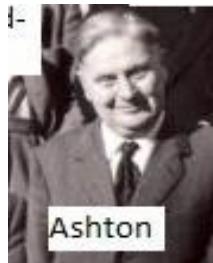


Lion Pride



Prie's School & Headquaters House in West Street.



Chapter 16 Spirit of Adventure

Lion Pride	Chapter 16	
	Spirit of Adventure	

In present day conditions and prevailing attitudes to risk and accountability, almost none of the contents of this Spirit of Adventure Chapter would have been permitted, and it is doubtful if any adult staff or leaders would have consented to be responsible.

This speaks of an era when, admittedly, risks of interpersonal danger were not considered a problem, and when there were fewer constraints on initiative, and even less on being able to recover people from serious distress. Relevant communications were just not what they are today, 2022.

Listed here are some accounts with uncertain dates, not all are signed and it is likely that some individuals active in the various events have gone without mention.

Learning of these stories some 60 - 70 years after their occurrence can only make the reader feel a sense of incredulity that such adventures happened and wonder at the bravery, courage and initiative of those involved.

Is there anything else that might have been included?

Principal contents

	Price's Spirit of Adventure		David Goldring
1938	Schoolboy Explorers	Newfoundland	EJY (6 th)
1940	Schoolboy Explorers	Newfoundland	Anon
1947	Initiative Test by CSM Pook & Sgt P.Wigg*	Fareham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Fareham	Peter Wigg
1948	Initiative and Endurance Test by CQMS P.Wigg & Sgt Hall*	Fareham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Tottenham, Exeter, Fareham	Peter Wigg
1950	Post War Edinburgh Tattoo	Fareham, Guildford, St. Albans, Manchester, Carlisle, Edinburgh, and back.	John Coombes
1953	An Adventure in North Wales	Snowdonia	Anon
1960	Fareham Boys to Land's End		Newspaper article
1961	Westward Ho! Further thoughts	Land's End Hitch-hiking Race 1	Barry Shurlock, Geoff Dimmick
1962	Land's End Re-visited	Land's End Hitch-hiking Race 2	Peter J. Vibert
	Cymru am Byth		Peter J. Vibert
1963	Trip to Land's End	Land's End Hitch-hiking Race 3	D.R.Black
1964	Hitchhike to Land's End	Land's End Hitch-hiking Race 4	
1966	Land's End race Further thoughts	Land's End Hitch-hiking Race 5	Norman Pasley
1967	Y.A.H.C. "Oxfam" Walk	17.5mile circuit	
	Germany, Austria & a School Cap reaches new heights		Brian Moxey
1968	Unauthorised Land's End challenge	Not written-up	Brian Moxey & Bryan Gamlin
1968	Y.A.H.C. "Shelter" Walk	25 mile circuit	A.N.Roberts
1960	Adventures in France		N.A.Davies
	A Month on Exercise with the Royal Green Jackets Regiment.		N.P.French
	Expedition to the Lake District		David Howard-Jones
1978	Camp Granada	Pennsylvania, U.S.A.	Charles Alford

*No. 2 Coy., 14th Battn., Royal Hampshire Regiment. This was Price's Cadet Corps designation within its "parent" Regiment.

Price's Spirit of Adventure

Reading through the contents of Lion magazine reports of various kinds, whether it be of Courses arranged by the Cadet Force, Camps or Hikes by the Scout Troop, or articles in the Society website, there emerges a strong record of personal or small group adventure by Pupils of the School, some of which is related in this section.

There might have been a qualification at stake, certificated to permit access to a higher level maybe, or in the case of no small number of CCF RAF section cadets, a valid Pilot's Licence to operate solo in a Glider. Or the simple feeling of contentment and achievement at the end, with the realisation that many of the challenges involved were not just physical, but mental as well, testing both body and spirit, determination and resolve. Some of this will have been for an inward, personal need, but other occasions may have enabled the sense of personal elevation derived from group involvement in a common task that has as its intended outcome, benefits to a chosen charitable focus. Above all, such targets will have been personally enriching for the active individual, and also for others in the School working their way through an environment from which such riches could be derived.

There is in this section, tales of real endurance taking pairs of Cadets on a round, hiking trip to Scotland and back, with some amazing experiences *en route*. Members of the Scout Troop in its time, have their stories of Troop and small group adventures told in the "Price's Scout Troop" Reports that occupy their own Chapter 12 in this, Lion Pride publication. And there are Reports of flying visits with the RAF to Singapore earned from excellent performance at Cadet Camps to go along with the more parochial, but nonetheless worthy endeavours of pupils of Price's School to raise charitable funds from events that involved larger numbers of participants in circular hikes, commendable for their working constructively in outreach with other youth in Fareham in the planning and delivery of equally remarkable endeavours.

The Chapter 20, on the "Old Boys" has content that shows just how far afield some young men travelled at early stages in their working lives, enduring at times, the pains of long term loneliness and boredom, without recourse to modern communications technology. Sometimes, employments took men to wilder parts but there can be no doubt that, the experiences of wartime, 1914 – 1918 and 1939-1945, will have tested the nerve and courage, let along friends and family bonds for the many young Priceans unavoidably involved. Service to the country between times of conflict was not without its perils, either.

I have to confess to a lump in the throat and a moist eye at times, when reflecting on the contrasts between the youth of the earlier Price's era and those of its later days. Losses, of any age and in any era or context become difficult to contemplate when aware of the striving such folk endured to cope with the challenges in their education. All of those successes, hard won and richly rewarded – vanished in a trice.

1938 Schoolboy Explorers

Amid the hustle and bustle of that great London terminus, an Old Pricean bade farewell to one of his old school and left him to make new friends among a party of Public Schoolboys who were to be his only companions for the next six weeks.

I tumbled into a carriage which was adorned with a familiar green and black label, and "bagged" a seat as politely as possible for a party of schoolboys, all madly excited, and was then hauled out to face a legion of press photographers, who with their cameras were taking steady aim at anyone who looked like a schoolboy explorer.

From a huge pile of grey, green and brown, I hauled my belongings, and into the luggage van I hurled a rucksack, a kitbag and my suitcase. After a farewell hand-shake from Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, we dived higgledy-piggledy into a most luxurious train bound for Liverpool. Such was the departure of **the 1938 Expedition to Newfoundland of the Public Schools Exploring Society**.

A few hours soon brought us into that gloomy looking town of Liverpool, enveloped that day in the gloom of an English drizzle. But the weather did not damp out our spirits ; we were off exploring.

We were not many days at sea before land was sighted. For me this was exploring. We all felt like veritable Columbuses as we stood in the bows that afternoon (August 4th), gazing eagerly towards the land forms, every minute moulding into clearer shapes. And so we arrived at St John's, which presented the strangest assortment of dwellings on the rocky slopes surrounding the harbour. That night was spent on board the S.S. Newfoundland in St John's harbour, and the next morning, dressed in our exploring kit, we dashed through the cobbled streets of St Johns, in lorries to the railway station.

After twenty hours on the most fantastic of express trains we arrived at Deer Lake, having come through the most interesting scenery. The scientists had plenty of opportunity of collecting specimens, as, when the train stopped in the jungle to get up steam or do repairs, we got out and just went for a stroll till the clanging of the old loco's bell told us that it was time to move on.

The railway journey over, we took to our feet and walked down to the Humber river from Deer Lake, passing several houses bedecked with mosquito proof blinds, a gruesome reminder of what we were to expect in the interior. After a trip of about four miles in an old motor boat, we arrived at the head of a lumber railway, which was to give us a good shaking up for eleven miles, and then leave us to enjoy our feet again. This railway was the most homemade affair, and provided, I think, one of the crudest modes of transport we met in Newfoundland.

Leaving the lumber railway behind, we spent the next hour in wondering just how heavy a thirty-five pound pack really is, and, when we arrive at Addis Pond, a beautiful shallow lake, skirted with red sand shores, never did we so appreciate a bathe and some lunch. Our after-lunch rest was to paddle four miles round the lake to its northern shore, where we saddled up, and disappeared into the forest along the trail to Base Camp. It took well over three hours to conquer the five miles to Base camp, for the going was stiff, and we were untrained. The mosquitoes and little black flies were – well, just part of the game. By the end of the day we had certainly acquired the appetite necessary to enjoy "hoosh" which is a stew of reindeer pemmican and lentils.

Base Camp was situated on the banks of the White River, some five miles up-stream from Addis Pond. The whole district of course showed signs of heavy glaciation, and the White River, like many others we were to meet, was strewn with boulders of all sizes. The country was heavily

forested too, although the trees were comparatively stunted. The forest contained practically solely balsam fir and spruce, with an occasional silver birch.

The next two weeks I spent in and around Base Camp. We could not go off for walks except with the leader, as it was so easy to get lost, or fall over one of the many precipices in the neighbourhood. In the first few days, two reconnaissance parties went out in search of high barren. It would be well to state here that Base Camp was to have been situated in the Barrens. Our idea of barren, however, did not coincide with that of the lumber-man for the latter's idea of barren is country just not fit for lumbering. However, no high barren was reached, which was a disappointment from the surveyor's point of view, but on the other hand it made it all the more exciting an experience for us young explorers.

On August 12th, the first survey party left in two sections, one under the leadership of Major Carkeet-James R.A., and the other under Captain Paterson, R.C.S., to map country north-east of Silver Mountain. They did much valuable work.

While this party was away, those at Base Camp had learned the value of Newfoundland rivers for fishing. The fish at Base Camp were small, but what was lacking in size was made up by quantity. Later on, some of the fishermen and scientists went down the White River to Addis Pond and established the White River Camp, bang in the middle of an excellent hunting ground. The fishing also, down there, was wonderful, and everyone had plenty of fresh salmon and char. The record was a twenty-five pounds salmon caught by Sir Charles Gordon-Watson, the Surgeon, who was with us.

On the morning of 13th August, the Long March Party left Base Camp. It was led by Lieut. Oates, nephew of Captain Oates who died so heroically on Scott's expedition to the South Pole. It was the first time in the history of the P.S.E.S that the leader, Surgeon Commander G. Murray-Lewick, was unable to lead the Long March Party. He had pulled a muscle a few days before, but he kept in touch with the party by means of short-wave radio, which, by the way, was a great success, and kept all parties in touch with Base Camp.

The weather on the whole was not good, and we had a considerable amount of rain. When we had a sunny day, the temperature was quite as warm as at home. The nights, however, were quite cold as a rule, and it was on one of these clear cool nights that the aurora borealis was seen.

The second survey party left on August 19th, when the river at Base Camp had just begun to swell with the recent heavy rain. The day was warm and sunny, and although we got wet through crossing the river, we soon got dry again, except for our feet, which were continually wet owing to innumerable patches of bog and marshy ground. We also encountered plenty of tuckamore, a breast-high resistant spruce undergrowth, and a fair amount of forest.

We went outwards for five days and returned in two, keeping on a north-south trail. The only suitable camping sites were forest clearings which were quite wet, and often our bedding was quite damp in the mornings, but this had no effect on our health. The mosquitoes were fairly plentiful, and several of the party appeared with swollen faces after the first day. On the higher land which we reached on the second day, there were numerous mountain tarns, and the hanging mountain mist interfered a great deal with our work.

On the fourth day we struck Lake of Islands as we called it, out of which flowed the Humber River before continuing its great sweeping curve round to where we had left it weeks before. This lake presented the loveliest scenery of the whole expedition. It was on this lake-side that we

pitched the Humber River Camp, the most northerly camp of the second survey party. The next day we went westwards, skirting the southern shores of the lake, in the hope of a new route home and the chance of extending our map. That night it rained heavily, but little did we heed it. We were too busy thinking how welcome home-made cake and the like would be to notice it. It was on this survey march that we experienced the grand feeling of leaving a meal hungry.

Having found no new route home, we followed our trail back. We made good going in spite of getting wet through after the first few yards. It was on the return home that we got lost. We got on the wrong side of a low ridge, which gradually heightened into Silver Mountain. Our leader, Capt. Paterson, however was a great inspiration to his party when, realising our mistake, we admitted we were lost. We had a good rest and worked out our probable position. There was nothing to do but to retrace our steps and hope to find our trail again. We were fortunate, as comparatively soon we struck south and picked up our position just west of the second day's camp, and in open country. And so we carried on, having enjoyed our experience and being none the worse for it.

On Saturday, August 27th, we arrived back at Base Camp after a grand struggle across the now torrential Whit River. We all returned fighting fit and in excellent health, only to overate ourselves thoroughly for the next few days.

E. J. Y. (6).

Schoolboy Explorers (1940)

Many of you will remember an article which appeared under this heading in "The Lion" last year and which gave an account of an Exploring Expedition to Newfoundland with the Public Schools' Exploring Society. This year the School was again represented and I was fortunate enough to be that representative. The expedition officially started on August 1st, but there was much to prepare which occupied my time for weeks beforehand. There was much buying and marking to be done, but eventually everything was complete, and when at last I bade an "*au revoir*" to a friend at Southampton, I was really at the beginning of my adventures. My baggage soon began to make its presence felt and as I was only carrying barely sixty pounds, I thought with horror of how I should fare for the next six weeks.

