

# THE RED ROSE.



20 21

The Magazine of the  
Old Georgians' Association

# THE RED ROSE

2021

## Contents

FORMER CHAIRMEN OF THE ASSOCIATION.....	3
ASSOCIATION OFFICERS 2020-21 .....	3
PRESIDENT'S LETTER.....	4
CHAIRMAN'S LETTER.....	6
EDITORIAL .....	7
OBITUARIES .....	9
CENTENARY DINNER .....	24
THE OLD GEORGIANS' ANNUAL GOLF CHALLENGE.....	25
SOCIAL EVENTS 2020 .....	26
MEMORABILIA.....	27
NEWS OF OLD GEORGIANS .....	28
IN OTHERS' EYES.....	30
THORNLEY SOCIETY.....	35
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	40
KGV & OGA MISCELLANY .....	54
The Brick from the Schools Foundation.....	54
Singing With The School Madrigal Group, 1961-67.....	61
It's Only Rock n'Roll.....	64
LISTS.....	67
TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED.....	68
Live Performances.....	68
Writing at KGV.....	70
A Leap of Faith.....	72
PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES .....	77
Hit or Miss.....	77
Queen of the Skies.....	80
Southport's Railway – The origins.....	82
Southport Railways: From the 1840s to the 1960s .....	84
I Don't Do Sport by Neil Hunt .....	87
CONTACTS .....	91

## **FORMER CHAIRMEN OF THE ASSOCIATION**

### **KGV Old Boys' Association**

T P Spencer (24) W Beetham (25) R E Sanderson (26-7) C I Minshull (28)  
S J Hargreaves (29) A V Cunliffe (30) W M Towers (31) A V Cunliffe (32)  
R E Sanderson (33) A D Sawyer (35) P Slater (36) G K Bridge (47)  
D F Sutton (48) P Slater (49) T E Booth (51) G P Wakefield (52)  
L Duckworth (53) J W Lord (54) J Edwards (55) S C Wilford (56)  
K Rostron (57) J R Edwards (58) R A Lloyd (59) H E Nettleton (60)  
G Barnes (61) G Walton (62) H Long (63&4) M B Enright (65)  
H Evans (66) A V Langfeld (67) A Fairclough (68) H J M Royden (69)  
D Brown (70) R Abram (71) S B Rimmer (72) A J Chandler (73)  
J R N Petty (74) S B Fletcher (75) J N Rostron (76)  
C W Jerram (77) E G Cowen (78)

### **The Old Georgians' Association**

T H Dutton (79) G Livesley (80) M M Lockyer (81) R Fletcher (82)  
J C West (83) J J Marriner (84) G T Seed (85) M J Waring (86)  
R A Barnett (87) B M Rimmer (88) J R Pilling (89) P D Bagshaw (90)  
R C Fearn (91) E A Ogden (92) J R Elliott (93) R O Jeffs (94)  
M J Fearn (95) A Bond (96&97) C Threlfall (98) M R E Hyde (99)  
G F Dixon (2000) S L Bond (01) A D Hughes (02) J P Marsh (03)  
K F Edwardson (04) D Burton (05) R Abram (06) D Lonsdale (07)  
Catherine Lapsley (08) Janice Darkes-Sutcliffe (09&10) D Lonsdale (11)  
N Spencer (12) M Duffy (13&14) M Day (15&16) R Ellis (17)  
D Harrison (18, 19 &20)

## **ASSOCIATION OFFICERS 2020-21**

PRESIDENT	Anne-Marie Francis
VICE PRESIDENTS	Former Chairmen & Presidents
CHAIRMAN	Dave Harrison
VICE CHAIRMAN	Ron Ellis
SECRETARY	Martin Fearn
TREASURER	David Lonsdale
RED ROSE EDITOR	Jonathan Elliott
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	Neil Spencer
SOCIAL SECRETARY	Jonathan Elliott
WEB SITE MANAGER	Matthew Duffy
COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVE	Pam Shea
FOUNDATION TRUSTEES	Catherine Lapsley, Neil Spencer
GENERAL COMMITTEE	Former Chairmen & Co-optees

## **PRESIDENT'S LETTER**

Dear Old Georgians

It has been the strangest of years. Not without its highlights, but certainly with many and varied challenges both in educational terms and on a personal level for many of our College community.

In January 2020 when we returned to College for the new term, we could never have anticipated the roller coaster to come. The students were expecting a term focused on study, mock exams and some exciting opportunities for trips and travel.

A great many opportunities had already opened up for them including participation in the senior maths challenge and being ranked in the top 10 colleges; an Art trip to London, attendance at the Criminology conference, meeting Mary Beard and seeing the world renowned theatre company Frantic Assembly.

Still to come were the Barcelona trip, the Duke of Edinburgh expeditions and many university open days and visits!

February saw the mock examinations coincide with the much anticipated Ofsted inspection. That was quite a week and one that led to celebration as the students achieved excellent results in their mocks and Ofsted agreed wholeheartedly that the College is very securely 'Good'.

We were excited to publish the report and let the wider community know how positive the Ofsted findings were about teaching and learning and student experience, Ofsted also surveyed students, parents, staff and employers involved with the College and reported on the warmth of the survey responses. They felt it was clear that the College is a great place to learn and work and that it is highly thought of in the community and region.

We did not get to release our report however as, with the rest of the country, we faced the national lockdown in March and the College closed its doors to learners and staff and adjusted to a period of remote learning. This was quite a learning curve! We moved all our classes online and created virtual classrooms quite literally overnight!

Staff and students were simply incredible and worked tirelessly in some of the most uncertain times we have ever known.

The final results attained in August 2020 were some of the best we have seen. 91% of our leavers secured their first choice of university and these included Oxford University and 5 aspiring medics off to fulfil their dreams. Results day was unconventional, but I, and the staff, were bursting with pride not just for the almost 70% of A\*-B grades but of the courage and resilience the students had shown.

We continue to live with Covid and adjust our teaching accordingly and are committed to delivering as much face-to-face learning as we can. We are very conscious that It is a short period of time spent doing A Levels, but is a life changing two years for many and that is in part down to the friends made and the experience of being at College. We want to celebrate this and we are confident we can be Covid secure.

Trips and visits are temporally suspended for students, but there are a host of online activities in place to support their learning. Students are in year group bubbles so can still spend time with peers with social distancing in place.

We have already welcomed Ofsted back on site; twice in one year must be a record and this time they wanted to hear how we had responded to the lockdown and secured continuity for our students. That letter should be published any day now.

My final message this year is one I deliver with mixed feelings as I am moving on from KGV and Southport and taking up a senior leadership post in the East Midlands in early 2021.

I will always be incredibly proud of all that we achieved at KGV from my arrival in 2015 to the triumphant Ofsted inspection in 2017 and the confidence of the town being restored in our great College. I have never worked with a more dedicated and professional staff and I believe our students are some of the finest and luckiest I have ever met.

I would like thank you for your continued support for me and for the College and I send my very warmest wishes to you all.

**Anne-Marie Francis**  
**November 2020**



**The Committee Meeting January 14<sup>th</sup> 2021**

## CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Dear Old Georgians

Is it really a year ago that I wrote how much I was looking forward to our Centenary dinner? So much has happened since then or, looked at from a Covid19 perspective, perhaps so little has happened.

Your committee, with Jon Elliott prominently in the lead, put a lot of work into preparing for the dinner and we are determined that all that groundwork will not be wasted. The plans are in place to hold the event this coming Maundy Thursday but if the current challenging circumstances prevail then we may well have to postpone the date once again. Rest assured, it will definitely happen. And all those who attend will enjoy the evening.

I hope that Anne-Marie Francis, our departing College Principal and Association President, will be able to join us for the dinner. Her work for the College and her constructive contributions to the Association committee will be missed and the committee wishes her every success in her new job at Loughborough College.

Now that my chairmanship has passed into a third year, I'm beginning to feel like a wartime chairperson. In thirty years' time, I wonder if people will automatically recognise the unusual length of tenure as the "pandemic years"?

I'm certainly looking at last year as a gap year in my retirement.

As I mentioned last year, there are probably two key objectives for the Old Georgians' Association. The first is to enable students to keep in touch with news about their peers – students and teachers – as well as the activities and achievements of the school [now college]. Secondly, it is to offer practical or financial support or service to the college wherever possible. The Association will continue to strive to meet our objectives over the coming years and we appreciate all the contributions from fellow Old Georgians.

This edition is once again a really practical solution to the Association's first objective. Peter De Vries wrote in 1959 - before even I first attended KGV - "Nostalgia isn't what it used to be". Well, let me say after reading this edition it's certainly still alive and kicking.

I look forward to meeting up with many of you on Maundy Thursday for what promises to be an enjoyable and memorable evening. Until then I hope you all stay safe and well.

***Dave Harrison (Spencer's, 1962-1969)***

## EDITORIAL

Welcome all!

For most of us, the last 12 months has probably been the most extraordinary period of our lives. Not since the dark days of WW2 have we been so disrupted. While the two are difficult to compare, I am sure that our members who have lived through both would rather have seen neither.

All of us have seen disruption to our normal lives, whether it be social, work, health or family. The committee hopes that you are all well and have not been too traumatised by the last few months.

Inevitably, Covid has sadly taken more than one Old Georgian that we are aware of (see the Obituary section). May we wish all the best and offer our condolences to the family and friends of those who have left us.

The biggest organisational impact on the Association has been the disruption to our Centenary year. A lot of work went in to the preparation and organisation of the Gala Dinner, which of course was postponed. We have now reset (again), for **SATURDAY OCTOBER 16<sup>th</sup> 2021**. Thanks to everyone who supported the original event and to those who did not request a refund of their ticket money. That would have been a nightmare to arrange and we have held those monies over to 2021. Of course, anyone wishing to have a refund is more than welcome. But at this time, we are hoping that the 200+, who did not, will be able to attend in the autumn!

We also lost the exhibition at the Atkinson (formerly the Arts Centre and Library). We were featured in the Southport Champion and the photo is in the centre pages. We hope to hold it to coincide with the reset dinner date.

