

Price's Who's Who, Part 2

"D" Surnames

Daysh	Mike		
Daysh	Roy Edwin (aka "Jock")		1938 – 1945
Dean-Cooper	H.E.		1916 - 1922
Deans	Frank		1948 - 1953
De'ath	John		
Dennis	Roy	M.B.E.	1951 - 1958
Devlin	His Honour Judge Dr. Keith Michael		1945 - 1952
Diment	Nigel		1968 - 1973
Dimmick	Geoff		-1962
Dimmock	Rear Admiral Roger	C.B.	1943 - 1952
Doggett	Peter		1968 - 1975
Donahoe	Dick		Late 50s, early 60s.
Draper	Chris., J.		1929 - 1933
Drover	W.H.		
Duffy	Michael		1955 -1962

Daysh	Mike	Dates	



Son of R.E."Jock" Daysh, former joint Head Boy of Price's, later to return as a Teacher. Mike has been an extensive help with this WP300 Project.

Mick/Michael Daysh fluted with most of the boys in the folk music scene. It is always good to find someone who plays a *real* musical instrument – more colours on the palette. Mick still flutes, but nowadays he also writes songs and sings, with guitar or keyboard and a band. Mick also plays with electro-acoustic classical guitarist Chris Nash.

Son of Roy. 1975 In the South East Hampshire Schools' Tournaments, Godfrey partnered Daysh to win the doubles.

Dec 1971 *Springwind* – Nick Kahn, Mick Daysh and Dave Cledwyn. They also supported Andy Vores who had by then become a singer-songwriter-pianist-composer. most of us were singer-songwriters – Nick Manley, Lonene, Morningstar, Springwind. We were creating and delivering original songs and music – and our audience was kind enough to respond with enthusiasm. May 1973 Nick Kahn and Mick Daysh, but now with Jackie White (previously with *Lonene*); and the Andy Vores band, which incorporated folks promiscuously from other bands and elsewhere. 1973 later in the Andy Vores band.

Paul Gateshill, Ivor and Kevan Bundell, Chris Nash, Michael Daysh, Nick Kahn and Nick Manley have also become regular performers at *Tanglefest*. This is an annual *Summer Garden Party and Concert* event which happens at my place in Curdridge. Comment by **Kevan Bundell**

Mike has been a most central figure in this WP300 project though, even after 3 years or so, I have yet to meet him! We live in different parts, Mike is the unwitting inheritor of an enormous, unsorted, but listed archive of his Dad's collections of when he was a pupil at the School and more especially when, as a teacher, and in the approaching years of the College phase he could see the value of the paperwork and other stuff he amassed, or was it just because he was a hoarder.

Ed.: As I write this, some of his stuff has made it's way to the Hampshire Cultural Trust, which is where the remainder is destined to be stored, ultimately. Before then, however, and for a while now, Mike has found time occasionally to rummage the collections and retrieve items likely to be of value to us in this task. The primary treasure was the discovery of a complete run of the early Lion magazines, in what was labelled as series 1, Nos. 1 – 21. These have been of inestimable value, full stop! But made the more so because each of these magazines has been scanned and subject to transcription via character recognition software – a chore undertaken by Paul Gover. And so, we have access to a editable text from these magazines, which leaves only the workings of the School from 1908 – 1915 to be found in documents as yet undiscovered and accessed.

Daysh	Roy Edwin	Dates	1938 - 1945

Roy Daysh - Former Joint Head Boy and Mathematics Master



Notable former pupil, joint Head Boy with John Cole and mathematics master, Roy Daysh, has died at the age of 85.

John was captain of cricket, Roy was captain of hockey. He joined the RAF in 1945, retiring in 1965 to train as a teacher, and he returned to teach maths at Prices, until his retirement in about 1990. He was a staunch Old Pricean, and held various positions including that of Treasurer.

Roy's son, Michael, supplied this wonderful photograph below, of John Cole, John Suggate and Roy in 1945.



John Cole, Roy Daysh & John Suggate

The following article has been retyped from the original 6-page, beautifully handwritten article crafted in ……. by Roy Edwin Daysh and, as with much else in this History Sequel and Gazetteer, Part 2, a great deal is owed to Roy's phenomenal memory and artefact-acquisitive habit that brings the essay to life. Roy's own heading is cropped from the original and appears on the next page:

An additional facet of Roy's life:	Father of Michael. 1st XI Soccer Captain 1944. **Sportsman of the 40s Decade** (shortlist). 1970 "The Crucible" Business manager.

"BEFORE I FORGET ..."

An article about Price's School before the Second World War.

On first consideration, one tends to think there must have been thousands of boys who went to Price's School before 1939 but in fact there were only 1337, and of these time has taken its toll, as have two world wars. Now that both Price's School and Price's College have passed into history it is tempting to write about their demise but that is best left to later historians. This article is about Price's School before the second war — a time of great stability in the school's history. It had been in existence more than 200 years and it seemed it would last for at least another 200 years. It is intended to talk about some of the people who were at the School, and about life and customs there.

The admission registers are very interesting volumes, not least because they allot an admission number to every boy. This enables a researcher today to determine the order of seniority of all the boys who ever attended Price's School.

The number 1 belonged to H.V. BONE (1908–10), and he attended on the first day the School opened in Park Lane. However, even he had to admit that C.W. (Bill) HAMMOND (who

was senior to him, he having attended Price's School in West Street. Gill was the senior "Old Boy" to attend the 1971 250th Anniversary Celebrations, when he was well into his eighties. There were 500 there on that July day in 1971 — a magnificent occasion. Even as late as that few people present realised that the days of Price's School were numbered.

C.R. COGHLAN (1908–11) and his cousin, M.R. COGHLAN (1909–14), also attended the 250th Anniversary Celebrations and were both well known in Fareham long after they left the school. M.R.'s father, H.R. COGHLAN had been one of the last headmasters in West Street. M.R. himself achieved fame by scoring 1000 runs in the 1914 cricket season.

Only slightly junior to this pair, E.T. BEATIE (1910–12) disappeared almost without trace but, at the age of 86, returned from Ontario, Canada, to visit the old premises in September, 1984.

G. CHIGNELL (1910–1918) was one of the best known of early Priceans and a stalwart of the Old Priceans' Association all his life. "Chiggy" was No. 83 and No. 84 was F.M. (Jessie) LEE (1911–1918) He won the D.S.O. in North Africa for great gallantry whilst in command of the 2nd Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment. (Now the Royal Hampshire Regiment)

/E.H. DEAN-COOPER

E. H. SEAN-COOPER (1916-22) was the first Pricean to take a Classics degree at Oxford. So loyal was he to his old school that he visited it at least once a year until it closed — some 52 years. He was one of the few, at the 250th Anniversary occasion who also attended the 200th Anniversary in 1921. In his retirement he lives in Rascocks, Sussex, where, no doubt, (as a regular reader of "Fareham Past and Present") he will read these words with a good deal of nostalgia. He can be assured there are still a few who recall him and others of his vintage with pleasure.

R. A. LEWRY (1921-28) was a native of Botley — and a great footballer, going straight into the First Eleven as a second-former. There he stayed for many years. During the later years of his "reign" his reputation had become so formidable that visiting opponents would enquire anxiously, "Is Lewry still here?" They would have been greatly relieved when at long last they got the answer, "No".

Another of Price's greatest footballers was W. T. TUBBS (1933-39) from Swanmore — formidable indeed and daunting in stature. W. H. MARSHALL (1936-42) from Hamble was a worthy successor at both football and cricket. Alas, nothing has been heard from him since the left school.

There is not room to mention many more famous names, but room at least for T. C. DRAPER

for T.C. DRAPER (1929-33). He became known to thousands of Hampshire people as an authority on Fareham Local History, Hampshire Flora and Hampshire (and British) Geology. His untimely death in 1982 continues to be a great loss to Fareham.

There were many Pricians who achieved eminence in one sphere or another ~~th~~, but there is no doubt at all that Price's School owed its fine reputation before the war to its staff. In those days, masters took a post, meaning to stay there, and contribute to the lore and traditions of their school. Both Mr BRADLY, the first headmaster at Park Lane, and MR. ASHTON, who succeeded him in 1934, selected men as much for their personal qualities as for their academic ones. Both believed that education included physical activity and that the school's reputation was made partly, at least, on the sports field. Thus, all the staff were expected to take a share in organising games; not just the representative teams were involved; every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon there were organised games for as many as could be accommodated on the available pitches. The house system with the four houses BLACKBROOK, CAMS, WESTBURY and SCHOOL HOUSE was very strong. House matches were very serious matters.

/. All of this

All of this meant that everyone in the school knew everyone else. This is, of course, part of the strength of a small school, and there were less than 200 boys on the roll in those days. It also meant there were few problems of discipline, and never any in the classrooms. Anyone intending mischief knew precisely what weight of arm would stop him; and that was generally sufficient deterrent. This is not intended to suggest there was a repressive atmosphere; rather, everyone knew their place.

The staff was full of characters, all very different individuals, yet blending together so that, to the boys, there appeared to be unanimity. In that small world at that time, the masters were Olympians. They carried Price's School on their shoulders. The resources and facilities were Spartan but one feels quite certain that the staff cared deeply about Price's School and so did the boys.

When Mr. BRADLY and MR. JOHNSTON died in the early 1950's a host of Priceans mourned at their funerals and it is fitting that they take their rest within a few feet of each other in Fareham Cemetery.

The ritual of the school was very strong, enhanced by the daily assembly. This was not just the religious ceremony it might have appeared, superficially, to be.

/ It was the

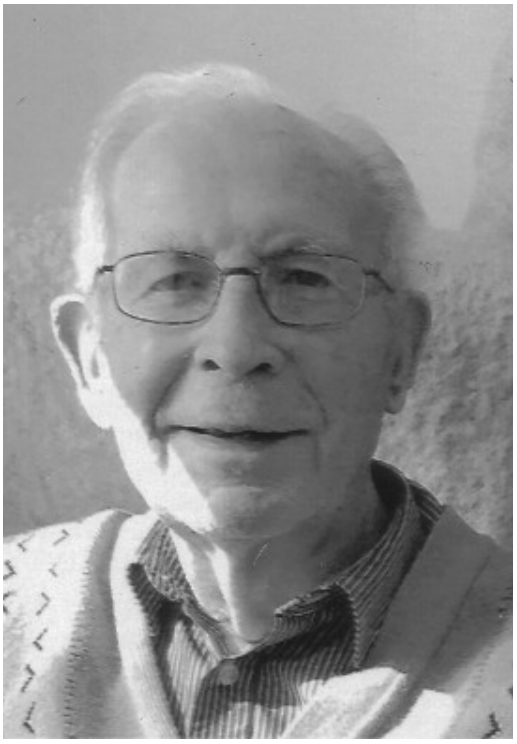
It was the time and place where the whole school met together and became an entity.

Now that all this has passed away it might be thought that memories of those days have grown dim. It is not so. 7th June, 1984 was the 50th anniversary of Mr. ASHTON's appointment as headmaster. Mr. P.R. WATKINS, the last Principal of Price's College planned what was to be a modest celebration of the occasion, anticipating 20 or so guests, with limited advertisement. However 'wind' of the intentions got abroad and, in the event, 120 paid homage to Mr. ASHTON, mostly of the pre-war days or the 1940's. Messrs. GARTON, FOSTER and HILTON of the pre-war staff were present and, interestingly five members of the 1938-39 Fifth form (V.J. CLANEY, K.B. POWELL, E.V. FITHERIDGE, T.W. WALTERS, and G.B. GRANT)

The war in 1939 changed many aspects of society, and it changed Price's School, too, but that is another story. There were still more than thirty years, distinguished ones, too, before the end came. The memories of the pre-war period remain strong in the minds of those thirteen hundred men, or of as many of them who survive. Soon, too soon the words of the Psalmist will be true: "The wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it

no more.
When Mr. JOHNSTON retired in 1949
he wrote in the "Lion" (the school
magazine) – in Latin, of course, "It will
be pleasant to remember these things".
So be it.