At long last, having received many black looks from my fellow-travellers on crowded tubes and escalators, I arrived at Euston. For nearly an hour the gloom of that great terminus was lit up as the flash-lights of press cameramen were turned on everyone and everything which bore any relation to the Public Schools Exploring Society. Then after a final handshake from Sir Lionel Halsey and the reading of a message of good will from H.R.H the Duke of Gloucester, the Patron-in-Chief, we departed for Liverpool and our ship.

Most of us were fairly fit, but during the voyage out we indulged in half-an-hour's P.T. before breakfast each morning and then during the day, toughened ourselves up by wrestling and other manly sports. We reached St. John's after six days, the last two being spent in a Newfoundland fog.

When we disembarked at 8.15 a.m. it was pouring with rain, the whole harbour presented a most dreary and inhospitable sight. We were taken to the station in lorries, and after much hissing of steam and ringing of the inevitable bell, we started on the second stage of our journey. We soon left the wooden houses of St John's behind, and passed the head of Conception Bay. In spite of the torrential rain, the sun came out quite suddenly and quickly dried everything – a characteristic of the weather I later discovered.

The railway line follows the East Coast of Newfoundland northwards for a distance of 120 miles before going west, and in many places, where the railway passed round the head of a bay, we saw a large number of fishing boats and other craft, indicating the large percentage of the population which is dependent on the sea for its means of livelihood. During the journey, whenever the train stopped, as it frequently did to refill with water and to make minor repairs, we all left the train and roamed around. Until the clanging of the bell told us that the train was in motion. On these occasions, by the sides of streams we found pitcher plants and water lilies in abundance, and in some places, wild strawberries were found in quite appreciable numbers. After travelling nearly two hundred miles, it began to get dark, but we were able to see, even in the failing light, the size of, and the amount of work done on the Newfoundland airport. After we had left the airport it was quite dark so we settled down for the night – on the floor, or, if one could persuade one's neighbour to move, on a seat. At about 4.30 in the morning we came out of our semi-consciousness – it could not be called sleep to find that we had stopped and there seemed to be no signs of activity. On investigation we found we were on a siding at a place called Kitty's Brook, waiting for the Port-aux-Basques express to go by, as the line is a single track. After a wait of about half-hour, with a rattle and a roar the express passed, and half-an-hour later we reached Howley and the end of our train journey.

We stayed at Howley just long enough to transfer our kit from the train to a lumber launch, and then set off on the final stage of our journey – a sixty-mile voyage in the launch down Grand Lake. Grand Lake presented a scene which one would have to go far to surpass for beauty. It is about five miles across, and in the middle, extending for a distance of twenty-two miles, is Glover Island. This island has very steeply sloping sides, rising to a height of about five hundred feet, and is thickly wooded along its entire length, mainly with spruce, from its summit, right down to the water's edge. We passed to the west of Glover Island, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we reached a clearing by the lakeside which was the landing place for base camp. All our stores had been taken to Base Camp beforehand, and had been guarded from bears by two trappers, who, after helping us with our kit, left in the launch.

Base Camp, we discovered, was situated on what were like two large "steps," cut out of the side of a hill which sloped very steeply down to a swift flowing river. On the lower "step", were situated the fires, the tents containing the stores and the leaders' tents, and on the upper "step" were the tents of the rest of the expedition, and our short-wave transmitter, G8xy.

The hill was very thickly wooded, and although this provided us with wood and birchbark, for the fires, in plenty, the trees shielded the firs from any draught which would normally assist them to burn. Besides that, all the water which we used had to be brought up the steep slope from the river, and so it was decided, right from the start, to search for a new Base Camp farther on. Almost as soon as we arrived we had to build the fire places and prepare the evening meal, which consisted of two army biscuits, margarine, cheese, the whole thing being washed down by weak tea. After arranging the watches for the night we retired to our respective tents and I for one, slept soundly until morning.

On waking we discovered that it had been raining during the major part of the night and that everything was now soaking wet. It would have been a very bad start for the cooks, had not the leaders with great forethought or from bitter experience taken some dry wood and birchbark to bed with them. After our breakfast of porridge, army biscuits and cheese, not forgetting the tea, we learnt that a party of twelve had been selected to go forward and reconnoitre in search of a better camping site on the shores of Little Grand Lake. I was one of this party and after loading ourselves with three tents, two days' rations and the minimum amount of clothing we started along a trail, which had been partly blazed for us, to Little Grand Lake. After a march of nearly two hours, we reached the lake, which presented a lovely scene. The water, after leaving the lake by a large waterfall flowed very swiftly, via a series of rapids to Grand Lake. This fall was on the right from

where we stood: in front of us was a low mountain, thickly wooded, and on our left was a low peninsula, also thickly wooded, with the twin peaks of the large mass of rock, later known as Broken Hill, rising behind it. We rested for a short time, and then searched along the lakeside, and found two boats, which the trappers had left for us by a large flat rock, which we called Ferry Rock, as it was from this rock that all the stores were ferried across the lake on their way to the new camp. After emptying the water from the boats, which, incidentally leaked very badly during the whole of the time we used them, we crossed the lake by what appeared the best camping site, a small grassy clearing. This, we discovered, was very damp, and, in places, underwater, owing to the heavy rains which had raised the level of the lake. After paddling around, however, we found a drier, or rather, less wet patch, just large enough to hold our three tents and a fire place. This camp had its good points, however, as we had all the water we needed, and to spare, right on our doorstep.

Although the fishing here was good, the site was far too small for a base camp, and so the next morning, Mr. Hardy took one of the boats and two members and went along the lake to search for a site, whilst another party went up away from the lake, into the forest, to explore the countryside at the top of the hill. The party with Mr. Hardy found a very good site on a large spit of land jutting into the lake at a distance of only one mile from our present camp, which we had named "Kybo Camp", owing to the effect of the nearby stream.

The rest of the expedition moved to Narrows Camp the next day, during a terrific rainstorm which, as usual, soaked everything, but which, also as usual, stopped suddenly and allowed the sun to break through and dry everything again. The next few days were spent making a fine camp at "Narrows", perhaps the greatest of the achievements being the construction of a jetty by a very energetic member named Bolus.

The Long March Party, we learnt, was to start of August 19th, and was to be led by Mr. Hardy, who was to be assisted by Dr Carlile. The people, of whom I was one, selected to go on this march, spent the next few intervening days preparing for it, discarding all equipment except the bare necessities, and loading ourselves with enough food to last us the twelve days we should be away. To give us a good start, we started the march without packs and marched along the lake to a place where we could climb the steep slope up the side of the "trough" in which Little Grand Lake was situated, with comparative ease. We left at 8.20 a.m. and marched along the rocky edge of this long narrow lake, for about two miles. We then waited for our packs to come by boat and after fixing these firmly in position, we struck into the thick foliage which came almost down to the water's edge. The ground sloped steeply upwards, and was very thickly wooded with spruce and fir. After a climb of nearly two hours, we left the damp moss covered ground of the forest, and came out into a clearing from which we could see the Narrows Camp, and, in the opposite direction, our goal, indistinct among the mists – the Annieopsquotch Mountains.

We rested for about half an hour while the leader and Dr Carlile, scanned the forest and decided which was the best route to take. At the beginning of the march as we were very heavily laden, about seventy pounds each, we marched for fifteen minutes and rested for five; it was during one of these short rests that we heard the scraping as a bear slithered down a tree and ambled off into the undergrowth. At one o'clock we came out of the forest and reached the flat land at the top of the "trough". It is not very difficult to find water in Newfoundland, as streams and lakes, of sorts, abound, so we halted at the first lake we came to and had lunch. We were now on the edge of the "barrens"; by "barrens" one does not mean land devoid of vegetation, but land which is unsuitable for lumbering. Much of this land is, in fact, covered by "truckamore," a breast high resilient bush, which impedes progress, and tires one out, more than anything else we encountered. We stumbled through this growth for two hours and then came to the brow of a hill, overlooking a large shallow lake, studded with islands, which we called Island Pond.

By this time it was time to camp for the night; the place we chose being an isolated mass of rock with a stream running around the base of it. After our evening meal of dried reindeer meat, made into a stew with dried onions and lentils, and two army biscuits, we crawled into our sleeping bags, and by 8.30 were sleeping soundly.

On waking in the morning we found that a mist had settled on us during the night, and everything was once more soaked. We started marching at 8.30 a.m. after a quick breakfast, and soon the sun came out and eventually we were dry again. From my account so far, it would seem that we had a large amount of rain; actually this was not the case, as, except for two slight showers, we had no rain at all after the first week. We marched round the eastern end of Island Pond, past the falls where the water from Island Pond emptied itself into Little Grand Lake, and into the truckamore beyond. Just as we were leaving Island Pond, we saw our first caribou, it also unfortunately saw us, and disappeared over the truckamore at a pace with an ease which seemed impossible. We marched on, and after passing through a narrow belt of forest we came to two large lakes where we camped for the night. The next morning the weather was very fine and the sun shone brightly, we were soon dripping with perspiration, and we looked forth eagerly to our short rests. Fortunately, we had very little truckamore to encounter, most of the ground being covered with grass and small shrubs. In the late afternoon we had to descend a steeply sloping hill covered with bushes and, owing to our packs, much of the distance was negotiated in a sitting position. We made our camp at the foot of this hill, by a very sluggish river, and, while the cooks prepared the "hoosh," the rest of us collected fresh water mussels, of which there were large numbers to be found quite easily. Discretion, however, in the form of the doctor, decided that we had best take no risks, and so we dolefully emptied a good meal into the river. (After our return we were told these mussels were edible.) By the large number of marks in the mud by the river we suspected that it was a drinking place for animals, and sure enough in the early morning, several members heard and saw a large moose which did not seem to mind us being there are all.

We followed the river to the place where it left a lake, and, as we had to get to the far side of the lake, we waded across, the water being only about three feet deep. We naturally were soaked again, but the sun was shining so we did not mind. It was in the evening that trouble began to overtake us; one member had a very badly inflamed heel, which although attended to immediately, was no better in the morning. After much deliberation, it was decided to share the "casualty's" baggage amongst us and let him proceed as best he could with the aid of a stick. After covering a mile or so in this manner, it came quite obvious that we should have to return. It was a bitter blow as we were still many miles from the Annieopsquotch Mountains, but under the circumstances there was nothing else to be done about it. We therefore built a large "cairn" on the top of the biggest hill in the vicinity to show that we had been there, and started our return journey so that our line of march was a large loop. After marching through forest and "truckamore" for two days, during which time we saw a caribou at very close range, we reached the end of Little Grand Lake farthest from "Narrows" Camp, where we met an ornithological party with one of the boats. This was very fortunate as we were able to take the "casualty" to Base Camp the next day. We did not, naturally, wish to return to Base Camp immediately, so we were given the task of exploring the rivers running into Little Grand Lake. As there were many rivers to be explored, we were split into two parties, a large one consisting of ten members and a smaller one of five members. The large party took two tents and spent three days following the course of the largest river, whilst the smaller party used the fine camp built by the survey party as a base camp and went out each day to a different place. On August 30th, we started on the march to "Narrow Camp". It was intended that we should take two days over this, but we made such good progress, in spite of the slippery rocks, that we decided to push on and complete the whole journey in one day, arriving at "Narrows Camp" at seven o'clock in the evening.

Little Grand Lake, we noticed, was a long narrow lake, never more than a mile across and approximately ten miles long. It presented a very beautiful scene along its whole length, and is

worthy of a detailed description. Except on the two peninsulas, the shores of the lake were rocky and wooded, and for the most part rising steeply from the lake, but at the eastern end there was a large sandy beach, which was covered with drift-wood and made an exceedingly good site for a camp. In many places along the lakeside small rivers enter, often tumbling water over a water-fall first, and always swift-flowing. On quiet nights the roar of those falls could be heard quite distinctly; and the largest ones showed as white patches through the dark green of the spruce trees when the sun shone through them. Little Grand Lake was straight for eight miles of its length, and when the wind was blowing across it, it could be quite rough. Within the last two miles, the lake curved slightly and contained two spits of land known as "The Narrows" and "The Dardanelles," or "Second Narrows". On the opposite side of the lake from "The Narrows" arose the large mass of rock devoid of any vegetation at all except mosses and lichens, and known as Broken Hill, after Lieut. Brooke and R. D. Hill who were the first to scale it. At the foot of this hill was a small point jutting into the lake known as Caribou Point, which seemed to be a drinking place for the animals which inhabited that side of the lake.

On arriving at "Narrows Camp" we were subjected to a large amount of questioning by the Survey Party which had done some very good work in mapping Little Grand Lake, and the surrounding countryside; and by the Short March Party; both parties having been out and back during our absence. The food during the expedition is calculated to be sufficient for a hard-working man. That may be so, but twenty-five ounces each day, did not seem sufficient for a marching schoolboy, and it was small consolation to know that the calories and vitamins were there even if the bulk was not. We found "Blueberries" and "Bake-apples" in many places which supplemented our rations, but even so, we had the unique experience of rising from a meal still hungry. This condition only lasted during the last few days of the march, however, and I know of no ill-effects arising therefrom, and anyway we made up for it when we reached "Narrows Camp". For the last five days at Base Camp, after we had moved everything from "The Narrows," we were given luxury rations. This meant we could have marmalade on our biscuits for breakfast and bully beef for lunch, whilst at the evening meal, instead of pemmican we had tinned soup, and the unheard of luxury – plum-duff.

