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

Raby	Fiona	
Raby	Ken	1961 – 1967
Raby	Peter Millinetts	1971 - 1977
Reading	Steven	- 1970
Reed	Joanna	-
Reynolds	Phillip	
Richards	John	1973 - 1980
Richter	Mr. Terry	1960 – 1967 (pupil) 1979 – 1983 (teacher)
Ridett	Patrick Bernard Alexander	1948 – 1953
Ridsdale	Cyril	1911
Roberts	Kester & David	K = 1953 - 1959
Robertson-Fox	Donald E.N.	
Rousell	John	1954 - 959
Rowe	Tim W.	Late 1960s -1972
Royds-Jones	Revd. Edward Melville (Ted), aka "Wick"	1935 - 1972
Rudling	David C.	Early 1950s
Russell	Peter	1966 - 1972

Raby	Fiona	Dates	



Born: 1963 (age 58 years), Singapore.

Tony* and I are both full, tenured, and University Professors, It's a distinguished position. In our university there are only 10 out of a full-time faculty of 400 and over 2,000 including part-time.

We spent 30 years at the Royal College or Art, (RCA) in London. in all capacities. as students, as tutors, as researchers, Tony as a professor, me as 'a reader', (professor without a chair) It's the top ranked Art School in the world. with interesting historical and prestigious alumni, Henry Moore, David Hockney etc. It's a very particular kind of education, learning by making and doing. very raw, very experimental, highly competitive and high energy. You were only as good as your last project! Not a very sustainable way to live, but super exciting and collectively our students achieved incredible work and are now themselves leaders and trailblazers.

Architect; Product / Industrial Designer; Interaction Designer. Fiona Raby is a British artist and educator. She served as professor of Industrial Design at the University of Applied Arts Vienna. She was also a member of the research and teaching staff at the Royal College of Art from 1994 to 2015.

Fiona is University Professor of Design and Social Inquiry and a Fellow of the Graduate Institute for Design Ethnography and Social Thought at The New School in New York. She was Professor of Industrial Design (id2) at the University of Applied Arts in Vienna between 2011-2016 and was Reader in Design Interactions at the RCA between 2005-2015. She left to focus on her partnership with Dunne & Raby

Her partner Anthony* Dunne is University Professor of Design and Social Inquiry and a Fellow of the Graduate Institute for Design Ethnography and Social Thought at The New School in New York.

She studied Architecture at the RCA before working for Kei'ichi Irie Architects in Tokyo. She also holds an MPhil in Computer Related Design from the RCA. She was a founding member of the CRD Research Studio where she worked as a Senior Research Fellow leading externally funded research projects. She taught in the Architecture department for over 13 years leading ADS 4.

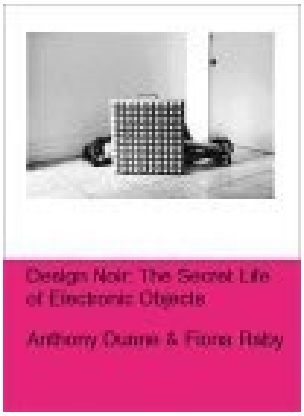
They are the authors of Hertzian Tales (CRD Research, 1999, MIT Press, 2005) and co-author, with Fiona Raby, of Design Noir (Birkhauser, 2001) and Speculative Everything (MIT Press, 2013, Japanese edition 2015, Chinese edition 2017). Projects include Technological Dream Series, No 1: Robots (2007), Designs For An Over Populated Planet: Foragers (2010), The United Micro Kingdoms (2013) and The School of Constructed Realities (2015).

Dunne & Raby uses design as a medium to stimulate discussion and debate among designers, industry, and the public about the social, cultural, and ethical implications of existing and emerging technologies.

Dunne & Raby's work has been exhibited at MoMA, the Centre Pompidou, and the Design Museum in London and is in the permanent collections of MoMA, the Victoria & Albert Museum, Frac Ile-de-

France, and Fnac. Raby is the author, with Anthony Dunne, of *Design Noir: The Secret Life of Electronic Objects*, 2001 (Princeton Architectural Press) and *Speculative Everything: Design, Fiction, and Social Dreaming,* published by The MIT Press in December 2013.







Hi David,

I am so so sorry its taken awhile to get back to you. We are at the end of the second Zoom semester, so it's been quite a tough Covid year, but the students have been incredible! We have also settled now into living in a forest! after 30 years living in cities.

Its very nice to hear your story! And to hear you spent many years in education, it's where we, Tony and I spent most of our lives, but accidentally. We never intend to end up as academics in a university. And I can relate to struggling at school. I was definitely not academic and stumbled through my early years. Definitely a late developer.

So let me go to your request. Yes the word professor in the US is different than the UK.

So what can I say about Price's?. I chose to go there because both my brothers both attended. I don't think my parents expected very much from me academically. I didn't get brilliant O levels, CSE maths (just!), got five O-levels I think, mostly C's one A, for Art. Prices was then at that time a sixth form college, for A-levels only and girls were allowed. Growing up in a very patriarchal household of men and brothers, I think I was constantly wanting my equal place, and those teenage years were tempestuous. My mother always had me back learning practical domestic skills, that was my perceived trajectory, while my brothers were free to pursue whatever they wanted. As the youngest and a girl I wasn't under huge pressures to achieve at all — this was a different kind of freedom. But Prices was my first taste of independence. I wanted the same liberation as my brothers, I left home at 19 years of age, which when I think of it now was incredibly young. But I was pretty determined. Enormous thanks to Hampshire County Council for supporting me through my first wave of education, I'm not sure if that would have been possible now. I lived frugally as a student in crumbling digs/bedsits until I was 26-27,

Back to Prices, I did three A-levels, English Literature, which I failed! The English teacher was definitely one of the Price's old boys and I struggled with his formal teaching methods, especially after coming from a very hippy humanities creative English class, where we were encouraged to 'express ourselves' even with my appalling ability to spell, — I still can come out with some hilarious spellings, but I wrote off-beat imaginative stories at the time, like living in the bottom of a supermarket freezer cabinet. English Literature was too formal for me and a total disaster. Geography, which I loved. I think I got a C and Art, an A, but was not so interested in continuing in

art, It would mean spending another year locally in Portsmouth Art college and I really wanted to break free of defined female expectations and have the freedom to learn in my own way.

All my photos of that era are back in London in deep storage, which is a shame, but I remember I loved the two years there, I had an amazing group of friends all studying different things and I loved the freedom I had to shape my own time and follow my own passions and at the end of those two years I wanted more of that, Prices opened my eyes to a whole new world, even if I wasn't particularly academically accomplished. I went to study a degree in Town Planning at Birmingham Polytechnic, but its wasn't human centred as it had been in Geography A level, it was all about statistical analysis and I failed the first year spectacularly, Luckily there was a class about architectural shelters and I impressed the tutor, who introduced me to the architecture department and since I had a very strong visual portfolio with my Art A level, I got accepted in and I managed to switch just in time before my grant prohibited me. And in Architecture I excelled. I loved it and lived and breathed it for 6 years. I have a natural spatial and visual imagination, whereas linear academic structures don't work for me at all.

I got a first class honours, two were given that year and we were both women — it was the first time a woman student had got a first at the architecture school in its history. After my year out in professional practice in Winchester (Plincke, Leaman and Browning) I got accepted into the Royal College to do my masters and part two RIBA qualification. I met Tony almost in the first week of school in October 1986. He was studying Industrial Design and after 3 months Tony and I shared a flat with two other architectural students in Shepherds Bush in Jan 1987, we didn't get married until 2018, in the wonderful and crazy City Hall, in New York City. Our witness, a Japanese Industrial Designer friend we had known since Tokyo, also living in New York.

On graduation 1988 we went to live in Tokyo, I loved architect Tadao Ando and Tony went to work at Sony Corporation, designing TV sets with 250 designers, I ended up working for a experimental Japanese architect, Keichi Irie, and Tony after a year went freelance. We lived in Tokyo for nearly three years on a very tiny salary, but we just worked all the time and totally loved it! (Tokyo remains one of our favourite cities) We returned to London into the 90s recession, jobless, we both joined Mrs Thatcher's Enterprise Allowance Scheme, £40's a week and rent paid to start our own businesses. I taught a class in Industrial Design up in Sheffield once a week for two years commuting by train. Tony had about three one days a week teaching jobs. We were entrepreneurial and did all sorts of different design work and survived.

A new experimental Masters course called Computer Related Design had just started at the RCA, Tony started teaching on it and I decided to go back to school and do a research degree,(M Phil) in CRD and Tony started a PhD. We were doing all sorts of creative projects for museums and research projects for technology companies, like Phillips Design, France Telecom and product companies like Panasonic and Sony, so in 1994, we formally started our creative practice Dunne & Raby. We were students, teachers, we both ran teaching units at the RCA, we were researchers, and we worked commercially, So those early years we lived between the cracks with multiple income sources and what seemed at the time, a very bumpy existence and we learned a lot!

Tony got the professorship at the Royal College of Art in 2006. I was made a Reader at the Royal College in 2011, but got a full professorship in Industrial Design in the prestigious University of Applied Arts in Vienna in 2011. So it has been a very long journey to establish ourselves and create space and new platforms for other creative practitioners in our field and to contribute to our field.

We have two co-authored books.

'Design Noir: The Secret Life of Electronic Objects', by Anthony Dunne & Fiona Raby, Originally published in 2001, August/Birkhäuser Publications, to be republished this year 2021 in July, by Bloomsbury London as a 'Design Classic'.

'Speculative Everything: Design, Fiction and Social Dreaming, by Anthony Dunne & Fiona Raby. Published by MIT press, 2013, translated into Japanese, Mandarin, Taiwanese, Russian, Persian, and Polish. It is still being sold in hardback eight years after initial publication, which means sales are still pretty good for an academic book.

When we left the RCA 2015 it was a huge change in our lives, we had been there in various forms for almost 30 years.

https://www.wired.co.uk/article/rca-design-leader-steps-down

The article was many about Tony as he had the professorship. Here at the New School in New York, we share equally the University Professor position.

some short press articles around the time we were awarded a design prize at MIT.

https://arts.mit.edu/a-future-fueled-by-design/

https://www.artsy.net/article/artsy-editorial-in-defense-of-critical-design

https://www.domusweb.it/en/news/2015/07/10/dunne_raby_the_school_of_constructed_realities.html

And a longer one around the time Speculative Everything was first published.
https://www.disegnodaily.com/article/reality-isn-t-working

Our work is constantly exhibited in international group shows, usually around 4 exhibitions a year, some years 2, some years 7.

This year, the 'Foragers' are in an exhibition in the Museum of Modern Art, New York, (summer 2021) part of the 'Broken Nature' exhibition which was originally shown in the Milan Triennale (2019), curated by MOMA curator Paola Antonelli.

The 'Foragers' are also currently in another exhibition by the Vitra Design Museum called 'Objects of Desire: Surrealism and Design 1924 - Today'. Originally in Vitra (2019). It went then to Barcelona. It's currently in Caixa Forum Madrid, and will travel to Sevilla and Girona in Spain before being shown in San Diego Museum of Art in 2022 and I'm sure will continue on to other US venues.

We have our work in the permanent collections of major museums,

Museum of Modern Art in New York,
Foragers (2011)
Technological Dreams Series: No.1 Robots (2008)
Huggable Atomic Mushroom (2006),

The Victoria & Albert Museum,
Weeds Aliens and Other Stories (2002)

Faraday Chair (2001)

The Huggable Atomic Mushroom is in collections of MOMA (2006), The Art Institute of Chicago (2016), The Philadelphia Museum of Art (2017) and the National Museum of Art & Design, Norway (2019)

We also have work in Permanent Collections in The Design Museum, London, The Science Museum, London, The Museum of Applied Arts, Vienna (MAK) and the National French Collection in Paris (FNAC).

Our latest work 'Archive of Impossible Objects: Globes' was commissioned by Kreyfeld Museum of Art, Germany (2018) for an exhibition as part of the celebration of the Bauhaus 100th anniversary (2019). It was shown in an exhibition in the Pompidou, Paris in 2020 and eventually acquired by Kreyfeld Museum of Art for their Permanent Collection (2020)

The Archive of Impossible Objects is currently a new book we are working on, no publisher so far, but it's early days, but we are aiming for 2022, more likely 2023.

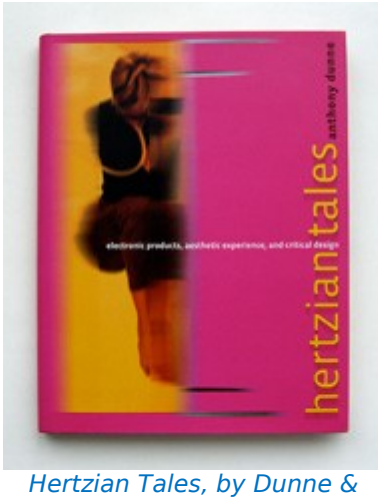
The work we do is definitely off to the side, we sit in the shadows, we are not ‘design stars’, we rarely appear in the design press, but our work reaches across disciplines and our contribution to the field is recognised.

Please let me know if there is anything more i can tell you. I’m sorry there is not so much around the years in Prices, but even in that short time, it gave me a trajectory out into the world and the confidence and determination to take those steps and particularly since I was not the studious kind in the traditional sense.

I’m happy to send you images or clarify anything further.

Very Best for now,
Fiona Raby

HERTZIAN TALES



Hertzian Tales, by Dunne & Raby

Hertzian Tales: Electronic Products, Aesthetic Experience, and Critical Design

Anthony Dunne, The MIT Press, 2005
From the book jacket:

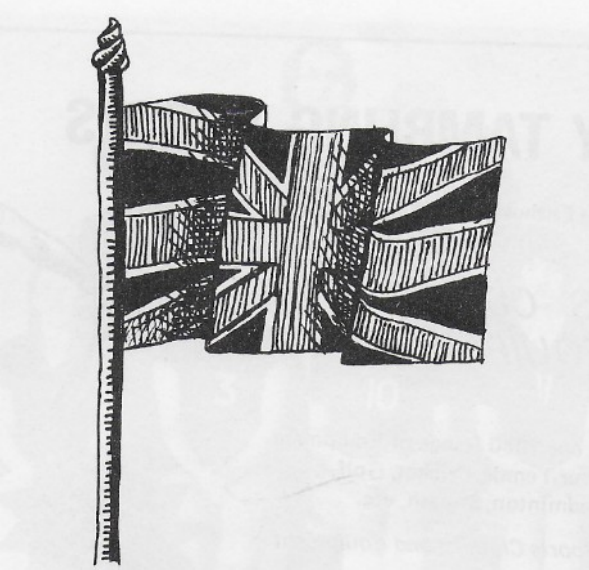
"As our everyday social and cultural experiences are increasingly mediated by electronic products?from "intelligent" toasters to iPods?it is the design of these products that shapes our experience of the "electrosphere" in which we live. Designers of electronic products, writes Anthony Dunne in Hertzian Tales, must begin to think more broadly about the aesthetic role of electronic products in everyday life. Industrial design has the potential to enrich our daily lives?to improve the quality of our relationship to the artificial environment of technology, and even, argues Dunne, to be subverted for socially beneficial ends.

The cultural speculations and conceptual design proposals in Hertzian Tales are not utopian visions

or blueprints; instead, they embody a critique of present-day practices, "mixing criticism with optimism." Six essays explore design approaches for developing the aesthetic potential of electronic products outside a commercial context?considering such topics as the post-optimal object and the aesthetics of user-unfriendliness?and five proposals offer commentary in the form of objects, videos, and images. These include "Electroclimates," animations on an LCD screen that register changes in radio frequency; "When Objects Dream...," consumer products that "dream" in electromagnetic waves; "Thief of Affection," which steals radio signals from cardiac pacemakers; "Tuneable Cities," which uses the car as it drives through overlapping radio environments as an interface of Hertzian and physical space; and the "Faraday Chair: Negative Radio," enclosed in a transparent but radio-opaque shield.

Very little has changed in the world of design since Hertzian Tales was first published by the Royal College of Art in 1999, writes Dunne in his preface to this MIT Press edition: "Design is not engaging with the social, cultural, and ethical implications of the technologies it makes so sexy and consumable." His project and proposals challenge it to do so."