Here is Roy, aged …..



Roy was an inveterate collector of School memorabilia, harvested in over many years. On his death, his family, mostly Mike, I guess, had to invest large numbers of hours sorting his collection of paperwork and 3D memorabilia into a number of crates. Mike subsequently catalogued them and has made them available to the SOP for the purpose of informing this WP300 Anniversary. It seems that Roy was particularly magpie-like in the run-up to the closure of the School and, in spite of circumstances that might have turned many against the College management, he continued to accommodate valued archive stuff up until the final years of the College phase.

For his acquisitive tendencies, and for the tolerance and willingness of his son Michael, the S.O.P. is genuinely thankful and in debt.



A2. March 1987

L to R.

Richard Burgess, Paul Huggins, Richard Lewis,
Emma Carter, Lee Ashton, Nick Carter
Simon Cummins.

My last A-level set.





Dean-Cooper	H.E.	Dates	1916-1922

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF 1916

I went to a private school called Brodick House School, Catisfield, but when this school had to give up owing to financial difficulties at Easter, 1916, I was sent to Price's. I can well remember at least four of the boys who came with me to Price's from Brodick House, namely two of the Swalfields, Dallaway, and Cross.

From my very early days I had a dread of heights and ladders, and I recall at Brodick House gymnasium there were two high ladders. This gymnasium was under the direction of a fearsome gentleman called Sgt. Brace and I always dreaded his gym sessions and stern words of command, as well as his apparent intolerance towards indifferent performers like myself. When my mother took me to be interviewed by Mr. Bradley at Prices' in the Easter Holidays of 1916 he presented my mother with a copy of the School Prospectus. I was horrified on scanning though the list of staff to read, "Physical Training Instructor – Sgt W. Brace, late of the Inniskilling Fusiliers." It was with the greatest of relief that I discovered there was no gymnasium at Price's or ladders to climb. The greatest obstacle I had to contend with was the scaling of the wall on the north side of the playground.

How well I remember the stentorian tones of Sgt, Brace as he gave the command, "up agin the wall, ready," and his stern glances in my direction as he shouted, "Stop that skylarkin' abaht." Years later, when as Head of the School it fell to my duty to visit all the forms during the afternoon in order to

collect the names of absentees, I always enjoyed going out to the field to Sgt. Brace and his class and listening to his familiar words of command and remonstration.

My earliest impressions of Price's are largely bound with the rigid rule and stern discipline maintained by some of the staff and to me at the age of 11 this was at times quite frightening. Notable in this connection was the late Mr. A.S. Gale of Sedbergh and Christ Church, who taught Chemistry and Geography. I always looked on him with awe and respect and when I incurred his displeasure I am quite sure I deserved it. As I look back, I cannot help thinking of those famous lines of Oliver Goldsmith:

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disaster in his morning face."

The late Mr. Norton Palmer was no less strict in his command of his woodwork classes and he never did forgive me for my poor effort in trying to make a round ruler which finished round at one end and oval at the other. Any slight disturbance of the silence in his class was greeted with the remark, "I see trickery afoot, "accompanied with a hearty clip around the ear with a ruler.

In direct contrast to the rule of Messrs. Gale and Palmer, I well remember the very different tactics of M. Henri Vincke, the French Master. When any of us overstepped the mark of good order, his remedy was to turn us out of the class and this was at times very useful as we could go into the lobby and do some of our Prep. He used to glare at his victim and say, "I cannot 'ave you 'ere, get outside." Sinclair and Henry used to indulge in a championship to see who could get turned out the greater number of times in a term and I believe Sinclair won with 29 times. However, I had one unique experience which those two could not share as on one occasion when I was in the corridor, M. Vincke came along and said. "I cannot 'ave your 'ere at all today," so that I did not even get as far as my desk.

Another Master I shall never forget is the late Mr. P Pierrepoint W Meadows who taught English and History. To me, Mr. Meadows was the greatest collector of all time; he collected cigarette cards, coins, match box labels, birds' eggs, stamps and no doubt many other items. He had a collection of more than 300 sets of cigarette cards and to him I owe the great interest I derived from collecting them. I still have 186 sets which I collected whilst at Price's and many were the occasions when I 'swopped' spare cards with Mr. Meadows.

To the last Mr. R. O. Johnston I owe a debt of gratitude as it was largely due to him that I went on from Price's to Keble and I believe I was the first member of Price's to obtain an honours degree at Oxford or Cambridge.

I shall always be grateful to the Staff of Price's for their fairness, their devotion to their duty, their discipline, and the example they set.

H.E. Dean Cooper. (1916-1922).

First Price's pupil to get a degree at University (Oxford).

Mar 1922, Lion Vol VI No.1

"An Elegy on Leaving School"

by H.E. Dean-Cooper
(1916 – 1922)

My School, with all thy bliss, I love thee still,
And now, I'm leaving thee against my will:
What now I hope, and daily wish and pray for,
Is to have my former happiness once more

My School days here, have ended all too soon,
And though my life approaches now it's noon,
I willingly would turn again to thee,
Thy joys to feel, and friends once more to see.

What happy hours I spent within thy bounds,
Thy pleasant classrooms, ands thy playing grounds;
Where I so many friends was wont to make,
Whom now, against my will I am forced to forsake.

No more shall I search Fareham West and East,
To buy the food and drink for many a feast;
Nor shall I now in School or House Match shine,
Or hear White's awful voice upon the line.

The Lab., where I had many a pleasant task,
And where I broke full many a tube and flask;
I ne'er again shall see it's benches bare,
Or the balances we used with studied care.

The monitors' room, which always warm did seem,
Will now exist as nothing but a dream;
And the Tuck shop which I visited each day,
Will, in the future seem far, far away.

Alack, the day I ever left this School;
To enter worldly strife I was a fool.
My schooldays ne'er again will come to me,
So, must I bear my burden joyfully.

Those who remain, take this my small advice;
Let not careers you from this school entice.
Your schooldays are the happiest of your life
And contain much bliss and happiness, but not strife.

Un vrai cri du cœur, n'est-ce pas?

Ed.: H.E.D-C .was a regular and frequent re-visitor to the School in his adult years, reflecting the value and affection he had for his times there.

Deans	Frank	Dates	1948-1953

I served for 12 years in the Royal Navy and left after that as I was a terrible sailor and always seasick.

After that I joined the computer giant IBM and worked on computers in London and then in Portsmouth.
I left IBM in October 1991, aged 54 because they were reducing headcount and offering very lucrative packages as an incentive.

One of my loves has always been animals so I thought I would get a job working with them but could find nothing. Consequently I ended up working as a volunteer at and animal sanctuary for 6 years.

After I left Price's I joined the Royal Navy as an Artificer Apprentice, graduating as a Radio Electrical Artificer.



HMS Victorious

My first ship after my apprenticeship was the aircraft carrier HMS Victorious, after her major rebuild, serving in her from 1957 to 1959. We had an early tragedy when the aircraft joined as the squadron leader landed but his hook slipped off the arrester wire. He wasn't able to take off again and went off the angled deck into the sea. Unfortunately, for some reason, he could not get his canopy open and subsequently drowned.



HMS Brighton

I also served in the frigate HMS Brighton from 1961 to 1963, spending eleven months in the Far East. During that time we learned that it wasn't all sunshine and runs ashore, as a fatality occurred.

Part of our duties was to patrol the seas around Borneo looking for local pirates who attacked and robbed villages. It was a nigh-on impossible task as their boats were flat-bottomed with several outboard motors and were very fast. They could go places we could not.



Our sister ship who carried out the same duties sank a pirate ship on one patrol and, when they went to pick up survivors, one of the pirates had a gun and shot and killed one of the sailors. We took things a bit more serious after that.

I did a spell as an instructor at HMS Collingwood and my final posting was to the Fleet Maintenance Base in Malta from March 1965 to July 1967, after which I retired from the Royal Navy. I achieved the rank of Chief Radio Electrical Artificer and ran the radio/radar section for the last sixteen months that I was there.

Dennis	Roy	MBE	1951-1958

I was fortunate to pass 11+ and travel to Fareham from Park Gate – but an unwelcome break from my friends who went to the local Secondary school. And the gauntlet having to pass them on my way home walking down Brook Lane – having my Price's cap thrown about.

I enjoyed my school years but did not like Saturday morning school, church services or having to do sports on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when I wanted to be out exploring nature. It encouraged my later avoidance of cricket and church.

It was a good but restricted curriculum but I guess normal for the times – although I never knew my brief experience of Latin would later be helpful in foreign lands with the scientific names of birds. Looking back I think our headmaster told us too often we were the 10% cream, (I thought of my other friends who didn't pass the 11+ exam) but he had a good heart and when my friend and I forgot our Pure Maths exam he found us swimming at Warsash and raced us back to school in his car – with half the exam gone I failed, but I wouldn't have passed anyway. There was no biology and botany at the school - at which I would have excelled. My Physics teacher knew my wildlife interest and gave me encouragement. Price's gave me a good education and we often had good fun. My diaries tell me playing chess at break or badminton



I enjoyed the CCF and moved to the air cadets – as I loved planes and my brother, an aircraft engineer all his life, used to take me to early Farnborough air show – including the DH110 air crash day in 1952 when 30 people were killed close to us – and then, the Show went on!. I enjoyed field days, including the notorious live-rounds episode, and summer camps in West Wales and Yorkshire; and my first flight in an Valetta or Varsity from Thorney island – spent the morning learning how to

fold and pack our parachutes and then our afternoon flight was aborted, soon after take-off, because of an oil leak – didn't get to use our parachutes. .

I remember in my first spring term, a teacher (I think Chemistry), Ron Garton took my class for a nature walk to identify flowers – he pointed out an early flowering plant called dog's mercury – but failed to spot a pile of dog poo close by which sent the rest of the class in hysterics. He was not happy and those outings did not continue. I missed that.

Being a birdwatcher in that era was definitely unusual so I kept it to myself. Yet outside school, encouraged by the Park Gate boy scouts, my knowledge and enthusiasm for nature raced ahead and by 15 my birdwatching and nature logs and diaries were being filled with data, encouraged by early bird-watching mentors. Not long after I was an amateur bird ringer, studying bird migration at St Catherine's Lighthouse on the Isle of Wight.

One special weekend in spring I was invited for ringing training on the island but I could not go because of school, 'fortunately' I had bad toothache and the dentist extracted it on Friday. My convalescence was bird ringing not Saturday school. Looking back that was the era when real teeth were regarded as second best to false ones!

In my last year, the school arranged for a few of us sixth-formers to visit Harwell atomic research station for a few days to see if a career and degree in Atomic Engineering might be our future – not to my liking. A few days later I received a letter from Lundy Bird Observatory asking if I would come immediately as an assistant bird warden – and my life's work started. In retrospect, I know if I had worked as hard on school studies as on my ornithology I might have passed all my exams. But those early years were the bedrock of my life's work with wildlife and I look back fondly on Price's.

Roy Dennis 24/01/21

From his Trust website:

Roy Dennis MBE is a field ornithologist and wildlife consultant, living in Moray, Scotland; he has worked in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland since 1959, most notably on the conservation of rare birds, ecological restoration and the reintroduction of lost species, such as Osprey, White-tailed Eagle and Red Kite.

From 1970 to 1990, he was RSPB's senior officer in Northern Scotland. He directed Fair Isle Bird Observatory from 1963 to 1970; Chairman 1994 - 2010, and after the completion of the prestigious new Bird Observatory became President of the Trust, so his knowledge of seabirds, migration and Scottish islands is extensive.

Since 1991, he has been a wildlife consultant, and in 1996, set up the Highland Foundation for Wildlife (renamed Roy Dennis Wildlife Foundation in 2017). He is a specialist in raptor conservation and reintroductions in the UK and abroad, having been involved with osprey, red kite, peregrine, golden eagle and sea eagle reintroduction projects, and his satellite tracking of migratory raptors, especially osprey, golden and sea eagles broke new ground and has given great interest to the public via map based websites.