We spent the last few days at Base Camp tidying up, and then on Tuesday, Sept, 5th at 6.30 p.m., we heard the siren of the lumber boat, which had come to take us back. The whole camp was up and about the next morning at 5.30 a.m. and we left Base camp at 9.15 a.m. It was while we were going down Grand Lake we had our third heavy rainstorm, but it was too late now to affect the expedition much. Progress was much slower on the return journey, as we were towing a scow, which is a flat-bottomed, square ended boat, containing our stores. We spent the night at the mouth of a small river ten miles from Howley, and on the morning of September 7th, sailed into that village where Mrs. Levick, the wife of the Chief Leader, stood on the jetty to welcome us. After putting our luggage on the train, we went in search of a general store, where we spent any money we happened to possess on ice-cream and chocolate. After spending the night on the floor of the train, and, of course, waiting for the Port-aux-Basque express, we steamed into St. John's, and proceeded immediately to the Newfoundland Hotel where we had our first hot bath for thirty days. In the afternoon, we were entertained to tea at the Government House and in the evening and during the next day we were free to visit St. John's.

Just before midnight on the night of September 9th, we crept out of St John's Harbour with every light extinguished and with no farewell shriek from the ship's siren. To our great surprise, two days later we reached Halifax, where we stayed for five days. Our voyage home in a slow convoy took seventeen days, during which time we kept watch for U-boats, each member doing four hours "on" and eight "off." Eventually at 4 a.m. on the morning of October 2nd, we dropped anchor at Liverpool nearly three weeks behind schedule.

For the benefit of any readers who have not heard of it, the Public Schools' Exploring Society, is a Society which, each year, sends an expedition consisting solely of schoolboys, and led by competent leaders, to the little-known parts of other countries. The Chief Leader is Surg.- Commander G. Murray Levick, the Hon. Secretary is Mrs. Murray Levick, and the Patron-in-Chief is H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester. The object of P.S.E.S. is to enable modern schoolboys, who have been brought up among the comforts of an English home, to prove that, when called upon, and when the chance to do so arises, they are able to put aside the luxuries of life and endure quite cheerfully the hardships of living in uncivilised lands. The first expedition, in 1932, was to Lapland, and consisted of only 8 boys, led by Commander Levick. It was a trial expedition, but it proved such a success that an expedition has been sent out each year, usually now to Newfoundland, whilst the members have risen to the fifty mark. Originally, these expeditions were only available to Public Schoolboys, but of recent years, owing to the generosity of certain interested people, Secondary Schoolboys have also been enabled to participate.

Much valuable work is accomplished during an expedition. The geologists collect specimens of rock which they find, the entomologists, collect and classify any uncommon insects, which are sent to the British Museum, and the ornithologists collect birds, which are also sent to the Museum. Besides this, the Survey Party produces an accurate map of as large an area as possible, and the Long March Party collects valuable information concerning the nature of the surrounding country. These are all visible accomplishments, there is also the effect, both physical and moral, of an open air life on the boys themselves. Everyone comes back feeling perfectly fine and considerably increased in weight, owing to the extra muscle which has been developed. The P.S.E.S. is obviously an exceedingly good undertaking and it is a pity that the state of war will hinder its activities for the immediate future.

Report on Initiative Test (1947)

Carried out by Priceans 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 was 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 2015 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 hr., 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 haystack.

The next day, Friday, 15th, we woke 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 onto Deddington, arriving at 0845 hrs. Next came two short lifts, the first in a private car to Addersbury, next a lift on a lorry loaded with wood for 15 minutes. Our next lift was in a private car through Birmingham to Wolverhampton, where we arrived at 1155 hrs. By now we had crossed Oxfordshire and Warwickshire and were into Staffordshire. The scenery had changed into terraces of slums and slag heaps. But we were soon out into the open rural country again. At 1200 hrs., we were once again in a lorry heading for Newcastle-under-Lyme, arriving at 1300 hrs. Next a lift by lorry that took us out of Staffordshire, through the lovely scenery of Cheshire, and into the industrial towns of Lancashire. We crossed the world-renowned Manchester Ship Canal at Warrington. When we arrived at Wigan at 1605 hrs., we had a wash and brush up that refreshed us considerably. At 1630 hrs. we were in a L.W.A.E.C truck heading for Preston. The next two lifts took us through the lovely rugged landscape of Westmoreland 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 Café, 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 Edinburgh, at Newbridge. From there 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 to Berwick, Northumberland and Darlington, arriving at 1540 hrs. 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.

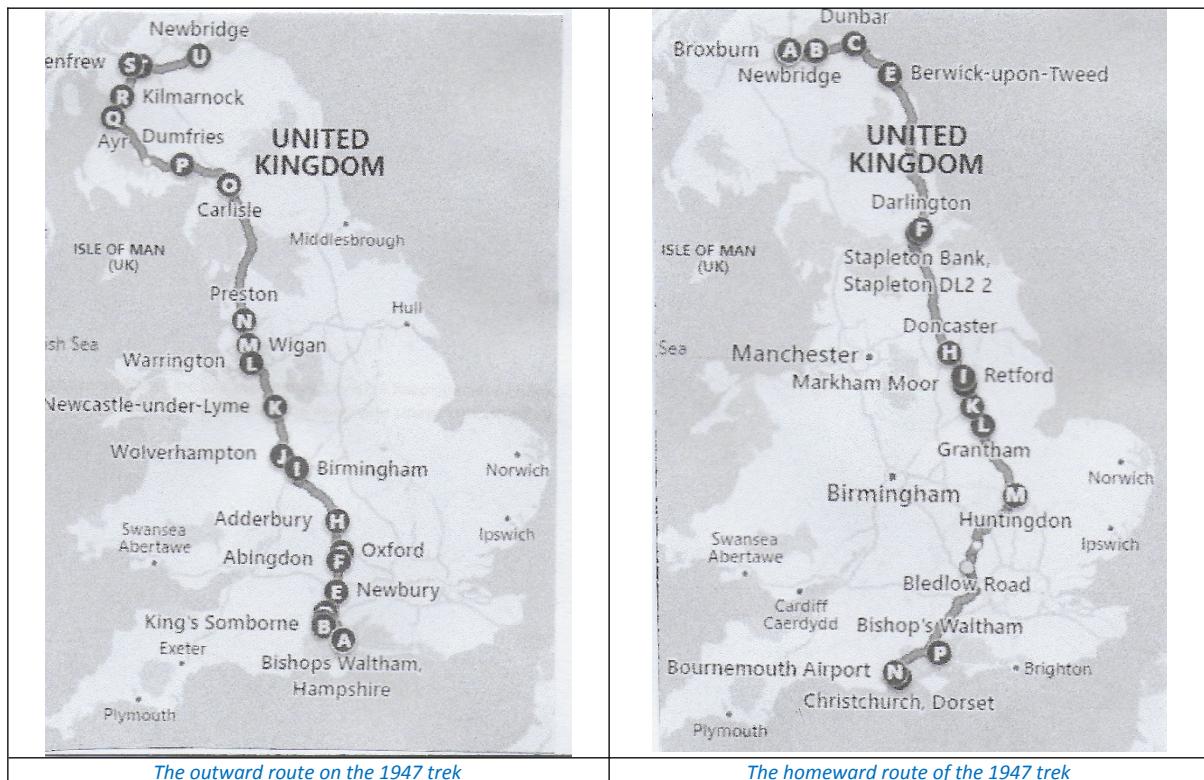
The next day, Monday, 18th, we were up at 0620 hrs., and were bathing in the River Tees at 0730 hrs. We left our bathing place at 0825 hrs., feeling very refreshed. At 1005 hrs. we had a lorry lift to Doncaster, arriving at 1250 hrs. This lift took us from the North Riding to the West Riding of Yorkshire. Next came a six-mile lift to Nottinghamshire. At 1325 hrs., we had a lift in a mobile classroom 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 at 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 for 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 Musselburgh. 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.

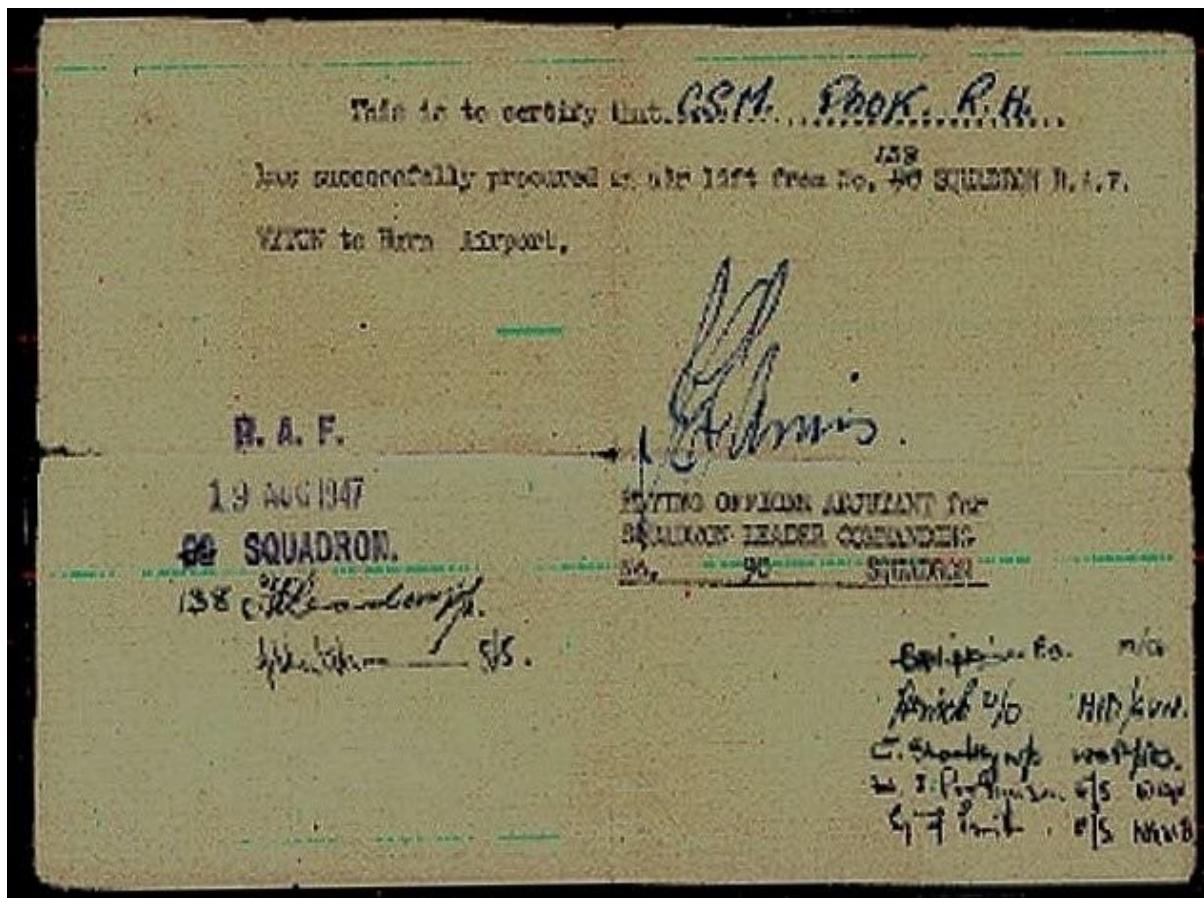
P. WIGG (Sgt.), p.p. C.S.M. Pook





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





Message / email from Richard Pook:

I came across a document, picture above. This item relates to the Lancaster Bomber flight from RAF Wyton to Herne Airport, Southampton.

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! (Ed – emboldening is mine)

You will notice that the regrettably 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.

(Ed: The concept of hitching a ride in a Lancaster Bomber, and then going on a bombing run, and landing unscheduled at a different airport etc. – all quite incredible by modern standards!)

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

Cheers for now! Stay safe, **Richard Pook** Fri 15/05/2020 00:16

David:

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

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

In the back of my mind I think the local Fareham newspaper reported it. It may have been announced at school when we returned for the next Term, however being a day boy with a long bus ride from Bishop's Waltham I was classified as "always late" at roll-call and happily missed Assembly. The wartime Hants & Dorset bus was powered by gas generator on a trailer it pulled behind. It broke down frequently on hills near Wickham. Usually did my homework on the bus if there were no Wykeham House School girls aboard.

