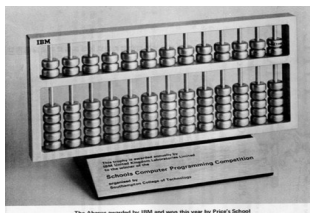
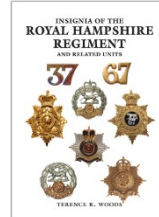
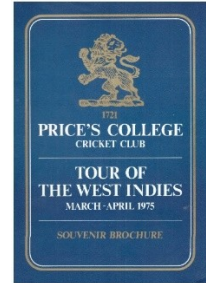
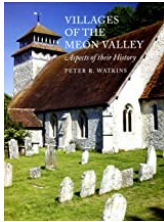



# Lion Pride



## Chapter 5 The 50s, 60s and 70s

<b>Lion Pride</b>	<b>Chapter 5</b>	
	<b>The 50s, 60s and 70s. From School to College</b>	

*An era of great expansion for the School, and of its ultimate demise. Reference to the Roger Starkey Report on the 3 major games played will give a good account of the value of these activities in the life of the School, and Mark Knight's coverage of the minor sports\* shows the increasing variety of sports on offer, along with a separate review of all extracurricular activities\*. In ways not possible to do at the time, the long-term record reveals what a golden era this was for Price's, on the field of play, in the examination rooms\*, via the C.C.F.\* and with the growth of cultural experiences, all wrapped-up in a detailed consideration of the physical growth of the School buildings\**

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Reported-in in their own Chapters

## The 50s, 60s and 70s – from School to College

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### Reminiscences

#### Recollections of School Life

Roger Starkey (Price's 1952-58)

The thing that really impressed me on my first day at Price's, apart that is from the long uphill walk up Trinity Street, was the sight of those spacious green playing fields. At my Junior School we had to walk halfway across Gosport to find some grass at Privett Park, but here Price's had this lovely Sports Field all to themselves. So, maybe, it was clear from the start that my heart was going to be on the sports field rather than in the classroom, and so it turned out. I was to be a modest achiever in intellectual terms whilst at Price's. I soon realised that I would have to work hard at my studies if I was going to get near the top of my Form. But it was much more fun to concentrate on the many sporting activities available, where it seemed I had a natural talent. The Junior House matches and then the Colts teams provided me with all the excitement I needed. Eventually, however, O level time brought me up with a shock, and for the first time ever I devoted serious time to study, at school, at home, on the bus, on the beach or wherever. My 6 O levels was a modest return and probably below average for Price's. But I had managed to avoid the disgrace I had feared.

Then several things happened at once. I moved to 6<sup>th</sup> Form Science and I was now playing 1<sup>st</sup> XI Hockey, Captaining the Cricket and Football Teams and enjoying sporting success in Athletics and Badminton. All this meant I had a very visible profile and influence over some of the juniors, and it was probably why I was made Prefect. When the PE master became a long term absentee I was pleased when asked to take over some of his duties. Then suddenly the penny dropped for me! I had to somehow separate sport from study if I was ever to achieve anything; and Price's was certainly not going to allow me to do this. However, I had learnt a number of things in that last year or two. One of which was how to pass exams; I mean how I personally could pass my exams. Very useful.

Looking back I think Price's did seem to value, not surprisingly, their outstanding academic scholars, those destined to progress to University, above the more modest achievers. I discovered after leaving that they often referred to pupils like me as plodders. What they failed to recognise was that some of us were just as capable if allowed to work at our own pace. And after leaving School I discovered something else that no one at Price's had told me. In the real world your ability to succeed was not limited to your ability to come up with a quick answer. Industry wanted people who were able to consider all the relevant facts, to insist on more information where necessary, and only after that to come up with the right answer.

My other reflection is that progress and performance in school was often directly related to ability and style of individual Masters. I had a certain fascination for mathematics. I was always impressed that it seemed only in maths were you likely to find answers to problems

that could, definitively, be proved right or wrong. But, at school no one ever showed me what a beautiful and universal language mathematics was. I had to discover that for myself later. There was also a complete lack of career counselling, which I think was a serious failure. If anybody had sat me down to discuss career opportunities and ambitions I would have told them I wanted to study “sports science” and I would have been a decade or so ahead of the rest of the world.

I left School, after 1 year in the 6<sup>th</sup> Form, and began training as an electrical / electronic engineer. A Student Apprenticeship, working with part-time day release, plus evening courses let me gain HNC qualifications, an AMIEE and excellent long term employment prospects. Working as an engineer it was soon apparent that I had an aptitude for design and development. That may not sound anything special but after working alongside men with PhDs in Electronics (from somewhere in India) I can tell you how totally useless those people were in the real world. Wherever I worked I developed a reputation as a safe pair of hands, particularly for a new project, settling eventually with many years at IBM.

What happened to my sporting ambitions? I played top level amateur football, very successfully, for a number of years. I went from the School 1<sup>st</sup> XI into Worthing FC first team. A big step for a young footballer. I scored 96 goals in 4 seasons, with the best being 32 goals in 34 games. But a serious knee injury brought a premature end to things. My cricket never really transferred itself from school to the club scene – somehow work / family commitments always stood in the way. I was always sad about that. As for Hockey, well I only played the game because there was no other option in the Easter term. In retirement I play golf.

What attributes did Price’s manage to instil in me? Well unsurprisingly most of it came from the sports field. It was the value of teamwork and effective leadership. It was certainly a humbling experience to get beaten 5 v 0 and then have to call for 3 cheers for the opposition. From the classroom I guess a little bit of everything, but I do remember liking Thacker’s “precis” lessons where we learnt to reduce a page and a half of blurb to two paragraphs without losing meaning. Without that this script would have run to many pages!

So I am both a product of, and champion of, the Grammar School education system; and that despite the fact that it did not entirely suit me. I saw many boys, from relatively modest backgrounds, go on to achieve great things. The closure of Price’s Grammar School was a sad loss to Fareham and the surrounding area.

Roger Starkey

### **I Remember ...**

I remember, seven years ago, walking into Price’s for the first time, looking about me, and wondering just what would happen in the next few years. Since then how much has happened! My first views have gone. No longer do we see Mr. Ashton’s chickens on the tennis court, for they have given way to classrooms and a jumping pit. Wilbur has lost his old shed, and the trees behind it have been removed to provide a new pavilion. The Tin Hut has also gone. No longer can the prefects lean back in their chairs and ring the bell. The old stone-covered yard has been tarmacked and new buildings have been erected behind the old lobby.

I remember Saturday morning school and I remember Wednesday afternoon detentions, or Wednesday afternoon games, if I was lucky that week. I remember Mr. Ashton and can still hear him say as he crooked his finger at someone, 'Ahhh. Come with me, you boys' or 'Make way there, make way.'

But most of all I remember Prices', the school not the buildings, which is the same as ever, a place of which one can be proud. And now as I am about to leave and I look back, I must admit I have enjoyed my life at school and, although I am looking forward to leaving, I am also a little sad; but I shall remember.

Eric W. McLarty (1961, September)

### **Comment and Creation**

"Price's is ceasing to be a School and becoming merely an educational establishment". I do not think this is a regrettable statement. The author of an article in last term's Lion seems to say that as a result of our new buildings this School has lost a certain spirit or pride. I do not believe the two are directly connected. I think this spirit is a relic of the past – of the public school – and ceases when a School expands beyond the stage in which each boy can be expected to know every other boy. Price's has long passed this stage and there is no turning back.

By far the most important purpose of a School is academic education. The difference between "a school" and an "educational establishment" is the difference between counting the success of a School on the games field and its success in the academic world. But the success of the first eleven does not necessarily reflect the standard of games in the rest of the School.

What we have lost in the past few years is not "spirit" but Saturday morning School, compulsory games about 5 times a term on otherwise free afternoons, 35 boys in a classroom meant for 30, uncomfortable desks and the old Physics hut. But what have we gained? New classrooms, new and well-ventilated laboratories, a new woodwork shop, proper changing facilities for games, Masters to teach Biology and Music to G.C.E. level, a larger number of boys to be educated and a dog and a cat, and we are still to gain a new Hall and stage, and a gymnasium.

Any choice we might have is between going forward and turning out young men who are fit to live in modern society or of hanging on to what was left of the Public School in Price's.

R.J.Tyack

### **A School, or what?**

"Price's is ceasing to be a school and becoming merely an educational establishment."

Regrettable as this statement, made recently by a prefect, may be, there is unfortunately some truth in it. Recent years have seen vast changes at Price's; not only has the face of the school changed, but so also has the spirit of the school. One cannot help but feel that the two were in some way related. Old and dilapidated as the buildings were, did they not nurture a certain spirit—a certain pride—in the fact that this was Price's?

Today much of that spirit seems to have disappeared, and now that we really have a school to be proud of, too many of us do not appreciate it. Too many of us approach the school in an attitude of what we can get out of it, instead of what we can contribute to its common life. We fail to realise our debt and duty towards our school.

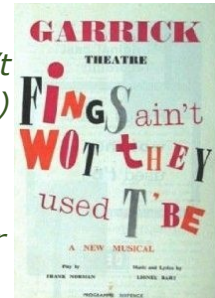


We are on the verge of a new Price's; we are at a crossroads. We perhaps hold the destiny of Price's; if we fail now in our duty towards our school, then it will become merely an educational establishment and we shall be like mass-produced cabbages. If we succeed, then Price's will continue to play its distinctive part in the life of the community and, what is more, it can and will rise to greater heights as a school than ever before. The choice is ours.

Roger E. Gisborne

*[Ed: aka "Jumbo", as we used to call him, back in the days when nicknames were not regarded as terms of abuse, such as "Wheezy", for someone who from time to time had asthma, or "Jock", or "Spud".*

*Both correspondent and editorial respondent, had their valid points, aptly summed-up in the words of the song title "Fings ain't wot thy used t' be! (Words by Lionel Bart, Sung by Max Bygraves) a 1960 [West End](#) musical comedy about Cockney low-life characters in the 1950s.*



*Well, 'twas ever thus, that change was about, abroad. Speedily or at a more staid pace, change there has always been, and not much can be done to stop it. So perhaps better to embrace the momentum and proffer some guidance?*

*There has always been concern at change. Whether it be of progeny starting or changing teachers or school, or leaving the nest, or getting married. Changing abode or employment or a dietary pattern, or new shoes and clothes – many things affect the individual, and most of these are matters of personal choice. On a governmental scale, the options are more substantial, as with international affiliations. So, where does the matter of change sit in the history of Price's School?*

*For many years, there was an almost imperceptible drift away from the stasis that settled on the organisation at its inception. With only minor changes, that was reflected in the Lion magazines and, incredibly, that remained the case for a long time, in spite of successive magazine Editors doing their best to alter the appearance and character of the publication. These were internal squabbles but, lying, brooding without, was a beast of much greater moment – the gathering political force of major philosophical change that was to see the School be forced to subject itself to the gathering might of the Comprehensive movement. The precise forces and manoeuvres of the early 1950s are beyond the scope of this tome, but suffice it to say that the selective, Price's School was required to cease to admit new, under-12 pupils and was thus closed as a Grammar School in July 1964. Its existing pupils in years 8-11 remained to see out their U16 courses, one year at a time, thereafter passing, if they wished, into Sixth Form education as students of the new Price's College, or elsewhere w.e.f 1st September 1974.*

*Credit extends to the College management that saw to it that those "Main School" pupils were academically well-catered-for until the closure of their U16 course in 1978, returning the best G.C.E. "O" level results in the School's history. The College continued to provide a mixture of "O" and "A" level courses,*

*and others with a more vocational bent until 1985, when the College was closed and its existing students, staff and resources were transferred to the new Fareham (tertiary) College.*

*How the other 16+ school providers in Town functioned and performed is outside of the remit of this project. From the year 1979, there was no "A" level provider in Fareham. The now vocationally orientated Fareham College has been rated by "OFSTED" as very good.*

*The prevailing press release, the Lion magazine and the nature of the School's Speech Night content, its daily assembly homilies and out-reach content has been unashamedly elitist, lauding the successes of its brightest and best, most productive of students across the board. There is no-contesting that level of performance: teachers, pupils and their other classmates rightly praised such high achievements. Performance at such high levels does much create targets for others to emulate, helping them along their way to maximum successes also, whether it be in the classroom or on the sports field.*

*And there is something of that in the mixed-ability philosophy that took hold in the widely spreading Comprehensive movement. In good Comprehensives, such influences work well. But there is always a "tail that wags the dog", even in Independent Schools, down to Primary age schools.*

*So, what of Price's outside of the elite group? Who are they, and what are they? Where are they? Of those who retain contact with the School, where are the many who don't? It is a sad reality that so many, outside of that elite group have stayed detached from this WP300 project in spite of our best efforts on their behalf. A pupil of those pre-1960 and later years, for who there was no pastoral system to help to cope with family difficulties would likely have wallowed, developed late and under-achieved.*

*And, for all of those whose school years were happy and successful, what of the others?*

*But, there was rescue afoot. Help was on the horizon. The cavalry was a-coming! That beloved governmental "whip", the OFSTED Inspectorial school visit was coming to the rescue, although a bit before time for Roger, and lots of others. But rather late in the day, it would descend on your school, laden with tick-boxes and interrogation strategies demanding-enough to frighten the wits from any teacher. And all in the interest of a single grade evaluation made public that sums-up what they would claim was a fair and valid assessment process. Clearly, most of these Inspectors, or their system, had little exposure to validity of outcomes in a statistical sense, or more to the point, any awareness of sampling processes. And of statistics at all.*

*The quoted headline to Jumbo's views was relevant to its time (mid-late 1950s) and experience. The jungle drums were beating. The pulse was quickening but, like a tsunami was on its way. Change or be drowned. There was change afoot – a widening curriculum, altered timetable, more external contacts for the school. Newer, younger teachers, Computers on the horizon, new types of phone,*

*instant access, greater clamour, less patience or tolerance, better home communications, more choice.]*

## **A Journey Through Price's**

### A Head Boy's reminiscences

Seven years fraught with happiness, misery, despair and laughter; a generation in the school life of Price's about to come to an end, and a parting soon to be made. I look back on these years with regret that I did not do better than I have done, and thankfulness that I have not done worse. I remember a September day in 1961, a day which seems an age away, and I think of my first day here; I think of respect and fear for Masters and prefects alike – two things which appear to be lacking in our present first forms. The school was different then; we had no Hall as we know it now, no Gymnasium, no Library, no Block, no Swimming Pool, no Music Rooms, and the Headmaster, Deputy Headmaster, and Secretary were still occupying what is now the Prefects' Study, Medical Room and Book Store respectively. The famous old house too has gone, the source, I am sure of many a happy experience, and as some of us will remember sad ones as well.

Just as buildings have appeared and disappeared, so have masters, prefects and boys – some of whom make more of an impression on individuals than others. You make friends of some boys, and others you just have to put up with. I remember arguments, and fights of a petty nature, all of which seem pointless now. We all disagree violently and wonder why afterwards. Prefects! – I had my dislikes too, but then we all do, and all for different reasons. But this I will say, the majority of prefects, with few militant exceptions, were all good chaps. As head boys go, all those I have endured with a few exceptions, have been nothing else but just and correct. Of the prefects, you will no doubt remember each in a different way, and some not at all. Tribe, Jones and Fielder I hardly think will be forgotten easily. Tribe, I think will be remembered for his liberalism, Jones for Wales, to quote F.E. Thomas our last head boy on his impressive exit: "he left reciting!:-

'For I will build a new Byzantium  
Among the slag heaps of ancestral Wales  
As from the heavens Constantine shall come  
And glory shall re-echo through Wales!"

Fielder too, I believe will not be forgotten quickly, after his very entertaining performance in the Mikado this Spring. To all three of them I wish Good Luck, and many thanks for their companionship. F.E. Thomas your last head boy, I am sure you will remember if only for music and Gilbert & Sullivan.

Of Masters, during the last seven years, I must have seen about Sixty passing through with various terms of office. Some have had no affect on an individual, others having had a great deal. But of all the masters, three in particular will always remain in my memory.

Two have already left the Staff, one is still here, Firstly Mr. Shaw the Deputy Headmaster of the School before Mr. Hilton's time until July 1963 when he retired. He taught me Latin, and due to his likeable manner and tremendous ability to teach, and to teach well, a liking for the language was inbred in me from the start, a liking which has never ceased, and never will. I only knew the gentleman for two years, but in that time he impressed me so much, that I will remember his face and likeable nature all my life. Secondly Mr. Alderson, a Master whom I knew for six years. At the very beginning he was introduced to us as our form master in 1A and taught us French and History. In 1965 he was put in charge of the library and restored it to an effective working concern, after a period of decline. Throughout all his teaching and librarianship he was always most thorough and



devoted, and looked in me a desire to emulate him in his thoroughness and efficiency. Thirdly Mr. Glynne-Howell – A person whose experience and knowledge is beyond compass, and whose manner is so courteous and helpful; and from whom I have learnt more than I can ever mention in an article like this, but a person to whom I shall always be in debt.

Not only do I thank these masters, for all that I learnt from them, I thank also those many other eminent gentlemen who have taught me over the last seven years and those who I have known on the staff, who did not teach me, I thank them for their helpfulness, understanding, and co-operation in all matters.

Although masters, boys, and cleaning staff all change, there is one person who stays with us continually, and that is the School Secretary Mrs. Pemberton, to whom I think much praise and admiration are due. It was not until recently that I realised how much she does for this school. I take this opportunity of thanking her for all she has done for me, and for all she does so magnificently to keep the school running. She seems to me to be irreplaceable and the school as a whole, does not realise how much we owe to her hard work and devotion. She and her companion, Mrs. Janes are stalwarts in administration.

