	**Price's Who's Who?, Part 2** **" K" Surnames**

Kahn	Nick	
Kebble	Dr. Paul	
Keemer	Peter Charles	1943 – 1950
Kenway	Revd. Dr. Ian Michael	1963 - 1969
Kenway	Revd. Robert (Bob) Andrew	1972 - 1974
Kiddle	Peter	1955 - 1963
Kilford	Roy	1949 – 1957
Kill	David	1963 -
Knight	Arthur Edward	1937 -
Knight	Mark	1970 - 1977
Knight	Michael	1968

Kahn	Nick	Dates	



Nick Kahn originally learnt to play classical guitar and this led him to write some beautiful instrumental pieces performed together with Mick Daysh and Jackie White on flutes. He has since gone on to write and perform fine songs, often accompanied by his daughters Anna on bass and Eleanor on guitar, and by Mick Daysh on flute.

Comment by Kevan Bundell

Jan 1970 Part of a growing band of would-be Folk Musicians, gathering around Chris Bard, Dave Cummins and "Tink" Wood. 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. 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.

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.

Kebble	Paul	Dates	

My Mum & Dad left Norton Drive around 1976 and moved to Meonstoke, and in 1979 I left home and enrolled at Bishop Otter College to become a ..... PE Teacher!!! 🙂

Since then I've had quite a journey, teaching PE, Maths & English (ESL) in 8 countries worldwide (UK, Barbados, Portugal, Borneo (Brunei), Malaysia, UAE, Singapore and Australia) . I went back to UK to do a Master's at Pompey Uni in applied linguistics in 1995/6 and later achieved a doctorate here in Australia. I was lecturing in Education for a while, and now academic and professional communication in Health Sciences, which I thoroughly enjoy.

I am married (again) with 2 beautiful daughters, the eldest studying medicine and the youngest still in primary school (yes, I started the family thing quite late). I've attached a couple of pics of me and my family.

Anyway, I remember fondly my life in Norton Drive and your family, and that extends to you as a role-model (I'm sure you've never considered that 🙂).

Dr Paul Kebble
Coordinator - Academic and Professional Literacy
Faculty of Health Sciences
Curtin University



Curtin University acknowledges the traditional owners of the land on which Curtin Perth is located, the Whadjuk people of the Nyungar Nation; and on our Kalgoorlie campus, the Wongutha people of the North-Eastern Goldfields.

From: Charles Tuck <charles@allez.co.uk>
Sent: Friday, 27 August 2021 11:57 PM
To: Paul Kebble <paul.kebble@curtin.edu.au>
Subject: The Norton Drive connection

Hi Paul…..I was extraordinarily disappointed to read that by the end of your time there you absolutely hated Price's. After all the passion, enthusiasm, care & devotion from a dedicated staff in attempting to improve the lives & futures of the brighter young brats in Fareham & its surrounds, all you get for your trouble is a feeling of hate for the establishment!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Very,very sad!!

I also fell out of love with the place once it became a Sixth Form College!….& moved on.

You may have realised Dave Hall has forwarded to me the various emails & also "The Lives & Times" of Dr.Paul Kebble. I have not read anything from the epistle except a few lines from Chapter One, hence being aware of your "love" for the school that WAS on Park Lane, now a residential estate, & which you imply was the best thing that could have happened to that site!!! When I get some time I will no doubt read on from Chapter One, but it does seem pretty long & even though just retired from the business I set up, I don't seem to have that much spare time.

I see you were in my form at one stage(no disrespect but those times are long ago) & you came to the Channel Islands on the 1st XI cricket tour…..as a scorer. How did that happen? A lad by the name of Ian Attfield was the 1st XI scorer for many years…..could he not make it?.....& Dave Hall wonders if he was on that tour? Dave was my captain of cricket for the 1969 season I seem to remember , but he says I invited him on one tour to the CI when he had left school. I presume people like Terry Morton, Simon Whitby, Mark Hartley & Ian Corkett were on that trip. Every year they get together at Terry Morton's place in Bursledon with wives…..they go to watch some cricket, play some golf & have one quite special dinner/supper to which Sue, my wife & I get invited to. Do you remember if my wife went on the tour you did?

I see you went on the Nevasa…..was I on that trip? Between about 1971 & 1975 I went on 3 educational cruises…..2 on the SS Uganda & 1 on SS Nevasa….. the Nevasa cruise I was on, was literally her last voyage before going to the far east to be scrapped. I got to know quite a lot of the crew on that trip & got invited to quite a lot of below deck farewell parties ; there was also quite a lot of crew emotion/tears as a fair number of them were saying goodbye to what had been their second home for a number of years…..& then a few weeks later that ship would be no more!

You mention Richard(Dicky) Hall. Strangely enough I met him in our local pub, the Thomas Lord, only last Tuesday. It was the first time I'd seen him in years ; he'd been fishing at Meon Springs, near here, with (do you remember him?) Glenn Williamson…..& they told me they were going up to the Scottish borders fishing next week with a gang of Dicky's old Price's mates. Thomas Lord, founder of Lord's cricket ground, is buried just 60 yards from my front door.

I see you may be writing something for the Price's 300 years celebrations which have been postponed from this year to next because of COVID. I was asked to write a piece about my years

there & now I seem to have got drawn into helping with the celebrations…..I'm attending a meeting on Wednesday with a working party & then another meeting later on with the Old Priceans Society committee. Don't wish to get too deep with OPS committee!

Do I assume you will be attending these celebrations next May down in Fareham ?

No.10 Barker Road, Subiaco, Perth is the home of Peter Farley, brother of OP Ian Farley. Sue & I have done the Trots next to the WACA, the Freo Doctor at the WACA, the Swan, Rottnest, Freo., Cottesloe etc.etc. Peter is sadly suffering from Dementia, although his wife Deborah is fine. I played cricket with Peter for Gosport Borough CC years ago. One of their daughters Daisy teaches English at one of the private schools in Perth……the others are in the Eastern States.

Anyway good to hear about you….hope to give the epistle a read before too long.

Keep well & get all Australians vaccinated ; then you'll be able to travel everywhere including Fareham next May!!! Do you remember Mark Bascombe? ……he's in Melbourne & is married to the daughter of one of Australia's former top jockeys, but just forget the name!!

Cheers, **Charlie Tuck.**

From: Paul Kebble [mailto:paul.kebble@curtin.edu.au]
Sent: 30 August 2021 02:59
To: Charles Tuck <charles@allez.co.uk>
Subject: Re: The Norton Drive connection

Hi Charlie

How wonderful to hear from you! You, and Price's, had a very positive impact on me, regardless of what my memoirs say (that's a narrative for effect). It is true I was happy to leave at the age of 16, and the last couple of years were in some ways a struggle, possibly through discovering my own limitations! But I don't think I'd be in the position I am today without the support and academic nurturing I received at Price's, particularly in my first 3 years. And you feature prominently during that time, as a PE teacher, a form teacher, and I'm sure you taught me maths at some point. I certainly remember you teaching me, and the other less able sporting pupils, the rudiments of rugby league! As our form teacher, you invited Philip Hunt & I to come along to Jersey/Guernsey as general helpers and dogs-bodies, and I seem to recollect 'helping' with the scoring, although that was putting up the scores on the scoreboard, not the associated paperwork. I also remember staying with a lovely family in their beautiful home (I have pics somewhere from that trip). As for the Nevasa trip (or was in Uganda), which would have been 1973/4, I don't remember you, your wife, or any other staff (I was probably too self-centred to consider anyone other than me), but I do clearly remember some of the amazing places we visited (Italy, Greece, Cyprus & Turkey), as well as an altercation with some local 'lads' on a bridge in Venice!

Living next door to the 'Halls' for many years meant we were reasonably close as families, and I remember Dave, Jackie and Richard very well. If you see Richard (Dicky) again, please remember me to him and remind him of the time he and I saw white ghosts near the old, ramshackle summer house behind our gardens, and went running and screaming for our respective parents - turned out to be bee-keepers! Being that much older than Richard and me, Jackie and Dave were awe-inspiring and amazing role-models; sporty, attractive and intelligent, and maybe why I ended up a PE teacher

myself (not for long, though). I also became an international rugby player, union of course, for Barbados, but you'll have to read my book to find out more 🙂

I would be more than happy to contribute to the Price's 300 yr celebrations, although I'm not sure what; as you've pointed out, I have caused you immense disappointment and don't wish to be the catalyst for other professionals' despondency. Having said that, and having been a teacher all my life, I know perfectly well that your sentiments are an exaggeration 🙂. By the way, and talking of ex-staff, my first teaching position was at Slindon College, a job for which I was forced to apply, interview and accept by the PE teacher, Nick Pinney, who was also the captain of the rugby team I played for (Chichester). The deputy-head was an ex-Price's English teacher from my time at Price's, whose name I have forgotten, but who was unceremoniously sacked for forging his MA qualifications.

I see you are now living in West Meon, a beautiful area. My parents retired to Meonstoke at more or less the same time I left Price's (I like to tell people without telling me). They were both very unwell and were forced to retire (very) early, but enjoyed their life in the Meon Valley tremendously. I occasionally spent time there, but had a wonderful 2 years with my Mum in the mid-90's until her demise in 1996.

So, here I now am, an Ozzie, but still retaining an English accent, as I am regularly informed. Most of my time in Aus was spent in Cairns, in the tropical North of Queensland. More recently, here in Perth, although I did spend 2 years here 24 yrs ago and have an interesting relationship with the place. My first wife lives here, I married and divorced my second wife here, I met my third wife here and now live here with my 4th!!!!! Along with having lived in 8 countries worldwide and having never worked for more than 3 years in any one job, you can see why I have lived a very transient life!!