He was an early advocate for restoring lost mammals to Scotland, particularly beaver and lynx, and in 2008 started successful translocations of red squirrels in

northern Scotland. In 2017 he started a translocation of ospreys to Poole Harbour and in 2019 a reintroduction of white-tailed eagles to the Isle of Wight

He was awarded a MBE for services to nature conservation in Scotland in 1992; in 2003 a special glass engraving of Roy with red kites was commissioned by the National Gallery of Scotland and in 2004 he was voted the RSPB Golden Eagle Award winner for the person who had done most for nature conservation in Scotland in the last 100 years; he is an honorary President of the Scottish Ornithologists' Club. He has served on various government boards including the main board member of Scottish Natural Heritage, a director of the Cairngorms Partnership and a member of the Deer Commission for Scotland. He is a writer, lecturer and broadcaster, and has written ten books, the latest were A Life of Ospreys (2009), Cottongrass Summer (2020) and Restoring the Wild is due out in March 2021 His TV documentaries include Eagle Owl and Saving our Seabirds, and he has been a guest presenter with the BBC Springwatch & Autumnwatch.

Last updated January 2021



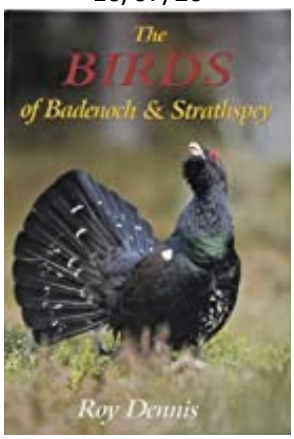
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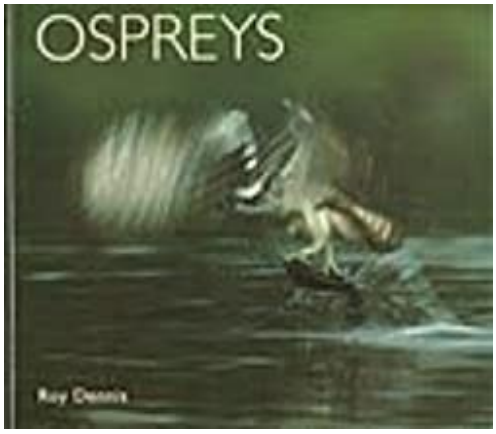
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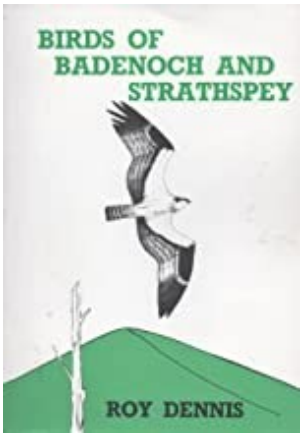
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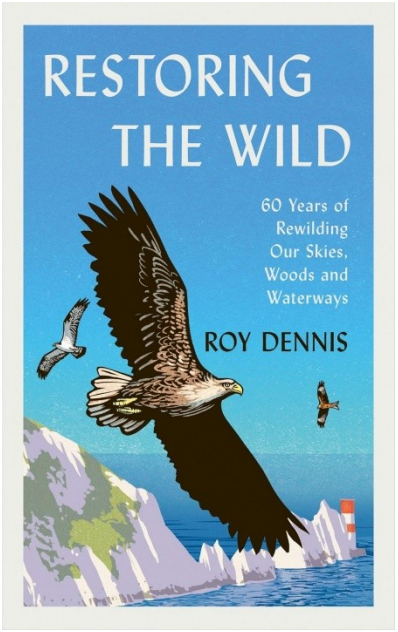
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The distinctive white-tailed sea eagle was driven to extinction in Britain more than 200 years ago, but this immense predator will soon be making a return to our skies, thanks to Roy Dennis, an ornithologist, conservationist and arguably the driving force behind the UK's reintroduction agenda.
Roy was instrumental in returning the Osprey, red kite and golden eagle to the British Isles, but the road to reintroduction isn't an easy one. In what will surely be the seminal book on British reintroductions, Roy details the painstaking process of returning the Goldeneye to Scotland, one duckling at a time, the die-hard determination needed to make a dazzling success of the red kite reintroduction and the leap of faith we will all need to make to accept sharing our forests and skies with large carnivores again. He also illustrates all that we have to gain by restoring our ecosystems to balance.



Filled with a lifetime's worth of stories from the front lines of conservation, *Restoring the Wild* offers an eye-opening insight into the complexities of reintroducing extinct animals to Britain. It's also an intimate portrait of these apex predators and a reminder of why we need them.

See below an article published in the SAGA magazine, in January 1922



Where eagles dare

Few birds capture our imagination like the imperious, soaring eagle. Wildlife writer and author **Mike Unwin** meets 81-year-old conservation legend Roy Dennis, who has dedicated his life to seeing its majestic return to the British Isles

It's early May, 2020. I'm strolling through the Arun Valley when a big brown bird flaps heavily across the field ahead. I thought I knew most birds around these parts but this one stops me in my tracks. It's *huge*. Gaining height, it spreads its great rectangular wings on the day's first thermal and spirals skyward, looking like an airborne kitchen table. Through binoculars, I clock the meat-hook bill and suddenly the penny drops. It's a white-tailed eagle; I know this bird from the Scottish Highlands. But here? In leafy Sussex?

This massive raptor, also known as the sea eagle, is one of the world's largest, with a 2.2-metre (7ft 3in) wingspan and massive, crushing talons. You might think such a formidable bird out of place on the South Downs; like a rhino in a field of cows, perhaps. But you'd be wrong. Sea eagles bred all around England's south coast until the 1780s. In Scotland, they clung on until the early 20th century but eventually disappeared there, too, driven to extinction by hunters and gamekeepers – like ospreys, red kites and many other raptors.

My eagle, it turns out, was one of several young birds released on the Isle of Wight – where England's last pair bred – in an innovative programme to bring the species back, launched in 2019.

In Scotland, this process began in the 1970s and the bird is now well established there, with around 130 breeding pairs. Indeed, the Isle of Wight birds hail from Scotland, having been removed from their eyries as chicks (leaving the parents to rear their siblings), just as the Scottish birds were originally sourced from Norway.

'We've had a fantastic response,' says Roy Dennis, the man behind this inspiring project, when I speak to him in his Highlands home. 'Especially during lockdowns. People tell me they've been sitting in their garden and have seen an eagle flying a thousand feet above them. They never thought they'd see anything like that in their lifetime.'

Dennis – now 81, but far from retired – is a conservation legend. He has been described as 'the most influential conservationist you've probably never heard of' and was recently awarded the RSPB Medal, its highest accolade. Raised in rural Hampshire, his love affair with raptors began in Scotland in the 1960s, helping protect Britain's first breeding ospreys in nearly 50 years.

A dream of reassembling Britain's depleted wildlife jigsaw was born and soon he was working on returning sea eagles, eventually finding success in 1970 on the island of Rum. Eagles were just the start: Dennis's memoir, *Restoring the Wild*, details a roll call of species whose return to the UK, or to former haunts within the UK, is all down to him – either directly, or inspired by his vision and using techniques that he pioneered: from red kites in the Chilterns to red squirrels in Wester Ross.

'I think these eagles are going to do really well,' says Dennis. White-tailed eagles take five years to reach breeding maturity, but the early signs are good: the youngsters are thriving on natural prey, including Canada geese, rabbits and mullet plucked from the Solent. They have also been stretching those huge wings on longer excursions – and not only to Sussex: the lightweight satellite tags fitted to the birds on release have revealed wanderings all over the country. One was even recorded soaring over the Houses of Parliament.

Eagles have always inspired us, their mastery of flight and imperious demeanour making them emblems of prestige ➔

'People have been in their gardens and seen an eagle flying a thousand feet above them. They never thought they'd see anything like that in their lifetime'



RETURN OF THE KING
The white-tailed eagle, the largest bird of prey in the UK, is being reintroduced to the south coast

GETTY, PAUL SAWER/RSPB-IMAGES.COM



the world over. Sadly, they also have their enemies. The fears and misconceptions behind the bird's original demise – notably that they take lambs – still cause rumblings in Scotland. Dennis believes that the decline of sheep farming in the Highlands has seen eagles scapegoated for wider troubles.

Problems on the Isle of Wight have been negligible. One farmer complained he'd lost six lambs, but when the local project officer produced satellite maps to prove the eagles' alibis, he backed down. 'He admitted he'd had an awful day and thought he'd blame somebody,' said Dennis. Elsewhere, farmers have been pleased to have the birds on their land. 'We're seeing that the eagle interacts with a much wider public than just birdwatchers,' Dennis explains.

He describes one unexpected story from a paraglider. 'The guy was struggling to gain height when suddenly he saw an eagle, which zoomed straight past him and into a thermal that he hadn't seen. He followed it up to 2,000 feet. Imagine!'

Today, eagles are a major tourist draw. On Mull alone they are thought to generate an income of £5 million a year, and Dennis sees similar potential for the Isle of Wight. Already there are places where, without disturbing the birds or trampling farmers' land, people can watch the eagles flying out to sea. He hopes that when they eventually breed (touch wood), they will choose protected locations where discreet watch points can be built.

So, apart from tourism, why bring back eagles? 'What we're doing is not some little vanity project,' Dennis insists. 'We're providing a service for the nation.' He explains how a healthy food pyramid needs its apex predators, and how eagles control populations of prey species that, unchecked, disrupt everything from ground-nesting birds to insects, skewing the ecological balance.

The Isle of Wight eagles have also been demonstrating their natural clean-up role, by weeding out animals that are damaged or sick. 'They're taking the ones that are easiest to get,' Dennis says. 'They definitely fit into the system.'

Such principles were not always understood; even many conservationists were opposed to 'interfering'. But times have changed. Sea eagle reintroduction is now part of the Government's 25-year plan. 'Nowadays people recognise that the future of the earth relies upon biodiversity,' he says. 'I think they are more prepared to listen. It's about the future of our grandchildren.'

Does Dennis have any regrets? 'My big mistake

Fyi WHITE-TAILED EAGLES

Largest bird of prey in UK

33 years
Maximum recorded age

2.45m (8ft)
Maximum recorded wingspan

94cm (37in)
Maximum recorded length

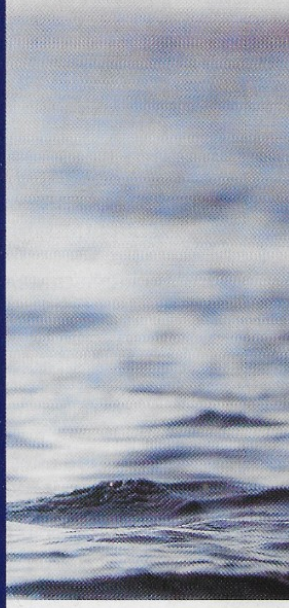
2 Average clutch size (number of eggs), 2-5 days apart

70+ days Average fledging time (from hatching to first flight)

1000-1,400 pairs
Estimated British breeding population in 500 AD

2 x 3m (6ft 7in x 9ft 11in)
typical size (diameter/depth) of a well-used nest

7.5kg (16lb 7oz)
Maximum recorded weight of a female, 15-25% bigger than the male



FEAST FOR THE EYES
A white-tailed eagle swoops on a fish. Below left: Roy Dennis, aged 11, with a jackdaw and a shelduck. Below right: the Isle of Wight team (l-r) Steve Egerton-Read, Tim Mackrill, Ian Perks and Roy Dennis





'Nowadays people recognise that the future of the earth relies upon biodiversity. It's about the future of our grandchildren'



was not to try for more,' he says, lamenting a missed window of opportunity in the 1970s, before bureaucracy intensified. 'I think if we'd pushed for beaver and lynx then, we could have got them in. The beaver should be in this burn [stream] below my house and the lynx should be up in the woods, and they're not.'

