

Price's Who's Who?, Part 2

"W" Surnames

Wake	Barry	1956 - 1963
Wake	Phillip	
Walker	Alan	
Ward	Robin	
Warwick	Edward	
Wassell	Stephen	
Wassell	John	
Watkins	Peter	1080 - 1984
Watton	Douglas	
Watts	David George	
Watts	Phil	1943 -
Welstead	Gordon Charles	
Wharmby	Richard	
Wheeler	Geoff	
Wheeler	S.A.	
Whitby	Simon	1977 - 1979
White	J.A.	
Whittacker	J.A.	
Whybrow	David	
Wigg	Peter	
Williams	David	
Williams	Glen	
Wilson	Stuart	
Winfield	Ian	1941 -
Winsor	Geoff	1919 - 1929
Wood	Martin (aka Tink"	
Woods	Terence	1957 - 1964
Woolfrey	Celia	
Wormell	Paul	

Wake	Barry	Dates	1956-1963

NB Lion records a B.Wake as Intermediate Victor Ludorum in 1962:, 1963 and 1964.

1962 Winning with maximum points: 1st in – Intermediate Long Jump (16'10"), Discuss (114'8" record), 440 yds (60 ") and 100yds (11.2")

1963 Long Jump (17'6½"), and 2nd places in High Jump and 220 yds

1964 Long Jump (17'9¼"), with 2nd places in 220yds and High Jump.

Wake	Phillip	Dates	

Involved in the production of "Taming of the Shrew"

Philip comments on his life after Prices:

I then tried banking - developing programs for National & Grindlays Bank in the city - until I discovered that to get promoted you had to spend a year in one of the Arabian branches and hope that there wasn't any "nationalisation" as they called it. That meant the Arabs took over and killed everybody in the bank.

Needless to say I didn't fancy the live-man shoes method of promotion so I applied for graduate entry as a programmer at the then GRO (General Register Office). I got in and did very well getting to SEO (Senior Executive Officer) within 5 years. I remained at that rank for the next 38 years in various IT roles and saw the office through various versions: "Office for Population Censuses & Surveys" and "Office for National Statistics" with the latter's IT being outsourced to Fujitu for my last 2.5 years.

That was when I discovered that if you were outsourced after the age of 60 you were obliged to take your pension (as it cannot be frozen after the age of 60) and your ongoing salary was not capped because being outsourced is different from continuing to work in the civil service after retirement. It felt the same to me because nothing happened apart from over 66% of the outsourced staff "disappearing" within 2 years! I must have been one of the few SEO's on over £50K per year!

That's what outsourcing means and why it saves money and makes lots of money for the outsource organisation too. That is, they eventually end up with the same number of employees that they started with when they took over because all the outsourced personal have their careers "developed" in various ways - that is developed out of the organisation . . .

TUPE is just a short term joke!

However - I'm not complaining as I ended up being one of the last few to get a gold-plated pension insulated against inflation for life apart from the third that my ex-wife gets that doesn't return to me if she dies. Rather It dies with her . . . would just love to know who came up with that form of totally idiotic legislation.

Walker	Alan	Dates	

Band Sgt. 1958

Lt Cdr Alan Walker 1943 – 2017

Lt Cdr Alan Walker who dedicated his life to the sport of hockey sadly passed away on Fri 17th Feb after a short battle with cancer.

Alan joined the RN in Jan 1960 as an Artificer Apprentice. This was where his passion for the sport of Hockey began and he soon picked up his Colours for representing the RN and UK Armed Forces. He made over 100 appearances for the RN between1968-1985.

Alan gained his Level 3 coaching qualification in 1970 and his Level 4 in 1978 and was present at the inception of the present day coach education programme in 1971.

1986 was an eventful year for Alan. He left the RN and took up the role of RNHA/ RNASA Secretary as a retired officer at HMS Temeraire, keeping his rank of Lt Cdr. Also in this year Alan was England Hockey's 'video man' at the hockey world cup at Willsden where they won silver. Post tournament Alan was invited to take up the role of HA Staff Coach. On leaving the RN Alan had to take his daughters to a new club, Havant HC where he was soon to be invited to be their club coach. He continued in this post for most of the 90s, with Havant going from strength to strength becoming England's top club, qualifying several times for European competition.



In 1992 Alan was asked to take on the Role of England U21 Mens Manager a role he accepted with great pride. During his reign as manager from 1992-94 he oversaw 61 matches, it would have been 8 more if the team hadn't been 'bombed out' at the Indira Ghandi Memorial Tournament in Mumbai in March 93.

In 1990 as part of the Notts Sport scheme Alan was at the forefront of resurrecting Gosport HC and by 1996 they were making their mark as an outstanding example of both adult and junior Hockey, by 1998 their U9's were national champions (they completed the task again in 2001 as U13's) and the boys won the millennium Youth games in successive years as well as regularly appearing in Hampshire Outdoor Finals.

In 1997 on the formation of the new joint English Hockey Association, Alan had the honour of being the first Chairman of the National Coaching Committee, attending the FIH Coaching Conference in 1997 and then staffing the EHA Level 4 Course with Mike Hamilton and Malcolm Wood.

During all this time Alan continued his role as the Chief Coach of the Royal Navy and UK Armed Forces who were regularly producing players who gained international caps. His dedication to grassroots hockey within the RN in particular has made it one of the most popular sports in the RN. He managed the CSHA on their tour to Canada in 1988 and oversaw the RN's first Inter-Service win for 24 years in 2004, which they repeated in 2005, and went on their most successful run in Inter-service history until his retirement in 2010. No- one knows exactly how many coaches Alan qualified

in his time as a coach educator, it will be way above 500 mark and some say it may even be in the thousands, but safe to say his legacy is being carried out on hockey pitches all around the UK.

Alan continued his work on retirement as a Vice President to the RN, UK Armed Forces, Gosport and Nordics's Hockey Club as well as being a patron to the Hockey Museum, in his final days he was still organising the inaugural fixture for Nordics Ladies which took place on the Sunday after his death.

Alan was truly Mr Hockey, especially in the Royal Navy, an absolute gentleman who always had time for everybody and couldn't do enough for you; he will be sadly missed by all.

Ward	Robin.	Dates	

My first day at Prices.

Although it was the first week in September, the weather on my first day was despite the bright sunshine unseasonably cold, and I felt rather out of place and a bit disoriented . . . My immediate impression of the place was that a lot of things seemed very old-fashioned. Most of the teachers seemed to be about 100 years old and one had the feeling that they had been at the place for decades, on top of which the classrooms had a really strange, hard-to-define musty smell about them, even when the windows were open and even though the buildings were not particularly ancient . . .

The school books we were given likewise seemed to be about the same age as the teachers. In one or two of them I noticed that some wit had changed "PRICE'S SCHOOL" to read "RICE'S CHOO", so at least someone somewhere must have had a bit of humour .... On the first day we were handed out timetables, and I discovered the letters CCF at one point. I hadn't a clue what this meant, and surmised that it might possibly refer to two periods of cricket and one of football, though I couldn't imagine that we'd be playing very much cricket in the coming winter, unless the indoor variety . . . I thought I'd discovered something interesting on the curriculum. I was quite shocked and disappointed when I found out from one of the other boys already in the know what it really meant Combined Cadet Force, meaning that we would have to play at being Army, Navy or Air Force cadets once a week . . .

At first there was hardly anything about any of the lessons that interested me very much, although it was quite amusing to learn what nicknames the various teachers had and how they had acquired them. One I particularly liked was "Acker" Boote, the music teacher, derived from Acker Bilk, the clarinettist who had had a major hit with "Stranger on the Shore" a couple of years previously. It seemed to me that some of the teachers, one particular example being our History teacher Howard-Jones, or "Taffy" due to his Welsh origin, just looked upon the boys in my class as some kind of raw material that needed to be bashed into shape and dispatched up to the next class for further "processing" before the next intake arrived and the process was repeated ad infinitum. It was all very impersonal: boys were always referred to by their surnames, "boy", or "You". So this was what grammar school education was about . . .

CCF – or not . . .

By the time I had reached the sixth form – when, unbelievably, CCF attendance was still (at least on paper) compulsory - I felt that I had more important things to be doing on a Monday afternoon than parading up and down outside the school buildings, i.e. getting most of my homework done so that I

wouldn’t have very much to do in the evening. A fellow called Steve Chappell was fairly high up the CCF hierarchy and had been assigned the duty of coming over to the library around 2.30 on Mondays to check whether any sixth-formers who should have been at CCF were doing homework or reading instead. I remember that some of my contemporaries in the RAF cadets continued to go week after week right up to just before their A-levels, but perhaps it was my good fortune that I had been in the Army cadets – Steve was in the RAF, and maybe for this reason he wasn’t quite so bothered and only paid token attention to me (and nobody else bothered me either, to my amazement). As long as none of his RAF contingent was missing, he seemed happy….. In fact, I noted that a surprisingly large number of us managed to get out of CCF shortly after entering the sixth form and there seemed to be no pressure from outside to make us keep going – the façade seemed to be crumbling.

……

Reading through John Hawkins' remarks has prompted me to send you a few more memories of the CCF.

I touched on the subject briefly in the articles "Young Person's Guide…." which I sent you some years ago, but here's a bit more:

My first contact with the CCF came right at the beginning of my time at Price's in 1963 when timetables were handed out and I noticed that the letters CCF had been slated in on Monday afternoons – and for two periods as well! Latin, Maths, English, French …. all these made some kind of sense, but CCF?

Musing as to the meaning of the letters, I asked around, and when another lad in my form who was already in the know told me what they stood for I must have the 11-year-old's equivalent of a heart attack. I knew that I wouldn't have the slightest intention of joining the Armed Forces when I was older, and wondered what the point of this play-acting was supposed to be. If it was to instil discipline and respect in first-formers, I guessed there were other ways this could be done – and probably more effectively.

It was quite intimidating at the beginning to be confronted with large and sometimes rather bully-ish sixth-formers playing at being Army corporals, giving silly orders and paying an inordinate amount of attention to petty details concerning our uniforms – boots not shiny enough, berets not sitting properly, belt buckles not gleaming, etc. And, as John Hawkins quite rightly says, it was unbelievable how seriously all this was taken – as though it was in some way intended to influence Britain's future as a military power. I remember that one character once confronted me at the weekly uniform inspection by pointing out that my belt buckle looked as though nothing had been done to it for months and he wanted to see it shining properly by next week, which really annoyed me as I couldn't do anything about the rather ineffective stuff we'd been given to polish our buckles – or (another subject of irritation) the badly-fitting uniform I'd been handed out.

However, my father looked around in the garage and came up with some proper metal polish which enabled me to put paid to this particular character’s complaints – and after I later managed to get my too-short trousers changed as well I at least had no more hassles on the uniform front.

As I advanced through the different forms the "hierarchy" became less and less formidable. When I was in 5R a large group of us were, for several weeks, herded over to the Harrison Road annexe for our parading, where we wouldn’t be seen - perhaps, I surmised, to spare the embarrassment (or

amusement) of the other pupils and staff. Whoever was supposed to be in charge of us in those weeks didn't seem to take it very seriously, as on more than one occasion a group of us were just left to march on and on without any further orders until we all walked into the wall at the end of the playground, assuming that we were supposed to climb it somehow, or, marching badly out of time, tripped over each other and collapsed in a heap at the end of the playground. But once someone must have been watching from one of the classrooms, as he then got a rocket from his "superior" and we never got orders from this particular character again. It was all really hilarious …

However, CCF maybe wasn't a complete waste of time as it at least provided an opportunity in the upper forms to learn a couple of useful skills – rifle shooting and map reading, and I guessed that the whole exercise might have been of some benefit to those who really were intending to join the Armed Forces one day, but most of us wanted to go into further education anyway.

By the time I had reached the sixth form – when, unbelievably, CCF attendance was still (at least on paper) compulsory - I felt that I had more important things to be doing on a Monday afternoon than parading up and down outside the school buildings, among other things getting my homework done so that I wouldn't have any to do in the evening. A fellow called Steve Chappell was fairly high up the CCF "hierarchy" and was for quite some time assigned the duty of coming over to the library early on Monday afternoons to check whether any sixth-formers who should have been at CCF were doing homework or reading instead. And quite frequently he would indeed catch one or two. I remember that some of my contemporaries in the RAF cadets continued to go week after week right up to just before their A-levels, but perhaps it was my good fortune that I had been in the Army cadets – Steve was in the RAF, and maybe for this reason he wasn't quite so bothered and only paid token attention to me (and, to my amazement, nobody else bothered me either). As long as none of his RAF contingent was missing, he seemed happy….. In fact, I noted that a surprisingly large number of us managed to get out of CCF shortly after entering the sixth form and no pressure was exerted from outside to make us keep going – the facade seemed to be crumbling.

As regards the annual Parades and Inspections, one of these ensured I had the fright of my (Price's) life shortly before I left in 1969 – but this tale is now buried in the depths of the website. A bit of research should bring it to light again though ...

Regards, **Robin Ward**

Ed: Sadly disillusioned by his time in the CCF, Robin seems to have overlooked what was the start of something really good, of his own creativity, and possibly given impetus by an inherent rebelliousness. That is, his role in the beginnings of the Black Lion. This product of his intellectual powers, constrained within the straitjacket of a classical School curriculum, was, like the Folk Music scene, an unheralded contribution of amazing value, to the School's whole cultural life.

Aside from these tales of wasted time in the CCF, there was another side to Robin's life, as a part of a different kind of dissident mind. And that story is better lodged in the Lion Pride Chapter on The Cultural Life of the School, wherein Robin, and a cohort of fellow-feeling characters established a movement to provide an outlet for the non-conformist brigade whose lives seemed to be outside of the classically-driven remit of the Grammar school, to whit – The Black Lion.

Black, not in any racial context, but simply because the front cover design was of a solid black Lion! This was an underground magazine ostensibly set-up to cater for those with a more literary inclination than was served by the formal, School Lion Magazine. The Black lion had an energy about

that saw its irregular publication schedule last to approximately 20 editions. What intrigued me about this publication was its durability and the fact that it had a young teacher – Tony Johnson - on board with a light touch oversight that gave the Headmaster of the day – Eric Poyner, confidence in its role. In none of the Lion magazines I have read in this project, was there ever a mention of the Black Lion product, nor in any Speech day proceedings. It remained a product of a mind-set that engaged some very capable pupils, with the energy to impart.