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

Report on Initiative and Endurance Test (1948)

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

Information:

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

Equipment:

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

Method:

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

The next morning we moved off at 0745 hrs., heading for Bath. As it had rained all night, and was still raining, we were really wet, and the wind, which was very strong, whipped the rain into our faces, and made us feel thoroughly downcast. Although the road we were travelling on was a main road only 3 cars passed us during the next four hours. During this monotonous march we were given a cup of tea by a pleasant old lady, who was eighty years of age and who knitted garments for 8 hours a day to help the export drive. We had a short rest in her picturesque old cottage for 10 minutes. After this our luck changed, we had only walked another mile when we got a lift in a Ford 10 car to Bath. As we approached Bath we had a wonderful panoramic view of the city, lying in the Avon valley. From Bath we had a short lift, which took us back to the main road. Our next lift was to Bristol, where we arrived at 1355 hrs. This was rather an eventful journey as the car in which we were riding burst a tyre, which we changed. When we reached Bristol the driver, who said that we had earned a reward for our services, bought us lemonade and two piping hot pasties, which were greatly appreciated. After this short interlude we proceeded to the Police Station where we had our log book stamped by P.C. Robert Knight. We now had to walk across another large city, and when clear of the town, we were given a lift to Filton. Then a taxi took us by a very devious route to within 8 miles of Gloucester. From here we got a lift in a converted Army Recce car, which seemed to have no springs as we were considerably shaken up. This took us to Redditch, and the driver stopped half way to buy us a cup of tea. Our next lift was in the back of an open lorry to Wolverhampton, where we had our log book stamped by P.C. G. Morgan of the Wolverhampton Borough Police. A car then took us to the centre of 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 zigzag along the road. By now it had stopped raining, and although we were still very wet our spirits rose with the sun. It was not long before we were picked up by two R.M. diesel lorries which took us to Newcastle-under-Lyme. During this ride the heat of the engine dried us out and made our boots, which had been supple when wet, feel like clogs. By now we had passed through the rural country of Somerset, through the dock areas, we had been through high class residential areas, through the well planned city of Bath, and 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 through Manchester. The reason why this was our best lift was that the driver of the car, a

gentleman of scientific repute. Not only gave us sandwiches and fruit in the car, but took us to his Manchester house, in the Disbury area, and gave us dinner for which, unfortunately, we were unable to dress. In addition to this he gave us a bed for the night and cooked us a wonderful breakfast and drove us on to the main road. Thank you very much, David, it was certainly very good of you. Needless to say Manchester greeted us with rain.

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

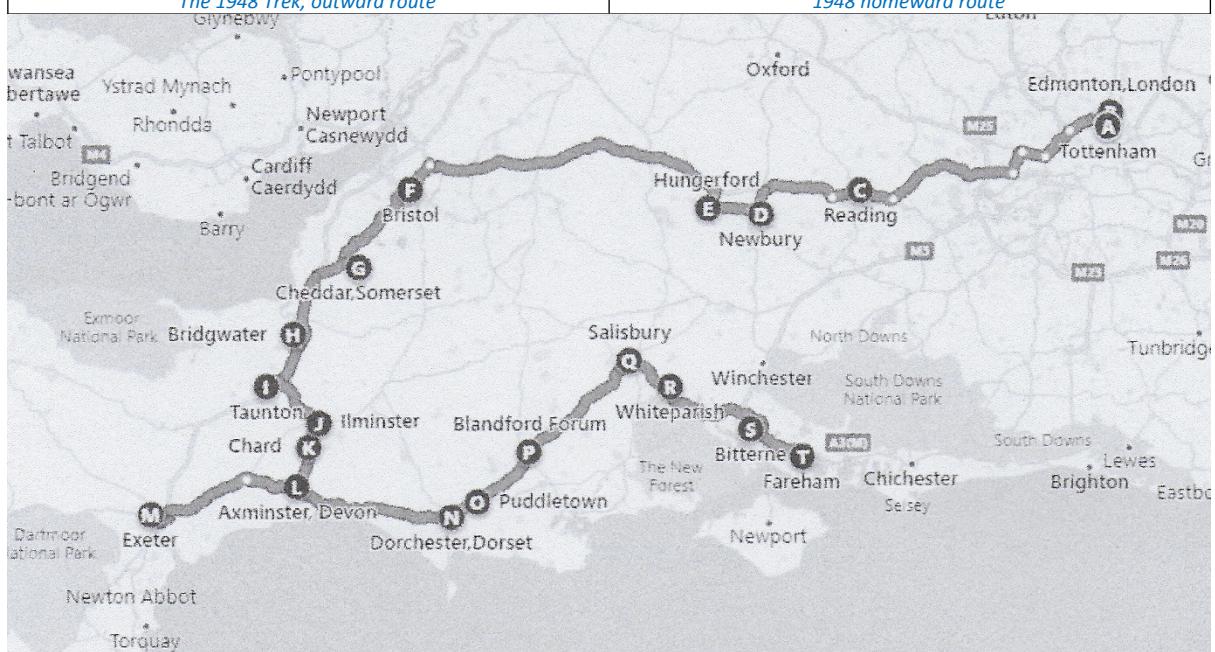
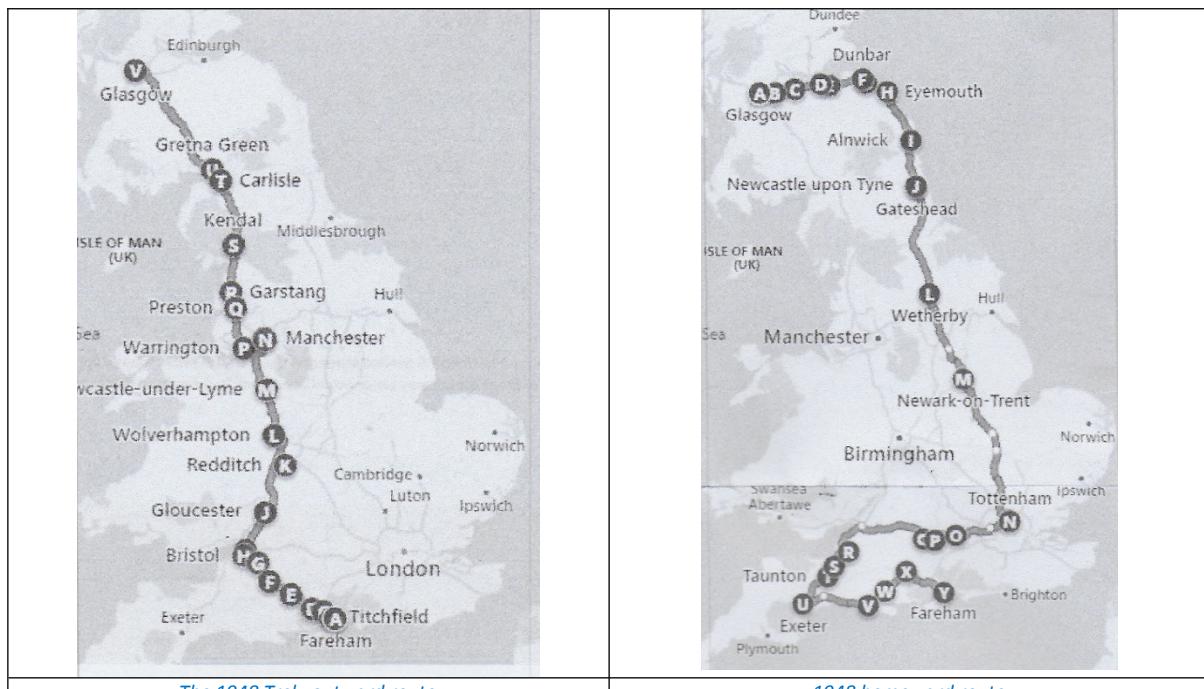
After having washed and shaved we were given tea and rolls by the police and set off for Edinburgh at 0820 hrs. We were then taken into the centre of the city in a vegetable van. We had our log book stamped and pressed on to the A1 road. We were taken to the outskirts on the Dunbar road, and then a lift on a lemonade lorry to Musselburgh. We were then taken to within 3 miles of Dunbar in a converted 14 cwt. Truck. The driver bought us tea and sandwiches on route. From this point a private car took us to Broxburn Bridge. The driver gave us a 7 lb. basket of strawberries so we sat on the bridge and ate the lot. After this very important event we were taken to Innerwick. From there we got a lift via St. Abbs Head to Eyemouth. This again was a very pleasant journey as it took us along a very picturesque part of the coast. Here we met an American who was travelling the same road as us and who was trying to hitchhike to Cambridge. He gave us some food for which we were very grateful. All three of us were taken on to the main road where we separated. Our next lifts was Alnwick, and then to Newcastle where we marched through to Gateshead. Here we had our log book stamped at the Gateshead police headquarters by P.Sgt. Fowlie. From here we were given a lift in a heavy transport lorry by a very devious route to Weatherby. We were picked up by another lorry which took us to Bawtry. We were picked up by a private car, which ran out of petrol half way to Newark. Then came a really good lift. At 2230 hrs. we picked up a heavy furniture van which took us from Newark to Tottenham. We had company on this trip in the shape of two Edinburgh University Students who were going to London and on to Paris for three months holiday. By now we were really hungry, as we had not had a cooked meal since we left Manchester. During the relay hours of the morning, at 0315 hrs., we stopped at a wayside transport café and the driver bought us breakfast. This was a wonderful affair and consisted of 3 eggs, 3 large sausages, 2 slices of bacon, green peas, 4 pieces of fried bread, unlimited bread and butter and several mugs of tea. The whole of this only cost 6/3 for all five of us. We arrived at Tottenham at 0445 hrs. and had our log

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

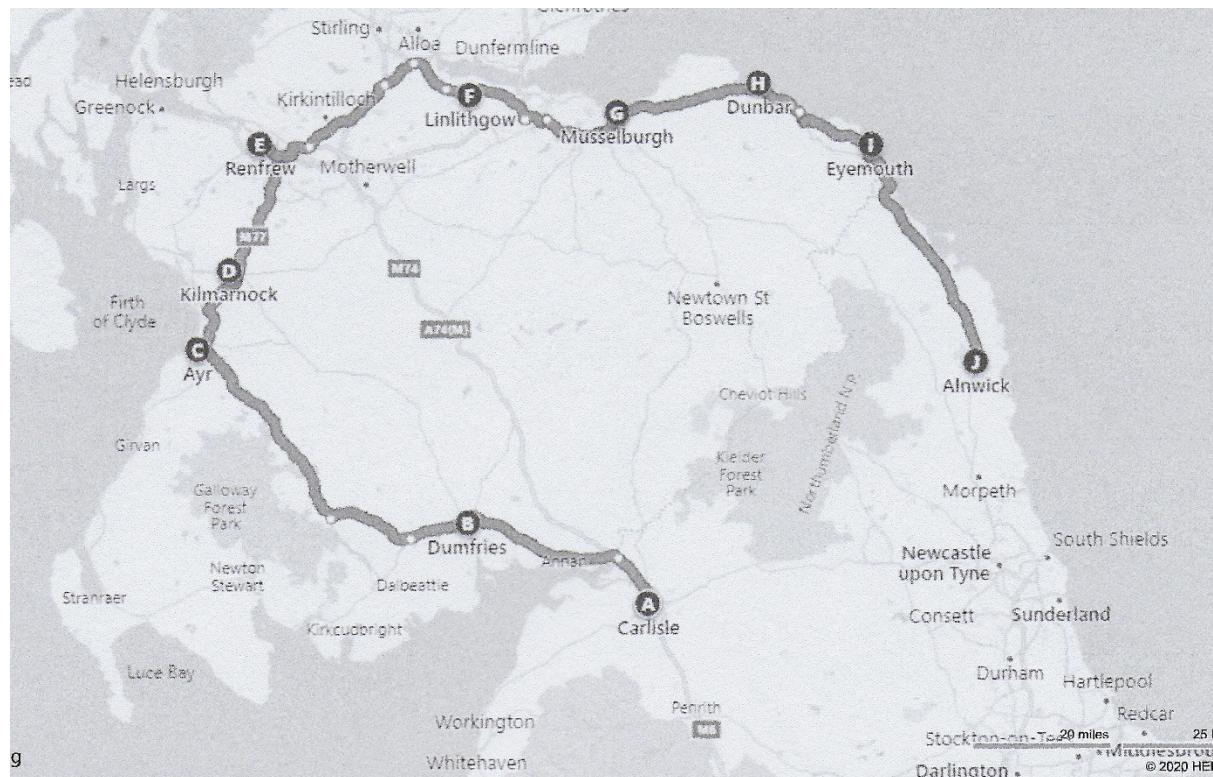
Throughout the test we found everyone most helpful, and always willing to put us right, and to do as much as they could for us. Our lifts were all given out of kindness, and were often accompanied by food and drink, all of which was given freely, nothing being asked for or begged. Money was only accepted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

Fareham. 9-7-48

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



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



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

Obituary

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

Unsigned, Autumn 1953

Post War Edinburgh Tattoo

Coombes and Cuff, 1950?

(Apologies not sure of exact date or Peter Cuff's School; think it might have been Gosport Central as he was very keen on a young lady - June Hill – from that School and also a member of the Bridgeman clique.)

Peter Cuff was a great mate, a fine swimmer and seemed to live on mashed potato and meringues. His Father was at HMS Daedalus Lee on Solent but being posted to RNAS Burscough during our

upcoming School Holidays. Not wishing to add to his parent's and younger sister's moving problems we decided to go to Edinburgh to see the first Post War Tattoo – like you do!