Poem by Fiona Raby (1980) **"My Image"** I'm a guy, Head in the Sky, A girl I spy, tighten my tie. Wink my eye, Coolly say "Hi", Then slap my thigh, Silently sigh, And walk on by, But why?, I hide behind a sinful lie. She sees the emptiness in my eye. My heart beats faster, my mouth runs dry; I shrink back and I want to die – Found out. She knows I'm shy. But my image .... Why?	Poem by Fiona Raby (1980) **"The Newsreader"** Smart, uncreased grey suit, silk tie, A beautiful red flower projects from His neatly stitched grey lapel. His dark sullen serious frown is Fixed, undisturbed, unmoved, A stream of tragic mechanical phrases Rhythmically churn from his faded lips, Totally meaning less, or is there the Faintest touch of genuine concern? No, only the red flower bows its Tear-stained head and dies.



(Fiona Raby T.15)

Raby	Ken	Dates	1961 - 1967

A few memories of my time at Price's during the 1960s, recalled after I met two other 'old' Priceans in Hong Kong in 2002 - Ken Raby 1961-1967



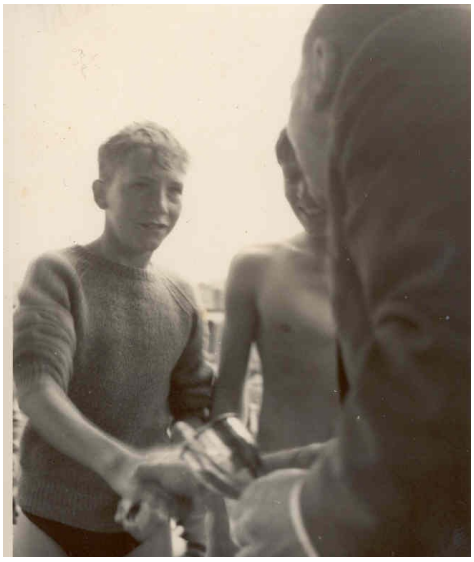
Hello fellow Priceans. Here I am, thousands of miles from Fareham, and tonight I met yet another old Pricean. Imagine the scene. It's getting close to nine o'clock at night in January and a group of balding grey-haired guys are kicking a few footballs around. He's wearing a Pompey shirt and, as an introduction I said sarcastically "Didn't Pompey do well in the cup recently!?" "Don't remind me." (They had lost 4-1 at Fratton to a team in a lower division)

"I was born in Portsmouth." "I lived in Fareham." "That's interesting! Paul over there went to Price's." "I went to Price's as well." "So did I!" My new contact Andy ran across a square set out with orange cones and flicked the ball to somebody wearing a Chelsea shirt. We exchanged a few words and then had a kick around with two uneven teams on a small patch of artificial turf. Sounds like a typical Pricean gathering!

This encounter, coupled with Paul Sayer showing me an unfamiliar Price's cap, made me very nostalgic. I was just thinking that it was about forty years ago when I first went to Price's, joining in the second year after spending two and a half years in Malta. I can remember having my hair especially combed to see the headmaster at this posh school. I used to hate combing my hair. This was almost my only time to talk to Eric Poyner on a one to one basis until the sixth form. The encounter was a good one and my mother whisked me down to Silver's for a school uniform. The cap and tie lasted until the sixth form and I only had two blazers. I still wore shorts at the time and my first blazer came down to my knees, so it looked like a fancy coat. I still have my cap and tie.

Early memories are not about studying or academic prowess. I was always small for my age and the first thing I accomplished was to prove that if I could get my head through the stair railings in the new block then I could also get my body through as well, just like a cat. It was a strange thing to do especially at the top of the stairs. I joined Price's in 1961 when transistor radios were the fashion. I had one of the first in school and used to listen to test matches during class, with the tiny radio in my desk, and the earpiece wire hidden under my blazer, passing inside my sleeve to my hand where I would listen to every ball. That was until Wick, the Reverend Royds Jones, caught me and confiscated my radio. The key memory was not the confiscation of the radio but the fact that Wick was flustered, didn't seem to know what it was, or how to turn it off. The Reverend and I never got on, and it was he who gave me the most detentions where I usually completed my homework.

Swimming was my best sport at school and the first gala I remember was at the open air Gosport Baths in July 1962. I shared the diving cup with Bamber and won the junior backstroke in record time. It was amazing how boys at Price's were so poor at swimming in those days. There must have been only a handful who could swim competently. Price's eventually had its own swimming pool in the summer of 1964 that was twenty-five yards long and then swimming standards began to improve. There were some strange events at Price's swimming galas. These were plunging, towing, surface plate diving and the three widths that later turned into three lengths. Plunging was diving in to see how far you could go with one breath. In 1962 Lunney achieved 42ft 2ins. Towing was where you had to drag a 'body' for twenty-five yards. That same year Blackbrook did this in 33 seconds. The surface plate was where a plate was sunk at the deep end and the race was to swim twenty-five yards, dive for your plate and put it on the side of the pool. I think in one race somebody could not retrieve the plate because the water was too deep. The 'three lengths' was simply because nobody knew how to do butterfly.



PE was held in the library and it was the boys job to pull out the horses, the benches and the coconut mats for landing on, and, after some boring jumping up and over, to put them away again. The coconut mats had four handles for hanging them tidily away. These also assisted in enabling boys to drag these across the floor. I saw this as a great opportunity for a ride like a chariot. This was fun but the PE teacher at the time did not think so. He called my name to go to him and he also called Faye across and asked for one of his plimsolls. Faye was huge, a man at about the age of twelve, with probably size twelve feet. "Bend over!" The whole class watched as the PE teacher poised to whack my behind with this huge shoe. I bent down in anticipation of certain pain but as the slipper was thrown I removed my rear end out of the way and he missed totally and almost lost his balance. That was really funny, but I didn't dare to dodge a second time.

When I was about fourteen my parents lived in Singapore while I stayed with an uncle and aunt in Fareham. This gave me the opportunity to go east during the holidays and one particular time I brought back some mini-cracker sticks. These were fun. When you stamped on them, they would go bang, bang, bang and afterwards there would be no trace unless you looked very carefully. A favourite place to drop these was outside the perfects study and seeing the reactions of the prefects jumping up and down was a hoot. The mini-cracker sticks made it to the classroom of a dopey Biology teacher who wasn't at the school very long. Sticks were distributed around the class in one of the labs and were set off one at a time at the opposite end to where the teacher was. The noise of the crackers would send him from one end of the class to the other and then back again. It was so funny, and I don't think he ever realised really what went on.

I broke two windows at school. I was pushed through one and the other was during a lunchtime when I kicked a football and broke a window in Eric Poyner's office. Fortunately, in both cases nobody was hurt.

The CCF was something I hated, and I could not understand why so many took it seriously. I could think of thousands of better things to do than polishing brass buckles and Blancoing belts and gaiters. The uniform itched like hell, so I wore pyjamas underneath. The two Dad's Army characters where Howard-Jones and Biscuits Briscoe. My biggest moment of strife was when there was a rail strike and the newspapers arrived late into Fareham. I had a paper round at the time and thought that this was a great opportunity to not wear my CCF uniform. I did not even wear my school uniform that day. I was late for school and went on parade wearing a bright blue and yellow anorak, but my dedication to delivering my newspapers was not appreciated. I was frog marched off somewhere to do some unpleasant army drills so that such insubordination would not happen again.

It was great when the Navy section was introduced because there were no brass buckles to polish and the uniforms were not so itchy. I joined the navy section at the earliest opportunity. The new Navy section seemed to be a big deal at the time and the boys in blue were to be at the front of a big Price's forces march past. During the rehearsal, I think that Howard-Jones, Biscuits and other officers were in full regalia, standing to attention to salute our fighting contingent as we marched past armed to the teeth with empty 303 rifles. It was a windy day and we had problems in keeping our hats on. This created a golden opportunity. As we marched up the hill, we kept our heads deliberately bent into the wind to keep our hats on but when the order to "Eyes right!" was given nearly every hat flew off like a shower of Frisbees as the heads flicked in unison towards the stand-in dignitaries. Alas this was not allowed to happen on the big day but at the time it was an excellent display of co-ordinated teamwork.

The biggest embarrassment about being a prefect was to wear tassels attached to your cap. It was bad enough to wear a cap in the sixth form but the "privilege" for wearing tassels was very questionable when the Beatles and Carnaby Street were the rage. One cap would usually last for the entire period that a boy was at Price's and on the assumption that it would just fit when he was eleven it would appear to shrink over time to be something akin to a hazelnut shell on a coconut as he grew. This looked ridiculous but it was amazing how these things stayed on particularly when riding a bike. I suppose it was a skill developed over time. When it was my time to become a prefect, tassels disappeared, and sixth formers were no longer required to wear a cap. When this was announced a large group of sixth formers had a cap burning ceremony in the middle of the old Green Hut floor. Can you imagine the stink and the smoke given off? I am not sure if the fire engines came but it was the end of an era.

While I enjoyed the first few years at Price's I seemed to flourish in the sixth form. I did Pure Maths, Applied Maths and Engineering Drawing so my teachers were Sooty Cole and Biscuits Briscoe. It was a most enjoyable period as I was getting more into sport with more success, and studying attitudes with teachers were very different from the lower years. My weekly detention sessions disappeared except for one period of a few days when Tom Hilton detained the whole of the sixth form after school every day until a few smokers eventually owned up. Because of the gravity of the offence only those with a "clean" record were persuaded to turn themselves in. One or two habitual offenders escaped that one time.

John "Ernie" Wise had a big impact on sport at Price's and particularly on myself. He was a key person to introduce rugby to Price's. My first memory of this daft game was Lynch, a mountain of a lad, wading towards the touchline with six boys hanging onto him and none of them having any effect to slow his hulking progress. It was a sight to be seen. Ernie taught me how to swim butterfly without getting in the water and later, in the upper sixth, I was drafted to be a sports assistant to him for my final term. This was after my second meeting with Eric Poyner when it was decided that,

while waiting for my results, helping Mr Wise would be more beneficial than playing bridge in the prefect's study. This was great because all I did was play or help teach sport all day.



Apart from swimming I did not play for any teams for the school or my house until the sixth form, and we didn't really have a swimming team. We could only play badminton when we reached the sixth form, and then I played almost every day. Attached are some photos from my archives, one school soccer second team, one school hockey first team and one school badminton team photo. These were probably taken in 1965 or 1966. Can anybody put names to the faces? I continued to make some improvement in sport and in my final year was the Westbury House Captain with school colours for swimming and soccer. I do not know how anybody received colours for soccer in 1966 because the first eleven team results were hopeless. Played 12, Won 1 (against the masters 4-1), Drew nil, Lost 11, Goals for 17, Goals against 59. In 1967 Westbury dominated the cross-country event with seven finishers in the top eleven. Pinkney won the race even though he did not know where he was going, Colwill was second and Ditchburn, Barnett and myself all crossed the line holding hands in third place.

When I first played for the first eleven at cricket, we had the two opening Hampshire schoolboy bowlers, Tony Izzard and Rob Todd. (Tony Izzard sadly passed away in November 2018.) They were very quick, and I can always remember the first ball I received from Tony Izzard when I became the first eleven team wicket keeper. I was standing about 13 paces behind the stumps, but I was soon to discover the wicket to be bouncier than normal. The first ball whistled through, hit me on the top of the forehead and flew to the boundary for four runs. That was a stiff baptism but after finally settling 22 paces behind the wicket I could just collect the ball "comfortably" at waist height.



Hockey was a disaster at Price's where the pitches were bumpy like cow fields and very different from the artificial surfaces available today. We did have a star in Rob Todd who represented the South of England team and had an England trial. The rest of us were a motley bunch. I played in goal protected by the usual pads, kickers, and a box. I had a stick and a pair of sheepskin mitts to complete the package. We had lost all our previous games and this time we were in with a chance. The score was 3-2 in our favour when I had to make a diving save to punch the ball over the bar. For some reason, the opposition were awarded a penalty flick. As I dived to my left the ball hit my body, a somewhat lucky save and a few minutes later we had achieved our only win. I was so excited I threw my stick up in the air in celebration and it came down and hit me on the head. I was bandaged up and in the afternoon, we played soccer against a local boys team that had played at Fratton Park. We thrashed 'em something like 4-0 with our Tottenham Hotspur style that was in vogue at the time.

That year I won probably the slowest mile ever in Price's history. It was a tactical race, and I knew what I had to do before the race since my key competitor had shown what he was going to do when we were collecting "Standard points" for our houses. He was going to break clear of the pack after about two hundred yards and once clear amble to the finish. Price's running track was marked out on the side of a "mountain". The home straight was downhill, the back straight was up-hill, and the final bend was an up-hill killer. Off we went and sure enough my opponent, (David "Daisy" Astley), made his break.I



I was ready, I followed and hung on and hung on and after two laps into the race we were well clear of the others. The school chanted my competitor's name over and over. "Daisy!" "Daisy" "Daisy". I hung on and then Daisy realised that he could not shake me off, so he slowed down trying to make me overtake. We went so slow we were almost at walking speed, but I just followed. This went on for the next lap and a half, and when we were halfway up the final bend, I had already found my second wind, kicked for home and left Daisy for dead. I was chuffed.

A few years have passed since I wrote the above. I could never remember who Daisy was, but I finally twigged who it was after I had lunch with him in Kuala Lumpur whilst I was attending a conference there. David Astley had visited Hong Kong earlier and he contacted me out of the blue. By chance, a few months later, I was in KL and we were able to meet for a very pleasant chat and lunch. It was then when the penny dropped.

I have been in regular contact with Paul Sayer whose Minor Mile time in 1966 was faster than my slow Senior Mile time. I understand that Paul's time still remains a school record that will never be beaten.

I arrived in Hong Kong in 1974 as a young Chartered Quantity Surveyor and soon became fascinated by local festivals. He began to search for the same Chinese temple activities discovered by his father in Singapore during the 1960s but found a very different scene. Hong Kong had a more western influence and the main deity in life was the God of Money. The upheavals during the 1960s had a transitioning influence and Ken Raby was able to experience a large portion of this change. His curiosity took him to all parts of the territory and Chinese temples became an intriguing source of local life as it had been for centuries. Not being able to read Chinese provided a challenge and many gods could not be identified as their features were often similar. To get over this he visited temples armed with a note pad to draw a quick temple layout and photograph each god in position. After a few years the subtle differences between each god became apparent and suddenly there was sufficient material to package 'Hong Kong Temples'.

'Hong Kong Temples' features one hundred and forty Chinese gods which is a drop in the ocean in respect of how many there might be. Each of these gods has a story to tell and Ken Raby's collection of temple photographs enabled him to relate the stories in detail about the three favourite Chinese Popular Religion Hong Kong deities. These are Kwun Yum ('Goddess of Mercy'), Tin Hau ('Sea Goddess'), and Kwan Dai ('God of War'). Separate books have been produced in digital form about each of these with a photographic collection of their temple statue images. Within the Hong Kong Temples Collection there are six books in total including the titles 'Hong Kong Gods', a brief summary of popular gods, and 'Gate Gods', a collection of door gods guarding temples exposed to the elements and thus having a limited life. – Hong Kong Temples videos by Ken Raby can be found on SquibsTV.

<u>Sporting Memories at Price's</u>

My dubious escalation into the sixth form during the mid-1960s at Price's became the first introduction to responsibility. My previous years had been drifting from year to year frustrated by my small size, trying to fit in with my peers. No matter how hard I tried, I learnt early that life was not fair, but I plodded on. I was enthusiastic to have a go at any sport, but I was always overlooked for any team except swimming. In those days, we never trained back and forth like swimmers today. I don't even think that we practised for the swimming gala, and more or less just turned up on the day. My prowess in swimming was simply due to living in Malta for two and a half years and swimming off rocks into deep water almost every day. Apart from a handful of swimmers the standard of swimming at Price's was poor.

1965 Team Badminton team member. 1966 Badminton team Captain.
1965 RLSS Swimming Instructor Certificate

Academically at Price's I simply plodded away holding my own with some spurts of interest when a teacher could capture my imagination. Price's was my eighth school due to a process of following my father who was in the Navy. Up until the sixth form I can never remember doing any homework except in detention, or during Religious Instruction, or during some other boring lesson where I could hide and be discrete. The only subjects I enjoyed were Maths and Art, so I am sure, after a lifetime of having text reading difficulties, that myself and most of my family has suffered from a kind of dyslexia. My son was the first to be diagnosed about thirty years ago. This might explain why I was always moved to the front of the class during English lessons.



With regard to sport, I finally sprouted in the fifth form and played football for my house Westbury and the 2nd XI. In the first year of the sixth form, I was into everything. Badminton in the new gym was available to sixth formers so with an equal starting position I was able to achieve a reasonable standard compared to other boys. Almost every lunchtime was spent playing badminton, especially when the playing fields were closed.