Alongside of that product was the emergence of the Folk Music scene which is also given due space in the "Cultural Life" Chapter of Lion Pride – a further and uniquely productive aspect of School life that was not lauded or embraced, to the School's detriment. There has been a veritable corps of still-active musicians who acquired their spurs via this group of Priceans. Even half a century after their naissance – something now, that the School ought to have been proud of – these boys, now men, stand as testimony to talent that is hidden in most schools, I am sure.

This Lion Pride publication pays due credit to those active in both the Black Lion and the Folk Music scenes, whose endeavours and energies coped with intrinsic, though not very effective resistance, and who provided what all schools should aspire to achieve, viz: an adequate support and encouragement for their talents, just as if they were mainstream, classical music instrumentalists, or writers, or any other kind of artist.

K.B.: Around spring 1968 they conceived the idea of producing an alternative magazine, to be called "The Black Lion", which would provide an outlet for writing deemed to be too conservative for the "Lion" and would aim to stir up the staid way of thinking of the Price's establishment. Articles on pop music, anti-war poems, anti-religion rants, anti-authority stances, in fact anything as long as it was anti-something could be considered for publication. I vowed to support the project in any way possible.

1969 A co-conspirator in the early Black Lion days, with lots of contributions.

Ref: B.L. No. 4 This was the time when I left Price's (1969) and later went to university, meaning that contact with the editors was invariably lost. However, I heard that by the end of 1970 the Black Lion had reached issue no. 8, so the momentum created by the first issues had clearly been sustained.

Warwick	Edward	Dates	

Winners of the 1969 Inter-House Sailing Competition with Entwhistle. With that, winners of the Sailor's Prize – a weekend sailing as guests.

Winners of all four races the 1970 Inter-House Championships, with Tim Rowe, in Chichester Harbour.

1970 Winner of the Sailor's Prize (with Edward Warwick) – a weekend sailing as guests.

1971 At the Inter-Schools sailing regatta at Weston Sailing Club – won the 1st prize in the catamaran Fast Handicap race.

Wassell	Stephen	Dates	

Probably the most successful badminton player ever to attend Price's School / College was Steven Wassell. In the 1976-77 season, Steve, who was in the 4th form at the time, won the All-England Junior Badminton Championship and was a regular county player. The following year he won the under 16 title.

1980 Steven, the joint top seed, won the under 18 singles title in the Friends Provident English National Junior Championship at Watford beating SP Butler from Warwickshire 15-7, 7-15, 15-8 in the final. In 1981 at the age of 19 and soon after winning his first open singles championship in the West Hants tournament Steven signed a three-year contract with Sondico International (a sports equipment manufacturer) to use their equipment.

Wassell	John	Dates	

1974 U13 Basketball team Captain - played every match and was the top scorer, benefitting from being one of the tallest in the squad. 1975 he retained his role as Captain and was thanked for his help in organising the administrative side of running the team.

1974 U13 Basketball team Captain - played every match and was the top scorer, benefitting from being one of the tallest in the squad. 1975 he retained his role as Captain and was thanked for his help in organising the administrative side of running the team. Capt. & top scorer in 1974 & 75.

Watkins	Peter	Dates	1980 - 1984

Editorial 1980

Price's has a new hand on the helm. We extend a belated welcome to the new Principal, Mr. Peter R.Watkins who took-up his post last January.

College Magazine 1980

This is my Life

Born in Sutton Coldfield in the 1930a, I spent the 1930s at School, going as one of the last generation of "Scholarship" boys to Solihull School. The 50s found me reading History at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, training to be a teacher, undertaking National Service in the R.A.F., and finally starting my career, teaching History at East Ham Grammar School. The 60s were spent at two Direct Grant Schools. At Brentwood, I was a boarding Housemaster and responsible for teaching mediaeval history in the Sixth Form. I taught a remarkable group of able boys, a number of whom are now University history teachers and one among the best known of the intake of M.P.s into the present Parliament. In 1964 I became senior History Master at Bristol Grammar School, a School at which my predecessor Eric Poyner had earlier also taught.



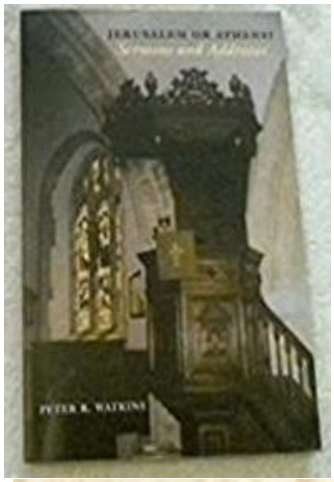
Mr. P. R. Watkins, the new Principal

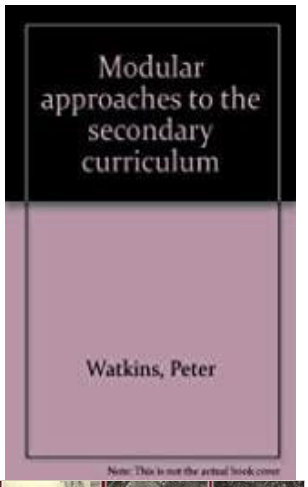
I was President of the Bristol Branch of the Historical Association and an associate Tutor at the Bristol University Department of Education. The 70s I spent Headmastering. The King Edward's Five Ways School was a Voluntary Aided School of 600 boys, a late nineteenth century off-shoot of the great Foundation of King Edward Sixth, in Birmingham. I moved to Chichester High School for Boys in 1974, to complete the process of merging a well-known a well-known academic Grammar School with the Lancastrian Secondary Modern School to make a Comprehensive School with almost 1400 boys. So much for the "Who's Who" perspective in my career. The dates however, are important. Older, and I should probably have finished my career in a Grammar School, perhaps a contender the position of the last Grammar School Head – there are, after all, now only about 300 Grammar Schools left. Younger, and I should have known only Comprehensive education.

I sit uneasily between two worlds. I am aware of what we have lost in abandoning the grammar schools, but know too, that they were not all that they were cracked-up to be, and that the 11+ test was indefensible. The creation of a Comprehensive system seems to be as much a pioneering work as the introduction of universal primary education after Foster's 1970 Act and it will take the rest of this century to get it right.. I am delighted to find that Price's has had such an excellent start as a

Sixth Form College; its facilities are good, its courses balanced and genuinely open to all abilities and its staff talented and committed.
The Editor however, asked me about myself. I enjoy walking in mountainous country, talking and writing. I am fascinated by politics and have collected political Press cuttings since I was a boy; one of the earliest being that of Roy Jenkins, the unsuccessful, 23-year-old candidate for Solihull, in 1945. I am a Christian. In earlier years I was an evangelical Methodist, more recently, radically inclined and an Anglican. I collect committees like a dog collects fleas and am at presently involved at a national level with the Christian Education Movement, the Secondary Heads' Association and the Schools' Council History Committee. I married late and have two small daughters whose current aspiration is to come to Price's before I retire.

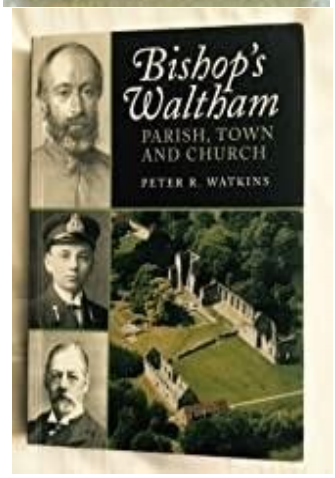
Peter R. Watkins

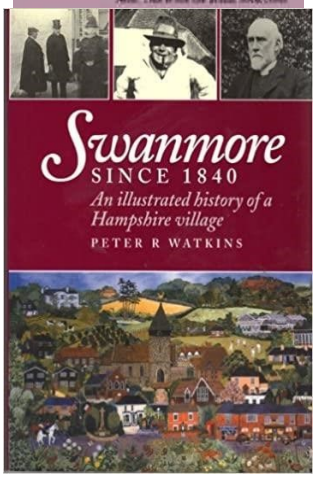


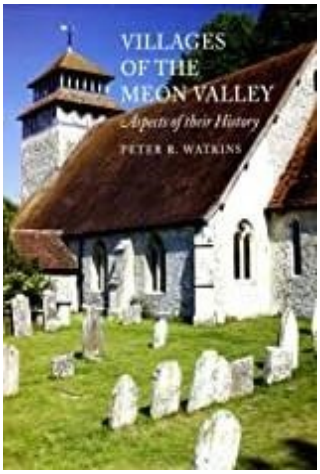


The two Peter Watkins books on the left reflect his Faith and his Educational interests.

The three beneath were written in his retirement and are indicative of the relative freedom which that more leisurely lifestyle permit s







See also: content in the "Price's Sixth Form College Years" in the Lion Pride

Watton	Douglas	Dates	

Minor Victor Ludorum 1958.
Minor Victor Ludorum 1959 (Max. Pts.).
Junior =Victor Ludorum 1960.
Junior Victor Ludorum 1961 (Max. Pts.)

A great sporting talent, but one who left after the "O" years with the outcome that the School had no chance really to see the full measure of his capabilities.

Watts	David George	Dates	



David Watts was born on 14 May 1931,[1] at the Old Inn House, West Street, Titchfield, Hampshire. His family were strawberry growers which was an important local industry In a local history talk he recalled that as a boy he could walk from Titchfield to Warsash alongside strawberry fields the whole distance. His family aimed to harvest their first crop by mid-May and the berries were sold as far away as Glasgow.

Watts was educated locally and then at Price's School in Fareham and at University College, University of Oxford, where he took a first class degree in history. He subsequently completed a B.Litt in 1957 with a thesis on "The Estates of Titchfield Abbey c.1245 to c.1380".

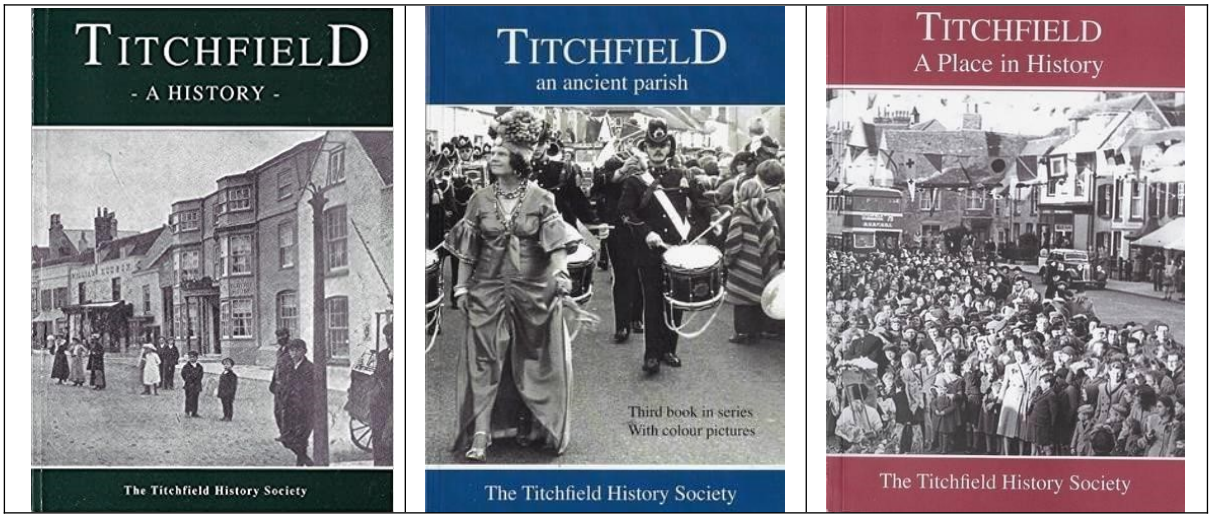
Watts joined the VCH in 1956 working under Robert (R.B.) Pugh who was then the general editor of the work. Watts's first published contribution to the history was the entry for the parish of Wilsford in the Wiltshire volume (1962). He worked with Christopher Elrington on Warwickshire including Birmingham, Coventry, and the Borough of Warwick

In 1959 he left the VCH to take up a lectureship in general studies at High Wycombe College. He was responsible for the establishment of the Open University in Hampshire and contributed to the creation of the University of the Third Age in Solent.[1] His book *The Learning of History* (1972) was positively reviewed in the *McGill Journal of Education* and the *British Journal of Educational Studies* for its thoughtful approach to criticisms of the teaching of history that were current at the time It was reprinted in 2016 in the Routledge Library Editions: Historiography series.

Watts wrote for the proceedings of the Hampshire Field Club and in the journal *The Economic History Review*.[1] His research interests included the effect of the Black Death on Hampshire in which he examined the speed with which the plague travelled using the evidence of court records and the payment of heriots, and the Hampshire strawberry growing industry. He wrote the history of Titchfield in 1982 and at the time of his death was president of the Titchfield History Society
Selected publications:

- "A Model for the Early Fourteenth Century", *The Economic History Review*, New Series, Vol. 20, No. 3 (December 1967), pp. 543–547.

- *Environmental Studies*. Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1969.
- *The Learning of History*. Routledge and Kegan Paul, London, 1972. ISBN 1317280725 (Reprinted 2016)
- *Titchfield: A History*. Titchfield History Society, Titchfield, 1982. ISBN 0950813117
- "The Black Death in Dorset and Hampshire" in T.B. James (Ed.) *The Black Death in Wessex*, The Hatcher Review, v. No. 46 (1998).



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

Watts	Phil	Dates	1943 -

I'm very sorry to have to tell you that Phil Watts died on 14 February.

Pat & Phil have no children or other close family but Pat is being helped by good neighbours.

This is particularly sad news for me.

Phil and I met in Form 2A at Price's in 1943 and quickly became good friends. We followed similar paths through the School up to 6th Science and after Higher School Certificate (as it then was) both passed the Civil Service exam and chose the same department (now the National Audit Office) for our careers.

We also both spent two years national service in the Royal Army Education Corps - one of the least violent ways of serving Queen and country. When working in London we both became regulars at LSOP events after the Society was revived by Brian Buckley and later run for many years by Martin Privett.