Again memory fails, am not sure now if this was the 1950 Tattoo or the 1949 Massed Pipes and Drums in Princes Street and the Princes Street Gardens Whatever, we went and got caught up in the hectic swirls of tartan and deafening skirl of the “1000 Pipers” through Princes Street and later on the Castle Esplanade. Here from rickety benches fixed to scaffolding stands we watched some Highland Dancing and the massed Pipes and Drums Beat Retreat their Lone Piper on the Castle Battlements closing out the evening.

Regrettably I was coming down with some fever/headaches and with no mobile phones found a telephone box to ring HMS Daedalus. The Cuff's were still sorting themselves out for their move and suggested we head for RNAS Burscough and get sorted there. With little we could do with, we headed south and with two lifts were in Ormskirk a short bus ride from the Base. On arrival we were courteously received, Peter's Dad was to take up Command here, and escorted to the Base Commander's house where a Sick Bay attendant quickly diagnosed Chicken Pox, quarantined us and arranged for Food to be provided by the Station Ward Room. He also suggested I take a daily Potassium Permanganate bath – to stop scars!

Left to our own devices we soon ventured out into what appeared to be a deserted Base – holiday, post-war closure??? We found an Aladdin's Cave, the Base Photographic Hut, fully stocked and ready to go. So, boys being boys, we decided to develop our few 125 Folding Kodak shots taken en route. Having mastered the Darkroom Disciplines we moved onto enlargements and other special effects, all courtesy of HM!

Still, time marched on, the word was the Cuffs were due in the next few days. Peter was advised to stay put and I decided to make myself scarce and head off South, fortunately able to call in on other friends from Bridgemary now in Warrington (Risley, part of the new Atomic Energy Directorate). Keeping up with friends immediately postwar was itself a bit of a challenge!

Fit and fortified I hitched back to Fareham – lorries, fledgling commercial travellers and one motorcycle, scary!

Now all this is a bit back to front so how did we get to Edinburgh in the first place?

Leaving Fareham, with a tatty old England/Scotland map from a school atlas, we headed for London St Albans, having been advised to get on The Great North Road and the general direction seem right. A car lift to Guildford and a lorry to St Albans saw us on our way camping that night in a field outside the town. A quick breakfast (don't remember washing ever entering our heads) and we were soon in a lorry heading for Northampton, Towcester to be more precise. Not quite what we planned but at least going north. We camped here for the night, with Baked Bean sandwiches and cocoa trying to fathom out where this Great North Road went as we were now on the A5!

However onwards and upwards and kindly drivers saw us in Stoke-on-Trent where darkness and thick fog defied further progress. As we seemed to be off the road on a very large grassed area or possibly field we pitched our little tent, made some butties washed down with cocoa and were soon sound asleep. Early next morning we were rudely awakened by heavy traffic noise to find we were on the approach to a new Industrial Complex and Bus Terminus!!

Heh ho, so off we go with no shortage of lift options (postwar Hitchhiking was the default way to get about and drivers very “cooperative”). A lorry going to Manchester seemed a good option so we

piled in and by lunchtime were pulling into his Depot and being fed and watered in their Canteen – Fry Up, Rice Pudding and mugs of tea. Well-fortified, we were anxious to press on and found ourselves squeezed into an old Traveller's Hillman, stock and all, en route to Carlisle. Little did we realise how near we were to RNAS Burscough and Ormskirk! Still you've had all that and we were trying to find our way to Edinburgh. Pottering around Carlisle we had time for a quick look at Hadrian's Wall and picked up a lift to Gretna not really realising its significance. Our lady driver was a mine of information and suggested we get on the Dumfries road to Moffat and Biggar, with luck we'd be there by nightfall!!!

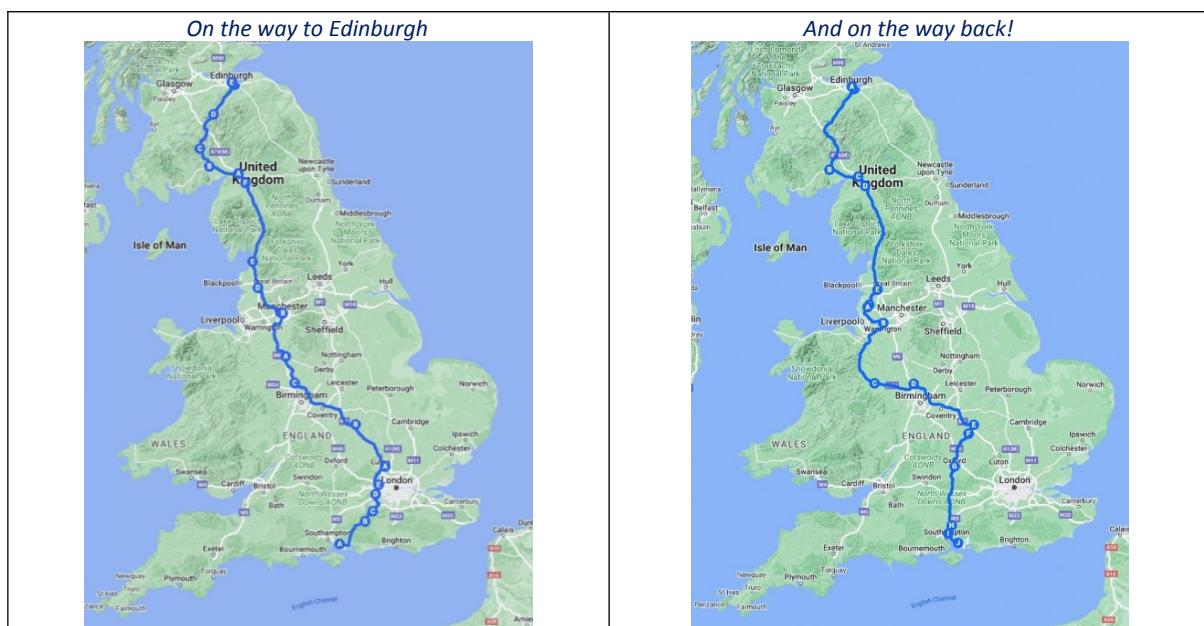
All these directions and strange names were a bit confusing but, with the help of our trusty scrap of map, fell into place and sure enough by early evening we'd had a lift to a little village, Boghall, on the Pentland Hills just short of Edinburgh. Our driver suggested we go up the hill just outside the village where we could camp. This we did and, with the most stunning views, settled down for supper and a well-earned kip. The next morning up with the lark, wash and brush up in the little stream nearby and into the vibrant city of Edinburgh – the rest of course is history but the memories were lasting and the hospitality we enjoyed en route unforgettable.

I'm sure there was much more to this little trip but memory fails with the passing years

John Coombes 10/07/2021

Ed.: This was a journey of 990 miles. There is not much information about the return journey! More information has since arrived. See Gazetteer, Part 2, under John Coombes' name

With a little help from his Grandson, Dominic:



An Adventure in North Wales (1953)

Last year, on August 1st, five scouts from the old Price's School Troop left Portsmouth bound for Machynlleth, a little Welsh town hidden in the mountains of Montgomery. Their aim was to hike from there through the mountains to Snowdon. This did not mean just humping a thirty-pound pack along innumerable roads to some town a certain number of miles along the road : there is no fun, and quite a lot of discomfort doing it that way. There is adventure, there are magnificent views, there is the satisfaction of achievement in going the way we did.

We arrived at Machynlleth in the late afternoon and set out Northwards to find our first camp site with nothing as a guide but our ability to read a map. The wooden valley we chose had steep sides, with marsh near the river as the only level ground, so we were fortunate to find an old and well weathered moss covered "tip" from a quarry, forming a delightful platform jutting out above the trees. The milk which we fetched from a lonely farm two miles up the valley came straight from the cow into our cans, so was fresher than any bottled milk at home. Our next day's march brought us to the South side of Cader Idris (the seat of the goddess Idris) the southernmost of the high rugged mountains of North Wales. A scramble up a thousand feet, by the side of a magnificent cascade, revealed no piece of flat ground large enough for one small tent, and so we descended and camped near a friendly farm in the valley. The next day was Sunday. We had early Communion Service in the woods with a rock for our altar, and then, leaving our camp standing, climbed the mountain without packs, along a lake side and round the top of a precipice in a biting wind to reach the top in thick cloud. Monday saw us skirting the foothills in sunny weather. Soon after leaving the road we waved to a Southdown coach, wondering whether the travellers in it guessed we were from "home".

Our camp a few miles from Dolgellau was in one of the most beautiful spots one could choose, among trees near the stream with rugged mountains around. We spent two nights there, climbing mountains during the day. We wore canvas gym shoes for these climbs. For rapid climbing without packs to carry they are much more comfortable than boots or heavy walking shoes, and it saves one the rather futile attempt to keep feet dry, because one gets wet from the start. Our descent from Y Llethr through the boulders and swamps to the old slate quarry gave us a foretaste of what was in store on the morrow when we should pass that way laden with heavy rucksacks.

The next day, Wednesday, will always stand out as one of the most memorable days of our hike, a day of achievement, of overcoming difficulties that would make saner people say we were mad to attempt such a hike. The distance travelled does not sound much, only ten miles, but there were long miles to us, carrying tents, bedding, food and the rest. After passing the old slate quarry there was not even a sheep to guide us or help us – in fact even mountain sheep would have avoided that route. It was bog and boulders and knee-deep heather. The rain started when we left the end of the path to the slate quarry and got worse and worse. The clouds and mist obscured the mountains round which we were skirting, leaving no landmark beyond the rise and fall of the spurs of the hills to tell us where we were. There was not, for miles, any ground on which it would have been possible to have pitched a tent or where there was fuel for a fire, so we just had to go on. The rain turned to snow and hail when we turned into the mountains to cross them by the pass Bwlch Tyddiad, and we were relieved to find we had ascended the right gully. On the other side of the pass were the "Roman Steps" – what a time the Romans must have had there with the ancient Britons lurking behind the rocks.

The sun came out when we were through the mountains, and we pitched camp beside a river close to some scouts from Maidstone Grammar School, and were interested to learn that in two days' time a party of their senior scouts was coming to Machynlleth, where we had started, and

was hiking over Cader Idris, over which we had come, and were going over a good deal of the route we were traversing, and were planning to end up at Snowdon.

A mixture of rain and fine weather was our lot for the rest of our hike North to Snowdon, where we pitched camp on a little plateau above the stream which comes down from the Watkins path. That night it rained and rained and rained, and the stream became a raging rushing torrent – woe betide any of us if we had slipped in when trying to get water from it.

We had planned to be at Llanberis Church early on Sunday morning, and the rain was so bad on Saturday that we went right round Snowdon by bus instead of going over the mountains. However, we returned over the mountain top on Sunday and were glad to find the restaurant on the summit open even on Sunday to give us shelter from the cold wind and mist. A few hundred feet down the Watkins path we came out underneath the clouds to see good views, and had a fine walk back to camp, meeting another party of scouts who were also fools enough to ascend Snowdon on such a day as that. Further down we paused to scale some rocks about 100 feet high which are used as training ground for rock climbing. And then we passed the “Gladstone Rock” where a tablet commemorates that as the spot from which the Grand Old Man addressed a crowd on liberty in politics and religion. What a change must have come over the countryside in the last 80 years that this now desolate, wild and remote spot could have then produced an audience for the Prime Minister !

Our last day was a tramp to Betws-y-Coed. Rain washed out our plans for walking over Moel Siabod, and we tamped our last day's journey 14 miles along the road in a steady downpour, which at any rate made the waterfalls worth looking at. That night, with nearly everything about us soaking wet, we had a little cottage up in the hills all to ourselves, with Calor gas to cook with and beds to sleep on. The tenants who had it for a fortnight's holiday had got tired of being cooped up by the weather, so they went home to Manchester, leaving us their cottage for as long as we liked on the sole condition that we left it as tidy as we found it.

And so, the journey back by train the next day ended what was to all of us a wonderful experience

Seeing The World

Adventures in France

On the night of Wednesday, 7 August 1960, I boarded the Le Havre boat at Southampton with François, who had spent the previous six weeks with me. After taking leave of my family on the quay, we settled down to wait for the departure of the boat. I shall never forget that night. We first sensed trouble when the boat failed to leave at the appointed time. The night was spent restlessly walking the deck awaiting developments, until, in the early hours of the morning we heard that some of the dockers had gone on strike and, therefore, the boat would not leave port.

However, after a free trip to Newhaven by rail, we embarked for Dieppe. In a matter of hours we were travelling up the valley of the Seine and, having changed trains in Paris, soon arrived at Sens (Yonne), to be met by one of François' brothers. The strike had made the journey so long and tedious that I slept like a log on my first night in a strange country.

My first day with François' family was spent quietly resting and getting to know everybody. This proved rather a difficult task for me, as François was one of the youngest of a family of thirteen brothers and sisters. Luckily I did not meet them all at once!