The Committee has been meeting and using Teams to convene and talk has been most interesting, if not delayed as some of our members took their time to acclimatise to the technology. At the September meeting, our Chairman had the excuse of breaking down on the M40, so saving himself the embarrassment of suffering from techno-fear!

I have been fortunate enough this year to have collated 90+ pages of information and stories for the Red Rose. But, given we have had no income this year to support the production and postage of the magazine, we have taken the decision to create two versions of the 2021 Red Rose. A cut down version will be printed and posted out to those who have stated that they want a hard copy. Anybody who selected this option a couple of years ago is quite welcome to change this preference and go to the on line version only. The full version will be available on line to everyone on the OGA web site. Please use this link to access the full 2021 version in the Red Rose section.

<http://www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk/styled-14/index.html>

A limited number of printed full copies will be made available to purchase at the Centenary Dinner.

Please do keep in touch! And I say that about everyone. I manage to reach out to many of you, but in turn I need you to work with your contacts, friends, peers et al in order to keep information flowing. There were 28 of us in my 3X and LVX class. We

obviously became split up as we went into the upper fifth and then the sixth form. But, I have managed to establish contact with 24 of them



This year, I finally found Bruce Langridge and Dave Hodgson.

This photo was taken on the Schools first (and last, given it was 1979) overseas rugby tour in France and yes, we are at the top of the Eiffel tower. All of us are from that x-stream. From left to right:

Mark Dransfield (back), Paul Maddock (front), Chris Parkinson, Jon Elliott; Dave Marshall, Dave Hodgson. I have no idea who took the photo, probably Mark Day, another x'er.

I still need to establish contact with Mark Griffiths, Chris Gow and Keith Williams!

We were all part of the Rugby 1<sup>st</sup> XV and for the Centenary Dinner, I had managed to make contact with EVERY (yes, every single) member of that squad. Most were lined up to come to the dinner, several from overseas. Here's hoping that we can still meet at the next event.

It does take time and effort, but the most important thing is those two words from, amongst other places, Star Trek, "First Contact". Once established, the ball keeps rolling! Here's to our own warp drive in 2021.

Finally, from both me and the Committee, we would like to say thank you and au revoir to our outgoing President, Anne-Marie Francis. Anne-Marie has supported us through some difficult times as well the good. We wish her well and hope to see her at future events in her role as Vice President.

We wish you a good 2021 and hope in all possible ways it is better than 2020 for you all and your family and friends.

**Jonathan R Elliott – RR Editor (Gear's 1973-1980)**



## OBITUARIES

### Kevin Philip Collins (1968-74)

Kevin (Kev) was born in Southport on 17<sup>th</sup> November 1955. He passed on 3<sup>rd</sup> June 2019.

Kevin attended Meols Cop School for a year, passed his 12+ examination to join King George V Grammar School in 1968. There he obtained his “O” Levels, but once he joined the Sixth form, was offered a job at the old County Borough of Southport, Weights and Measures Department, superseded by local government reorganisation as the Merseyside County Council Trading Standards Department.

Having always wanted to be a policeman from an early age, but they would never allow the wearing of spectacles at that time, once Merseyside police, changed that regulation he applied and was appointed to Southport.

The lure of the bright lights beckoned and he successfully applied for a transfer to the Metropolitan Police. Once settled, he performed uniform and plain clothes duties throughout Central London and his happiest time there was without doubt his service on the Diplomatic Protection Group.

It was whilst on the Diplomatic Protection Group that he was initiated into Freemasonry. He worked tirelessly for various lodges and became Chair of a several lodges.

As a northerner, he returned to Southport, but his career still kept sending him south and it was on the way back from a trip there, that he was involved in the accident that would result in his early retirement on medical grounds. He damaged his back and that set off arthritis of the spine and some other complications.

When not dealing with Masonic matters he was an avid steam railway enthusiast, being a working volunteer at the East Lancashire Railway. If that then allowed spare time, he devoted that to his model railway.

A larger than life character that will be sorely missed.

### ***Terry Fleetwood***

*Ed – we acknowledge that Kevin is out of the usual alphabetical order. This is because we accidentally omitted his entry in the 2020 Red Rose. Our apologies.*

### Peter Alderson (Grear's, 1972-79)

Pete passed away on Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> February 2020 aged 58. Peter leaves a wife Ali, sons Robert and Joe, and a daughter Ali. His funeral was Feb 12 2020 at a packed Halifax Minster.

His son Joe sent us the following via Peter's very good school friend, Simon Biddolph:

“What would Dad say about himself? Well, he would say he was a strange mix of Alderson, Peacock, Thomas, Shead, Hedley, Roberts, Murray and Tonks. I think we can do a bit better than that though.

Dad spent many hours working on his autobiography a few years ago, meticulously documenting his life through keepsakes, photos and memorabilia. Being so keen on family history, he really wanted to leave a record for me, Lucy and Bob to come back to, and if you ever want to see an East German travel permit, a receipt for a 1980s lobster, or the ticket to a Toronto Argonauts game then Dad has you covered.

For that reason, I'm going to talk more about Dad's qualities as a person.

Dad was kind, and generous to a fault. He was generous in spirit and with his time, taking great delight in widening the horizons of his sister Nancy and brother Phil with childhood games, quizzes and adventures. He would think nothing of offering lifts to us, no matter how far. He was also extremely generous with his money, particularly when it came to gaining new experiences or knowledge that would open up possibilities for us in life. 2019 saw Lucy become the next Dr Alderson; a long road that Dad had supported her through and was so proud to share in.

Dad's vivid imagination was another distinct quality, fuelled by a childhood spent soaking in the boundless optimism and pop culture of the 1960s, and later his love of the arts. He created a whole society for his childhood toys, with randomly assigned jobs, hard won medals and wide-ranging political affiliations. He had a great sense of fun that always made family gatherings exciting, whether it was inventing new games to play or establishing traditions for the future.

His time at Guy's in London gave him the opportunity to explore the galleries and museums of London, a city he loved. He made time for the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition almost every year, and always had tickets for the theatre or the ballet ready for his annual wedding anniversary trip with mum.



Dad was also dedicated to his family. As a junior doctor he met our Mum Alison, who was nursing at Lewisham hospital. They married in December 1986. Dad was truly Mum's best friend, sharing his deepest hopes, dreams, thoughts and fears with her.

He also knew how to charm his new parents-in-law, with a shared love of sport and his dry sense of humour, he could do no wrong, winning his father-in-law over by accepting a glass of whisky whenever offered - Dad was not a big drinker.

Being a keen genealogist, he showed a real interest in Mum's family history too, and as children we spent a wet summer scouring the graveyards of Scotland. We think one of the main reasons Dad wanted to be buried was to leave clues for future Aldersons, so that they can enjoy similar summer holidays.

Dad was also rather scientific. His love of chemistry took him from accidentally swallowing copper sulphate in his chemistry kit, all the way through to applying what he had learned from anaesthetic conferences around the world in order to

improve the care of his patients. He was also scientific in his choice of hobbies, loving to collect, catalogue and gather as much knowledge as he could. Whether it was stamps, trains, spaceflight or the music of the Beatles, Dad loved detail. Even his handwriting was legible, neat and precise, though it was also flowing and easy on the eye. Truly unusual for a doctor!

Academically, Dad excelled and was proud of his days at Oxford. Although his professional expertise developed around anaesthesia, he had amazingly broad general knowledge and would quietly clean up at any pub quiz or loudly interrupt Jeremy Paxman from the comfort of the living room to answer almost every question on University Challenge.

As a lifelong lover of sports, Dad always followed the Olympics, using up two weeks of annual leave and seeing them in person if he could. He could also induce heart-in-mouth moments with his death defying antics. On a bike ride in Kent, Dad went tearing downhill out of control, crashing spectacularly and breaking his elbow and wrist. On the plus side, it was summer 2012, just in time for the London Olympics and 6 weeks of recovery.

Dad was inspired by the Apollo missions and made it his ambition to be a *retired* astronaut, just like Jeff Tracy in Thunderbirds. Later he even applied to the Soviet Union's space program but strangely wasn't accepted as a cosmonaut. He had a lifelong love of space travel, with his last big holiday in 2019 being to Space Fest in Arizona, rubbing shoulders with astronauts and engineers, collecting autographs and photos along the way. This is just one example of how Dad could be a dedicated *fan*. He was supportive of artists and musicians great and small, always promoting my band and coming to our shows.

Dad and Mum arrived in Calderdale in 1992, and they settled down in this wonderful corner of Yorkshire, both working at the local hospital. With a young family to care for, he still managed to fit in an MBA! With such a broad education, Dad considered moving away from medicine, but in the end his passion for the NHS kept him here. Almost every weekend we would go for family walks, exploring Blackstone Edge, Top Withens, Hardcastle Crags or the Yorkshire Sculpture Park. Dad's enthusiasm helped to root us deeply in Calderdale, and he enjoyed exploring this area. Back in November around the time of his diagnosis he was walking parts of the Pennine Way with mum and Bob.

As many of you will know, Dad's illness progressed very quickly, but over the past few months he found great comfort in three things in particular: Haagen-Dazs, his vast music collection, and you all - his family and friends who have rallied around and supported him so well.

A dreamer, but a realist. A scientist, and a lover of the arts. A knowledgeable man who sometimes said very little. A gentle man who was hard on himself but most importantly a wonderful family man. Dad ran through his life with boundless energy, seeing the details most of us miss. He will never have the time he deserved to enjoy retirement, but we take comfort knowing that he lived many lifetimes in his 58 years."

**Charles E Bracken, MBE (Leech's, 1946-1953)**

Charles passed peacefully on 27<sup>th</sup> January 2020 having been beautifully cared for, a tribute to the devotion of his wife and daughters during an illness bravely borne.



He was a founding Director and former Chairman of SANE and gave 35 years of his life in supporting the charity and pioneering its development. The charity recognised Charles as “a never-failing source of strength, and we owe a great debt to a truly good and remarkable man.”

Charles was awarded the MBE in January 2012 for services to mental health. Charles was also School Captain in his final year, 1952-1953.