As I told you in a recent message, Phil was in poor health, in particular his kidneys had stopped functioning properly which caused him some discomfort. But he remained remarkably cheerful

Perhaps you will let fellow OPs know, including the funeral arrangements. Although not many of our generation remain. With best wishes,

Peter Keemer

Phil was born in December 1931. His parents were successful strawberry growers in Warsash, in the part of Hampshire famous for fruit production.



From the age of five Phil attended Beaulieu School at Park Gate a mile or so from his home. My late wife, Yvonne, was a fellow pupil at Beaulieu and Phil was Best Man at our wedding. It was in September 1943 that Phil and I found ourselves sitting next to each other as new boys in Form 2A at Price's School, Fareham and we quickly became good friends.

We followed similar paths through the School up to the 6th Form where we concentrated on Maths and Science. After Higher School Certificate (as it then was) we both passed the Civil Service exam and chose the same department (now the National Audit Office) for our careers. Before starting professional training we were called up for national service and both chose the Royal Army Education Corps - one of the less violent ways of serving Queen and country. After a rapid teacher training course in Bodmin we were given the rank of sergeant and posted to Germany, in Phil's case to be attached to a Light Infantry Regiment at Celle. School life for many young people of that generation had been severely disrupted by the war and in extreme cases they could not read or write. Most men (but not women) were conscripted for military service and the "Schoolies", as we were known by real soldiers, had the job of providing a basic education to those who had missed out during the war.

On return to civilian life Phil initially worked in London on the audit of Inland Revenue and he and I shared lodgings in Balham for a couple of years. As time passed we were posted to different parts of the country but remained close friends. In 1955 when Phil was visiting an office in the Lake District he met Pat who was staying at the same hotel on holiday with her mother. This chance meeting led to a blossoming friendship and Phil arranged a posting to an office in Liverpool to be near Pat who lived in Bolton. They married in 1957 and made their first home in Formby. Phil's next job was at the Atomic Energy Authority at Harwell and he and Pat moved to Newbury at the end of 1961.

On return to London and the audit of the Ministry of Agriculture in 1967, Pat and Phil bought their house in Kempshott where they settled and made good friends who are here today to celebrate Phil's life. Five years on and he moved to the Home Office to audit the funds spent on running prisons. At the end of that posting he returned to Agriculture to audit the subsidies paid to farmers from European Union funds. His final posting took him back to Inland Revenue as the Audit Manager for tax assessments. Apart from his audit work, Phil was Treasurer of the Civil Service Recreation Centre in London for about ten years. And after he retired he did consultancy work for the Audit Office on taxation – a subject on which he had become an acknowledged expert. Phil's career was a fine example of the highest standards of public service.

When he was working in London Phil maintained his links with his old school as an active member of the London Society of Old Priceans. He and Pat continued to attend functions over the years until ill health made the journey to Fareham or London too difficult. Phillip Reynolds, current chairman of the OPs is here today.

As I said at the beginning, Phil and I became and remained very close friends, a friendship that lasted over 75 years. His passing brought a great sense of loss for me. For Pat the loss is so much greater and the thoughts of all of us here today are with her as we bid a loving farewell to Phil.

Peter Keemer

Wellstead	Gordon Charles	Dates	



In Memory of

GORDON
CHARLES WELLSTEAD

Lance Corporal 47845
6th Bn., Wiltshire
Regiment who died on
Saturday, 28th September
1918. Age 20.

Died of wounds



LIJSSENTHOEK MILITARY CEMETERY, Belgium.

From Wikipedia:

6th (Service) Battalion, The Wiltshire Regt.

Due to losses sustained in Passchendaele campaign in 1917, the 6th Battalion would be amalgamated with the Wiltshire Yeomanry to form the 6th (Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry) battalion on 9 September 1917. Eventually, the battalion would be reduced to cadre strength. The excess personnel would be used as replacements for the 2nd Battalion which assumed its place in the 58th Brigade. The cadre was returned to England on 18 June 1918 and the battalion brought up to strength by absorbing the 9th Battalion, Dorset Regiment.

Now assigned to the 14th (Light) Division, the 6th Wilts became part of the 42nd Brigade. With the rest of the division, it returned to France in July 1918, seeing action in the Battle of Avre.

The **Second Battle of the Somme** of 1918 was fought during the First World War on the Western Front from late August to early September, in the basin of the River Somme. It was part of a series of successful counter-offensives in response to the German Spring Offensive, after a pause for redeployment and supply.

The most significant feature of the 1918 Somme battles was that with the first Battle of the Somme of 1918 having halted what had begun as a large German offensive, the second formed the central part of the Allies' advance to the Armistice of 11 November.

On 15 August 1918, British Field Marshal Douglas Haig refused demands from Supreme Allied Commander Marshal Ferdinand Foch to continue the Amiens offensive during World War I, as that attack was faltering as the troops outran their supplies and artillery, and German reserves were being moved to the sector. Instead, Haig began to plan for an offensive at Albert, which opened on 21 August. The main attack was launched by the British Third Army, with the United States II Corps attached.

On the morning of 2 September, after a heavy battle, the Canadian Corps seized control of the Drocourt-Quéant line (representing the west edge of the Hindenburg Line). The battle was fought by the Canadian 1st Division, 4th Division, and by the British 52nd Division. Heavy German casualties were inflicted, and the Canadians also captured more than 6,000 unwounded prisoners. Canada's losses amounted to 5,600. By noon that day the German commander, Erich Ludendorff, had decided to withdraw behind the Canal du Nord.

By 2 September, the Germans had been forced back to the Hindenburg Line, which they had launched their offensive from in the spring.

On their way to the Hindenburg Line, in a fierce battle, the Canadian troops, led by General Sir Arthur Currie, overcame the earthworks of the incomplete Canal du Nord during the Battle of Canal du Nord.[6]

In late September/early October, one of the epic battles of the whole war was the breach of the Hindenburg Line (the Battle of St. Quentin Canal) by British, Australian and American troops (under the command of Australian General John Monash). Soon after, the Canadians breached the Hindenburg Line at the Battle of Cambrai.

The Canal du Nord defensive system was the Germans' last major prepared defensive position opposite the British First Army. It was nevertheless a significant obstacle as the Germans had taken measures to incorporate the unfinished canal into their defensive system. Beyond the damage done to make crossing the canal as difficult as possible, north of Mœuvres a lesser arm of the Hindenburg Support Line, the Canal du Nord Line, ran directly behind the east side of the canal. The greater arm of the Hindenburg Support Line crossed the canal at Mœuvres and thus remained well established on the eastern side of the canal south of Mœuvres. This was supplemented by the Marquion-Cantaing Line which ran along a north-south axis one mile east of the canal and the Marcoing Line located just west of Cambrai. The attack* on the Canal du Nord was to begin on 27 September 1918, a day after the Meuse-Argonne Offensive, one day before the offensive in Flanders and two days before the Battle of St. Quentin Canal. It seems likely that it was in this Battle that L.Cpl. Gordon Wellstead suffered his wounds that caused his death the next day, just 6 weeks before the end of the War, in one of the most decisive offences of the campaign.

*At 5:20 on the morning of 27 September, all four divisions attacked under total darkness, taking the German defenders of the 1st Prussian Guards Reserve Division and the 3rd German Naval Division by absolute surprise. By mid-morning, all defenders had retreated or been captured. Stiffening resistance east of the canal proved that only a surprise attack had the possibility of ending in victory.

		
This is Gordon Wellstead's headstone, bearing the Wiltshire Regt badge and his name.	British War Medal	Victory Medal

During the First World War, the village of Lijssenthoek was situated on the main communication line between the Allied military bases in the rear and the Ypres battlefields. Close to the Front, but out of the extreme range of most German field artillery, it became a natural place to establish casualty clearing stations. The cemetery was first used by the French 15th Hopital D'Evacuation and in June 1915, it began to be used by casualty clearing stations of the Commonwealth forces. From April to August 1918, the casualty clearing stations fell back before the German advance and field ambulances (including a French ambulance) took their places. The cemetery contains 9,893 Commonwealth burials of the First World War, a few of which were brought in from the battlefields after the Armistice, and 883 war graves of other nationalities, mostly French and German. It is the second-largest Commonwealth cemetery in Belgium. The cemetery was designed by Sir Reginald Blomfield.

GORDON WELLSTEAD. Killed in action in France, October 1918, (Westbury 1912-15. After being rejected by more than one Medical Board, he was passed, and, after training, sent to France (where he was killed).with which he was serving when fatally wounded. He was brought across, but died in hospital in England.

Wharmby	Richard	Dates	



No narrative available

Wheeler	Geoff	Dates	1960 - 1966

My name is Geoff Wheeler and I went to Price's in Sept 1960 as a 12 year-old (having failed the 11+,- another story!) and left at the age of 18 in the summer of 1966. I am in all 4 photos, and front right in the six a side team that competed in the Hampshire Schools tournament held at the Sports Centre Southampton. Not sure whether the athletics race was over 220 or 440 yards.

In 1966 Table Tennis “A” team. 1st XI Cricket Captain 1966

As lots of other O.Bs, great times at Price's and many happy memories and stories re the teachers.





Geoff front right, in Hants Schools' 6-a-side

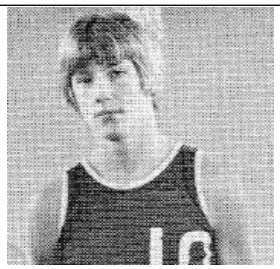




Wheeler	S.A.	Dates	1960 - 1966

1967 Two new Junior swimming records.
1968 New Record in Junior 50yds breast stroke.
A 4th swimming record in 1969.
1970 Joint Swimming Captain.
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1970.
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1971.
Sportsman of the 70s Decade (shortlist).

Whitby	Simon	Dates	1977 - 1979


1970

Chosen for the 1970 S.E. Hants Basketball squad and played a considerable part in taking the SE Hants squad through to the quarter finals of the English National Championship. The squad also topped the local regional tournament. S.E.Hampshire U14 & U15 Basketball teams 1970 & 1971. 1st Xi Hockey Captain 1974. 1969 played Tennis enthusiastically during the summer holidays in junior tournaments at Southampton, Lee-on-Solent, Winchester, Alverstoke and Southsea **Sportsman of the 70s Decade** (shortlist)

White	J.A.	Dates	





1st XI Cricket Captain 1951.
Senior Steeplechase 3rd 1951
1st XI Cricket Captain 1952.
1st XI Football – 1951 - Junior and Senior Prices Army Cadet Title Soccer Winners.

Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist).

Whittacker	J.A.	Dates	

letter from J. A. Whitaker, who writes from Djapoera Estate, Indragiri, Sumatra.

He says :—

"The life here is very lonely; there are only five Europeans on the Estate including myself, and about 1,000 Coolies ; I have 200 to look after, and 750 acres of rubber. We have a fairly good club with a billiard-table and tennis-court; also we can get plenty of shooting: pig, crocodile, etc. The difficulty with tennis is that we can only play from about 5 until 6.30, as it is too warm before 5 and too dark after 6.30."I have been here a year and three months now, and feel full of rubber, so full, that I think if anyone dropped me I'd bounce. I have two years and nine months more to do before I get home leave… We can get local leave twice a year, to Singapore, Penang, etc. ; and after six months among these coolies you need a change; it is Javanese labour here, and I don't think it is possible to find a worse lot of coolies ; to lie and to steal is the breath of life to them; also they are a dangerous lot, and it is sometimes very difficult to keep them in order.

"The Djapoera Estate is situated about 150 miles up the Indragiri River, near a little place called Rengat, where there are two Dutch Government officials, a few Chinese shops, a post office, and some native soldiers; it is also the point up to which the boat from Singapore comes, and where we load our rubber. There are three other estates up the river besides ours, one Dutch and two Swiss. We are the only British one here. There was another British estate but owing to the present price of rubber, it has practically closed down. Well, I think that is all the news, if you can call it news. The life is so very monotonous, and lonely, I'm afraid there is very little to talk about."

Whybrow	David	Dates	

"Disjointed Schoolboy Ramblings"

Price's was the first 'real' school I attended. I was at private schools before that but, fortunately, 'passed' the eleven-plus and joined the real world at Price's. Incidentally, I remember at my interview for the eleven-plus being asked what I wanted to be when I grew up. Had never thought about it, so I said the first thing that occurred to me: 'a painter'. Totally at cross-purposes, they asked me what medium I painted in. Had no idea what that meant, as I don't think I'd ever painted *anything* in *any* medium, so they asked whether I wanted to paint battleships or people. Painting people seemed a strange pursuit, so I said 'battleships'. It was only later I realised they imagined me as an artist. I meant I wanted to slap paint on the sides of battleships! Anyway, that answer got me into Price's.

For reasons never explained, in those days the new intake joined in the second form – there was no first form. We were divided alphabetically into 2A and 2B, so I was in 2B. I had done fairly well at my previous school – won a prize 'for general excellence' in my final year, but that probably says more about the other pupils than about me! Never really had any competition until I went to Price's, where I sank, almost without trace. I had been considered 'bright', but suddenly everyone around me was 'bright' too. Went from 2B to 3C, which seemed alright to me, although my mother wasn't happy. Then to 3A. So I spent two years in the second year and was now in the 'A-stream': intelligent, but retarded! It worked out though – I moved on to another school at the age of

fourteen, when my family moved to Reading, and later missed out the fifth year altogether, jumping from 4A to 6L, catching up with the kids my age and ending up with a bunch of ‘A-Levels’.

Price’s was different from anything I had known before and it took me a while to settle in. What it says about me, I’m not quite sure, but I remember the break times and outside activities much better than the interludes of boredom in between.

We were very lucky to have a large playing field adjacent to the school and my favourite times were during the lunch break when, as if on a signal, the whole school (or so it seemed) would join in one huge game of ‘Chain-he’, or a variation played with a tennis ball, called ‘King’.

Morning break was notable for the ‘tuck shop’, which in my day was just one of the ground floor windows in the main school. The only item sold was sticky buns and the maximum ration was six. When the window opened, it was a free-for-all crush, and those who had sixpence to their name would buy the maximum. Once the tray was empty, that was it, so you had to be both fast and ruthless if you didn’t want to go hungry. Invariably, the bell went for lessons just as you got your six, causing a dilemma: even a 12-year-old schoolboy couldn’t eat six buns in the time available, and you couldn’t just walk into class with them all. The solution was to flatten all six into a solid lump an inch thick and surreptitiously peel off and eat a strip at a time through the next class.