Apart from a few jewels that shone above everybody else the standard of sport at Price's was very average. I can never remember any coaching taking place. We learnt the rules of each game and got on with it without any guidance. P.E, Teachers would spend their time sorting boys out into groups and blowing whistles. The sport facilities at Price's were poor compared to other Grammar Schools, but these were all we had so we did not know any better and got on with what we had.

Our football pitches were slopy and we always marvelled at the Fratton Park pitch. Football was the main break game and during the sixty's plastic footballs, good enough for a kick about, could be bought from Woolies. (Woolworth's – a now-extinct Department store.)

Ken has also authored a series of books on "Chinese Temple Gods in Hong Kong" – **See his entry in the Lion Pride publication chapter - Price's Creators.**

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Ken joined the WP300 publications project some 18 months into its embryonic state, bringing new resources, a stimulating rethink about display and the technical benefits of his own publishing experiences. He worked hard for the time he allocated to the project, and we did not always agree on outcomes but none-the-less, the WP project has been the better for his involvement, even if it has been left for others to implement his views re: E-books, and access via Links to other resources.

Much of his thoughts would apply readily to a novel recording of and display of materials in the SOP Archives collection.

David Goldring

Raby (Milinets-Raby)	Peter Nigel	Dates	1971-1977

I was at Price's School, turning into a College from September 1971 to July 1977. I was born in 1959. My name at the time was Peter Nigel Raby, my name now after marriage to a Belarussian lady is Peter N. Milinets-Raby.

I was not a sporty type at Price's School, so I do not appear (that I am aware of) in any magazines. However, I do appear on the front cover of the 1977 issue (well, my winning artwork does – my only claim to fame at the School).

And, I am in the School photos for 1971/72 and 1973/74:

My father spent many years creating 'his' Raby Chronicles, the diary of his life in ten plus books. The first book was a history lesson on the name 'Raby' tracing our family line back to the 14th century.



I have taken on the mantle of continuing the Raby Chronicles from 1971 onwards, as this was the date we left Singapore and returned to Fareham (My Dad was in the Navy. I spent Lockdown sorting out my Dad's art and posted his works online.

This can be found on my webpage at https://peterspurplepages.wordpress.com/Pastel Blues parts 1 to 6

1971

Thursday, 30th September, Fareham

Thursday was fast becoming a favourite TV night, with Top of the Pops at 7:25pm for 35 minutes, then later at 8:30pm for half an hour of anarchic fun it was Monty Python's Flying Circus. Both programmes would then dictate the conversation and antics at school the following day.

This evening's episode of Monty Python was called, "How to Recognise Different Parts of the Body" opening in typical fashion with a long, slow provocative pan along a string of bikini wearing women, until finally ending up with John Cleese lounged over his desk in a bikini and uttering the immortal words, "And now for something completely different". So funny!

The episode contained the Bruce's sketch which involved a group of stereotypical Australians, who were all wearing khakis and cork hats and all are named Bruce!!! The amount of fun we had with this the following day at school was hilarious, especially at the start of the day, as everyone entered into the classroom to a chorus of "How are you doing Bruce?" with the answer "Fine, Bruce!"

One of our Second Form (2C) class, Pigeon (everyone was known by their surname) always had a habit of entering the class late just to wind up the teacher. This morning, he wandered in five minutes late, looked at the teacher and said, "How are you doing Bruce?" The whole class burst into laughter, then in unison, we all replied, "Fine, Bruce!" The teacher gave us all a detention and we had to stay in the class during our first break!!

Thursday, 28th October, Fareham

Tonight's episode of Monty Python's Flying Circus on the television on BBC 1 at 8:30pm contained right at the end a very short sketch of a man and woman in a typical truck drivers café deciding what to eat, after the owner reads all the menu items, which contain various options of spam, eggs, chips,

and spam! In the café at the other tables are hordes of Vikings (As you do, in a Monty Python sketch!!!) who start singing, spam, spam, spam . . . .

This little sketch was a huge hit the following day at school, with the whole classroom singing "Spam, spam, spam" as the teacher walked in and even he had a smile on his lips before he shouted at us to be quiet!!! And, at lunchtime, the poor dinner ladies had to put up with every boy asking if Spam was on the menu?

Wednesday, 10th November, Fareham

One of the funniest things that happened at Price's School was when mischievous Pigeon (always up to no good) took the screws out of the hinges of the door to the classroom. He put the door back and the whole class waited with bated breath for the English teacher, Mr Jones to arrive for our double English lesson. When he arrived he pushed the door and still holding the handle he fell into the room as the door clattered to the ground. Everyone was in fits of laughter, because the sight was just priceless!!! We were all given detention, as no one owned up or would tell. It was worth it!!!!

Tuesday, 23rd November, Fareham

Today in double Latin, we had the dreaded Latin Firing Squad vocab test. It was chilly and grey outside, but this did not stop the test from taking part. We were ordered out in typical brusque style by the Latin teacher, Mr. Hobson, who was a real throwback to the Victorian age of schooling, where the teacher was God and corporal punishment was metered out at every available opportunity.

We knew the drill, as we had this vocab test at least once a month. All twenty seven of us were told to line up in reverse alphabetical order as the last vocab test we took had been carried out in the correct alphabetical order. As the teacher called our names in reverse order, we jostled into place to make a long snaking line outside the Latin classroom.

Anyone passing by would see the disturbing sight of a line of 27 boys standing in a forlorn slouched fashion, looking both petrified and shivering from the cold. All 27 of us were hoping to die quickly from hyperthermia, as that was a better fate, than what was about to happen!! The dreaded Latin Vocab Test!

The classic old adage whispered by all of us was being mumbled under our breaths:

"Latin is a language as dead as dead can be. It killed the ancient Romans, now it's killing me."

Whack!! Ouch! Sorry, Julius Caesar.

The test starts and the first boy in the queue gets a Latin or English word shouted at him and to emphasize his turn the teacher prods the boy's chest with his towelling rod! Mr. Hobson waits barely two seconds, then moves down the line to the next boy repeating the word and prodding his chest with the rod! It's another non answer, so onto the net boy who cheerily barks out the correct translation. His prize is to progress up the line, thumping each boy he passes on the shoulder. It's only an advance of two boys, but this kid is in prime position for a "First" mark in the test. He is inwardly smiling at this point.

The next word is barked out, "*Pulchritudo*". Oh my God it's a difficult one and the teacher goes down the line of boys, prodding nine chests before some bright spark, shouts, "Beauty". A climb of nine is about the average, the boys in the top positions are getting sore arms by this point. The teacher barks out the next word, "*Amo*". God! It's an easy one and the boy gives the correct translation. The teacher is two away from me and my knees are starting to quiver and knock together. I suddenly do not feel the cold any more. Mr. Hobson prods the next boy with his towelling rod and barks, "*Troglodyte*". I know this one, my bird watching knowledge coming in handy. Both boys haven't a clue and I answer, "A hermit, a cave dweller". "Correct" is the reply and I punch each of the boys on my way three places up the line.

The next word is a tough one ("*Iactare*") and the teacher goes down the complete line, tutting with exasperation and prodding harder as he reaches the end pupil. Mr. Hobson then walks back to the beginning of the line and starts again with the same word and after about six boys the correct answer is given. It is Parsley, one of the big burley boys of the class that gives the right answer and every boy quivers inwardly as they know what is to happen next. Parsley starts at the "bottom" end of the line and punches all 26 of us on our arms with a force that leaves quite a few of us in eye watering pain! I'm sure Parsley, not only practices his Latin, but also works out on a punch bag!!

The Latin Firing Squad goes on for the usual count of 30 words, then the test is over and where you end up in the line is the "Mark" you are given for the test. Mr Hobson then walks down the line one last time collecting names with a jab of his towelling rod and then we can get back inside, all of us clutching our sore arms!

However, the torture was not over yet. We still had an hour of Latin to endure, well it was a double lesson!! It was one of the few lessons that virtually every boy paid attention, for fear of being whacked on the hand with the towelling rod. Any little misdemeanour would warrant a whack over the hand. Just getting a poor mark in your Latin homework would spark the teacher off. I remember on one occasion, he was so angry with all of us for the dreadful homework we handed in that he lined us up with hands outstretched, palms up and whacked every single one of us! Ouch!

Mr. Hobson also had an idiosyncratic habit of tossing a piece of chalk a few inches into the air and catching it in his hand whilst lecturing to us. Typically, we boys would bet a penny on how many times he would toss it before throwing the said piece of chalk at any boy not paying attention. This was fun and got us through most lessons, until certain boys started to misbehave just to get the number of tosses correct and have the chalk thrown at them. After a while we gave up on this, especially when Mr. Hobson started to toss a chalk rubber at a misbehaving pupil. Now that did hurt!!
Thankfully Latin was only taught for a year. To this day, I can still recite the First Conjugation *amo* - I love. *Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amatis, amant*. Such is the power of discipline!

1972

Friday, 14th January , Fareham

As a class of boys we did lots of silly things. One of the silliest was the throwing "Little's Bag" around the classroom. "Little's Bag" was a brown coloured satchel type and he carried all his books around in it, so it was one of the heaviest bags in the class. It would usually start with Pigeon pinching the bag, then lobbing it to the rear of the classroom whilst shouting, "Little's Bag". Everyone, would instinctively duck and cover their heads with their arms for protection. It was not something you wanted to land on you as it was truly heavy. Today, the shout of "Little's Bag" made everyone in the class cower in frightened anticipation. Then, instead of the loud thump followed by the groan of agony of a distressed pupil, the sound was the clash and tingle of broken glass as "Little's Bag" went through a window!! As usual, no one owned up and the class had to stay behind for a mass detention! I remember for this detention we were given an A4 sheet of lined paper and told to fill both sides with the line, "I will not throw heavy objects in the classroom".

Thursday, 8th June, Fareham

The pond run. On this particular hot sunny day of June, word was secretly passed around the school in a whisper that during dinner break someone was going to attempt the pond run. Why this had to

be done has been lost in folklore. Timing was everything, as it was important that the teachers did not get wind of the attempt.

As the clock on the old building struck 1pm loads of boys suddenly emerged from nowhere to line the covered walkway beside the pond. Literally a minute later a boy emerged and jumped into the far end of the pond. The raucous cheer and laughter from the assembled boys was palatable. The pond is about 20 feet long with a 90-degree turn halfway along. Shallow, but with a lot of reed like foliage, which makes progress both slow and very funny indeed. The run is over in less than a minute and the boy climbs out of the pond to the huge cheers of the encouraging crowd of boys. The boy is wet and filthy with his feet and legs covered in wet mud. He slips away just as quickly as he arrived and the fun is over and everyone quickly disperses. About two to three minutes later the scene is all tranquil and not a boy is in sight, we have all made our way to the playing field to continue our lunch break of running around like headless chickens. The pond looks a little worse for wear, with a few broken reeds and there is a muddy stain trail leading off to the main changing room block. It was hilarious whilst it lasted.

Thursday, 26th October, Fareham

After last week's disappointing first episode of the new series of "Monty Python's Flying Circus", this evening's fare was back to its best with sketches that resonated with my young teenage tastes in humour. The following day at school, the main topic of conversation was last night's show. The sketches that garnered our imaginations, were the Trim Jeans, the sidesplitting sketch about who was eligible to "Go first" as the Titanic sank and the hilarious Fish Slapping Dance, which everyone was imitating in every spare moment throughout the school day! We were using smelly socks as the small fish to start the dance, then for the punchline, all sorts of weird and wonderful large objects were used from hockey sticks, wellington boots, rolled up newspapers and of course the funniest one of all, was 'Little's bag'!!!! Such is the power of television and the receptive mind of a spotty little school kid!

Thursday, 23rd November, Fareham

Tonight saw the episode of "Monty Python's Flying Circus" that contained the infamous sketch that produced the catchphrase, "My brain hurts!" In a typical, silly sketch with a man with a handkerchief with the four corners knotted on his head wants to see the Brain Specialist. He is a Gumby who are extremely dim-witted, loud, some-times violent and thick. They are all uniform in appearance, mannerisms and speech. It spawned weeks, if not months of school boy fun, as everyone impersonated a Gumby. Often (more likely Pigeon), would call out in the middle of a lesson, "My Brain hurts!" And, there would be an uproar of laughter from everyone that I'm sure could be heard across the playground in the Headmaster's Office! This morning, Pigeon was typically and deliberately a few minutes late for Mr Jones's English lesson. His grand entrance, had us it stitches and got him and the rest of the class an instant detention. He burst in with his trousers rolled up to his knees, a knotted handkerchief on his head and shouted loudly, "My brain hurts".

1973

Wednesday 12th September, Fareham

Today at Price's School during dinner break at 1pm, Mr. Hill, the person in charge of the navy cadets took us shooting in the school's rifle range (down the hill under the pine trees to the north of the playing fields – the Pine trees were where we played football using two particular trees as goalposts

and in the summer months it is where we invented and played Head Cricket). Only four cadets were able to shoot at a time and I ended up at the end shooting on my own, which was fun! I was the best out of all the boy cadets that took part, with a nice grouping and all five shots on target. My friend Peter Oakley his five holes were in a straight line missing the bull and some of the other cadets only hit the target once after firing five .22 bullets. The rifles do not have a kick. (PHOTO OF SHOOTING CARD – still have).

Wednesday 26th September, Fareham

At lunchtime Mr. Hill again took us to the firing range beside the line of Pine trees by the Price's School playing field. I again had a good session, firing at a very narrow target at 25 yards away. I was the only cadet out of seventeen to get their three shots on the target. Mr. Hill was impressed at my grouping and suggested that I attend the Shooting Club. (PHOTO OF TARGET - still have)

Monday 26th November, Fareham

During our double Games lesson this morning at Price's School, Mr. Tuck had a field day, with three of the class not having their correct PE kit. He dusted off his trusty "Sebastian" from the shelf and told the three boys to bend over. Mr. Tuck took a lot of glee and pleasure out of this form of corporal punishment and the whacks on the boys' buttocks with "Sebastian, the size 9 plimsoll" made us all "Ooohhhhfff" with collective grimaces and sighs of utter relief that thankful it was not us! Mr. Tuck had been known in the past to punish the whole class if he felt like it. "Sebastian" was not pleasant!
It was football today in Games and I was put in goal. I made two good saves that I was proud of, otherwise I let in five!

Wednesday, 5th December, Gosport

Today I took part in a team shooting contest at HMS Deadelus as part of the CCF cadets. I was in a team of eight from Price's School against a team of eight from HMS Deadelus. The shooting range was very smart and ten times better than the school's one, with your own personal telescope to check on your progress. I was part of the second duo to shoot and as can be seen by my scorecard, I managed a respectable 92 out of 100! (One bullet going through the same hole, bottom one in the Bull!) Alas, this excellent score wasn't matched by my teammates (Whose average score was 86) and we lost a close competition by 713 points to 699 points. No wonder with impressive shooting like that, it was only a matter of time (a couple of months in fact) that I was given my cadet Marksman Badge. (PHOTO OF SHOOTING CARD – still have)

1974

Monday 11th February, Fareham

Today, as the weather was unsuitable for us to play on the school fields, all the Fourth Form were sent out on our double Games Lesson on a Cross Country Run around Pook Lane. Before we left, Mr Tuck (the PE teacher) did his usual PE kit inspection. Every week, he always found someone who had forgotten to bring all their PE kit. Today, he had four boys lined up, bending over with their hands on their knees ready for a whack from Sebastian his faithful plimsoll. As each stroke hit the four boys bottoms, an "oh" of half delight and half relief that it wasn't you getting a whack from Sebastian! I still remember the time, when Pigeon took Sebastian off the shelf and hid it, only for Mr. Tuck to

bring into operation another plimsoll he had hidden away! And, we thought we were saved that day. How wrong we were. As no one owned up, we all got a whack from this new Sebastian!

As we encountered whee came around and over the bridge into Spurlings Road (Cuttings from The Portsmouth Evening News). What a major flood, the whole meadow was underwater! We had to run through a stretch of the flood, about 25 yards of it and it was one foot five inches deep! Peter Norman and I decided to run through it, splashing everyone who was trying to walk carefully through the water. When I returned to school, my feet were soaking wet and like ice!!! My time was 28 minutes and 11 seconds and I was placed 19th, which is pretty good, when you consider that the Fourth Form consisted of about 60 boys.

1975

The data from this point is still being put together from various sources. The following entries might be of interest. Mentions of what we did in school become less, as other things take over???