On Saturday the whole family travelled down to the French Alps. We left Sens at 6 o'clock in the morning with the idea of passing through Switzerland. But when we arrive at the frontier we found, to everyone's dismay, that my passport had been forgotten, so we had to make a detour keeping well inside the French Border. I was consoled by the fact that M. Lorne (François' father) said he would be able to collect the passport when he returned to Sens for the harvest. After a long journey we arrived at the chalet at about 8 o'clock that night. It was situated in the Valley of the Guisine at the village of La Salle les Alpes (Hautes-Alpes).

One of my first outings was to the Beche Rockes, where I learnt how to use a rope in rock climbing. Once you get the hang of climbing it seems quite easy and after a few tries, I could ascend and descend quite well. Another time we went to see the Glacier Blanc where we spent some time "foot skiing." This skiing is without skis, using our feet instead. We were soaked to the skin by the time we had finished.

One Sunday afternoon we climbed halfway up Mont Pelvoux (13,560 feet), spending the night in a refugee for mountaineers. On Midday the more experienced of the family went to the top, leaving the others at the refuge. When the experts returned we had a small snack and then began the descent. On the way down we saw some remarkable animals called Chamois from which is obtained the well-known chamois leather. It was a wonderful sight to see them gliding over the snow. The descent was accomplished in about three hours and once back at the chalet we were served with some very rich food of which I ate only a little. However, the quick descent followed by that rich food was asking too much of my stomach; I spent Tuesday in bed on a diet of tea and dry biscuits.

The journey back to Sens was made in a two horsepower Citroen and twice we stopped to rest an overheated engine. In Switzerland (I had my passport by then) I was surprised that the large number of free gifts being given away at the garages. I remember a packet of handkerchiefs being taken from the top of a petrol pump and calmly handed to us with a smile and, "Pour la route"!!!

My last week was spent on M Lorne's farm, which extends for about a thousand acres and produces a variety of crops, the chief of which are apples and pears. At the end of my stay my hosts came with me as far as Paris, and spent a few hours showing me Notre Dame, L'Arc de Triomphe, the Eiffel Tower and other places of interest. At St. Lazare Station I took my leave of these delightful people who had made me so welcome in their home for four weeks, and travelled by myself to Southampton.

N. A. Davies (3A)

FAREHAM BOYS WILL "HITCH" TO LANDS END "Quickest Time" Bid Aids Refugee Fund

SENIOR pupils at Price's School, Fareham, are planning a Fareham to Land's End hitch-hike, in aid of the Fareham World Refugee Year Fund.

I am very pleased with what they have done.

"To start with the boys set themselves a target of £50, but now they will be satisfied with £150, although I think if things continue as they have been doing, they should manage more than that," said the Headmaster.

On Saturday the Upper and Middle School organized a bazaar, which raised £101. A special attraction was a controlled model aircraft flying display. The stalls, which were packed with goods, did brisk business.

Other money raising events planned are a dance, and whist or a beetle drive and a jumble sale.

Twelve boys in the science sixth form, most of whom are prefects, will be leaving the school after work next Friday to start their 400-mile journey. They have the blessing of their Headmaster, Mr. Eric Poyner, who praised their effort, and added: "We hope to have them back at school on Monday morning."

The boys will be leaving in pairs at half-hour intervals so that they are not "thumbing" the same drivers.

Parents and friends of the school are being asked to guess the time taken by the quickest pair and the refugee fund will benefit by sixpence for every ticket sold. About £25 has already been raised, which brings the total collected by the school to about £135.

One of the boys taking part in the hike, Barry Shurlock, said: "We are hoping to do as little walking as possible." Asked where they planned to spend the night, he replied: "We don't expect to spend the night anywhere except possibly in some lorry. As soon as we get there we will get some kind of proof—a policeman's signature or something—and then start back."

The others taking part are Timothy Pugh, Michael Ellis, Geoffrey Dimmock, Peter Vibert, David Tinling, James Brammer, Michael Butler, Marcus Miller, Godfrey Butler, Anthony Hooke and Kevin Blackley.

Every form is making an effort to raise money. In fact Mr. Poyner calls it "refugee term" instead of Lent term.

"HARD WORK"

"The effort has been from the boys individually and in groups rather than just giving money. The money they have raised has been due to their hard work and



"Land's End, here we come!"—Pupils of Price's School, Fareham, study an ordnance map in preparation for their hitch-hiking journey.—E.N. 1818

PUPILS TACKLE 800-MILE TRIP

AN 800-mile hitch-hiking round trip was tackled by twelve Price's School, Fareham, pupils yesterday.

They are now somewhere between Fareham and Land's End. Their object is to raise money for Fareham World Refugee Year Fund.

Dressed in their Army and Air Cadet uniforms, the boys—whose ages range from 16 to 19 years—left in pairs at intervals.

Whether they all reach their

destination, they must be back at school on Monday at 9 a.m.

Just in case they get delayed, or lifts are hard to come by, the boys are carrying sufficient money to return to Fareham by train.

The idea of hitch-hiking to Land's End originated six weeks ago among boys in the science Sixth Form.

It was decided to ask parents and friends to guess the time taken by the quickest pair at 6d. a speculation. The proceeds

would then be donated to the refugee fund.

Just before they left, they were told that a total of £42 had been raised.

Taking part are Barry Shurlock (17), Michael Butler (18), Michael Ellis (19), Clifford Lassam (18), Geoffrey Dimmock (17), Peter Vibert (16), David Tinling (18), James Brammer (19), Marcus Miller (18), Godfrey Butler (19), Anthony Hooke (17), and Kevin Blakeley (18).

1961

Westward Ho!

Many people consider Infinity and Land's End to be almost synonymous with one another, but events this term have shown them to be wrong. I am referring to "Westwood Ho!", a venture which was described by Southern Television as 'the grand hitchhike' and was followed closely by the local press.

Such publicity was not anticipated when the Upper Science Sixth met in mid-February to discuss means of raising money for World Refugees, although some of the ideas suggested during that meeting would certainly have aroused public interest without, unfortunately, raising any money. However, there was one sober idea which combined both financial benefit and enjoyment. I quote from a "Westwood Ho!" ticket – 'Boys of Form 6 Science Upper at Price's School, Fareham, are hitchhiking to LAND'S End and back during the weekend 25th-27th March, and invite you to estimate their quickest time and contribute 6d to the World Refugee Fund at the same time ! The

idea was readily sanctioned by the Head, and with the help of Mrs. Pemberton's typing, tickets were duplicated and set into books by a team of enthusiastic, if not competent, prefects.

At first it was intended to sell four hundred tickets – a profit of £6 10s 0d – but support for the idea exceeded all hopes, and by March 25th, the day on which the hike was due to start, seventeen hundred had been sold giving an overall profit of just under £39.

There remained the formality of the hike; and it was with mixed feelings that we set off, although the general air was one of excitement. However, lifts were easy to come by, even if they did vary from sports cars to pig lorries, and Blakely and Hook, the first pair to reach Land's End, did so in under ten hours, but had some bad luck on the second leg of the journey and so with their time of 25 hours 10 minutes were second to Brammer's and Tinling's time of 20 hours 52 minutes. Butler and Miller, the last pair took only 33 hours 5 minutes, thus making the highest estimate of 999 hours 6½ minutes seem unduly pessimistic.

Although the journey took only a few ours enough happened during that time to keep the Prefect's study its noisy self for days. Perhaps the following coincidence is among the more noteworthy of event. Vibert and Dimmick were 'bedding down' in a roadside ditch a few miles from Penzance, and therefore about 260 miles from Fareham, when they heard the sound of army books in the distance. Soon Butler and Shurlock appeared followed, five minutes later, by Lassam and Ellis who were immediately picked up by a lorry – the last, I might add, for three hours. Among other things Lassam and Ellis could tell of 'the night we spent in Penzance Police Station,' and Butler and Miller night like to thank a certain Cornish farmer for the loan of his tractor shed but at the same time curse his dog which detained them for some time.

Such anecdotes are legion; and coupled with the rugged coastline of Lad's End and the bleakness of Bodmin they proved an exhilarating experience. Thus, as it turned out, apart from minor drawbacks such as loss of sleep, "Westward Ho!" was a success. As a final note in order to correct the many guesses made, of which perhaps the most original collection was made by the press, the distance from Fareham to Land's End is 244 miles.

No times listed.

Barry Shurlock



Ed: This next account arrived a good deal too late for the Lion magazine! In April, 2020, in fact!

I had forgotten completely about the Land's End race until the SOP Newsletter reminded me. I competed in the first one, 1960 sounds about right. There were about six pairs of boys and I can't even remember who I went with, but it was either Alan Wells or Vibert. We started from the school at about half hour intervals so that we weren't all hitchhiking on West Street at the same time. We had to post a school postcard in the mailbox at Land's End to prove that we had reached it. As we were all members of the CCF (compulsory in those days) we wore our CCF uniforms to make hitchhiking a bit easier. I think in the following years they were not allowed to wear their CCF uniforms.

I cannot remember much of the trip except that I believe we reached Penzance about 11pm and thought that we would have to walk the last 10 miles or so, but a chap in a Willys jeep stopped (probably just out of the pub) and said that he was going to Sennen Cove. We piled in and he was good enough to do the short detour to the Lands End hotel where the post box was, for us to mail the postcard.

I can't remember much of the return trip except that somewhere around Honiton a lady in

something like an Austin Cambridge stopped for us and we piled in the back seat. I remember her saying that she normally wouldn't have stopped but we looked so shattered that she would be perfectly safe, which of course she was. You have to remember that hitchhiking in those days by teenagers was quite normal and perfectly safe for both the driver and hiker. I am not sure if we came in second or third but I think we took 25 to 30 hours for the round trip. Not sure who won but their time was of the order of 23 hours or so.



Willys Jeep

Regards, **Geoff Dimmick**

1962

Land's End Revisited

For the second year running, some of the more eccentric members of the Prefects' Study and Upper Sixth Science decided to hitchhike to Land's End and back. Permission was obtained from the Headmaster to leave on the last day of term, and so on this day six pairs of foolish young men set out, eyeing the greying sky and uttering curses that it should rain on *this* day after so many fine weeks.

But as five pairs raced towards Southampton, Salisbury and the West, just one pair (the sole surviving pair of last year's expedition), surreptitiously made its way through the New Forest towards Dorchester and the coast, mindful of bitter hours spent just twelve months ago on an empty road between Yeovil and Salisbury. Our luck was in, for at Ringwood a friendly couple stopped and said they were on their way to Penzance! Alas, by 7.0 p.m. they felt that they had gone far enough, and so we hikers set out in a steady drizzle and fading light, walking westwards from Okehampton. More luck in the shape of a genial lorry driver took us to St Ives at 10.30, and so into Penzance. Then began the ten-mile stretch to Land's End; (still drizzling), but then came three Marines in a battered

jeep returning to a caravan at Sennen after an evening in Penzance. Reaching Land's End at 11.30 p.m., a pleasant hour was spent over coffee in the caravan listening to the amorous adventures of those three in Penzance; then followed three and a half hours' walk in the rain back to Penzance and an hour's rest and tea in Penzance Police Station.

By five o'clock we were on our way again, and finally got back to Fareham at 2.06 p.m. (stopped raining!), to the great delight of a certain member of the staff who was not looking forward to waiting up all night to check in the late arrivals. But we made it, and furthermore in 23 hrs 26 mins, an improvement of three hours on our previous effort. (Wonder whether the Head Boy is back yet?). A happy Easter to all lorry drivers!

Results:

1. Vibert and Dimmick	23 h. 26 m.
2. Duffy and Barkhuysen	23 h. 44 m.
3. Read and Carpenter	26 h. 07 m.
4. Thomas and Johnson	27 h. 18 m.
5. Wells and Hooke	30 h. 55 m.
6. Tudge and McLarty	retired.

P. J. VIBERT

Seeing the World

“Cymru am Byth”

It was with considerable qualms and misgivings that fifteen of us left school just before lunch on that Friday. Whilst having every confidence in the knowledge and ability of our leaders, at the same time we were afraid that our Duke of Edinburgh's Award Silver Medal Expedition to the Brecon Beacons was to be more like a Himalayan endurance test. Little did we know!

A rather long and boring train journey took us to Newport in the rain, and from there to Abergavenny, where the sun was shining. After walking through the town towards our camp site near Llanfoist, we encountered our first of several slight misunderstandings over camp sites. It appeared that the Llanfoist farm from which permission to camp had been obtained by post no longer existed, and that the farmer now lived in Abergavenny. About an hour and several cigarettes later, our leaders returned, and we marched at great pace for about a mile and half to a new site near the Usk, where the farmer was waiting with churns of water.

An uneventful night was spent; although Stevenson braved the elements to swim in the Usk at 5.45 a.m. About 9 a.m. we set off for Gilwern by bus, most of us wearing shorts to the amusement of the 'locals'. Having been informed that our groups were not to join up on the march, six of us waited in Gilwern to allow the other group we had met on the bus to get ahead. We were then offered a jug of tea by a friendly Welshman who lived over the Ladies' Hairdressing Salon. This we gratefully accepted, and finally got on our way rather later than anticipated.