School milk was a necessary evil. It came in crates, of course, which the unfortunate milk monitors had to lug to the classrooms for the morning break. In the summer, the milk was warm and horrible. It came in short, wide-necked bottles with a waxed cardboard top. In the winter, it froze, and a column of ice would force the top off and protrude from the bottle. When it had thawed just enough to drink, the cold milk still gave you a headache.

School dinners were a shock. There were two sittings and everyone was keen to be on first sitting, so they were fed earlier and had the rest of the long break to themselves. The older boys sat at the head of the table with the younger kids at the other end. At the signal, the youngest kids would collect the dishes of food, to be doled out by the older boys, who naturally kept most for themselves.

I made the big mistake of telling my mum that I didn’t get much to eat and – absolute horror – she rang the headmaster to complain. I was summoned to his study before lunch. He seemed a very old man and, for reasons I never understood, we called him ‘Belch’. Ended most of his sentences with "what?….what?" He marched me into the dining room to absolute silence and roared ‘This boy is to get his fair share!’ Just imagine how I felt. I never told my mum ANYTHING after that!

In my day, we had school on Saturday mornings. Scripture with ‘Duck’ Mollard. Poor man: no-one was much interested at the best of times but, on a Saturday morning, he stood no chance.

One Saturday, ‘Duck’ was late and I got into a fight with Keith Wareham. Wareham was a year older than most in the class and therefore commanded some respect. He had a racing bike, coveted by many, and had run into the back of a truck, breaking his nose, which elevated his stature even more. We went through the usual schoolboy ritual, punching each other on the upper arm and snarling "Yeah?" then suddenly, the fight escalated to ‘the real thing’, desks and chairs flying everywhere. I was taller, but Keith was older and stronger. Fortunately, ‘Duck’ threw the door open in time to save me from my ultimate fate. No comment made, just ‘pick up that desk, boy!’ To his credit, Wareham didn’t ‘get’ me later, or even threaten to do so.

Hated sport in those days, and we were supposed to play on Saturday afternoons. I learned that, if I sloped off at lunchtime, I was put in detention the following Wednesday afternoon, when everyone else had to play sport again. I was forced to sit in the warm library, reading, while the others wallowed in the cold mud outside. It worked several times before they were on to me.

I didn't like to admit that I'd never played cricket and, in a house competition, was sent out to bat against Rankin, the demon bowler. I was terrified and, when they gave me a 'box' to wear, and told me what it was for, that made it worse! He ran up to the crease and I never even saw the ball, just raised the bat in a pathetic attempt to protect my vital organs. By some coincidence, the ball hit the bat and there was no-one to stop it. I was an instant hero, hitting Rankin for four off my first stroke. Never improved on that. In fact, I don't think I ever batted again.

Got to join the CCF (Combined Cadet Force) in my second year. The uniform always seemed highly impractical. Used to spend the whole weekend trying to press it – two parallel lines across the back of the battledress blouse and down the arms (who knows why) and knife-edge creases in the trousers. Problem was, it either rained on the way to school or it was hot and you sweated in the uniform – either way, it had turned into khaki sacks by the Monday afternoon parade, no matter how hard you tried. So trouble over that. And I made a great job of Blancoing the webbing and cleaning the brasses, but I never perfected the technique of getting the brasses back on without making marks on the webbing. And the boots! Steel studs all over the bottoms, so they sounded impressive, but were hard to walk in. I was told to rub the toecaps with the back of a hot spoon to make them extra shiny. Never worked for me.

Those boots could be a liability. The bus stop on the main road was some way beyond the end of Park Lane. To avoid having to walk back, the 'smart' thing to do was to hang off the platform at the back of the bus then, as it began to slow, drop off, running a few places to decelerate. Natural rivalry caused people to jump earlier and earlier, when the bus was still moving quite quickly. One Monday, a boy who was wearing his steel-studded boots skidded and fell spectacularly, lucky not to be wiped out by the following car. On another day, one of the older boys, long practised in the art, with negligent ease, elegantly dropped from the bus and ran straight into the lamp-post at the end of Park Lane.

As I was about the tallest on the CCF parade, I was often the 'right marker'. A dubious distinction, except that I was often the only one in line. My father was a senior NCO in the RN and had been in the guard of honour at the coronation and often when a member of the Royal Family or other dignitary came to town, so family expectations were high but, alas, not to be fulfilled through me.

Two things the CCF did for me that were of lasting benefit were (1) to help narrow down the range of available careers – under no circumstances would I ever consider joining HM Forces – and (2) to teach me to tell my right hand from my left, something I had never previously been sure of.

Having said that, one of the high spots for me at Price's was being invited to join the CCF band. They needed a tall guy for the bass drum, and I was it. No musical prowess required, just march in step and hit the thing. It was great – we got out of all the other stuff the CCF had to do and just practised our drill – I can still slow march and about turn: "check, T, L, I, right".

We marched through the back lanes of Fareham with bugles blasting and drums rattling – the horses and cattle would run across the fields to see what was going on. Occasionally, we got to lead a local carnival parade and do a display of drill – I imagined all the girls were watching me, but, if there were any girls, which I doubt, they probably had their eyes fixed on the drum major – was that Ivor Noot?

Sports day was a great annual event at Price's. The Rev Royds-Jones (I think he taught maths and physics) would mark out the running track with white lines on the grass weeks before.

A great idea for the unskilled majority, like myself, was to introduce events like 'throwing the cricket ball' and 'the 880 yards handicap'. The latter was intended to catch everyone who had not entered any other event. The handicapping was worked out so even the kids with a weight problem had a chance, with maybe 440 yards start. I developed a severe limp in the days before sports day, but no-one believed it and I was started from scratch. Didn't have spikes, so fell flat on my face at the start on the slippery grass track, much to the amusement of nearby spectators, who were treated to some very unschoolboy-like language, but my chance of athletics glory was gone for another year.

The Rev Royds-Jones was unusual, to say the least. On a hot day in summer, 'Wick' would take off his jacket to reveal that his clerical collar and dark shirt-front were just a 'dickie', held on by elastic, worn over an ancient striped shirt with the sleeves torn off and frayed at the ends. In one class, he whispered in my ear that I had better start shaving, or I'd be mistaken for a member of staff. Afterwards, I looked in the mirror – at age thirteen, for the first time consciously – and decided he was exaggerating just a little. Nevertheless, I nicked my dad's razor that evening and came to school the next day 'clean-shaven' but covered in cuts. No-one noticed.

I recall 'Ada' Alderson as a nice man. Taught French. I was quite good, as I'd done French at my previous school. I usually came top in his weekly tests and was scornfully accused by the others of doing my 'prep', even though I swore I hadn't. I couldn't help it if I just knew the answers! I eventually got 'A-Level' French, but at another school, so he never knew.

One of the older lads had an artificial hand – a hook, actually, that opened if he moved his arm away from his body and closed to a vice-like grip if he pulled his arm in. It was said that he had blown his hand off with gunpowder nicked from the CCF armoury, but I don't know how true that was. The hand was readily detachable and, occasionally, someone would snatch it from him and it would be thrown from one kid to another in the playground, while he tried desperately to get it back. He had a spare hand with a glove on it that he used for cycling. He would park his bike outside the local shop and go inside, leaving the hand still attached to the handlebars, to the consternation of passers-by.

That local shop must have made a fortune in term-time. Strategically placed in Park Lane, mid-way between the school and the town. Everyone used it. They sold homemade ice-lollies, a penny each. One good suck and all the flavouring was gone, leaving a lump of pure ice on the stick, to be discarded in the gutter.

One tradition I didn't like at all was 'the bumps': if the boys got to know it was your birthday, you'd be grabbed and, with several people holding each limb, bumped on the ground the appropriate number of times, finally being thrown in the air to land in a heap. When my turn came (my fourteenth birthday) I wasn't having any. Kicked, punched, elbowed and fought until the enthusiasm of the group waned and they gave up. Later, John Peck, who'd been behind me, showed me the wheals on his shins caused by my steel-tipped heels. He couldn't get out of the way because of the crush. I wasn't very sympathetic at the time. Sorry, John, if you ever get to read this. Hope you haven't still got the scars!

The skills learned then stood me in good stead. Some years later, at my next school, the captain's critique of my first season in 1st XV Rugby said "Wybrow: young and inexperienced, but lethal in the loose". I enjoyed that.

If I had to be in class, woodwork was best. A double period once a week, spoiling bits of timber in the woodwork shed with Cyril Briscoe, everyone's uncle. Still remember the terrible smell of the glue-pot (reputed to be distilled essence of horse), always bubbling away but never seeming to be used. Learned the mysteries of the tenon saw and the spokeshave – much more use in later life than Latin! Spent a whole term making a book rack that I think I've still got, if my wife hasn't quietly thrown it out.

Art was OK too. But I wasn't much good, despite my eleven-plus interview claims. The best thing was that the art-room was right at the top of the main school building, with commanding views of the Fareham countryside. And special desktops that propped up to make an easel you could hide behind.

I forget the name of the first-year Latin teacher (did we call him 'Louis'?) We had Latin on a Monday, which was CCF day, and he always wore his RAF uniform on Mondays, so I associated Latin with something vaguely military.

He insisted that we sat in alphabetical order, starting on his left. The problem was, there were thirty desks and thirty-one people. As last on the register, after Wozencroft, I always got to sit on a chair at the front, with no desk. I pointed out that this was unfair, but was ignored. But I got him back! I refused to do any work, forgot what I already knew and learned no more Latin from then on. He didn't seem to notice.

The other Latin master was 'Jerk' Jarvis. We cordially disliked one another, but he sometimes gave my mother a lift to work, which meant I had to sit in his car too, hunched down in the seat, hoping no-one would see me. He thought it was so funny to refer in class to the 'ostriches' (hostages) who always seemed to be taken or released in every Latin translation, just after the land was 'laid waste'.

'Taffy' Howard Jones was a good history teacher, but he had a severe cast in one eye. Had a habit of asking a question, then nodding at the person who was to answer "You, boy!" Problem was, we didn't know who he was looking at, which was rather embarrassing. Either no-one would answer, or two people sitting three desks apart would both answer at the same time.

Music and maths was 'Smudge' Smith – what a Cambridge M.A. was doing trying to teach us morons, I'll never know. Nice man, walked with a limp. Put up with a great deal without seeming to notice, which must have been a defence mechanism. Only time I remember him getting angry was when some idiot (no, not me) created the classic classroom booby-trap, balancing a full wastepaper basket (one of those big wicker ones) on the partly-open door. Hit him on the head and shoulder. Must have hurt.

One teacher who was always angry was Mr Siney (Bill?), always shouting and slamming doors. Don't remember what his subject was: just pleased to survive to the end of the lesson. When he was a little late one day, someone put boot polish on the outside door handle. Probably regretted doing so instantly, but it was too late. We sat in horror as Siney's heels were heard coming down the corridor. We didn't know what our fate would be but, at age eleven or twelve, we just knew it would be terrible. Silence in the classroom (that probably tipped him off!), footsteps paused for a second, then he came in. No boot polish. No reference was made to it. Don't know to this day how he did it.

Bert Shaw was also slightly fearsome, probably because of his severe expression. Never knew him hit anyone, or even give a detention. Taught English. Waiting for him to arrive, someone put a drawing pin on his chair (we never thought of anything original). We sat in terrified silence (no-one more scared than me, as I was sitting right in the front) as he came in, sat down and started the lesson. His

expression never changed. Five minutes later, he put his hand down, picked up the drawing pin and put it on the desk in front of him. No comment made. It never happened again.

Biology and, I suppose it must have been Botany, were with 'Gunger' Garton. No-one seems to know the derivation of 'Gunger' or 'Gunge'. As he had vestigial ginger hair round his bald dome, I always assumed, he was originally 'Ginge', but the relevance of that had faded away with his departing hair. Never seemed to have a sense of humour. Dealing with some misbehaviour, he called one of the boys out to the front and slapped him round the head, receiving a volley of punches in return. He was more surprised than hurt – the boy didn't come up to his shoulder - and I don't think there was any further action. He did start it, after all.

At least once each summer, we went for a nature ramble. Gunge would point out each interesting (to him) weed, give a short talk about it, pick an example and move on. Our trick was to hang back just far enough for our comments not to be heard, but we couldn't hear him either. Back in the classroom – it was always a double period – he would brandish each plant in turn and we would have to write down its name. Needless to say, we rarely got any of them right.

We were divided into 'sets' for science, presumably because some pupils were observed to progress at a different rate in science from other subjects. I won the set prize in my last year at Price's (I moved to another school at age fourteen), so that must have been a good indicator - the only subjects I failed at 'O' Level two years later were Physics and Chemistry! Those seemed to change as time went on from interesting subjects about people and inventions to (to me) totally incomprehensible theory.

In 1989, thirty years after I left Price's School, by which time I was living in Western Australia, I visited the old place to show it to my wife and son. Was stunned to see it was actually being demolished – couldn't believe it! As a tourist, I had my camera with me and took some good shots – dodging the bulldozers to get into some of the rooms I remembered, for positively the last time.

Ed: Scenes of the devastation of the School appear in the "Buildings" Chapter of the Lion Pride publication.