Undated September 1975

As Price's School turned into a mixed Sixth Form College, some of the rules were relaxed. During the two years I was studying for my "A" Levels we were allowed to ditch the school uniform, we were given the freedom to leave the college grounds during break times and most importantly we were allowed to enter classrooms at break times. This was something that I and my group of friends truly embraced and we took over one of the older run down classrooms at the rear of the swimming pool as our lunchtime den.

We (Myself, Peter Norman, Andy Mott, John Norton, Robert Pickering, Peter Oakley, David Munt and David Millen) used the break times to play card games. We played all sorts, like Whist, Bridge, Newmarket, Miles Bournes, but our favourite was Shit on your Oppo (also known as ?????). We played in leagues, in mini knockout tournaments and kept detailed records of all the top scores etc. It was a fun game and bonded the group.

Undated January 1976

During the first year of my "A" levels, for something really daring to do, we (that's Peter Norman, Andy Mott, John Norton and myself) started to pinch pieces of chalk and if the box of chalk was on the blackboard, then we stole that as well. After a month of doing this we turned our attention to stealing chalk rubbers from the classrooms. We hid them in the ventilation hollow in the walls of the extension block that we were allowed to use on our morning and lunchtime breaks. This involved unscrewing the metal cover plates and we packed these hollows between the walls with our booty.

By the second month, teachers were commenting at the start of lessons about having to stash their chalk in a special locked desk drawer or carry them around in a handbag. We had certainly upset the status quo and when the fun and novelty wore off we simply stopped. However, before stopping we played one final practical joke on our Geography teacher (Mr Headley???? Lady????? Dawson????). We took out about 30 chalk rubbers and boxes and sneakily dumped them on his desk before a lesson started. The look on his face and the face of the other pupils was priceless. And no one suspected us!! We then left the vast majority of the huge horde of goodies in the ventilation hollows - the numbers were in their hundreds!!! I would have liked to have seen the face on the demolition driver in 1989 when Price's College was raised to the ground to make way for a housing estate and all those chalks and rubbers fell out of the walls of the extension block at the rear

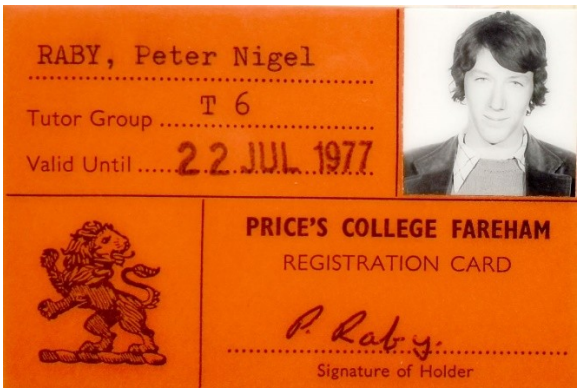
of the swimming pool!!

1976

Thursday, 16th September, Fareham

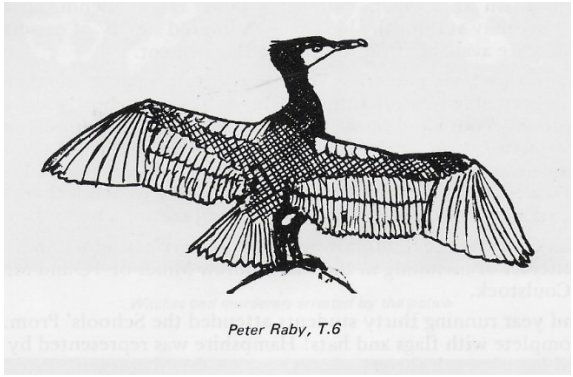
Today at Price's College, I had my photo taken for a college ID card. Later in the day, I picked it up from the college main office. It had been laminated. The mug shot of me was horrendous!! (PHOTO OF ID CARD).

1977



<u>Tuesday, 8th February, Fareham</u> (Rough Data Entry – Needs work????????)

Today, at Price's College I was given the happy news that my design of a musical drum with candles on it was going to be used as the basis for a poster to advertise next month's College play, "The Birthday Party". To get the poster ready for printing at Farley's Printers Ltd, I had to draw two overlapping sheets. One for the red colour and the second for the blue. The finished result wasn't too bad and I was very pleased with how it looked. And, I was especially chuffed when the poster started to appear on all the message boards around the college!! Fame at last!


Peter Raby, T.6

<u>Wednesday, 18th May. Fareham</u>

It was all over in a minute. During the morning assembly at Price's College I went through periods of total calmness and absolute nervousness, waiting for the moment to receive my £5 book token for winning the Price's College magazine cover competition. My legs felt like jelly as I rose from my chair, but the realisation that this was fame at last, glided me safely to the front to shake Eric's hand (The Headmaster). I do believe, I even managed a smug moment to bask in the glory of the applause, before I returned to my seat. Inspired by the Queen's Silver Jubilee. A very simple design, which I was surprised no one else thought of!

Sorry, this is a huge amount of ill-elephant memories here (sorry, can't resist that pun, it was one of my favourites at Price's School).

I note from your email that you are looking for the 1978 Price's Magazine. I have a copy of that.

I hope some of the above cut-and-paste material is of use to you.

Please, please, please, if you have any stories, photos (Any????), etc. of the era I was at Price's School, I would love to have them to include in my Raby Chronicles. No matter how tiny the info, it may spark memories that I have forgotten.

All the best



Peter Milinets-Raby

Reading	Steven	Dates	1970

Music Engraver, Arranger, Publisher at Scores Reformed Ltd., Guildford, United Kingdom



Steven Reading spent 1971-74 at the Guildhall School of Music, London studying Horn and Composition. Then up to 1996 he worked as a freelance horn player, with most of the major UK symphony and chamber orchestras, including 6 years with both the Royal Philharmonic Concert Orchestra and the London Symphony Orchestra, he also spent 2 years as 2nd horn of the Belgian chamber orchestra 'I Fiamminghi'. Steven has worked extensively in concert hall, studio and film has undertaken many foreign tours with The London Symphony, London Philharmonic and Royal Philharmonic Orchestras, and I Fiamminghi.



Recently, with my colleague Ann Miller I have started a new Music Publishing company - Scores Reformed, dedicated to improving the standard of music copy for hardworking musicians, We now have in our catalogue over 60 operatic arias and almost 300 major orchestral works, with a worldwide client base.

LinkedIn members have a say about Steven:

"Steve has provided orchestral parts for me for several large projects. On all occasions parts need to be extracted from the scores software, printed and bound. All parts are delivered, bound and presented to the highest standards. Steve is reliable, organised and professional and I would have no hesitation in recommending his work".

"I've now used Steve's services on two urgent, deadline-related jobs. I found him to be incredibly helpful, providing a fast yet expert service. Always enthusiastic and co-operative, he produced work of an excellent standard against tight time-frames. His experience proved invaluable, often solving potential problems even before I knew they existed. His knowledge of his subject is definitely in the 'expert' class; he was a pleasure to work with and it's a pleasure to recommend him."

See also the Price's Creatots Chapter in the Lion Pride publication for more on his work..

Reed	Joanna	Dates	

A Lady Pricean Remembers

If I could write my autobiography, it would be titled: *"A Challenging Life, but with Blessings"*

I had come from an all-girls' Secondary School. Being borderline in Maths at 11+, with a Headmaster who stated that the Grammar School "wouldn't want a Council house child with a disability", being accepted later, to take "A" levels and two more "O" levels at Price's was a dream come true.

One of the things about being at Price's was that I wasn't teased or bullied very much, and made friends for the first time in my life. I played the flute, and one of the boys in the Lower Sixth was a brilliant Grade 8 pianist and would sometime accompany my pieces. This was my first experience of being able to chat to a boy as a friend.

Whilst at Price's I was asked if I would like to join a small group singing madrigals for fun. No performance pressures. I greatly enjoyed this and we used to sing Gluck, Mendelssohn and Lennox-Barclay, though the latter's rendition of "The Bluebird" was challenging

I was taking "A" in English and History. The English master Mr. Jenkins would teach an hour a week on grammar – we each had an exercise book with our grammar notes in. Despite my struggles with Critical Appreciation of "St. Agnes Eve" by John Keats, I much enjoyed these grammar hours and the things I learned then stood me in good stead when taking my History degree in London. My History professor said my submissions were "sound, cogent and well-written, never waffling". Praise indeed I thought!

One day, Mr Jenkins asked me to accompany him to the book cupboard to get some next text books. I got gently teased about this "book cupboard" meeting but, several years later when reading that lovely novel by R.F.Delderfield "To Serve Them All My Days", I was reminded of it when the character Judy Cordwainer was issuing stationery to the boys in the Lower Fourth.

As a School, Prices had a lovely Christian ethos. Attendance at the weekly Act of Worship was voluntary or Sixth Formers as I recall, but I much enjoyed them and I loved the College prayer. Eric Poyner was a Christian gentleman. I was delighted to discover in later years that some of the priests I have encountered on my Christian journey are Old Priceans too. Miss Norris taught R.E. and I took that "O" level whilst in the Sixth Form and got a Grade "A" for my pains. She was a very good teacher, also of Latin – strict but kind. I remember being struck by the fact that sometimes she wore a bright pink frock with a matching lipstick! I took Spanish with Mr.Ferber but found that much harder than French or German.

I also had the unforgettable experience of being the prompter for the Drama Group production of "Abelard and Héloise". Gareth Howlett and the Brangwyn twins and cast gave a stunning performance week and I only had to prompt once. More-Gordon was at the helm of that. I also wrote a few pieces for the College magazine.

I really enjoyed my time at Price's College. Remembering my time there always brings a smile of joy to my face. I wear my Price's badge with great pride, and thankfulness. Choosing to write my Degree Dissertation on "The History of Price's School" was a no-brainer, and a delight – 30,000 words by hand in ink, but it was worth every second.

Thank you, Price's! Joanne M. Reed. (January 2024)

Reynolds	Phillip	Dates	



I was a very happy pupil at Price's School, throwing myself fully into school life including the CCF and playing for the football and cricket teams. I was pretty fast back then and held the School record for Minor hurdles in 1972 (which wasn't beaten and couldn't be broken after 1975 with the advent of the closure of the Grammar School).
Having obtained 5 'O' Levels at 16, I had a big decision to make. Tom Hilton said that I should take my 'A' Levels and then go on to teach History (which I still love.)

However, in the summer of 1975 I was offered a job as a supernumerary working in the Local Area Education Office for Gosport & Fareham. The job also involved the chance to do an ONC in Business Studies on day release at Fareham College. I passed these with credit and then applied for a role at Fareham Borough Council in the Treasurer's Department. The job allowed me to study for my Accounting Technicians exams at Solent University which I passed. However, I decided that a life working in Accounts wasn't for me so I successfully applied for a job in the Payroll Department at Gosport Borough Council. I didn't know then that this was going to be a workplace for me that was to last for 35 years.

Gosport gave me huge opportunities and experience. I studied for, and completed, my professional payroll and pensions exams and have been a Chartered member of the CIPP (Chartered Institute of Payroll & Pensions Professionals) for 30 years. In my time at Gosport, I was responsible for the following areas of work. Payroll, Pensions, Finance Administration, Concessionary Travel, Purchasing, Procurement, Graphic Design and Printing.

Being a small Borough, Managers were also expected to play their part on the Civic side and I was involved in Mayor making, Emergency Planning, Borough and County Council Elections (I was Deputy Returning Officer for a number of years) and also Captain of the Mayor's Cricket X1 for 20 years. On top of all that, I was also Secretary of the local branch of UNISON and Secretary of the Hampshire Group of Pay officers for over 20 years.

I took early retirement in 2016 and now spend my time doing charitable work and have just been successful in being appointed as a Trustee to the Hampshire Pension Board and Panel which looks after over 9 billion pounds of investments for the Local Government Pension Scheme.

I hope that okay David.

Best wishes,

Phil Reynolds

Richards	John	Dates	1973 - 1980



Chief executive officer at Southampton City Clinical Commissioning Group. Taking early retirement in June 2019.

Education
Prices School / College, Fareham
1973 - 1980
Activities and Societies: cricket

Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge
Master of Arts (MA)Archaeology and Anthropology
1980 - 1983
Activities and Societies: rode British motorbikes, played cricket for College, played harmonica in blues band,

Part 2 social anthropology tripos

Experience

Southampton city clinical commissioning group 10 years
Chief executive officer Aug 2012 – Present 9 years 11 months
Chief executive officer Jul 2012 - Present10 years

Executive director: SHIP PCT Cluster. Aug 2011 - Jul 2012 – 1 year
Chief executive: Plymouth Primary Care trust. Oct 2006 - Aug 2011 – 4 years 11 months

Richter	Terry	Dates	1960 – 1967 Pupil 1979 – 1983 Teacher

Some memories of Price's School and College
Dates: 1960 – 1967 (pupil), 1979 – 1983 (staff)

My very first memory would be the interview I had with Eric Poyner and the head of Sarisbury Secondary (now Brookfield) school to decide which would be the better school for me. We had just moved out of Southampton so I couldn't continue there. One question they asked sticks in my mind: if you had ten shillings to share between a number of your friends, how much would each one get? I was stumped! (Answer later!)


1962

Well, they gave me a year's probation at Price's and as I haven't heard since I assume I was OK. I was a quiet, timid boy, always anxious not to break any rules. This was probably from my father's influence, but that's another story. My next memories are from my very early days. The then Head Boy, Shurlock, decided that a suitable punishment for the infringement of some rule that I obviously had not understood was to write a short essay for him entitled 'Iron Girders'. When my best efforts weren't good enough I got another one something to do with custard. Such punishments at least gave some opportunity for some creative imagination, unlike the boring Lines, but, sadly, imagination was something I didn't allow myself in those days. I was so keen to conform I took special care with my uniform and always wore my cap all the way home on the 76 bus. This caused some trouble with my fellows on the bus, who found endless ways to abuse their much-hated caps.

In school, I particularly enjoyed my Physics lessons, taught by Eric Poyner and he must have seen some potential in me. Much later, I managed to fail my O-Level, but was still allowed (I like to think because of his influence) to continue with the A-Level. That led to a university degree and even later to my returning to Price's, by then a college, to teach Physics myself. Back in those early days staff held to the ideal that, whatever their specialist subject, they were all teachers of English. So I remember Eric doing the Principle of Conservation of Energy: "Energy cannot be created or destroyed, just changed from one form to another." And the very next sentence: "And always remember the boss is your pal."

On the subject of English, I must let you know the answer to my question above: it's five shillings. They explained to me that 'between' implies two friends. Had there been more, they would have said 'among'.

I started French in the old green hut, once used for woodwork I believe. The new teacher dished out a large blue textbook that was so poorly bound it almost fell apart. Then he moved his chair from behind the teacher's desk to the other side of the room, explaining that he was just back from Turkey and liked to sit in the sunshine. It was only the other day as I googled A. D. Alderson ('Ada' to us) that I found his books "The Concise Oxford Turkish Dictionary" and "The structure of the Ottoman Dynasty". (The latter, published in1956, is now available from Amazon for £85 [£105 in 2021] in case you are interested.)

A couple of incidents come to mind. We had a small TV for some reason in the Physics lab and I recall propping it up on the front bench so that I and the class could spend an hour or two watching the live lifting of the Mary Rose. It was in a different lab where for some reason I found myself holding the large fire extinguisher as a "teaching aid". Somehow, I got persuaded to squeeze the trigger. I had, alas wrongly, assumed that releasing it would rapidly stop the flow of foam. I can report that the foam proved a most efficient method of removing the polish from the benches.

In drama, I was usually to be found doing the lighting. The large dimming controls got quite warm and were therefore a good place to rest one's chips. One concert I vaguely remember doing was for a home-grown band rejoicing in the name of Venom Spit. I think one of its members became a radiographer at QA Hospital. John Cole and Derek Feber both had excellent tenor voices and the college was occasionally treated to a short performance at the morning assembly. I particularly remember a comic song, The Bold Gendarmes, by Offenbach.

Oh, and on another occasion the drama production required the use of a coffin, centre stage. I'm sure I couldn't have been the only person tempted in a quiet moment to try it for size.

Way back when I was a first year we had a newly-arrived (and I guess straight out of Cambridge) mathematician called Brian Gaulter. One day, the concentration of many of the class became much more focused on origami than on maths. In particular, on the aerodynamics of competing paper planes. I guess the general noise level must have been starting to disturb neighbouring classes, because suddenly the door flew open and Mr Poyner made his dramatic entrance. He proceeded to lecture us on how lucky we were to have such an esteemed and knowledgeable teacher as Mr Gaulter. Well, I don't know about Brian Gaulter's later career, but he certainly now has an impressive portfolio of A Level books available from all good bookshops.