**Professor Roy Duckworth, CBE (1929-2020)**



Dear Jonathan,

I have just read in the Bulletin of the Royal College of Surgeons of England of the death of Roy Duckworth at the age of 91, on September 16<sup>th</sup> 2020. He was just ahead of me at KGV but I am not sure of the exact dates.

He qualified BDS (Liverpool) in 1952 and then studied medicine in Liverpool qualifying MBChB in 1959 having joined the many OGs in that year. He joined the staff of the London (now Royal London), Whitechapel in 1961 and remained there for the rest of his very distinguished career.

He became a Professor of Dental Surgery in the University of London and then became Dean of the Faculty of Dental

Surgery He was awarded the CBE for services to Dentistry in 1987. A fuller account of his life can be found in Who's Who.

Best wishes, ***Miles Irving (12 Nov 2020)***

Further information about Roy can be found in this entry from his son in association with the British Dental Journal:

<https://www.nature.com/articles/s41415-020-2229-8>

### **David Ellis (Evans, 1960-65)**

Dear Jonathan

I am not sure whether the family will have let you know but David Ellis (Evans 1960-65) passed away in July after contracting sepsis following a heart operation and other complications. David came to KGV from Liverpool, his mother ran a small corner shop in Carnarvon Road, and his father was in insurance.

David left KGV after A level and took an HND course in Liverpool, sponsored by Plessey, the electronics company. Latterly he was Quality Controller at Dorman Smith (later part of Unipart) in Crossens. David and I used to go to Anfield together and had the great pleasure of watching, at my parents' house, the 1966 World Cup win by England. We remained good friends for life. David was pre-deceased by his wife, Hilary (Wardle) and is survived by his second wife, Jean.

### ***David Charters***

### **David Gott (Gear's, 1946-1953)**

Born in October 1935, David left Farnborough Road primary school to start at KGV in 1946 as a member of Gear's house. Whilst a resident of Lyndhurst Road at the time he recalled cheery tales to me of cycling in to school with fellow pupil and Old Georgian, Paul Bagshaw and cutting across the fields where Southport Hospital now stands.

He was an enthusiastic member of the Boys Brigade and after taking his final exams early; he then joined the Merchant Navy after leaving KGV in 1952.

Due to failing eyesight he continued National Service as a radar operator with the RAF in Germany. Whilst stationed in Winterburg, West Germany he met his future wife, Maria then to return home joining his father running the Whiteley's Laundry business.

David and Maria were great friends of the Threlfall family. He was a longstanding member of the Southport Rotary Club as well an enthusiastic social and bowling club member, and team captain at Ainsdale Sports Club.

He leaves son Christopher and daughter Diana who followed him into KGV as one of the early intake into the Sixth Form College in 1980 from Greenbank High School.

David was a kind and generous gentleman, he and his wife Maria were great friends of the Threlfall family, and he never failed to miss an opportunity to take the mickey out of me. He is sadly missed.

### ***Chris Threlfall***

## **Captain Peter Horton (Leech's, 1955-1962)**

Alan Wright was the first to inform us of the passing of Peter. Peter was born in 1944. He passed away on May 3<sup>rd</sup> 2020. Sadly, his death was related to Covid-19.



Peter was an active rugby player throughout his KGV career and regularly played in the first XV and for Southport RUFC. After leaving school, Peter took up a position with the civil service, a position he never really enjoyed and, on learning that I had been sponsored to fly commercial airliners took the view that "if that b\*\*\*\*\*d Fairclough can do it, then so shall I."

Peter successfully applied for a scholarship to Hamble, Hampshire, to begin a course with BOAC/BEA the state airlines of the day. I am unsure of his early career with BEA but he certainly flew Boeing 737's and was a co-pilot on Concorde. When offered, he became a Captain on 737's and, later on Concorde. He flew the Queen on more than one occasion on a State visit. He arose to become Chief Training Captain on Concorde and was much respected throughout the industry.

Towards the end of his career on Concorde, Peter took the plane on a 'round the world' experience, taking his sailing friend Bryan Riley on a non-stop flight from South America to New Zealand at twice the speed of sound.

Mr Riley said he remembered that while on the trip, Peter bungee-jumped from a bridge into a gorge while wearing his Concorde captain's hat, which fell as he jumped (though was luckily reclaimed later).

Upon retiring from BA in 1999 he flew executive jets. Peter was an active member of the Guild of Airline Pilots and Navigators and a much respected competitive yachtsman. Peter died near his home in Suffolk in May of this year. He is survived by his wife, son and daughter, who live in America. More details of Peter can be learned on the internet and through his obituary in The Times.

Again, he will be missed.

## ***John Fairclough***

## **Iwan Johns (Rogers, 1945-1952)**

Iwan, following a stroke after surgery, had been living in the Royal British Legion Home, Ripon, near the family home in Darley, North Yorkshire. On the 3<sup>rd</sup> May he died peacefully with his wife, Sheila, by his side (PPE'd) and on line his eldest daughter, Fay. A test for Covid 19 proved positive.

Iwan was born in Cardiff in 1934 and the family moved to Southport in 1945. His father, Robert Vernon Johns, taught in 1945/1946 at KGV as a Senior Science

teacher before moving to what is now Liverpool John Moore's University. His colleagues included 'The Three Taffs', Big, Middle and Little.

Among Iwan's school peers were Miles Irving and Ken Edwardson.

On leaving K.G.V. Iwan undertook National Service with the Intelligence Corp. attached to a Signals regiment in Famagusta, Cyprus.

He then graduated in Civil Engineering from the University of Manchester. His speciality was Water supply and reservoirs working for British Waterways, what is now Welsh Water and Yorkshire Water.

As well as Sheila and Fay, he leaves a son, Robert; daughter, Isobel; sons in law, Wayne and Ian; daughter in law, Imee and grandchildren Owain, Bethan and Joshua.

### ***Keith Johns (Rogers 1955-1962)***

#### **John Kendrew (Leech's, 1953-1959)**

The association understands that John passed in August 2019. If anyone has more information please can you update us for next year's Red Rose?

#### **Stuart Brian Kersh (Leech's, 1953-1959)**

Stewart Brian Kersh, loving husband, father and grandfather passed away peacefully on 21st June 2020, at home with his family by his side. Stewart was born in Manchester on 28th July 1941 and moved to Southport where he attended KGV. He qualified as a Chartered Surveyor, and in 1976 set up his own successful practice, Stewart Kersh & Co (subsequently Sutton Kersh) in Liverpool. He was a man of integrity and high moral standards, and with a kind heart he was always willing to help those in need both personally and professionally. Most of all he was a family man. He is survived by his devoted wife Lynne, sons Jonathan & James and six wonderful grandchildren. Reunited now with his dearest daughter Sara who passed away in 1989.

### ***Lynne Kersh***

#### **Lord Colin Knowles (Evans, 1950-57)**

The association understands that Colin passed on December 25<sup>th</sup> 2019. If anyone has more information please can you update us for next year's Red Rose?

Colin was born on April 11<sup>th</sup> 1939. In 1973 he was named a Freeman of the City of London, as a Liveryman in the Worshipful Company of Tobacco Pipe Makers and Tobacco Blenders. In 1991 he was made a Commander of the Venerable Order of St John.

## **Janet Lawley (Senior Mistress, 1979-1987)**

Janet passed in April 2020, just a few days after she was due to attend the Centenary dinner which for several OGA members is considerably sad as we were hoping to see her after a few years absence.

Janet joined KGV as Senior Mistress in 1979, moving on in 1987 to take up the position of Head Mistress at the Girl's Grammar School in Bury, where she remained until her retirement in 1998. Bury Girls Grammar School produced an excellent tribute to their former Head Mistress and it can be found at this location on line:



<https://www.yumpu.com/en/document/read/64827533/bgs-the-record-2020>

Dear Jonathan,

Thank you first of all for telling me the sad news of Janet Lawley's death, and secondly thank you for asking me to write something about her for *The Red Rose*. I am very pleased to do that, for I admired her as a colleague and also increasingly as the years went by counted her a good friend.

As most of your readers will know, KGV went through a process of reorganisation in the 1970s from being a boys' grammar school to being a mixed sixth form college, and in 1978, more than a year before the change officially took place in September 1979 and the first girls arrived, I met Janet Lawley for the first time when she came for interview for a post as an extra deputy head. Sex discrimination legislation had prevented us from advertising for a female deputy, so instead we explained in the advertisement that an extra deputy would be needed when the first girls entered the college to join the Head Master, the Vice-Master and the Senior Master on the Senior Management Team. Even then, two men applied.

George Wakefield, the school's Second Master, or Deputy Head, now had the extraordinary title of Vice-Master, Janet acquired the even more extraordinary title of Vice-Mistress, and the other senior member of staff was Bob Abram. While Bob took responsibility for running what was left of the school, George had an overall responsibility for the boys in the college and Janet the same responsibility for the girls. Right from the start KGV was a college which was organised to care for the education and welfare of each individual student, and George and Janet both did a remarkably good job of ensuring that.

Janet joined us from Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, where for some years she had been the Head of Geography and established something of a national reputation as a geographer. Then, shortly before joining us, she was the Senior Mistress. She joined Peter Comfort, Alan Clowes and Andy Freem in what was already an



outstanding department. Indeed, I believed, and still believe, that we probably had the best Geography Department of any school or college in the country, and I was pleased to learn something about the world around me from all of them. I lived in Birkdale, about three-quarters of a mile from the extraordinarily attractive beach, which stretched out to the horizon and gave the impression of being entirely natural, untouched by man and looking much the same as it had when the world was young. Janet destroyed my illusion and explained that the shoreline had changed significantly in relatively recent times as a consequence of the dredging of the Ribble estuary. Since then it has changed even more, and not for the better.

When I left Southport in 1983, I would have been glad to have had Janet succeed me as Principal, and still think that the governors made a mistake in not appointing her. In the event she stayed on for another four years as Vice-Principal and as a great asset to my successor, and then she went on to be the very successful Headmistress of the Bury High School for Girls, a former 'direct grant' grammar school, by then independent.

In the twenty-first century, when we were both retired, I used to try to make a point of going to see her once a year, when I travelled North from my home in West Sussex, sometimes at the time of the annual dinner of the Old Georgians' Association, and then, if I was staying in Southport, would catch the train to Bury via Wigan and Manchester, take her out to lunch, talk the rest of the day away, and set off for home the next morning.