Wigg	Peter	Dates	

Report on Initiative Test

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

Information :

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

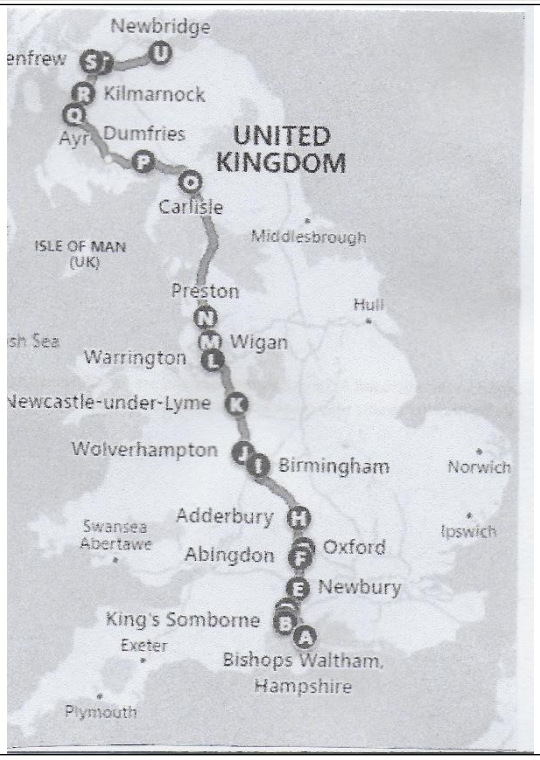
Equipment :

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

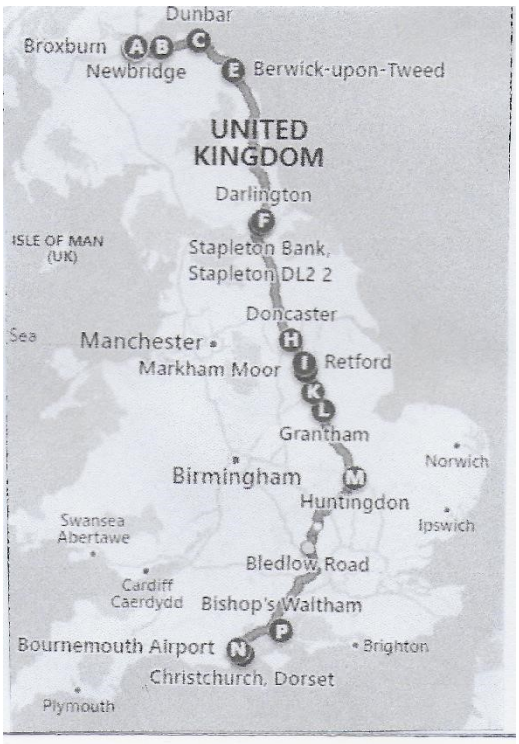
Method :

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

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



The outward route on the 1947 trek



The homeward route of the 1947 trek

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

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

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

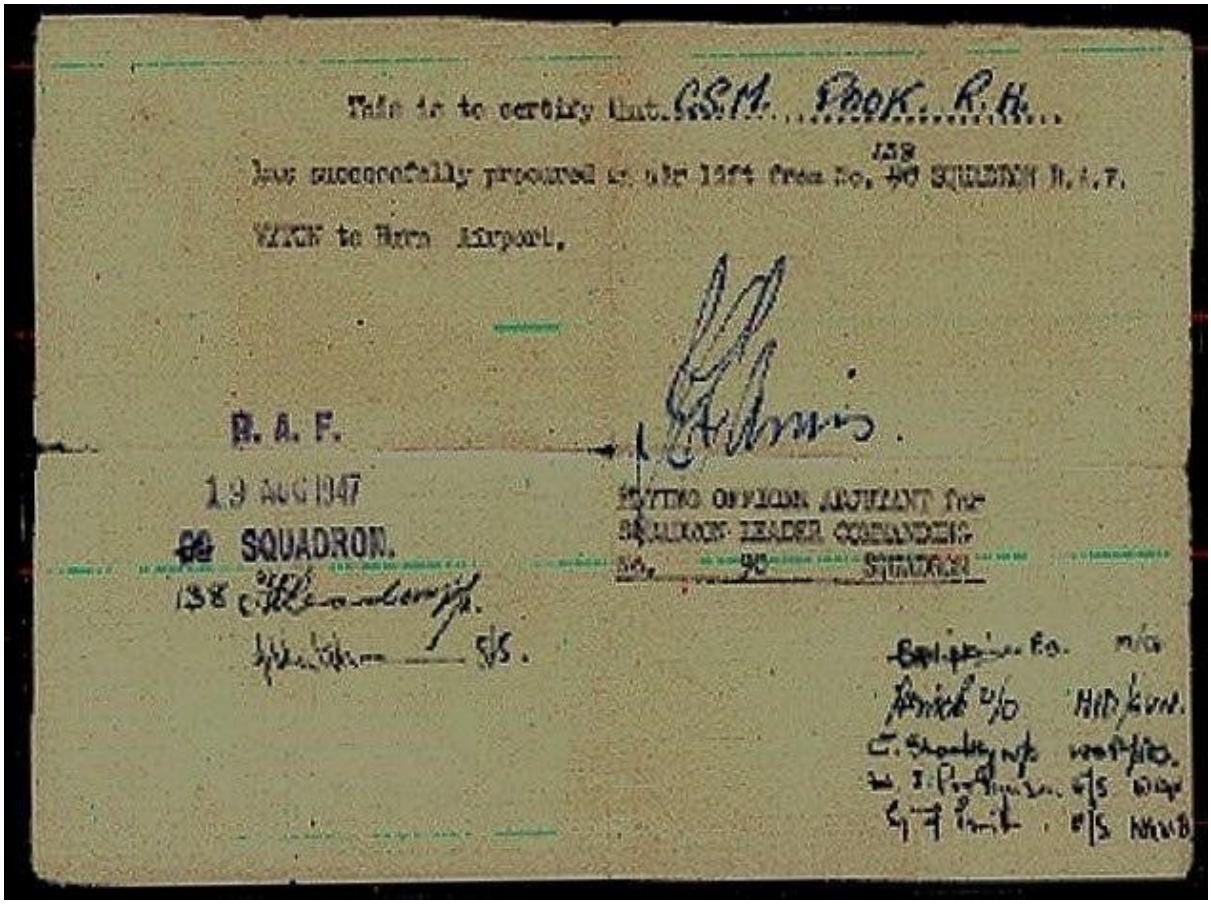
The next day, Monday, 18th, we were up at 0620 hrs., and were bathing in the River Tees at 0730 hrs. We left our bathing place at 0825 hrs. feeling very refreshed. At 1005 hrs. we had a lorry lift to Doncaster, arriving at 1250 hrs. This lift took us from the North Riding to the West Riding of Yorkshire.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

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

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

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

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



This flight certificate supplied by Richard Pook.

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

You will notice that the regretfully well-worn ‘certificate’ given before we took off shows two RAF Bomber squadrons were involved. However, after being equipped with parachutes and briefly instructed in their use, the first plane was found to be ‘unserviceable’. Our disappointment was soon relieved when a second squadron came to our aid.

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

Cheers for now! **Richard Pook**

Report on Initiative and Endurance Test

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

Information :

Initiative and endurance test carried out between Saturday evening (1915 hrs.), 3rd July, and Thursday morning (1020 hrs.) 8th July. We travelled from Fareham to Bristol, and through the following large towns:—Gloucester, Manchester, Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Reading, Marlborough, Bristol, Exeter, Dorchester, Salisbury, and back to Fareham in 111 hrs., 86 hrs. of which were spent travelling, the remainder of the time spent sleeping, etc. Our average speed for the journey was 19 m.p.h., thus giving us a total milage of 2109 miles. We took no money or food with us, and so lived as well as we could.

Equipment :

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

Method :

Having prepared our kit we left Fareham walking in the direction of Southampton. Our first lift was at 1935 hrs. from Catisfield Fork to Titchfield Balloon Barrage Station, and this was followed at 1945 hrs. by a lift in a 13 year old Austin to Bitterne. When we reached Bitterne we began the disheartening task of walking through Southampton, but at 2035 hrs. we were lucky enough to get a lift through the town. When we were clear of the town we were given a lift at 2100 hrs. to Ower, where a taxi gave us a very short ride onto the main Salisbury road. We had hardly got out of the taxi when we were given a lift in a Salvation Army car to Salisbury.

We then began to walk along the Warminster and Bath road, and our next lift took us to Wilton. At Wilton a kindly farmer took us in and gave us tea and cakes. Now came the first blow of the evening. We were forced to march, an event against our principles, 7 miles into Stapleford, where at 2445 hrs, we received a lift in a large Buick to Warminster, arriving at 0115 hrs. We cleared the town and eventually bedded down for the night in a clover field on the Warminster to Bath road at 0200 hrs. As this was Saturday evening, when there is no long distance transport, we thought ourselves lucky to reach Warminster, a distance of 55 miles.

The next morning we moved off at 0745 hrs. heading for Bath. As it had rained all night, and was still raining, we were really wet, and the wind, which was very strong, whipped the rain into our faces, and made us feel thoroughly downcast. Although the road we were travelling on was a main road only 3 cars passed us during the next four hours. During this monotonous march we were given a cup of tea by a pleasant old lady, who was eighty years of age and who knitted garments for 8 hours a day to help the export drive. We had a short rest in her picturesque old cottage for 10 minutes. After this our luck changed, we had only walked another mile when we got a lift in a Ford 10 car to Bath. As we approached Bath we had a wonderful panoramic view of the city, lying in the Avon valley. From Bath we had a short lift, which took us back onto the main road. Our next lift was to Bristol, where we arrived at 1355 hrs. This was rather an eventful journey as the car in which we were riding burst a tyre, which we changed. When we reached Bristol the driver, who said we had earned a reward for our services, bought us lemonade and two piping hot pasties, which were greatly appreciated. After this short interlude we proceeded to the Police Station where we had our log book stamped by P.C. Robert Knight. We now had to walk across another large city, and when clear of the town, we were given a lift to Filton. Then a taxi took us by a very devious route to within 8 miles of Gloucester. From here we got a lift in a converted Army Recce car, which seemed to have no springs as we were considerably shaken up. This took us to Redditch, and the driver stopped half way to buy us a cup of tea. Our next lift was in the back of an open lorry to Wolverhampton, where we had our log book signed by P.C. G. Morgan of the Wolverhampton Boro Police A car then took us to the centre of the town where we picked up a private car and were taken to the point where Watling Street crosses the Wolverhampton to Stafford road, and we had not gone more than 100 yards when the car we had got out of caught us up again and gave us some gloves which we had overlooked in getting out of the car. This lift was rather amusing as the car had something wrong with its steering which made it zig-zag along the road. By now it had stopped raining, and although we were still very wet our spirits rose with the sun. It was not long before we were picked up by two R.M. diesel lorries which took us to Newcastle-under-Lyme. During this ride the heat of the engine dried us out and made our boots, which had been supple when wet, feel like clogs. By now we had passed through the rural country of Somerset, through the dock areas, we had been through high class residential areas, through the well planned city of Bath, and through colonies of prefabs. Our final lift on Sunday, which in our opinion was the best of the whole trip, took us by a very devious route to Manchester. The reason why this was our best lift was that the driver of the car, a gentleman of scientific repute, not only gave us sandwiches and fruit in the car, but also took us to his Manchester home, in the Disbury area, and gave us dinner for which, unfortunately, we were unable to dress. In addition to this he gave us a bed for the night and cooked us a wonderful breakfast and drove us on to the main road. Thank you very much, David, it was certainly very good of you. Needless to say Manchester greeted us with rain.

The next day we left our very comfortable sleeping place at 0830 hrs. after having overslept. Our first lift after we left David was in a van through Manchester and Salford on our way to Warrington. We then had a ride in a heavy lorry to Warrington, quickly followed by a lift in a private car to within a mile of Preston. The driver of this car bought us some sandwiches for our lunch in a tavern on the road. From here we were taken into Preston. In Preston a generous cafe proprietor gave us tea and cake. From this time onwards we had to cut the walking down to a minimum as our boots, which were as stiff as breadboards, were playing havoc with our feet. We hobbled out of Preston and were given a lift in an M.G. for about 10 miles, to Garstang. This car was supercharged with twin carburettors, and along the wide, dead straight road several times exceeded 90 m.p.h. The driver, although very good, was rather too reckless for our liking and we were glad to get out. During this trip we had to lean out of the sides of the car to keep it on the road. We then got into a heavy tar lorry, the impressions of this lorry we still bear, and it took us into Kendal. We marched across the town and were picked up by a R.A.F. lorry which took us right through the beautiful Lake District to Carlisle. This was really a most enjoyable trip, as we were in a covered wagon which was very comfortable in comparison with some we had ridden in, and we had a lovely view as we passed through the rugged scenery. At Carlisle we had our log book signed by P.Sgt. Ballantyre of the Carlisle City Police. Here we met our first Scotsman who took us to the famous Scots village of Gretna Green where we saw the famous marriage room where 10,000 marriages have been made. We crossed the border at 1855 hrs. From here we were taken in a furniture van to Glasgow, which we reached at 2230 hrs. Leaving our transport we walked about 75 yards to our sleeping accommodation, the Plantation sub-station of the Govan police division, where we had our log book stamped by a police sergeant. We spent the night in a cell.

After having washed and shaved we were given tea and rolls by the police and set off for Edinburgh at 0700 hrs. in a laundry van which took us to Edinburgh, where we arrived at 0820 hrs. We were then taken into the centre of the city in a vegetable van. We had our log book stamped and pressed on to the A1 road. We were taken to the outskirts on the Dunbar road, and then given a lift on a lemonade lorry to Musselburgh. We were then taken to within 3 miles of Dunbar in a converted 14 cwt. truck. The driver bought us tea and sandwiches on route. From this point a private car took us to Broxburn Bridge. The driver gave us a 7 lb. basket of strawberries so we sat on the bridge and ate the lot. After this very important event we were taken to Innerwick. From there we got a lift via St. Abbs Head to Eyemouth. This again was a very pleasant journey as it took us along a very picturesque part of the coast. Here we met an American who was travelling the same road as us and who was trying to hitch-hike to Cambridge. He gave us some food for which we were very grateful. All three of us were taken on to the main road where we separated. Our next lift was to Alnwick, and then to Newcastle where we marched through to Gateshead. Here we had our log book stamped at the Gateshead police headquarters by P.Sgt. Fowlie. From here we were given a lift in a heavy transport lorry by a very devious route to Weatherby. We were picked up by another lorry which took us to Bawtry. From here we were picked up by a private car, which ran out of petrol half way to Newark. Then came a really good lift. At 2230 hrs. we picked up a heavy furniture van which took us from Newark to Tottenham. We had company on this trip in the shape of two Edinburgh University Students who were going to London and on to Paris for three months holiday. By now we were really hungry, as we had not had a cooked meal since we left Manchester. During the early hours of the morning,

at 0315 hrs., we stopped at a wayside transport cafe and the driver bought us breakfast. This was a wonderful affair and consisted of 3 eggs, 3 large sausages, 2 slices of bacon, green peas, 4 pieces of fried bread, unlimited bread and butter and several mugs of tea. The whole of this only cost 6/3 for all five of us. We arrived at Tottenham at 0445 hrs. and had our log stamped. We then marched back to Edmonton, on the North Circular Road, where we picked up a lift to Reading and were given another good breakfast. On arrival at Reading we were picked up almost immediately and driven to Newbury. We then went on to Hungerford where we were taken in a very uncomfortable lorry to Bristol. Even though this was an uncomfortable journey we were so tired we managed to sleep most of the way. At Bristol we again had our log stamped, and after walking all over Bristol, owing to erroneous police directions, we eventually got a lift to within three miles of Cheddar. At this point we passed a section of Army Cadets from a local school out doing Signal training. Our next lift was in a market lorry to Bridgwater, from there we got a lift in a converted 14 cwt. van through Taunton, Illminster, Chard, Axminster, Cullumpton, to Exeter. This trip was very amusing from the drivers point of view because when he was driving along at 60 m.p.h. he suddenly decided to stop and one of us was projected from the cab, across the bonnet into the nearest ditch, but was fortunate enough to escape with minor bruises. On arrival in Exeter we had our log book stamped by the city police, and then took the coast road towards Dorchester. After we cleared the town we were picked up by a Royal Blue coach which was returning empty to Dorchester. This was a very comfortable ride, and we saw some wonderful West Country scenery, both inland and on the coast. It is certainly understandable why the tourist trade is prospering in the West. The driver of the coach gave us 7/- to buy a meal, but as all cafes were closed we used it to buy breakfast next morning, From Dorchester we were taken as far as Puddletown and then to Blandford where we had our log book stamped by the Blandford police, who also put us up for the night in the cells. The next morning we were given a lift at 0730 hrs. to Salisbury. From here we were taken in an electrician's van to Whiteparish where we bought breakfast. We were taken from the wayside cafe as far as Bitterne, and from here we were taken to Park Gate. And then came our last lift in a small van as far as Fareham Railway Station.