My wife and my 2 daughters and I were hoping to come back to UK for a visit this year, and for obvious reasons, haven't. Planning on next year, so will endeavour to attend the Price's celebrations. I read with interest the article you forwarded, and what a load of crap! The vast majority of us do not feel like 'prisoners' and are very proud of how we have protected our population, particularly the more vulnerable ones. To date, UK (pop 66.6m) has had 6.7M cases with 132000 deaths, whereas Australia (pop 25.3m) has had 51000 cases and 1000 deaths, and UK isn't the worst scenario. Certainly here in Perth we have had little impact from Covid (until now) although understand that at some point borders will open and Covid will arrive. I am fully vaccinated and my wife will be soon, as will my eldest (20) daughter, but my youngest (7) won't be (yes, I came to fatherhood quite late).

Again, I am delighted you have found the time to write to me and am more than happy to continue a conversation, including contributing to the 300 yr celebrations, if I am able.

Very best wishes and keep safe, **Paul Kebble**

Keemer	Peter Charles	Dates	1943 - 1950

Peter Keemer remembers Price's during the War.....

Most of the interesting and amusing recollections of Price's staff have been about the post-war contingent - after my time. Here are a few memories of wartime, mainly short term and temporary, people (men and women), in no particular order.

'Boggy' Marsh who walked with a limp and a stick and took 2nd form maths and history; relatively normal with no special characteristics except difficulty in hearing boys' names - 'Hardy?' - no Sir 'Har**ding** - **ding**'; thereafter known as 'Dinger'.

Pincher Martin from Ireland (art and woodwork) who couldn't bring himself to give less than 10 out of 10 for any piece of work, so awarded 11 and 12 out of 10 for anything remotely talented. Fairly free with detentions, which were entered in pencil and had usually disappeared by the time the detention register was taken back to its place in the corridor; slightly embarrassing when he relented and sent for the register so that he could delete an entry.

A little French lady (can't remember her name) who looked round the door and said "Are you ready for me boys?" and then went away when she got the inevitable response.

She was succeeded by a very glamorous Mrs Longworth, who left on becoming pregnant amidst much wishful thinking among the more senior boys!

'Fluff' Jewel (music) whose efforts to form a respectable choir were regularly thwarted as our voices broke.

Miss Harcourt (RI) who glared at anyone who called her 'Miss' until they added her name; this was an open invitation to 'Snaky' Bedford to bait her: 'Miss'; 'Miss Harcourt, Miss'; 'Miss Harcourt, Miss Harcourt ....Miss' etc. She usually gave up first.

Later we had Mr Howe for RI who had a ramshackle ? Austin 7 known to the boys as Sennacherib's Cylinder.

Dr Braham (chemistry) best remembered for his more famous son , a Wing Commander pilot who came to the school to tell us of his exploits in battle.<

That we survived all this was probably due to the efforts of the stalwarts who were not called for military service - Bert Shaw, Thacker, Ron Garton (I'm glad someone mentioned his frequent use of "Now this is the point" as 'The Point' was one of his nicknames in our era). Royds Jones ("**The** Wick" to our generation which I always took to indicate a schoolboy corruption of the vicar). And not forgetting Jim Shaddock (physics), who valiantly demonstrated experiments which were usually wrecked when someone walked across the shaky floor of "laboratory" in the temporary first world war army hut; and Olly Johnson (Latin) - famous for being arrested by the Italian authorities for "spying" when climbing in the Alps with Martin Privett just before the war. Olly devoted much tlc to the cricket pitches and regularly wanted boys to stay after school to pull the mower while he steered; "c-c-c-can you mow, boy?"

(the irreverent ode to the staff at the time included for these two:

"A little low-hung white-haired job called Jim,
who - at the best of times - looked very grim;
"A relic of the Carthaginian war;
"sh - sh - shet up, you; D - D - Ditchburn, c - c- can you do some more?"

- can anyone remember any more of this?)

Finally, a tribute to George Ashton, who managed to teach me enough maths to get a respectable place in the open civil service competition. And that's enough of these ramblings which, if at all, will only mean anything to the geriatric OPs.

On your latest e-mail about the Victor Ludorum, it was as I recall it, one of the few trophies for individual performance (most were for House teams) and with the 3,2,1 scoring system went to the real all round athlete on Sports Day, not just those who were brilliant at one or two events.

Best wishes **Peter**

"Life & times"

School. The five members of the Keemer family were evacuated from Portsmouth to Burridge in 1940 after Grandma Keemer was killed in an air raid. A kindly relative provided two rooms in a bungalow, rather cramped conditions but much safer from Hitler's attentions

The village school run by an unqualified but caring lady had a dozen pupils (age 5 to 14) sitting round a large table. After about a year a transfer to Sarisbury Junior School and in 1942 with one other boy entered for the Scholarship exam. Success in that led to joining Price's in Form 2A in September 1943 and sitting next to Phil Watts, who became a lifelong friend.

Academic performance was quite good, with a respectable School Certificate and Higher School Cert. But not the standard which might lead to a university scholarship. The Watts/Keemer team took George Ashton's advice to sit the Civil Service Executive Class open competition. High enough in that list to be offered a post in the Exchequer & Audit Department (now the National Audit Office) - the attraction being that it provided professional training and offered a good career structure.

Always the smallest members of the form throughout the school, so sport was not a strong point but Phil played cricket for the Ist XI – and Peter acted as scorer!.

The big wide world

The public service career was preceded by the compulsory National Service (for men but not women). One of the more attractive ways of spending those two years was the Royal Army Education Corps and the Watts/Keemer team opted for that. After passing out as sergeants both were posted to Germany, Phil to Celle and Peter to Minden to be attached to the Essex Regiment.

Some of that generation had a very poor basic education due to the war and its aftermath. A few conscripts in the Essex Regiment could not read and write. The RAEC was able to remedy some of that and hopefully did some good.

A valuable new experience of life in the Sergeants Mess was rubbing shoulders (at 18) with many who had served in the war and were "battle-hardened". One in the Essex Regiment had been a prisoner of war in Japan – a ghastly experience.

The first ten years in the audit business, starting with the professional training and learning the trade, were quite uneventful. But three years based at GHQ in Singapore provided a rather better lifestyle (with an Amah to do the chores) than was possible with London civil service salaries. There were other plusses. My wife was a qualified teacher and did some teaching at one of the Singapore schools for expat kids. She had an assistant, Julia Hull, the daughter of the Commander in Chief,

General Sir Richard Hull. When he and his wife were away on duty, Julia and her sister invited us to parties they organised at "The Residence"

Another Old Pricean, Tony Purkis, was working in Malaya at that time, researching the industrial uses of rubber. He and his wife, Pat, lived at Kluang, 100 miles north of Singapore, and the two families got together and became good friends, a friendship that continued when they were all back in UK. Sadly, Tony developed dementia in later life and died in 2019. The following year Pat was in hospital for routine surgery when she contracted COVID-19 and died.

In 1962 a career changing event was the appointment as Private Secretary to the Comptroller & Auditor General (C&AG). Much of the work was routine office admin but the job also involved regular contact with the senior staff in the Office and in other government departments, as well as members of the House of Commons, and dealing with press calls (no Press Officers in those days). Why me? It emerged later that the number 2 in the Office who was also the senior professional remembered a young chap he had met when passing through Singapore on holiday with his wife and spending a couple of days with the audit team there. That young auditor had been tasked with providing the visitors with lunch and a tour of the Island. The Amah put on a decent lunch and the guided tour must have gone well.

Shortly after the PS job ended in 1965, Sir Edmund Compton retired as C&AG to become the first UK Parliamentary Commissioner for Administration or Ombudsman. He invited me to join him to help to set up the new organisation. When he opened for business in April 1997 he appointed me leader of the team to review complaints and decide whether to take them on. The role carried the Civil Service rank of Chief Executive Officer which officials aspired to in their 50s, if at all. I was 34.

After four years and about 5,000 complaints, it was time to return to audit and manage the team at the Ministry of Agriculture reviewing subsidies to farmers. A rather frustrating time as the audit reports demonstrating considerable waste of taxpayers' funds fell on deaf ears. For example, subsidising the production and storage of potatoes until they rotted because there was no market did not seem a very bright idea. But all political parties supported aid to farmers. So, if not subsidies for unwanted potatoes, something equally pointless?

Promotion to Deputy Director in 1973 provided the escape from all that and coincided with UK accession to the EC The new post was to liaise with opposite numbers in the other eight member states and the EC Commission and other Institutions. It also included being the UK member of a committee set up by the Commission to study fraud in the Common Agricultural Policy. (with the delightful title "*Mission Extraordinaire de Contrôle*"). A mediocre record in French at school (the working language of the EC at that time) was not sufficient reason to give the job to someone better qualified! This role meant being one of the regular commuters to Brussels and other EC capitals.

That post ended with promotion to Director (1978) and coincided with the creation of the European Court of Auditors in Luxembourg. Member States were asked to second staff to support the ECA. I was appointed Director with the task of setting up the methodology, training new staff, editing the Court reports and liaison with other EC Institutions.

While in Luxembourg there was a request from the School of Management at Bath University for some research into the different styles of the audit of public expenditure in European countries. The task fell to me during 1983 -85 and the thesis was accepted for an MPhil degree awarded in 1986

Back to the NAO for the last five years before retirement should have been a fairly quiet time. Sadly, a good friend and one of the Assistant Auditors General was struck down by cancer and I was appointed in his place. That meant membership of the NAO Management Board and head of the unit responsible for the audit of state expenditure for health, social security, employment and Scottish Office. That was about half the state budget – not good for sleeping peacefully!

Fortunately, no major disasters during that period and 40 years after starting as an Assistant Auditor the career ended as an Assistant Auditor (General).

"Retirement"

There was little time to reflect on how to fill the days. A Cabinet Office system which put retired public servants into useful roles produced a job as a member of the Council and Honorary Treasurer of the Institute of Cancer Research. It would be an active time as the Institute was embarking on a £25 million project to re-build and enlarge the laboratories in Fulham Road.

The main task of the Treasurer was to keep the project within the available funds and stop the scientists from making expensive changes to the specification. There was helpful experience from NAO life in the reports about cost over-runs for major contracts for the procurement of weapons and public buildings. There were often too many "fingers in the pie" making "improvements" which the contractors were only too happy to exploit. Costs were regularly three times the approved estimates and completion 5 or 10 years late. Applying those lessons to avoid similar pitfalls, the ICR project was completed on time and within budget – it had to be as there was no spare cash.