I am known to you boys for my work in the library and in the Christian Union. If I am to be remembered at all, by you. I would like it to be in association with the latter and I hope earnestly that there will be a renewed interest in the Christian Union, which although, due to my lack of time has rather faded out this year, will rise to unprecedented heights under the leadership of my successor Stephen Reddaway.

As I have risen from a first former to Head Boy I have learnt a good deal about boys. To me at first I thought you were all the same but in three years as a prefect I have learnt to separate the wheat from the chaff, and thus I have been able to realise that there are varying degrees of good and bad in every schoolboy. I have learnt to realise there are some very helpful young boys and some very unhelpful ones at Price's. Thanks to this school I have also learned to apply discretion in judgement of those of my own age. I do not now accept them and find out why they are different. I firmly believe we all should do this and we may well discover we are not as good as we thought were. Thus I can say that due to my stay in this school I have learnt a good deal and gained invaluable judgement, and I know that all I have learnt here academically, practically, and spiritually will stand me in good stead for my life at college and in my future career.

I do sincerely thank all those concerned, for all they have taught me and hope nobody suffered too much at my hands, during my stay here.

Most of all, I would like to thank Mr. Poyner for all his help and understanding.

**S.G. Eyles** 6 UP (December, 1968)



Action in the new Chemistry Lab., 1970

## Bomb Scare

### Bomb hoax closes Fareham school

A bomb scare caused a Fareham school to remain closed yesterday while police and staff completed a search of classrooms and grounds.

When boys arrived at Price's School, they found police at the entrance and were refused admission to school buildings.

Fareham police were told by a member of the public that he had received an anonymous phone message that a bomb had been placed in the school, timed to go off on Monday.

The Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Thomas Hilton, was informed and went to the school, which has 580 pupils, and with police officers under Insp. Walter Neville, began a search.

"After about three hours the search was called off for the night, though three police officers remained on the premises all night," Mr Hilton told the Evening News.

At dawn, he said, the search was resumed.

When staff arrived at the

school, they took the boys to the nearby Harrison Road School where the Headmaster, Mr. J. Maunder, had made accommodation available.

Members of the Price's School staff then assisted the police in searching every cupboard, desk, and room of the school.

At 10.30 a.m. the school was declared clear and the pupils were able to go back, having missed only the first two periods of the day.

At a special school assembly later, Mr. Hilton explained to the boys what had been happening and confirmed that the "scare" was a hoax.

Although police were told the hoaxer had a "young voice," Mr. Hilton told the Evening News: "I have no reason to suspect that any of my boys is responsible."

Does anyone remember the bomb scare? I would guess that the date must have been around 1968 because I think that the School grew from around 350 in 1964 to nearly 750 by 1971.

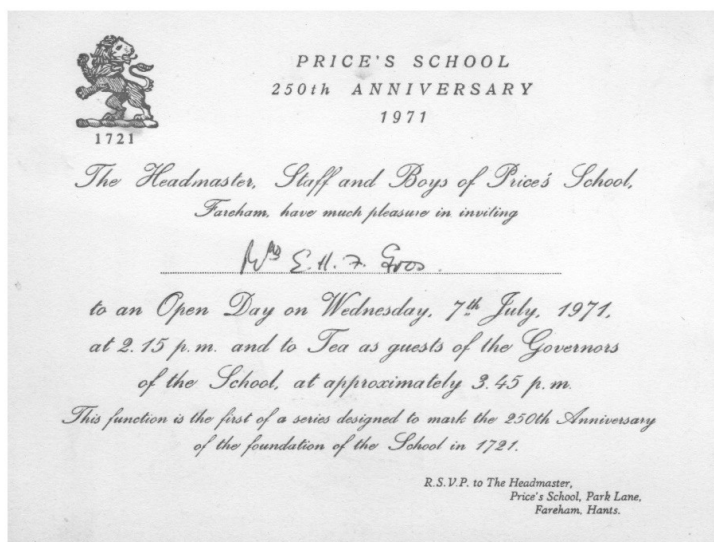
*Ed: Seeing this at a distance in time, it seems that Tom Hilton's assurances were a bit on the naïve side!*

1964 = 550 pupils

1969 = 700 pupils

## The 1971 Celebrations

1971 was a "big" year for the School – the 250th Anniversary of the foundation, date of William Price's Will and, as it turned-out, the final chance there was to be to have such a celebration. Five years later and the School was closed, to be replaced by the Price's Sixth Form College. And that, not without a lot of wailing and gnashing of teeth. All-in, it was a good year, well-celebrated and at last, with an awareness of the need to have a bit more concern for the appearance of what went into print. The 70s was not an era of quality print products – see the Lion magazines!



## Exhibition of 'Priceana' in the Library

During the week of the school's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebrations, an exhibition was housed in the school library of relics, antiques, photographs, school equipment and various other

items of interest relating to Price's school. The planning of such an exhibition, deciding exactly what was to be put on display, where it was to be put, testing certain older items to see if they would be able to stand up against hundreds of parents and boys and eventually setting everything in its right position, must have given Mr. Gros and other members of staff and school alike who helped him quite a headache. However the resulting display was excellent, and many comments were received of a complimentary nature.

On display were, photographs of pupils, where older boys could go and laugh at their terribly young looking companions, and where fond mothers could go and ogle at their "priceless little darling", photographs of masters, where one could see a few of the present masters as they were some thirty years or more ago when they first joined the school as tender young university graduates, account books, record books and registers dating back to the actual year when the school was first founded, badges, cups, programmes for various events, newspaper cuttings and similar items. One of the most interesting items was a school satchel and cap, lent by *Mr. E.R. Hills*, which he wore when he was a pupil at the early part of the century. He also lent an exercise book, (Geography book of course!). The school is very grateful to *Mr. Hills* for lending these items, and for coming in to be photographed wearing the satchel and cap. Thanks are also due, in fact very much due, to *Mr. Gros* for all the hard work he put into this display, and to the librarians and others who aided him.

**T.H. Bayliss** (6 AU)

### **The 250th Anniversary Celebrations – R. Lamey**

On the afternoons of the 7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> of July and on the evening of the last, the School celebrated its 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary in the form of Open Days.

Every department in the school organised a display, consisting of samples of term work, practical demonstrations and illustrations of projects which the boys are involved with. Some of the clubs run by the school managed to stage their own exhibitions. The Chess Club, for example, held its own mini-competition. Other clubs, the Astronomy Society, Electronics Club, Dramatic Society, Transport Society and Bridge Club all produced instructive and informative displays.

The Library, on the evening of the 9<sup>th</sup> was even more crowded than during rainy dinner times. With scarcely enough room to move, throngs of people squeezed past the displays depicting the school's history. Numerous old documents, photographs and souvenirs gave an added air of history. In common with the library, all departments were full of people on the Friday evening, which proved the most successful of the Open Days.

Prominent in the History Department was an excellent model of the Battle of Bunker Hill made by the boys. The adjacent Mathematics Department had an array of experiments and projects. Work ranged from 1<sup>st</sup> form to the 6<sup>th</sup> form. At the top of the new block the Geography and Geology Department produced a comprehensive exhibition of the rocks and fossils of the British Isles. Original fieldwork was well represented and there was also a display of the Common Market countries with maps and diagrams. The Physics display was very interesting. The stroboscope especially, with its slow motion effects aroused a great deal of attention. Nuffield Biology was demonstrated by experiments involving learning techniques such as mice in the maze, and the growing cultures from 'clean' hands. In the swimming pool, as part of the Physical Education display there was a lively swimming club training session, and a life saving demonstration.

There is not enough room to describe each department, but thanks must also be extended to the Chemistry, Woodwork, English, Modern Languages, Music, Art and C.C.F. departments. Without the help of both staff and boys the Open Day would to have been possible. Again the masters and the



boys, who spent long hours in the departments, answering the questions of enquiring parents should be thanked.

*R. Lamey 6AU*

### **The 250th Anniversary Celebrations – Roy E. Daysh**

8<sup>th</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup> JULY 1971

Many guests visited the school in the week ending Saturday, 10<sup>th</sup> July 1971 and for that week the school ran something like an open house. Saturday, though, was the culmination of the week's events when we had two major social events. In the afternoon there was a Garden Party and in the evening a Buffet-Ball both attended by parents, staff and Old Priceans.

We had a week of wonderful weather and at dawn on Saturday it was clear that we were destined for the kind of day the planners had dreamed about since they began their preparations more than a year before, The work would not be in vain, then, and our spirits were high as the day began. For the special occasion, the annual cricket match between the school and the Old Priceans began at 11.30 and went on throughout the day. A sprinkling of Old Priceans were watching before lunch, while the last preparations were being made in the large marquee, erected over the fig-tree, and soon to house the host.

The Garden Party at 3 p.m. was a complete sell-out, with some 500 people present. After some little formality and presentations of gifts to the school, the throng adjourned to the field to renew old acquaintances, and soon to tea in the marquee – a tea well worthy of the occasion!

The Ball was a truly grand occasion – perhaps the school has never seen a grander one. The school hall was linked to the marquee so that guests could interchange between the two without going outside and we were just about able to accommodate everyone. The weather was so perfect that even at 10 o'clock many were taking their supper outside on the grass. Everyone agreed it all ended too early, but perhaps that merely indicates their great enjoyment.

If it is true that the day provided the occasion, it is also true that the people present made the enjoyment. One witnessed continually the greeting of old friends who had not met for many years and their pleasure rubbed off on everyone near. Happiness begets happiness! It is difficult to name one person without immediately thinking of many but one must mention *Mr. Ashton* (who came to both events) and who must have been greeted more times than anyone else. Immediately, and together, the names of *Messrs. Shaw, Thacker and Garton* come to mind for these three with *Mr. Ashton*, made a quartet who, between them taught at Price's for about 30 years and were together on the staff for 25 years.

Then, too, some mention must be made of those gentlemen who were at Price's in 1908. *Messrs. Frost, Clifton, Hills and Coughlan*, whom we were delighted to welcome back to the school. If Price's school is still in existence in the year 2021 doubtless there will be celebrations of the tercentenary. At that event there would be a number of people who could claim to have been at the 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary celebrations and to have met men who attended Price's 113 years before! Thus is history bridged. We hope the social events would be as memorable as this year. They could not be more so.

It is impossible to thank enough the P.T.A. Committee who organised the day in minute detail, and whose work bore such a wonderful harvest on 10<sup>th</sup> July, 1971. It was a day to remember.

*Roy E. Daysh*



### **The Axe has Fallen – 1972 Lion Editorial**

Since writing the Editorial for the 250<sup>th</sup> anniversary “Lion”, the ensuing year seems to have flown by. I then said “by any standards, 250 years is a long time for a School to exist, and we go from strength to strength”

**Since writing those words, the axe has fallen**, and William Price’s School will, in all probability, cease to exist in its present form as from 1974, and will become a Sixth Form College.

No longer will the Staff be able to watch the progress of young, new boys gradually change as they become young men preparing for Universities or some other form of further education. No longer will a “young entrant” be coached in all the various athletic activities to culminate in our rather fine 1<sup>st</sup> teams.

I have no doubt that the quality of academic achievements be just as high when we are a Sixth Form College but, judging from the results of Grammar Schools turned “College” the games will not be to the same high standard – even if team games are in fact played- as so many Sixth Form entrants might not be athletically interested or may have come from Schools where games were a mere sideline.

### **The End is Nigh – 1973 Lion Editorial**

In September, the School began the last year of its existence purely as a School, and a hundred and four new boys are unique, being the last First Formers the School ever had, It has been said the School is dying and if that is not true yet, it certainly will be next year.

Many will mourn the passing of Price’s School, although both main political parties seem to be agreed it has to die. There is some consolation in that the name, and we trust, the spirit of Price’s will continue to live as a Sixth Form College, and indeed, our Headmaster will remain its Principal, together with many of our respected Staff ...

The past year has certainly been a distinguished one for the School ...

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### **Transition Years**

Hi David,

In newsletter No. 4 you posed a few questions about life in the mixed school post 1974. I can give you a bit of a flavour as I was there until 1977 when I sat my A-levels.

When the girls first arrived there was a definite change in the ambience of the school. My feeling looking back was that it became less strict and more tolerant but that may be the rose-coloured spectacles coming into play! One relaxation was that we were called by our Christian names in class. John Tomlinson was the top set maths master for 4th and 5th form and I was always just Knight so it was something of a revelation when after the summer break the same master was calling me Mark.

One of the 6th form general studies periods coincided with the Tuesday afternoon CCF sessions so girls were permitted to become CCF members as part of that term's extra-curricular activity. I can remember sitting in class in the main block watching girls in army uniform attempting to march; there weren't many of them but they caused chaos and provided endless entertainment!

The academic structure of the 6th form changed from one of strictly arts or sciences (6th arts lwr 1, 6th sc upr 2 etc) to one of mixed year, gender and academic study area tutor groups. I was in T20 which was based in the new domestic studies (cookery) block down near the gym with a new lady called Jill Image as the form mistress. Mary Holliday who was the mother of one of the boys in my class in the main school also became a teacher in that block - you may have met her at one of the summer luncheons at Lysses.

Studying maths, further maths and physics at A level I still spent most of my formal taught time with 7 others doing the same maths course, all male and mostly ones from the original Price's school. I think we had 2 girls on the physics course so there weren't too many distractions to our academic endeavours!

General studies provided more opportunities to meet some of the opposite gender. I think I continued in the CCF for lower 6th but I can also remember doing table tennis, badminton, astronomy and typing (that's proved to be REALLY useful over the years!) as other general studies courses.

6th form club was on a Thursday evening and provided less formal opportunities to meet the girls. There were refreshments (non alcoholic) for sale in the hall and a table tennis table was set up in the English room behind the stage.

Athletics was still happening in the 6th form although I think mostly on a voluntary basis. I remember there was an after-school trial for people to take part in sports day. In my lower 6th year I was part of the winning 4x100m relay team along with Suzy Clarke and Chris Halnan (4th person may have been Steve Rice but I'm not sure about that), breaking the school record in the process. That was a real killer as I ran the third leg which was the one going up the hill alongside the rifle range.

If anything else comes to mind I'll drop you a line at some point.

Regards,

**Mark Knight**

Ah ha, very good Mark.

Some more memories for David:

I was only at the school for 2 years when it became Co-ed in my 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> years. As you say, the introduction of the female of the species did indeed change the general feel within the school. I found the fact of Teachers using our first names really strange. However, the boys in my class (Mainly 4C and 5C) mainly continued using the surname. To this day, I can still only remember people by their surnames and don't ever recall even knowing some of their first names ! A good example of this is Pike (no Dad's Army jokes please). I know that he was pretty academic, could play the violin but was hopeless at sport (always the last one picked in team sports, you know the sort). His first name ? Haven't got a clue.

Also, boys started making quite a bit more effort in their appearance. Long hair, which was the rage at that time, suddenly started to be much better kept and new bits of uniform bought. Hence my story about Pigeon (David Pigeon to give him his full title), which I shall repeat here...

Myself, Pigeon and Withers (Graham) went off to Silvers Menswear shop in West Street to purchase new school blazers and trousers. Silvers was a traditional (some would say old-fashioned) shop and we were met by a very well-dressed sales assistant with tape measure hung neatly around his neck. He quickly sorted out a blazer for Pigeon and then moved on to sorting out some trousers. Eyeing him up and down, he asked "And what side does sir dress?". Pigeon paused for a moment or two and then said "I'm pretty sure that I put my left leg in first".

Best wishes all.

**Phillip Reynolds** (or Pip to Mark !)

### **Phil Parsons recalls the transition from School to College ...**

These are my (perhaps sketchy) recollections of my last year at school. After 45 years events may be inaccurate or wrong but may be of interest to someone. If I can be of any general help, then I am happy to try. Unfortunately I cannot help with any specific tasks due to ill health.

I remember the brass plaque but not the names of those involved. The plaque was placed by the pond in the quad by a few pupils who spent time cleaning & renovating the rather sad pond in the corner. I believe it was to ensure that we (the class of 1975) were remembered for something positive as well as the general air of mayhem that many of us strived to create in what was, for some at least, a difficult year. I thought that it had been removed shortly after we had left but perhaps this is wrong?

My memories of 1974-75 may explain why they felt it necessary to leave a "permanent" reminder of our year. Several of my peers came up with the phrase "Last of the Priceans" as we were the last year group comprised of boys that had come through the school with only a few newcomers that joined for "A" Levels. I think the luckiest class was that of 1974 as they avoided the "College experience". There were many changes during our year – girls (good), new staff ( a very mixed bag) plus the simplification of the rules & expectations (not good at all). By 1974 the Upper Sixth had gained considerable freedom from petty rules and regulations. We were expected to behave as adults & be treated accordingly. Many of us had a good relationship with our tutors & the staff we came into contact with on a regular basis.

The previous years had gained a reputation as free spirits and vaguely anarchic but in a positive way. The College felt that this had to be stopped & our year was the one that had to be suppressed. After all, we would set the standard for the lower sixth to follow. I remember that this was enthusiastically supported by the new staff, especially the women. Many of them had never actually taught boys and did not seem to relish this change in circumstances. The new rules were simpler but all-encompassing in scope. Almost any behaviour could be interpreted as rule-breaking depending on the tutor involved. It was also clear that a good number of the original staff were unhappy. We seemed to come across small huddles of the "old" staff in strange corners. If we were seen the conversation ceased until we left. Very odd.