In my second year my form tutor was Ronald Boote. He was later to guide me successfully through O-Level music and gave me an enduring pleasure in listening to Bach and Mozart. I still find the Wagner hard going, though. Another memory from that year is my becoming a member of the phillumeny club for boys who developed an interest in collecting matchbox labels rather than stamps. It was run by David Astley who I think may be a current OP. The main event for me, though, in that year, was an exchange trip to Grenoble. With just 18 months of French and aged 12 I stayed with a French family for three weeks. I saw one other member of the small group, and the only teacher on the trip, Bill Openshaw, for a few minutes each throughout the whole time. No other familiar faces or even a good English speaker. The middle week my penfriend even took me off to a scout camp in the mountains. I came back quite confident in French!

I remember many of the staff from those days. In woodwork, with Cyril Briscoe and his simmering glue pot, I moved on from the basic egg rack to a much more ambitious piece that in following decades was known to my family only as 'that thing Terry made'. The original design had been for a magazine rack. In Geography, John Chaffey in Room 16 of the old school house, always managed to achieve a blackboard full of dense writing that had to be copied down just as the end-of-lesson bell rang. But his face came to mind many years later when, travelling in Africa, I saw someone irrigating his field with a shaduf. And then there was John Cole who transformed my standard of maths. His calm way of talking about ships on the horizon, church towers and ladders leaning on walls got me painlessly into trigonometry and built my confidence. My previous teachers always seemed to get very steamed up about maths, giving me the impression it must be too hard for me to do. More of him later.

Although the school atmosphere always felt, to me, to be quite strict (even I, quiet and timid as I was, managed to get caned more than once), the staff were dedicated to their profession and to the best interests, as they saw them, of the boys. I remember being taken to a concert once by Mr Mollard and a trip to the newly-opened Chichester Festival Theatre to see Peter Shaffer's Royal Hunt of the Sun. My programme tells me Derek Jacobi was a spear carrier.

I was taken, with a few others, by Rev Royds-Jones on quite a few trips to evening Physics lectures at Portsmouth University. One evening he got very enthusiastic about lasers, waving his arms about to emphasise his story. The point of the lecture was that this was a wonderful new phenomenon but nobody could see any practical application for it. The evening sticks in my mind because the gesticulating teacher happened to be driving us back to Fareham at the time.

Thinking of the Geography room brings to mind that Room 17 was another classroom on the top floor. Nothing very special in that, but in the corridor leading to it was a small staircase leading to a hatch in the ceiling that in turn brought one to the floored-in attic. A secret space! The CCF kept an ex-army radio there but I don't remember ever seeing it working. In the end wall there was an air brick through which it was possible to survey the school yard and spot any approaching authority figures.

When I started at Price's the buildings containing the chemistry and biology labs and the art room had just been built. Together with one side of the original building they filled three sides of the grass patch. At some stage the sixth form decided that a pond would make a nice feature in the middle of the grass. This was true, but the resulting pond lacked some of the original design details. It was going to be in the shape of the Price's Lion.

Ron Boote built a strong musical reputation for the school in those days. Initially choirs, then the orchestra, then several highly successful Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. If there was any way anyone in the school could get involved in these, he got them. I remember little of the first one, Patience, except that he took a central part himself as well as producing it. I found myself in the male chorus for HMS Pinafore and the cast also included John Chaffey and John Cole. All the sisters, cousins and aunts were supplied by the Girls' Grammar, where we practised and the performances took place. The school had a peripatetic violin teacher and I scraped away for a few years, joining the orchestra as a second violin for any event such as a prize-giving. Quite understandably, Mr Boote employed professionals when required for the G & S. But there was, for me, one special advantage in being in the orchestra. The scheduled practice time was on Wednesday afternoons, coinciding with the operation of the CCF. It was the only way to avoid participation in the otherwise compulsory CCF. Things military never held any appeal for me, and neither did things sporting, so I avoided both if I possibly could. In both these areas the school has to count me a dismal failure. For some reason, though, I did end up in army uniform as a member of the CCF Band. It consisted of drums, bugles and fifes. I was patiently taught the fife by Mike Bayliss and always aspired to play the flute as well as he did. We practised on Thursday evenings and performed at carnivals (especially Titchfield bonfire night), school fêtes and parades, including Remembrance Sundays.

Although I am recalling little episodes and some staff, the names of some of my generation of Priceans spring to mind. In no particular order: D. G. ("Deej") Thomas, not to be confused with F. E. Thomas, Michael ("Dolly") Doyle, Geoff Eddey, Richard Knapp, D. A. J. ("Nut") Case and his younger brother, Julian Thacker, Vic Prior, Michael Harvey Jones and many others. I sometimes wonder where they are now, but I am still in good contact with "Wilf" Forrow, Chris Phillips, Mike Lusty and Norman Pasley. Mike and Norman both joined Price's in the sixth form but Mike's younger brother James was a pupil from Form 1. He went on to follow an outstanding academic career, eventually becoming, in 2004, vice-chancellor of the University of Wales, Newport, but his life was tragically cut short by cancer when he was only 56, just a year after he retired from the university. He has an obituary here: https://www.theguardian.com/education/2008/feb/19/mainsection.obituaries

I had the chance of a Mediterranean cruise for sixth formers on the educational ship SS Nevasa. It was a most memorable trip for us, a bunch of nine accompanied by Eric Poyner. We flew to Venice, then sailed down the Adriatic, called at Antalya on the Turkish coast, Beirut (with bus trip to see Damascus), Athens and Gibraltar. Then it was back to Southampton. Eric's comment to my parents on the quayside: "I feel like a mother hen"! We saw so many things, many not even possible today. But perhaps the main memory for us was the social life on board. We were outnumbered six to one by girls!



I left Price's to go to university in London, but my friend Norman Pasley had left a year earlier to go with Voluntary Service Overseas to teach for a year on a south Pacific island. So when I finished my degree I applied to VSO myself. I asked Eric Poyner for a reference and it turned out he was a most enthusiastic supporter of VSO which had started just ten years earlier as an idea of the then Bishop of Portsmouth. They sent me to Nigeria, and for two year I taught Maths and Physics to O-Level in a

small town. When I got back I found a secondary teaching job in London. After four years my parents noticed an advert in the Echo for a job at Price's. So I wrote to Eric Poyner, who, as a member of the Fareham and Gosport VSO support group, had been corresponding with me while I was in Nigeria. He invited me to come for a chat and have a look around. Back in his office, he told me they wanted me, if I was interested. I said yes, and then, in the outer office as I was leaving, he said "Oh, you'd better fill this in", and gave me the application form!

That all happened around Easter and by the time term started he had retired and John Cole had become Acting Principal (remember the boss!). On the first day of term, my first day, too, the hall was chaotic with new students not knowing what to do. One came to me with a question that I couldn't answer, but John Cole was standing close by, so I explained my problem to him. "Go and see so-and-so, just over there" was his reply. I was halfway across the hall when he called after me "Not You, HIM!" Suddenly I felt 15 years younger and six inches shorter.

At first it was a strange feeling for me sharing the staffroom with my former teachers like Richard Hedley, Tony Johnson and Tony Hiles but at least the air was clear. In my earlier visits the air had been practically solid with cigarette and pipe smoke. I settled in to teaching Physics and Electronics and enjoyed myself in a friendly, grown-up environment. Quite a change from my London school, where I had to teach maths to 11- and 12-year-olds, and had to formally notify someone if I wanted to pop out at lunchtime.

I particularly recall my electronics classes, partly because they were more fun, but also because I taught the children of several members of staff: Pat Cope, Tony Johnson (both English) and Bruce Vail (Latin). Old Priceans may well remember Mr Vail as quite a disciplinarian and I felt some trepidation at having his son in my class. But then history took a strange turn. In the year before I left the staff I took on teaching an evening class in electronics at South Downs College. Imagine my feelings when I saw Bruce himself on the register!

In those days, can you believe it, nobody had a home computer. I organised a group of students to enter a competition to win a BBC Micro. They had to come up with ideas of how it could be useful to the college. A bit like the laser in my previous life, this was a solution looking for a problem. We were only thinking about the computer's use in the college. I don't think it crossed anyone's mind that you might want one at home. Anyway, we got it, and then a few more in the following years.

It all seems such a long time ago. What on earth would William Price make of my story, I wonder?
On one CCF afternoon, probably 1969/70, the army section had been performing particularly badly and we were kept behind for some square bashing. This involved marching around the pitches, including the cricket pitch. For some reason the sergeant drilling us took us right across the cricket square, and had been commanding us to dig our heels in. So we did.

Batsman in following cricket matches might have noticed some seriously uneven bounce.

<u>Later Reflections</u>

Although I have given some memories of my life at Price's, I thought it might be of interest to reflect on the influence Price's has had on my life in general.

Firstly, I have to put on paper my profound gratitude to Eric Poyner. By the time I started at Price's I was most anxious to keep as low a profile as possible, doing my utmost to avoid any action that might infringe any 'rule' and lead to 'trouble'. This was a result of my father's absolute authority, but

Eric took a more enlightened interest in his pupils' development. (It didn't prevent him caning me once or twice, though!) In particular, he recognised my interest in Physics, his own subject. My 7 O Level grades were generally quite reasonable, if not quite "A stream", but alas one of the two subjects I failed was Physics. Eric, despite this, gave me the chance to go on to Physics A Level. Five years earlier, he had given me the chance of going to Price's. I had needed an interview with him and the head of Sarisbury Secondary Modern School (now Brookfield) because we had just moved out of Southampton, where my 11-Plus result wasn't quite good enough to get me a grammar school place.

During my second A Level year my friend Norman Pasley had gone off to teach on the South Pacific island Tarawa. As it turned out, this simple adventure of his had a major effect on my own life.

My A Level results in Physics and Maths weren't very good, but good enough to get me into the City University, London for a degree in Applied Physics. This four-year college-based sandwich course included a six-month industrial training period in each of the first three years. The third one was almost on home ground, at the Admiralty research base on Portsdown Hill. I had expressed an interest in the then almost unknown machines called computers and I shall be forever grateful to my supervisor, Peter Clynick, for his unwavering support during my earliest efforts at what is now called 'coding'. In 1969 I was thrown in at the deep end because there was no shallow end. Many times since, I have amused my students by explaining that I edited my code literally with scissors and Selotape: it was all on paper tape.

Anyway, when my university course came to an end I thought I would follow my friend Norman's example. After some years in a rather grimy London, a South Pacific island had some appeal and I applied, like Norman, to Voluntary Service Overseas (VSO). I had to provide a personal reference, and Eric Poyner must have put in a good word, just as he had previously done for Norman. I had no idea, at that stage, how deeply he felt about the benefits a VSO experience could have on a young person's life. In those days applicants were expected to go wherever they were sent and to stay for two years. So that was how I ended up, not in the South Pacific, but in West Africa. I taught Maths and Physics in St Barnabas Secondary School, Kabba, Nigeria for two years. VSO asked that volunteers should be sponsored and half of mine came from the small local group in Fareham. This was largely organised by, yes, Eric Poyner. He kept up correspondence with me and even got a Price's boy to research how I could resilver the mirror of a telescope. In school holidays I travelled far and wide on my trusty 100cc Suzuki motorbike and still have many tales to tell of those youthful days in the early 1970s.

When I got back from Africa I was fortunate enough to get funded for a one-year MSc course in Computing at Imperial College. I was particularly keen (and still am) to see the computer used as an educational tool. I got a teaching job in Croydon. The personal computer had yet to be invented when I introduced Computer Studies O Level. Practical work was carried out using a teletype machine connected by a normal phone line (you could hear the bleeps) to the mainframe computer at Imperial College.

One day I got a letter from my parents enclosing an advert from the Echo for staff at the new Price's College. I contacted Eric Poyner, had an interview and got the job teaching A Levels in Physics and Electronics. I came back to live with my parents in Warsash for a year, maybe two, until I got enough money to put a deposit on a tiny flat in Fareham. Soon after my return to Price's I joined the Fareham and Gosport VSO support group and then for many years I helped with fund-raising events like the annual cheese and wine reception and skittles evenings. Eric Poyner was very involved on the committee. The Secretary was a primary school teacher in Gosport called Robina Jordan. After a couple of years she moved to a promotion in Exeter and later to a headship in Hastings. So, it was more like ten years later that she moved to Chichester, and we got married!



I spent four years teaching at Price's but then moved on to South Downs College, where I stayed until I retired in 2008. The world has seen so many changes in that time and I sometimes have to pinch myself to wake up to the fact that the obscure technical concepts of my youth, like "megabytes" and "broadband" are now part of everybody's everyday life.

Anyway, in 2015 Robina and I fulfilled a long-held dream and returned to Africa. She worked as a VSO volunteer in Tanzania advising on how to improve standards in primary education. We now had pensions and although life was basic, we had none of the hardships we had experienced before. Life wasn't all work and we had some wonderful adventures and safaris. We both put in some efforts to learn Swahili, but alas without huge success. I kept myself busy writing some software that I hoped would help me practise my Swahili. The idea was fine, the coding was fine, but the project came unstuck because I didn't know the language…



To bring you right up to date, we are both involved in the running of a small children's charity (www.tlctanzania.org) in the town where we lived, Tabora. Fund-raising is done by a group based around Oxford and we are in close touch with the three Centres in Tabora who care for about 150 children. The children live at home but get a decent meal every day and then some help with their schoolwork from a teacher. We also help with other essentials like mosquito nets or school uniforms. They all come from very deprived home circumstances and we hope to give them a better start in life. Some are now at college or university. I have given myself the job of building a database to help with the administration. Creating something that can be genuinely valuable and useful for the whole organisation is stretching me both technically and socially, but it keeps me quiet and mentally lively. Just not a good way to get any exercise.

So, I've come a long way from the timid, shy boy frightened of the prefects, in awe of the staff and petrified of the headmaster. For many years I used to say I didn't enjoy my life at Price's as a boy. I hated sport, I really didn't want anything to do with the CCF, I still don't really understand what the House system was all about. I coped with a little bit of Latin, but really thought it was a pointless subject, like quadratic equations. I was hopeless at Art and History, and almost as bad at Woodwork. I picked up a few bits of Chemistry but basically didn't understand it. Biology was much the same. It would have been quite hard for me to point at anything and say, "THAT's something I really valued about my time as a pupil at Price's."

But now, with 54 years of life since those days, I can look back with some affection. I treasure the Latin because it helps me understand how many words are made, I can value the beauty I see in mathematics, and in art. I may still not be very good at the other things, but I can respect the skills and achievements of those who are. I have been so fortunate to enjoy my life in so many ways because my time at Price's gave me such a variety of experience, it showed me horizons I would never have known existed, it helped me understand that I could really help myself to learn.

So, yes, I do, after all, feel very lucky to have been educated at Price's. I'm sure we all will be happy to share a big Thank You to William Price.

Ridett	Patrick Bernard Alexander	Dates	1948 - 1953

P.B.A.RIDETT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF PRICE'S 1948-53

I came to Price's in early 1948, aged 14. I had for two years been at Portsmouth Southern Grammar School and before that for seven months at Purbrook Park County High School.

A little personal autobiographical detail: my parents had both died from T.B. in the mid-Thirties, and from the age of two I had been brought up by my maternal grandmother in Clanfield, Portsmouth. In February 1948, grandmother died (aged 76) and I became a Ward of Court of Hampshire County Council, i.e. I was put into care. I was boarded with a younger sister (aged 64) of my grandmother, who lived on a subsistence farm of perhaps 10 to 15 acres, with her single son. She also ran the local fish and chip shop in Swanmore. We were without electricity or mains sewerage, but we had mains water. We had a pony and trap, a cow, two pigs, three goats, rabbits, guinea pigs and several dozen rats!

On moving from Portsmouth Southern Grammar School to Price's, although I had been in the A stream at Portsmouth it was decided to move me *down* one year to Boggy Marsh's class. I think I did not take kindly to the relegation and chose to work only for the two weeks prior to the exams. This was quite adequate for a syllabus I had already covered – except for Latin. Ollie used to lift me up by my hair quite often.

At the end of this first academic year (1947/48) 'the powers' had the idea of putting me into Remove. This was a curious milieu – it seemed to include all ages from 14 to 17, and a wide range of intelligence. Perhaps several were itinerant boarders who had omitted the 11+ filter in their career.

Apart from moderately successful cross-country running my sports skills were negligible. One small achievement in another sphere was playing Catherine in *The Winslow Boy.* I still remember the mirth mixed with slight embarrassment as the young Mesdames Hilton and Foster, who gave invaluable help with make-up and costumes, stuffed newspaper into my borrowed brassiere. Tom Hilton was director/ producer. Later I was cast as the Master in *Master of Arts.* It was all very amusing, but, sadly, I was never cast again in a school play.