In 2016 Kerry, Janet's partner of forty years passed suddenly in unfortunate circumstances, passing from MRSA after an operation. Ill herself, Janet and Kerry had always supported each other in every aspect of their lives and this was a huge blow to Janet.

In 2017, I found that the annual dinner of the Old Georgians' Association was to be on Saturday 29<sup>th</sup> April. I decided to go to Southport by train, go to the dinner, and if possible travel over to Bury on the Sunday to take Janet out to lunch again. I tried to contact her, but neither email nor telephone call nor letter received any reply. Eventually I telephoned the Bury Girls' Grammar School, where they undertook to find out what had happened. They discovered that she was in hospital. For some reason they did not understand she was not allowed any visitors, but they could pass on any letter I sent, so I wrote to her via the school.

A week or so later the telephone rang and it was Janet, able to tell me for herself what had happened to her over the last three months. She was still in hospital, but was now getting better and was even hoping to be home by the time I had proposed visiting her. She told me the whole sorry story. I had thought that what had happened to Kerry was one of the worst things to have happened to anyone known to me. This was worse, though it was possible to hope that it would have a happy ending.

In early January Janet had woken one Sunday morning to find that she was unable to get up and could hardly move. She was able to use her mobile 'phone, and an ambulance took her to hospital. They tried to get her to sit up, but she found it impossible. Those who were meant to be looking after her decided that there was nothing they could do, so they sent her to a nursing home. There it was still impossible for her to get up or even sit up. The pain was intense and led on to a state of disorientation. She did not any longer know who she was. She was hallucinating

and the staff at the nursing home could not cope and arranged for her to be sent to another hospital. But because of a lack of administration, no-one now knew who she was or where she lived, and she was in such a state that she could not tell them herself. By then she did not even know her own name. Thus it continued for some time, though she could not tell for how long.

One day in the first half of February a young doctor came to see her, told her that he was a specialist in acute infections and believed from what he had been told of her condition that she was suffering from an acute infection of the spinal cord. Thus began two months in a room on her own, with a treatment that would inevitably kill the bad bacteria infecting her spine. Gradually she was returning to a world in which at least she knew who she was and could understand what was happening.

She was told that it was unlikely that she would ever walk again, but attempts were made to get her a bit more mobile and she asked if she could at least try to see if she could lift herself up using a Zimmer frame. They brought one; she counted to three and heaved herself onto her feet. She counted to three again and managed to stand upright. 'Well,' she was told, 'we'll go on from there.' It had been three months since she was first taken into hospital and two months since the treatment had begun. Now she was told that it was possible that she would be able to go home before the end of the month.

It was just then that my letter arrived proposing that I come to see her on Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> April. She was able to ring me and tell me what had happened. We planned my next visit, when I would bring something for lunch instead of trying to go out, which would have been too much for her. At the end of April I booked into the Ramada Hotel in Southport for three nights. On the Friday evening I went to the Old Georgians' Annual Dinner and met a number of former colleagues. I spent the Saturday with Hilary Anslow, who had been the Principal of King George V College from 1993 until 2010, and with her husband, John, at their beautiful home in Walton-le-Dale in Lancashire, with its vast garden sloping down to the River Ribble, and with a wonderful view of the Ribble Valley. Then on the Sunday I was able to go over to Bury and see Janet again, have lunch with her and rejoice that she was living in her own house after the trauma of the last four months.

We had planned to go to the Old Georgians' centenary celebrations in 2020. Both of us would stay at the Ramada. I would get to Bury by train, and then drive Janet, together with a carer who was looking after her, over to Southport, where we would all stay the night after the dinner. Because of the pandemic the event was, of course, postponed. I never saw Janet again.

**David Arnold. 1st January, 2021.**

*Ed – David has more information about this difficult time that Janet went through, but I have deemed it to be personal between them, hence it has been edited out. No doubt this was a terrible time for Janet and she showed her truth strength in coming through it.*

It is difficult to write about Janet without seeming to be over the top. She was a person with an impressive range of interests, rally driving being one of the less well known. There seemed to be few topics from Aristotle to Zambia on which she did not have an informed and interesting opinion. How she had time to do all she did and to watch Monty Python I never worked out.

Janet was a tremendous asset to KGV in establishing it as a Sixth Form College. Others are much more qualified than me to comment on this but from the "chalkface" she appeared pragmatic, sensible and most significantly, approachable. Janet always listened to you. Invariably friendly and smiling, she was a shrewd and incisive judge of character and had firm ideas about what should happen. Although there was never direct disagreement, in the Geography department we always seemed to be persuaded into the best course of action. I'm sure it was a well-used tactic.

My overwhelming memory of Janet was her genuine and caring concern for students. As a teacher she had the innate sensitivity to be able inspire, encourage and support students across the range of ability and aspiration. There were also those who found she could be quite pragmatic when the need arose. In the transition from Grammar school to College, she was given a problematic group of boys. They rapidly became her greatest allies and she their greatest advocate. If you were taught by her at any time you will probably recognise these characteristics. Her positivity was infectious. A geography colleague has said to me that she gave strength to others. For Janet, the problems generated in dealing with a lively group of teenagers were there to be solved and enjoyed in the process.

Janet held the mysteriously titled post of Vice Mistress which was discussed with great hilarity when we were away on field trips. She always was an enthusiastic Geographer and I had calls from her long after she left KGV to inform, discuss and question things Geographical. It has been a long time since I worked with Janet but I am certain there are many former students who, like me, have great memories of "Miss Lawley" and her time at KGV.

Janet made an impression, a truly lovely person and professional.

***Alan Clowes, KGV Master (retired), Geography Department***

### **Trevor Seed (Woodham's, 1945-1952)**

The association understands that Trevor passed on February 10<sup>th</sup> 2020. If anyone has more information please can you update us for next year's Red Rose?

### **David R Sutcliffe (Grear's 1955-1962)**

On leaving school, David joined the flying wing of the Royal Navy, the Fleet Air Arm and began basic training at Dartmouth College. Upon completion on fixed wing he transferred to rotary and flew helicopters for the remainder of his professional life.

After serving his commission, David worked in Sabah, S.E. Asia and, after a number years in that part of the world, left to join the Police Wing in Oman. When he decided to retire from flying, he retired to Cascais, Portugal with his Portuguese wife, Teresa, where they brought up their two daughters. Sadly, David passed away in Nov 2019, unexpectedly of a heart attack. We communicated over the years and he will be missed

***John Fairclough***

### **Tony Waiters (Masons, 1948-1955)**



Old Georgian Tony Waiters, passed suddenly, on November 10<sup>th</sup> 2020, at the age of 83. Tony was a person who excelled in sport, gaining school colours in Rugby, Cricket and Athletics. But his true talent was to be found in a sport not within the curriculum of KGV. Tony was a successful professional footballer who went on to manage and coach both in the UK internationally. Tony wrote in the 2018 Red Rose about his life and I urge our readers to revisit his excellent article.

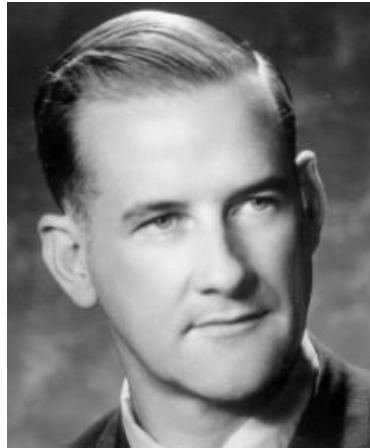
Tony played over 250 top-flight games for Blackpool and won five England caps in 1964. He finished his playing career at Burnley at the start of the 1970s, having joined the coaching staff and came out of retirement following an injury to Peter Mellor in August 1970 at the age of 33. He went on to make 42 appearances for the club before retiring for good as a player in December, 1971 to become Director of Coaching at Coventry City. After working at Highfield Road and he managed Plymouth Argyle, leading the Pilgrims to one of the most successful spells in their history. He was also a guiding light for goalkeeper Martin Hodge, who went on to enjoy a prolific top-flight career. He led Plymouth to the semi-finals of the League Cup in 1973/74 and promotion to the old Second Division the following season before moving to Canada in 1977. In Canada, he led Vancouver Whitecaps to unprecedented success as North America Soccer League champions for the first time in 1979 before coaching Canada's national team and leading them to both the Olympics and the 1986 World Cup Finals in Mexico. He was inducted into the Canadian Soccer Hall of Fame in 2001 and is fondly remembered on both sides of the Atlantic as an outstanding contributor to the game.

## **Geoffrey Weir (Evans, 1943-1950)**

It is with great sadness that we announce the passing of Geoffrey Weir at the age of 89, on 26<sup>th</sup> November 2020.

Born in 1931 and raised in Southport, Geoffrey was a proud graduate of KGV. He first became a student at the time of the Second World War when the college was a grammar school for boys. Inspired by two friends who entered the school a year before, he submitted a special request to enrol in Evans' House.

Shortly after the war, Geoffrey discovered a lifelong passion when



Mr. Buckley, Royal Air Force Officer and new physics master created the school's new amateur radio station. An enthusiastic member of Mr. Buckley's Amateur Radio Club, he logged many happy hours on the air once classes were out for the day.

After graduating, Geoffrey attended Wigan and District Mining and Technical College. It was during his apprenticeship at The English Electric Company that he developed an enduring interest in railway lubrication. In 1953, he moved to Canada and continued his education at the University of Toronto. While balancing a full-time job and a young family, he later studied to become a professional mechanical engineer.

With a long and accomplished career in industrial lubrication, Geoffrey held several positions with major international companies including Tecalemit, Imperial Eastman, Bijur, Madison-Kipp and LubeCon.

Geoffrey was a dedicated member of The Society of Tribologists and Lubrication Engineers for over 60 years serving in the role of treasurer. He was an active congregant of Fellowship Presbyterian Church in Toronto for nearly six decades holding a seat on its board of managers. A man with a keen ear for music and a great sense of fun, he loved to play a tune on one of his collection of instruments in his spare time. He recalled his time at KGV with great fondness and in fact paid a visit to his alma mater in 2013 on a trip to the UK from Canada where he lived.