Christmas 1974 was the first concerted effort to stop us going to the local pub at the end of term. Warnings were given along with threats of breath tests after lunch. Our form tutor (Ken Newman) gave us the warning & told us NOT to appear at (I think) The Rising Sun as he wanted to

enjoy a quiet pint without having to deal with any miscreants. Point taken, he would not be involved with any supposed breath checks. Most of us went further afield for a drink. In retrospect this only encouraged drink driving. No further action was taken and no one was suspended although a couple of students had really pushed their alcohol tolerance too far.

The library became a battleground as many of the new staff were determined that absolute silence be maintained. Eventually I decided that the library was best avoided and spent any free periods I had in the chemistry prep. room. This was a more congenial environment and the coffee was better – glass beakers made a suitable substitute for mugs.

On our final day before going on study leave, it was anticipated that we would pull some stunts before departing. Any small group of us walking around the corridors attracted a staff member following on a few yards behind. The library was closed just before lunch after a particularly raucous hour or two as we discussed plans for the future ( or whatever else we were thinking of). The morning had started with the (now usual) threat of suspension for anyone caught returning from the local pub. By about 12-30 a large group of us had adjourned to The Jolly Miller. Our reasoning was that it was very unlikely almost 25% of the sixth form would all be suspended. Another group intended to pull a spectacular stunt to ensure we were remembered. The target was the library, the scene of a few skirmishes that year. I believe that every book in the library was carefully turned around & replaced in the same position. A small but effective act of rebellion. What I did not find out was that an oil painting was also the target of direct action.

I went back to Price's in early 1976 to try & collect my A level Biology Project . This was not available & after talking with Mr Hedley, I wandered into the library to see if anyone I knew was there. I was accosted by the resources supervisor (he had some such title but I have no recollection of his name) who started ranting that "you lot should have been arrested for theft". Apparently he had wanted to call the police in to investigate the theft of a painting that was in the library but Eric had stopped him. The painting had gone missing on the day we left and, inevitably, it had to be our fault. Either collectively, or due to an individual, we were all to blame. I was unimpressed by his outburst, and started laughing, which only made the situation worse. I had looked around the library when I first entered and had glanced up at the mezzanine floor just seconds before his arrival. Once he was really upset, I pointed at the pelmet above the window on the mezzanine gallery. There was the missing painting on top of the pelmet and just a few feet from the original location. It had been there since May, apparently unnoticed, and could have been there for much longer if I had not visited that day. Did this man ever actually raise his eyes from the ground at his feet?

I have no idea who actually moved the picture, but it was a well-crafted and effective prank. Perhaps the perpetrator will claim the glory he so richly deserves once he reads this. Perhaps it was one of the Lower Sixth who joined in the fun of that day? Others may have a very different perspective of their last year at Price's but mine was not a happy one and spoiled what had been a wonderful, if privileged, education.

Eric Poyner was right, most of us were not criminals in the making but were capable of causing chaos when pushed. He always tried to see the best in us, even when that may have been difficult.

**Phil Parsons (1969-75)**

## **How it's changed**

Price's, due to the change to Sixth Form College, has lost its all-boys environment, which may be a good thing; it has also lost some of the other hall-marks of the "Old Days". No longer are prefects seen collecting names for the next 'quad'. Gone are Westbury, Blackbrook, Cams and School Houses, house matches and the old type sports day. No more are the Monday morning chats about Saturday night's conquest.

There are other less obvious changes. Assemblies have altered from the very formal occasions attended every morning to the far more relaxed present-day affairs. The General Studies choices have been widened to the extent that a boy is able to taste the delight of one's own cooking, and girls can learn the complexities of carburation or even how to change a tyre. Even the room numbers have been changed; this may have been so that everyone started equal, equally confused!

The large increase in numbers has had other effects, most noticeably one of chronic overcrowding in the first year. This has now to some extent been improved by additional building, and as the extensive programme continues further improvements are bound to be made. Less noticeably, but probably more important, the community spirit that is generated by the environment in which everyone knows each other, has been lost, not only because of the huge increase in numbers, but also because of the short time people have at college in which to make large numbers of friends, but hopefully this problem can also be overcome in some way.

It is still too early to condemn or condone the 'new' Price's but surely, in time, it will be a success.

**A.P. (U6)**

## **No Longer ...**

*"No longer are prefects seen, collecting names for the next "Quad". Gone too, are Westbury, Blackbrook, School and Cams Houses, House matches, and the old type Sports Day ... Less noticeably but probably more important, the community spirit that is generated by the environment in which everyone knows each other, has been lost. ..." He concluded enigmatically "It is too early to condemn or condone the new Price's ..."*

*From the last issue of the "Lion" termly magazine. An **upper School boy***

## **A Personal view of Price's School by Ken Harrison**

### A Valediction

Many local people believe that Price's School was "despatched" with undue haste and without a proper acknowledgement of its place in Fareham History. For more than 250 years the Town and School were inextricably linked together, and it is felt that more recognition should be given to the School's role in shaping the development of the Town and its inhabitants.

Price's played a distinguished part in the growth of Fareham. It was a strong family School and often successive generations within one family would attend the School and then become stalwarts of the Town in sport, law, medicine, commerce, sailing, boat-building, the Forces, politics, farming, undertaking, and other occupations.

As said by Mrs Alice James, many Priceans achieved eminence in one sphere or another and the boys were fitted for all walks of life.



In many ways, the School was little different from other good Schools of its type, but there were a number of influences that combined subtly to produce boys with distinctive personalities and a school memorable in local history and beyond. The small number of pupils (283 in my day) and the quality of Staff undoubtedly were major factors in the character-building of the boys. Personal qualities mattered just as much as academic ones in the selection of Staff and Staff-members viewed the School as an extension of their homes. They all placed great importance upon the School's reputation and that attitude was transmitted to the boys. Boarders and a Preparatory School contributed also to overall domesticity.

Even now, I find it difficult to accept that a mere 1337 Scholars had attended Price's over the 218 years before my admission in 1939. Both School and Town were very small until expansion of each took place in the early days of the century. Independent of size however, the distinctive blue and grey uniform – characteristic of charity Schools (as Price's had been) were prominent features of the everyday Fareham scene and helped to integrate the School with Town.

Wartime conditions accelerated our maturation. Many of us suffered "blitzest" at night and disturbance during the day. An appreciable amount of time was spent in the air raid shelters and casualties occurred among the boys' parents and Old Boys. Air raid damaged made attendance difficult and life could be eventful when we got there. For example, I remember the groundsman throwing his tools on the 1<sup>st</sup> XI cricket pitch and running for his life while being machine-gunned by a German warplane.

A harsh but fair discipline lay at the root of the School's success. This was balanced by Expectation, Example and Responsibility. Those qualities encouraged individual self-discipline and that assurance that comes with ordered knowledge and ability to communicate. Severe penalties for misbehaviour did not inhibit initiative or freedom of speech.

Punishments ranged from hundreds of lines for failing to raise a cap to a passing master, or even worse to a Mistress, to a beating on the behind for singing in class between lessons. (I can testify to the deterrent effect of three cuts of a thin cane hard across the buttocks.) Immediate confession of guilt led to immediate retribution in full measure. The ultimate deterrent was expulsion, but cases were so rare and conducted with such discretion and immediacy that we could only suspect they were happening. The few occasions seemed to arise as much from breaking the unwritten code of behaviour as from the written one. In general, law enforcement of this kind did nothing to quell our spirit; rather, it enhanced our inventiveness, daring, flair and bravado.

The Cadet Corps provided another distinctive feature cementing School with Town. Its remarkably tuneful drum and bugle band could be followed from School as it paraded around Fareham. Headed by a tall Drum Major, resplendent in his leopard skin. We became accustomed to the end of lessons being signalled by a roll on the drum or a bugle call. It is to the credit to the boy NCOs that they operated the Company entirely on their own during a period of wartime staff sickness and shortage or officers.

I was one of the few dozen boys who elected to have extra lessons instead of Cadet Corps activities. This was not pacifism (I later joined the 60<sup>th</sup> Rifles), but a marked preference for my own personal freedom. I gained immeasurably from this because the extra tuition was in Political Organisation, which I found utterly boring, and Classical History and English Literature, which were very enjoyable and which coloured my later adult interests.

In such an environment, honesty prevailed completely. I cannot recall any incidents of cheating, either in sport or in School work. Neither did any boys put-on “side”. The Staff were unpretentious and down-to-earth. Any signs of incipient affection were immediately snuffed-out. The School’s strength in sport matched its academic excellence. At least one pupil was a hockey international. There were many County representatives and others who played for Fareham Town teams. Sport was an important link between School and locality. Because not only did the School play against local ones but individual boys became seeded amongst local Clubs.

I recall clearly the marked change that occurred in the Staff Common Room upon the advent of young ladies to fill gaps left by recruitment to the Armed Forces. Whereas it had been silent – with an occasional cough and a wisp of tobacco smoke – it was suddenly transformed. Our ears were now assailed by vivacious chatter and laughter and our nostrils were seduced by a wondrous aroma of femininity.

It is all so different today. Old Priceans coming back to visit the School are appalled to find it pulled down and no sign of its name to be found publicly. The demise of the School was bought about by puzzling administrative decisions, but more bewildering is the almost complete eradication of the School’s name and the absence of public recognition of the School’s contribution to the community. There seems to be an unpleasant deliberation about the expunging of these things – rather more than an inadequate sense of history. Perhaps Fareham will honour its past in that respect – perhaps not. There is no more for me to say but Price’s – *Valete*

### **Memories of Price’s (David Kill)**

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 RE. 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 RE 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 Glynn-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 4<sup>th</sup> 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.

David Kill

For a comment on **Cultural life at Price's School in the 1950s/'60s**, see Mike Bayliss's item in Chapter 1 "The Creative Arts".

### **Lion Editorial**

In September, the School began the last years of its existence purely as a school and with a hundred and four new boys who are unique, being the last First Formers the School ever had. It has been said that the School was dying and if that is not true yet, it certainly will be next year.

Many will mourn the passing of Price's School, although both main political parties seem to be agreed that it must die. There is some consolation in that the name, and we trust the spirit, of Price's will remain as Principal together with many of our present Staff. Tempting as it may be there is not room in these columns to peer further into the future than that.

The past year has certainly been a distinguished one for the School, both academically and in the sporting sphere. Our G.C.E. results, at both levels, have been excellent with an 'A' pass rate of 81.2% of subjects taken. In 'O' level the average number of passes per boy reached the record figure of 6.28.

On the sports field last year, both our Under 12 and Under 13 Football teams reached the Hampshire Schools Final and the Under 13s emerged as worthy champions.

In team games we do not usually idolize individuals but we must mention the feat of T.R. Morton, who, whilst on tour with the First XI in the Channel Islands, twice scored a not-out century – and on successive days, at that. That redoubtable Old Pricean, M.R. Coghlan, who was at School some sixty years ago, and who now resides at Hill Head may be relieved to know his 1000 runs in a season was not equalled – but Morton has another year here yet.

Of those departing we must make special mention of three.

Admiral R.L. Alexander, Chairman of the Governors, is leaving the area and is thus forced to give up the appointment he has filled with distinction, and (may it be said) panache. He was a leader of men, and no-one could deny that he looked the part – and sounded it; there are few such men to go round and assuredly our loss will soon become someone else's gain. In saying goodbye, and in thanking him on behalf of boys, parents and staff, we hope very much he will not cut himself off completely from us.

*[Ed: In these days it is common for staff to leave after a year or two, but the much longer service of Mssrs. E Smith and E.H.F. Gros are listed in the "Price's Whos' Who, Part 2."]*

Our good wishes for these too, and to all others, both staff and boys, who left in July.

Roy E. Daysh

### **Memorable events during my time from 1964 to 1969**

I started at Price's in September 1964. I was in Form 1A, and our Form Room was at the top of the stairs at the end nearest to the assembly hall on the northern side of the 2-storey buildings around

the Quadrangle. It was next to the Biology lab. Our Form Master was Mr Alderson, if I remember correctly. I think the room was used as an Art room, and there was a pottery wheel in there, a treadle operated device which somebody discovered would make a piercing screeching noise if it was treadled furiously and the side of the hand pressed against the wheel. How and when this was discovered is lost in the mists of time, but it was responsible for much merriment at the time.

There were about 30 or more of us, amongst whom was a small bespectacled boy who looked pretty innocuous at face value. I know his name, but I'll just call him B. Anyway, one day, at about going-home-time, I remember Mr Alderson standing on the path leading towards our Form Room, saying something to me as I approached, a warning to stay back it turned out. To my amazement, he said our friend B was up in the Form Room smashing up chairs and throwing them out of the window. Call me wet behind the ears, but in those days I had absolutely no idea anybody dared to behave like that. At some other time, I can't say whether it was before or after the chair-throwing, I came upon B and another lad both with completely blue faces, having engaged in an ink fight. For those of more tender years, this sort of ink fight involved the use of fountain pens, flicking ink out of them at each other. I can't remember what eventually became of B, but perhaps he came right in the end, or perhaps they locked him up.



One thing that struck me early on was the apparently huge size of sixth-formers compared with us first years. One of these older chaps had a disfigurement. He had scarring on his face around one of his eyes, and I believe he had lost that eye. This had occurred as result of a tragic accident. I was told that he'd pinched some conc. sulphuric from the Chemy lab, and had it in a beaker in one of the small rooms at the top of the old School House. It was said that one of his friends thought it was just water, and threw it over him as a joke...

There was an apposite little rhyme that warned of the dangers of that very acid.

*Alas poor Joe is dead  
We see his face no more  
For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O  
Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>*

Actually, as one or two of you may recall, I was no stranger to dangerous occurrences myself, but more of that later.

I think it was a great shame that the old building was destroyed. I think most would agree that it had infinitely more charm than the glass box that took its place. Another thing that disappeared then was the sittings system for lunch at appointed tables. In my opinion, this was and is a far superior system to the seemingly universal canteen arrangement that my children have had to endure.

To put some perspective on how different a world it was then, I can clearly remember sitting in the Chemy lab and hearing the chuffing of steam locos as they pulled out of Fareham railway station.



Speaking of the Chemy Lab, and the rows of little reagent bottles down the middle of the benches, the oft-played prank was to remove the stopper from the Ammonium Sulphide bottle, whereupon the stench of rotten eggs would gradually pervade the entire lab and beyond. Later, I recall experiments we did producing esters. These are pleasant fruity-smelling compounds produced from an alcohol and a sometimes foul-smelling organic acid. This time we made ethyl butyrate, which smells delightfully of pineapple, whereas the butyric acid used to make it smells like vomit. Someone (not me, I hasten to add) thought it was a jolly jape to fill 'Molly' Malone's blazer pocket with the acid. Boys can be so cruel.

### **The Tale of the Browndown Hero**

One CCF Tuesday, we set off to the Browndown ranges. We were taken there in the back of canvas covered Army three-tonners. The first part of the day was prone-position target shooting with bolt-action Lee Enfield 303s on the ranges. These rifles were fearsomely heavy, certainly for me, anyway. I wasn't very big in those days, and quite bony. The rifle stock had nothing but an unyielding brass plate on the butt end, and the recoil of a 303 is fairly powerful, to say the least. This proved to be very painful on my poor little adolescent shoulder and I had to tuck my folded-up beret between butt and shoulder to attempt to cushion the kick. Not only that, I found the weight of the gun almost impossible to hold steady, so I slid back down the sloping firing point so that I could rest the barrel on the ground whilst shooting. This sort of thing does nothing for accuracy, and I don't think I hit the targets at all. Worse, though, was the effect on the chap shooting next to me. He was a keen CCFer, an NCO I think, Balchin, maybe?, and he was firing in what you might call an 'exhibition' pose, now ahead of me, because as I said, I'd slid backwards down the slope. Every time I fired, he'd look round scowling, muttering something I couldn't hear. I just nodded politely and carried on. Of course, he was catching the muzzle blast of my rifle directly in his right ear. I do apologise.

Well, that was the least of the excitement that day. After the live firing, and we'd had our turn in the butts, working the targets for the others, we were each given a rifle and ten blank rounds. The NCOs had gone off ahead, and I suppose our job was to attack and capture their positions. So, upon the signal, as a baying mob, we set off in pursuit. There were explosions in the distance as they let off thunderflashes, and eventually we caught up with them, holed-up in a concrete pill box on a rise ahead of us. There was a fair bit of shooting going on, and I was creeping round the side towards a steel door when it was suddenly flung open and out charged an enraged and blood-flecked Gatland. He grabbed me by the lapels, shouting "was that you?" My puzzled response of Urrgh? seemed to convince him that it wasn't, and he threw me aside and rushed off elsewhere. I later found out that the cause of his intense discomfiture was that one of our intrepid band of brothers, an apparently meek and mild chap named C\_\_\_\_\_ had mounted an heroic one-man frontal assault on the said pill box. He'd run up the hill, no doubt under 'withering fire', shoved his rifle into the observation slit and given them what-for from the hip. Gatland had looked out of the slit just in time to receive C's contribution point-blank in the moosh, which undoubtedly put a damper on the rest of his day, and I imagine required a change of underwear all round for the others in there with him. Fortunately, I believe pride was the only serious casualty in the event.

There was an enquiry at school about it all, which is where the facts came out, and the 'culprit' was identified. I understand that C was given a ticking off, but it occurs to me that if he'd done the same in a war he'd have probably got the VC.

### **The Curious Case of the Bloody Hand-Print**

One particular weekend, for no particular reason, I decided to create a tubular construction for igniting red-headed matches by percussion, in such a way that the products of the combustion

would be issued from the opposing termination of the tubular construction in a pleasing and inspiring manner. Undoubtedly, you've all done the same. Or perhaps not.