Peter Keemer chatting with H.R.H. Prince Charles at a Highgrove House function

A new charity, Breakthrough Breast Cancer, was to contribute a third of the cost of the ICR project in return for a third of the laboratory space for a dedicated Breast Cancer Research Centre. Breakthrough had great potential but the early years had been badly managed. £1million had been misused and the charity was being sued for £½m for unpaid bills. The Charity Commission intervened, stripped the trustees of their powers and appointed three new trustees, including PK, to take over.

As chairman, it was satisfying to get the charity back on track, raise the funds to create the Research Centre and carry on fund-raising to contribute to its operating costs

Other voluntary roles included:

A review with an ex-colleague from EC days of the management of public funds in Jordan, reporting to the Crown Prince, 1992;

External Auditor, European University Institute, Florence, 1994–97.

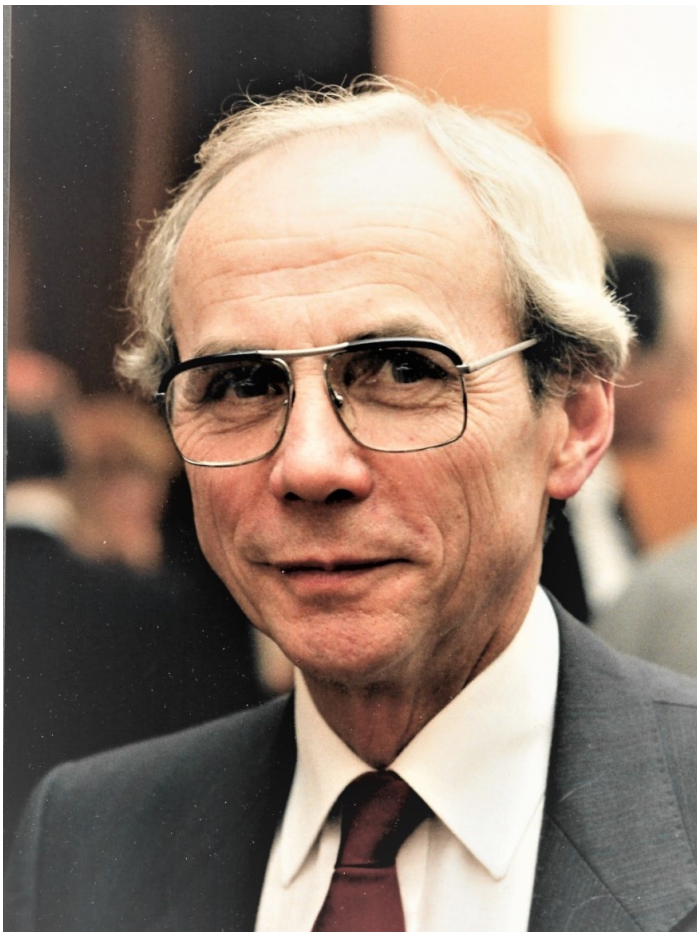
Member of the Conciliation Committee of the EC to help to resolve disputes between the Commission and Member states over the (substantial, €10m+) penalties imposed for the mismanagement of Common Agricultural Policy funds, 2001-06

"Perks"

Travel on duty to various parts of the world provided the opportunity to explore interesting places, including royal palaces. Prince Charles became Patron of Breakthrough and put on a number of events at Clarence House and Highgrove, which the trust chairman was obliged to attend. Auditors

General had periodic meetings at world, Commonwealth and European level and usually included functions hosted by the Head of State. The “bag carrier” was always invited, so palaces or equivalent visited included Kuala Lumpur, Sydney, The Hague and, in London, Buckingham Palace and Lancaster House.

Peter



Kenway	Dr. Ian M.	Dates	1963 - 1969

Nationality: British
Born: 13 May 1952, Fareham, Hampshire, England, UK
Married to Wilgress Audrey Sealey Kenway (née Case) in June 1978 until her death in March 2017

A contact from Ian (2018)

I very much enjoyed reading David Kill's article on SOP website recently and can vouch for its accuracy and fairness.

I was a pupil at Price's School 1963-69 before doing a 'gap year' with the Product Assessment Laboratory, Plessey Company, Titchfield.

Apart from David Kill, the pupils I was closest to at Price's were Chris Retzler, Peter Davey, Peter Olding, Chris Bard, Bob Thomas (we re-connected a few years later at the University of Leeds and much later on Facebook) plus Tim Foster, a year or two above me. I 'rediscovered' Chris Bard when I was working at Church House, Westminster and then at the University of Essex where I was Director of Studies at the Centre for the Study of Theology (Chris would often come over to interview our Wednesday Seminar speakers).

I am enormously grateful for my Grammar School education even though I believe it's time has long gone and we need new educational models that foster and combine excellence and fair access.

In October 2017 I moved to the island of Symi (Dodecanese, Greece) following the death of my wife, Audrey, in March that year in the wake of the extraordinary débâcle of Brexit.

On paper, I'm semi-retired but in reality I'm as busy as ever with my Honorary Research Fellowship at Cardiff University. Currently I am beginning to draft a *Diakíryxi tis Sýmis* (Symi Declaration) about a New World Order/Disorder/Non-Order which re-imagines the world politically from a number of fresh perspectives. (Yes, the spirit of *The Black Lion* never really died!)

Yours sincerely

Ian Kenway

Dr Ian M. Kenway: Director of the Centre for Information Ethics and Public Policy (CIEPP)
and Honorary Research Fellow in Ethics and ICT at Cardiff University.

Ian Kenway later recalls events of the late Sixties

You are correct in thinking Chris Retzler had a younger brother. As I recall (maybe not entirely accurately), Chris was effectively expelled from the school as the chief architect of a mock 'Prize-Giving Ceremony' which took place after one of the school assemblies (after members of staff had retired). However Eric Poyner somehow got wind of the proceedings and re-entered the hall and, mustering every ounce of authority, shouted "Retzler, get off the stage!" He complied instantly! The sad thing is that a number of people had contributed material for the Ceremony (mostly the librarians) and this included myself. I think this event took place sometime in 1968. These were indeed 'revolutionary times'. Part of the impetus probably came, I suspect, from a number of pupils watching Lindsay Anderson's *If* which was shown at the Embassy. Shortly afterwards, Chris and his brother lost his parents in a road accident. I think they hit a notorious bump on the A32 at some speed and simply skidded off the road. A real tragedy.

I last met David Kill circa 1973-74. He'd just finished the first part of his medical training and was about to do a PhD before continuing with the clinical phase. I was about to go off to theological

college. We met in that rather large, drab pub in Redlands Lane (whose name now escapes me – I think it no longer exists) and then walked into the centre of Fareham. As it happens I knew David (and indeed Michael) long before my time at Price's as we lived very near each other (top of Redland Lane/Fayre Road) – probably about 100 yards away. At one stage he and Michael decided to dig their way to Australia. However the project came to a dramatic end when the excavation hit a mains pipe!

After the notorious winter of 1963, my family moved to Sarisbury Green and I used to get the Number 80 bus to Prices (cycling over a mile to catch it each day). In 1966 however the family returned to Fareham and we lived in Giles Close (opposite the entrance to the Cemetery) in a rather splendid house called *The Moorings*. Sadly it was demolished a few years ago.

Effectively, I left touch with Fareham when my parents left *The Moorings,* living in Monkwood, Alresford and Ropley (not at the same time!). Then I lost touch with Hampshire altogether when they moved to Shaftesbury (first at St James's at the bottom of Gold Hill, then at the top, before eventually settling nearby in Gillingham where my mother still lives.)

The last time I visited Fareham was in the summer of 1997 for the funeral of an uncle. I drove around the town before the funeral. So much had changed since 1970. However it's good to know that *The Red Lion* and *The Golden Lion* (of blessed memory) are still flourishing.

Happy memories in many ways…and now I'm going to sign off and spent an hour or so swimming in Pedi (about a mile from here) which re-connects me with my childhood on the Solent – we were always going off to Lee-on-the-Solent, Hillhead and further afield to swim and generally enjoy ourselves with maybe an ice-cream as the crowning pleasure. An, yes, of course, not a mobile phone in sight!!!

With all best wishes **Ian**



Ian, hitherto unknown, included here for the sheer volume of literary contributions to the Lion magazine! A productive trend that continued into his adult, clerical life.

See "Religion in the life of the School" Chapter in Lion Pride.

Don't Live in a World of Fantasy

"Get up,get up.You'll be late for work," a bleak and austere voice echoed in my bedroom. I crawled out of bed and peered out of the window. There, I could see people walking to the studios, the plastic soles of their shoes hammering the grey tarmac below. Yes. — it was like any other morning. I walked downstairs and there I was met by the same abstract hung on one of the plastic walls. I sat down at the table to eat my daily ration of synthesised-protein bread, another idea put into practice by the scientists. Oh, for some real marmalade! First of all, I must explain a little.

You see, the year was 2047, and I was one of the inhabitants of a medium-sized town in Britannia (Great Britain). There were two classes in the town's society. - the scientists and the artists. I was one of the latter. The scientists kept themselves to themselves. They were always totally involved in their own little projects, and seemed cold and remote. The artists, on the other hand, had the one task of providing colour and excitement to this drab, plastic town. The difference between my world and the world of the SCIENTISTS was the difference between reality and fantasy. We were generally hostile to the scientists, although we ought to have held them in the highest esteem, as they invented psychotics and continued to manufacture them.

Psychotics were a special group of hallucinary substances of the aromatic type. These were not drugs, however, as the reader supposes, as they were not addictive, and their effect was limited to about three minutes. In fact, the old, addictive drugs had slipped into disuse and were forgotten. There were no after-effects with psychotics, and they were regarded as being less dangerous to the body than alcohol. Most people in the art-world

took psychotics for cultural inspirations. Although being effective only for about three minutes, they had a "psycho-life" of about a year (psycho-life being for how long the psychotic affects the subject's mind).