Geoffrey was a beloved husband to Lois for 60 years and devoted father to Laura. He was a wise and steady voice, a man of great character, and a rare true gentleman. He will always be loved and forever missed.

### ***Laura Weir***

Ed - Some of Geoffrey's memories of the school were captured in a piece he wrote for us in the 2014 issue of "The Red Rose", and we note apologies as we stated that Geoffrey's home was in Ottawa, when in fact it was Toronto.

## **Mike Williamson (Evans, 1972-1979)**

Mike passed away peacefully at home, surrounded by his family, in October 2020 after a lengthy illness. He joined KGV in 1972 and soon after we struck up a friendship that lasted a lifetime. Technically we had met earlier at Mrs Sefton's nursery school where, he always claimed, I broke his toy clock; a matter over which he pursued me for decades after in terrier-like fashion, presaging his suitability for the legal profession.

Mike went on to study Law at Liverpool University and Chester College of Law and moved to Crewkerne in Somerset for solicitor's articles; he fell in love with the area and never left.



He developed a speciality in commercial litigation at Clarke, Willmott and Clarke, a large regional law firm, before setting up a new firm in Crewkerne, Stokes Partnership, with former colleagues. Later he went out on his own and founded Williamsons which grew rapidly into a leading local practice.

Mike enjoyed appearing in court more than many solicitors and was once described by Sir Henry Brooke of the Court of Appeal as “that admirable solicitor from Crewkerne”. He was a founding member of The (not so) Lonely Litigator’s Club, an online lawyers’ forum, and was an avid blogger; he was described by another member as “a giant of the profession”, and named Lawyer of the Year 2020.

Mike was particularly well known in Somerset for both his business and social activities and for his support of local activities, through amongst many other things his sponsorship of the local rugby team and his work as treasurer of the Windwhistle Company of Archers. However, he never forgot his Northern roots, and remained a lifelong Everton fan.

Mike described himself thus in the by-line to his blog:” I’m a husband, dad, friend, boss, businessman, negotiator, mediator, problem solver, fun lover, adventurer, tea drinker, blogger – and I know some law.” He is survived by his wife Donna and three children, Ed, Elena and Esmée.

## ***Christopher Taylor***

**Phil Coupe (Spencer's, 1955-1962)**  
**Wilfred Vickers (Mason's, 1955-1962)**  
**Peter Young (Leech's, 1954-1961)**

Chris Winnard wrote to us in October 2020....

Hello Jonathan

This may or may not be of interest but three contemporaries of mine at the School died some time ago (approx. 7 or 8 years ago) within a relatively short period of time. These friends of mine all attended between 1955 to 1962 and were:

Phil Coupe, an Architect, Artist, Lute maker and player

Wilfred Vickers, an Engineering graduate.

Peter Young, an Architect.

I have never seen any obituaries relating to these Old Georgians in the Red Rose. All the best and looking forward to the Centenary Dinner!

**Chris Winnard**

*Ed – if anyone can provide more information about Wilfred, Peter or Phil, please send it to the editor.*

# CENTENARY DINNER

Thank you everyone for your patience and understanding regarding the dinner. As we go to print, we are entering the new national lockdown and the Bliss Hotel is rescheduling their events. We have decided to remain with them as the venue until such time as that is not possible.

The new date for the dinner is...

## SATURDAY 16<sup>th</sup> October 2021

We will send out regular emails with as much notice and information as we can. As with the 2020 arrangements, even if you left your payment in place,

**Please will you confirm your intension to join us as soon as possible, by email, to Jonathan Elliott (jonelliott61@hotmail.com).**

The price to the association has inevitably increased. For anyone who paid for 2020 we will honour the 2020 ticket price.

We are again planning to offer a menu choice. We will publish the menu closer to the date by email, on the web site and the Facebook group. A standard three course (option A) will be provided to anyone who is attending but who has not made a choice. Anyone wishing to make a choice is required to pay in advance (received by September 16th) and stating in writing their preference (with names if more than one person). **The ticket price for the 3 course meal is £40.**

If you wish to have cheese as your 3<sup>rd</sup> course, then there is a £5 supplement. **The ticket price for 3 courses with cheese as the third course is £45.**

Finally, you can have the 3 course meal and add the cheese platter as a 4<sup>th</sup> course. **The ticket price for the 4 course meal is £48.** Please note, this cheese option cannot be added on the night.

Please note that we are requesting payment in advance. Payment can be made by Bank transfers (Please contact a committee member for details), cash or cheques, (payable to 'Old Georgians Association'). If you do make a transfer, please ensure you put your name as the reference and email Jon Elliott to confirm.

Please avoid payment on the evening, but if you have no other option, please seek out Jonathan Elliott on your arrival.

The cost to the Association has increased and we were hoping to give a sizable donation to charity from the monies raised before and at the dinner. Rather than increase the ticket price for those who have already paid, we are asking our members and attendees to make a voluntary donation to our chosen charity, Queens Court Hospice, Southport. The link to the visufund page is below:

<https://visufund.com/old-georgians-centenary-celebration-donation>



Contributions to the raffle prizes are welcomed. Please can you inform Jon in advance if you plan to donate a prize and what it might be.

We can accommodate requests for tickets after September 16th and we will confirm your place on receipt should we still have places available. Cancellations made within 10 days of the event may not be refundable. All bookings must be confirmed ten days before the event date to Jon Elliott. Any not confirmed will be released, so as not to incur a charge. Jon Elliott is on [jonelliott61@hotmail.com](mailto:jonelliott61@hotmail.com) or 07969889843. You can also contact Stan Rimmer (01704 576713).

## THE OLD GEORGIANS' ANNUAL GOLF CHALLENGE

As with the dinner, we need to remain flexible on the date of the OGA Golf Challenge. Given the shortened day light come October, Saturday is not an option for a guest event and therefore we will be securing tee times on

### Friday 15<sup>th</sup> October 2021.

The Challenge will be held at the Hesketh Golf Club.

Competing for the Bob Abram Trophy, the competition is open to all OGA members. The trophy will be presented to the winner, with prizes awarded to lower places, the longest drive and nearest the pin.

The entry fee is expected to be **£30 per player**. This includes a contribution to the prize fund. Monies will be requested in advance of the day to ensure that we secure the course for the competition. The closing date to secure a place will be seven days before the event. We will try to accommodate applications after this date but they cannot be guaranteed.

Cheques should be made payable to the Old Georgians Association.

Please send you entry fee to Chris Stitson. Chris (the real golfer) is the event organiser. You can contact Chris for further information if required. Chris' number is 01636 830036 and his email is [stitson.chris@gmail.com](mailto:stitson.chris@gmail.com). Please ensure that you include the following information with the entry fee:

- Players Name; name of members golf club; their handicap;
- email contact; telephone contact;
- preferred tee off time;
- preferred playing partners (to tee off at the same time, max 4 per tee time).

The facilities and catering (charge applicable) will be available to you. There is a varied menu available for late breakfast or lunch. Please ask for Karen and mention the OGA event.

## SOCIAL EVENTS 2020

### Centenary Dinner

As we all now know, the Centenary and 72nd Annual Dinner did not take place as planned on the evening of Maundy Thursday, April 9<sup>th</sup> 2020.

We had over 250 signed up for the event which would have been a record for the Association, but come the end of March, it was clear no such celebration would be feasible.

Our thanks to those who have left their ticket money deposited for the next event and we look forward to seeing you there! Although we did initially reset to Maundy Thursday 2021, the new date for the dinner is **Saturday October 16<sup>th</sup> 2021**, at the Bliss Hotel.

### Annual Golf Challenge

As above, the golf challenge was also cancelled. If we can resume in 2021, we will let you all know. If it is to be held, it is likely to be held on **Friday October 15<sup>th</sup> 2021**.

### Centenary Exhibition

This too was cancelled and will be re-scheduled for 2021. The exhibition will have a fine selection of memorabilia, information and photographs and be held at the Atkinson on Lord Street. The photo below shows the preparation of some of the exhibits for the planned 2020 exhibition.



**Jon Elliott with the Curator of the Atkinson Museum**

## MEMORABILIA

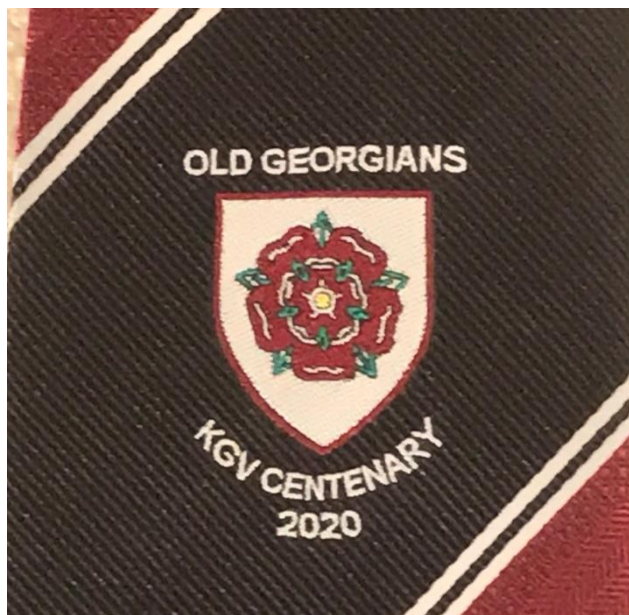
We do still have a few of the regular Old Georgians ties available for purchase.

However, in recognition of the Centenary, the OGA commissioned a special tie to mark the event and this has been on sale since last March. Many were purchased prior to the dinner, with many members planning on buying one on the night.

These beautiful and high quality ties are still available should you want one.

They are priced at £15 (plus £2.50 p&p).

We have adopted a full colour logo of the Tudor Rose, taken from the Grammar School blazer badge of the 1970s. We have retained the traditional school colours, which were also adopted by the College in 1979. The main body of the tie includes a 'ghost' image of the rose on the black stripe.



Please email Jonathan Elliott if you wish to purchase one or more ties.