Today, finally, beaver reintroduction is happening. But lynx? Surely that's quite a beast to have roaming our little island. 'No one would know they were there,' Dennis assures me, explaining how this elusive cat has been reclaiming lost ground across Europe, slipping unseen into forests and controlling destructive deer populations. 'It'll be here within five years,' he insists. 'I used to say: "before I die",' he adds, chuckling.

It is hard to imagine Dennis winding down. He is more worried than ever about the biodiversity crisis but equally excited about the future.

'The possibility of doing good things now, with the support of the whole population, is much greater than when I started.' He lists other dreams, from rotational flower meadows on farmland to returning golden eagles to England (our other eagle has always bred in Scotland but, apart from one pair in the Lake District, was exterminated south of the border in 1850). 'We need major change. And I think it's going to come.'

How has Dennis managed to maintain such cup-half-full positivity? I speculate whether it lies in his career-long antipathy for offices; the compulsion of a country lad to work outdoors, getting his hands dirty. He has sometimes wondered why some colleagues stop 'really fighting for nature' once they reach 40. 'I get a hell of a lot of arguments, heartbreak and worries,' he says, 'but I don't seem able to stop. It's nature telling me what to do.'

Now it's the new generation to whom Dennis is passing the baton. 'I really want to encourage young people,' he explains. 'They're going to pick up the problems, and we've got to listen. You just have to say: it's not *if* we're going to do this, but *when*.'

To date, 25 young white-tailed eagles have been released on the Isle of Wight. The first, older cohort are now gravitating back to the island, while the more recent birds are still in peak exploratory mode, wandering as far as Scotland and the Netherlands. All is on track and Dennis envisages a not-so-distant future, in which the species is once again breeding all around Britain's southern coast from Cornwall to East Anglia.

Keep your eyes on the skies.

Devlin	Keith Michael	Dates	1945 - 1952



1951 Senior ACF Soccer Keith Devlin

1st XI Football – 1951 - Senior Prices Army Cadet Soccer Title Winners.
Having left Price's School in 1952, Keith Devlin entered Eaton Hall National Service Officer Cadet School in Chester, and was Commissioned into the Royal Army Ordnance Corps in 1953.

Wikipedia:
In 1943, Britannia Royal Naval College Dartmouth was bombed. It moved to Eaton Hall, Chester, where it continued to train Regular Officers for the Royal Navy until 1946. Between 1946 and 1958 mainly Infantry National Service officers were trained. National Service continued after the war and hundreds of officers were needed for the Army. The 15-week training course was tough and aimed at preparing a Cadet to command a platoon on operations. Many of them did just that in Korea, Malaya, Suez, Kenya, Cyprus and other trouble spots during those years.



1951 Cricket

Later, at King's College, London University he gained an LLB in 1960, a M.Phil. in 1968 and a Ph.D. in 1976.

He was called to the Bar of Gray's Inn in 1964. Deputy Chief Clerk Metropolitan Magistrates Courts Service 1964-66, Deputy Stipendiary Magistrate 1975-79, a Recorder in 1983-84, and a Liaison Judge in Bedfordshire 1990-93. He then left the judiciary to take-on academic work at Brunel University as a Lecturer in Law 1966-71, a Reader in Law 1971-84 and as Associate professor of Law in 1984.



He was a Fellow, Netherlands Institute for Advanced Study in Humanities and Social Science, 1975-76, Chairman of Mental Health Review Tribunals 1991-93, Member of the Consumer …

… Protection Advice Committee 1976-81, held a variety of legal Association posts, a Liveryman of the Feltmakers' Company, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, Joint Founder & Editor of the Anglo-American Law Review 1972-74.

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His two Publications were: “Sentencing Offenders in Magistrates’ Courts” (with Eric Stockdale) 1970 and “Sentencing” 1987

*His Honour Judge Dr. Keith Devlin Ll.B, M.Phil., PhD. 1933-2012

Past Master His Honour Keith Devlin died on 4th. November 2012. Past Master John Ray remembers his friend.

I first met Keith Devlin in 1977 when we moved to our new home a short distance from the Devlin household. Keith and Pamela had been entrusted with the keys by the vendors. We called to collect them and, following a welcoming glass of something bubbly, a rapport was established, and so our friendship grew.



Keith Devlin in 1990



As Master Feltmaker with the Lord Mayor in 1998

When we first met, Keith was a Reader in law at Brunel University, having recently returned from a period working in The Netherlands. In addition, he also wrote several legal books and papers. One such book was on sentencing which, I believe, was regarded by many as the “Bible” on the subject for several years. He was also joint founder and editor of the Anglo-American Law Review.

Keith had been called to the Bar in 1964 but did not practice for very long. Instead he followed an academic career. Whilst at Brunel, he also held various appointments as a JP, deputy stipendiary magistrate and recorder. He was appointed a circuit judge in 1984 and resident judge at Luton Crown Court in ‘91. He was the first academic to be appointed a Judge. The transfer to Aylesbury Crown Court was a welcome one – he had never enjoyed the journey to Luton – driving was not a favourite pastime!

The courtroom was his theatre and he presided over each case with great dedication to detail and fairness. Each summing up had many hours of preparation and burning of midnight oil.

His considerable intellect and wonderful command of language made an afternoon spent sitting in the public gallery a fascinating experience.

He was greatly respected for his dedication to the upholding of the law and his understanding and knowledge of the psychology behind a crime.

It was said that, when sitting during the summer, he would have an ear piece hidden under his wig attached to a radio listening to Test Match Special. This was something he would neither deny nor admit to!

In addition to his judicial duties, he found time to sit on various councils and committees. He was Chairman of the Mental Health Review Tribunal and the Ethics Committee of the Institute of Cancer Research.

Keith eventually took early retirement from his judicial duties due to ill health, but continued to write on legal matters.

In Great Missenden, where we lived, there was a group of us who would regularly meet. In summer we would spend many weekends playing cricket or croquet on our lawn. On one occasion I seem to remember, Keith and our son Christopher had disappeared. Long after everyone else had departed, they were found stretched out on a grassy bank putting the world to rights. Keith was the most senior of our group of friends and was regarded as a father figure – someone you could always go to if advice was needed, his wise counsel greatly respected and warmly given.

Keith joined the Livery in 1989 and that June he invited several of us to the Ladies Banquet – my first encounter with The Worshipful Company of Feltmakers. The following year he was my sponsoring Liveryman when I applied to join. He was elected to the Court in '91 and became Master in October '98. It was through his persuasiveness that I was invited to join the Court after his year as Master. I shall for ever be grateful to him for the opportunities that that afforded me and for the tremendous year I enjoyed as Master.



Keith had several passions. One was reading – his bookshelves packed from floor to ceiling. Another was fly fishing – he enjoyed the solitude and quiet "thinking" time. The other passion, to …

… passion, to which I have already alluded, was cricket. He was a member of MCC and Hampshire County Cricket Club, his home county. I recall spending many hours at Lords with Keith over the years, but I don't remember watching too much cricket!

Keith, as you know, was married to Pamela and they had three children – Stephen, Susan and Philip. He was immensely proud of them all.

Keith will be greatly missed, not only by his family, but by all those who had the privilege and pleasure of knowing him. I am pleased to be counted amongst that number and will certainly miss him, but, as I said at the beginning, there are many happy memories which remain. ***John Ray**

Publication: Sentencing. By His Honour Judge Eric Stockdale and His Honour Judge Keith Devlin. [London: Waterlow Criminal Law Library Vol. No. 5. 1987. xxviii, 283, (Bibliography) 7 and (Index) 5 pp. Hardback £30·00 net.]

Re: His honour, Keith Devlin:" Yes indeed! Keith was Patrick's closest friend at Price's, and remained so until Keith's death… Keith was my eldest daughter's unofficial godfather, and was largely responsible for her going into law…he was a truly wonderful man. His mother and father were very kind to Patrick in their teenage years…having him to stay over weekends, (Patrick at this time was in the care of a dreadful guardian, as a county ward.) Patrick and Keith stayed ever close, enjoying many happy hours as MCC members, and happy Christmas celebrations with both families.

Keith once expressed the hope to me that he would die before Patrick, as he wouldn't be able to bear his loss. It really was a great friendship.

Patrick Nobes and I have tried to encourage his widow Pamela to come to the summer luncheon, and the RAF Christmas lunches, which she used to attend with Keith, with no luck. I will phone her to let her know of your endeavours and I am sure she will be delighted to help."
Janet Ridett.



His Honour Judge Dr. Keith Devlin,
at an SOP Dinner function

It is with great sadness that we have to inform you that, after a short illness, Keith Devlin died on Sunday 4th November in Stoke Mandeville Hospital with his family around him. His funeral will be held at 2.15pm on Thursday 15th November at the Church of St Peter and St Paul in Gt Missenden, Bucks, and afterwards at Missenden Abbey. Family flowers only, any donations may kindly be made to the Royal British Legion or the RNLI, care of Wrights Funeral Services, 106 High Street, Gt Missenden, HP16 0BE.

Pamela and family.

Eulogy by his daughter, **Susan Devlin**

I shall use a childlike metaphor, for which, as my father's eternal 'little girl', I need make no apologies (except perhaps to the late, children's author Oliver Postgate, whose creation I am about to borrow). Bagpuss was a toy cat who belonged to a little girl called Emily. When Emily and her family were not there, Bagpuss had a different life: - Bagpuss was a great cat, a magical cat who, despite his humble toy cat origins, did great things. For Bagpuss believed in justice, and he worked hard to mend lost and broken things and restore them to their rightful owners. He did this with nothing more than the magical stories he spun using his eloquent words and his remarkable imagination. He also had the help of his many, good friends – for as the story tells us, "when Bagpuss woke up, all his friends woke up". Together they did great things. But the story also tells us that "when Bagpuss went to sleep, all his friends went to sleep" and Bagpuss became his true self – just an ordinary toy cat, with all the ordinary faults that any toy cat might have. And despite all his fabulous adventures, the story always leaves Bagpuss there, in his ordinary world, in his ordinary state, at home with his family, as he was. The truth of the story always comes at the end, which is always the same. It tells us that Bagpuss was: "A saggy, old, cloth cat, baggy and a bit loose at the seams.....but Emily loved him".

Eulogy by his son, **Stephen Devlin**

You all knew my father. You all presumably liked him. You all know about his sometimes subversive sense of humour; his intellect; his love of cricket; his enjoyment of a good wine; his Mastership of the Feltmakers……..His Honour.

I'd like to tell you a few things, on behalf of Philip, Susan and myself, that you may not have known, as only the three of us knew him as Daddy. He was also a midwife, a cartoonist, a story teller, a fisherman, a National Service Second Lieutenant, a technophobe, an epicure and a music lover.

A midwife? Well, Susan's appearance here proves it. She was born at Boswell's End in Wendover, and it was my Dad who delivered her. Talking of Boswell's End, that was where many of the tales that he loved to tell were first told. He loved a tall tale. And there always had to be a fall guy. If it was an army tale, it was Private Tweedy who was the butt of the joke. If it was a tale from his adolescence or as a young man, then it was Patrick Ridett's turn, or if it from his childhood, then it was my late Uncle Terry who was the victim. His other brother Colin was of course too young to be ridiculed. But it was never unkind, and in all instances it was with affection. We always knew they were tall tales, but my father was reasonably consistent with detail, so they must have been based in fact. Allegedly.

Talking of Private Tweedy, my Mum told me a couple of days ago that she and my father bumped into Tweedy completely by chance in their Streatham days. He was by then a bus conductor on the number 59 …. And he refused to take a fare from them! My father also told some wonderful bedtime stories, no doubt influenced by the likes of Lewis Carroll and C S Lewis, but delightfully original, and these stories which he recorded on tape, so we could listen to them over and over again, naturally had to feature Stephen, Philip and Susan as the heroes. Especially Stephen!