The psychotics' influence on society in general was to minimize crime figures, to increase productivity and to further all the arts. The Church's teaching on the use of psychotics was not of abstinence, as you might expect, but of moderation, as the use of psychotics was simply not a moral issue. The legal position was that they could be administered under the correct conditions to anyone over the age of sixteen, for a reasonable price. The administration of them in this town was done in a special room at the town centre, known to the locals as the "Inspiration Room".

I finished my breakfast, and left the house, at about half-past eight, and walked to my studio, in the drizzle. I opened the door of my studio and then closed it and looked at my latest picture. Then I picked up my palette and began to mix up a brown sepia, and applied it to a bare part of the canvas. My working day had begun. The painting I was working on had been commissioned for one of the large stores in the centre of the town. At half past eleven, I stopped work for a cup of coffee which I obtained from the vending-machine outside. I drank the coffee; it was awful.

Then I decided to have a long, critical look at my painting. I stared at it with my aesthetically sensitive eyes. No, this was not good enough; it had neither force nor sensuous beauty. I walked over to it and broke the canvas into two. Now, what could I paint instead? It had to be something striking and original, something that would distinguish itself from all other paintings. I had to have an inspiration. But what? How could one achieve an inspiration?. . . . .Impossible. . . . . But no; not with psychotics . . . . . Nervously, I picked up the 'phone and dialled the number of the town centre. Somebody answered.

"What service do you want?" came the pleasant voice of a young girl.

"The psychotic department," I replied.

"Hold on a minute; I'll put you through," she said.

"Hello, this is the psychotic department; what do you require?" came the deep sound of a man's voice.

"I should like to have a psychotic experience, this afternoon, to help in a picture I am painting," I said.

"What's the name?" said the voice.

"J.K. Jones", I replied.

"There will be a vacancy in about thirty minutes time."

"Oh, that's alright; thank you very much." I put the phone down. I felt very nervous.

I picked up my coat and locked up the studio and started to walk to the town centre. I arrived there at twelve o'clock. Many people were entering and leaving the building. In the entrance, there was a notice which said that

the psychotic room was on the third floor. I used the lift; it was tastefully decorated in a brick-grey paint; then I proceeded to the psychotic room. I pushed the door open and was greeted by a very pretty girl in a plastic suit.

"Hello, sir," she said, "What is the name, please?"

"Jones", I replied.

"Oh, would you like to go into the next room, sir?"

I entered the next room. The walls were splashed with colour. In every corner of the room there was a grand-father clock, and, in the centre of the room, was a high-fidelity record-player. The rest of the room was scattered with plush cushions. There were four other people sitting-up on the cushions. There eyes were bright and alert.

"It's your first time isn't it?" said one of the group, a man with a bronze beard.

"How did you know?" I replied.

"Very simple," he continued, "you're so nervous."

"Yes, I suppose I am." Just at that moment, the door opened, and a woman in a white dress entered, carrying a red box in her hand. She laid it down before us. It was labelled 'Dichloro-monoborate-disulphophosphate-hydrobenzine'.

"Don't be afraid" she said, in a reassuring voice, as she opened the box. Inside, was a metal can and a record. She opened the can and gave each of us a yellow capsule.

"All you have to do is let the capsule dissolve on the tongue, and wait," she said. She placed the record on the turntable and switched off the light. At once, there was a gigantic surge of electronic music with its pulsating rhythms and forced dissonances.

"Place the capsule in your mouth now," the woman said coolly. I did what she said and placed the psychotic capsule on my tongue. It was tasteless.

Almost at once, there was a rushing sound. I lay down on the cushions and closed my eyes and let my mind travel along its own design. . . . . .

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

There was a fanfare of trumpets blazing out a martial tune, each note strident in the extreme. In the distance, a gong sounded, and, from the horizon, came a barrage of mystical colours, exploding all around me; tangerine orange, jaunty yellow, imperial blue, vermilion red, and april green. Next, there was a rattle on the drums, and my vision became blurred, filled with an aqueous haze which, in turn, changed into an azure blue, limitless in its depth and saturation. The drums stopped, and I could perceive, on a lonely, primeval plateau, a group of men carrying a young girl into the sunset, ploughing up the fertile soil. There was the remote wail of a pipe; its ethereal sounds streamed upwards to the heaven, like bubbles, its timbre so subtle and pure as to stand the test of human memory.

Then there was a cloudburst dissolving this image into oblivion and presenting a new one simultaneously. I saw an army of black and white stripes and checks marching towards me from opposite sides in an endless line, resolute in purpose and aim. Aeons of time passed, and at last the merry-go-round came to a stop and the kaleidoscope was shattered, and life returned to normal.

- - - - - - - - - - - - -

Dynamics unleashed, my mind surrenders
To the peace of the world,
From Fantasy to reality.
And now I see the sensuous beauty
Of nature's mystical secrets completed.

I.M. Kenway.

Winter

Dark, the knife-edged agony
Of winter malice,
Dawned upon the burnished
Autumn world; freezing
Darkness black about the
Aged chimney tops;
Night coming swiftly down,
Past the steamy winter
Window frames, while snow,
The white body of winter,
Glides silently above the glowing
Land, carpeting the windswept
Countryside with icy beauty
As the earth sleeps.

The Sand and the Scimitar

Wander along the streets and the stalls,
Looking away from the crowd.
Follow the path which leads to the walls;
The noise is incredibly loud.

Smell the sweet air which flows past your face,
Cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves.
Satin and silk that's spun just like lace.
Tasting the fruit from the groves.

Pass through the arch and walk by the stream,
Crossing the square as you go.
This magical world is more like a dream
Than any other I know.

I.M. Kenway.

Exposition

I'm standing under an egg-shell
sky, which never seems to fade;
touching the leaves of a red leather
plant, they crumble away in my hand.....

I'm flying a kite without any strings,
which soars to the clouds above, drifting
over a mirror lake, it traps the paper
rays.....

I'm looking for the fountain of exstasy,
which is over and beyond the bridge,
brimming with fire and life, its waters
splash the thirsty ground.....

I'm asking the straw-man the way,
and if he happens to know, I might
take you to this quiet place where the
winds never blow.....

I.M. Kenway.

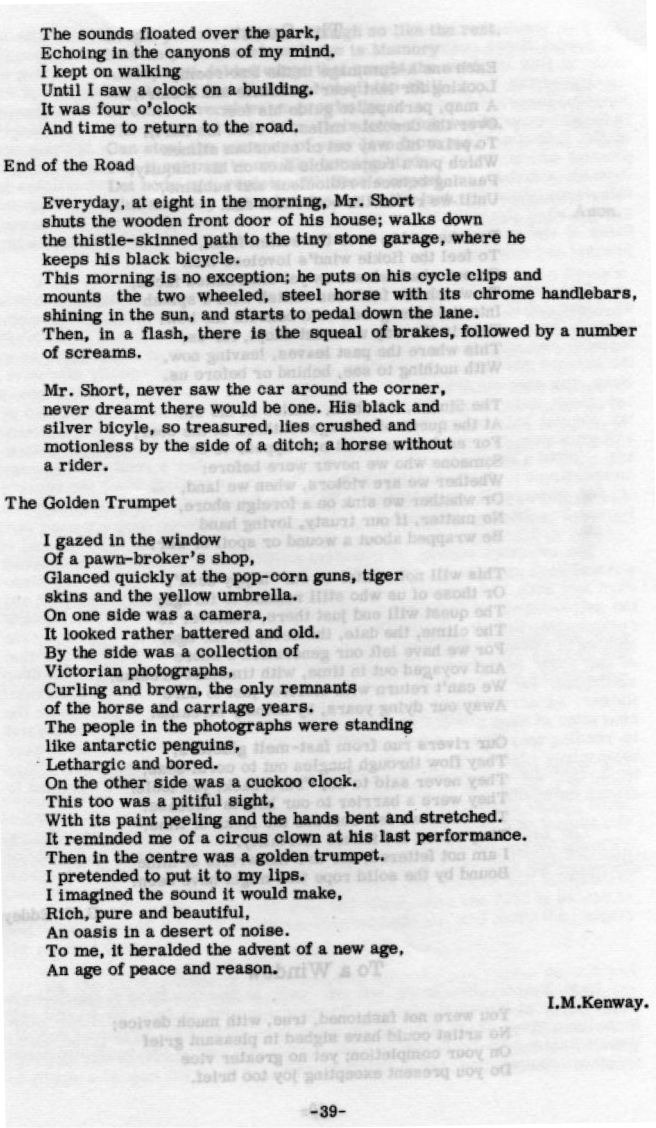
Ideas Unlimited

Merry-go-round

The music gets faster.
Its barrel-organ tunes
and harmonies whirl around
in the air, bizarre but
never exasperating, happy
but always sad. Nothing is real,
the peoples' faces melt into
the background and disappear.
All that's left is the coloured
lights and mirrors, but even these
merge with the general confusion
and gaiety; and still the music
gets faster and faster until the
illusion vanishes.

In the Park

I jumped over the wall
Onto the path,
Running away from the cars;
Sat on a bench for an hour,
Reading a newspaper
Rolled in my hand.
I looked behind the bench
And saw a girl
With lilacs in her hair,
Waltzing beside the flowers and trees.
Not a care in the world.
I decided to have a walk;
Passed two old men on the way,
Who were spending the time by
Exchanging a sort of verbal kibosh,
Or so it seemed.
They did not notice me.
In the distance I could hear a brass band;



The sounds floated over the park,
Echoing in the canyons of my mind.
I kept on walking
Until I saw a clock on a building.
It was four o'clock
And time to return to the road.

End of the Road

Everyday, at eight in the morning, Mr. Short
shuts the wooden front door of his house; walks down
the thistle-skinned path to the tiny stone garage, where he
keeps his black bicycle.
This morning is no exception; he puts on his cycle clips and
mounts the two wheeled, steel horse with its chrome handlebars,
shining in the sun, and starts to pedal down the lane.
Then, in a flash, there is the squeal of brakes, followed by a number
of screams.

Mr. Short, never saw the car around the corner,
never dreamt there would be one. His black and
silver bicyle, so treasured, lies crushed and
motionless by the side of a ditch; a horse without
a rider.