## NEWS OF OLD GEORGIANS

### Mark Dransfield FRAeS (Lunn's 1973-1980),

*Mark recently retired from his professional life, so I asked him to update us on what he used to do, rather than tell us of his now tales of beer and golf...*

Mark was co-founder of Sim-Ops and was an independent Flight Simulation Training Device (FSTD) regulatory consultant, based out of the UK, specialising in the evaluation and qualification of FSTDs in accordance with the latest regulatory frameworks around the world. As such he is involved in various industry rule-making activities within the regulatory agencies concerned with flight crew training, including EASA with whom he is registered as an independent FSTD subject matter expert.

Previously, he was Director of Regulatory Affairs for TRU Simulation & Training following the acquisition by Textron of the ETOPS group of companies. As CEO and group managing director, he was responsible for its activities in FSTD customer support, qualification and validation services as well as running ETOPS European and Malaysian TRTO for A320, B737 and ATR aircraft types.

Prior to running ETOPS Mark held various engineering and senior management positions at Rediffusion, Hughes Rediffusion, Thomson & Thales Training & Simulation, all based in UK, and Mechtronix (now TRU Simulation & Training) where he covered most aspects of commercial flight simulator engineering, production, evaluation, qualification, customer support and strategic business development.

In addition, Mark spent 3 years as a regulator as UK CAA Simulator Standards Manager responsible for managing the regulatory oversight of all FSTD Qualifications within the UK, and on behalf of the JAA.

In 2018 he was awarded the Halldale CAT magazine Aviation Pioneer award and in 2019 the ARINC FSEMC Edwin A Link Award for his vision and services to the flight simulation industry.

Mark is a Chartered Engineer, Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society and past Chairman of the RAeS Flight Simulation Group Committee for 2011 – 2013. As part of his work for the RAeS he has also co-chaired the International Working Group responsible for the update of the current ICAO 9625 Edition 3 Manual of Criteria for the Qualification of FSTDs.

Mr. Dransfield holds a BSc (Hons) degree in Aeronautical Engineering from Queen Mary College, London University, United Kingdom.

### Bruce Langridge (Gear's 1973-1979)

Well hello Jonathan

Long time, no hear. Very long time.

Well sleuthed to find me! I barely know where anyone is from KGV apart from Mike Mahoney, who I meet up with every now and again. I'm living in south-west Wales, with my wife Billie, and working at the National Botanic Garden of Wales. I

developed a love of botany after I left KGV and have used that interest to make a living as field botanist in Lancashire/Yorkshire/Derbyshire, as a museum curator in Oldham and for the past 17 years, helping to create a new national institution in rural Wales. A fairly niche career but one that I've found really rewarding.

My family moved from Southport in the early 80s and I only go back every few years, principally to go for a walk on the sand dunes at Ainsdale but occasionally to go into town to enjoy its architecture and to feel a little nostalgic. I feel very lucky to have been brought up in such a nice friendly place. A few years ago, I wrote a bit of a thriller novel, *Shifting Sands*, mainly set in Ainsdale. I loved the excuse of going back to do a bit of research for the book.

It's worrying how names and faces, as well as shared experiences, fade away with lost contact but it was over 40 years ago I suppose. I see occasional names of people I schooled with appear in unlikely places - a webpage that references Brian Viner writing about football for instance, or some Facebook link that sounds just like an old school friend but whose photo doesn't ring a bell. Interesting that you're chasing up Mark Griffiths - we were good mates at primary School but drifted from each other at KGV. No idea why.

Thanks for making the effort to get in touch and I'm glad to hear you're OK. I reckon I'll be working to at least 67 although like you I expect, several of my close friends have died over the years, and so just being alive is a good achievement!

Take care

Bruce

### **Professor John Pickard**

John was awarded the CBE in the 2020 New Year's Honours list, for services to neurosciences, neurosurgery and research for patients with complex neurological disorders.

### **Tony Lancaster (1950-1956)**

Tony now has an entry in Wikipedia! Enjoy...

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tony\\_Lancaster](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tony_Lancaster)

## IN OTHERS' EYES

By Phil Frampton

*Foreword. Ed – I am extremely grateful to Phil for this contribution to the Red Rose. I have recently purchased his book from Amazon, read it from cover to cover and been through various emotions when reading it. It is a courageous writing about a very brave young person, suffering from extreme prejudice but with the occasional kindness and support in his young life, enabling him to live through the often cruel and harsh circumstances of childhood days.*

*Phil might well say, “it wasn’t that bad”, but I think that might be a gloss over the dark days of his early life and sturdy approach he can now take as an adult, sadly still in this world of continuing racial bias. Thank you Phil for writing this article and your book, from which it is extracted. I have tried to give it a lead position in the Red Rose, which it thoroughly deserves. Everyone, please read it!*

All of us who attended KGV had our school lives and our home lives. We had our school reports. I also had home reports. My homes were orphanages, which is why I had “home” reports, not that anybody told me until decades later. After finally accessing these files in 1999, I wrote my childhood autobiography, [The Golly in the Cupboard](#) . At KGV, it was as if we entered a different world. Whatever happened in our home lives was tucked away and rarely ever spoken about. I am sure there were many of us for whom our school lives appeared far more rational than that we left behind at home. I had neither a desire to share my experiences of my orphan world or a wish to hide them away. Perhaps if I had done the former then I could have enlisted help in dealing with the abusers. Perhaps it would have landed me in deeper trouble. The files kept on me told the other side of my KGV story.

I entered care at birth in a Cornish home for unmarried mothers [home for unmarried mothers](#) . I never met my parents and had no idea who they were. Barnardo’s used to say that we didn’t have a mother or father.

[BBC Radio 4 – Fergal Keane interview](#)

### **Age: 10 days**

The Barnardo’s report form states:

“FULL NAME OF CANDIDATE; FRAMPTON, PHILLIP ROY

GENERAL HEALTH: GOOD

EVER HAD FITS, OR IS SUBJECT TO FITS: NO

HAD MEASLES: NO

SCARLET FEVER: NO

WHOOPIING COUGH: NO

DIPHTHERIA: NO

IMMUNISED: NO

CHICKEN POX: NO

MUMPS: NO

ANY OTHER PHYSICAL DEFECTS OR MALADIES: **HALF – CASTE.**”

Barnardo’s Report, 28th July, 1953

From St Agnes, I was sent to a home for “handicapped” children in Instow, North Devon then to a Barnardo’s Home in Bicton, Shropshire where the Matron who managed the home wrote:

**Age 2 years**

*“Philip is such a poor specimen of humanity and there is some doubt over his intelligence. He would probably thrive in the right B.O. (Barnardo’s home) ...”*

Matron Mary Bodell, 25th July, 1955

At four years old I was fostered out to a Bolton vicar and his wife but after a few months was sent back to Barnardo’s and placed with forty other children in an orphanage close to Victoria Park and the beach in Birkdale, and run by Matron Mary Stewart.

**Age 10 years**

*“I am sure you will be as delighted, as we are, to know that Phillip has passed his eleven plus with very good marks. His headmaster came to tell me, and said that he will go straight into an ‘A’ class at the grammar school. All the other children are so proud of him, it was really lovely to see their excitement when the news came.”*

Mary Stewart

**Sent to KGV, Class 2A**

KGV was two miles away, so I walked into the town and then took a bus. Out of 800 boys, I was the only black. I was the only Barnardo’s boy. The one advantage I had on my classmates in that first school term was that I was already institutionalised, already used to fitting my individualism into the needs of an authoritarian system. I knew a few boys in my year and fitted in well enough to feel comfortable and occasionally mess around in class.

**Class 4A**

For the first two years my academic work was pretty mediocre. Then my friend, John Barstow, and his stepbrother, Steve Moore, showed me how they and some of the other boys cheated in Latin tests. John and Steve were usually ahead of me in their class results. Now that I knew how to cheat, that changed. Once I had confidence in returning acceptable Latin work, my self-esteem increased. It increased to such an extent that I began to feel able to cope with my Latin studies and didn’t have to cheat anymore.

*“He reads a great deal and is fond of Latin.”* Miss Bailey, Barnardo’s Regional Executive Officer

Sometimes I messed about in school:

*“Has a very real sense of right and wrong. On having to go to school for detention one Saturday, he said, ‘I’m not ashamed, it was only a lark (I’d let off a stink bomb in a class we were warring with-PF) and I owned up, but I should have been ashamed if I had lied and got away with it.’”* Miss Stewart

Sometime after the stink bomb incident, Miss Stewart informed that my mother had died during the previous year. In the moment that I first learned I had a living mother, she was dead. I was told my father’s name and eventually two women from down South who now announced themselves as my godmothers told me more about them, but not everything.

In my files, I found a letter from one of them: *“He must never know the truth. It will destroy another family.”* Dollars, 1967

### **Lower Fifth**

*“Is a boy of active mind, in need of a hard task to tackle, as obtaining the impossible seems to give him satisfaction. On first meeting Phillip I thought he seemed an unhappy boy, he would not converse much with anyone, but during the last few months, I have seen an improvement in him, he now talks much more with others, and has quite a sense of humour. I have found him to be an honest boy, and providing people are fair with Phillip he is fair with them. He is colour conscious, and I believe he is afraid of being hurt, he seems to be wanted despite himself. I feel he will need to make a success of some career before he will feel accepted by others. He hates to lose in games, this could be how he reacts to life in general. He is inclined to be proud, and will not go back on his word. Once Phillip says he will do a thing he is determined to carry it out. He does offer his help at times. His favourite game is football, which probably relieves his aggressive feelings.”* Mr Makin, Regional Child Care Officer.

Miss Stewart retired and was eventually replaced by a serially abusive ex-Army man and his wife. He brutally abused us all physically and later I would find out that his [reign of terror](#) was to permit him to sexually abuse the younger boys and girls as revealed in Home Office files. We clashed. I was the oldest. He wanted me out. I wanted to go into lodgings but he started making out that I wanted to go into foster care as it would get rid of me quicker.

