice and the last school photograph of the 'rump' and staff who taught them.

Kind regards, **David Hall**

Hockey at Prices School

A few notes on my recollections of Hockey at Prices School and those who played for Fareham Hockey Club.

I joined Prices School at 11 years old in September 1970 having never seen or heard of Hockey.

Mr. Gross introduced us First years to the sport and we all had a go but the squad he put together from my recollection was made up of those who already had a knowledge of the game and those who didn't make the football team! (I fell into the later category)

After a year of training we had no idea whether we were any good as the first year of competitive matches against other schools was Under 13 our second year at Prices. In hindsight I think Mr.Gross had a pretty good idea, we went through our year as Under 13s winning every game culminating winning the HHUA trophy beating Brune Park 1-0 in the final, they became our arch rivals for the next few years.

The Hampshire County also had representative fixtures and 6 of our team made the County Under 13 squad : Phil Harvey; Peter Davey ; Phil Meisner; Kevin Burge ; Guy Lawson ; Colin Bradbury. Our u.13 top scorer Clyde Moore a Canadian returned to Canada after one season and didn't play for Hampshire.

The County side was made up of predominately Prices and Brune Park players, who were coached by John Law.

There was an Annual Hockey Dinner in the Main Hall and going back through the names a number of the schools players subsequently played for Fareham Hockey Club. At around 71-72 the following players were at Prices and subsequently played for Fareham.

Mike Harvey (I believe he had trials for England B)

Geoff Sheridan:subsequently moving to Havant

Roger Hackman: played for many years in FHC 1st Team and his son now captains our 4th team

Peter Gilbert: Played for many years at the Club with a few years in 1st Team

Steve Dean: Played at the Club for many years captaining men's 4s and scoring lots of goals

Grant Blakeley: Played at Club in 3s and 4s for many years

Nick Challis: Played for several years in 2s

Tony Collins: Played at the Club for over 30 years in Goal in 2/3/4s

Phil Meisner: played for many years in Club 2s and 3s

Pete Davey : A couple of seasons and then off to University

Phil Harvey: A couple of seasons then moved to Havant for a season , then University and Played for Nottingham and South Notts and represented the Midlands

Kevin Burge: Played in Goal for Men's 1s for many seasons, eventually moved with work and played for Bognor. After finishing playing Umpired and still involved in Umpire coaching and selection. Represented Hampshire

Guy Lawson: Played for Mens 1st for many years. Represented Hampshire, South and England Indoors . Winning European Cup Silver medal in 1984 . After retiring from playing took up umpiring and achieved National League level.

Colin Bradbury : Played for Mens 1st for 25 seasons , still playing and coaching. Represented and Captained Hampshire and South. Played for England Indoors winning European Cup Silver medal in 1984. Current FHC Club Chairman.

I noticed several guests at the Hockey Dinner:

Tom Wagstaff FHC Club Sec; Chairman Hants Hockey selectors.

Rick Hawkes : Chair Hants Schools Hockey, Played for Trojans and Hants (coached me when I played for Hants as a senior)

Alan Salmons: Capt FHC

I .Bullivant : Trojans and Hants capt

In my time at Prices after Mr.Gross's introduction we were coached by Mr. Hiles (who played for Fareham); Mr. Hill at Under 14 and Mr. Elliott at Under 15 and 16.

My tie with Fareham came as a result of Pete Lawson (Guy Lawsons father) coming along to train /watch us play and Tom Wagstaff (FHC Sec) who came and trained us . They encouraged us to join Phil and Guy in training at the Hockey club, so Kevin Burge, Phil Meisner, Pete Davey and

myself joined in. Tom Wagstaff faithfully ferrying Guy, Kev and myself to weekly club training. The Club formed a 5th Team with a very enthusiastic Captain with a view to introducing youngsters to adult hockey and I joined Guy and Kevin in playing the first 5th team game at Winchester aged 15.

The Club also formed a Colts XI at Under 18 , this was the only organised Junior Club hockey at the time and the Fareham side (made up of Prices and Brume Park) won the first Hampshire cup. The following season a rule was introduced prohibiting players who played in their clubs 1stXI from participating, which by this time impacted the Fareham side significantly.

As far as the development of Fareham Hockey club was concerned , around 1976 the club was putting together a formidable young side fed by Prices and Brune Park, however John Law decided to move to Trojans taking many of the youngsters with him, 2/3 stayed and over the next few years the Club climbed out of Hants Div 2 to play in the Regional league by the 1980s culminating in appearances in National Inter League play-offs, National KO semi-finals indoor and outdoors and winning the Hants Cup on several occasions. Several of the players John Law took to Trojans subsequently returned and he moved onto Havant, again taking players with him.

A chorus “Noble” in 1967 “The Mikado”, with St. Anne’s Girls’ School. 1968, in “Iolanthe” on the Chorus of peers. 1969 played Violin in the Christmas Concert Orchestra

Turner	Brian	Dates	



Dr Brian Turner from Bridgend, Wales recalls a trip on the British India ship, Dunera, sister ship to Nevasa and Uganda.

SS Dunera - Baltic Cruise 1963

As promised, a brief "cv":

After A-levels I had a sort of "gap year". I worked for a good part of it as a porter in Queen Alexandra Hospital, Cosham, and then started in The Welsh National School of Medicine, Cardiff in 1964.

After qualifying in 1969, I did the obligatory round of junior hospital jobs, before becoming a GP in 1974, here in Bridgend.

I retired from practice in 1997, then went back to university in Cardiff to do a Master's degree in Law, and then a postgraduate qualification in Occupational Medicine.

Then followed a few years of doing some private sessions in Occupational Medicine, and Industrial Injuries Compensation etc., before I finally retired completely in 2008.

Along the way I married, Christine, we had 2 sons, and now have 4 grandchildren. Now we just travel and enjoy the grandchildren!

I've attached a few 'photos from the Dunera Baltic trip. Many of the faces are familiar, but most of their names are lost in the dim recesses of my rapidly shrinking brain!