My Dad was a very able cartoonist, though he probably did not consider himself as such. He used to draw Christmas and Birthday cards for each of his children when we were young. Only when I saw a few examples some years later did I truly appreciate how good he actually was. He also designed and made a superb Advent Calendar when we were all very young. It was a beautifully painted Alice in Wonderland themed design, complete with silver glitter, and each door when opened contained not a liquorice allsort, but a little scroll, containing a clue as to where the allsort could be found.

He loved fly-fishing. From quite a young age until he was well into his fifties. He even made his own flies. He used to go to Latimer Lakes, sometimes before going on to Court, and he was the fly-fishing equivalent of Jimmy Greaves it seems, as he always seemed to come back with a full bag. Philip or I occasionally went with him, but we were both completely useless fishermen. My mum had to gut the fish afterwards, so she came to hate trout, and my dad decided that the fish had started to look at him in a funny way, so he stopped eating it too. So they were given away to neighbours (ungutted), or more usually ended up as cat food. Yes, trout is cat food in our family!

He wasn't very good with technology. He didn't like it, and it didn't like him back. Many is the time when the video or DVD remote just would not work for him. He would ask me to have a go….and it worked perfectly first time, EVERY time. We reckoned that his body's electrical field may have been too strong. It started as a joke, but over time we came to actually believe it. He was also a random button presser, but he was only able to randomly and accidentally turn things ON that he didn't want. He was never able to randomly and accidentally turn them off! He also became very adept at accidentally recording the same programme multiple times when he got digital tv for the first time earlier this year.

I mentioned he was an epicure. He certainly liked good food and good wine, but he also had some more bizarre tastes. Sild in tomato sauce, with Smash and broad beans anyone? He loved music of course, but he had just a few favourite albums or artists that he was particularly fond of, which we as children heard played over and over again, night after night. Personally, if I never hear the soundtrack album to the film Cabaret again, then it will be too soon! He also used to like the Mamas

and the Papas, the Seekers, the Carpenters and even the Monkees. He refused to admit that any of it was “pop” music though. [He was never that fond of the Beatles interestingly enough. He used to disparagingly refer to them as the Ladybirds, blissfully unaware that there actually was a group called the Ladybirds.] Safe to assume that he preferred classical then!

He did have his idiosyncrasies of course, for example he occasionally bought items that must have seemed like a good idea at the time. To him and nobody else. These included a band-saw (why?), a croquet set (have you seen the slope on our back lawn?), a ridiculously expensive musical box and a yoghurt maker. All used once or less! I’m sure that many better examples will occur to me later. Which is always the way! How can I possibly cover a lifetime in a few minutes. I can only scratch the surface, and I’ve of course left out more than I’ve told. I don’t feel that I have really been able to properly do him justice in only a few minutes, but maybe it’ll spark conversations and shared memories later in the Abbey. Anyway, he was a wonderful dad in my book. My Dad. Our Dad.

Diment	Nigel	Dates	1968 - 1973

I hope this will help in gathering information for the upcoming celebrations in 2021.

I attended Price’s during the period 1968 – 1973 with no notable achievements during my school days, although somehow managed to leave with 7 ‘O’ level, 3 ‘A’ levels and completion of an RAF Flying Scholarship.

Not knowing what I wanted to do next (except for being a successful sailor) I worked for Cyanamid during the week & sailing at weekend as a member of the GB 470 team being considered for the 1976 Canadian Olympics. Needless say coming consistently 4th – 6th in the pre-selection races meant we were not chosen and eventually dropped in 1974. However, during the 3-year period after leaving Price’s I had finally decided what I wanted to do and in 1976 returned to full-time education studying Pharmacy and Chemical Engineering at UCL. Graduating in 1979 I joined Eli Lilly’s graduate program, but left in 1980 after being introduced to an opportunity in Zambia, Central Africa.

The project was to help design, build and then commission a purpose built pharmaceutical facility supplying essential drugs for both the home and export markets The project was funded partly through the World Bank / African Development Bank & Lonhro. The Bank of Zambia and both Zambian Ministries of Commerce and Health were also heavily involved and consulted. The facility was formally opened by the President of Zambia in 1983 – Kenneth Kuanda and I stayed on in an operational role until 1987. My experiences whilst in Africa were wide and varied and not only involved understanding the cultural and business challenges – but also having to contend with being fired on by armed terrorists, experiencing a plane crash, being bitten by a snake and having to explain why there was an AK47 in the boot of my car when stopped at a road block. On reflection it was a tremendous opportunity to understand the Global challenges that people were and continue to be faced with.

After returning to the UK in 1988 – I re-joined Eli Lllly and continued my career in various roles with the company including New Product Introduction of 5 new drugs into the Japanese market. This was a new commercial development area for the company – especially with Japan being the 2nd largest Pharmaceutical market at the time.

Having completed this challenge I was offered a similar role with Norgine in 2008 and have continued to develop my career with no intention of retiring from the world of pharmaceuticals yet. There is still much to do – as the present challenges that we all face prove testament to.

David – Firstly I can confirm that I was awarded a Flying Scholarship and did take part in the 72 Hampshire Schools Regatta together with Nigel Groves, Jim Lamont, Leo Fox, Tim & Jon Powell, Paul Mason & others – By coincidence 5 of us are more or less grouped together in this snip from a school photo (also 1972 I believe). I recollect Mr Hedley organised our participation in the regatta but because we were a late entry – could only do so if we provided a rescue / support boat. We were able to do this as I had a fast 16' day cruiser although as a result I could not sail my International Moth. At the time all of us were based and competed out from Warsash Sailing Club rather than events being organised by the school. I have lost touch with Mr Hedley (if still alive?) and in reality with the others, although occasionally we do bump into each other. If you have any of their contact details – it may be worthwhile contacting them so that a combined effort can be put together – esp. from Mr Hedley. **Nigel Diment**

1972 At the Hampshire Schools' Regatta Senior's Challenge Cup winner.
See the Sailing Report in the Minor Sports Chapter

Dimmick	Geoff	Dates	-1962

As I left to go to Loughborough in the summer of 62 I lost touch with the goings-on at Prices and until I read the write-up I didn't realise that the Lands End race continued for so many years.

I don't know if it is any interest or use to you, but I did a degree in Chemical Engineering at Loughborough (Alan Wells also was at Loughborough at the same time doing industrial chemistry) which incorporated a year in industry at Winfrith Heath. This kindled my interest in the nuclear industry, and more specifically thermal hydraulics. From there it was an MSc in chemical engineering at the university of Notre Dame in Indiana, USA, followed by a job at Chalk River Nuclear Labs (CRNL) in Ontario Canada
.
After a few years working in corrosion both by liquid metals, and of nuclear materials in a reactor environment including testing of advanced nuclear fuels in reactor test loops, I moved into thermal hydraulics, specifically out reactor testing of fuel designs to determine the heat transfer limitations...generally critical heat flux. Because of the cost (12 MW electrically heated test rigs operating at 10 MPa are very expensive!) all Initial testing was done using fluid to fluid modelling with various Freons. This was an area that I enjoyed and extended it to post dry-out heat transfer (this is after the accepted critical heat transfer limitation has been exceeded) and then into modelling of supercritical heat transfer, (we were interested in increasing the thermodynamic efficiency of nuclear reactors by adding a supercritical water topping cycle).

I could ramble on for hours but won't! At about this time the "red tape" of doing research (you had to prove that an idea was going to work before money was released to show that it was viable) became too much so I said enough and retired.

I hope that I haven't bored you too much, but that is my working career in a nutshell.
I can remember my father saying to me "Geoffrey, make sure that you get a job that you enjoy". I did just that, and would say exactly the same to any young person getting into the job market nowadays.

Take care and stay safe.
Best regards

Geoff Dimmick

Some Lion magazine content	1961 represented the School at the second annual Schools' sailing races sponsored by King Edward VI School, Southampton. After their win they were acclaimed by the Southern Evening Echo as Champion schoolboys of the Southampton area. For Cams House, and with Warde, won the inter-house Senior sailing competition.

Dimmock	Rear Admiral Roger, C.B.	Dates	1943-1952



Roger at Scout Camp at Southwick House. Photo was taken at Whitsun Camp in 1948 which was at Southwick House.

In his own words: "Royal Navy, 1953-1988 and from then with Archer Mullins Ltd. As Director of Manufacturing and Marketing Services.

Displayed a total lack of ability for academics but played some sports tolerably well. Owed much in later life to Royds' scouting and Tom's Cadets.
Featured regularly in Headmaster George Ashton's caning books.

Devastated never to have been in the "Remove" class.
Interest include RNLI, Hockey Association, golf and swimming.

Enjoying his wife's superb cooking with a slurp of wine.

A member of the Royal Navy Club, the Royal Albert Yacht Club and the Institute of Directors.

Wikipedia:

Educated at Price's School, Dimmock joined the Royal Navy in 1953 and specialised in naval aviation. He commanded the frigates *HMS Berwick* and *HMS Naiad* He was appointed Chief Staff Officer to the Flag Officer, Carriers and Amphibious Ships in 1978 and given command of *HMS Seahawk* in 1980 before taking command of the aircraft carrier *HMS Hermes* in 1982. He went on to be Director of Naval Air Warfare at the Ministry of Defence in 1983,



Dimmock laid the wreath at the Remembrance Day Service at Fareham in November 2005.[3] He died on 6 May 2014





Smoke billowing from the crash site as Dimmock descends by parachute.

EDUCATION

Date of Birth 27 May 35; Prep School , Pakefield; Price's School, Fareham 1946-53

RECORD OF SERVICE

Entered RN 13 AUG 53, Sub Lieutenant 12 JUN 55, Lieutenant JUL 57;
Lt Cdr. 12 JUL 65; Commander 31 DEC 69; Captain 30 JUN 76; ADC to HM the Queen 7 JAN 85;
Rear Admiral 5 FEB 85

Flying Career



1953 Aviation Cadet BRNC; 1953-56 Flying training with US NAVY at Pensacola and Operational courses at Lossiemouth, Qualifying as Pilot(RN) and Pilot (USN), 1956 Joined first Squadron (895) at RNAS Brawdy,
-Subsequently served in (800 and(738) (Seahawks)

1959 Qualified as Qualified Flying Instructor (QFI), Subsequently served in (803) and (800B) Scimitars. Thence (801) Buccaneers



RN Supermarine Scimitar



Buccaneer

Served in and flew from 5 Carriers Bulwark Albion Ark Royal Eagle and was CO of Hermes relieving Lyn Middleton post Falklands conflict



HMS Bulwark



HMS Albion



HMS Ark Royal



HMS Eagle



HMS Hermes

PRINCIPAL APPOINTMENTS

AS COMMANDER

1970-71 HMS BERWICK in COMMAND; 1971-73 RAF HONINGTON as SNO RN detachment; 1974-76 MOD duty with NAVSEC as AIR Appointer

AS CAPTAIN

1977-78 HMS NAIAD in COMMAND; 1978-80 CSO & CAPT AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE to FOCAS; 1980-82 HMS SEAHAWK in COMMAND(NAS CULDROSE); 1982-83 HMS HERMES in Command; 1983-84 MOD as DNAW; JAN-FEB 85 as DNSD

AS REAR ADMIRAL

Director of Naval Staff Duties from January to February 1985 then later Naval Secretary in 1985 and Flag Officer Naval Air Command in 1987.

He retired in 1989. In 1958 Roger Dimmock married Lesley Patricia Reid; they had three daughters.

Obituary, c/o The Telegraph 20/07-2014



Rear-Admiral Roger Dimmock as a young midshipman

Rear-Admiral Roger Dimmock, who has died aged 78, had a narrow escape when the aircraft he was flying malfunctioned and crashed at the Farnborough Air Show; he later became Flag Officer Naval Air Command.

On September 1, 1958 Dimmock, then 23, flew his Sea Hawk jet-fighter in a formation of seven aircraft of 800 Naval Air Squadron putting on a display at the show. Having taken off from the carrier Ark Royal, they had successfully demonstrated precision landing and take-off, and performed a perfect loop-the-loop, when a fire warning light showed in Dimmock's cockpit, and he calmly asked for permission to peel off. He skilfully guided his burning aircraft away from the airfield towards Blackbushe airfield. Twenty thousand spectators watched as it roared over the busy A30 and suddenly nosedived.