With the passage of time I progressed into 5B. For a period I had the honour of selling buns from the tin hut in the morning break. I believe it might have been while I was in 5B that I was runner-up to 'Iffy' Foster in the steeplechase. I won it the following year, and was subsequently beaten into 2nd place by John Coombes, and then 3rd place by Adams.

My academic advance failed to achieve distinction – eight O-level credits, but no distinctions. I followed Nobes and Devlin into 6 Arts. George Ashton said I should have gone into 6 Science.

On the 'Buggins Principle' I became Captain of School House, and Head Boy.

I passed "O" level Latin after three months of intensive study because I had dreams of getting to Oxford. Magdalen, but I had a different view. I took a short-service commission in the Royal Artillery instead.

Random Notes:

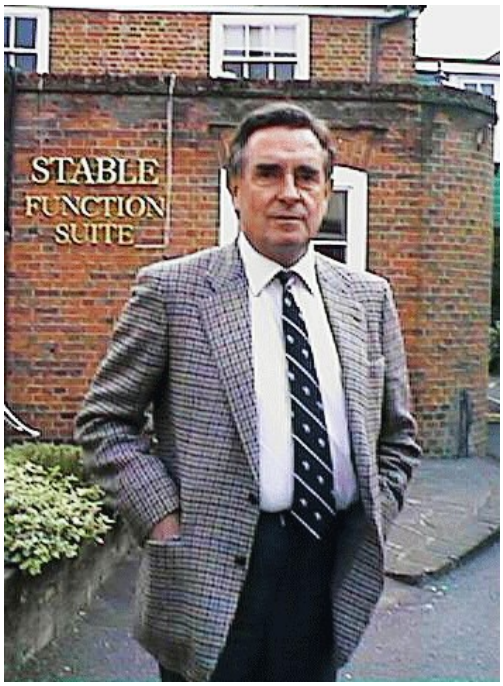
In my year as Head Boy I encouraged everyone to wear school uniform – compare the 1951 school photo with that of 1953.

Also, I managed to get a small coterie to support 1st XI football rather than go home on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

School House won the Reed Cup for the 3rd consecutive time (i.e. led by Nobes, then Gregory, and then Ridett.)

As Head Boy I was selected, I think in deference to my age, for the School 1st XI cricket. Rudling, the captain, used to let me open the bowling up the hill for a few token overs, and then try to find somewhere to hide me in the field. In one match I did manage an analysis of 7 for 13. Rudling asked umpire Bert Shaw, 'What is Ridett doing?' 'Absolutely nothing,' Bert replied. (He did manage a faintly generous *Salvete*.)

I did not enjoy coming to Price's, but I was very sad to leave.



He left school and went to do his National Service, which all had to do in those days. But instead of serving the compulsory two years, he volunteered to serve three, thus earning 8/- a day instead of 4/- . He won a commission, the only young man in that Eaton Hall intake of 100 to have come from a grammar school - the other 99 were from public schools, or had degrees.

His friends at school gathered bit by bit some hints of what lay behind this sparklingly successful first 21 years, and the career that followed. And very surprising that background was. It was only relatively recently that Patrick provided some more of the details.

His father died of TB when Patrick was two; his mother died two years later from the same disease. As a result of these successive tragic deaths, Patrick and his older sister, Angela, found themselves downsizing from a comfortable middle-class home to a life of stringent simplicity. Their dear, 66 year-old grandmother, who had buried her husband in 1910, and subsequently three of her four children, undertook their upbringing in very straightened circumstances.

At 11, Patrick was the only boy in his junior school to pass the 11+. His grandmother, who never thought it appropriate to visit the school, was so delighted with his achievement that she had a formal photo taken of the little family of three. (The photo appears on the order of service.)

Then his grandmother had a series of small strokes. It was now that Patrick developed his nursing skills, and his lifelong empathy with older people.

He was 14 when his grandmother died, and, as he said, he lost the most important influence of his life.

Patrick became a ward of Hampshire County Council. He was sent to live with a disagreeable guardian who insisted on his earning his keep by helping with the small-holding, and in a fish-and-chip shop. (No wonder his A-level results were not quite as good as they might have been! He was offered a place at St John's College, Oxford, "subject to grades". He didn't get the grades, as he said with disarming honesty.) Indeed, if he had taken a turn to delinquency, nobody could have been surprised. But he had already proved himself to be one of life's survivors, and would go on proving it. Twice he had to move from making a start at one grammar school to move to another, and then to a third. And here he was allowed to settle. At Price's School, Fareham, he won the sympathy and support of a gruff Headmaster and his staff, and embarked on the fine school career with which this tribute started. He forged life-long friendships, and was later responsible, as Chairman and then President, for reviving the Old Priceans Society, some members of which are here today.

Then came the army, which became his home and his family. It was a time he loved. He would regale family and friends with very funny stories about his time in Germany and in Korea. Some pronouncements of his Company Sergeant Major were hilarious, but unfortunately unsuitable for tender ears on this occasion. One tale that the family never tired of recalled his mistake in leading a filed-gun convoy of several vehicles north instead of south on the autobahn. Realising his mistake and aware that he would be late for the regiment's rendezvous, he gave the order for a U-turn, which his obedient troop obeyed, and they set off hell-for-leather in the right direction, guns bouncing along merrily. And in Korea there were very cold times, and times of great jollification in his number-ones laid out by his trusty batman. In Hong Kong he improved his golf, a game to which he had become increasingly attached, and reduced his handicap to ten. Later he became a devoted member of Highgate Golf Club. Asked when he had joined the Club, Patrick would reply "When I could afford it!" His good friend, Roger Lane, the current President of the Club, will speak about this aspect of Patrick's life.

Patrick's time in the army reinforced his already strong sense of honesty, duty, and morality, and also allowed him to have the most outrageous fun!

After the Army, cast forth upon a world with no family safety net, and the need to eat, he became an excellent purveyor of luggage at Selfridges. However, the sale of luggage swiftly gave way to the world of advertising, on the lowest rung of the ladder in the accounts department. Following this period when Patrick felt his abilities were not being properly recognised, he joined Independent Television News. This dream job took Patrick in his mid-twenties twice round the world, annually, visiting ninety-three countries; or, as he used to say, everywhere there was television! His traveller's tales deserve more time than we have now.

Back into advertising, and Patrick began to work his way up through the ranks. Now he invited to lunch with him the loveliest of the Agency Art Buyers, a mere youngster, called Janet. This was the beginning of a fifty-year friendship, love and marriage, and the appearance of two daughters and four grand-children. HIS family, which meant so much to him.

A significant part of this period of his life showed Patrick's love of the older generation. For twenty-one years three generations of the family lived in one house in Highgate, albeit the grandparent in-laws in the garden flat, supposedly to the mutual advantage of all. Well, it certainly WAS to the Ridett part of the experiment, and the in-laws kept a brave face throughout!

Patrick ended his career in advertising as Deputy Chairman of Ted Bates, then a leading International company. Not bad at all for a man who had been orphaned twice by the time he was four!

The number of tributes paid to him mentioning his sterling qualities have been numerous, and very affecting for his family. They are certain that Patrick would have been staggered to know how much he has been valued. They have asked me to end with a quotation from one of the letters that sums up much that was said in the others:

"He was one of the most urbane and comfortable men that it has been my pleasure to know, and I will remember him with great fondness. His stoicism in the face of his long illness, and his seeming inability to find any words of complaint were remarkable. I know that you and the girls will miss him terribly , but I hope you will take comfort from the knowledge that so many people held him in such affection."

I am one such person. I am glad and honoured to have been asked to take part in paying him this tribute. Goodbye, our dear and generous friend with whom I shared many a laugh. And I WILL laugh with you again, at least in memory, when the present sadness lifts.

An Appendix for The Society of Old Priceans follows:

P.B.A.R. School CV

1948 Joined the school late, having done at least a year at Purbrook and/or PSGS.

1949 III Form Prize. Catherine Winslow in "The Winslow Boy".

Steeple Chase: 8th in his first year in seniors.

880 yds 2nd. Hurdles 2nd. Cricket ball 3rd.

1950 IV Form Prize. Steeple Chase: 2nd.

1951 Steeple Chase 1st. Mile 1st. Cricket ball 3rd.

1952 VI Arts - Form Prize. Played the Housemaster in "Master of Arts." His performance described as "masterly" in "The Lion". 440 yds 2nd. Mile 2nd.

1953 Mile 1st. 1st XI Cricket and Hockey.

1953 July. Left School.

*In Patrick's reign, 52/53, School House won the Reed Cup (the Cock House cup) for the 3rd successive year, and, including cricket, all senior competition cups except swimming; also the junior steeplechase.

(My thanks to David Williams and Charles Evans who kindly researched the relevant "Lions" to check my sometimes faulty memory and found further facts that I have written into the above. **C.P.Nobes**

Lion Editorial:

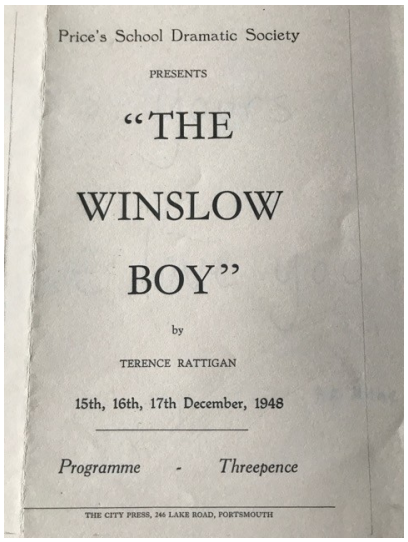
"*And more than a word must be said about Ridett. The School has never had a more active, energetic or efficient Head Boy. Nobody has ever shown more enthusiasm for the School and his House. How much of the School's most recent remarkable run of success has been due to the energy of its captain will never perhaps be quite certainly assessed, but nobody will doubt that it would be a great deal. To those Old Priceans who attended the last Annual Dinner he is already well-known and we shall be vastly surprised if his voice is not soon upraised at their future gatherings. We wish him luck and shall watch his future career with interest and confidence*"

H.R.Thacker

House Notes:

"The House must this term take its farewell of Ridett who for so many years has one of the keenest members and this last year an exceptionally good House Captain. The spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm which he has been known to create has meant a great deal to the House, and his energy and ability in organisation have been invaluable. No House has ever had a more wholehearted member or Captain and I am sure everyone will wish him well in whatever he undertakes in the future. The House – and School - owe him a debt of gratitude."

B.R. Shaw



Price's School Dramatic Society

PRESENTS

"THE WINSLOW BOY"

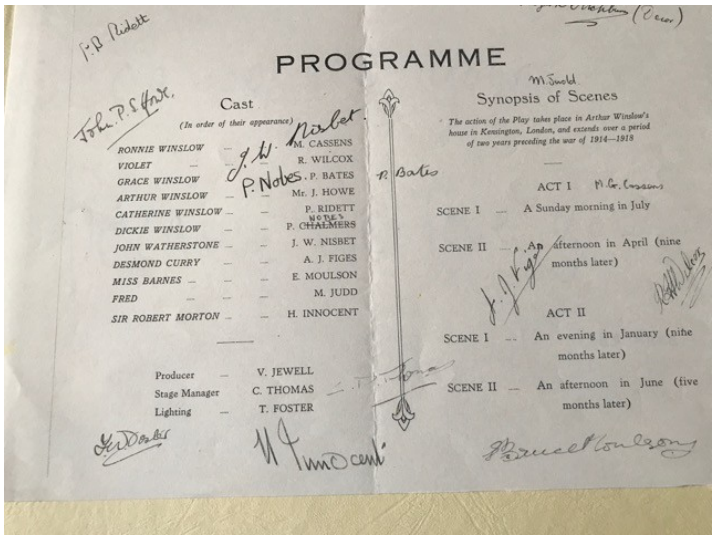
by

TERENCE RATTIGAN

15th, 16th, 17th December, 1948

Programme - Threepence

THE CITY PRESS, 246 LAKE ROAD, PORTSMOUTH



PROGRAMME

Cast

(In order of their appearance)

RONNIE WINSLOW	M. CASSENS
VIOLET	R. WILCOX
GRACE WINSLOW	P. BATES
ARTHUR WINSLOW	Mr. J. HOWE
CATHERINE WINSLOW	P. RIDETT
DICKIE WINSLOW	P. CHALMERS
JOHN WATHERSTONE	J. W. NISBET
DESMOND CURRY	A. J. FIGES
MISS BARNES	E. MOULSON
FRED	M. JUDD
SIR ROBERT MORTON	H. INNOCENT

Producer	V. JEWELL
Stage Manager	C. THOMAS
Lighting	T. FOSTER

Synopsis of Scenes

The action of the Play takes place in Arthur Winslow's house in Kensington, London, and extends over a period of two years preceding the war of 1914—1918

ACT I

SCENE I — A Sunday morning in July

SCENE II — An afternoon in April (nine months later)

ACT II

SCENE I — An evening in January (nine months later)

SCENE II — An afternoon in June (five months later)

Patrick Bernard Alexander Ridett was born in 1934, and Price's was his third school in as many years …but he settled and the school was immensely important to him, both his parents having died by the time he was four.

Senior Steeplechase Runner-up 1950. Senior Steeplechase **Winner** 1951. Senior Steeplechase 3rd 1952. Senior Steeplechase 3rd 1953. He followed Patrick Nobes as Head Boy. I think 1951/1952. Remarkably, he was the only Head Boy to have a Lion editorial devoted to his Year in Office.

Having left Hampshire for the 'big lights' of London…. he worked at keeping the LSOP alive and healthy, and creating his major contribution was in re-founding the Fareham branch, from which all our present meetings etc. spring. Without him, I think the SOP as we know it may well have died." He was presented with a lovely plate when he 'retired'



Patrick died in 2017. I am delighted to have been given membership of the Old Priceans, and love attending (when we could!) the summer and Christmas celebrations, plus an odd committee meeting, and am still in regular touch with Patrick Nobes.

Ed: Even without having talked to him I quickly became aware that *he was one of the standout personalities of the Price's story*. Most of that select group were more or less of his era. I can't see many of more recent times attaining that standing, but society, and expectations are so different now. That imbued sense of service, in a way akin to paying Income Tax, led to a more wholesome society. "If you had the ability, then you should ....". By and large, people did, and that is where the leadership of much of the voluntary sector came from. Nowadays, ask someone to do something and they look over their shoulder to wonder to whom are you speaking!

Janet – his wife: I have been trying to get detailed information on Patrick's military three years… most of which is thoroughly ordinary…I think a one-liner about the fact that on gaining his commission, one of very few grammar school boys to do so….(I THINK he said he was one of six in a 600 intake, but maybe don't quote me! Someone will still be alive who might think it wrong!) Anyway, the Price's boy done well! And the school should have been proud!

He did three years in the army, and I have a bit of information on that period, if you would be interested. He served with The 19th Field Regiment Royal Artillery in Germany, Hong Hong and Korea…happily just missing the end of that war by around a year…so on border guard duties I gather….much peering at 'the enemy' through field glasses I think on the 39th parallel (again, not my area so I wasn't always listening as attentively as a wife should I am sure!). I know that having been brought up as a Hampshire County ward, he found the experience of sailing to The Far East, in luxury, in his view, with a batman laying out his Number One's for dinner, and having his first encounter with an exotic bill of fayre, stayed with him forever!

I should also add that he ended his career in the advertising industry, with Ted Bates, responsible for the national and regional work for the Electricity industry, and retired as the Dept. Chairman….not bad for a poor orphan!

I think mention has been made of his efforts to regenerate The Society, forming a very active branch in London, with so many old boys who were working in the Capital….I will send a picture of the lovely plate that was presented to him.


GWYER GIBBS PIRBRIGHT

"F" 131 (FIELD T) TROOP—"F" BATTERY—MONS OFFICER CADET SCHOOL—MAY 1954.

Back Row—O/Cdts. Mort, P. J. H., Ridett, P. B. A., Keays, J. P. A., Willings, A. B.

Centre Row—O/Cdts. Garrett, J. P., Smith, J. R., Hanson, C. J., Lane, G. R., Tolson, D. H., Morgan, B. R. C., Reynolds, C. V., Shingler, J. R.