The Golden Trumpet

I gazed in the window
Of a pawn-broker's shop,
Glanced quickly at the pop-corn guns, tiger
skins and the yellow umbrella.
On one side was a camera,
It looked rather battered and old.
By the side was a collection of
Victorian photographs,
Curling and brown, the only remnants
of the horse and carriage years.
The people in the photographs were standing
like antarctic penguins,
Lethargic and bored.
On the other side was a cuckoo clock.
This too was a pitiful sight,
With its paint peeling and the hands bent and stretched.
It reminded me of a circus clown at his last performance.
Then in the centre was a golden trumpet.
I pretended to put it to my lips.
I imagined the sound it would make,
Rich, pure and beautiful,
An oasis in a desert of noise.
To me, it heralded the advent of a new age,
An age of peace and reason.

I.M.Kenway.

-39-

Current Position Held

2013 - Director: Centre for the Information Ethics and Public Policy (CIEPP)

The Centre for Information Ethics and Public Policy (CIEPP) is a not-for-profit organisation exclusively committed to the following three Objects:

1. to promote the study of information ethics as a fundamental domain of ethical inquiry;
2. to monitor and assess the societal and economic impacts of public policy on the development and use of information and communication technologies; and
3. to undertake or commission quality research, teaching and publishing activities or projects consistent with Objects 1 & 2.

2004-2019 Honorary Research Fellow in Ethics and ICT at Cardiff University

The Fellowship was originally established by the School of Computer Science (now Computer Science & Informatics – COMSC) and the School of Religious Studies and Theology (now History, Archaeology and Religion – SHARE)

Contributions to COMSC's Data and Knowledge Engineering (formerly Informatics) Research Group seminars included:

- Cybersecurity in the post-Snowden era: A Progress Report on MaidSafe's SAFE Network (February 2017)
- The Year Trust Died: Cybersecurity in the post-Snowden era – a scoping exercise (March 2014)
- Time and Tide…An Update on High Speed Connectivity in the UK' (March 2013)
- Internet Access in An Age of Austerity (March 2012)
- Bytes and Bias – Understanding Net Neutrality (March 2011)

Within SHARE, I was member of the Centre for Body, Health and Religion (BAHAR).

Contributions within BAHAR included:

- Introducing and contributing to two seminars on the philosophical and cultural significance and legacy of Andrei Tarkovsky's films *Solaris* and *Stalker* (2012)
- Organising and contributing to three seminars that examined various themes raised by Adam Curtis in his BBC2 series *All Watched Over by Machines of Loving Grace* (2011)

Member of the Autism Spectrum People and Religion Research Group (ASPARRG) (2007-2012)

Previous Positions Held

2002-13 Director: Centre for the International Study of Cyberethics and Human Rights
2008-10 Project Coordinator, ETHICSWEB (EU FP7)
2007-10 Joint Series Editor (with Jennifer Gunning and Søren Holm) of *Ethics, Law and Society*, Ashgate.
2007-10 Coordinator, Cardiff Centre for Ethics, Law and Society
1999-2001 Independent Research in cyber-ethics and IT, Southern Nevada, USA
1993-99 Director of Studies, Centre for the Study of Theology at the University of Essex
1988-93 Assistant Secretary of the Church of England Board for Social Responsibility and Editor of *Crucible*

1982-88 Priest-in-Charge of St Mary and St John, Shaw Hill, Alum Rock, Birmingham
1979-81 Curate at St Stephen's, Southmead, Bristol
1976-79 Curate at St Peter's, Hillfields within Coventry East Team Ministry and Parish
1969-70 Laboratory technician at the Product Assessment Laboratories, Plessey Company, Titchfield, Hants

Other Ministerial Appointments

- Archbishop of Canterbury's Chaplain to the Church House, Westminster (1989-93)
- Chaplain General to the Community of St John the Divine (1991-99)

Education

1986
Awarded Ph.D. by the University of Bristol for my dissertation *Rationality, Judgment and Certainty*

1974-76
Trained for the ordained ministry at the College of the Resurrection, Mirfield (deaconed 1976, priested 1977)

1971-74
Read Theology (with Philosophy options) at the University of Leeds. Awarded BA Hons Class II(i) degree.

1970-71
Read Electrical Engineering at the University of Bristol

1963-69
Educated at Price's School, Fareham, Hampshire

- Three A-levels (Mathematics, Further Mathematics and Physics)
- Completed course in computer programming (FORTRAN II) organised by school in conjunction with Southampton College of Technology
- Use of English Examination
- Eight O levels (English, Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Latin, French, and R.E.)

Memberships and Positions Held

- Symi International Film Festival (Judging Panel, 2018-)
- Society for the Study of Christian Ethics (Member, 1988-2000 Committee, 1997-2000)
- Society for the Study of Theology (Member of the Science, Technology and Theology Seminar; 1993-99)
- Council of the William Temple Foundation (Member, 1997-2000)
- Chelmsford Diocesan Synod (Bishop's Nominee, 1997-99)
- Council of the Royal Foundation of St. Katharine, Butcher Row (Member, 1993-96)
- Friends of the University of Leeds Department of Theology and Religious Studies (Chairman, 1992-93)
- Bermondsey and Rotherhithe Churches HIV/AIDS Group (Co-Founder, 1991-93)
- Saltley Community Mental Health Project (Founder, 1987-88)
- Yardley Deanery Social Needs Commission (Chairman, 1984-88)
- Law Centre Subcommittee of Saltley Action Centre (Chairman, 1984-88)
- Birmingham Diocesan Family and Society Committee (Member, 1983-88)
- Southmead Forum (Founder, 1981)
- Sidney Stringer School and Community Association (Secretary, 1977-79)
- Murray Lodge Management Committee (Member, 1976-79)
- Northern Ireland Children's Holiday Scheme (NICHS) (Secretary, 1974-75)
- College of the Resurrection, Mirfield (Senior Student, 1975-76)

Publications

- 'Blessing Or Curse? - Autism and the Rise of the Internet', *Journal of Religion, Disability and Health* Vol. 13, Issue 2, 2009, Routledge

- 'Charity and Controversy – The Disembodiment of Religion in Cyberspace', *International Review of Information Ethics* Vol. 9, 2008
- Joint Series Editor (with J. Gunning and S. Holm) of *Ethics, Law and Society*, Ashgate, 2007
- 'Watermarking 3D Meshes' (Y.W. Wang, F.C Langbein, A.D. Marshall, P.L. Rosin and I.M. Kenway) – Final Report to be published.
- 'Could Do Better? – Hegemony and Freedom in Cyberspace' CCELS, Cardiff University, 2006; *Ethics, Law and Society* Vol. III Ashgate, 2007
- 'Internet Governance' CCELS, Cardiff University, 2003; *Ethics, Law and Society* Vol. I, Ashgate, 2005
- 'Only Connect – Broadband Provision and Social Inclusion' CCELS, Cardiff University, 2003; *Ethics, Law and Society* Vol. I, Ashgate, 2005)
- Series Editor of *Essex Papers in Theology and Society* (ISSN 0964-1572) 1993-99
- Editor of *Crucible* (ISSN 001-2100) (refereed journal) 1988-93
- Member of the Consultative Panel of *Foundations* (ISSN 1461-2364)
- *Submission of the Church of England Board for Social Responsibility to the Royal Commission on Criminal Justice* (GS Misc 385)
- *Prosecution of Alleged War Criminals* (GS Misc. 373)
- Response to HFEA Consultation Paper on *Ovarian Tissue Donation and Assisted Conception* (1994)
- Review of John Kekes *The Morality of Pluralism* (*Crucible*, 1995)

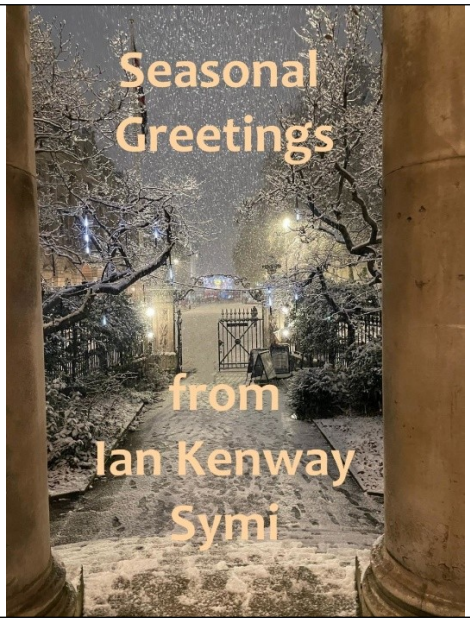
Other

- Paper given on 'A Psychedelic Take on Work and Identity in an Age of Big Data and Smart Algorithms' at the fourth Breaking Convention conference, Old Royal Naval College, University of Greenwich (June 2017)
- Paper given on 'Entheogens and the Emerging Internet of Everything' at the third Breaking Convention conference, Old Royal Naval College, University of Greenwich (July 2015)
- Presentation on 'Public Trust' at a strategy scoping meeting on Cybertrust and Information Security at the Royal Society as part of its Science in Society programme (March 2004)
- Biographical entry in 17th (Millennium) and subsequent edition of Marquis' *Who'sWho in the World*.
- Personal Website: www.phidoc.net

Another piece from what was to become a strongly committed conscience. This time, from the Black Lion.	For B.L. No. 4, he contributes a piece on the hopelessness and futility of war. (Ian was also a substantial contributor to the authorised Lion School magazine.)

This, I think, was Ian's final contact with me, prior to Christmas 2022 and not long before his ultimate decline.

During his final months, Ian had an email conversation with another O.P. Bishop Peter Hancock. I was pleased to have introduced these two together and hope that Ian felt some inkling of pastoral support.