Dimmock's aircraft burst into flames and scattered wreckage across Blackbushe . Suddenly a speck of white was seen hanging in the air beyond the smoke: at the last minute Dimmock had used his automatic ejection seat.

A naval spokesman said laconically: "He did well and avoided a bad accident." Dimmock's wife of eight weeks was in the crowd and rushed to the scene in a car to find him sitting on the ground nursing a broken ankle. Next day the naval flying display continued with a replacement pilot

Roger Charles Dimmock was born at Fareham on May 27, 1935 into a naval family. His grandfather had been lost in the armoured cruiser Good Hope at the Battle of Coronel on November 1, 1914; his father would serve as a yeoman of signals in the Second World War.

Educated at Price's School, Fareham, Roger had a brief spell working for a bank in London before joining the Royal Navy as an air cadet. He learned to fly with the US Navy at Pensacola, Florida, and joined his first operational squadron, 895 NAS, in 1957, flying the Hawker Sea Hawk .

Dimmock's crash at Farnborough was not his only accident. On December 8, 1962, while practising a stall during a recreational flight in a Tiger Moth over Lossiemouth, the engine failed to restart. He made a successful forced landing in a field, but the aircraft cartwheeled.

In 1964-65 he was part of the squadron of Scimitars which experimented in air-to-air refuelling, and in 1969-70 he flew the Blackburn Buccaneer low-level bomber in 801 Squadron. The next decade was spent in general service or staff appointments.

On promotion to commander in 1970-71, Dimmock commanded the frigate Berwick in the West Indies. He was then senior naval officer at RAF Honington (1971-73). After a further two years as personnel director, he commanded the frigate Naiad at the Fleet Review to celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977. From 1978 to 1980 he was chief staff officer to the Flag Officer Aircraft Carriers.

In the early Eighties, Dimmock commanded the Naval Air Station, Culdrose, where the Duke of York completed his flying training, and, after the Falklands War, he took command of the veteran carrier Hermes. His last appointment as a captain was as Director of Naval Air Warfare.

As a rear-admiral, Dimmock was Naval Secretary responsible for naval personnel policy and appointments, and in 1987-88 he reached the pinnacle of his career as Flag Officer, Naval Air Command.

In a flying career which spanned 34 years, Dimmock flew more than a score of different types of aircraft, from biplane to jet and helicopter, logged 3,552 flying hours, and made 489 deck landings at sea on five carriers.

He was appointed CB in 1988.

Roger Dimmock married, in 1958, Lesley Reid, who survives him with two daughters; another daughter predeceased him.

Rear-Admiral Roger Dimmock, born May 27, 1935, died May 6, 2014



The **Most Honourable Order of the Bath**

The **Most Honourable Order of the Bath** is a British order of chivalry founded by George I on 18 May 1725. The name derives from the elaborate medieval ceremony for appointing a knight,

which involved bathing (as a symbol of purification) as one of its elements. The knights so created were known as "Knights of the Bath". George I "erected the Knights of the Bath into a regular Military Order" He did not (as is commonly believed) revive the Order of the Bath, since it had never previously existed as an Order, in the sense of a body of knights who were governed by a set of statutes and whose numbers were replenished when vacancies occurred

The Order consists of the Sovereign (currently King Charles III), the Great Master (currently vacant) and three Classes of members

- Knight Grand Cross (GCB) *or* Dame Grand Cross (GCB)
- Knight Commander (KCB) *or* Dame Commander (DCB)
- Companion (CB)

But, before all of this stuff, involvement in at least 5 different ways of enriching his life and that of the School: 1951 1st XI cricket	1949 Bronze RLSS Medallion, 1950 Bronze Medallion Bar. 1950 As a junior, played Table Tennis very well. Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1951. 1953 Standard up with the best in the Club. 1st Xi Hockey Captain 1952. 1952 Badminton team + 1953



1951 1st XI Cricket

Doggett	Peter	Dates	1968 - 1975

ALL THE THINGS I LEARNED AT SCHOOL



The creative legacy of Price's . . . ?

In Woodwork, I learned how to slice into my thumb with a saw, and render even the simplest of objects useless with the clumsy gouge of a chisel. From two years of Music, I can remember the rumba rhythm (1-2-3-1-2-3-1-2) and the teacher yelling with exasperation that 'I've made bigger boys than you cry'. (She never showed us how.) And Art? I must have studied Art, maybe for a year, perhaps two, but I have no memory of a classroom, a teacher, even a single painting.

During a first-year English class, the genuinely inspiring Mr Johnson chuckled genially at my sketch of a horse – an assignment presumably designed to improve our understanding of Steinbeck's The Red Pony – and said: 'That's even worse than one of mine'. It was not meant unkindly, but I heard it as an irreversible judgement on my artistic potential.

I took his verdict to heart because he inspired loyalty and encouraged reading off-piste. Mr Johnson represented the radical wing of the Price's teaching staff, divided as it was between those who traced the decline of England to the death of Queen Victoria, and those who dared to cast off the masters' uniform of shabby dark suit, dandruff and chalk dust. (Mr Johnson's sports jacket was green, or so I recall.) Another youngish English master – the same one who taught us the futility of war, via Wilfred Owen, in the morning, and then donned officer's garb for Army drill in the afternoon – even broke school protocol by reading a class of innocent 13-year-olds the most incendiary passages of Laurie Lee's Cider with Rosie. Before he began, he pulled down the blinds so none of his seniors could see and swore us to secrecy.

Such moments of inspiration were rare and usually off the syllabus. Mr Payne – that most surreal of creatures, a PT instructor who suddenly started teaching English – indulged my 15-year-old exercises in social satire, inspired by a diet of Molesworth, Monty Python, Test Match Special and I'm Sorry I'll Read That Again. Mr Gros, who sometimes seemed to have been sculpted to personify the Edwardian era, introduced me to the joys of A.G. Macdonell's England, Their England. A more representative Price's experience was the eighteen months or so it took us to read Walter Scott's intolerably verbose and circuitous novel Guy Mannering around the A-Level English Literature class. Yet the same laborious teaching style infected me, and at least one of my contemporaries, with a lifelong passion for the work of Coleridge, proving that genius can survive even the most barren of scholarly climates.

It wasn't Price's that taught me to love language (Coleridge aside); to sing harmonies (the Beach Boys did that); to challenge accepted thinking (that was prompted by the banal revolutionary rhetoric of John Lennon and Jefferson Airplane); or to relish the philosophical and verbal challenges of modernism. But there was one way in which the school triggered my enduring love of literature, and provided foundations for a career as a writer.

I grew up in a house without books, though my parents compensated with regular visits to the library, where I uncovered pleasures and provocations unavailable elsewhere. When I joined Price's, the volumes in the school library were even older and shabbier than the masters. But around 1973, I returned from the summer holidays to discover that the dusty stock had been replaced by shelves of colourful literary hardbacks, a virtual A-Z of 20th century classics,

from Amis (K.) to Zola. It was there that I discovered, to my delight, authors who seemed to be speaking to me and for me: Scott Fitzgerald and Aldous Huxley spring immediately to mind. They and many others nurtured the enthusiasm for literature that Walter Scott was designed to kill – proving to my satisfaction that the most important education in life (he said pompously) happens by accident rather than design.

Peter Doggett (1968-1975) Author of books on popular music and cultural history : https://www.peterdoggett.org/about

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In 2019, Atria Books (US) and The Bodley Head (UK) published Peter Doggett's biography of CSNY - the rock supergroup officially known as Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.

As he did with his best-selling *You Never Give Me Your Money*, Peter chronicles how four tempestuous, wilful and uniquely talented musicians came together in a spirit of hedonistic optimism, achieved intense fame and commercial success, and then saw their dream and their personal bond decay.

The CSNY biography is the latest in a series of critically acclaimed books in which Peter has subjected aspects of rock and pop history to forensic analysis, with great narrative skill. Like his groundbreaking history of rock's collision with radical politics, *There's a Riot Going On*, his CSNY book examines the glorious idealism of the 1960s counter-culture, and its inescapable decline.

Peter has been writing professionally since 1980. After more than two decades as a magazine journalist and editor, interviewing hundreds of musicians, authors and other public figures, he has worked for the past fifteen years as a full-time author.

His major books include:

ARE YOU READY FOR THE COUNTRY (2000)
The history of rock's turbulent encounters with country music, from Hank Williams to the Americana movement

THERE'S A RIOT GOING ON (2007)
The definitive history of rock and radical politics - the late 60s/early 70s era when rock stars posed as revolutionaries, and revolutionaries masqueraded as rock stars.

YOU NEVER GIVE ME YOUR MONEY (2009)
The untold story of the Beatles' break-up, and its forty-year aftermath

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD (2011)
A detailed study of David Bowie's life and work in the 1970s

ELECTRIC SHOCK (2015)
The complete history of popular music and the world it created, from the birth of recorded sound in the 1890s to the era of Spotify and the iPhone

Besides his writing career, Peter has acted for more than thirty years as a consultant for major London and New York auction houses dealing with rock and pop memorabilia. His specialist areas include recordings and manuscripts, and he has been involved in the authentication and sale of previously undocumented items related to artists such as the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Elvis Presley and Bob Dylan. He has also provided confidential insurance valuations and expert advice for major archives of recordings and related documents.

Peter has taken part in many TV documentaries about rock, pop and cultural history, and has been a regular contributor to BBC Radio. His discussion about grime with John Humphrys on *The Today Programme* was only one of the highlights of a broadcasting career which has led him to appear on all of the BBC's main networks, from 6 Music to Radio 3.

In the 2010 UK General Election, Peter stood as an official Green Party candidate. He has also trained as a humanistic counsellor and life coach. He lives in London and Sussex with the performance artist and painter, Rachel Baylis.

Wikipedia:

Peter Doggett (born 30 June 1957) is an English music journalist, author and magazine editor. He began his career in music journalism in 1980, when he joined the London-based magazine *Record Collector*. He subsequently served as the editor there from 1982 to 1999 after which he continued in the role of managing editor.[4] He has also contributed regularly to magazines such as *Mojo*, *Q* and *GQ*

Doggett has written extensively about the music and legacy of the Beatles. In the 2001 edition of Barry Miles' *The Beatles Diary*, he supplied commentary on each of the band's official releases (later compiled in his and Patrick Humphries' 2010 book *The Beatles: The Music and the Myth*). In 2003, he was part of a team of specialist writers and critics – along with Mark Lewisohn, Ian MacDonald, John Harris, David Fricke, Miles and others – who authored the three-part *Mojo: Special Limited Edition* series on the Beatles.

In 2009, his book *You Never Give Me Your Money: The Battle for the Soul of The Beatles* was published in the UK by The Bodley Head. The *Los Angeles Times* described it as "remarkable and included the work in its list of the ten best books of the year. According to Beatles historian Erin Torkelson Weber, *You Never Give Me Your Money* is "one of the most influential books in all Beatles historiography".

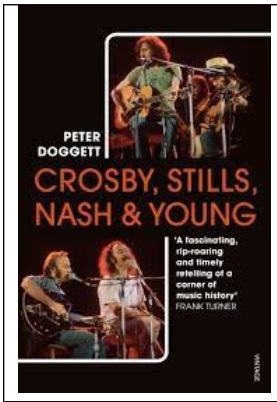
Among Doggett's other titles, *Are You Ready for the Country* (2000) documents the advent of the country rock genre. His book on rock music's role in 1960s countercultural ideology, *There's a Riot Going On*, was published by Canongate in 2007 and was voted "Best Book of the Year" by *Mojo*'s readers.[1] His more recent books include *The Man Who Sold the World: David Bowie and the 1970s* (2011) and *Electric Shock: From the Gramophone to the iPhone: 125 Years of Pop Music* (2015)

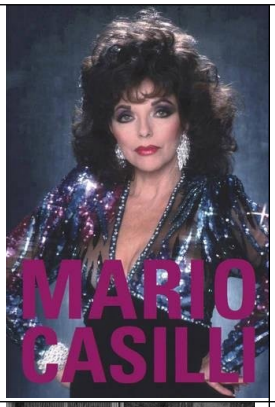
Doggett also works as a consultant for auctioneers of music memorabilia, specialising in the authentication of manuscripts and recordings. He has written CD liner notes and otherwise assisted in reissue campaigns of works by the Kinks, the Hollies and Tom Jones.