The said 'tubular construction' consisted of various bits of brass and a spring, screwed and soldered together, including a large brass dished washer from the head of large decorative carpet nail. It worked on the principle used in those little match-stick-firing Dinky Toy field guns, and the idea was to put a red match-head or two in the back of the brass dished washer, pull the trigger, and it would make a crack and emit smoke from the end of the tube. And so it did. Harmless enough, and it attracted quite a throng on its inaugural appearance, one break-time, round the front of the old cricket pavilion.

I demonstrated it a few times. Actually, it was all rather tame. That is, until a young lad named San\*\*\*\* arrived on the scene with a transparent plastic box full of what he said was weedkiller and sugar. It was then that events now took a more, shall we say, exciting turn. It was a short step to load some of this compound into the barrel (brass tube) and, with the idea that the match-head would ignite it, to operate the trigger. Just for good measure, we put a pencil in the barrel as a potential projectile. The trigger was duly operated, and a satisfying spurt of flame issued from the barrel, gently expelling the pencil as it did so. By this time, the crowd had greatly increased, and a replay was demanded. The apparatus was recharged and the trigger pulled. Almost instantly, absolutely nothing happened. At that point, I remember looking down and reaching to re-load it. Then I seemed to be vaguely aware that something had changed, but I didn't really know what.

What had actually changed was that after obviously weighing up the options for a few seconds, the thing had made up its mind to violently explode in my hand and face. For some reason, I reached for my forehead, and brought my hand away covered in blood and I realized that I couldn't see out of my left eye. All I could see was light, just a white featureless mist. First thoughts were 'Oh dear, not good', or words to that effect. I dropped the device and sped through the now-recoiling crowd to the bogs in the new block to see what the damage was. There was a glass door at the entrance to the new block, and I pushed it open with my bloodied palm. They tell me that this blood hand-print remained on the door for days afterwards, I can only assume as a macabre warning to others who might be contemplating similar feats of self-destruction. Anyway, I went into the toilets and gingerly looked at my reflection. I was greatly relieved to see that my eye wasn't hanging out on a stalk, and in fact looked quite normal, except for a sizeable gash on my brow above it. After that, it was a case of sitting in Eric's office, bemoaning my misfortune and waiting for someone to turn up. It may have been an ambulance, or my Mum who arrived first, I can't now recall, but eventually we got to a clinic where a tall Indian doctor asked me about the gash on my brow. I knew what he was getting at – whether it had been caused by impact or penetration, but I said that I'd dropped the gadget and would need to see what remained of it to be able to say. I had a large swelling on my forehead above the wound and he decided to poke about with a pair of tweezers. I was lying on his couch whilst he poked about in the gash (as it were) and he suddenly announced "I think I've got something". I said "Well, quick, pull it out" and he replied "Well, it might be part of your skull!" I can

still see him now, wiggling the tweezers as he pulled the thing out, and as soon as I saw it with my good eye, I realized it was The Large Brass Washer.



Evidently, this had been blown off the back of the barrel in the explosion, and had hit my forehead, and possibly grazed my eye on the way up. Fortunately it penetrated up my forehead rather than into my eye socket, and all I ended up with was a hyphema (bleeding inside the eyeball), plus the forehead gash and some painful powder burns to my face and especially to my fingers holding the gadget. Lucky me.

After about 3 days rest in the eye hospital, my vision thankfully returned. I was soon back at school and I was reunited with the remains of the device which I still have, together with the brass washer wrapped in a piece of padded gauze by that doctor. It's missing one part though, and that is the majority of the brass tube barrel. This was blown off in the explosion, and apparently landed at the feet of fellow-pupil Kill, with the pencil still in it, or so I was told.

Given the ferocity of the detonation of a relatively small fraction of what was in San\*\*\*\*'s plastic box, it would have certainly livened up the average Latin lesson if the whole lot had unexpectedly gone off in his pocket.

And Jon Fay later noted that the speed of my self-evacuation from the scene immediately following the explosion was so rapid that it had led to speculation that I had been blown skywards, and was still coming down. Very droll, I'm sure.

That wasn't quite the end of the story though. Only some few weeks later, I was on a cross-country run, on the track where we used to turn right off the Wickham road. There was some larking about by some lads behind us (they'll know who they are!) and a shout which caused me to look round, just in time to receive a decent-sized stone missile to my right temple and eye. Hyphema No 2, other eye this time, and back in the eye hospital. You again?! was the Matron's only comment.



Well, that's all for now. Does anybody out there remember any of these events? It would be great to hear from you, or indeed your own reminiscences of what were great times, when school boys were trusted to blow themselves up, buy sheath-knives, fireworks and airgun pellets, and beer and fags for Dad. Oh, and for those like me who had no sisters, girls were definitely a different species, and a much sought-after one at that.

Ken Gilmour

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## The Advent of Price's College, Fareham – 1974

In 1721 Price's School was founded as a charity school for 30 poor boys and girls of Fareham by William Price junior, a timber merchant of Fareham. The vicar and wardens of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul Fareham were charged with the task of establishing the school in William Price's residence which he had bequeathed to the Trustees.

Through many changes and vicissitudes Price's School progressed to become a boys' grammar school at the turn of this century and grew to house 720 boys by 1974. In September of this year it underwent yet another change in character and became Price's College – a sixth form college catering not only for the boys, but also the girls of the Fareham Borough. At the moment of writing there are 430 boys in the main school who will work their way through, and most will then enter the sixth, and also 400 young ladies and gentlemen aged 16 – 18 years in the sixth form.

Much of the curriculum in the 6<sup>th</sup> form comprises the "advanced level" courses traditionally associated with sixth form education, but the subject coverage has been widened considerably. Students can also follow "ordinary level" subject courses for one or two years, either separately or in conjunction with 'A' Level subjects. In future we hope to widen our subject coverage even more and cater for a more diverse set of interests than is done at the moment. However, even today there is a choice of 24 Advanced Level subject, 19 two-year 'O' Level and 20 one-year 'O' Level subjects. High standards are the order of the day, not only in academic but also in social and cultural activities. Each student has to take part in a General Studies programme and has a choice of three activities per term from 140 different topics, and this we hope will give him or her a broad and interesting education when coupled with the academic content of the curriculum.

Numbers for the sixth form of September 1975 are estimated to be 610 and this figure will certainly grow as more young people seek further education either at Price's College or the Fareham Technical College with whom we co-operate as dully as possible, and Price's may find that there will be nearly 1000 students studying within its walls by the end of the decade – all of them in the sixth form. One feature of our first intake this September has been that 35 young people who were at boarding or other schools outside Fareham have opted to come home to live and continue their education with us in the sixth form. I am sure this is a practice which will increase in the future as news gets around that it is a possibility.

Of course our main intake will always be from the co-educational comprehensive schools in the Borough, with whom we have the happiest of links. These schools now take all the output from the primary schools in Fareham and there is no section at 11+. It will obviously take four or five years for these schools, like Price's, to become fully comprehensive, but I am sure that in Fareham we have every chance of making a great success of the secondary education of the young people with the 11 to 16-year schools not becoming too large, and a sixth form college which can admit all those for whom a suitable course is available and whose secondary schooling has shown that they would be likely to work diligently towards success.

My impression of Price's after the first few weeks of College life is one of an industriously happy establishment where Staff and Students alike are determined to make a success of the venture by doing everything to the utmost ability of each individual for the good of the College in general and every Student in particular.

**Eric A.B. Poyner** (Headmaster)

### **Retirement Reflections of Eric Poyner.**

George Ashton handed onto me a school in extremely good heart with 385 boys on roll. Fareham was growing fast and our numbers grew with it. By 1974 when the Sixth Form College was born, and we had a complement of between 850 and 900, and after a further five years when I retired in 1979, there were almost 1100 young men and women in the Sixth Form.

The change from a boys' grammar school to a mixed college could not have been smoother, which in fact reflects the efforts and co-operation of the School Staff and those who joined us from other Schools. There were 85 members of Staff by 1979.

How can one select memorable moments in the life of Price's when there are so many? One can only mention a few and leave the reader to their own reminiscences.

In my early Headship days, when Bert Shaw was Deputy Headmaster and Mrs Pemberton was the first permanent School Secretary, we operated from a room in School House with two dining tables and a portable typewriter.. One day when admin work was pressing more than usual, we hope to stem the tide of callers by sticking a notice "Engaged" on the door, to which, with typical Price's wit someone added "Congratulations"!

Assemblies were held in the old Hall which served as a gymnasium as well, and I remember watching many boisterous games of the unique Price's game of what I can only describe as "shove hockey" played on the knees with a puck propelled by the hand!

Saturday morning School was abolished after a while and Wednesday afternoons were devoted to games. The devotion of so many staff to the hockey, soccer and cricket teams can best be illustrated by the fact that in our games hey-day, we were able to field 8 or 9 teams on a Saturday, and with a great deal of success.

As the school grew, so did the crop of temporary classrooms. In good weather, they served their purpose well, but when the outside temperature fell, they were far from popular, neither with the boys nor the Staff. But eventually more buildings and more facilities came along and with them the curriculum and other activities expanded.

I suppose the outstanding milestone in my time at price's came one week in 1971 when we celebrated in so many ways, the 250<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Foundation of the School. The weather was glorious for the whole week, and everyone from Holiday, the youngest boy in the School, through all ages of teaching and ancillary Staff gave of their utmost to make the occasion such a memorable success.

I have mentioned the sporting successes, but the academic achievements matched and surpassed them in so many ways. University and College entrants grew considerably year by year and many boys went into varied and worthwhile employment. The ripples went out from Price's into all walks of life at home and abroad and I often think that the Price's influence may still be having a great beneficial effect in many corners of this planet of ours. I know that every Price's boy in one measure or another gained something more than sporting or academic experiences – something was



“caught” not “learned” – caught largely from the qualities and characters of the Staff and by rubbing shoulders with his fellow pupils, thereby forming his own attitude to life which was to stand him in good stead for the future.

The memories of those, young and not so young, whom I have had the privilege to know at Price’s are very precious to me, but my gall rises and eyes moisten when I allow myself to remember that “educational administrative pressure” brought to an untimely end in 1984 what we had all so richly enjoyed over the years and our predecessors before us. Future generations of the youth of Fareham, unfortunately are now denied the great experience of being a Pricean.

**Eric A.B.Poyner**

(The Lion 90<sup>th</sup> Anniversary issue, March 1998)

### **From One Era to Another. Thoughts of Trevor Harley**

My first memory of Price’s is going to assembly on the first day of term in September 1969. In my mind it was all very organised, with pupils self-organising into neat rank and files as they marched into the hall, like something from Mr Chips. Of course my memory must be wrong, and it must have been totally chaotic. My mother thought short trousers were the thing to wear (“let the air get to your legs”), and I was horrified to discover I was one of only three boys in the school not wearing long trousers. Fortunately I had a long pair for the second week.

In retrospect moving up from junior school to grammar school was a huge transition, but the young take most things in their stride, and I was no exception. I never thought about it. I was in Form 1B, with Charlie Tuck as our master, in one of those rather grim little huts beside what seemed a magical garden. I lived in Pilands Estate outside Bursledon, and caught the No. 80 Hants and Dorset bus every morning, at first dutifully with my Bible and dictionary and completely useless fountain pen in a largely empty briefcase. Colin Fricker from the same estate was in my form and we caught the bus together. We lived in the furthest flung reaches of the Price’s empire - boys really only started getting on at Sarisbury Green. Who else do I remember? Tufty Cooper caught the bus there, and Alan Herbert, now apparently sadly no more. I became most friendly with Peter Dear. Most of the other boys in my form are now mostly surnames and fuzzy faces: Grant, Hawkins, Earl, Ebdon, Homer, Hartridge, Harris, Herbertson. There was one boy called Colin Ford who had a leg calliper and was very small; I never found out exactly what was wrong with him, and he died during the first year, which was a shame. He seemed a nice chap.

I think 1969-70 was a transitional time for the school. I assume many of the teachers appointed in the wake of the war were retiring around then and were being replaced by trendy young men with haircuts and floral shirts. Some of the teachers wore gowns all the time: we had Smudge (Mr Smith) for maths, Mr Openshaw (I forget his nickname) for French, “Merv” Jones for English, and Buzz Ellis, who wanted us to draw pictures of wattle and daub buildings for homework and liked to show us videos of people dying of lung cancer for fun, for history. He had a large collection of Reader’s Digest magazines. I remember one young chap who was our maths teacher in the second year; he started off being very nice and reasonable, and then in contrast there was Dick Payne, who seemed a hard man, initially insisting on absolute silence and boys standing when he walked in the room. Needless to say he turned out to be OK, while the maths teacher had a terrible time getting control. I remember being slightly annoyed because I liked maths and wanted to learn. His lessons were uproar. One occasion Eric Poyner must have been walking by the classroom and put us all in class detention picking up litter. That seemed unfair to me. I remember the teacher going a very bright red, and I felt a bit sorry for him. He didn’t come back the next year. Other things were changing too; early on I remember a Tuck Shop, but I don’t remember it lasting all my time there.

There was a bit of bullying, and I remember mostly feeling relieved I wasn't the victim. I knew it was wrong but I didn't feel strong enough to stand up against it. I didn't like games or PE. Something went wrong because I came from a junior school where although I probably wasn't very good, I loved them. I was game for games, but soon detested them. I was very small, even for my age right at the end of the academic year. I wanted to play football, but was deemed not good enough, and so was thrown into the pool of rejects. I remember Charlie Tuck saying "Charlie Harley? Knee high to a grasshopper and as much skill as my little finger?"; way to go Charlie. Rugby if you are tiny is hell on earth, and cross-country runs in the rain were most unpleasant. No wonder people resorted to short cuts. It's now clear the games teachers didn't give a damn about anyone who wasn't the best and in some sort of school team. But perhaps the less academic boys felt the same about me; we're very egocentric when young.

I hated the CCF. What a pointless activity. I was in the RAF bit, and while it's true we got to go up in a plane, most of the time was spend polishing belts and marching up and down. Those uniforms were so uncomfortable, too. To be fair some boys loved it, but it was not for me. I wanted to be in the orchestra, but didn't have an instrument, or be an objector, but my mother thought CCF was a terribly good idea.

I joined the chess club, which in the middle of the 70s was overseen by the Reverend Reggie Harkus, who unsurprisingly was our religious studies teacher too. He too found it difficult to keep discipline, relying unrealistically on reason and the inherent good nature of boys, but he was a good person. The team captain was Ian Shields.

In 1974 we of course became a mixed sex sixth form college. I found it frightening at first that there were these girls all over the place, and also new students – we were no longer pupils – who came from other schools, particularly Sarisbury Green, whose numbers and talent swelled the chess club. Kevin Garrett, Michael Comben, where are you now?. The only girls I remember are Sue Bailey and Katie Stubbs. In some ways A-levels covered the best years of my life because there was more freedom at school, with plenty of free time for games (chess, poker, and snooker) and the joy of doing subjects I loved. I particularly remember having Jock Daysh for A-level maths; while he was perhaps not among the world's best mathematician, he was among the world's best maths teachers.

Looking back, I think I was pretty mentally ill for many years, particularly early on. I think I was depressed some of the time, and certainly suffered from severe obsessive-compulsive disorder (OCD). When I was in the second or third form, or maybe both, every night I would go downstairs several times to check that the front door was shut. I would get up many times during the night - twenty, thirty - to check that my bus pass was in my pocket, or that I hadn't lost a school book. I thought people might be able to read my thoughts. In the seventies we knew very little about mental illness in childhood, and although I knew things weren't right, and that I was very unhappy, I never thought of myself as ill, and it never occurred to me to see treatment. I wouldn't have known what to do anyway. Now many schools have access to counsellors - did we have a school nurse? It dimly rings a bell. I should have been receiving therapy and on drugs. I am still pretty loony, but things are mostly under control.

Putting those things aside, I mostly really liked my time at Price's. I got a lot out of it; coming from a council estate and no father and very little money and ending up with a place at St. John's, Cambridge. I particularly remember Mr. Chaffey being encouraging about going to Cambridge. I felt guilty for decades that I later changed from geology to psychology in the natural sciences degree, and I was glad to talk to Mr Chaffey shortly before he died. He was an absolutely ace teacher - and, I like to think, friend. I stayed at Cambridge to do a PhD in Psychology on slips of the tongue, and carried straight on to become an academic at Warwick and then Dundee. I don't think I would have

ended up Emeritus Professor of Psychology, author, Fellow of the British Psychological Society, and a Psychology REF assessor unless it had been for Price's.

*And, keeping the best strawberry in the dish until last, this remarkable piece by former Head of English, Tony Johnston needs to be read in one continuous session. An inclination to cut and paste its various sections into other Chapters has to be resisted and the whole, digested in no haste, for the messages it conveys ... continued after the end of the article ... Ed.*

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## Price's School 1965-74 & Price's College 1974-84

Reminiscences of an old teacher by **Tony Johnson**

### Interview and Arrival

On arriving for the interview at Price's School in February 1965 the buildings did not impress. The main building had those high windows of an earlier era, calculated to forbid children to look out in case they were distracted. There were a number of tatty huts and an ugly brick structure, the pavilion. The playing fields were not as spacious as those in St. Bartholomew's Grammar School, Newbury, where I had played rugby and cricket and fitted in some A Levels.

At the interview I gained the impression from Mr Eric Poyner that my prowess at sport was rather more important than my degree: he needed someone to coach a team and who was willing to fill slots in the games periods. Alan George, Head of English, replacing the retiring Mr Thacker, was more concerned with my interest in drama.