*“He has a chip on his shoulder about being in care, and asks at least once a week if an alternative has been found for him e.g. foster home or lodgings. He resents having to accept anything at all from Barnardo’s but has improved in as much as he is accepting that he must for the time being...he is at the stage of rejecting religion and goes to church only because we ask him to.”* Annual Review (Mr Norris)

*“Mr and Mrs Norris reported that Philip is being extremely difficult at the moment. He is very rude indeed to Miss Davis, a Welsh member of staff, and he calls her a Welsh cow. He will not take any meals from her and he is inciting the others to behave badly and he would like to go to a foster home.”* Miss Bailey

### **Upper Fifth**

I was in the Upper Fifth when I was placed with a middle-class couple living in a house on Ash Street. I had no wish to be part of a family but it was all I could get. I sat my O Levels there. I told them that I didn’t wish to be part of their family but that I was grateful for the accommodation. I tried hard.

*“Philip enjoys a good relationship with his foster parents. He is an accepted member of the family and is well integrated.”*

Mr Woods, Barnardo’s Executive Officer, 6th May

### **Lower Sixth**

However, it didn’t last long...

*“I was asked by Mr Jameson to remove this lad from his foster home owing to his attitude towards the family, and his lack of co-operation with them. When I spoke to Phillip about the situation, he could not give me a good reason as to how the problem had arisen but knowing this lad as I do, I came to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to move him as soon as possible.”* Mr Makin, Child Care Officer, 29th June

If I had told him that I didn’t want to co-operate with taking a bath with a man more



than twice my age or that I didn't want to play along anymore with a woman's sexual kicks, it would not have made a difference.

The reports of Mr Makin, who knew what the kids said Norris was up to, quickly reverted to a more familiar tune:

*"Philip has been a difficult boy for a number of years, during which time he has been anti Barnardo, and does not keep in touch with the home at Birkdale..."* Mr Makin, 3rd November.

On a cold Sunday in June, I arrived at my new home, a Southport bedsit above a newsagent at 75a, London Street, close to the railway station in bedsit land. To reach the entry to the bedsits run by shopkeeper and landlady, Mrs Lowe, we had to go down a narrow, dark entry to the right of the shop. The same entry also led to the back entry for the second-hand junk shop next door to the Lowes' shop. The entry smelt of piss. It was used by the drunks of the town to relieve themselves as they stumbled home from the pubs after closing time.

*"Your room's on the first floor at the back, Phillip,"* Mrs Lowe informed me.

Makin gave me my orders, explaining to me the details of my new situation: *"You'll have to behave here lad. Mrs Lowe will give you your Sunday dinner. You get school dinners, so you'll only need a snack at teatime and you've got a cooker as you can see. I know you understand how to use one as you've told me you cooked your own meals quite often in your last place."*

Makin went on: *"We'll send Mrs Lowe a postal order each month for you. That will be your allowance. You get an allowance of 56 shillings a week for your meals and so on. You'll get 25 shillings for your spends and your clothes. Make sure you don't spend it all on silly things. If you run into any special expenditure, like holidays, you can give me a call and we'll see whether or not we will pay it. Otherwise, if you want any more to spend, you'll have to get yourself a part-time job. Mrs Lowe has provided you with sheets and blankets for your bed. You'll have to do your own washing in the laundrette down the road but Mrs Lowe says she'll lend you her iron and ironing board to do your ironing. She's put a table in for you so you can do your studying and make sure you do."*

Once again, he added: *"There's to be no trouble here son and I'll visit you once a month to check up on you."*

I had won my freedom but it was grim enough for me not to appreciate that, emotionally at least, I was freer than most of my peers.

### **Upper Sixth**

I looked forward to going to school and being with my schoolmates. I was made a Senior Prefect when still 16 and in the Lower Sixth. There I was still different but I was not alone, and consider that I was respected. I participated in everything that interested me, and more. I organised trips for the Rambling Club, including two very welcome jaunts with the girls' high school. The second of these walks took us through three public houses in the rolling hills and sheer scarps of the Peak District. On returning to school, I was ordered to the Headmaster's office. Mr Dixon had received a complaint from the high school headmistress, Miss Evans, that the ramble, which was unaccompanied by any of the schools' staff was a *"glorified pub crawl."* Miss Evans went further, summoning each girl who had attended to her office for a dressing down.

Though Geoffrey Dixon seemed somewhat amused, I was instructed to write a letter of apology to the high school headmistress. I did. It was the letter of a young man of

17, who was beginning to enjoy wielding his pen as sword and shield in his dealings with the adult world from his garret in bedsit land. Typically, these early efforts, written from my hovel, were precocious to the point of seeming a little pompous. I still have a copy:

*“Dear Miss Evans,*

*“I am, as Chairman of KGV Rambling Club, sorry to have caused you any concern over the trip to Glossop on Whitsunday. It is to be hoped that this occurrence will not impair any such future events since it is I, the organiser, who must bear any blame. If there were any deceptions or mistakes, it is I who committed them... I have heard it was dismissed as a ‘glorified pub crawl’ but the Rambling Club of KGV has been there many a time! ... Mr Dixon will testify that my character deviates from the norm...to say that any girl or girls at the High School must bear the responsibility would be an injustice, since it is I, the prefects’ Lucifer, who has led them astray...”* Phil Frampton, 28th May

I hitchhiked off on climbing weekends with the climbing club, the Thornleigh Society, and organised the Debating Society – and again joint and very controversial debates with the high school girls. I had nothing else but my school life that offered me hope and comfort. Makin, the Barnardo’s officer, later reported on my school progress:

*“Phillip is making excellent progress and there are no complaints regarding his general behaviour.”* Mr Makin 24th April

Makin often reported that there were no complaints about my general behaviour at school as if he was surprised. With Makin it would never take place at all. He had only the slightest of ideas of what was going on in this “difficult black lad’s” mind.

*“Phillip is a moody adolescent...a sensitive boy, full of self-assurance, resentful of being in care and his subsequent dependence on us. He is half Ebo (sic), and despite the above, he copes with life. A clean and tidy boy, who takes a pride in his appearance...this boy appears to function well and in one point of his personality (sic) and seems determined to become independent, presumably because of rejections right along the line.”* Mr Makin, 16th December

I failed in my attempt to get to Cambridge but passed my four A Levels and went to work in a hotel for three months meaning I had somewhere to stay before I started at Bristol University.

[BBC Radio 4 - Golly in the Cupboard Radio Documentary on growing up in Southport](#)

[Guardian – My Life I Never Knew - piece on seeking my childhood files](#)

[Guardian – Final Reckoning - piece on reading my childhood files](#)

[C4 - Bring Back Orphanages TV Documentary on the Birkdale orphanage and care today](#)

**Phil Frampton. KGV 1964-71. Masons House**

*Ed – Golly In the Cupboard. ISBN-10 :0954764900. ISBN-13 :978-0954764906*

**THORNLEY SOCIETY**  
**Skye 28th April to 4th May 2019**

*The Ed would like to apologise to the Thornleans as this article was overlooked in the 2020 Red Rose. Sadly, the current health crisis has prevented the Society gathering in 2020.*

Present: Mike Dodworth, Jim Honeybone, Johnny Laws, Joe McManners, Keith Osborn, John Seddon, Geoff Wright.  
Apologies: Doug Mellor, Tom Marshall, Phil Frampton

28/04/19: first rendezvous at Helensborough for a fine luncheon with Mike and Martha Dodworth. Lots of awkward man hugs; still trying to find a friendly way of saying hello between men of a certain age. Seems to be impossible to relax into anything that involves bodily contact.

Despite all that, it is great to meet up again and start the usual banter.

We are beginning to exhibit the wear and tear of being human. Dougie Mellor in the clutches of the NHS and unavailable. He is his usual self on the phone, thinks he is a fraud, as he feels fine. Desperately sad to miss the meet. We are already missing the polemics about politics, the universe and everything.

Without Mr Mellor the convoy is much reduced in size (no people carrier and trailer with 4 canoes). We are complete with vintage, racing green MG (pilot Mike Dodworth with Jim Honeybone as navigator: both in leather flying hats and goggles), starting first. As well as more prosaic (but reliable) transport following on.

This proves a good decision as we find the MG and Mike (reading the paper) by the side of the road at the start of Loch Shiel. Waiting for the RAC and back to Helensborough with no clutch left. His navigator already deserted and taken on by one of the party. We try to convince Mike to travel up the next day. It is a long 5 hours to Glenbrittle, so no easy stroll.

Arrive in Glenbrittle in time to pitch tents. I had to beg a corner in Jim's big tent. How can you go on a camping holiday and forget the tent? Made it to the Old Inn in Carbost, for more food and local ale.

29/04/19: managed to pitch the large tent (used to dodge the wind, rain and midgets). So the days of lying in a small tent looking out of the entrance at driving rain are helped by sitting on chairs, in tented protection with winter gear on, sipping tea, reading the guides of past triumphs and putting the world to rights.

Anyway, it turns out a good day! We travel to Carbost again, but by great dedication to the ethos of the society, go past and take the track down Glen Eynort to Glen Brittle Forest. Here a track through the woods takes us to the open hillside and An Cruachan (435m). By this time the wind is up and the clouds dispersed, revealing a glorious view of the Cuillins, as well as the coast and Outer Hebrides, blue in the distance. Amazing how close they seem.

Nothing can beat this sort of reintroduction to Skye. Sparkling colours and light. Slight haziness in the distance to give perspective. We are treated to a golden eagle playing on the air currents by the sea cliffs. Vertically up and then plummeting vertically down, disappearing behind the cliff and miraculously reappearing further on. And repeat. Must have been having a ball!

This evening Mike and Martha arrived, in a more reliable vehicle to stay in the Old Inn and join in the evenings. There are various groupings that form and reform depending on fitness, the conditions and the previous day's damage to knees.

30/04/19: a grey start meant a trip to Portree, but first a side track to Camastianavaig, a tiny village just south of Portree and Bienn Tianavaig. The hamlet is by a beach facing south east. The walk goes north up a long heathery escarpment. We encountered a ewe 'off her feet' with lamb. Cue Johnny Laws with years of the necessary experience. Famously Jim was positioned to hold the rump whilst the lamb was encouraged to access the teat that hadn't dried up. No compromising photos are available. A diagnosis of 'staggers' made, John Seddon ran down to report and was back to join us before we reached the top. Make your own conclusions about the relative fitness of our group.