Kenway	Revd. Robert (Bob)	Dates	1972 - 1974

Robert Andrew Kenway

I attended Price's Grammar School from 1972-1974 having been previously at Bishopfield Secondary Modern School where I took my O levels. At this stage my older brother, Ian, had already left and was at university. Actually, I attended Prices for two periods in those years! In the autumn of 1972 I decided I wanted to be a farmer! With my parents, I went to see the then Headmaster, Eric Poyner, to state my case for leaving school and my A level studies and to pursue an agricultural career. They tried to persuade me otherwise but with the conviction of youth (!) I could not be dissuaded. I applied for and indeed got a place at Seale Hayne Agricultural in Devon. Sensibly, my obtaining a place was dependent on spending 12 months working on farm to gain first-hand practical experience of farming. So I went to work on a mixed farm near Burford in the Cotswolds. I spent 9 months there from March – December 1972. Unfortunately, I developed serious allergies and asthma which seemed to indicate that farming was not a great career path for me! So I wrote to Mr Poyner once again and he very graciously allowed me to return to Price's in the spring term to complete my A-levels in English, History and Religious (much to the bemusement of the upper sixth who'd thought I had made an heroic bid for freedom!).



Rector of Calne, - 1997 - 2022

As it was rather late to apply for university places in 1973 (and rather fearful as to what my A level grades would be having missed so much school) I decided to get a job at the Plessey factory near Titchfield (where I came to be known as Bob!) and apply for university places with results in hand. I attended Bristol University where I read theology and philosophy. Whilst there I considered whether I had a rather different pastoral vocation – to the Anglican priesthood!

After graduation I firstly went to work as a residential social worker in a large Remand Assessment Unit in Shepherd's Bush before linking up with a Brazilian Anglican priest (Rev'd Gualter De Mello) who had set up a community house in Hackney doing community-based voluntary social work and social action. During this time I was accepted for training for the Anglican priesthood. After 18 months in Hackney an opportunity arose (via the Swedish Seamen's Mission in Rotherhithe) to work at a conference and youth centre within the Lutheran Church of Sweden (located at Rättvik, Dalarna).

In October 1980 I began ordination training at Westcott House in Cambridge. This lasted 2 years and then in June 1982 I was ordained deacon in Birmingham cathedral by Bishop Hugh Montefiore. I served my title as curate of Holy Trinity Church, Birchfield (Handsworth) which is a very multi-racial and multicultural parish. There I met my wife-to-be, Sadie, and we were married in October 1983 after I had been ordained priest in the July. Our first child (our daughter, Lisa) was born in August 1985. This was a difficult time in terms of community and police relationships and the Handsworth took place in the September. It was a tough time as I was trying to minister to a community in shock and at the same time preparing for a move to work in the Caribbean. Unfortunately, I suffered pneumonia which developed into ME. After a couple of terms in the Missionary College (The College of the Ascension run by USPG) in Selly Oak preparing for the move it became obvious that I wasn't well enough for the move. We moved to Bournemouth for a few months as I recuperated and then I went on to do a second-curacy in London Diocese (the parish of All Saints, Queensbury).

In 1989 the then Bishop of Birmingham (Mark Santer who had been my College Principal at Westcott House) invited me to be the rector of the parish of St George, Newtown (on the border of Aston, Hockley and Handsworth). It was a 'tower block land' (there were 23 in the parish). Although Newtown had been redeveloped in the 1960s as part of a slum clearance programme, by the time we arrived the area had become run down yet again and it had become a place of last resort for most people then living there. We arrived there at a time when the Thatcher government initiated the so-called 'City Challenge' programme where local authorities were invited to bid for top-sliced central government funding (@ £27.5 million a slice) for urban regeneration in designated areas of deprivation. On a whole range of indicators Newtown, was one of the most deprived areas in the country. Sadie and I became very much involved in mobilising the community to engage with this process. It was tough going but also rewarding. I was very active as a school governor at both a Church Primary and Church Secondary school and Sadie (after our son, Ben, was born) became a home-school liaison worker at the Primary school. Sadly, in spite of putting up a hard fight the Comprehensive school was closed. However, because we were engaged with the City Channel programme we managed to get the school to be re-fashioned as a Post-16 centre for both education and vocational training. We were very proud when the then Prince of Wales (now King Charles III) came to formally open it in 1990. During our time in Newtown we also established a local carnival which was great fun (but again hard work!) and an opportunity for people to come together to celebrate.

In 1997 we left Birmingham and I was appointed as Vicar of Calne in north Wiltshire. This was a town of about 14,000 when we arrived but when we left it in 2022 it had risen to over 20,000. Although this was very different setting from inner city Birmingham we soon discovered that there were more similarities than we had expected. The town was recovering from a period of depression (and 'mass unemployment') after the closure and then demolition of the Harris sausage factory in the centre of the town at the end of the 1980s (indeed we needed to establish a food bank long before they became a common feature of towns up and down the country).

In Calne I was responsible for 3 churches including St Mary's (a wonderful Grade 1 building with a magnificent Norman arcade in the nave and an historic organ). Holy Trinity Church had been built as a chapel of ease by a previous vicar (largely at his own expense!) in the 1860s. A small 13thC parish church had been incorporated into the parish in 1995. My duties also included ministry to 8 schools in the town including 5 schools with a church foundation. Initially, I was appointed as chaplain to St Mary's Independent school for girls until a few years late a member of staff was recruited to be simultaneous chaplain.

In 2010 the parish of Calne was incorporated into a new Team Benefice (of The Marden Vale) which include also the 3 rural parishes of Derry Hill, Bremhill and Foxham. I appointed its first Team Rector.

Calne has a number of significant figures in its history including a 13thC Vicar (also canon treasurer of Salisbury cathedral) who was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1222. He was the last Archbishop of Canterbury to have been canonised – St Edmund of Abingdon. Previously, Edmund had taught theology at Oxford establishing Edmund Hall one of the original medieval halls prior to the creation of Oxford University. He is credited as having been responsible for introducing Aristotle's work to Oxford. Edmund Hall choir came on a number of occasions to lead Evensong and I was privileged to preach at the Hall on St Edmund's day. In 2013 I spent a sabbatical period travelling in the footsteps of St Edmund visiting Abingdon, Oxford, Salisbury, Canterbury and Pontigny Abbey in France where St Edmund' remains have been enshrined. I also visited the US at the invitation of the Society of St Edmund, a religious community of priests, which had founded a Liberal Arts College in Vermont and a significant Social Action Project in Selma Alabama where the Society had made a strong commitment to the Civil Rights movement.

Ed: See also Lion Pride Chapter 23; "Religion in the Life of the School."

Kiddle	Peter	Dates	1955-1963

An Appreciation: Price's School, September 1955 - 1963

We are shocked & saddened by news of his passing, as far as we know, the first of our group's years to have passed away.

We were in the same form with him for at least 5 years, on into the VIth Arts Lower and Upper sharing 'A' level English, Geography and other 'non-science' subjects.

The obituary in the Guardian didn't do justice to Pete's time at Price's - he was very much a part of us especially in VI Arts, dedicated to avoiding main-stream activities, in particular anything sporting.

He was always a forward thinker, sometimes leading us to think - umm, yes, he's right.

Pete contributed poems to the later series of 'Lion' when it was opened up to more than boring sports results; he was also on the editorial committee in his final year. He was never known as 'Billy the Kiddle' as reported in the Guardian except in a spoof list of Prefects in the May 1962 issue, which included a brief attribute - Pete was 'A tower of strength' - related to his height....

As to the comment in the Guardian about growing his hair long and being a beatnik and a little mysterious, his hair was no longer than average, and he was always outgoing and part of our non-sporting group. He was with us on two memorable trips - the Jarvis / Thompson school foreign 'holiday' to Austria (based in Innsbruck) in Aug/Sept 1959 between 'O' & 'A' levels. In March 1961,

the 'Legendary ' John Chaffey led us on an 'A' Level Geography expedition to the Malham Tarn Field Centre in Yorkshire which was quite taxing. Pete coped with it well along with the rest of us, and we always had fond (?) memories of Mal-Ham, "Gateway to the North".

Academically, we rated Pete as 'clever', and he appeared in the Speech Day prize lists - in 1960 the V Arts Form Prize, and in 1963, a special 'Magazine' prize. He stayed on an extra year to do 'S' level work which gained him his place at Exeter.

Although we lost touch with him over the years, Malcolm Paskins & I were able to meet him in the Red Lion in Fareham a few years ago when he was locally visiting his sister.

The part of the Guardian Obit. related to Price's could be read that Pete was rather an outsider.....not to us - he wasn't!...

With deep sympathy to his wife Cathy and family, and regret that we were unable to pay our respects at the time

Richard Bridgland and others from Pete's' years including: Garry Edwards, Graham Fuller, Paul Gritt, Malcolm Paskins, Duncan Phelps, and Mick Pope.

Ed: Here is a piece written by Pete and which appeared in the by September 1962 Lion magazine:

William P (Pete) Kiddle 1944 - 2017

REVELATION OF TRUTH

He listened in misery as the clock ran into an interminable world of clockwork churring on and on and he cried for the wasted seconds, and the people wasting them who cry cry themselves for the wasted seconds as the radioactive waves engulfed them, and now they were wasting seconds as the clock ticked on for them to leave. 'THIS WAY' the sign read, but he did not go that way but he stood in the path of the people who wasted seconds and rushed to find out what they got if they were lost and they died. He was bumped into by the rush of people and he rebelled. And they pushed people in wheelchairs and in hospital beds and dying people in beds and they left them in the passage as they rushed on. And they got out of their wheelchairs and their beds and they ran like sparrows on their one leg and they threw away their crutches and sticks and they forgot they only had one leg and were blind, and they rushed to find where the arrow pointed. They found out and the people who wasted their seconds were disappointed and they died.

He fought his way to the edge of time and stood in a doorway. He saw them rush by and when they were gone he watched after them and heard them scream as they fell into the abyss of death-in-life and died. He turned away and shrugged his shoulders in sorrow. He could not cry. Nor could he tell them what lay at the end of the passage because they would not listen to him. He was lonely and sorry for them and he walked back along the corridor to the cross-roads of choice.
At the cross-roads he saw the sign that they had all followed – 'THIS WAY' in black letters and he saw the ad-men and the doctors and the psychologists and the lobotomists and the fat men who smoked cigars and were rich; he saw all the men who duped those who had died, rubbing their hands together and they were patting each other on the back and they walked 'THIS WAY' arm-in-arm laughing at the fate of the dead fools they had mislead and they followed them.