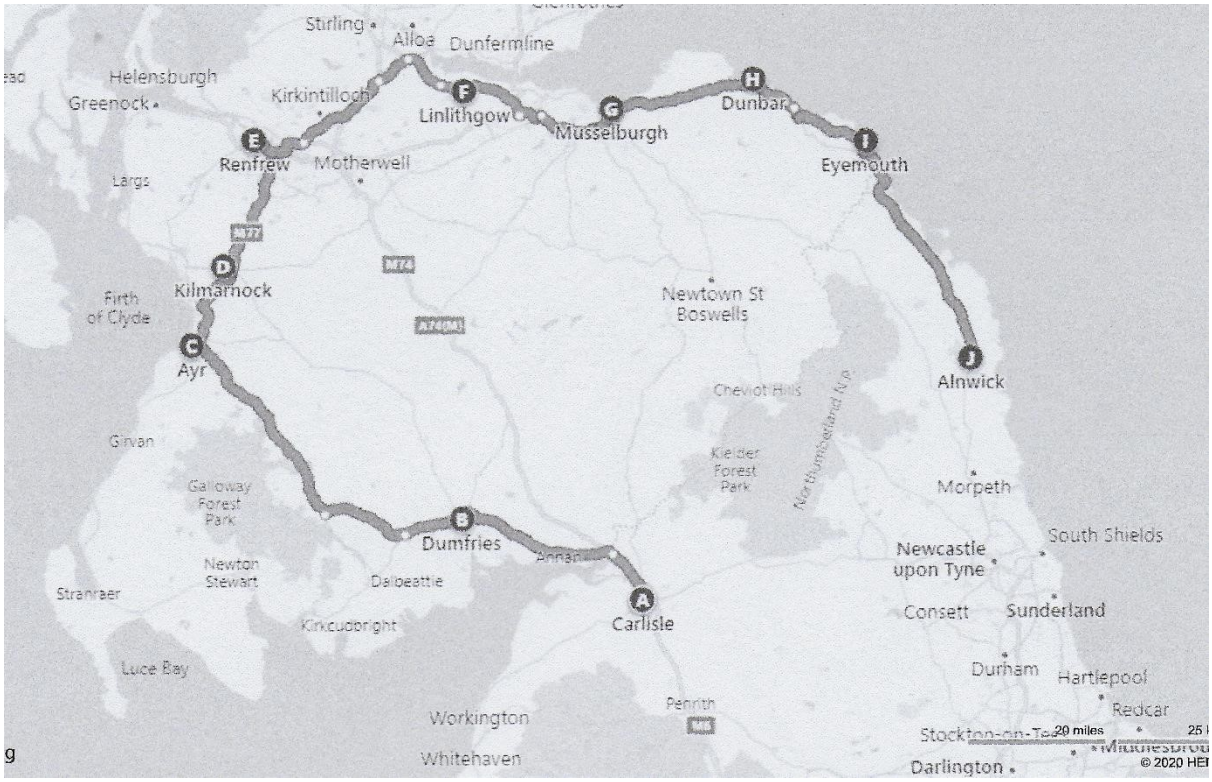
Throughout the test we found everyone most helpful, and always willing to put us right, and to do as much as they could for us. Our lifts were all given out of kindness, and were often accompanied by food and drink, all of which was given freely, nothing being asked for or begged. Money was only accepted under pressure, usually of our stomachs, and was only used to buy food. During the trip everybody was very interested in our progress, and certainly gave us some exciting thrills and surprises. We both would like to thank all persons who helped us on our way and gave us refreshments. If anybody ever thinks of doing a similar test we would both highly recommend it as one of the best ways of seeing our country and meeting some of her very interesting peoples.

Fareham. 9-7-48

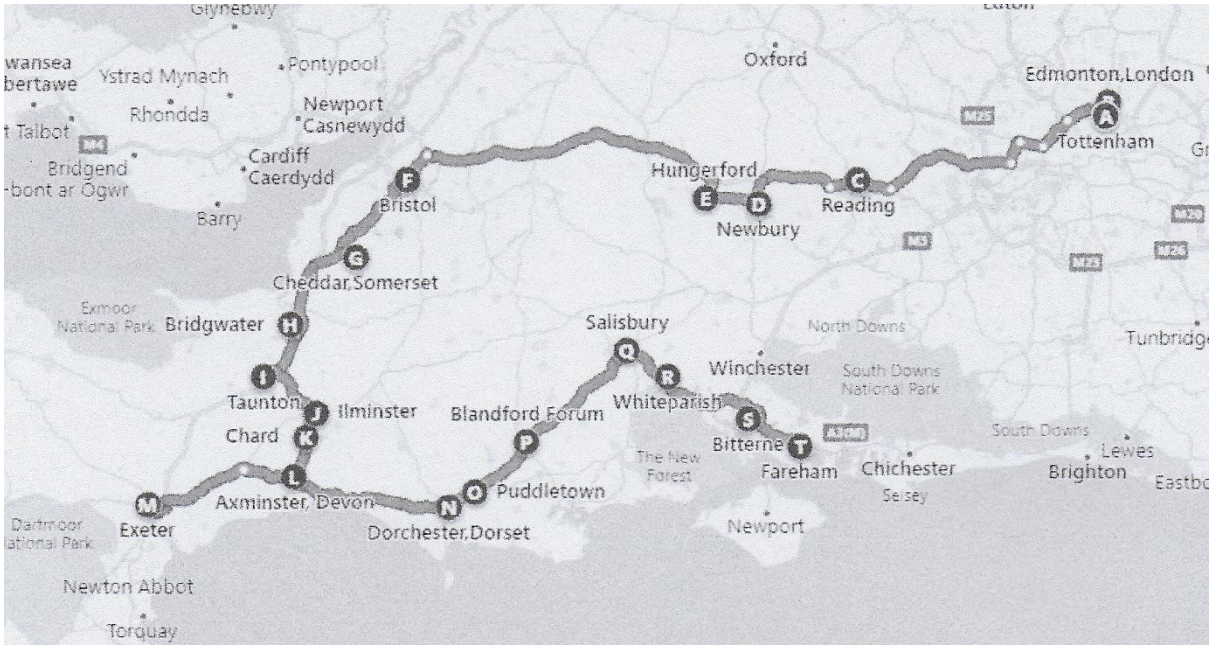
P. WIGG, C.Q.M.S., L. R. HALL, Sgt.







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



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

Williams	David Charles	Dates	

Extracts from a Eulogy by Rev Ian Meredith - 5th April 2019:

David was born on the 4th February 1935 at Royal Naval Maternity Home, Southsea, a second son for Charles and Stella Williams and brother for Howard.

David attended Castle Street Primary and then he passed the eleven plus exam and joined his brother at Price's Grammar School for Boys in Fareham.

At Price's he was soon excelling at athletics, soccer and cricket. He excelled at cricket and showed excellent form at successive annual Schools Sports Days both as a runner, high and long jumper.

He left Price's in 1951 having represented the School at cricket, soccer and hockey and was a member of Price's Hampshire ACF Senior Cup winning side. His throwing the cricket ball record was never beaten. He gained Lads League representative honours



1951 Senior ACF Soccer



1951 1st X1

David joined Bishop's Waltham Cricket Club a season later and enjoyed success both on and off the field. He became Hon. Secretary in 1975 and later Chairman, Vice-President, and President before being elected a Life Member. In 1982 he founded the Wiltshire Cricket League for the benefit of 2nd XIs in the Winchester area.

On leaving Price's David joined a firm of accountants in Fareham and remained employed thus.

David's services were sought in 1966 by C. Morgan & Sons Ltd, a client based in Waltham Chase so in 1968 they moved house to Bishop's Waltham. With the arrival of Peter, his son, in 1970 he retired from playing.

In 1991 the Winchester & District Cricket Clubs Association awarded him the Bill Cleeve Memorial Award for outstanding service to Winchester Cricket.

Prior to the end of his playing days in 1978 he attended a winter cricket umpire's course in 1975 and began umpiring in the Winchester and District Indoor and Outdoor Evening Cricket Competition. In 1979 he was a regular on the Winchester umpires panel for the Hampshire League games. In 1983 he was invited to be the Hampshire Hogs regular umpire and this meant officiating at an even higher grade of cricket involving overseas touring clubs, Hampshire County Cricketers' benefit games and even the New Zealand International tourists on the occasion of Richard Hadlee's benefit fixture. With the Hogs he toured South Africa, Australia and Singapore as well as the West Country standing at many County and International grounds. In February 1987 he attained full membership of the Association of Cricket Umpires having passed both a written and oral examination.

In 1985 he and his wife split but Peter, his son stayed with him at the family home most of the time. In 1990 he met Rosemary and a new and very happy era beckoned. In May 1994 Rosemary and David married.

He has been a long-standing member of the Society of Old Priceans and was responsible for its very successful, seven week Price's Exhibition at Westbury Manor Museum in 2008.

Since joining Rosemary in membership of St. Mary's Church he has become actively involved in many things including starting the Church's Tea Room in December 2009 and its continued success.

We are joined together today for the celebration of David's life l wanted to offer an insight into a man who loved his family, as for his friends, supported his community and of course had a Long-lasting passion for the game of Cricket. I felt it rightful that today Hampshire kick off their county championship season (apologies if you were meant to be attending that btw).

Mγ stepfather David Williams (unlike the current England batting line up) dug in and battled doggedly to reach 84. I join the innings with David having made 55 - bat raised aloft in celebration of reaching his half Century, having just dispatched a full toss for 6! I think the tile that is missing from the Church roof! And it's a tale that is still told to inspiring Portchester cricketers to this day. Having bowled a maiden over he is joined at the crease by his new partner; my mum Rosemary. Their love for one another certainly stood the test of time and on a sticky wicket he would successfully rotate the strike to keep the pressure off me.

It was during times of cloud cover when a batting collapse looked inevitable, he would often protect and guide her until conditions improved and they could continue their glorious innings together. David certainly had one gear and was happy to motor along at his own pace, visibly relaxing once he had judged the conditions. His innings was defined by substance rather than style. I mean his choice of wardrobe attire is certainly a testament to that! Just when many thought he would loosen his stance and break free from the shackles and play with the freedom that retirement would bring he maintained his measured and calculated approach to his innings. He was always there for guidance and advice and he would often shoulder responsibility of others and clip his own worries off his pads with ease. He played life with a straight bat, honest in his decision-making and was an all-round gentleman.

I remember when l was a young boy and first met him. He hugged me so tight, I felt ever so secure in his arms. I also remember the terrible jokes he used to tell us, his invaluable wisdom and the advice he shared with me; discussing plans and teaching me to plan ahead. Being by his side was truly a tremendous time of blessing,

One hitch cannot be forgotten. I am not alone in saying that it was inspirational to watch him during the past 8 months. Dave never winced, complained or succumbed to the temptation of amateur dramatics, he just accepted the cards he was dealt. I watched him pad up against a Beamer in the form of a Stroke, putting the reverse-swinging heart attack through the covers for four; before a Boycott-esque back foot defence to the googly was the response. When struck down by the vicious bouncer of paraplegia Dave still squeezed every drop of life that he could on a single by single basis with his wife Rosemary acting as his runner.

What a man, who took me on as his 2nd son, and l am proud to call my father, finally faced the inevitable unplayable delivery and left the field of play.

You were a humble man, David, full of love, strength and encouragement to us. In life and now death you wouldn't want us to focus on the sadness and sorrow but to continue to love and support each other no matter the situation.

Ed: David was largely responsible for the success of the 2008 Exhibition in the Westbury Museum – a part of the School's and SOP's series of 3 (as it was, then) Anniversaries. His wide circle of local

contacts, and his persistence saw to it that the Exhibition was well-supported and seen by many folk. Not surprising, then, that a further celebration, a bit further down the live, would also be a good thing to do and so, he began the early stages of research for the WP300 events. Getting this most recent event on the road was more difficult however, and David's progress stalled, focussing then on just two facets: the William Price family, and the 2 Anglican Bishops. Sadly, he passed away without having been able to achieve much progress, his time and vigour being sapped by the increasingly debilitating illness he was suffering.