Arriving in September 1965 Mr Alan George and I were instant friends and allies. I volunteered to oversee the Debating Society and we organised numerous trips to the theatre irrespective of whether the plays were set texts. We also put on a small show of pupils' creative writing. In 1966 there were productions of Pinter's "The Dumb Waiter" and Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape". The latter was a brilliant solo performance by a student, who needed no direction whatsoever! Unfortunately, Alan George left after only one year. An Oxford graduate, who appeared not to like children very much, replaced him. Then he also left suddenly after only two years. On my being appointed Head of English from September 1968 Tom Hilton remarked to me, "We decided to appoint the devil we knew this time!" He went on to say, "If the students do well in their exams we'll give you the credit: if they don't do so well we'll blame them." What a wise old bird! I was immediately at ease and hence absolutely determined to make sure students did well. Other staff members were equally welcoming and supportive.

### Cricket

I took on the running of and coached the under-15 cricket team under the supervision of the new Head of PE, John Wise. The team had been very well coached previously by Mr "Ham" Gros whilst in

the under-13 team and it showed. The team included David Hall, who needed no coaching except for the advice that it wasn't necessary to try to hit every ball out of the ground: a forward defensive stroke once or twice in an over might mean he'd stay at the crease longer and one day score a hundred, which he later did in the school first X1. I coached the team for four or five years, but found umpiring on Saturdays impinged on my own cricket at a local club, where I'd become captain.

The staff also had a cricket team, which played 20:20 over cricket on Tuesday evenings. Those who could not manage to get home and return in time for the 6pm start were often invited to Mr Roy Daysh's house in Park Lane for tea, which included cockles gleaned from Meon shore. The team was a wonderful way of including new teachers into the camaraderie of the staff room. If you paid £3 for the cricket balls you were in the team, irrespective of talent. A male French assistant, out first ball, was totally bemused walking in circles only to be told he should now wait in the pavilion. On another occasion a female American exchange teacher, Ms Rita Kelly, clubbed the ball in baseball style for 9 invaluable runs. Win or lose there was always The Golden Lion in the High Street afterwards.

Then there was the annual fixture against the first eleven, which just occasionally we miraculously won. Mr Mervyn Jones (English and Senior tutor in the College) captained the side for many years with boyish enthusiasm. Of course the boys always remained roughly the same age and you cursed the coaching you'd given them earlier when they'd become so difficult to dislodge from the crease. Mervyn's running joke was, "Right, we're now instituting a youth policy." Naturally many members of the staff team grew increasingly grey. I opened the batting from 1965 to 1984 and to my chagrin never hit a half century against the school, but was once stuck at the non-striker's end on 49 not out. However, on one occasion that failure was made up for with the ball, with a 7 for 16, including a hat trick. As well as the school teams' results Eric Poyner used to announce the staff team's results in assemblies – a nice touch.

### Rugby

When the school field was being pounded to mud in late autumn and early New Year by seagulls and geese, it often became useless for games. In games periods the boys had a choice: a cross-country run or rugby on the grounds opposite the school in Park Lane where the Leisure Centre now is. Rugby suddenly became the preferred option. There was no pitch marked out, but from these rough and tumble games there emerged an under 15 team, coached by Mr Richard Hedley (forwards) and Mr Johnson (backs). We were delighted when Mark Fisher and Michael Genge were selected to play for Hampshire from this ramshackle arrangement. Later inevitably the staff were challenged to put out 15 men, captained by Mr Ian Wilkie (Biology), gathered a Staff team to play a sixth form student team, (1976?), which I believe the staff won! Mr Richard Hedley and Mr Tony Johnson sneaked their boots out of their respective houses, not telling our wives, for one last game of rugby.

### Skiing

In 1966 Mr Tony Hiles (Head of Art), Mr John Wise (Head of PE) organised a trip to Leysin in Switzerland. Mr Andy Jay (German), also due to go, pulled out late. Although I had never skied before I offered to take his place. We travelled by train. In Switzerland an avalanche on the track ahead of us delayed the train for a few hours. The boys had not had a hot meal for a very long time, so the emergency fund immediately purchased us all a fine meal in the station restaurant. Other trips followed to Leysin again, Einseelden in Switzerland, Neustift in Austria and Borovets in Bulgaria. I learned a great deal from Mr Hiles' careful organisation. After 1980 students opted to go skiing with their previous schools rather than with Price's Sixth Form College. The Neustift trip was memorable because a boy called Douglas McCann (hooker in our under 15 rugby team) broke both legs. He was accompanied to Innsbruck Hospital. We said we suspected both legs were broken, but Douglas returned with only one leg in plaster. So much for you doctors out there! That evening he complained of pain in the other leg. We sent him back again pronto and the other leg was duly plastered.

When the main party left by train for Fareham, I was left with Douglas McCann to travel 24 hours later from Munich airport to Gatwick or Heathrow (?) Douglas occupied 6 first class seats and I was plied with drinks and papers in another. In those days the boys travelled on a group passport, so Douglas McCann had had to be put on to my passport in the British consulate in Innsbruck. Douglas and I arrived by ambulance a few minutes before the train pulled into Fareham station bringing the rest of the party. He was on my passport for years afterwards.

I have to be grateful to Price's for the opportunity to ski, because my sons also learnt to ski: my older son, David Johnson (Prices College 1981-83), fell in love with mountains and has since climbed them in every continent.

### English teaching

In my Diploma of Education year at Southampton University I was fortunate to meet Raymond O'Malley as a lecturer in the Teaching of English. He took us to visit the free school at Dartington Hall, where he had taught for 29 years. That visit had a profound influence on me.

"Hi, Malley," a small boy greeted him as we arrived. He bent down from his considerable height, seemingly forgetting us, and listened with total attention to the boy. From his influence my watch words became: LISTEN; LET THEM WRITE OFTEN AND AS COPIOUSLY AS THEY WANT TO; PLAN LESSONS FOR MAXIMUM PARTICIPATION; DON'T TELL THEM WHAT THEY CAN FIND OUT FOR THEMSELVES. However, at the end of two years of an A Level course I did give what I called my last minute lectures, which were sometimes fiercely challenged by students who had grown very used to thinking for themselves by the end of the course.

In my Diploma of Education year at Southampton, on teaching practices I looked at the punishment book and noticed that the same names occurred time and time again. I decided detention was not acting as a deterrent. Pupils may not have noticed that I never put anyone in detention, but cup of tea in hand, devised socially useful things like paper picking or fishing crisp packets out of the fishpond! Some reprobates actually enjoyed the attention, if not the fishing on a cold morning



break!

One period out of five in the main part of the school was given over to drama, a very different skill to directing a play. I leaned heavily on one book, which had detailed lessons. Apparently you should never tell students to write about a drama lesson. Nevertheless, that was one option of many for the weekly essay, which some took up, sometimes filling half of one of those maroon exercise writing books assigned to English. In 1966 from the brilliant 2a, which included Alan Hill, Martin Seeley and Bob Seath, there emerged a short play worked up from a drama lesson: it was a spoof of Batman, which had Batman and Robin forced to go by public transport to save the world, because the bat mobile had broken down. Hilarious. I used to read aloud the best essays to the class. Alan Hill wrote a short piece called "The Ring and the Book". I gave it 19 out of 20. On hearing it the class clamoured in favour of 20. I called Alan up to me, crossed out 19 and put 20. I could not have written a piece as good, ever. It was perfect. In Maths you can get full marks. Why not English? And Alan was only 12!

Later I realised I had been teaching poetry wrongly for several years. I had read a book called "Relationship in Learning" by Marjorie Hourd, whom I later met at Exeter University. She taught me to stop intense questioning of pupils about a poem. All that questioning is, "SIMPLY PROBING THE CHILD'S IGNORANCE" and it is damaging to the child and to the poem. I changed my approach forthwith. Did Neil Astley escape my initial wrong-headed approach to found Bloodaxe Books, just about the largest publisher of poetry in the U.K?

Cutting edge technology in the early days was a reel-to-reel tape recorder. Extracts of set plays were recorded as for radio and played back. It was a cunning way for students to be involved at least three times with key parts of the text and without much effort those passages stuck in their minds for the examination. They also narcissistically enjoyed hearing their own voices. One A Level class, set the task of recording the first act of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot", simply learned it, dispensing with the cutting edge recorder, and gave a live performance without books. Brilliant.

### Drama

After Alan George left I was determined to continue what he had started. Right throughout my time at Price's it became accepted that anyone in the department could organise a theatre trip, our equivalent of a field trip in Geography. And the plays we went to did not have to be on a syllabus nor did the theatregoers have to be studying English at A Level.

In the summer term of 1967 the Dramatic Society put on William Golding's only play, "The Brass Butterfly". That was after Mr John Chaffey's excellent production of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." In 1969 we teamed up with the Fareham Girls' Grammar School for a production of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible". This necessitated a female teacher acting as chaperone to the 10 girls needed to complement the 10 boys in the play. In spite of the chaperone at least three couples paired off successfully that I knew of. The hall was filled with many from the girls' school to see the dress rehearsal. Eric Poyner was alarmed that a number of girls were crying at the end of the play. I assured him that their crying was a huge compliment to the actors. Indeed, my wife acclaimed Mark Fisher's performance as John Procter as the best amateur portrayal she had seen – and as far as I

know he had never been on the stage before.

In 1971 the brilliant Alan Hill expressed the wish to direct a play, R.C.Sherriff's "Journey's End", set in the trenches of the First World War. Brilliant though he was Alan had something to learn about man management, but with a little help he learned to praise first and only then to insist on the improvement he wanted. The result was a taut and moving drama played out on the floor of the hall with the soldiers descending into the trench from the stage and the audience raked up, looking down. Martin Head as Stanhope, the company commander, and Nicholas Armstrong as Rayleigh gave powerful performances. Armstrong's mother was in tears as Rayleigh, her son, "died" in the dugout. Martin Head's performance portrayed the extreme stress, verging on madness of Stanhope. I think neither Alan nor I had seen that verging on madness, which was all his own interpretation. It was spot on.

I disappeared for one academic year in 1971-2 to do a master's degree at Exeter University. Returning in the Autumn term 1972, Eric Poyner called me in to get behind a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that had taken nearly a year not to arrive at performance. I remarked I still had a dissertation to write. As soon as that was completed early in 1973 I promised to help. It still had not arrived on stage by the time the whole cast assembled together with the heads of the both schools (another cooperation between boys' and girls' grammar schools). New dates were set in stone. If it didn't happen then it would not happen at all. "Anyone who wants to leave, leave now!" Mr Dick Hubbard was the director and full of ideas. When it finally reached the stage at the new deadline it was excellent. Costumes were by Mrs Holliday, a parent. Titania's dress, covered with stitched on roses, was a dream in itself. The fairies were dressed as imps with a lightning stripe diagonally across their black shirts, thumbing their noses at the audience and dancing in the aisles to original music,(by Andy Vores?) scattering silver dust everywhere. Eric Poyner indulgently said he was getting silver dust out of his suit for months afterwards. I put myself in the programme as "Chief Goad"!

In 1974 anticipating the advent of the Sixth Form college, I realised that drama would have to become part of the main curriculum to survive. I directed a children's play, "The Thwarting of Baron Bolligrew" by Robert Bolt. Junior boys played the downtrodden peasants and sixth formers played the evil toffs. Nicholas Armstrong played Baron Bolligrew. The play was pure pantomime. A strategically placed claque of volunteers started the hissing and booing in case the audience was disinclined to let its hair down. The narrator played by the then small Karl Evans manipulated the audience with consummate skill. In the interval someone threatened that the audience was going to take over. Karl Evans continued masterful manipulation.

### The Times they were A-Changing

There were developments among the boys, which had something to do with the zeitgeist, which young people seem to absorb through their pores. I shall never know exactly how the "Black Lion" and later "The Grunt" in 1978 came about. At the beginning the name of Chris Bard, a live wire in pushing boundaries, comes to mind. Suddenly this underground magazine broke out. Number 12 of the Black Lion in December 1972, edited by Mich Binns, Pete Russell and Kevan Bundell, had plenty of creative contributions, poems, stories and opinions, which now seem quite inoffensive. Yet I was

supposed to keep an eye on it in case it did offend. By contrast The Lion of December 1975, although we had been reorganised as a comprehensive college in September 1974, was full of lists of exam results, of teams sports photos and results, Cadet Force camps etc., but hardly an opinion was aired. Perhaps a little dull? But it was an important record nonetheless. By 1976 under the editorship of Mr Roger Jenkins (English) the main magazine was in a larger format with an attractive front cover, excellent artwork, poems galore, stories, and critical appreciations of plays and opinions. Yet it still managed to record team and society activities in the one magazine.

### Change: The Sixth Form College

I had not really wanted to teach in an all-boys school and welcomed the introduction of girls. Having been Head of English since 1968 I was appointed to continue the role in the Sixth Form College. I could see that the department would have to expand. We went from 2 sets of A level English in each year in the grammar school to 8 sets in each year in the Sixth Form College as well as night on 200 students retaking English language at GCE. To accommodate the increase in numbers a rash of new terrapin huts joined the tatty ones I had noticed at my interview in 1965. We were also occupants of a brand-new block for English teaching together with a drama studio.

A campaign to persuade Mr Poyner to appoint a full-time drama teacher was successful. By September in time for the start of the Sixth Form College the first full-time drama teacher, Mrs Mary More-Gordon had been appointed. Soon there was a Rock Opera called Mr Mack Beth, based on Shakespeare, followed by a modern play by Ronald Miller, "Abelard and Heloise", famous lovers of the Middle Ages. The play caused a stir as drama was destined to do from then on. The same age as Abelard (38) at that time, I was asked by Mrs More-Gordon to play Abelard opposite Heloise (18), a student of the same age. I'd always set my face against mixing staff with students in plays. If staff wanted to act they should join an amateur drama group. I declined! It was just as well because a lovemaking scene, after fierce argument, was commuted to a touching and delicate dance. I was glad to take a back seat from both the scene and the furore!

Prior to that a new young music teacher had been appointed. We thought of something different to the usual carols at Christmas. I directed "The Business of Good Government, a play specially written for amateurs by John Arden and Margarita D'Arcy to be performed in three local churches with processional carols directed by Miss Val Jacob. In Wickham Herod's beautiful costume suddenly blew up to gigantic size because Herod was standing over a warm air grill in the floor – a happy dramatic accident.

After Mrs More-Gordon other drama teachers followed. Mr Jim O'Brien directed Arthur Miller's "The Crucible" and later "Live Like Pigs" by John Arden, another play, which caused a furore. The play was about a dysfunctional family of Romany origin on a council estate. The then Mayor of Fareham disliked it intensely, opining that he had never encountered such a family in his life and what were we doing putting on such a play. The fact was that at that time there were such families living in the Borough of Fareham. They had also caused a furore. Jim O'Brien was mightily pleased with the support of the English Department. Then Mr Ray Bell, a new young English teacher, directed Harold Pinter's "The Birthday Party." Ms Libby Murphy, the drama teacher, who succeeded Jim O'Brien, co-operated with Mr Bell in 1978 to direct "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" by

Tom Stoppard. I wrote in the 1979 magazine. "The interaction between Colin Brown as Rosencrantz and Jon Morgan as Guildenstern and their delivery of the tricky often circular word play and badinage...was wryly amusing and often hilarious. Ms Murphy and Mr Bell pulled off an outstanding success with a difficult and witty play." There followed another rousing success in The Old Time Music Hall. This time we did mix staff and students in a production. The result was hilarious with the audience "yelling for encores. Mr Wilkie's "gymnastic" team nearly brought the house down. Nadine Chase and Robert Woods received thunderous applause. Mr Johnson as master of ceremonies was in fine fettle and in impressive control of the lively audience – most of the time." So wrote Mr Roy Daysh. It was an example of co-operation between mainly Ms Libby Murphy (Drama), Miss Val Jacob (Music), Mr Ray Bell (English) and countless others. Someone said later that it had been the best nightclub in Fareham. The audience did not want to go home. So I learned that staff and students could combine on stage, but not in love scenes!

Drama teachers also established a Travelling Theatre Group, taking plays to Brookfield, St Ann's and Harrison Road junior schools and more.

Somewhere around this time to help further in putting the new College in its old buildings on the map, I organised an Arts Festival. One activity that made money helped finance another that was either free or made a loss. At the end we broke even. The play was the one that was due to be produced anyway. Then students put on a folk concert, which was going to happen anyway. There was a music concert and poetry readings. There was also a screening of Pier Paolo Pasolini's film of Oedipus Rex (1967). A group of nuns travelled from Southampton to see it. Mr Poyner was astounded that they thought it of religious significance.

Early in the Sixth Form College Kay Brunger and Alexander Cameron approached me with the wish to start a Film Society. I sent them away to obtain three or four others. Quite a while later they arrived with the others. Immediately we allocated names to offices to be held and made up a constitution. I persuaded Mr Coulstock, a technician in the resources centre, who had in a former life screened films on the Royal Yacht, to become the projectionist. The first film screened on a Friday evening was, "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest". The assembly hall was full to the rafters with 200 students and rarely pulled in less than 125.

### Price's Staff

Eric Poyner once said to me, "My job is to look after the staff and they will then look after the pupils." Tom Hilton once said to me, "We care for the boys but we don't let it show too much." Pearls of wisdom.

One evening, having worked late to catch up with admin work, I found my car wouldn't start. Eric was just leaving work too. He got down on the tarmac attached a towrope and bump started my car. I guess the dignity of many Heads would never allow them to do that.