Front Row—O/Cdt. Squibbs, M. G., CSM. E. Taylor, (*Coldstream Guards*), SUO. Fairbank, J. A. Major P. B. Coats, MBE., (*R.A.*), O/Cdts. Toomer, C. J., May, W. D., Wollaston



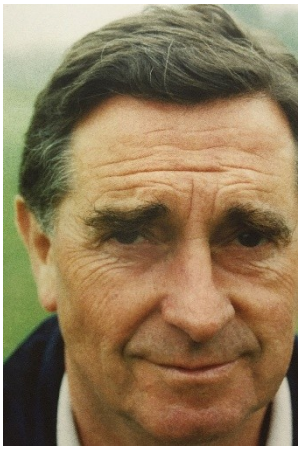
It is very great sadness that the Society must record the passing of Patrick Ridett. Patrick undoubtedly saved the Society from closure in the mid-nineties.

With great skill, charm, drive and energy he set about reviving the virtually moribund Fareham Society leading to the merger with that of the London Society of Old Priceans. Supported by Michael Croad-Brangwyn, our late Treasurer, he put the finances of the Society back into a healthy position and created the template for the present form of the current Society with regular events in Fareham and London.

Patrick served as Chairman and President and despite the awkward journey from their home in North London, he and Janet, his wife, were stalwart and much valued supporters of our events.

Here is the eulogy for a remarkable life given so eloquently at Patrick Ridett's funeral on 27th April 2017 by his friend of 70 years, our current President**, Patrick Nobes**:

PATRICK - A EULOGY



I met Patrick 70 years ago, when we danced the Bunny Hug together On that occasion he was Kate, and I was his/her brother Dickie, as we acted together in the school production of "The Winslow Boy". We never danced together again. He was a very good actor, and spoke with a fine accent, with which he was apparently born and which showed no traces of rural Hampshire. He was a successful House Captain and Head of School. He was both the mile and the cross-country champion. "Do your best," he encouraged his teams by saying. "Remember everyone who completes the course wins a point for the House." Like so many people in his later life they responded to his encouragement, and School House carried off a record number of cups. He was keen, too, on cricket, later enjoying membership of the MCC, though not as a player. Right to the end he recalled with pride having taken 5 wickets for 15 runs, and 7 for 13 against two of Hampshire's strongest grammar schools.

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

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

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

From my perspective, as a former Head of School House and keen sportsman / athlete, I recognise his drive for participation, for achievement and success. He was clearly an all-rounder in terms of personality, character and capabilities, at School and in work. He was a part of a grand select group of people, the like of which are not so visible these days, adding greatly to the value of their School, such that others also benefited too, in an indirect sort of way, from the general aura. To take away folk like Patrick, is like taking a brick from a wall. To underestimate the worth of deploying time and resources thus, is a travesty: such is the responsibility of educational administrators, sadly so evident with the closure of the Price's School and later the College, in its later years. ***Ed.***

Ridsdale	Cyril	Dates	1911

Per Mike Bayliss: A copy of the 1911 census return for Price's school, then only three years old at the Park Lane site, which I had come across by chance. I was immediately struck by the Indian connection. Edith Beatrice Bradly, wife of first headmaster S R N Bradly, has her birthplace stated as "India, Malabar Hill, Bombay (Resident)", while Assistant master Richard Oliver ('Ollie') Johnson, then living in the school house, has his as "India, Colabra, Bombay (Resident". On top of which, the birthplaces of no less than four of the thirteen then-resident boys were also in India: two of them, Leslie Russell Judge and Cyril Ridsdale, are described as from "India, Surat (Resident)" and – wait for it – two brothers, Robert Bernard and Richard Harold Scott hailed from "India, Calcutta (Resident)."

Roberts	Kester	Dates	1953 - 1959

This correspondence is copied also to the David Roberts file.

David Roberts	**Kester Roberts**
Sent: 14 July 1999. Sorry not to have replied earlier but this is the end of term so I'm invigilating and marking like crazy so as to get away from bloody Japan by next Monday.	Reply: I have just seen your E-mail recently circulated and your name looms out of my memory as Roberts 1. Greetings from Roberts 2, at Prices 1953-1959.

Well, when I was in the Sixth I did think I knew the name of every pupil, but to be honest I don't remember another Roberts (until my idiot brother A.N. arrived in about 1960) And since you would clearly have been in the RAF unit - and at camp with me! - that's unforgivable. Don't even remember being Roberts I... Yes I do remember the letter which gave me great joy at the time – wish Xeroxing had been available then. I remember having a particularly good time thanks to the Flt.Lt. i/c, and I just had to reciprocate in some way. Hope it amused him half as much as it did us! It's a pity that our comparative memories would only be tested against one another in the short time available at OP meetings - and it would require zero editing or transcription by anyone... Problems of libel? Just give date of death if applicable... or the moment I'll just add a few comments to your e-mail Thanks for your letter. David Roberts	Funny how Christian names never figured much in class then. My clearest recollection of you from that era was the missive you wrote to the Commander of RAF Spitalgate after our camp there circa 1957(?). Written on RAF issue bog paper, it occupied about 1 metre, and included our exploits in gliders ("we glew") amongst many other things. Didn't you also make head boy? You mentioned some familiar staff names: I'm attaching my memories of some of the staff which I circulated recently
Ashton: George. Headmaster. Walked rapidly, streaming his black gown. Slight stammer, instantly recognisable "Wor-wor- what's this, boy?"	Smelled abominably of pipe so sometimes you were aware of him before he got to you. Taught me 'O' level Maths in my first year at a table in the vi form room - that close, very intimidating. very forgetful and rather slow, and his "wha-wha- wha-" was I'm sure a conscious attempt both to intimidate and give himself time to catch up. His Oxford college commemorated him as "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"...
Briscoe: "Woody or Jewie". Woodwork + Technical drawing. Most considerate and likeable gentleman.	I thought him a pest with his brummagem - and he rejected my toothbrush holder! I think he had a grudge against me since the second form because when we were flicking offcuts across the workshop from steel rules set in our vices, he came through the door to receive a substantial thwack in the belly from my unguided attempt to hit Bellamy, B.
Chapman: Louie. Good for Latin, and Flt. Lt. in the RAF section of the CCF. Seemed to have an Aus. accent, or was it an impediment?	He was Australian and after war service flying Tempests in South East Asia and somehow got a Latin qualification. He was hopeless, and in my A & S levels I had him alone and was always conscious that he was maybe a chapter ahead of me in Livy or wotsit. And it was embarrassing to ask him anything outside language because he just didn't know...
Delap: Fred. A temporary Maths eccentric.	Gosh! Forgotten him - he didn't teach me, but

Advocated standing up to aid concentration. Spent hours trying to define a ratio	was a fine mathematical companion to the Wick, Garton and was it Isaiah?
Foster: "Floss". French and English. A subtle humorist, and warm character. Sit-up-and-beg bicycle.	Great sense of humour and my second favourite master. Great at explaining nebulous literary thoughts.
Garton: "Gunga". Maths, botany. First master I had, form 2B, 1953. Thinning ginger hair, reputation as a stickler but didn't seem too bad. The form clubbed together and bought him a Xmas present - box of Maltesers and a fly deflector for his car bonnet	Incredibly stilted and pompous master, and easily guyed in class.
Hilton: Tom. Chemistry. Often popped out of the lab for a fag and returned to find a fog. Avuncular. Had one of the first sleek Vauxhall Velox's, often seen outside the Sun Inn.	I would have liked to have had Hilton after the 4th - but I went into VI Arts then. He had a breadth and sense of humour well above the average, and once helped me almost unconsciously at a very difficult time. Hope I can see him at the next meeting.
Howard-Jones: "Taffy". History. All seeing, on account of eyes which looked in different directions. Could be made to laugh, e.g. when he described the Kaiser in the Balkans having his sword drawn, "and what was he going to do with it?", Tregunna shouted out "cut rhubarb". This was when rhubarb was the fashionable funny word. Drove a black Morris Oxford.	Didn't like questions outside the syllabus - and was no leader of men on field day. Model for Apthorpe - his drill was ludicrously dignified. 'Best-off' master - had a house overlooking the creek. Didn't he buy an upmarket Wyvern after Tom bought his standard Velox?
Howe: "Isaiah", allegedly because one eye was higher than the other. Taught RI. Slightly shabby appearance, but well liked.	My class was always rather afraid of his temper, but he would easily get led off the syllabus and I remember a lot of fun times with him
Iredale: "Dog" (inevitably). Physics. Seemed young and dynamic. Motorcycled to school on a Francis-Barnett. Took photos of the form at work; proud of his boys.	I think he came in 1957, and I left in the summer of 1958. Seemed to be a new type of touchy-feely masters (like that P.T. Master (Thomson?). Older boys looked down on him, I'm afraid
Royds-Jones: Ted. Known as "Wick" for his tales of engineering prowess in Wick, Scotland. Doubled as the curate at the parish church of St. Peter and Paul. My first lesson from him was RI, where he explained the meaning of grace, but he mainly took physics. Often abandoned lessons with the excuse "I must go and bury somebody" and cycled furiously off across the school field. A true eccentric, but full of energy, appearing on "Jim'll fix it" in 1984 to go gliding at the age of 80. Made me put my finger in a mains socket to see if it was live (it wasn't) - claimed his fingers to too dry and chalky to tell. Bulldozer knocked down the end of the temporary wooden physics lab (the Wick hut) as he was lecturing.	We called him 'the Wick' but I never knew about the Scottish origin of the nickname. Used to change his trunks (no jockstrap) in front of you on the sports field!
Shaw: Bert. Deputy Head. Latin and Geography.	A burnt-out case by my time, had been a bit of

A bit on the firm side; an establishment figure. Rarely seen without his chalk dusted black gown.	a cricketer but had a gammy knee, lazy in class and hated questions - I'll never forget him putting me down once on a very sensible question; never asked him another question. His favourite term of abuse was 'silly arse!' To be fair when I was once umpiring at short leg, he called out 'good call' which bucked me no end - but he wouldn't let me umpire colts... once he asked me in front of the school house soccer team why I was such a duffer at sports (I was a prefect at the time).I said it was probably because i had no experience of games before Price's, and not one second of coaching in any sport in the 8 years I was there. He went berserk and tried to cuff me...
Siney: Bill. Tall, freshman. French lessons a speciality. Short fuse, but nice with it. Accidentally smashed his fist through the wooden partition alongside the roomful of noisy form 5B lads when attempting to restore order. Blushed furiously when revealing his first pair of glasses to the form.	
Smith: "Smudge". Maths/ additional maths. Slight figure, grey hair, walked with a limp supported by the wooden partition. Too kind for proper discipline, except when pushed to the limit, when he announced that "if anybody else starts talking, Smythe will get a detention".	Notoriously soft master, never taught me.
Thacker, HRT. English, and an enthusiastic grammarian. Used to brutally bash boys' bonces with the largest book he could find.	My absolute hero from 1A to the first year sixth, great teacher and amazingly wide knowledge, and so funny! But he was incredibly vicious if spurned, and when I declined to act as pacing horse to Oxford for an older boy he did everything possible to injure my own chances there. Long a hate figure...
Thompson: Willie. Young, fit PT instructor + English. Possessed a ginger suit, and became known as a hairy angora trouser enthusiast (H.A.T.E.). Gave Nobby and me "Good" for PT ability and diligence, despite us skiving off every lesson during the whole of one term.	Touchy-feely from Loughborough school of pt (and laughably proud of his certificate). Good preparation for Army P.E. sadists. Gosh! I hope all these negative feelings coming out are therapeutic, for me if not you.
Keep in touch **David Roberts**	Apologies for the long message. **Kester Roberts**

Robertson-Fox	Donald E.N.	Dates	

Tom Hilton:

*"I must not close without a word about this cadet. He has been the C.S.M for 2 years (*1954 and 1955) *and has applied himself most industriously to the success of the contingent. All the improvements which have come about in the last 2 years are down to him and I can say that he has been unsurpassed as a C.S.M, and there have been some very good ones. I wish him, on your behalf all the best of luck and on my behalf, a very heartfelt "Thank you."*



1951 1st XI Cricket







In Memoriam - To The Green Fields

	***Captain Donald E.N. Robertson-Fox*** *sadly killed on Service in Aden, with the Royal Tank Regiment by a roadside bomb. January 1966.* The Honoured Dead, but still alive in our hearts	

Head Boy and C.S.M. in the School C.C.F.

Rousell	John.	Dates	1954 - 1959



1959

It seems a bit ostentatious to list all the minor successes and not the failures but here goes:-

Shortly before leaving Price's in 1959 I gained an RAF Flying Scholarship.
Shortly after leaving Price's I was awarded my Queen's Scout Badge.

I joined Fareham Hockey and Cricket Clubs and played for the First XI's until I left the area and moved to Dorset with my job in 1974. I was selected to play Hockey for Hampshire at under 21 and Under 23 Level and was selected for the Southern Counties Under 23 Squad but after a severe ankle ligament injury went no further.

I continued to enjoy playing for Fareham.

I was grateful to the master (whose name escapes me at present) who took a group to Lee-on-the Solent Tennis and Squash Club on Wednesday afternoons and introduced us to Squash. I continued as member at Lee after leaving school and played regularly with Don Percival, a hockey teammate and former Price's Head Boy and Master at the school and was very kindly entertained to dinner afterwards by him and his wife on some occasions.

I worked in Local Government Finance for several different local authorities, qualifying as an Accountant in Public Finance I am currently FCPFA, IRRV, and finished my career as Director of Corporate Resources (Treasurer to you) and Deputy Chief Executive at Purbeck District Council, (now part of Dorset Council).

In my spare time I was Treasurer of Dorset County Scouts for some years and still volunteer on Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour which is considered the birthplace of Scouting as Lord Baden Powell held his experimental camp there in 1907 with 20 boys from Public Schools and local Boys Brigade boys, founding an organisation which in the past 100 years or so has grown to over forty million worldwide.

I have been married to my wife Mary for over 50 years and have a son who is the Chief Engineer at Shoreham Port in Sussex and a daughter living in Scotland who is married to a Glaswegian and we have four grandchildren.

Best regards, **John Rousell**

After an email exchange and a phone call with Anthony, he sent this 2nd piece in to me:

<u>A brief resume of my time at Price's:</u>

Like most others I assume I passed the eleven plus and my parents chose Price's for me. When I started I was the smallest boy in the school. In the second form all the new first years were taller than me, I was still the smallest boy in the school. I am not and was not an academic person so school was a bit of a chore. I enjoyed the CCF but had a bit of a set back when leaving the Basic

Section and choosing between Army Section and RAF Section (there was no Navy Section in those days - it started under a new master Mr Iredale (?) later in my school life.

The thought of flying etc. appealed to me. However Major Tom Hilton wanted me to go into the Army Section earlier he had introduced a red sash for the smartest cadet and I was the first recipient (followed by Roy Pond). I think he wanted me to go on into the Army (though he never said so) and was always very offhand after that.

I enjoyed the RAF Section and gained an RAF Marksman's badge at the ranges at Browndown, I also flew gilders gaining the British Gliding Association A and B certificates at Martlesham Heath RAF Station near Ipswich. This required solo flights. I enjoyed experience flights at RAF Thorney Island and at various camps in the holidays. I gained the RAF Proficiency and Advanced Proficiency certificates and later went to RAF Hounslow for a three-day exam, medical and aptitude tests. I was awarded an RAF Flying Scholarship.

Sadly because there was a waiting period to start I had left school and the CCF so was never able to take it up.

I was never keen to stay at school and I knew my parents would like me to start earning so when the Headmaster came round asking if anyone would be interested in a job at Gosport Town Hall I applied and was appointed as a Junior Clerk in the Treasurer's Department. So started my career in Local Government finance.

You mention that one of your activities at school was athletics. As part of my hockey training I spent two evenings with Gosport Athletic Club and they persuaded me to compete for them at some meetings. I remember once running in the same race as Bruce Tulloh a well known international athlete at that time.

I didn't play much sport at Price's and was only introduced to hockey by Geoff Vine who ran a local team when we met by chance one evening. He was a reporter on the local paper and you may remember he emigrated to New Zealand and was ordained into the church. His death was reported in OP's news emails not too long ago. I did represent School House at cricket and remember being told by our housemaster to hit out in an inter house match because I had been in a long time for not many runs, I got to forty odd not out. After that I did play a couple of games for the school second eleven.

I could go on but I'm sure you don't want any more twaddle but please come back if I can throw more light on Price's in the 1950s.

Best wishes, **John**

Rowe	Tim W.	Dates	Late 1960s -1972

1969 At the 8th International Optimist Regatta in Chichester Harbour.

Won 3 races at the 1970 Inter-House competition, with Edward Warwick.