He saw the sign which told him 'THIS WAY' in white letters and knowing he was the one who had seen he went that way. The way the sign showed was rough and cut his feet and he wanted to go back but his ears rang with the cries of them dying disappointed and then his feet stopped hurting and he ran. He screamed with loneliness and the fear that he might be the only one to know the way but he could not stop his legs and kept on running – away from the dead. Then he saw people in front of him and he ran faster to catch up with them and he greeted them as he ran by and they greeted him. He saw they were the hobos and the tramps and the bohemians and people did not care to sit on the same seat in the park after. They were not given to go the black 'WAY' as the rest did.

But they were not the same people, as thronged the free-food stalls and slept in the parks and did not eat food for days and searched through the night for an angry fix, but now they were holy and their clothes were like angels and they were bright with a beatific radiance.

He ran on past them up the hills and he did not pant. And there were no beasts, nor smoke and soot, nor grime and dirt. There were no clerks and bosses and no commitments and ticket-collectors, and there were no boundaries. There were no walls, no stalls, no classes, no castes, no misinformation, no nobility, no pride nor sterility. Things he hated were gone – sugar, greed, priests, ministers, elders and intimidation. No police nor tradition nor moral inquisition nor teachers and positions, no schools nor Sunday schools nor dancing schools, and there were no movies, cards crowded bars and radios. No stagnation, television, parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles and neighbours from the street. No jokes and no decay, no amenities or conveniences, no lies and no garbage. He ran on past the people without death, having life and happiness.

Life itself was perfect and he himself was not held up by a framework of laws and conventions, traditions and obligations or commitments to contemporary rubbish. There were neither rain nor jet-planes, threat of total annihilation form nuclear fallout nor East and West, but there was sun in which the great minds of each generation, no longer weighed down by care, were carried high, stripped naked and bare because they were safe.

He was satisfied by his own life and he was relaxed, he knew the way to go. His ears were turned from the screams which had rent his eardrums, of lost humanity, crying in the pit, who had not searched for or worshipped the truth but had their minds dulled and satiated by the ingenious inventions of the minds directed to satisfy the false values man sought, which had corrupted the flesh and themselves had perished by their own hands. As he faced the truth he saw confused lines and blurred patterns in the dark of his mind. As he opened his eyes to relieve the pain he realised that he had been to the door of perception and had visited the doors of hell and death, to return to truth.

P. Kiddle (VI A.U.) (September 1962)

Other lives

Peter Kiddle

My friend Peter Kiddle, who has died aged 73, was an inspirational teacher of writing and drama at Dartington college of arts in Devon in the 1970s and 80s, and founder of the Theatre of Public Works.

He was born in Fareham, Hampshire, the son of Sidney Kiddle, a research scientist for the Royal Navy, and his wife, Rhoda (nee Harris), a foster carer. Peter was born with a form of spina bifida and as a child had plates surgically implanted to hold his vertebrae together. At Price's school, which we both attended, he was known affectionately as "Billy the Kiddle"; he grew his hair, rarely did sports and had no truck with the cadet corps. He was Fareham's first and possibly only beatnik.



Peter Kiddle, a teacher, co-produced an exhibition about the River Dart, which gave an insight into the lives of old Devon working families

Pete studied English at Exeter University, graduating in 1966, and there met Cathy Roebuck, soon to become his wife. After graduation he was appointed a lecturer in English at Dartington college, then five years later he came to Leeds for postgraduate work and quickly fell in with the anarchic creative chaos that was Leeds art school. He and Cathy went on the road with the Welfare State International theatre group, based in Leeds, for two years, living in a caravan and putting on spectacular shows of fire and magic. Their son, Thom, was born in 1974.

Inspired by these experiences, on return to Dartington, Peter began teaching theatre, and writing material with his students. He was instrumental in establishing residencies in deprived areas of Plymouth and London as third-year students' placements in the four-year Dartington theatre degree course. He then set up the Theatre of Public Works company, which toured the West Country putting on shows that would engage the local community in carnivalesque events involving music and fire.

Pete took on demanding commissions, working on a joint venture with Israeli and Arab young people near Haifa, in Israel, and with Romany communities in the Czech Republic.

After retiring in 2002 Pete co-produced a touring exhibition about the River Dart, an invaluable insight into the lives of old Devon working families, and later an exhibition based on, for the first time, his experience of spina bifida. With Cathy, he spent two years in Ethiopia with Voluntary Service Overseas.

Gradually, illness incapacitated him and Pete was cared for by Cathy, who survives him, along with Thom and two grandchildren, Luke and Billy.

Tom Steele

Kilford	Roy	Dates	1949-1957

Roy was always a big lad, tall and heavy, weighing neatly 13 stone at the age of 12! This gave him a great advantage in games over most other boys and as well as captaining the school at football, hockey and cricket he was also selected to play for the Hampshire Schools teams in these sports. He was also House Captain of School House, Flight Sergeant in the CCF, a prefect and subsequently Head Boy. But remember there were only about 350 pupils at the school at that time.

He then went on to Bristol University in 1957 to study for a BA(Hons) degree in Philosophy and Economics. He loved philosophy but hated economics and obtained and very poor degree.

In 1960 He was married to Myrtle, they had been engaged since 1957. They moved to Gravesend and Roy could start work for Procter and Gamble, making Fairy Snow, Daz and

other detergents. Whilst there he was asked by the local College of further education if he would take an evening class in Economic History for adult students studying for membership of the Institute of Personnel Management. No one left and they all passed their exams. The college asked Roy to take other groups and finally asked him to join full time as a Senior Lecturer running residential management courses for local companies.

This opened up a new direction for the family, for by now Myrtle and he had two lovely daughters, and money was needed so they moved up into the Midlands where Roy took up the job of Senior Management Tutor for BMC, or British Leyland as it became. But under the new management the job changed and the family moved, this time to Hindhead in Surrey. Roy became a commuter to London, working for IPC a large printing and publishing company, as head of Management Training and Development.

No sooner had Roy started this new job when this company was taken over and became Reed International. Roy's new job disappeared but he survived and stayed with the company until 1975 when he left he joined SMA a small organisation development company as a self-employed associate consultant, specialising in the management of change. This move meant working with clients such as BNFL(who ran the nuclear factories at that time), Shell, building North Sea oil rigs and pipelines, ICI a large diverse chemical company. Twice a year, with three other consultants he went to Lausanne in Switzerland to conduct a training programme for people ending an 18-week Harvard Business programme at IMEDE, a business school set up by Nestle.

On returning from one of these trips Roy had an experience which totally altered the family's life yet again. He felt that he was being called to seek ordination as a vicar!

Surprisingly he was accepted for training and so began a complete change in lifestyle. Away went the small holding with 13 acres. Away went the consultant's income and Roy had to once more go back to school. Myrtle was delighted, "this was something we could do together", she said. One daughter said "about time too." the other daughter found it very hard to accept. "You have brought us up to expect this lifestyle and now it is all going to change."

So Myrtle and Roy moved to Salisbury. Their two girls stayed in Kent and Leicester to continue their studies. This was a lonely and very hard time for both of them. But happily they are now both married with two grown up children, one in Kent and the other in the Midlands.

Roy was ordained in Canterbury cathedral and started his ministry in 1984 in Kent , then in 1996, becoming the first full-time priest at Paphos in Cyprus. When Roy was 60, Myrtle and he, thinking about retirement, returned to the UK to run five parishes in Kent He did retire at the age of 65 but then started a period of undertaking short term part time posts, in Northern France, then four years in Yorkshire, two years in Canterbury, four years in West Sussex and lastly back to the Midlands close to where they had lived when Roy had worked in the motor industry. He has now finally retired in 2017 and he and Myrtle now live in Canterbury but are still looking forward to their next adventure.

Junior Victor Ludorum 1953.
1953 playing in Table Tennis Club sessions, and showing promise.
In the 1955 Table Tennis team.
1955 Showed real Badminton promise.
1956 Badminton team.
1957 Badminton team.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1955.
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1956.
1st XI Soccer Captain 1956.
1st Xi Hockey Captain 1957.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1957.
Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist):- Captain of Hockey 2 years, Captain of Cricket, Captain of Football 2 years,
Hampshire Schools Hockey, Cricket (capt) and Football.
Flt.Sgt. of RAF section 1956.

See also; "Religion in the Life of the School and College", Chapter 22

Kill	David	Dates	1963 -

Assistant Librarian 1967. 1969 played Trumpet in the Christmas Concert Orchestra. Assistant Librarian 1967

MEMORIES OF PRICE'S

I joined Price's in 1963 and was in the first three-form intake, as a member of 1c. Our Form Master was "Ernie" Mollard (alias "Duck"), who also taught us Latin and RI. I well remember Form Assemblies on Fridays, at which we were sometimes required to read aloud from the Bible, always replacing "The Lord" with "Yahweh" at Ernie's insistence and in direct contradiction to the Jewish practice of not pronouncing God's name!

General Science with "Dome" Garton was something of a let-down to one who was expecting to make noxious gases and explosions: we were sent out to collect wild flowers! The following week, Dome presided over a huge pile of what I regarded as weeds, which had been brought in by the keener members of the class. He identified them all and in a subsequent test we were expected to be able to do so. I got my lowest ever mark for this, 3/40!

Dome was a rather cranky individual, but I think he had a kind heart underneath. He also seemed to have permanent nasal congestion (probably due to exposure to too many wild flowers). One pupil asked him the formula of Permutit, a water softener and Dome, as was his habit in the case of what he considered silly questions, informed the whole class that "this boy wants to know the formula of ber-mew-die-de."

Another memorable incident in the lab that I heard about was when Dr Smith, the Head of Chemistry, turned his back for a moment and some of the boys thought it a good idea to

empty a can of calcium carbide into a sink full of water and ignite the resulting acetylene gas – the flames shot up almost to the ceiling. Dr Smith, seeing what had happened, strode past the conflagration and without breaking his stride barked "I want that out when I get back" – and it was.