Once on duty at lunchtime I came across a boy who, having experimented with weed killer and sugar, had managed to shoot himself in the forehead. Mr Hilton phoned for an ambulance to take

him to A & E at Queen Alexandra Hospital and went with him. He told me afterwards, "Another millimetre and it would have penetrated the skull. Boys will be boys." He disapproved of his injury, but approved of his willingness to experiment.

Whilst teaching in a grammar school in Dorchester, there was an unspoken assumption that we were all Tory voters. In a large comprehensive in Crawley the unspoken assumption was that we all voted Labour. In Price's School the staff seemed to assume nothing. All shades of political persuasion were tolerated. We were mostly too busy anyway to care, but on occasions when discussions broke out there was a careful listening to the viewpoint of others and an agreement to differ without rancour.

There was also a willingness to co-operate on a project across the divide between staff and pupils. Hence, glancing at the credits in the programme for "Journeys End", the Business Manager was Mr Eric Brown (Science); Costumes – Mr Bob Nash (Art), Mrs Nancy Head (?); Sound effects David Andrews (pupil); Publicity - Neil Astley (pupil) and Refreshments – Parent Teachers Association. Likewise at one point Richard Hedley (Biology) led a campaign to raise money for a minibus. With typical gusto he involved just about everybody.

The Heads of Science, Mr David Stephens (Chemistry), Mr Richard Hedley and Mr John Collenette (Physics) combined to change the teaching of Science to the methods of Nuffield Science, a quiet revolution from middle management of great benefit to pupils and students. It involved immense hard work in the background.

Some female teachers recruited from the Girls' Grammar School were hesitant about their reception at Price's Sixth Form College in what had been an all male establishment. In fact, they were welcomed and proved vital. In the Sixth Form College the Maths Department was lucky to recruit five or six excellent female mathematicians. One of them brilliantly taught both my sons at either end of the spectrum of mathematical ability. Mrs Liz Mavin was equally at home teaching A Level, ensuring one son an A grade in A Level and the other son a qualification in Basic Computations.

The English Department gained Mrs Pauline Judge, who took bus-loads of students and staff to London theatres for years, Mrs Cope with her astute mind, which could solve a timetabling problem much quicker than I could. A little earlier we had gained Mrs de Bunsen, who had been appointed to the school and stayed on into the college. She had graduated at the age of 41 with a first class degree from Portsmouth. She taught one class of boys from first year to fifth. In the Sixth Form College she became second in the Department and Price's was the first and only teaching job she had. She was responsible for the hordes of retakes for English Language and instituted the extra qualification of City and Guilds Speaking and Listening so that students gained another valuable qualification during the same number of lessons.

Head of English was the job I had aspired to and in 1968 it was realised. I can honestly say I enjoyed my time at Price's School, but I would have preferred that it had been a mixed school. Looking back I realise that Head of English in the Sixth Form College was my dream job, but I would not have



missed Price's School either.

Further reorganisation of education in Fareham loomed. The County Authority ceased to maintain Price's College. It was deemed one secondary school in Fareham was surplus to requirements. Bishopsfield School was closed. Its buildings would help house the new Tertiary College. The marriage of the Sixth Form College with the Technical College took place in 1984. It was rumoured that the proliferation of those tatty huts on the field together with their new additions for The Sixth Form College that I had noticed at interview in 1965 was one reason for Price's closure.

After 1984 for 5 Years Price's College became the "Park Lane Site", allowing the household gods of Price's to live on for the five years we stayed at Park Lane. In 1988 and 1989 swathes of the staff were offered generous redundancy terms. They took the money and left. In 1989 the Price's buildings and those offending huts were razed to the ground. All teaching would henceforth be on one site at Bishopsfield Road. It was then the household gods of Price's also departed.

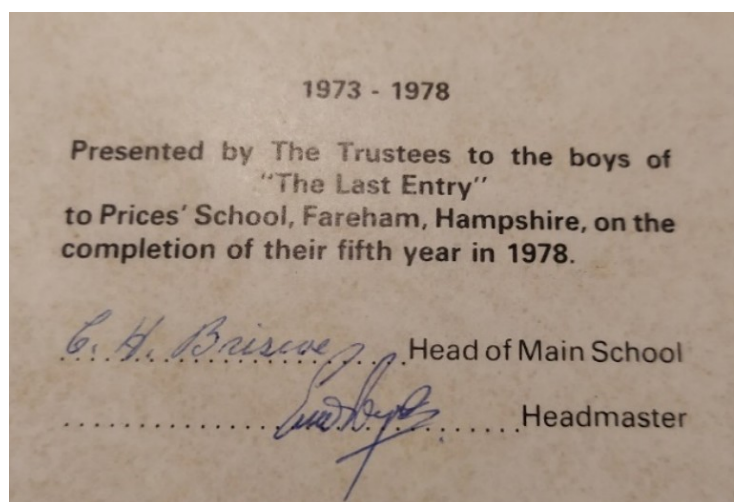
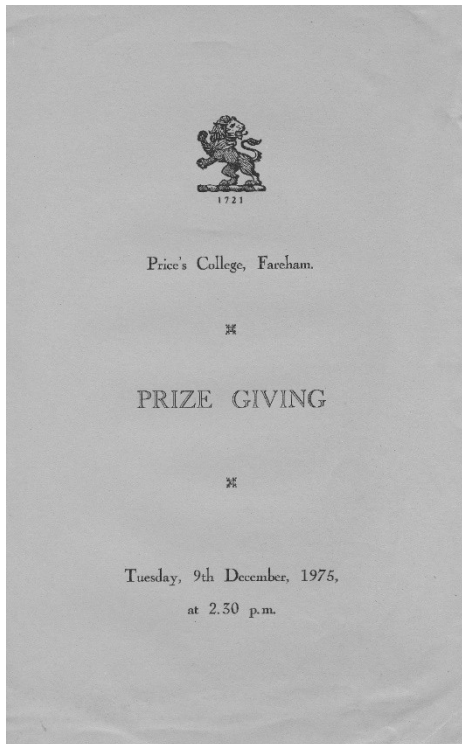
Now, passing the Park Lane housing estate on the way to the library and shops, my mind's eye sometimes glimpses impish fairies from "A Midsummer's Night Dream," dancing in the aisles of the Assembly Hall, flinging silver dust over the audience and thumbing their noses. What fun! What a privilege to teach such bright students. I could wish that my bright and beautiful granddaughter, when the time soon comes, did not have to travel so far from Locks Heath to access the A Level studies she soon hopes to choose.

**Tony Johnson November 2020**

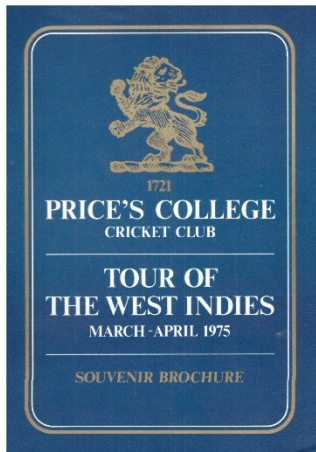
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## The Last Prize-giving

Thoughts were that this Prize-Giving tradition would fall by the wayside after the re-organisation but No – it remained in force. Evidence for that exists in photographs in the College Magazines, but here is no accompanying Report, or names of recipients, even when included in the photographs.



There is much to commend the management of the School for the way it determined, well in advance, that the needs of the final intake cohort of the Price's School would not be overlooked or in any way disadvantaged.



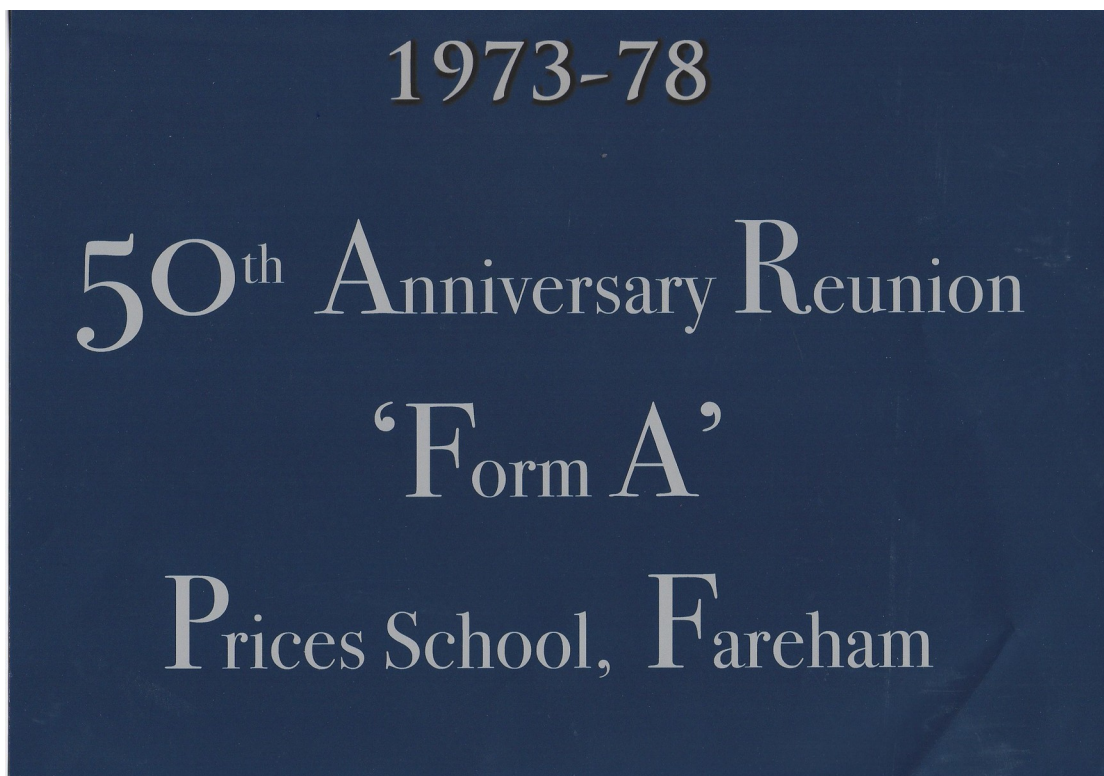
The gesture above was a fitting one to mark the significance of their last day in Price's School. There isn't much in the book that would thrill teenagers, it is true to say but, the nature of the book was appropriate, made a more fitting with the inclusion of the Bookplate.

In a similar way, the Programme for the Tour of the West Indies by the 1<sup>st</sup> XI Cricket team in 1975 marked the occasion of a more expansive thinking that was a role for the Price's College. There is an irony that the write-up of that trip did appear in the final, 1974 edition of the Lion in which the title page was Price's College! Thus – Lion & College together!

Given all that was needed to bring that tour to a successful conclusion, great credit accrues to the Staff for its willingness to oversee the tour all for the risks they faced, and the beneficial outcomes of that venture. A highlight few other Schools could have achieved.

### **50 years on!**

Not "40 years on" as in the formerly beloved School Song but 50 years since the entry cohort of 1973 marked the final group of boys admitted to the School prior to its former closure in August 1978, then to be replaced on the same site + same buildings and with most of the former Staff, along with some new ones to cope with the increase in size of the School and the new courses expected by the now mixed and comprehensive intake. The latter was only just a little bit comprehensive, but there were lots of girls, and pupils from other Fareham, Secondary Schools. So, bigger, and different as from September 1984, but this piece is about the final Price's School year, or a part of it!





Starting with just the Class 1A, organisers David Ardron and David Archell determined to arrange a Reunion event for their class mates. With only 7 or 8 months to do all of the preparatory work, and with that effort based on no formal lists or contact details, they showed what resourcefulness and determination can achieve – hugely to their credit.

The Reunion was not just a 1A gathering for, there were several wives as well, and 3 teachers and my elderly self as well. I had facilitated email contacts with Staff I had on my lists.

There was a Reunion on the Friday evening at the Marwell Hotel, adjacent to the Zoo, able to enjoy the fine weather of the weekend, in the unique woodland site with a Barbecue. Saturday most folk dispersed to renew acquaintances with the area, returning in time to enjoy the display of memorabilia of their era, that was set-out for all to enjoy and. 32 people were seated in fine surroundings at round tables to enjoy their chosen dishes, dosed with ample wine. A few light works of praise for the organisers with reflections on the times they shared so long ago, concluded a thoroughly enjoyable day occasion.



The group dispersed after breakfast on the Sunday, but the organisers were soon dealing with suggestions of a repeat event in 2024, but next time with each Class / Form included.



*Standing L-R: Dave Costello, Julian Godfrey, David Archard, Ian Carpenter, Martin Austin, Chris Cawte, David Ardron, Val Jacob (Teacher), Ian Webb, Ian Wilkie (Teacher), Chris Jones, Bob Taylor, David Goldring*

*Sitting: Mark Cann, Gordon Betts, Gary Connett, Tony Bell, Russell Armstrong*



# Ex-pupils and teachers hold 50th anniversary gathering

Simon Carter  
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@portsmouthnews

Classmates from a former Fareham school met up again on the 50th anniversary of their first meeting.

Fourteen pupils of the former Prices School, along with three teachers, converged on the Marwell Hotel for a nostalgic reunion.

It was 45 years ago since they last met but it was an evening full of glorious mem-

ories, great conversation and laughter.

David Archard told *The News*: "Old friendships were reborn and new ones began.

"A huge heartfelt thanks to all who came along but in particular our lovely teachers Val Jacobs, who came over from Belgium, Ian Wilkie and Bob Taylor. Unfortunately Charles Tuck was unable to make it as his wife was unwell.

"Our thanks also to David Goldring, Prices' historian, who came along and hope-

fully managed to glean more information to add to his records.

"A special thanks to our wives and partners who had to endure hours of 'old school days chatter' but most importantly to Dave Ardron for his vision and dedication in organising this event."

The search goes on, meanwhile, for six former classmates who have not been located. The Fareham Society of Old Priceans is extremely keen to locate any former pupils that went to

either the school or college. If you are a former student, visit the Fareham Society of Old Priceans Facebook page.

When the all-boys school closed its doors for the final time in 1978, the college blossomed for six years until it amalgamated forces to become the new Fareham College in 1984.

The original Prices School site in Park Lane was sold off for housing development.

Archard added: "For the majority of those students who attended Prices, the

quality of the education and teachers who taught us were simply the best.

"When the college closed, the history and reasons behind why William Price started the school in 1721 was in effect lost.

"This chronicle should never be forgotten as it is part of the historical fabric of Fareham and its community through a 263-year period."

Anyone wanting to be involved in any future reunions can email [pricesfareham@gmail.com](mailto:pricesfareham@gmail.com)

And, just to show what an inclusive occasion it was, here are the Ladies (not O.P.s) who also attended



Standing: L - R: Barbara Wilkie, Rebecca Bell, Jane Smith, Jane Edwards, Catherine Connett, Fiona Cam, Elizabeth Welch  
Kneeling: L - R: Jill Archard, Faida Austin, Jeanette Betts

This school class biography [following] has been put together as a memento for the 50th Anniversary Reunion of the 33 registered pupils that were part of 'Form A' during their secondary education period, which ran from September 1973 to June 1978. It is also a commemoration to them being the last group of students to be proudly known as genuine 'Pricean Old Boys.'



# **The Biography of Form “A”**

**1973-1978**

## **Price’s School - Fareham**

The first meeting for the majority of ‘Form A’ was 50 years ago in Room 36 (late C12) when the Reverend Reginald Harcus was tutor of the group 1A.

The initial 1973 school year set up was of three classes, consisting of A, B, C with the students allocated by Form group in an alphabetical surname order. Form A was from A – G, Form B was from H – P, and Form C from R – Z.

Though we are not privy to the full information, it does appear that coinciding with the change of Prices becoming a 6<sup>th</sup> Form College, the school was able to increase its student intake from the initial 104 that joined in September 1973 to approximately 130 at its peak.

Therefore to allow for this increase to take place it was deemed that the initial three class sizes of 35 would be too big so it was decided to create a fourth class, Form D, and to make a class size maximum of 30 students.

With the limit now set, when new students joined the school, they were assigned to whichever Form had less than their quota of 30 students rather than allotting them into the alphabetical system that had been originally devised.

In the final year (1978) – 116 names were recorded in the 5<sup>th</sup> Form as to taking their ‘O’ Levels and CSE exams.

45 years have now passed and some of those classmates have traveled to far off parts of the world to work and live. Some have moved to various parts of the U and naturally there are those who are still local to their old school roots.

We have all experienced very different and interesting careers throughout our adult lives. We all have so many varied stories to share.

The one actuality that is common to everyone is we all started out with nothing and we will all leave this world the same way. Our legacy will be our children and what we have contributed to society and the world we have lived in during our time on this planet.

Our school days whether we enjoyed them or not, did on so many levels help influence the people we became, however, above all the simple reality is we will never forget those days or our classmates.

Here is to the next time we meet, lets not leave it 45 years!

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## Perils of Chemistry and Other Boys' Tales

*Ed: This collection of boys' tales of life at the School was prompted by Ken Gilmour's account of his Chemistry experiences on page 24, and from my memory these brought forward some other tales of unauthorised and unsupervised meddling with dangerous substances. In scouring the many files in hand, a number of other situations have struck a chord of activity that, today, would seem outrageous, and have serious consequences. Some reflections on these will follow at the end, once I am sure I have as complete an overall picture as is possible.*

*What follows, is a series of verbatim comments from the Lion magazines.*

### **Fred Haysman**

... The Junior Dorm., was next to the Bradley's bedroom. A small boy, in his first term, was caught one morning out of bed before the bell. Bradley came in and whacked him with his razor strop and all the time the poor young Cubbon cried out "Oh! Mummy, save me; Oh! Mummy save me!" etc. One wonders how this ties up with present day child psychology?