Our first day's march across Myndd Llangattock and Myndd Llangynidr produced little of note other than chafed shoulders from the weight of ruck-sacks. However, our arrival at our supposed camp site in Cwn Pyrgad brought new difficulties. Having arrived at about 4 p.m. and pitched tent, we washed and rested for an hour or so, waiting for Messrs. Heal and Chaffey to come down from the head of the valley where they had welcomed us. Meanwhile a farmer emerged to tell us that we

were on his land and would have to move as he did not allow any campers. Thus we finally broke camp again at about 6.30 p.m. and moved up the main valley of Duffryn Crawnon to another farm, where we pitched at the bottom of a steeply sloping field, near the stream. Here we were infested with swarms of insects, and a huge communal fire was built. Considerable difficulty was later encountered in extinguishing same. Heavy rain during the night left us with a very wet valley next morning, and the climb through dense bracken and undergrowth left us soaked to the thighs. Several groups descended to Torpantau station along the railway track, two groups even going through the tunnel, where Richardson lost his axe. During a shower of rain and a rest in Torpantau waiting-room some ancient G.W.R. posters made interesting reading. The afternoon was spent in traversing the west side of the Taf Fechan valley and keeping warm; the wind on the ridge from Twyn Mwylachod to Bwlch Duwynt was very cold and we were in cloud for much of the last part. On the ridge several groups of people were seen, some of whom were our own comrades and others old professor-types striding across the hills looking for wild life (?).

At length we arrived at our bivouac site near the Storey Arms Hotel (strictly out of bounds), where we pitched tent. By this time most people looked rather haggard; and could obviously do with a shave and sleep. By next morning neither the general exhaustion nor the weather had improved much, and so groups set off for the last 8 miles into Brecon. Highlight of this journey was an encounter with a large bull on a narrow track. Several groups made wide detours across neighbouring fields until three brave young men walked straight past and were hardly noticed, much to the disgust of those expecting a melee.

We finally reached Brecon about 11 a.m., where we encountered civilization (Welsh variety) for the first time in several days. Some local residents were obviously amused at the sight of bearded louts sipping coffee in a restaurant, but we were unperturbed; Mr. Heal in particular (and shorts) seemed an object of interest to many people. We finally left Brecon station on one of the three trains per day, the 12.10, loaded down with all the pork pies and sticky buns in Brecon.

A few reflections on the expedition: Pleasant walking country if you are not in a hurry; what on earth did those two do on their recce? *Cymru am Byth!*

P. J. Vibert

1963

Trip to Land's End

It is likely that we will remember 5 April 1963 as one of the fullest and most interesting of our lives as we travelled five hundred miles and in doing so, crossed five counties in both directions. We also met many interesting people in forms of transport varying from five-ton lorries to limousines. The weather varied from bright sun to snow and during one of these heavy snow falls we were driven in pitch darkness for twenty miles by a local sheep farmer at a speed never falling below fifty miles an hour along the winding roads of Cornwall.

We certainly had a great deal of luck in our thirteen lifts, the first being from an Old Pricean with whom we reminisced about the school. After being dropped at Southampton we were given the best of lifts, over 200 miles to Redruth in Cornwall, and after four more lifts we reached Land's End at a quarter to six. Then on the way home we had several lifts to Launceston, where we were given a lift of over a hundred miles to Salisbury and we finally arrived in Southampton at quarter past three in the morning but had the misfortune to take two lorries for the last 10 miles to the school which we reached at 5.15 a.m..

In all the journey was uneventful, except when we were stopped by the police in Cornwall and involved in a minor brawl in a Transport café in Devon at midnight.

D. R. Black

1 st Pair:	Black and Dudson	- 20 hrs. 15 mins.
2 nd Pair:	Bailey and Oatley	- 21 hrs. 45 mins.
3 rd Pair:	Powell and Evans	- 21 hrs, 57 mins.
Five other pairs.		

1964

HITCH-HIKE TO LAND'S END.

The following pairs completed the journey: Bright and Waterer – 25hrs 20mins; W. Hill and Hebditch – 25hrs 38mins; Hand and Harris – 31hrs 50mins; Sherrington and Wolstenholme – 31 hrs 56 mins; Tilston and Roberts – 31hrs 1min; C Brown and S. Ellis – 45hrs 10min; Myhill and Fisher – 47hrs 40mins.

Ed: Short and to the point – could almost have been written by teenage boys!

1965

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

Norman Pasley

1966

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

Norman Pasley

Land's End Race 1966

The race took place on Wednesday, 13th April. Only four out of sixteen pairs reached Land's End, and returned.

Results:-

1. Lewis & Steward 32 hrs 15 min.
2. Wheeler & Croker 34 hrs 20 min.
3. Parisot & Jones 49 hrs 55 min.

These times are slow compared with previous years but, in view of the adverse weather conditions, extremely good.

Land's End Race: (Norman Pasley's account!)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The destination – a place too far.

1967

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

Norman Pasley

....?

Duke of Edinburgh Gold Expedition - Fifty miles on Foot

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

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

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

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



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



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



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



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

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

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

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

N C Pasley.

1968?

Amongst the variety of things Priceans got up to, and in the Spirit of Adventure in this section, who can be surprised at Brian Moxey's accounts below? Not just adventure, but determination and self-reliance! **Ed.**

One of my CCF camps was in Germany. Rather than travel back to the UK with the group, I asked and Capt Briscoe obtained agreement from the RAF for Bryan Gamblin and I to fly home two weeks later. We spent that time hitchhiking around Germany and Austria.



Tower
+ pole
←←

The second, and I have confessed this to Michael Peagram, was that when the school cap was abolished (or was it just made not compulsory? (09/1966) I went to the school at the weekend, scaled the roof and tower of the old block and placed my cap on the top of the pole. It was a scary climb! I've attached a photo which show the tower and the pole on the left side. It caused great interest on the following Monday when it was spotted.

Brian Moxey

Youth Against Hunger Committee

At the beginning of the 1985/6 school year it was decided by the 'Feed the Minds' campaign committee to support Youth Against Hunger for a year of more. The following officials were elected:

Chairman: D.R. Astley

Vice Chairman: J.E. Hair

Secretary: J. Perry

Treasurer: R.P. Naylor

Youth Against Hunger is a campaign associated with the United Nations Young World Appeal and is supported by many organisations such as Oxfam, War on Want, V.S.O. and the United Nations. It involves young people from many walks of life in what has been described as the battle against man's deadliest enemies: hunger, disease, poverty, and ignorance.

It was decided by the committee that in July 1966, a collection of books would be made within the school, and then these could be sent to the Ranfurly Libraries of the English Speaking Union in London for distribution to schools and community libraries in the newly-developing countries.

Magazines would also be collected and these could be dispatched directly to young people engaged on Voluntary Service Overseas, who would utilise them as teaching aids.

It was also decided to organise a scheme to raise funds for Youth Against Hunger, and it was eventually proposed to hold a fund-raising hike at Easter. The Fareham Young Oxfam Group, of which Hair and Astley are officials, was invited to take on the organisation of this, so that half the proceeds would go to Oxfam. During the next few months, the special hike committee, under Astley and Hair with Susan Howell and Gill Mullins of the Girls' Grammar School as Secretary and Treasurer, met many times to discuss this venture and all the local schools and youth clubs were invited to take part.

The Oxfam Walk

At 11 a.m. on Sunday, 24 April 1966, 110 teenagers were assembled in front of Westbury Manor, West Street, for the start of the walk. Each hiker had to have a minimum of six sponsors who agreed to pay 3d, per mile walked or a flat rate of 5/- provided that the hiker covered over 10 miles. They were to walk round a 17-mile circuit taking in Fareham, Wickham, Botley, Park Gate and Fareham, and this could be covered any number of times within the 30-hour time limit. There were many checkpoints round the cores manned by boys from Price's and other schools, parents, and members of the Fareham Lions Club, but the walkers could only stop for five minutes' rest at the Botley and Fareham checkpoints.

Only 15 people dropped out on the first circuit and 51 retired at the end of it, leaving 44 to start a second circuit. About half of them completed it, many dropping out at Botley, but seven went on to start a third, two to start a fourth, and on the morning of the following day there was one lone survivor still slogging on, on his fifth circuit! He was Dave Pateman of the Portchester Rugby Football Club, who eventually completed 72 miles in 24½ hours. The second-best distance was 54 miles walked by a Bishopsfield boy, Jonathan Budd, but close behind was Richard Boyce of Price's who walked 51 miles in 17½ hours. Three girls walked the next best distance but in sixth place there was also another Price's boy, Andrew Barnett, who walked 38 miles in 13½ hours.

Altogether, 19 boys from Price's walked on the hike and covered a total of 532 miles and raised about £42. The distance covered by the other Price's boys are as follows: Walker, Tiller, Smith S., Vincent, Doyle, 34 miles; Eddey, 29 miles; Alderton, Perry, Allen, Salt, Mitchell, Llewellyn, 26 miles; Packer, 20 miles; Eyles, Casswell, Kellett B., Olivey, 17 miles.

Tiller raised over £11, the highest amount for a Price's boy, and Alderton, Barenett, Boyce and Vincent raised nearly £3 each.

After the hike it was estimated by the committee that the total amount raised would be about £200 which is very good, and the committee would like to take this opportunity to thank all those people involved, walkers, stewards, and sponsors, for making this such a successful venture.

£10 worth of cash prizes were awarded to two boys and two girls who walked the furthest. These were donated by Swan Self-Drive Ltd. And the committee added two £1 prizes to the boy and girl who walked the third-furthest distance and Richard Boyce received one of these. £5 worth of book tokens, donated by Price's went to the three people who raised the highest amounts of money.

Many of the hikers have said how much they enjoyed the walk, and so it has been proposed by the committee to hold a similar fund-raising walk next year, and perhaps make it an annual event raising over £500. We hope, therefore, to see many more boys from Price's taking part in it next year and perhaps one might even beat the present record of 72 miles.

1968 – after the Land's End Races had been discontinued , and in company with Brian Moxey, the two boys set-off in an unauthorised Hitchhiking Trip the far southwest. Wearing their RAF cadet uniforms was a key to the successful completion of the trip which they completed in good, though unspecified time, returning wearily to School on the Monday.

Shelter Walk 1968

Sunday the tenth of March was as good a day as any on which to have a sponsored walk. Fortunately it was the right day. After a fortnight of hectic preparation the nigh on impossible was achieved by a surprisingly high degree of co-operation between the boys and the staff. Everybody who wanted a job in the organisation was given one, and was then left to do it.

The day of the walk eventually dawned. By 9.00 a.m., all the walkers were assembled in the school yard. There were no doubts cast about their enthusiasm to take part in the walk, the worst part, getting out of bed at the abominable hour of 8.00 a.m. on a Sunday morning, was already over. The walkers were started off by the then Chairman of the Fareham Council Mr. V.T. Silsby J.P who had, thoughtfully, only a few words to say to speed the willing walkers on their way.

The route eventually decided upon was a 25-mile circular route passing through Droxford, Denmead and Wickham. A check-point was applied at each of these villages, each one manned by about four devoted persons who originally had had the courage to support the walk, but also the common sense to get out of the more difficult part – walking. They did a wonderful job, each walker having to be ticked off as he/she passed through the check-point; which can be more of a momentous task than first imagined, especially if thirty high-spirited walkers approach a check-point at the same time.

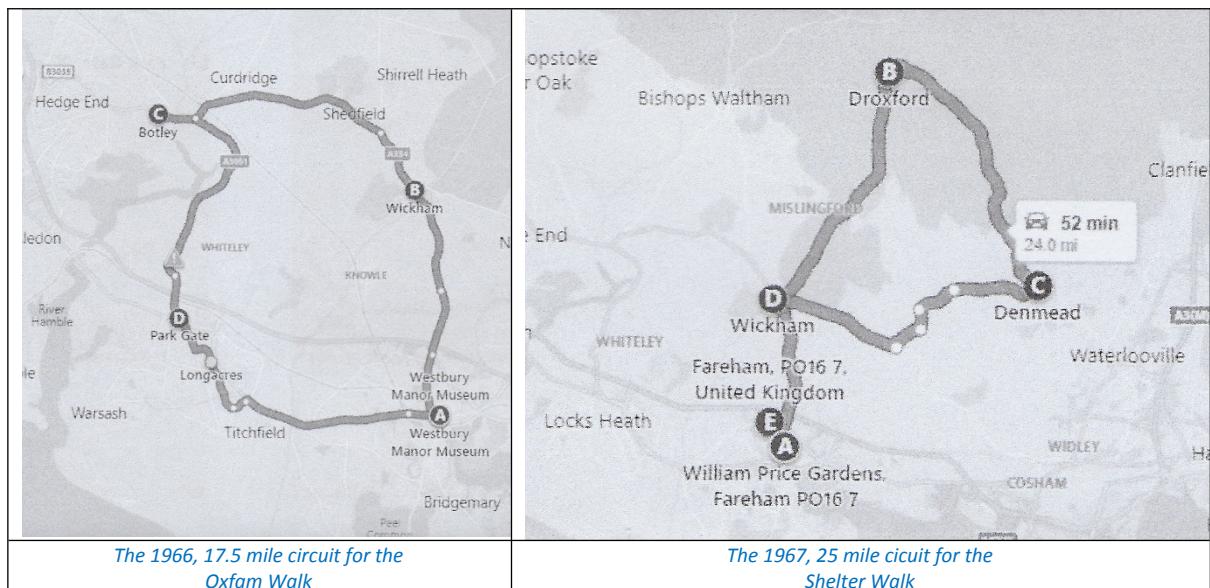
The last foot-sore walkers arrive back at the school at about 6.00 p.m. all too glad to partake of the light refreshments provided, but finding it very infra dig to partake of the First Aid facilities so kindly provided for by the Red Cross of Fareham.