And here lies the appropriate place for a tribute to our SOP Committee colleague, the late David Williams. It was David's energy and vision that brought together most of the arrangements for the celebration in 2008, of the Centenary of the opening of the new Price's School on the new site in Park Lane. That was no mean feat, for then even, the concept of organising, helping and putting some real endeavour to a task, was on an ebb tide. But his wide range of contacts, of the sort that derives from living in an area for a long time – and this was a long time, with end-on continuity. David's membership of the S.O.P. brought a range of further contacts that ultimately combined to bring to fruition the enjoyable successes of that Fareham Museum display and the very well-supported Luncheon in Ferneham Hall

With that occasion to offer experience and impetus, David persuaded the Committee to support the idea for a further event in 2021 which was agreed-to as the date for the tercentenary of the signing of William Price's will. That concept was not well-advanced in the early years and it got stuck around the background to the W.P. family history, of which, as later research has found, there was no great amount of good evidence. A 2nd theme motivator for David was to the acknowledge the appointment of two Priceans, to become Bishops of the Church of England dioceses. That would have made for a more fruitful outcome but sadly, David's health deteriorated and he died in 2022 with neither of his focal stories much advanced. There was not much of a paper trail and so, it was necessary to set-out on a different pathway, which is what has become completed today, Saturday28th January 2023.

David's 2008 project and his general approach gave all the impetus needed to this WP300 project. To him, we owe a debt of gratitude for his inspiration and praise for the contributions he has made to the life of the Society Of Old Priceans. We acknowledge too, the supportive role of his wife ....

Williams	Glen	Dates	

As before, this was informative and entertaining. I have forgotten all the fun educational parts of school except I had a great English teacher 😊 I don't have any stories which would make a book but a few memories that amused me.

When the maths exam results were announced Steve Walker got 26% and came last and I couldn't help chuckling out loud. Jock (Roy Daysh) said "I don't know what you are laughing at Guillaume, you came equal last with 26%". Maths is still not a forte of mine. Jock forgave me and regularly used to give me lifts to watch the Saints play. I think I was lot more interested than his son George.

Our form room was moved from around the side of the music room to the first floor of the A block. One lunchtime Keith White launched a carefully aimed tennis ball through the first floor window hitting Libby Murphy (Drama teacher). Keith wasn't laughing quite so much when Ray Bell (English teacher) ran across the playground up the stairs and had Keith up against the wall of the classroom!

We were lining up outside the gym for sports and as usual Charlie Tuck was a little late. I'm not sure who I got caught with, maybe Gary (Le peteur), but our boredom overtook us and we left the line and started to peer through the window of the adjacent form room. The desks were at head height which had never been a problem when it was an all-boys school, but was not quite so clever now that we had members of the opposite sex! Anyhow, Charlie caught us red-handed and ensured Sebastian (corporal punishment slipper!) left our posteriors just as red. (Up-skirting before its time!)

I became quite a good cross country runner. Not because I liked it but I was useless at football and hockey and therefore classified as one of the "odd and sods". Whilst the football and hockey teams were allowed to practice on sodden pitches the "odds and sods" were not and most winter weeks we were shoe-ins for the cross country run. I was so pleased when rugby was introduced and we were allowed to practice in almost any conditions and on any pitch.

The best thing about school is I made friends for life. I have met very few people in life that are still good friends with their old school chums.

Cheers **Glen**

Wilson	Stuart	Dates	

1972 Stuart Wilson and Ian Spencer were selected to play for the South Hampshire Tennis team and Spencer also had a full Hampshire trial as well as playing for Park Lane in the senior summer and winter leagues. Captain of the U15 team.

1973 Wilson and Spencer also played for their clubs' senior teams, Park Lane and Sarisbury Green, respectively on numerous occasions.

1974 & 1975 Stuart Wilson and Paul Grace reached the final of the Boys
Schools' Southern Region L.T.A. Tournament at Chichester.



1975 In the South East Hampshire Schools' Tournaments (seniors), Stuart Wilson beat Nicky Grace in the 1975 Seniors S.E. Hants Schools' L.T.A team winners included S. Wilson (captain).

Winfield	Ian	Dates	1941 -

1973

The classroom was like countless others – gloomy overcrowded and musty with that odd smell of chalk dust which is common to classrooms all over the world. This particular room was in Germany, the teacher was a major in the Intelligence Corps and the subject was Security.

After the first hour of lecturing, I was more interested in trying to think where I'd seen one of the other "pupils". His face was vaguely familiar and during the coffee break we got down to that old army game of "where have we met before". The names of distant outposts of lost empires rattled

out in quick succession. The solution to the puzzle lay in Park Lane, Fareham. We were Priceans, his name David Brown and he'd been about two years my junior.

For the rest of the week, during the breaks we talked "Price's" and the personalities we knew, half-forgotten names and faces came flooding back on waves of nostalgia.

By the end of the week I'd resolved to do something I'd meant to do for years. I applied to become an Old Pricean. The reply from school came very quickly, as did the first copy of "Lion" that I had seen for over 25 years. It contained an article by Mr. Thacker on the Staff Room in War. It set me thinking…….

I came to the school in September 1941, very conscious that my cap was different from everyone else's, and totally lost in what to me was an enormous and mysterious organisation. I remember that the thing that impressed me most of all on that first day was that the end of a period was signalled by the tuck of drum, and the end of breaks and the lunch break by bugle call. Any school which went out of its way to provide that sort of diversion I thought, must be good!

I was put into the second form and all went well until the first French period – this was before the days of Mrs. Shepherd, née Sims, and we were too lowly for Mr. Shaw. Consequently, we suffered under the hand of a gentleman of, I think, French Canadian antecedents, whose sole teaching aid was his umbrella. He used it to make points of pronunciation and syntax in French, and bruises in us; if he was particularly upset he would throw the books of the boy or boys concerned along the corridor. As you came back from collecting your books you received a wristy late cut from the brolly! His wrist work was excellent. His French instruction was less so we gathered, and he left fairly quickly.

It was during this year that I had my only Latin instruction under the famous Mr. Johnston. I learnt no Latin, (I was a poor scholar) but I did get to know one of the great characters of Price's. I shall never forget him sweeping into class in a rusty gown and gumboots and herding us all out onto the First XI square to pull dandelions. I have hated gardening ever since, but to hear 'Olly' Johnston talk of Italy was something we all enjoyed.

And so into 3b, which threw together the hardest bunch of characters I think I have ever come across. Picture poor Miss Harcourt, vainly trying to put across some theological point by means of a hastily produced playlet, while the smaller of the Nickless brothers, who had had himself pushed up in the air at the back of one of the sliding black boards, gazed at us 'Chad' like over the top of the board.

Then I recall Mr. Marsh, moving surprisingly quickly for a man with a game leg, prodding the delinquent with his stick, and muttering 'Get out you lout'. This was usually followed by Detention – a Wednesday afternoon spent adding up endless 'Civil Service Tots', when you might have been seeking an early death running to Fontley and back in the rain – what a choice.

This was the time of the great scandal of the school, when two brothers were expelled; happily I can remember neither their names nor crimes. I can only remember the enormous impact it made at the time and the hushed tones in which it was discussed. And so to the Remove, in which form I had the distinction of serving twice! In those days the Remove had no form room and all our belongings were stowed in lockers along the corridor, the other forms when passing invariably pulled all our things out and kicked them or us which ever was easier. It did however give us an excuse for lost prep and mislaid books.
During this time the war was at its height, and air raids were frequent. The great thing was to get as many of your so-called friends into the same air raid shelter, then all keep pushing along the benches

until the boys at the end either fell into the toilets or were forced up the escape hatch to appear again at the entrance of the shelter with some fatuous excuse to the master or prefect on duty.

And then to the fourth form – a form room again and the real pleasure of Mr. Shaw for Geography and Mr. Thacker for English, though I shall never forget his way of finding a 'lost' book.

This was the end of the 'Pincher' Martin era for art and woodwork and instead of Physics. Mr. E.M. Royds-Jones took us for PT. For Physics we had graduated to the redoubtable Mr. Shaddock. For Chemistry we had moved from Mr. Garton to the Rev. Braham, Rector of Newtown. If the subject got too difficult, we would get him talking about the exploits of his son, a famous night fighter ace, or Plato, or current affairs, or anything but Chemistry.

Is the Tin Room still standing I wonder? Boys who had packed lunches had to eat in the Tin Room – it looked like something between a battery hen house and the restraint ward in Bedlam with just a touch of Dante's Inferno on wet days.

Then came the fifth form with the sudden and awful realisation that "School Cert" was only about eight months off and we knew nothing. However, this was the age of Spinner, Chapman, Anscombe, Hall and a host of other jokers who made that last year a joy forever, if not a thing of beauty!

Mr. T.W. Foster and Mr. Hilton had both returned from the war to teach us French and Chemistry respectively, though when confronted by the Spinner, Chapman etc. chorus line, I imagine there were times when they wished that the war was still unwon. At least in the Forces they'd appeared to be on the winning side.

All too quickly it seemed the examinations came and went and we'd sung "Lord dismiss us with thy blessing" for the last time, and were cast upon an unsuspecting world and so ended our school days.

Upon re-reading Mr. Thacker's piece, I realised, not without a slight pang of remorse, that I'd been one of the miscreants mentioned in his penultimate paragraph. I forget the lady's name, but I shall never forget the trauma of his short moving speech! He was even right about my future. As I recall it, he said we were lot of thugs and embryo assassins**.** **Ian Winfield**

Winsor	Geoff	Dates	1919 - 1929

Geoffrey W Winsor (The Lion 90th Anniversary issue, March 1998)



Born 05/05/1911, Eastleigh, of Wilfred Winsor and Mabel Longman. Married 1938 Barbara Monica Cooper. One son, two daughters. Price's School, Fareham 1919 – 1929. Head Boy 1927.

Senior Inspector in H.M Customs & Excise. Retired 1971.

At age 87, my reminiscences of school are somewhat fragmentary. However, here goes.

Fragmentary Reminiscences; Geoffrey W Winsor (The Lion 90th Anniversary issue, March 1998)

I entered Prices at the age of 8, into the first form that was housed in a wooden hut – on the site, I believe that was later occupied by the "Tin (Green?) Hut" where the "train boys" ate their lunch and in the corner of which was the Monitors' study. Miss Alexander was the mistress in charge of us, a

saturnine lady (having a gloomy, forbidding appearance!) and a change from my former Lames (? Dame School?) School in the Town, and the discipline and behaviour on which she so insisted impressed me that it stayed with me for the rest of my 10 years at the School

The Staff at the time were S.R.N. Bradly aka "Pop" - Head, R.O. Johnson - Latin & R.K., A.S. Gale - Chemistry, Shaddock – Maths and Physics, Monsieur Larguier – French, Sergeant Brace - Drill, and others whose names escape me. Miss Bourchier was the Matron to the School House of some 90 boarders. The groundsman was Eli May who maintained the playing field with a horse-drawn gang mower and a big roller which summer term was manhandled by an impressed squad of Juniors under R.O. Johnston, to roll the 1st XI cricket pitch. If one arrived late for this exercise, ROJ would remark gently that" you were just in time to "*servare tuum porkum*". Those not selected for their teams in House Matches were required to attend and line the touch lines for soccer and hockey to cheer on their teams.

The pupils who came to the School by train on the Meon Valley Line were known as the "Train Boys" and were treated leniently on the very rare occasions when they were late getting to School.. The carriages on the train were lit by gas lamps. One morning, an inquisitive boy, standing on the shoulders of another put his head into the space left by a lamp that had been removed for repair. His head so nearly perfectly fitted the space that he was unable to withdraw it, and had to remain supported by his fellow travellers until the train arrived at Fareham Station whither the Fire Brigade were summoned to cut him free (and, of course make the train very late for further stops along the line!)

No Thespian, my appearances on the stage were two – one, aged 8, disguised as one of the three blind mice, directed by Mrs Bradley at the Portland Hall, Fareham, and the other later on as a dervish(French) in Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" under the direction of Mme. Larguier.

During my time as Head Boy(1927-1929), I can recall three incidents, one of which brought me some notoriety.

At the opening of the new School Hall by the Bishop of Portsmouth, on 12th December 1927, many parents and local dignitaries – some 400 people – were entertained to tea in the new Hall. Pop had managed to collect a sufficient number of cups, saucers and plates for this throng and it fell to me to organise the washing-up of this pile of crockery. The task was completed in the wash basins in the changing lobby by a squad of juniors. Surprisingly, not one piece was broken even though the pile included the Head's best tea service. For this, I was awarded a tie!

The playing field invaded by plantains from time to time, and mowing did nothing to kill them. In fact it spread the seeds and encouraged their growth. At that time, weed killers were unheard of and Pop had the idea to get pupil volunteers to dig them out with penknives, offering a reward of a penny per hundred plants. It was the job of the Monitors (Prefects) to count the offerings and disperse the pennies. I noticed one day, a particularly "industrious" boy, presenting his hundred rather quickly and I discovered that this enterprising lad was getting his supplies from the dump of discards for which payment had already been made! Perhaps it was at this time that I made a decision to start a full-time career in HM Customs and Excise? No doubt the culprit enjoyed a more prosperous career!

The incident that attracted notoriety happened in the Chemistry Lab. Before this, the School had no Sixth Form and I was one of the five who constituted the first Sixth Form. The School had no additional Staff for this and our lessons were given in the time squeezed from existing Staff generally. The result of this was that perhaps half of our time consisted of unsupervised periods of study. On the afternoon in question, I was left alone in the Chemistry Lab to set up and work a lengthy organic experiment needing several flasks and condensing tubes, etc.. During the prolonged time of the experiment, I became bored and, browsing in the theoretical Chemistry text book, I read how

matches were made, and I decided to try my hand. I had just enough red phosphorous and potassium chlorate together to cover a shilling and was turning away to pick up a spatula to make an homogenous mixture, when there was an almighty explosion which rattled the building and blew me to the floor, blasting my eyebrows and part of my hair. It also shattered the whole of the glass utensils in the experiment and others that were nearby. I came-to, lying prostrate to see, alerted by the bang, the Head approaching followed by all of the Staff in single file looking in their flowing black robes like a line of crows. For the exploit, I was called to attend the head the next morning in his study! In his great wisdom, for which I was extremely grateful, Pop recognised that I had a measure of intellectual curiosity, did not unfrock me, and let me continue as Head boy.

Geoff Winsor was the first child of Wilfred and Mabel Longman, who were both born and raised in Devon. Geoff grew up in Fareham, Hampshire near his father's work at the office of the Great Western Railway. Married 1938 Barbara Monica Cooper. One son, two daughters. Price's School, Fareham 1919 – 1929. Head Boy 1927. Senior Inspector in H.M Customs & Excise. Retired 1971. Geoff and his younger brother Ronnie attended Price's Grammar School where Geoff had an explosive career, destroying the school chemistry lab. Despite this, he became Head Boy and won an Exhibition to Oxford.