### **Maurice Gardner**

My first couple of years as a boarder at School were pretty miserable, as not only was this my first experience of living away from a loving home, but I had to put-up with intermittent bullying by the ...brothers. One Sunday we walked up the hill to one of the forts – I forget which one – with Foxy Gale in charge. It was a murky and depressing afternoon and I decided I had had enough of the ... brothers. So, as we came down St. Catherine's Way onto the A27, I lagged behind and when we reached the end of the road, the others turned right and I turned left. I walked home to Hayling Island [*Ed – that is about 12 miles!*]

My mother was somewhat surprised at this unarranged visit, and after hearing my story over a hot drink, put me to bed.

### **Geoff Winsor – 1919-29**

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

During the prolonged time of the experiment, I became bored and, browsing in the theoretical Chemistry text book, I read how matches were made, and I decided to try my hand. I had just enough red phosphorous and potassium chlorate together to cover a shilling and was turning away to pick up a spatula to make an homogenous mixture, when there was an almighty explosion which rattled the building and blew me to the floor, blasting my eyebrows and part of my hair. It also shattered the whole of the glass utensils in the experiment and others that were nearby.

I came-to, lying prostrate to see, alerted by the bang, the Head approaching followed by all of the Staff in single file looking in their flowing black robes like a line of crows.

For the exploit, I was called to attend the Head the next morning in his study! In his great wisdom, for which I was extremely grateful, Pop recognised that I had a measure of intellectual curiosity, did not unfrock me, and let me continue as Head Boy.

### **Geoff Winsor – 1919-29 ii**

The playing field became invaded by plantains from time to time, and mowing did nothing to kill them. Pop had the idea to get pupil volunteers to dig them out with penknives, offering a reward of a penny per hundred plants. It was the job of the Monitors (Prefects) to count the offerings and disperse the pennies. I noticed one day, a particularly “industrious” boy, presenting his hundred rather quickly and I discovered that this enterprising lad was getting his supplies from the dump of discards for which payment had already been made!

### **H.E. Dean Cooper – 1916-22**

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.

### **Anon**

Participation in the Cadet Corps in 1917 was not compulsory, neither was it universally welcomed. The CCF, of later date, and the tradition of Steeplechase events, even the regularity of the “Hymn Sandwich” type of School Assemblies each had their dissentient views and behaviours, showing rebellion against the established authority, so, “Observer” might just have been an “advanced party” reconnoitring the environment to assess potential for an alternative style of education.

### **Observer**

#### **Au contraire ...**

*We confess that we utterly fail to understand—it may be owing to lack of intellect and it may not—the particular brand of idiot that prefers to lead some little potty scout troop to being a member of the School Cadet Corps ...*

*Slackness, of course, is at the bottom of it. A Cadet Corps demands strict discipline, a Scout patrol does not to the same degree. It is free and easy, just about the worst thing for a school-boy. It is this brand of skunk who, while going about questioning the number of hours’ work put in by those who are doing National Service ...*

*We hope that the time is not far distant when the War Cabinet will compel every physically fit school-boy over 12 years of age to join his School Corps. It is quite time that these slackers were made to toe the line.*

### **H.R. Thacker**

... The first group consisted of strict disciplinarians. Gale had a pointer and on occasions, a length of Bunsen Burner tubing. Johnston would have his vengeance on those who neglected their Latin Prep. By taking them onto the field after School to weed out plantains, maybe to chant in unison the principal parts of irregular verbs. Shaddock had a rasping tongue and, reversing the Scriptural order, would visit the sins of the children on their parents. Palmer would close the story of some disagreement with in the woodwork shop with the words “and so, I hit him with a bit of four by two!”

## Ken Harrison

Wartime conditions accelerated our maturation... A harsh but fair discipline lay at the root of the School's success... Punishments ranged from hundreds of lines for failing to raise a cap to a passing master, or even worse to a Mistress, to a beating on the behind for singing in class between lessons. (I can testify to the deterrent effect of three cuts of a thin cane hard across the buttocks.) Immediate confession of guilt led to immediate retribution in full measure. The ultimate deterrent was expulsion, but cases were so rare and conducted with such discretion and immediacy that we could only suspect they were happening. It is to the credit to the boy NCOs that they operated the Company entirely on their own during a period of wartime staff sickness and shortage of officers.

## Ian Winfield

... we suffered under the hand of a gentleman of, I think, French Canadian antecedents, whose sole teaching aid was his umbrella. He used it to make points of pronunciation and syntax in French, and bruises on us; if he was particularly upset he would throw the books of the boy or boys concerned along the corridor. As you came back from collecting your books you received a wristy late cut from the broolly! His wrist work was excellent. His French instruction was less so, we gathered, and he left fairly quickly. ... Then I recall Mr. Marsh, moving surprisingly quickly for a man with a gammy leg, prodding the delinquent with his stick, and muttering 'Get out you lout'. This was usually followed by Detention – a Wednesday afternoon spent adding up endless 'Civil Service Tots'.

## Patrick Nobes – 1941-51 i

Carbide was easy to come by in the '40s as it was still being used for lamps. We used it mainly for putting into the inkwell with which each desk was equipped. This considerably hampered the desk-owner's efforts to write with the steel-nibbed pens we used.

## Patrick Nobes – 1941-51 ii

At one point, I suppose in an attempt to modernise the curriculum, a work-book about the outside world was introduced. I found this extremely boring, and made things more interesting by giving birth to *The Black Knife*. This was a secret gang, of which I was the only member. When they were unaware, I wrote in people's books threatening messages signed *The Black Knife* and illustrated by a long dagger dripping blood. Whereas I saw this as a joke, others felt threatened, apparently, and the matter was taken to the Head. He appeared in the Lower Prep and demanded to know the identity of this *Black Knife*. Being an extremely honest lad, I owned up immediately. I was taken to the School House and there, in the place of punishment (the boarders' lobby), I received three strokes of Mr Ashton's canes on my behind. Very painful, and rather excessive, it seemed to me, as punishment for my very successful prank. (I was more terrified of my parents' learning of this punishment than of the punishment itself, and was terrified that they would spot the red weals on my behind, where they were visible for over a week.)



## Terry Gleed – 1950-51

When I was in Boggy Marsh's class (1a), next door a 4th year gentleman, whom I shall not name though he is still with us and lives locally, had made a small cannon. By priming it with Match Powder, from the lab, he could project a small ball bearing from the teachers' desk and hit the glass panel between the two classrooms. How dangerous was that?

## David Whybrow c. late 1950s

... And the boots! Steel studs all over the bottoms, so they sounded impressive, but were hard to walk in. ... Those boots could be a liability. The bus stop on the main road was some way beyond the

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

### **David Vaughan**

... I did not like the CCF uniform and so being the rebel I was I simply did not wear it and was always on detention. I did however enjoy the annual camp. For many of us, including me, it was our first time away from home. I think we all enjoyed ourselves greatly including the odd illegal fag or two.

I do remember we had a vicar for Physics, he was certifiably mad, he went looking for a bunsen burner gas leak with a lighted taper and blew the door off a cupboard.

One time we took Hilton's car, a Vauxhall Wyvern, for a joy ride and hid it behind the lab buildings. Stupid in retrospect but at the time it seemed like a prank.

There was the time in assembly when Ashton had to announce that Rod King had blown his hand off playing with explosive I believe he scrouged at the Browndown Ranges.

### **Peter Gresham**

My own, rather subversive, military career was hampered by my inattention and insubordination: I would never make the 'cadre squad' and pass Cert A Part 2 and get to be an NCO. But one of my very best friends, Steve Dowse, became the Company Sergeant Major and I was miraculously and improperly installed as an unofficial, acting, lance corporal in the school armoury, so while most of my fellows were out square bashing, I could play with guns, smoke and drink coffee in the warmth of the armoury and generally enjoy myself – and disrupt one memorable field day with stolen thunderflashes.

### **Charles Evans**

I think it was in 1956, but I could be wrong.

The first I knew that anything was amiss was when the prefects were calling out in the corridors "In the hall!", "In the hall!". We all knew what this meant, the whole school was required to go to the main hall where something significant and urgent was about to be announced.

It was a bright day but the door to the outside was shut. Tom Hilton and Bert Shaw were there at the front and so too was the Headmaster George Ashton. When we were all assembled the Headmaster spoke.

A very serious incident had been narrowly avoided. A number of boys, who we then noticed were standing together at the front, had attempted to do something that was extremely dangerous.

These boys had access to the blank ammunition that was to be used for Field Day at Browndown. If they had been successful in their activity it is likely that there would have been loss of life. The group had placed ball bearings into the blanks and this action had made the ammunition live.

Fortunately one of the conspirators had let slip something to an acquaintance and that had raised the alert. This was far worse than any schoolboy prank, this was something that was in a completely

different league. Consequently there was only one punishment that was appropriate. These boys would no longer be Price's School boys. They were being expelled immediately.

The door to the outside was flung open (I think by Bert Shaw) and light streamed into the hall as George Ashton, his voice breaking with emotion said "Go! Go! This school has no further use of you."

The five individuals then walked through the door and it was closed behind them. I never saw any of them again.

I do not know the names of all the conspirators . I believe one was Ashdown (whose parents ran a pub). He came to the school rather late. Mogg may have been one - a tall boy but I cannot remember his real name. Possibly Gould but I don't really think he was one of them.

In recent conversations with Old Priceans I discovered that memories have become embellished.

Some believe the bullets were actually fired and that they had to duck and it was this that raised the alarm. I don't believe any were fired but I do believe that they would have been if this had not been revealed in the nick of time.

**Ed:** My version was that there were live .303 rounds retained after some CCF range firing whilst at Summer Camp, which would have had serious Range Management issues for the regular soldiers managing the live firing. Regular soldiers attending as observers noted the difference in discharge sounds and heard the bullets thudding onto tree, whence they ordered an instant cessation.

### **David Goldring**

Maths lessons with Smudge – always a bit disorganised – book cupboard at the front of the classroom – contents a bit of a shambles of old text books, never sorted, ideal for hiding bottles of milk (in the days when everyone had a 1/3<sup>rd</sup> pint bottle each day). Said, capped bottles were left there to stagnate over long periods of time – accumulation of pungent gases which eventually blew a hole in the foil top, emitting the most noxious of aromas and, of course, mayhem from the class.

In my days, detentions, on Wednesday afternoons, when supervised by Wick, involved additions of 6-figure numbers, laid out horizontally on a line.

Gathered at the front of a lab. to see a Kipp's apparatus in action, only for someone to remove a lid, allowing volumes of chlorine gas to escape with attendant noise as pupils suffered to damaging effect on the mucous membranes of their mouths , noses and eyes.

### **Mike Bayliss – 1958-65**

I remember Smudge was late on one occasion, and a couple of boys started trying to play some current pop tune on the piano. George Ashton (then in his last year as headmaster) came into the room, and they were caned – one way of quashing any latent musical talent.

### **Ken Raby**

Leaving in place, as if closed, the door to a classroom when the teacher was late (as often happened). The door hinges had been unscrewed so that when opening it, the door fell flat onto the floor amidst much noise, broken glass and great mirth!



## **Peter Gresham**

I got into a certain amount of trouble on the school sports day. Along with some friends, I contrived to enhance the dullness of one of the races by running in army boots and football socks, carrying a CND sign on a six-foot pole and wearing a top hat (which I subsequently discovered had been stolen from George Ashton some years before and secreted in the sixth form block).

As I finished the race, Martin Lea drove his ancient, bright yellow (and barely roadworthy) convertible Morris Eight onto the field to carry me away. The local paper photographed my triumphant finish. Eric Poyner shouted angrily at the reporters that there would be hell to pay if they dared publish the picture. So the editor withheld it from the paper, but put a large copy in the front window of the newspaper office in West Street for two weeks.

Martin Lea went to Lampeter to read theology and became, I believe, an exemplary parish priest. Steve Dowse, who had procured the hat, went to Sandhurst and was commissioned in the Ox & Bucks.

## **David Kill 1963**

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!

TODO Duplicated earlier in this chapter

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.

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.

“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!

## **Robin Ward**

... Whoever was supposed to be in charge of us in those weeks didn’t seem to take it very seriously, as on more than one occasion a group of us were just left to march on and on without any further orders until we all walked into the wall at the end of the playground, assuming that we were supposed to climb it somehow, or, marching badly out of time, tripped over each other and collapsed in a heap at the end of the playground. ... It was all really hilarious ...

## **Nigel Balchin**

... during my time (the late 60s), ... Later in the week someone put sugar in the petrol tank of the local Army commander’s transport (he wasn’t very popular)

## Chris Matthews

I remember going on 2 camps, one to the Army camp at or near Bovington in Dorset. The teacher in charge was an RE teacher most memorable to me for telling us in class once that men often woke up with an erection but that a good cup of tea usually sorted that out. Good advice I've found! (Seems a bit of a drastic thing to do to a cup of tea!)

**Ed:** Reading Ken Gilmour's accounts of "The Curious Case of the Bloody Hand-Print" on page 24 almost brings to mind a prequel to the film "If". That was a 1968 British satirical drama film, a satire of English public school life, the film follows a group of pupils who stage a savage insurrection at a boys' boarding school. The film was the subject of controversy at the time of its release, receiving an X certificate for its depictions of violence.

Ken's accounts (see "Memorable events during my time from 1964 to 1969" on page 22) provoked several OPs to write in:

### Peter Malone i

Regarding Gilmour's reminiscences, it was I whose blazer pocket received the butyric acid. The culprit was Barry(?) Kadleck (spelling might be wrong), Form 3c? If I recall correctly it was one of those disgusting organic compounds that are used in agriculture to outdo even pig slurry in their olfactory vileness. Said blazer hung in the garage for a week until the smell subsided. My father was furious.

Molly is a nickname accorded any number of Malones. For me it all started at primary school when our form teacher had us sing "in Dublin's fair city..." en masse. Fair dos, we also, all forty of us, were made to sing "*non piu andrai*" from the Marriage of Figaro. In English, I hasten to add. No such mass participation was to be had in "Acker" Boote's Music appreciation classes. What was worse: the nickname or the butyric acid? When I visited Dublin three years ago I made a point of not having my photo' taken next to the statue of the eponymous seafood salesgirl or "the tart with the cart" as the locals call her. The slightly lurid statue of Oscar Wilde, languidly draped across an outcrop of rock in Merion Square, is dubbed "the fag on the crag". Ah, the wit of the Irish.

### Peter Malone ii

Yes, that assault on the bunker at Browndown. I remember it well. Good job someone could tell blanks from live ammo. As for the .303 rifles, I also found them difficult to deal with and could scarcely see the distant target, let alone hit it.

Well, I have been cultivating an aura of near invisibility over the decades. Works wonders at the bar in pubs. Maybe you could post it next time? Nice to have some of the more scurrilous tales of life at Prices for general viewing.

### Peter Malone iii

With my friends, of a weekend, we used to make explosive devices either from sodium Chlorate (weedkiller) or black powder (charcoal, sulphur and a third essential ingredient, the name of which escapes me). Lucky to be still be alive, I suppose. I am relying on a statute of limitations here that won't see me retrospectively arrested for the follies of a fourteen-year-old.

## Derek Marlow

The casualty in the acid incident was Tony Roberts who was in my cohort. The tragedy was compounded by the fact that it was his best mate (name not recalled) who threw the acid.

### **Kevan Bundell 1966-73**

As it happened, I was standing nearby, possibly even observing, when Gilmour's device exploded in his face. I can confirm that he reacted in an instant. Even as his hand went to his eye he ran for it. Had I known what a dangerous person he was, I would have avoided him of course.

I'm glad to know you survived Ken.

### **Andy Beckett (4A,5A, L6th, U6th 1968-71)**

Good afternoon, I've just read Ken Gilmour's piece. As soon as I saw his name I instantly recalled the bolt-action weedkiller "gun" incident resulting in the near miss of his eyeball and a spectacular amount of blood. He ran past me in the corridor, en-route to Eric Poyner's office I would guess, face masked with gore!

Those were the days when you could go to your local chemist and acquire a cornucopia of chemicals for pennies, no questions asked. My own explosive experiments were with iodine crystals steeped in ammonia which produced a highly unstable brown sludge, which, when it had dried, would go off bang at the slightest jolt. I passed this knowledge on to a friend who was head chorister at Wells Cathedral, thereby earning him a caning. He left a batch to dry on a retort stand in the lab, where it was set off by an unsuspecting cleaner.

Best wishes to all.

### **Paul Wormell 1966-69**

When older chemists gather together, the conversation often drifts towards celebrated explosions that happily are now much rarer. Safety and risk management are carefully ingrained in our students and colleagues these days.

However, I have clear memories of sitting near the cricket pavilion when there was a loud bang, which I now know was caused by Kenneth Gilmour's pyrotechnic experiments. Various details filtered through the rumour mill over the next few days – I may even have seen the artifact shown in the photograph, which looks familiar – and I'm relieved to learn that Kenneth sustained no lasting damage. Many thanks for helping to clear up a long-standing mystery from my school days.

I'm still staggered that as an eleven-year-old I could buy hydrochloric acid, ammonium nitrate, potassium nitrate, silver nitrate, potassium dichromate etc. by mail order from a chemist's shop in South Kensington. I remember how eagerly I awaited the delivery of each package, which would now attract attention from the counter-terrorism unit, as well as containing corrosive, explosive and carcinogenic substances. I'm very relieved to report that no accidents ensued, and I embarked on an enjoyable and satisfying career in chemistry.