Altogether 219 of the 409 who originally started the walk completed the whole circuit. Walkers were mostly from Fareham Girls Grammar, St. Annes, Wykeham House, St Anne's Youth Club and Price's.

Walkers were sponsored by friends, relatives and neighbours at a variable sum per mile, varying from 2d to almost a pound: which shows what can be done if you really try. Each walker walked an average of 18 miles and was sponsored at 2/9d per mile. The total amount collected was about £1,300, which also included some sponsorship from local personalities, shops and industry.

Walks of this sort can be seen to be not only valuable in raising money, but also seen to show that modern youth not only cares about poverty, but is also prepared to do something about it. At the same time, a good day was had by all!

A.N. Roberts
6 Prefects



A Month on Exercise with the Royal Green Jackets

I left British soil at Four o'clock in the afternoon on the third of August, on the Dover to Calais car ferry.

An officer in the Royal Green Jackets was very kindly giving me a lift in his car from Calais to Munster. Munster is the Green Jackets's home in Germany, it is in the North West of Germany not far from the Dutch border. That night we had a tiring journey through France, Belgium and most of Germany. We arrived in Munster at one o'clock in the morning.

In Muster I would join up with the Royal Green Jackets and travel down with them for the exercise in the South of France. The military train left for France on the eighth. The few days I had free in Germany I spent drawing a bit and sightseeing.

On the ninth of August we arrived in France at the Camp du Larcae, on the Plain du Larcae, which is a plateau on a hill, twenty-five kilometres from the town of Millau. The next day we went out on a four-day exercise with the Special Air Service.

This exercise was composed of cordon, searchers and ambush drills (which meant jumping from a vehicle in full army kit and rifle).

We managed to capture twenty-five S.A.S. men, which is not too bad. The next company that went on this exercise lost a four ton truck, ammunition and three men within hours of the exercise starting.

On the fourteenth of August we were back at camp, to carry out maintenance on the Armoured Personnel Carriers, which we were due to use.

The conditions in the camp were not too bad. The camp was built by the French on top of an extremely high hill. There was only cold water in which we had to wash off the day's dust.

I shared a room when I was in camp with a Corporal in R.G.Js.



The next three days were spent camping by a large lake near the village of Salle Vuran. This was the most enjoyable part of the whole exercise. Dinghies and canoes were provided by the company and one could hire a ski boat if you could afford it.

We were lucky enough to have another free day later on in the exercise, so we spent this at the lake. After the three days at the lake we went out on a non-stop two days exercise with tanks, armoured cars and A.P.Cs. That night there was a terrific thunderstorm which rounded off a day of continual breakdowns very nicely. Our APC broke down and the attack was cancelled.

After a day at the lake we moved out to the arduous training camp. The next morning we were woken up at 6.30 a.m. for a run and a swim in the ice-cold mountain river that ran near to the camp. Screams echoed round the valley as people took the plunge. The screams were justified, as it was ice-cold, as I found out.



Royal Green Jackets cap badge



S.A.S. badge



Blues & Royals cap badge

The next couple of days we had an exercise with the Blues and Royals, this exercise was similar to the SAS one, but the Blues and Royals used armoured cars.

We left France on the first of September and arrived in Germany on the second. I arrived back in England on the 5th after a very long journey from Germany, to return to school. With only a few days left in Larcae we had to clean up the barracks and vehicles, before we returned to Germany.

I enjoyed this exercise very much, I would like to thank the people who organised my trip and the Green Jackets for putting up with me. I am sure interest in the C.C.F. would be greatly improved if more trips like this were organised with the regiment that has adopted us.

Nigel P. French

Expedition to the Lake District

The expedition is the main section of the award scheme; it involves a three-day trek during which two nights must be spent under canvas at different camp sites. This year the expedition took place in the Lake District, in the Scafell region. Twenty-three of us met at Fareham station at 7.20 a.m. on Easter Monday, wearing a varied selection of clothes; some with large rucksacks, others with ungainly man-packs, displaying pots and pans strapped to the metal framework. Mr. Oxford and Mr Heal accompanied us in the train while Mr. Howard-Jones, Mr. Chaffey and Mr. Iredale drove the two 'champs' there. We took the train to Portsmouth and then to Waterloo and across to Euston, where we caught the night train to Windermere. Everyone tried to snatch as much sleep as possible, and it was discovered that luggage racks need not always be used for luggage, and made comfortable beds. We arrived at Windermere at 5.0 a.m., and then had to make our own way in groups of four to the base camp in Great Langdale. We arrived at tea time in the Langdale valley, with the Langdale Pikes towering above us. To the west we could see the snow-covered mountains and realised we would have to climb them, the next day. At 7 p.m. we had our first meal over the primus stoves which many of us had difficulty in lighting.

Camp I was situated at the north-west end of Buttermere Lake and Camp II in the Eskdale area. The whole party was divided into two groups: one was to go to Buttermere first, and the other to the Eskdale campsite first. We had to go to Buttermere.

We went to bed at 9 p.m. and after a rather cold night awoke at 6 a.m., when we cooked breakfast and cleared up the camp site. We left on our first day at 8.15 a.m., being the second group to leave. Our first task was to climb out of the Langdale valley onto high land around the Great End and Great Gable and then at the end of our trek to descend into the Buttermere valley to Camp I. When we got out of the valley we found ourselves at 2000 feet, above the snow line, for although the sun was shining the snow still had not melted. We passed Sea Fell and Great Gable from where we could see, in the far distance, Camp I, but we still had to descend into the Buttermere valley and walk along the lake. We arrived at 7.0 p.m. after 18 miles trek across the mountains. We camped on a low-lying strip of land between Crummock Water and Buttermere Lake, beside a river. We were again surrounded by towering mountains. We left this camp site at about 8 a.m. the next morning and went southwards through Scarth Gap Pass and Black Sail Pass to the Wasdale Head area. It was here that we met the groups of four going in the other direction. We then had to climb onto a type of moorland, which was very barren, and the footpath was marked out by crosses painted on boulders. Our route descended from this moorland into Eskdale to Camp II at Wha House farm. We arrived at 5.0 p.m. after a further 17 miles across mountains.

Here we were provided with milk from the farm; and we camped in a good field beside the River Esk, which was very clear and fresh. The final day's journey was comparatively short – about 10 miles. We left Wha House camp site at 9.0 a.m. and went along the old Roman Road through Hard Knott Pass and Wrynose Pass, and arrived back at 1.0 p.m. Our test now completed, we were instructed to make our way to the Drill Hall at Windermere where accommodation had been obtained for us. We caught the train from there early next morning and arrived back at Fareham at 8.0 p.m.

David Howard-Jones

1978

"Camp Granada"

I took part in the first YMCA Leadership Training Course as part of my Sixth Form General Studies programme at Price's and since then, I have worked in many camps at Fairthorne Manor. [A Hampshire activities Centre where many of the Sailors received tuition and race experience. [\[See Sailing Report in Minor Sports.\]](#) Last Summer, I succeeded in getting a place in the U.S.A. Camp America, the organisation through which I applied, arranged the return flight, the nine weeks at a camp, and allowed us two weeks of self-financed travel time before returning – for which we paid nothing!

After an 8-hour flight from Gatwick to JFK airport we were taken *en masse* to a Hotel in Times Square, in down-town Manhattan. It was 11 at night when we hit the streets, all the stores were open and it was 83°F – a crazy place. We had a guided tour of New York the following morning before travelling to our different camps. I went to a YMCA Camp called Conrad Weiser in Pennsylvania, but I was not the only foreigner, for so too, did a Dane, a Swede, a West German, an Austrian and an Australian – but at least the natives and I had a common language, or so I thought.

The camp occupied a 500 acre site on a wooded, six thousand foot mountain., and it was a prestigious institution divided into six villages for boys ranging in age from seven to sixteen years, who seemed to return yearly. Before the kids arrived there was a week of staff training: the time was spent sprucing-up the camp. I spent three days on a crew clearing thirty miles of horse trails. I was given the awesome titles of Assistant Chief of Cub Village, and Head of Archery. There were thirty-five kids in the village in six beautiful cabins – not exactly wilderness survival. Each Counsellor had about six kids to look after when he wasn't teaching his own particular activity our camp was organised so that the kids could come to one or more of the four fortnightly periods.

During my time at camp. I had many new experiences, such as handling snakes, learning to water-ski, dressing-up and performing fan dances, having doughnuts and cocoa for breakfast and riding a roller coaster, to name but a few. Our village Chief was a herpetology student who went off looking for rattlesnakes after thundershowers, and he was seen to feed live baby birds to snakes. In addition, he organised "edible food hikes" and had kids eating raw grasshoppers and roast chipmunk. He also surgically removed a tumour from a snake's nose and stitched and bandaged up two large green iguanas which had fought each other.

For travel after camp I'd bought an Ameripass which allowed me fifteen days unlimited travel on Greyhound buses. I had twelve days in which to see America. The journey to Denver took two days: the buses average about a thousand miles in twenty-four hours, with rest stops every once in a while. There was a coach change in St. Louis and I was able to see the six hundred and thirty foot Gateway to the West Arch, part of the Jefferson National memorial, which towers beside the Mississippi River. The four-minute ascent inside the arch is as memorable as the view from the top. Beside it is the museum itself which catalogues the years in which America was opened up.

I spent two days touring Denver and the nearby Rocky Mountain National Park where you cross the Continental Divide twelve thousand feet up. From there I took an overnight bus to Salt Lake City, home of the Mormons, with the famous Temple and Tabernacle. From Salt Lake City, where the temperature was a humid 95° I went north through Idaho to Great Falls in Montana – big sky country – where the temperature was only 45°.

I wanted to see Glacier National Park so I decided to hitch: in fact it is illegal but not usually enforced. I had lifts from an incredible bunch of people: a combine harvester driver who told me about a friend's encounter with a grizzly bear, an FBI agent in the back of a pick-up truck across the Blackfoot Indian reservation; an Indian railroad worker who had been drunk the night before was

looking for his work crew and gave me lift, as did a lumberjack who'd shot a mountain lion and trapped mink and otter during the winter – a real life Walt Disney character. I stayed in the Park overnight and hitched through it the next day. The scenery was magnificent, glacial landscape with pine forests up to the treeline, mountain lakes, streams, waterfalls and snow-capped peaks.

From there I hitched on up into Alberta, Canada and had a two and a half day bus ride along the Trans-Canada Highway to Toronto. I arrived at St. Catherine's near Niagara Falls, at 1,35 in the morning, only to discover I had nowhere to go and no means of getting anywhere. I went to a police Station and asked to sleep in a cell overnight but was taken to the YMCA where I slept on a couch for 3 hours until I woke up and was moved-on. At 6 am. Niagara Falls were magnificent, if a little over-commercialised. I returned to Pennsylvania where I visited the Hershey Chocolate Factory: in fact the whole Town smelt of chocolate, the main streets are Cocoa and Chocolate Avenues, and the street lamps are shaped like Hershey kisses – chocolate drops.

From Hershey I returned to camp to collect my suitcase and guitar, and then to New York City and eventually home.

It felt good, being home after those three months but I shall never forget those ten days and six thousand miles on the road, sleeping on buses and washing in bus station restrooms, nor will I forget the time I spent at Camp Conrad Weiser, U.S.A.

Charles Alford

Ed: "Camp Granada" is the location for a 1963 hit comic libretto "Hello Muddah, Hello Fadduh! (A Letter from Camp)" by Allen Sherman for Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours", describing the vicissitudes of American summer camps.

Chapter sequence in the Lion Pride

Chapter No	Title	Pages	File Size (KB)
1	The Cultural Life of the School	43	6630
2	Introduction	11	4030
3	Boarding and up to 1949	44	21,285
4	The Buildings	47	136,380
5	The 50s, 60s and 70s.	56	7,236
6	Extracurricular Life of the School	45	7,230
7	The Charity School and the Family Price	50	3,901
8	The Cadet Force	62	21,452
9	Price's Sixth Form College	82	55,700
10	The Major Sports: Football, Hockey and Cricket 1 st XIs	76	7,388
11	Price's Timeline	13	1,492
12	The Price's (9 th Fareham) Scout Troop	65	57,545
13	Minor Sports	112	43,857
14	The Library	21	14,578
15	Athletics and the Steeplechase	26	3,769
16	Spirit of Adventure	45	19,214
17	Academic Performance	66	12,925
18	The Lion Magazine and Other Publications	46	12,925
19	Price's Creators	142	30,009
20	The Old Priceans	76	17,703
21	The Tercentenary Celebrations	53	40,099
22	Religion in the Life of the School.	36	11,634
23	A Portrait of William Price	13	2,500
24	Closing Thoughts	11	23,214