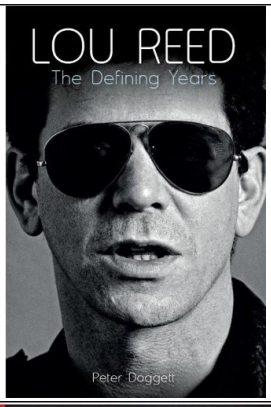
In the 2010 UK General Election, he stood as the Green Party's candidate for the seat of Fareham in Hampshire, the same town in which he grew up. He lives in London with his partner Rachel Baylis, an artist. The couple have two daughters, Catrin and Becca Mascall.

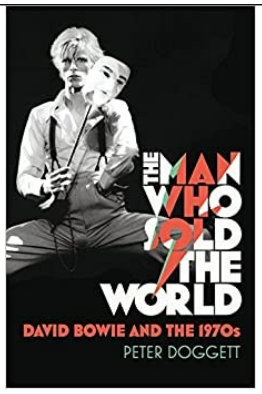
Published works

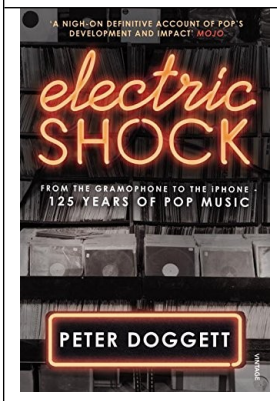
- ***Lou Reed: Growing Up in Public*** (Omnibus Press, 1995)
- ***Classic Rock Albums: Abbey Road / Let It Be: The Beatles*** (Schirmer, 1998)
- ***Are You Ready for the Country: Elvis, Dylan, Parsons and the Roots of Country Rock*** (Penguin, 2000)
- (with Sarah Hodgson) *Christie's Rock & Pop Memorabilia* (Billboard Books, 2003)
- ***The Art and Music of John Lennon*** (Omnibus Press, 2005)
- ***There's a Riot Going On: Revolutionaries, Rock Stars, and the Rise and Fall of '60s Counter-Culture*** (Canongate, 2007)
- ***You Never Give Me Your Money: The Battle for the Soul of The Beatles*** (The Bodley Head, 2009)
- (with Patrick Humphries) ***The Beatles: The Music and the*** *Myth* (Omnibus Press, 2010)
- ***The Man Who Sold the World:*** *David Bowie and the 1970s* (The Bodley Head, 2011)
- (as Rufus Lodge) ***F**k: An Irreverent History of the F-Word*** (The Friday Project, 2013)
- ***Electric Shock: From the Gramophone to the iPhone: 125 Years of Pop Music*** (The Bodley Head, 2015)

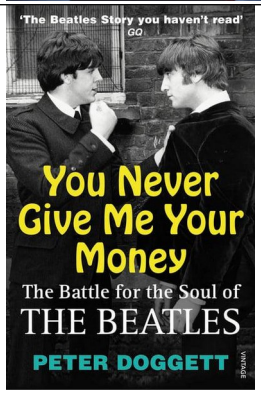

PETER DOGGETT
CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG
'A fascinating, rip-roaring and timely retelling of a corner of music history'
FRANK TURNER

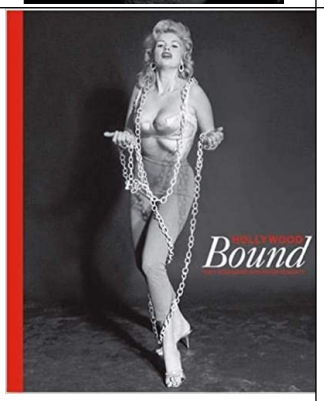

MARIO CASILLI

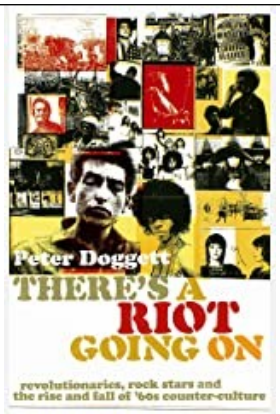

LOU REED
The Defining Years
Peter Doggett

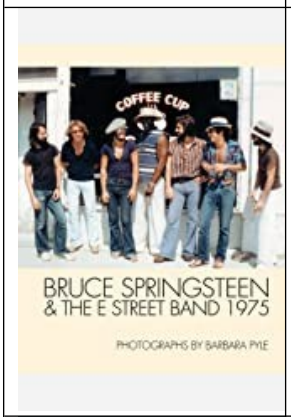

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD
DAVID BOWIE AND THE 1970s
PETER DOGGETT


A NIGHT-ON DEFINITIVE ACCOUNT OF POP'S DEVELOPMENT AND IMPACT' MOJO
electric SHOCK
FROM THE GRAMOPHONE TO THE IPHONE - 125 YEARS OF POP MUSIC
PETER DOGGETT


'The Beatles Story you haven't read' GQ
You Never Give Me Your Money
The Battle for the Soul of
THE BEATLES
PETER DOGGETT

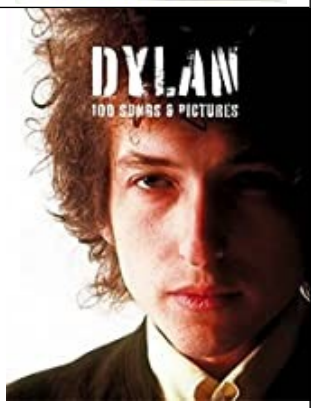

HOLLYWOOD
Bound

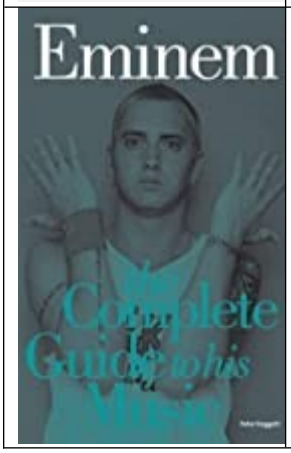

Peter Doggett
THERE'S A RIOT GOING ON
revolutionaries, rock stars and the rise and fall of '60s counter-culture

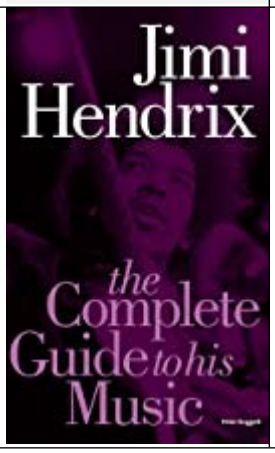

COFFEE CUP
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN & THE E STREET BAND 1975
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARBARA PYLE



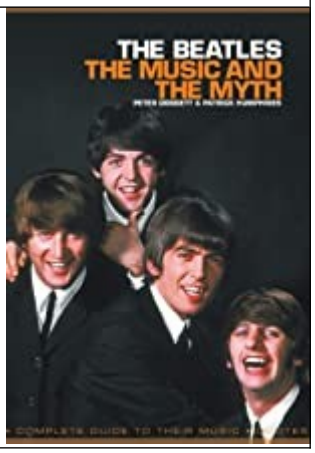

CLASSIC ROCK ALBUMS
ABBEY ROAD / LET IT BE / THE BEATLES
PETER DOGGETT

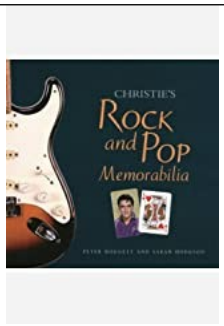

DYLAN
100 SONGS & PICTURES


Eminem
The Complete Guide to his Music


Jimi Hendrix
the Complete Guide to his Music

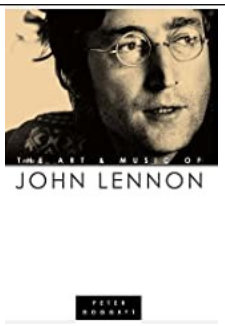

RECORD COLLECTOR
CLIFF RICHARD'S EARLY UK SINGLES
NIK KERSHAW
YARDBIRDS RARITIES
MUDDY WATERS

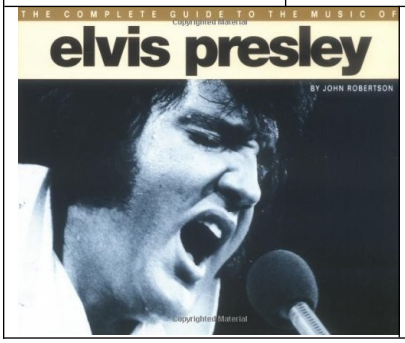

THE BEATLES
THE MUSIC AND THE MYTH


CHRISTIE'S
Rock and Pop
Memorabilia


the summer of 1968


Peace
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
FOREWORD BY
AFTERWORD BY


JOHN LENNON


THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE MUSIC OF
elvis presley
BY JOHN ROBERTSON
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THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE MUSIC OF
The Beatles
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THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE MUSIC OF
LED ZEPPELIN
NIRVANA
MADONNA
THE BEATLES
BOB MARLEY
U2

Draper	Chris., J.	Dates	1929 - 1933.



He became known to thousands of Fareham people as an authority on Fareham Local History, Hampshire Flora, and on Hampshire and U.K. Geology. His untimely death in 1982 continues to be a loss to Fareham

Roy E. Daysh

DEATH OF MR. J. C. DRAPER; CONSERVATIONIST & ARCHAEOLOGIST

Mr. J. C. Draper, partner with is brother Eric in the family uilding firm of J. W. Draper Sons, Limited, of Titchfield, ied at his home, 3, East-street, areham on September 10th. he family had always been ssociated with Fareham, Titch- eld, Catisfield and the sur- ounding villages. Mr. Draper as born at Chiphall Cottage, ear Wickham.

Mr. Draper, "Chris" to all is friends, was an outstanding xample of a gifted amateur ho became a specialist in any subjects. He collected nything, and livery buttons, rewery labels and old accounts re some of the more frivolous tems which spring to mind. low right he was! His primary nterest, however, was in Natural History, particularly ild flowers. He knew and rotected the sites of wild rchids, photographed and ctured on wild flowers of Hampshire and further afield, nd . frequently travelled to witzerland to take photographs f Alpine flora.

An old boy of Prices' School, areham, he joined his father's rm at a relatively early age efore the last war. From this ork sprang his interest in con- ervation and preservation, and is ability to "see" the original onstruction of old properties nabled the firm to under- ake magnificent restorations. hrough him Union-street, areham, was restored, and itchfield Market Hall was oved to the Open Museum at ingleton. He undertook the estoration of the great barn t Segensworth House, and more ecently he was looking forward o the raising of the "Mary ose." Equally important was is ability to communicate his nowledge and enthusiasm to thers and to inspire them with he desire and will to save that hich might have been lost.

A further and very important nterest was kindled in him by Mr. Rogers and Mr. Rankin, his time in flint and prehistoric mplements and sites. He moved head of builders and road and otorway constructors, search- d farmlands and coastlines for igns of prehistoric settlements, nd he revolutionised ideas on he prehistory of the area. Many f the present generation of rchaeologists owe their prim- ry interest and knowledge to im, and many returned to him or help and information. The nitials J. C. D. are to be found t the end of many Societies' roceedings together with cknowledgments.

Mr. Draper was an honorary life member of the Portsmouth Museum Society which he helped to form in 1953 and belonged to the Hampshire Field Club and Archaeological Society, the Prehistory Society and the Council for British Archaeology.