Being unable to finance a university education, Geoff passed the Civil Service Examination and became an officer in HM Customs and Excise. In a career of 42 years, Geoff rose from visiting distilleries, checking specific gravities with his hydrometer, to working in the Customs Houses of ports such as Hull and Edinburgh, to becoming Inspector of Customs and Excise in the London Head Office.

On 27 August 1938 Geoff married the love of his life, Barbara Monica Cooper, schoolteacher and daughter of William Cooper, chemist and metallurgist at Portsmouth Naval Dockyard. With faith in the future and little money, Geoff and Barbara were blessed with three children, Brenda, John and Helen, and the family lived at Stoneleigh, near Ewell, Surrey.

Geoff was always active and interested in sports. In his younger days while he was playing hockey a stray ball hit his jaw and he almost lost his tongue, which was stuck out between his teeth in a determined expression of concentration. Fortunately the tongue was saved and Geoff put it to good use in his next sport, cox for a rowing team. Geoff had a love of sailing and took his family on several Norfolk Broads holidays. He was a founding member of the Littleton Sailing Club (near Chertsey) and the Civil Service Sailing Association. He raced an Enterprise sailing dinghy, and organised the Customs Sailing Team which won several Civil Service Championships.

From 1969 Geoff cruised and raced his beloved Elizabethan 29 yacht "Charlotte Amalie" having many adventures at sea and in ports along the English Channel.

In 1982 Geoff and Barbara moved from Reigate Surrey to Totnes for a peaceful retirement in Devon, which held pleasant memories of boyhood holidays. In Totnes Geoff and Barbara pursued their lifelong passions for walking, gardening and music. They met many wonderful new friends, with the Totnes Ramblers, Dartington Arts, Probus and Totnes Museum.

Geoff's long life was blessed with 6 grandchildren – Mathew, Polly and Alice, Sarah and Martin, and Don, as well as 3 great-grandchildren - Jackson and Rosa, and Emily.

Geoff and Barbara celebrated their 68th wedding anniversary on 27th August 2006.

In conclusion, Geoff was a true gentleman. We will miss his friendly charm, sense of humour, zest for life, courage and integrity and, most of all, his love

Woods	Terence	Dates	1957-1964



Terry Woods was a pupil from 1957 until 1964, a keen sportsman and drum major in the CCF following Dave Goldring in the Band, as Drum Major.

After a few false starts as a plumber's mate and then technician in a microbiology and chemistry laboratory in a brewery he eventually took a graduate traineeship with Plessey Aerospace specialising in Industrial Relations and Personnel Management.

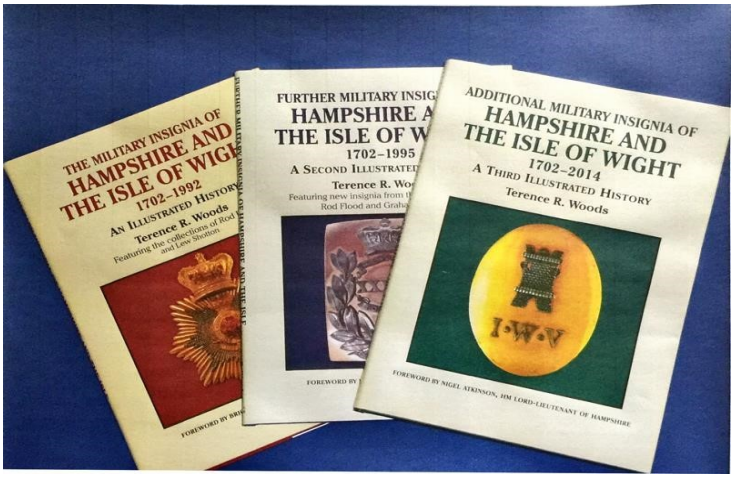
His career saw many roles within Plessey and Thorn EMI culminating as the Director of Management and



and International Director of Human Resources for Thorn Electronics, Security and Research in the latter

Terence is seen here with his sash and writes: Sash was worn by the CCF Drum Majors, the photo was taken in the doorway of my parent's council house in Rowner, Gosport, prior to attending a weekend band commitment in Portchester Castle. There were only 3 boys who went to Prices from Gosport in my year; Bob Shaw who I think joined / worked for IBM , Rob Ellis and myself.

He retired in 1995 following a Management buy-out of Thorn Security and now lives in Brockenhurst with his wife Linda having enjoyed sailing of all kinds and a love of British classic cars. Following his retirement he worked as a volunteer for the M.S. Society and N.C.H. [National Childrens' Homes] both in London.



Terence Woods (1957-64) has produced a major three volume study of Military Insignia including that of the Price's Cadet Force from 1908. The three volumes look at the development of military insignia of all types derived from the Royal Hampshire Regiment. Volume 3 looks at various CCF forces including Price's as well as Churcher's, Portsmouth GS and Winchester College.

Terry writes about his career:

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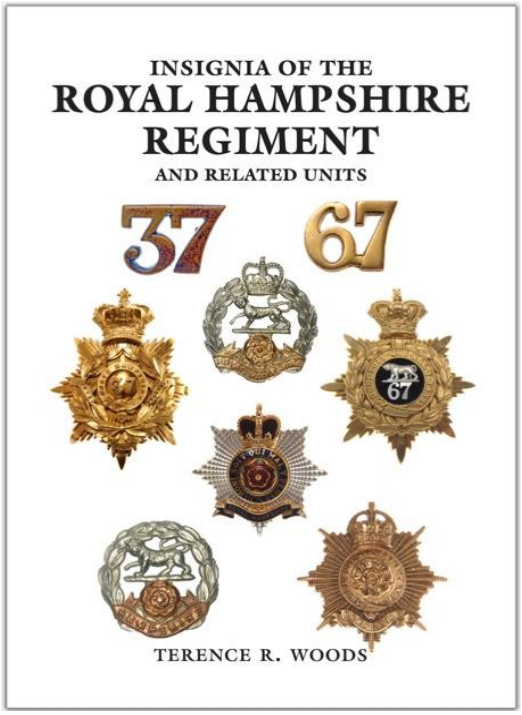
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Current pastimes are listed as Grandchildren, researching and collecting Hampshire & Isle of Wight Military insignia, social bridge and bird watching.

His interest in militaria of The Hampshire Regiment and related units stems from his Grandfather and an Uncle having served in the 1st and 5th Battalions of the Regiment in WW1 and WW2 respectively, and his Mother who had acquired a small collection of cap badges during her time with the ATS in the early 1940s.



See also, Terry Woods' file in the Lion Pride Chapter on Creative Priceans

Woolfrey	Celia	Dates	1977 - 1979

I was a student at Prices Sixth Form College from 1977-79.

On a whim, I was googling and looking on the Old Priceans site to see if there was anything about my English teacher Mr Stevens.

I was going to thank him for being my teacher and apologise for being such a twit of a teenager!

Anyway, there's nothing, but I did delve into the Tony Johnson archive (I took his 'S' level class). I was absolutely astonished to see a PDF from a poetry competition during my time, which I had won!! I remember winning it but it was very weird to come face to face with those poems again and see that the prize was £4. I have no recollection of a cash prize, an amount that would have been meaningful to me at the time. To put it in perspective, I earned £7 a week working on the deli counter of Tesco's on the High Street on Thursday and Friday evening after college and all day Saturday.

It would have been the first money I made from writing, but I made some subsequently as a journalist/travel writer/author/copywriter - travel writing was almost unheard of back then as a way to make a living, so the way my life has unfolded would have been almost incomprehensible to 18year-old me.

One thing on the site that you might perhaps want to amend is that on the page where Tony Johnson remembers Richard Hedley, you've said that his obituary published in The Guardian was written by his son, when the byline is for his daughter, Rachel Hedley.

Thank you for maintaining the site, it was interesting to come across these blasts from the past. My parents don't live in Fareham any more but when they did I remember walking up Park Lane and seeing that the old college had been demolished and wondering 'Did all those things even happen?'

Please pass on my best regards (and thanks!) to Tony Johnson and to Mr Stevens if he is still with us.

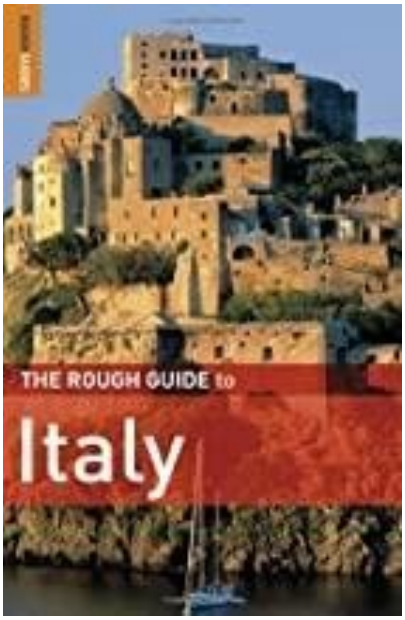
Celia Woolfrey
(Promenader in London)

Unfortunately the Society has lost touch with Mr Stevens but **Tony Johnson** has responded

Hi Michael,

Happy New Year. Thanks for that. I remember the name Celia Woolfrey, but not much about her, I'm afraid. But her joy at winning the poetry competition shines through her piece. It's always pleasant to know how well former students have done. Celia seems to have enjoyed her career in writing. There was a lot of good poetry written by students in the Sixth Form College. Thanks for the correction about Richard Hedley 's obituary in the Guardian. I do know Rachel Hedley wrote it, but good for her to notice the slip.
Tony

Ed: Celia has become writer and has produced travelogues that have reached several editions See Lion Pride Chapter " Creative Priceans,



Wilson	Stuart	Dates	1970s

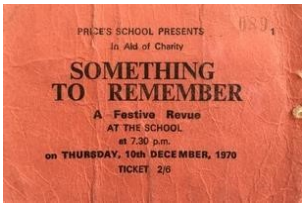
1970 played as 3rd pair. Team 1971 - The same side played in all nine matches and were undefeated thus becoming undisputed winners of the league. 1972 saw the formation of the school's first under 19 tennis team.
Stuart Wilson and Ian Spencer were selected to play for the South Hampshire team and Spencer also had a full Hampshire trial as well as playing for Park Lane in the senior summer and winter leagues.
1972 Reached the final of the Hampshire Schools' individual Badminton championship in his age group. With Tomkins also won the pairs' championship at their age division.
1973 Team. U15 Team Captain. Wilson also played for his clubs' senior teams, Park Lane and Sarisbury Green, respectively on numerous occasions.
1974 Stuart Wilson represented the Hants under 19 tennis VI throughout the 1974 season. He won the S.E. Hants under 19 tennis singles title and with Nick Grace he also won the under 19 doubles title. The Grace twins, Stuart Wilson and Rowan Legg represented the backbone of a very successful senior team which was awarded the Rawlings Cup for the most successful Hampshire School playing in the Boys Schools' Lawn Tennis Association's Glanville Cup National Knockout Tournament.
1974 team captain.
1975 For the second year running, the senior team won the Rawlings Cup for the most successful Hampshire school competing in the National Glanville Cup competition. 1975 Stuart Wilson and Paul Grace reached the final of the Boys Schools' Southern Region L.T.A. Tournament at Chichester.
Members of the College senior team featured in many of the Hampshire junior tournament finals at Lee-on-Solent, Alverstoke, Southampton and on the Isle of Wight. Stuart Wilson, Paul and Nicky Grace did well in senior tournaments.

Wood	Martin (aka "Tink" Stuart)	Dates	



1970 By this time Pat and Paul and Michael had moved on and the responsibility for keeping the 'tradition' going had been taken up by Chris Bard (Prices Head Boy, or soon to become so) assisted musically by Dave Cummins (Pricean) and Martin (*Tink*) Wood (former Pricean?). The second innovation was more fundamental. Dave and Tink had obtained a *P.A. system* and an *electric guitar. Nov 1970* Another Prices

concert/show/review took place "Something to Remember", over 2 nights, with poetry, sketches to broaden the program and performing as "Gigolo". Dave and Tink also played – as *Morningstar*



Both he and Cummins were an inspiration and wrote some great songs together, and with Nick Manley too.
I (K.B.) met Tink again when we travelled up to London on the train together in the early 2000s. He was as delightful, gentle and kind a man as I had always remembered him. Then timetables changed and we no longer coincided. Next thing I heard, he had gone. Tink's wife Jane (Suter) had also been part of the creativity – the sketches in particular. She is also gone.

Wormell	Paul	Dates	

I dare say there are many Old Priceans in the professoriate and episcopate, in the UK and elsewhere. I am currently a Professor at Western Sydney University, and have been a long-serving Chair of our Academic Senate. We are a relatively new University, but quite large – about 48,000 students. Although I left Price's in Third Form at the end of 1969 when my family emigrated, the chemistry I learned there propelled me towards my academic career.

Professor Paul Wormell FRACI CChem

I would be glad to provide some reflections about my experiences of chemistry at Prices, and how it influenced my career. I will have to see if I still have some school reports which will remind me of my chemistry teachers' names. On this occasion, I remember the subject better than the teachers who taught it. I recall that they were very good, but not as memorable as some others: Messrs Hedley, Ellis, Tuck, Lord, Barker, Perry, Boot, Hilton, Poyner, Carpenter, Owens *et al.* I would be glad if my students remembered me this well after fifty years (although I know that some do after nearly forty; some of them invited me to a reunion dinner a couple of years ago).

Prices was only a small part of my trajectory in life, and not an especially happy one at the time, but I find it helpful to reflect on how it has influenced me, especially in my role as an educator. All of the teachers in my earlier list live on through my teaching, and undoubtedly the professional lives of thousands of other Priceans. There is much that I have forgotten, but so much that comes flooding back when I focus on that particular time and place, and it is interesting to see how what I am and do now is connected to what I was and did then.

Many thanks for helping to prompt these thoughts! I'll see what I can put together.

…..

Many thanks for the scanned copy of *The Lion* from 1967. I have now found my own copies from December 1967, 1968 and 1969. The latter two contain staff lists, cheekily annotated with a twelve-year-old's list of nicknames, where known. The lists include Mrs D. Buckley, Fraulein G. Geitz and Mlle C. Mollett (*sans* nickname, at least for Second and Third Form). I'm now looking for my (very mediocre in those days) school reports, as I think I still have some of them. They may have the relevant teachers' names.

Prof Paul Wormell

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