1971 With Jim Lamont, won the Inter-house competition.

1971 National Schools' Sailing Regatta, in Southampton.

1972 Inter House joint competition winners, with Jim Lamont.



Prime Minister Ted Heath

Met Prime Minister and sailing enthusiast Edward Heath at the 1969 International Optimist Regatta held at Stokes Bay Sailing Club. Later met Sir Alec Rose, of round-the-world fame in "Gypsy Moth".

Royds Jones	Revd. Edward Melville (Ted) aka "Wick"!	Dates	1935-1972



This seems such an inadequate photo for a man whose presence in the School was so impactful!

Lion: *"One thing in particular which one noticed about him was the way in which he put aside the air of School master, especially at camp, and treated the members of the troop with the true feeling of the 4th Scout Law. The reputation gained by the Scout troop was a sign of the high standard of scouting which he himself set by his own example."*

Wick was anxious for everyone to get things right and in default, if the wrongness of something was a consequence of messing about, here was always the remedy of his "friendly pat!" (DG)
His "friendly pats" left boys dreading the "unfriendly" ones.

He had been a Civil Engineer of note prior to taking Holy Orders and commencing teaching.

Mr Herbert Thacker: *"I suppose we were almost always on opposite sides in any argument that was likely to develop and so I could see clearly in him his outstanding courage and absolute devotion to his beliefs. In an earlier age he might well have been a martyr himself and he would have expected his opponents to be equally resolute. He is a priest and a scientist but there must be many O.P.s who feel that they owe Royds a debt of gratitude, most of all for his devotion to scouting, camping or sailing."*

This photo below was taken on a Sports Day when, He would have the job of supplying the Physics Lab. Clocks for timing the races.

I learnt about the book only the other day when I was talking to my aunt who lives in Fareham and she mentioned she had read a short history about Funtley Parish Church where there was a quote about my father from the book.

I am surprised that my father didn't have a copy - if he did it certainly wasn't there when he died.



Left to Right: Timothy Gould, John Groth, Michael Childs, John Godden, Michael Swann, Barry Barnes, Nicholas Holloway, Rev. Royds-Jones, Peter Tucker, Gavin Hebron, Malcolm Heyd-Smith

As a child my life at home revolved around Price's School and St Peter and St Pauls. My father used to spend a lot of time in the school holidays at Price's school devising new experiments to illustrate something for the boys the following term. I used to spend my time playing in the school grounds. When I was about 10 (I.e. about 1950) my father decided to build me a canoe from his own design. It was a wooden one, robust and although seaworthy - not the fastest canoe on the water. This he built at Prices in the school holidays. When it was finished he decided to take it for a trial on the water. He started from Fareham Creek first thing in the morning. My mother had a phone call from him at lunchtime to inform her that the canoe was seaworthy and that he was on The Isle of Wight and expect him back for supper!

The other thing I vividly remember is George Ashton's laugh - it was deep and rather frightening to a young child.

My father had three children. My brother Paul is a civil engineer and spent most of his working career abroad - mainly in Hong Kong. He is 55 and has retired and lives Warsash. He has his father's passion for sailing and so has three boats of various sizes which he sails off the Hamble. I hated sailing as a child. My father didn't start sailing himself until my brother was about 12 years old (and he was 60). He then bought a dinghy and sailed from Fareham Boat Club. My father was very competitive and very demanding when having to crew for him. He and my brother learnt to sail together and my brother was three years older than I. When my brother wasn't available I had to crew. I wasn't heavy enough and old enough and when in a race I certainly knew about it.

I, myself am a General Practitioner in Sussex having been here for 25yrs. I would also like to retire but can't afford it. I have a sister who lives in New Milton and is a JP.

All in all my father has six grand-children to carry on his idiosyncratic ways.

Jonathan Royds-Jones



From: "Front Page": The Fareham and Gosport Local Free Paper **(09.1983)**

Fareham has an 84-year-old jet-setting clergyman who doesn't just preach the words of the Lord and his wonders of the deep, he is putting them into practise.



The Rev Ted. who lives in Grove Rd., Fareham has been balancing between the devil and the deep sea since he got the boarding bug last year. He liked the sport so much he bought his own board.

Ted, who is married and has three children and five grandchildren said: "Some friends of mine invited me to have a go. I managed all right and although I kept falling-in, I thoroughly enjoyed myself."

The Rev. Royds Jones is an hyperactive octogenarian. Last year, he persuaded Jimmy Saville to fix him a gliding course and ended-up looping the loop.



Proving you're never too old to learn – the Rev. Ted Royds-Jones takes to the seas

He was ordained in 1932 but has never had a Parish, preferring to teach Physics and Maths in Schools in Fareham. He still preaches at Holy Trinity in Fareham.

In his spare time he goes into his workshop where he comes-up with brilliant inventions. In his 80th year he booked himself a trip to Hong Kong to show some of them off at the British Exhibition. Ted plans to be back on the sailboards next summer, unless some new activity takes his fancy – maybe water-skiing?!

From Echo: **25/03/1978**

"Parson with a Talent"

The last place on earth you would expect to find an elderly parson is in the soul-destroying realms of big business and even in that unlikely event, the last parson you would expect to find embroiled in the Industrial promotion scheme is the Revd. Edward Michael Royds-Jones.

Bespectacled, mild-mannered Mr Royds-Jones has been a familiar sight striding and cycling around Fareham for nearly 40 years.

He looks the epitome of the English clergyman with that distant air of the ecclesiastic eccentric beloved by film directors and cartoonists.

All of which proves just how wrong you can be.

At nearly 80, when most men of the cloth have either sought quiet pastures or homes for retired clergy, Mr.Royds-Jones has just returned home from a 20,000 mile, two week trip to Hong Kong where he has done his bit to boost British Exports.

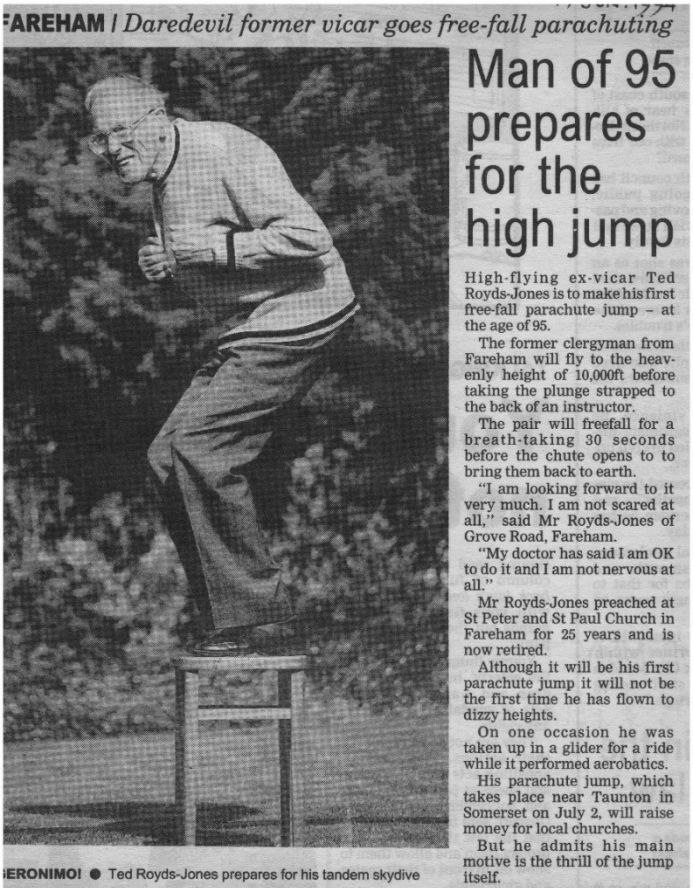
He simply packed samples of the electronic instruments he invented in his tiny workshop at his home in Grove Rd., Fareham, took an excess baggage charge of £150 (=£880 in 2020!), in his stride and, helped by his son Dr. Jonathan Royds-Jones, set-up the Grove Industries stand at the British Industrial Exhibition in the colony

And when the Duke of Kent, who opened the Exhibition visited his stand, he was taught about the intricacies of the bolometer and several thermostats. "I gave him a three-minute Physics lesson" said Mr. Royds-Jones, who is something of an academic Jekyl and Hyde.

"I'm really not much good at preaching. I'm a teacher and I find my brain is most active with a mathematical or scientific problem," he said.

He is physically and mentally very active as parishioners who have seen him agilely mounting the pulpit steps at Holy Trinity Church, will testify. He still helps out there with the odd sermon, but he is really at home in his workshop or teaching mathematics at Wykeham House School in Fareham High Street.

The School needed certain instruments in the laboratory but they were too expensive so Mr.Royds-Jones, who started working life as an engineer , decided he could make them better and more cheaply.



FAREHAM / *Daredevil former vicar goes free-fall parachuting*

Man of 95 prepares for the high jump

High-flying ex-vicar Ted Royds-Jones is to make his first free-fall parachute jump – at the age of 95.

The former clergyman from Fareham will fly to the heavenly height of 10,000ft before taking the plunge strapped to the back of an instructor.

The pair will freefall for a breath-taking 30 seconds before the chute opens to to bring them back to earth.

"I am looking forward to it very much. I am not scared at all," said Mr Royds-Jones of Grove Road, Fareham.

"My doctor has said I am OK to do it and I am not nervous at all."

Mr Royds-Jones preached at St Peter and St Paul Church in Fareham for 25 years and is now retired.

Although it will be his first parachute jump it will not be the first time he has flown to dizzy heights.

On one occasion he was taken up in a glider for a ride while it performed aerobatics.

His parachute jump, which takes place near Taunton in Somerset on July 2, will raise money for local churches.

But he admits his main motive is the thrill of the jump itself.

GERONIMO! ● Ted Royds-Jones prepares for his tandem skydive

The results were a bolometer which detects radiant heat energy and is sensitive over a wide spectrum, an electronic thermostat accurate to 0.2 degrees Centigrade, and an almost unbreakable thermometer. He patented the bolometer and suddenly found there was a market in School Science and photographic laboratories.

Advertisements in scientific publications started to roll in from abroad and instruments were despatched to countries as far apart as Saudi Arabia, Norway and Yugoslavia.

With prices ranging from£15 - £21 there wasn't as fortune in it but it started providing a steady income which he hopes the Hong Kong venture will boost.

Mr.Royds-Jones first job was building hydroelectric tunnels in Scotland and Northern England, but his deep religious beliefs eventually persuaded him to train for the priesthood and he was ordained in 1932. But the scientific brain and the challenge of solving mathematical problems was always near the surface.



SOUTHERN **The Daily Echo**

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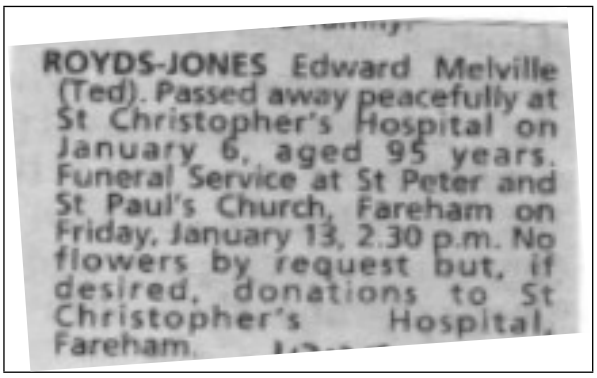
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Our Father Ted who art in heaven . . .

When the Second World War started and there was a shortage of teachers, he joined the Staff of Price's School as a maths and physics Master and stayed for 25 years. He has taught maths at Wykeham House School for the past 14 years and is due for his second retirement after this Summer Term

For one who views his prowess in the pulpit with reservations, it is perhaps not surprising he has has never been inducted as a Vicar, despite spending 25 years at St. Peter and St. Pauls' as a Curate and continuing his ministry by helping at Holy Trinity.

Would he have liked to be a Vicar of a Parish? "I really don't think I was good enough to do the job," he said.


ROYDS-JONES Edward Melville (Ted). Passed away peacefully at St Christopher's Hospital on January 6, aged 95 years. Funeral Service at St Peter and St Paul's Church, Fareham on Friday, January 13, 2.30 p.m. No flowers by request but, if desired, donations to St Christopher's Hospital, Fareham.

Rudling	David C.	Dates	

1950 As a Table Tennis junior, played very well,
1953 Standard up with the best in the Table Tennis Club.
1954 Defeated finalist in the 1954 School Table Tennis Open.
1953 Badminton team - had shown himself to be one of the powers of the school team - beat Percival in the Handicap Tournament final.
1954 Rudling and Percival as a Badminton pair were not beaten throughout the term and were the most consistent pair in the club's four seasons of "active existence".
1st XI Football – 1951 - Junior and Senior Prices Army Cadet Soccer Title Winners.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1953.
1st XI Cricket Captain 1954.
Sportsman of the 50s Decade (shortlist)





Russell	Peter	Dates	1966 - 1972

"Beautiful language"

"Beautiful language" was a phrase I first heard as a First or Second Former at Price's and I wondered it could mean – surely language was just language? And if it was anything it was good (like you spoke in front of your mother) or bad (which you spoke with your friends)? However, by the time I had passed my English O, A and S levels seven years later, I was in no doubt at all about what language could offer – a combination of teachers (Mssrs Gross, Glynne-Howell, Stan Elton, Dick Hubbard) had introduced me to the whole canon of English literature from Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare through Mathew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* all the way up to T.S Eliot and *The Wasteland.*



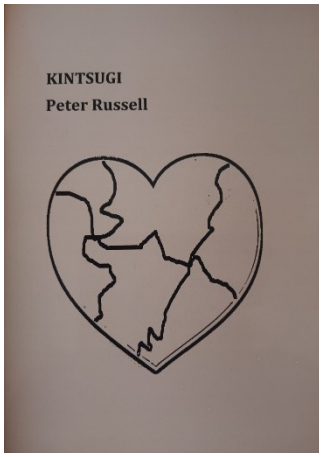
In fact so much was I impressed with that canon that I did not write a word of poetry for years: I heeded the words of said Stan Elton – "the world faces many shortages [how prescient for 1971] but one of them isn't a shortage of Bad Poetry." However, a chance meeting with an Australian poet (who might have been Les Murray) in a pub in Norwich while I was at the UEA put a different perspective on things – to feel a sense of community with the poets of the past, and with their struggles and their deployment and enjoyment of language.

Nonetheless, I had a living to make when I graduated, and went on to a moderately successful career in local government politics, ending up running the Lord Provost's [mayor's] Office in Glasgow which incidentally included being Clerk to the Lieutenancy with responsibility for all royal visits to the city. All the time I was using the English that I learned at Price's, writing letters, reports and lots of speeches for politicians, including one delivered to 80,000 people at the closing ceremony of the Delhi Commonwealth Games. But what gave me most satisfaction was when, in the same job, I was called upon to deliver the Immortal Memory at the Oberbürgermeister's Burns Supper in Glasgow's twin city of Nuremberg – in German. The journey that had begun with an appreciation of poetry and with German tuition of Mssrs Andy Jay and 'Flo' Foster had reached its destination.



Therefore when I took early retirement in 2012, I turned to what I would have done had the need to make a living for thirty-five years not intervened: writing and translating. I joined a Glasgow poetry group and was soon reading at open mic events and even "headlining" poetry evenings. I entered competitions with some success, including a commendation in the international Stephen Spender Prize for Poetry in Translation (for a translation of a Günter Grass poem) and a first prize and several other places from the Federation of Writers (Scotland). I have also been awarded a Hermann-Kesten Scholarship to work in Nuremberg and have attended the Summer School of the British Centre for literary Translation at the UEA Norwich (again.) While I was there, I was relating how I acquired my knowledge of Aristotelian poetics – from Bill Openshaw while studying Racine for French A level – and I was asked "Did you go to a *very* posh school?" I was of course able to answer "Not really,"

I should also mention another retirement achievement. After a lifetime of listening to the programme, I entered for and appeared on BBC Radio 4's Brain of Britain. I only appeared in one heat, but while we were recording it, another contestant recommended that I might like to try



Mastermind. I duly entered, and in the end made three appearances culminating in the semi-finals of 2015 (specialist subjects: Pompey FC, the Rolling Stones and Elizabeth David). So again, I was quite successful, and again, I put it down to Price's and the habit which it imbued in me of absorbing facts and knowledge. Throughout my life and career, I have been able to identify like types – people from non-academic backgrounds (in my case my father was a sheet metal worker and my mother a shop assistant) who are always keen to learn and always keen to use that knowledge. It is the beauty of learning and the beauty of discovery - which sit well alongside the beauty of language.

I have now also published the most successful of my own poems in a slim collection called *Kintsugi,* available from me at peterrussell1954@btinternet.com