Locally he was a founder member of the Fareham Branch of the W.E.A. in 1960, of the Fareham Society, The Fareham Loalc History Group, the South Hampshire Archaeological Rescue Group and the Titchfield History Society. To all of these he regularly contributed articles, gave lectures around the district and took parties on guided tours of Fareham and the surrounding market towns and villages. Recently he taught a practical course in flint working at Southampton University.

He leaves a widow, Hazel, to whom he was married for over 30 years, four children and two grandchildren. His wife's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hatchett lived until recently at Soberton Heath.

A humble man, Chris was always willing to listen and learn at discussions and lectures, but his contributions to these discussions often taught the lecturer more than he or she had ever known before!

He will be sadly missed not only by his family and many friends but also by the members of the many societies to which he contributed so much. Long may the inspiration of his work continue.

Donahoe	Dick	Dates	

Junior Steeplechase **Winner** 1956.
Junior Steeplechase **Winner** 1957.
Senior Steeplechase 3rd 1958.
Highest number of Steeplechase race wins – 3.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1958.
Rejoined the 1959 Badminton team.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1959.
Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist).
Minor Victor Ludorum 1954.
Minor Victor Ludorum 1955 (Max. Pts.)
Junior Victor Ludorum 1957 (Max. Pts.).
Senior Victor Ludorum 1958.
All time, cumulative top athletics 3rd place scorer.

It has proved difficult to open a dialogue with Dick, assuredly one of the School's Sporting "greats"

Drover	W.H.	Dates	

"BEHIND THE SCENES."

VI. – Starting Life as a P.C.

(**W. H. DROVER,** P.C. D272) 12 / 1931

A recruit's training at the Birmingham City Police School, Digbeth, acknowledged to be the standard Police School in England, occupies all his time. He starts every week-day at 8.30 a.m., and on three days a week (Excluding Saturday – half day) he finishes at 4.30 p.m., and on those days he goes on street patrol with a uniformed constable from, 6 p.m. till 10 p.m. The remaining three days he finishes at 5.30 p.m. Every evening he is given law definitions to learn, upon which questions are asked next day – at weekends he gets three times as many to learn. Every day for the last hour before the dinner time he has drill under the instruction of a Swedish professor, who, I suppose, is the least liked man in the school. One can be sure of being thoroughly tired after finishing, but it makes one wonderfully fit. During the first half hour of the last week at school the recruit is kept running around a room slightly larger than the tin hut. Everything in this class is done to time; anyone caught slacking deliberately goes to the Superintendent of the man's division or his Chief Constable (twenty or thirty other Police Forces send their recruits to this school).

School work is varied by lectures from various experts, such as the Chief Inspector of the C.I.D., Fingerprint experts, and the Prosecuting Solicitor. Squad drill and swimming also form part of the training. A recruit has to pass out in the following subjects before leaving school:- Police Duties, Arithmetic, English, Boxing, P.T., Squad Drill, Fire Drill, Swimming and First Aid.

All single men in the Force "live in" at the various stations, and are governed here by Station House Rules. The object of this is to have men always on reserve. In these days of so many Labour meetings it is common to be informed the day before that "all single men are confined to quarters."

A man's first year in the Police Force is very binding. Upon leaving the Police School, after three months' training, he has to go to Night school for a further three months, for three days each week, and he has to pass out in Arithmetic, English, Geography, and Civics. After about ten months' service he has to pass his Final, consisting of Arithmetic, General Knowledge, and Police Duties (the exam lasts of four hours).

In the school I went up with, we started off with 32, and we have 24 left. Two resigned the first month, one had to resign for failing to finish a manuscript book within a certain time, two more had to resign for failing night school, two more were dismissed for loitering on night duty and one was killed when his motorcycle collided with a pedal cycle (this man shared a room with me).

When a man comes on the streets in uniform for the first time he does anything from six weeks to three months on night duty, which gives him a chance to get used to the uniform and certainly gives him a little confidence.

Now that the driest part is over things become more interesting. To be left to your own resources in the middle of the night is different to having a few instructors behind you. On my fourth night out I found a fire in a timber yard at 3.30 a.m. It was burning strongly and required three turbines to get the fire under, and the firemen played on it till 6 a.m. Upon running to the nearest fire alarm after finding the fire I was surprised to find myself doing just what the instructor used to tell us, "Break the glass with your staff, take out the key, unlock the door, turn the handle of the 'phone, lift the receiver, and upon hearing the fireman speak, give him your information", "Fire,, timber yard, Messrs, --- --- ---Road, going well." Firebells at this hour in the morning gives one a slight sensation, to say the least.

One can certainly say that Policeman's life is interesting, but I am not agitating for more recruits, especially under the new conditions.

The Day's WORK.

1. **A Working Day by the "Man on the Beat."**

(By **W. H. DROVER**). 12/1933

A day in the Placeman's life can be very monotonous, especially if it is one of a succession of uninteresting days, but the following description will be a full 24-hour day of an imaginary P.C., but not imaginary incidents.

The day starts on a wet morning at 6 a.m., late in October, when the parade marches out of the Station, with capes on in the semi-gloom, when half the street lamps are out and the other half drooping. Man after man drops out at different corners, as they come to their beats, till all we have left is the man we are following all day. When he reaches his beat, probably ten minutes after having left the station, off he starts trying doors and the backs of lock-up premises (for an insecure door not found by him is a "crime"); with many "Good mornings" to the regular passers-by, chiefly postmen, milkmen and railwaymen, for on this beat is one of the goods depts. of the L.M.S. Railway.

At 7.30 a.m., recognised traffic posts having been taken up by other men, auxiliary posts are taken up owing to the rush of factory traffic, which is due in at 8.0 a.m. Everything goes smoothly for about 20 minutes. The P.C. is getting nice and wet in the middle of the road, and is willing just as much for the "bull" to go as the workpeople are. At about 7.50 a.m., however, a car pulls up by the P.C., and somebody shouts, "There's an accident back at the last crossing." A 'bus going that way is just passing and the P.C. catches the driver's eye, and the 'bus is slowed down enough for the P.C. to jump on. The inevitable crowd has gathered on the corner, and, jumping off the 'bus and pushing his way through, our friend finds a man lying, unconscious, on the pavement, by the side of a

damaged motorcycle, and also a pedal cycle. Examining the patient, at the same time asking those standing around for the history, he finds that the man has a fractured right leg and is suffering from concussion. He sends one of the crowd to call an ambulance, and others for an old sheet, to tear into bandages, and a piece of wood to act as a splint. They soon return, and he quickly has the patient "put up" and returning to consciousness. A few particulars are taken concerning the accident from the uninjured cyclist, before the ambulance arrives, and they are off to hospital. Arriving at the casualty department the patient is taken into a cubicle and examined by a doctor. Upon arrival here the P.C. telephones to the Station and informs them where he is, also arranging for the friends of the injured party to be informed, and for the motorcycle to be removed. Owing to the seriousness of the injury, the patient is detained, and off goes the P.C. back to the Station to make out his report.

Out once more on to the streets, he picks up where he left off, possibly with a message, which no one likes to deliver, to inform some person that some relative of theirs has died in hospital. Here a few words of sympathy, and possible first-aid if the shock proves too great.

Between 12.30 and 1.30 is another busy period, with people going home for a meal and then returning to work, and we find our friend on another busy crossing, sorting out cyclists, The afternoon passes without incident, excepting the information from a child that he has fallen in the park pond, and doesn't know quite what to do about it (thinking probably that with a police escort he will get off lightly when he gets home). A penny is sufficient for the train fare, but the P.C. carefully notes the youngster, in case the trick might be worked again.

In the evening we see our friend, with a recruit in plain clothes, showing him the "ropes." (The Birmingham Police School which trains for all the Midland Counties, and places as far South as Southampton, has for part of its curriculum three nights each week set apart for patrol with a uniformed P.C.). The rain has come on steadily again, but they still plod on, relieving the point-duty man for a few minutes. Here a motorist pulls up and reports an accident. Particulars are being taken and entered, when the regular point-duty man appears, and is rather amused as he has missed at least one report when he comes "off." A few days good-natured remarks are passed, and the P.C. and his recruit are off once again. Pulling him into the side of the wall, the P.C. says. "See that man pulling that barrow? He is -, a well—known criminal; and it is worth your while to keep an eye on him if you see him out."

It is now about 9.0 p.m., and quite dark. Turning off the main road into a quieter street, a youth is seen riding without a light on his pedal cycle.

10 p.m., and the Night Duty are out. Gone are the silvered fittings to top, front and sides of the uniform, and in their place are dull black ones, for they are not quite so conspicuous. We see our friend paired up with another P.C., and they work "double" for an hour, moving from one public-house to another, quietly clearing away the people bunched all over the place and obstructing the footway. A few are defiant, but a few sharp words and they are on their way.

A woman comes toward them, says a few words, and off they go down a side street into a courtyard of about a dozen houses. Inside, the third from the left, they hear sounds of great rending and upon stepping into the doorway they see the occupier busily smashing all he can lay hands on. It is another family quarrel. (This man was still at it at 4 a.m. the next morning.) After five or ten minutes of argument comparative quietness reigns, and with the threat of further proceedings, if it starts again, off move the two P.C.'s.

A few minutes conversion ensues, and with "I'll see you in the morning," our friend moves off. Further down the road he notices that a glass has been broken in a fire alarm box. Ringing up the Station, he ascertains that a call has been received, replaces a new glass, and closes the door. Still further down the road, and now close on midnight, he tries a shop door and he finds that it swings

open. Throwing back his cape over his shoulders, and switching on the electric lamp swinging at his waist, he examines the door and finds that the catch on the Yale lock has not been slipped. Examining the interior of the premises, he finds the stairs, and, banging on them, he arouses the occupier and brings him down. The premises are once more looked over, reported all correct , particulars are entered, and off he goes once more.

Turning around the next corner and across a level-crossing, he examines the locks of the brickyard office, and from there into the yard itself. A few words with the man in charge, chiefly about the weather, and off once more, around the next corner where a car is seen standing, apparently abandoned. Approaching it, he is just about to examine it, when the driver appears and with "A rough night, tonight," jumps into his seat and drives off. Did that P.C. hear smaller footsteps running up an entry near-by?

A motor coach passes, crowded with people apparently returning from a dance. Stops down the street, and drops a few passengers before gliding off once more.

4.0 a.m., and after meeting the Section Sergeant, and a few minutes' conversation, off again, finding it still colder but with little comfort from the wet cape.

4.30 a.m., and a clanging fire bell; it grows louder, and in a few minutes a turbine, followed by an escape, tears by. Making his way quickly to the scene, which proves to be one of the largest storerooms of the G.E.C. (this fire kept fireman at work for about three weeks.) Machines arrive every minute, together with more policemen, till our friend is one of a number hurrying away to close the road to traffic.

6.0 a.m. arrives, together with some day men to relieve, back to the Station to report "off," and then for a good sleep, which after all, is what he has been after all night.

Many things occur during a tour of duty and general rules that apply, but circumstances are different, and a policeman escapes the monotony of repetition work; a keen and observant man can always have a variety of "jobs" to do, so that the profession, these days, has many advantages.

Duffy	Michael	Dates	1955-1963



Dr Michael Duffy

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My main research interests cover all aspects of the British response to the French Revolutionary and Napoleon and I have published on the political, diplomatic and military/naval aspects of that era. I also have wider interests in maritime and in naval history since 1689

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Vice President (1993-6, 2004-7) and member of Council and of publications committee, Navy Records Society since 1993

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ED: Mike Duffy was in the same intake as was I. A clever lad right from the start, our respective paths separated after the first year – allocated according to alphabetic sequence of surnames. He has made a major contribution to the Lion Pride story of the William Price family, working closely with Paul Gover and in support of establishing the place of Charity Schools in the National educational movements – in the process illustrating how Governmental and Religious contexts affected the well-being of our School.