With best wishes,

### **John Coombes i**

Well that certainly woke a few people up! Yep it's a wonder we all survived. I recall another painful experience with Phosphorous which required the attendance of the great Tom Hilton who quickly applied Silver Nitrate and a quick clip round the ear!

### **John Coombes ii**

Kenneth Gilmour's follow up reminded me of a similar "Experience" with Iodine and ammonia when left to our own devices by our great Mentor, Tom Hilton.

I think Rodney Porter, Alec Reed and Paul Lewis may also have been involved. The magic brew. I believe, resulted in Nitrogen Tri-iodide.

When the crystals dried they were particular “explosive” which we discovered when we threw a dried out filter paper into the waste bin in a hurried clean up and the resultant very loud BANG certainly prompted a hurried evacuation (Not Us Guv) back to the old 6th Science Hut!

The offending crystals were carefully secured and then “gently scattered” in Woolworths at lunch time causing some puzzled panic as they cracked off with customers’ footfall!!! - Think I may have sent a note of this once before – old age!!!

### **Mike Bayliss**

I see that Graham’s earlier amusing anecdote has produced some responses about the interest that Priceans took in misusing chemicals. My own involvement in this came early on, I think in the first or second year at Price’s – there was a group of us involved, whose names I no longer recall other than that one of them was Nigel Davies, near whose house in Iron Mill Lane (at that time unadopted and on the edge of the countryside) the incident occurred.

Back in the 1950s, some bicycles still had the old gas lamps. These used calcium carbide granules placed in a receptacle to which water was added to produce a small quantity of acetylene gas for the lamp. It was thought a beezer wheeze that, if a sufficient quantity of gas could be produced and ignited, it should be possible to make quite a big bang. There happened to be a large heap of damp sand near Davies’ house, in which a large cavity was duly excavated, filled with a considerable quantity of carbide granules and then sealed up again. A small vent hole was made through which water was introduced. After a while, someone held a lighted match to the vent hole, and ... I leave the rest to your imagination, but we decided it might be a good idea never to try it again.

And as to the comments about the old Lee Enfield .303 rifles, I do certainly remember the CCF live firing days at Browndown Ranges – I hated those rifles, they hurt my shoulder and I couldn’t control them properly. However, years later, as officer i/c the CCF RN section in the brief period I taught at a grammar school, I was sent to Normandy Ranges in Surrey to undergo the Firing Range Control Officers’ qualifying course, which surprisingly I passed - I may still be qualified, for all I know. I then found the .303s to be very straightforward to handle and shoot once one was taught to how to hold them properly, which I presume I was not when I was a young cadet.

It’s quite amazing, looking back from these days of security protection and Elf’n’Safety to think that we were permitted to handle potentially dangerous chemicals so freely and undergo weapon training at the age of 14 or 15 .

### **Ian Virgo**

Peter Malone’s missing ingredient is Potassium Nitrate (saltpetre), available in the Chem’ labs in liquid form. However, a small bottle, spirited away, could be left to evaporate to obtain the crystals, which ground down could then be added to Peter’s other ingredients!

My explosive recollections include Eric Brown’s exploding Cadbury chocolate powder tin. He punched a hole in lid and base, filled from the gas tap and stood on a tripod. Light the gas escaping from the hole in the lid and as the mixture gets enough air, the flame inverted and the subsequent bang embedded the tin lid in the ceiling. It’s no wonder Prices’s boys experimented with explosives!

The other episode I recall, albeit second hand from an eye witness, was the Physics staff who placed a beaker of conc’ sulphuric acid in the middle of the sports field, warmed by a Bunsen burner, and rigged a device to tip a small quantity of water in! The tripod legs were forced into the ground and the beaker no more than powdered glass!

It's no wonder most of my RAF career involved weapons and explosives!

Regards

### **Pete Border**

I was in fact a major player (the NCO in charge of the attacking brigade) in the storming of the pill box incident in Ken Gilmours article 'The Browndown Hero' (see page 24 ) and was indeed dragged up before the beak (Eric Poyner) upon returning to school. Our defence was 'we were told to act as if we were at war, Sir' and the fact I had achieved top of the class, marksman status in the mornings rifle range session (I could well have been the keen CCFer adopting the exhibition pose next to Ken) was probably what led to the leniency of punishment. However, I was still a disappointment to the CO (Colonel Howard Jones).

I also remember 'The curious case of the bloody hand print'. I was just passing by the back of the old pavilion and wondering why the crowd had gathered when I heard the bang, followed by somebody rushing off across the courtyard to the new block. I didn't witness the actual incident but I do recall there being a general announcement at assembly the following day that anybody found with explosive materials in their possession would be severely dealt with, and I believe even expulsion was mentioned.

There must have been a general inquisitiveness amongst students at that time regarding explosive materials as another pupil (let's call him K) and myself had been dabbling with the odd 'bang' out of school hours. It started in our laboratory (K's shed) with a primitive form of pipe bomb using some old copper heating pipe, filled with usual weedkiller and sugar, with the ends hammered(!) over. Several iterations evolved through improvements in technique, the primary one being increased volume. Initially we cut open bangers to get the fuses but this restricted our activities to working around November 5<sup>th</sup> until we were made aware of the availability of bird scaring ropes from Hansfords, a bicycle and gun shop at the top of High Street, near St Peter & Paul church. Each rope had about 12 heavy duty bangers, which were very loud compared to the usual firework, attached along its length.

The idea was that you suspended it from a tree and lit the rope, which then burned very slowly and a bang went off every 15 mins or so as the flame reached each banger in turn, thus scaring birds. This only satisfied our craving for a bigger bang for a couple of weeks but we learned a lot, as it was the same size as a conventional firework banger but considerably louder. We realised that making a bomb/bang was not purely down to the explosive chemical, it had just as much to do with the engineering (strength) of the case, so we started to look for stronger tubes for our pipe bombs. We then got to the stage of having such a strong case (steel electrical conduit) that it didn't fracture at all and we accidentally produced an uncontrollable, omnidirectional rocket motor with the gases of combustion being emitted through the hole we had drilled for the fuse, giving it propulsion. Letting this off in K's garden also produced a large hole in the garden fence.

Now, only having one source/size of fuses, experimenting with hole size was not an avenue open to us. But, as I had always been more of an electrician than a chemist, it wasn't long before we advanced to electric detonation, which would permit a design with a hole size just big enough for the wires to come out.

I realised we could break the glass off a torch bulb without damaging the filament and use that to ignite the chemical. I had also been given a soldering iron for Christmas, to aid my constructing a radio, which I used to attach the detonation wires.

Our first trial was planned to take place in a large grassy field a few hundred yards due South of the Heathfield Manor Hotel , formerly Lysses school, now the Oast & Squire, on the corner of Peak Lane and The Avenue at Catisfield.

We found a deep hole, into which we placed our experimental device, and rolled out a considerable length of electrical wire, allowing detonation from a position of relative safety in another hollow. It was a great success and spurred us on to number two, which wasn't quite so good as it didn't explode, nor did it make any noise whatsoever! We did at least have enough sense not to pick it up and take it home, we cut the wires, threw a load of earth over it and left well alone.

In our post trial analysis meeting held in K's bedroom it was thought that a possible cause of failure could have been damage to the filament in the production phase, so an amendment to incorporate two filaments wired in parallel was made to improve reliability and no subsequent failures were experienced. So, now the downtime between manufacturing sessions was devoted to collecting possible containers.

Now this sounds bad, and I don't know where my dad got them from, but he acquired a lot of empty aluminium prescription drug containers with screw tops which he intended to be used in the garage for containing screws, nails etc. I discovered that there were a lot of different sizes that happened to be a very snug fit inside each other, a bit like a Russian doll, so an appropriate selection of close fitting tins were selected for our next project.

I was experienced enough to realise that the weak point of these containers was the threaded cap and they would simply get blown off under pressure so I drilled a hole in both the top and bottom allowing a very long coach bolt to be passed through and fixed with large flat steel washers under the head and nut to prevent the caps blowing off. This, coupled with the dual filament ignition system was our Piece de resistance, (so far). We travelled to the trial site by bike, parked them in the trees alongside Peak Lane and crossed the field to set up in our bunker.

I remember it being particularly dark that night with low level cloud, which hindered our set up somewhat. Anyway, suffice to say, we had indeed perfected the design. Given its size an extremely loud boom was emitted, as was a very large flash and I believe I heard three echoes before being showered with displaced clods of earth. Collecting up any incriminating evidence and exiting the field was done at great speed, with a large dose of panic.

In negotiating the fence on our way back to the bikes I tripped on something and hit my head on a tree. Unknown to me, I had cut my head open and was bleeding profusely but the desire for self-preservation and the adrenaline kept me pain free, pedalling fast all the way home. When my mother asked how I had done it I told her I had fallen off my bike after hitting a pot hole.

You might think that Eric's assembly announcement about explosive materials was what brought this series of experiments to a close, but it wasn't.

During our short reign as explosive researchers, we had managed to secure a couple of entries in the Portsmouth Evening News under the title of unexplained bangs in the Fareham area.

We had also heard of similar entries in the Southampton Evening Echo about bangs in Hamble. We had competition! Anyway, we laid very low for several weeks following the split head retreat and another mention in The News. Then, about a month later, there was another report in the Echo of an unexplained large explosion on Hamble common, which left a 10-foot crater, and the remains of



what was thought to be an aluminium beer barrel was recovered from the scene! There, but for the grace of god go I (and K).

Needless to say both K and I went on to have lifelong careers in the MoD but I often wonder, as the catchment area for our school covered Netley and Hamble, whether our 'competitors' were in fact other school members benefitting from the same excellent education we had. After 55 years we could possibly meet up and compare notes!

Regards,

**Ed:** The risks involved, and the potential for danger were considerable but, looking at this as an exercise in experimental design, with all of the attendant planning and follow-up considerations, it would fit very neatly against the criteria of the current era (2023) for assessing practical skills including aims, objectives, risk analysis, anomalous results and future developments. GCSE Science practical skills assessment would have rewarded this quite highly! Much of the planning and execution actually took place out of School, though there seems to be a running thread of teacher (ir)responsibility for dealing with dangerous materials.

### **Mark Knight c.1976**

One of the 6<sup>th</sup> form general studies periods coincided with the Tuesday afternoon CCF sessions so girls were permitted to become CCF members as part of that term's extracurricular activity. I can remember sitting in class in the main block watching girls in army uniform attempting to march; there weren't many of them but they caused chaos and provided endless entertainment!

### **Phillip Reynolds – late 1970s**

Myself, Pigeon and Withers (Graham) went off to Silvers Menswear shop in West Street to purchase new school blazers and trousers. Silvers was a traditional (some would say old fashioned) shop and we were met by a very well dressed sales assistant with tape measure hung neatly around his neck. He quickly sorted out a blazer for Pigeon and then moved on to sorting out some trousers. Eyeing him up and down, he asked "And what side does sir dress?". Pigeon paused for a moment or two and then said "I'm pretty sure that I put my left leg in first".

### **Phil Parsons 1969-75**

Christmas 1974 was the first concerted effort to stop us going to the local pub at the end of term. Warnings were given along with threats of breath tests after lunch... Most of us went further afield for a drink... The library became a battleground ... On our final day before going on study leave, it was anticipated that we would pull some stunts before departing... The library was closed just before lunch after a particularly raucous hour or two as we discussed plans for the future (or whatever else we were thinking of). The morning had started with the (now usual) threat of suspension for anyone caught returning from the local pub. By about 12-30 a large group of us had adjourned to The Jolly Miller. Our reasoning was that it was very unlikely almost 25% of the sixth form would all be suspended. Another group intended to pull a spectacular stunt to ensure we were remembered. The target was the library, the scene of a few skirmishes that year. I believe that every book in the library was carefully turned around & replaced in the same position. A small but effective act of rebellion. What I did not find out was that an oil painting was also the target of direct action... I wandered into the library to see if anyone I knew was there. I was accosted by the resources supervisor (he had some such title but I have no recollection of his name) who started ranting that "you lot should have been arrested for theft". Apparently he had wanted to call the police in to investigate the theft of a painting that was in the library but Eric had stopped him. The painting had gone missing on the day we left and, inevitably, it had to be our fault. Either collectively, or due to an individual, we were all to blame. I was unimpressed by his outburst, and started laughing, which only made the situation worse. I had looked around the library when I first

entered and had glanced up at the mezzanine floor just seconds before his arrival. Once he was really upset, I pointed at the pelmet above the window on the mezzanine gallery. There was the missing painting on top of the pelmet and just a few feet from the original location. It had been there since May, apparently unnoticed, and could have been there for much longer if I had not visited that day. Did this man ever actually raise his eyes from the ground at his feet?

I have no idea who actually moved the picture but it was a well-crafted and effective prank. Perhaps the perpetrator will claim the glory he so richly deserves once he reads this. Perhaps it was one of the Lower Sixth who joined in the fun of that day?

Others may have a very different perspective of their last year at Price's but mine was not a happy one and spoiled what had been a wonderful, if privileged, education.

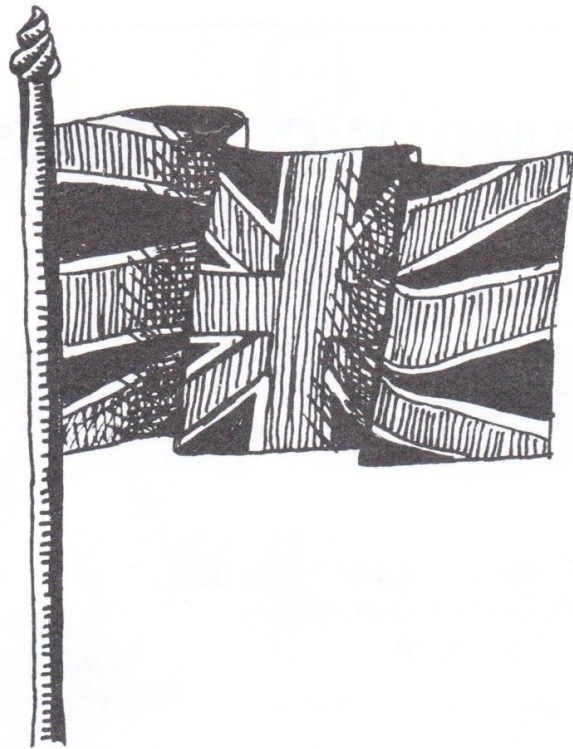
Eric Poyner was right, most of us were not criminals in the making but were capable of causing chaos when pushed. He always tried to see the best in us, even when that may have been difficult.

### **Jeff Burrige – Class of 1973-78**

I remember the time Bishopsfield School had a day off and they attacked us from the bottom field near Harrison Road after climbing over the fence. Madness!

### **Peter Cardrick – Class of 1973-78**

Gary Evans pouring practically a whole bottle of neat alcohol into the Xenopus toad tank resulting in them all trying to mount each other (*a bit like some humans when alcohol is involved*) at one time the stack of toads was seven high. Allegedly!



*(Fiona Raby T.15)*

And, this image of the CCF RAF section cadets at their Easter Camp in 1974 at RAF Whyton, might also have seemed to be one of the final cadet activities of the School.

*Later research shows a busy and purposeful CCF contingent continued activity through to 1979 when it closed, sadly without comment in the Lion magazine.*

Further details of the CCF in the Chapter of that name, and in the Price's Sixth Form College Chapter.



## Elegy for the Class of '68

"Quiet at the back! Settle down now."

He issued his commands with casual authority  
as every other morning. The Class settled down.

He took the register:

'Abbott?' Sir!,

Bolding?', Sir!

Carmichael?' ... Carmichael?'

DuValle answered: 'Think he's sick, Sir!'

He looked around at the boys with an air of pity almost. Then, speaking softly, so they had to strain to hear, he told them about the future:

*"You know who in this class is clever, who is good at football, and who's the best cross-country runner – but in days to come none of this will matter. No! Not even Evans with his great mathematical brain, nor Foulkes with his goal-scoring wizardry, can be certain of their place in the world of tomorrow. Some of you will leave school as soon as you can; others will go on to University – perhaps even Oxford or Cambridge – and some of you may become Doctors or Captains of Industry. But most of you will lead uneventful lives, weighed down by personal duties and obedience to the rules that society demands. But more than that: those of you who are successful now have no guarantee of being so tomorrow; others among you who are presently un-regarded, middling, unnoticed in the crowd – you will become, as luck would have it, recipients of admiration and remuneration, beyond your wildest dreams. And there will be no justice, for life is not a meritocracy. Your hard work may be rewarded or it may go unnoticed. You may rise or you may fall, and you will do so many times. And you will forget all that I have told you."*

The Master paused and looked around, as if saddened by what he saw. Then he composed himself once more and continued:

*"And some of you will die young – much sooner than you thought. In a motorbike accident or drowned at sea; from a heart-attack or the bite of a snake; on holiday abroad, at home in winter, studying for an exam or marking essays. And some of you may die for your country.*

*And some of you will be condemned to exist into incontinent old age - the loss of body, mind and self. And your children will be as cruel as Lear's daughters and your Fool will desert you.*

*And some of you will see others die and wonder why you did not, and you will feel guilty and ashamed.*

*And others will feed on your grief and sorrow and take money from you, offering you the key to happiness.*

*And some will seek to change the world without changing their hearts. These men are false prophets.*

*And you will remember none of this."*

"Quiet at the back! Settle down now."

'Johns?' Sir!,  
'Martyn?' Sir!,  
'Peters?' Sir!,

...

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Co-Editor *Black Lion*, 1974-75.

*Who will you remember? Who will remember you?*



## Chapter sequence in the Lion Pride

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