The Biology fridge would probably be regarded as a health hazard these days, being stuffed with dead animals and emitting a resultant pungent odour. It was presided over by Richard "Deadly" Hedley (alias "Raver"), "Rastus" Parfitt and "Lumby" Smith, whose strong Geordie accent was much imitated.

Tom Hilton reckoned that he had the loudest voice in Fareham, but I think Richard Hedley equalled him in volume. Ear defenders would have proved useful when either of them oversaw assembly.

Don Percival ("Percy") was another character, who was a much better batsman than history teacher. He was a keen practitioner of "permanent detention", instant corporal punishment and 7/10 for history essays. We had to use a classroom at the Harrison Road Secondary Modern School for a term due to space problems at Price's and had Percy for double history (i.e. the whole afternoon) on Fridays. Percy often forgot his watch and one Friday we all put our watches 20 minutes fast, knowing he was almost certain to ask one of us the time. Sure enough, he did and we escaped early! We would have got away with it, but Percy met Eric Poyner while walking back to Price's and the Head was definitely not amused. Percy had his own watch the following week.

Percy used to like telling us of his batting exploits along the lines of "When sir went in the score was 37-5, when sir was out for 146, 45 minutes later, it was 213-7." I recall seeing him bat in a Staff v First XI match and he was actually very good, scoring very fast. I also recall "Hovis" Brown's bowling run-up, which started at the boundary for his first three balls and shrank to less than half that distance for the rest of his spell.

Ron "Acker" Boote was in charge of music. He had built the school stereo system himself and had a collection of "superb recordings," which, when scratched, caused him some considerable distress. I was the only trumpeter in the school orchestra (the alternative to the CCF) for a while, but was soon joined by several others, a horn player and a trombonist. Unfortunately, the brass section outnumbered the strings, which led to rather unbalanced performances until we borrowed some violinists from St Anne's Girls' School.

Another interesting musical experience occurred when Tom Hilton supervised us viewing a music programme on TV featuring Peter Maxwell Davies in rather twitchy form discussing Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire". The music itself was too much for Tom who muttered "That's enough of that rubbish" as he switched channels and found, to his delight, test match cricket.

Ted Light was a character from my early years at Price's and taught us English. He liked to perch on the teacher's desk and stroke his moustache, as we read aloud from a set book. The one I remember was "The Autobiography of a Super-tramp" by W. H. Davies (still available), about a Welshman who travelled the US as a hobo. For some reason, Ted pronounced autobiography as auto-bee-ography, with a heavy emphasis on the third syllable. He retired when I was in the second or third year. Ted was regarded with some affection by

the pupils and there was an audible sigh from the older ones when his death was announced some years later at assembly.

A D Alderson ("Ada") taught us French and invented Franglais years before Miles Kington did. Each lesson we were exhorted to "take out your cahiers".

"Buzz" Ellis taught RI and was frequently subjected to pupils blowing raspberries ("filthy lavatory noises", as he put it) as he walked past. He was a good friend of Alan Glynne-Howell, who lived a few houses away from my grandmother and who often caught the same bus home as my brother and I did.

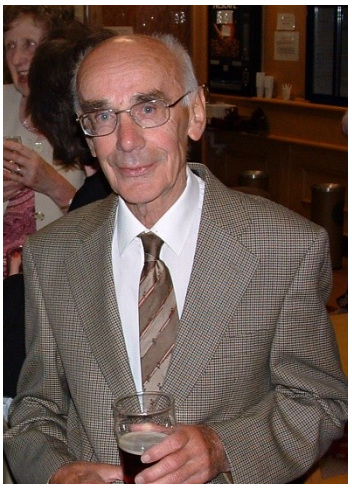
"Smudge" Smith taught us maths and always cleaned the blackboard with his gown. Pocket staplers became available at the time and we all inserted staples in his gown as he walked past – he never seemed to notice!

We were the first year to take a reduced number of GCE O-levels as the senior staff decided that 11 was too many and so we dropped English Literature and Geography. I believe that those of us in 5 Remove, who omitted 4th Form, were the last in that class as it was abolished in an effort to improve results.

Overall, I found the staff to be very decent and well-intentioned. A few were inspiring teachers (John Chaffey springs to mind), others went through the motions and a very few were incompetent. Robin Ward has already covered much of the period I was at the school, which was a time of significant changes in society. I look back on it with affection. **D. Kill**

Knight	Arthur Edward	Dates	1937 -

From **Mark Knight:**



My uncle, one of my father's older brothers, was a Pricean before the war. Arthur Edward Knight was born on 10th August 1925 and died on 5th May 2017. He started at Price's in September 1937 (he is in The Lion Salvete list for December 37 joining form IIA - I don't think there was a first form as we know it in those days). Arthur was a year or two ahead of Roy Daysh who knew him as "Okker Knight". Arthur was a good footballer and was well known for playing whilst wearing glasses. I believe he played both cricket and football for the school but am unable to verify this. I have also not been able to confirm when he left Price's as his name does not appear on a *Valete* list. After Price's he was called up into the army where he served until the end of the war. I have attached the best photo I have of Arthur which was taken in 2005.

Knight	Mark	Dates	1970-1977

Minor Steeplechase Runner-up 1964. Junior Steeplechase **Winner** 1965. 1st Xi Hockey Captain 1968. 1st XI Hockey Captain 1969



I attended Price's School (and later Price's College) from 1970 to 1977, a period which included the 250th anniversary celebrations in 1971 and the transition from an all-boys' grammar school to a co-educational 6th form college.

My results during the first year at the school were not particularly good but they picked up from the second half of the second year onwards. I was awarded the progress prize for improvement between the January and June examinations that year and remained in the top two or three in the class for the remaining time to O Level.

I don't recall doing anything that warranted serious disciplinary measures. The closest I came was in the first year: Our form room was one of the terrapin huts between the music and woodwork rooms. Goodness knows why but one Friday afternoon soon after school I and one of the others in my form took it into our heads to open all the desk lids in two rows in our form room and then run from front to back closing them all probably just for the noise it made. I've no idea where he came from but unfortunately this attracted the attention of Tom Hilton (the deputy head) who wasn't amused. He gave us a good talking to at the time but then told us to turn up at his office first thing on Monday morning. I don't remember who the other miscreant was but it left us both to stew over the weekend about what fate may befall us on the Monday morning (Tom had a cane and was known to use it). In the event he had clearly calmed down over the weekend and we were let off with a warning not to do it again!



1973 U14 Tennis team.
1974 Intermediate team.

I became slightly notorious when during a first year physics lesson an experiment went spectacularly wrong: In the days before the world went health & safety mad it was perfectly normal to perform experiments without gowns, goggles, gloves etc. although as it turned out the latter may have saved some nearly very serious injuries. We had been told to heat a test tube containing a small amount of an unknown substance over a gentle Bunsen flame to "see what happened". I was doing exactly as instructed and not messing around when there was an almighty whoosh and the contents of my test tube shot out the end, sprayed all over my hand and solidified whereupon I screamed and attracted the attention of the rest of the class. Unfortunately Ian Hind who was sat to my right had chosen that precise moment to lean forwards to turn off his gas tap and the remaining contents of my test tube had hit him in the face, narrowly missing his left eye. At that point all hell broke loose as the physics teacher (Bugsy King) panicked and took us off to the gym where there was a first aid kit. We were both carted off to hospital with the blue lights flashing and were treated for burns but fortunately neither of us suffered any after effects. It turned out that the mystery substance was naphthalene and they think that where this experiment had been done before an air bubble had formed under the solidified naphthalene which, when it was re-heated, expanded and shot the re-liquefied material out of the test tube.

The remainder of my school career was fairly uneventful. I represented the school at tennis in my age group for a few years and also hockey (once) and badminton in the 6th form.

When I was at school I was torn between engineering or becoming a fast jet pilot. I was therefore reasonably enthusiastic about joining the CCF in the RAF section. I attended camp at RAF Wildenrath in Germany and achieved the grade of marksman at the shooting day at Browndown near Stokes Bay. I also did the gliding scholarship, going solo soon after my 17th birthday. I spoke to the RAF careers team in Southampton when I was choosing degree courses and when I told them I wanted to study civil engineering their response was "we don't build many bridges in the RAF".

I achieved 9 O level passes at grades A to C, 3 A-levels (maths, further maths and physics), S level maths and the Oxbridge "use of English" exam.

I went on to study civil engineering at Imperial College, London graduating with a BSc (Eng) honours degree in 1980.

My first job after graduation was as a site engineer with a small steel fabrication company called Fairfield Mabey, initially near Thorne on the outskirts of Doncaster and then at the Orwell Bridge near Ipswich. In 1981 I moved to an offshore engineering company called Petro Marine Engineering where I spent 3 years including 9 months in their head office in New Orleans. I also met my wife-to-be who was the London office manager's PA!

In 1984 I joined another American offshore engineering company's London office as a structural engineer. Although the company changed hands (and names) many times over the years I spent the rest of my career there mainly designing offshore oil & gas platforms for the North Sea, (UK and Norway), becoming manager of the offshore structures department in 2008 until I retired in 2017. I became a chartered structural engineer in 1989 and a Fellow of the Institution of Structural Engineers in 2014.

We lived in Maidenhead for 30 years but moved to a small village in the Cotswolds in 2015. Along the way we have raised two sons, the eldest being a freelance web developer living near Helsinki and the other a forensic scientist living on the outskirts of Leicester

Mark Knight

Knight	Michael		

1968 Two sixth formers, Pat Gatland and Michael Knight – still with relatively short hair – managed to get permission to hold an evening *Folk* Concert. Presumably they had the help of one or other of the younger teachers (Mr. Johnson?). Certainly Mr Thomas (Physics) was involved as he had a spot playing the classical harp. By that time, guitars and folk-style songs were even being heard in church (*Kumbaya, Shalom chevarim*) – which must have helped. Everything was acoustic of course and the songs were both traditional and modern – but *folk*. Thus, they were the initiators of the brand!

Kevan Bundell