Along the ridge a magnificent sea eagle patrolled. Made us wonder about the future for the ewe and lamb. The journey back was via the 'land slipped route' along the coast line. A real contrast to the escarpment, emphasising how varied the terrain can be.

Portree hadn't changed. In particular the Arriba Cafe as welcoming as usual. Some things are meant to be.

01/05/19: a bit of a late start, cannot think why. Must have been the riveting intellectual conversation. Cloud down on the tops, so a trip to MacLeods Maidens on the Duirinish peninsula was planned. We travelled in style in Keith's 4 wheel drive, turning off the road to Dunvegan down a single track that eventually became a cart track. Undaunted Keith bumped on till we reached Loch Bharcasaig with a black sand beach, a selection of boats pulled out. One in particular, a medium sized yacht, being anti-fouled by a local carpenter getting ready for the summer sailing season. Cue a natter. Other people's lives can seem idyllic. Must get lonely at times in the winter (he lived in a tiny croft nearby) but on such a day in spring and the prospect of cruising the isles, we were suitably impressed.

A lovely walk ensued, the day getting out as before. We encountered Rebels Wood a commemorative plantation of indigenous trees in memory of Joe Strummer of Clash fame. The wood is just starting to poke up out of the undergrowth, as it is fairly exposed. We had run out of time before reaching the Maidens, so returned with a mission to find Johnny's lost walking pole. One of a pair, these were the latest design, guaranteed to power the purchaser along with minimal effort and maximum efficiency. Johnny had only brought one pole (he didn't want to wear them out), attached to his sack. Well it had been. Only seen a few minutes before..... Fortunately found by a fellow walker and tied to a gate. A relieved John.

More culinary tales: we had forsaken the Old Inn for the hotel at Portnalong: Taigh Alean. They really cook up a storm, worth the extra few miles.

02/05/19: spurred on by the days getting out in the afternoon, four of us determined to reach the ridge via the Pinnacles. Memories of a brilliant Skye day from a few years ago. Encountered a couple of Irish lads not sure where, how or why to abseil off.

Those, who for various reasons felt that the pinnacle ridge was not for them, namely Mike, Martha, Jim and Geoff decided on a stroll up to Corrie Laggan (walk summary from Mike). Always an inspiring walk, since the sense of penetrating the heart of the Cuillins is always with you, but without the effort and danger of the main ridge. Arthritis overcame Mike before the Corrie was reached but Jim and Geoff walked easily up and rejoined us on the way down. A grand day out and rounded off with a pot of tea at the campsite cafe.

The rest made a prompt start and were off up the access path from the Slig at a brisk pace (for us). Ridge in cloud, but in previous days had showed itself as the day went on. Not today. Without the benefit of being able to see it and in the absence of Mr Mellor, we went straight past the departure for the Pinnacles, on up the path to Sgurr nan Gillean.

Realising our mistake, back tracked the path. Not wanting to lose too much height, we started to traverse too soon and ended up on scree, in a cloud with a wind that came from the north that wanted us to know exactly where it was from. All those feelings of starting to feel a bit out of our depth began to surface. Memories of a brilliant, bright sunny day of a few years ago evaporated. It was actually later than we had anticipated, so we bailed out. Dinner was especially tasty that night.

03/05/19: forecast changeable, so the plan was to go to Talisker bay and walk along the cliffs to take in Preshal Beg, an outcrop of hexagonal basalt columns looking like an abandoned Greek temple.

A lovely low level day with sun and wind (and a bit of rain). A bit of a slog up the southern cliffs of Talisker bay. They are nothing to the sea cliffs further on, though. These are very impressive and vertiginous.

The Beg is possible to top by going round the eastern side and scrambling up a mix of grass and scree. Again, fantastic views of the isles in the distance. A bouncy peat walk down, accompanied by a bit of hail and sleet (that northern wind again).

More big appetites suitably satiated. Then back for the final night at Glenbrittle. Unfortunately that northerly wind had proved a bit much for the remaining large tent. Great foresight had meant we dismantled the largest that morning. Two of the pneumatic spars facing the weather, were the worse for wear. Water had penetrated and Jim's gear soaked. Amazingly even without the man who has two of everything (and often three), there was enough to get us through the night, without hypothermia. My recollection is of fitful naps with flapping canvas, seeming to almost sail away any minute.

Striking camp was punctuated by hail and rain, as final packing was being done. Just to let us know how lucky we had been overall. Final goodbyes are always much less inhibited with those you have been out on the hills with; so, no awkwardness. And then, the journey back, with a couple of brief sightings of each other, at the usual spots for a break.

Till October, then. Dear fellow rambblers, scramblers and wanna be climbers!



Cuillin ridge from An Cruachan.



The Bay of Bharcasaig



Golden Eagle over An Cruachan.



Sron na Ciche to Ghreadaidh (spot the In Pin!) from the lower slopes of An Cruachan.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### **Dear Red Rose**

I attended school at the other place down the line, of course, but I could hardly help but be aware of the intense pride that my father showed in the school and in the commitment and achievement of the boys past and present: none more so than in his determination to disseminate his love of mountaineering. I accompanied him on what was almost certainly the first outing he organized – to the Robertson Lamb Hut in Langdale in the spring of 1950. I remember climbing on Middle Fell Buttress, and going for a solo walk up Side Pike and Lingmoor Fell. I do remember that Graham Booth and Bob Davidson were amongst those attending, and also, I think, Peter Brunt. And I remember that we had a brief visit from the eponymous Jim Thornley. It was only a few months later that his life was tragically cut short on the slopes of Nanga Parbat. I never really took to the rock-climbing part, but the RLH experience set me off on a life-long love of walking the hills.

After my father died in 2004, I suspected that I would not hear anything more of KGV, but I was wrong. For a start, after we moved to Hexham, we bumped into Sir Miles Irving from time to time who lived only a few miles away in Corbridge. And then in 2012, I was approached out of the blue by John Allen (*Late 1950s/early 1960s I think; Jonathan - can you fill in his dates and house?*) Of all Old Georgians, John is almost certainly the one who most comprehensively caught the climbing bug from my father, and can look back on a lifetime of mountaineering in a good few countries round the world. Now living in Scotland, he has climbed all the Monroes, and is currently busy polishing off the Corbetts (2,500-footers). Back in 2012, John was about to start writing his own climbing biography, and had thought that a brief opening chapter on my father's influence on him would be appropriate. Could I help? On top of John's own diligent researches, it gave me much pleasure to help him fill in some of the gaps and supply some of the photos. The result was that a chapter grew to comprise an entire e-book, available on Kindle from Amazon. I can thoroughly recommend this book to all Old Georgians as a cracking read, even to those who were not seduced by the siren call of mountaineering.

It remains to me to congratulate all members of the Georgian community for a century of solid achievement, and to wish all those still involved in the College another successful century ahead.

***Oliver Dixon (son of Geoffrey Dixon, Head Master 1949-1976)***

*Ed – Oliver was due to address us at the Centenary Dinner. We hope he will be able to speak to us at the next dinner.*



**Dear Editor**

Martin Birch (Woodhams 1965-71) remains in his post as a Senior Visiting Fellow in the Jeremiah Horrocks Institute for Mathematics, Physics and Astronomy at the University of Central Lancashire. He continues to publish research in solar-terrestrial and heliospheric physics.

(On a side issue, might I point out a correction to a correction. On p.7 of Red Rose 2020 the name "Mark Birchwood" should be replaced by yours truly. As the Editor suggested, please revisit the on-line version of the article in Red Rose 2019 about my voyage to St. Kilda in 1995.)

***Martin Birch***

*Ed – two apologies to make to Martin. We omitted some key photographs due to editorial restrictions in the paper copy, so please DO visit the on line version for the additional illustrations. And, now pointed out by Martin, I have no idea how his name was translated – sorry Martin ☺*

**Hello, Jon**, and thank you for two messages.

I assume you are aware of the death on 10 February of Trevor Seed who was chairman in 1985?

I should, perhaps, advise you that I might be a doubtful starter for the dinner next year as Thursday, 1 April, will, *deo volente*, be the occasion of our Diamond Wedding anniversary. We shall have to see what happens.

Trust you are staying fit and well.

**Eric Usher**

*Ed – Eric, a poor excuse for missing out on the dinner! Hence we have changed the date for you to October! From us all HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!!! Have a great time*

The following email exchange has taken place recently...

**November 4<sup>th</sup> 2020**

Hi Jonathan

Am I too late to post two obits for Old Georgians? They were both aviators, as am I. We entered our profession in the 60's. I don't think either of them were active members of the OGs, but that isn't the point, is it?

David Sutcliffe (Gear's) passed away earlier in 2020 and Peter Horton (Leech's) passed in June 2020.

I know Alan Wright contacted you earlier and gave you some info on Peter, but I may be able to give you a little more. Contact me by email if you require my submission and I would be happy to oblige.

**John Fairclough (Gear's 1956-64). Son of Austin Fairclough and ex resident of Beresford Drive**

=====

**4<sup>th</sup> November 2020**

Hi John.

Hope you are well!

I was aware of Peter's passing but not of David. I would welcome any words or information you can provide for the Red Rose.

This shows how much I am reliant on members keeping me up to date, so thank you.

Aside from the sadness of their passing, I was personally disappointed in myself as I am an avid Concorde enthusiast and I had no idea about Peter's career until after he had gone. I would have chased him for a Red Rose article had I known! Little I could do about it, but I do try to keep my records up to date with who's who and what's what.

What is your interest in aviation?

Thanks

Jon

=====

**November 7<sup>th</sup> 2020**

Hi Jon

Thanks for your prompt reply. I was very impressed!

My common denominator with both David Sutcliffe and Peter Horton was, indeed, aviation. The reason being was that I left KGV on a flying scholarship and qualified in 1966, eventually retiring in the early part of 2001, having been a Captain on Boeing 747's with British Airways for many years.

More of that later.

Some of the basics for David and Peter, re their school years may need verification.

### David R Sutcliffe

Grear's 1955-1962. On leaving school, David joined the flying wing of the Royal Navy, the Fleet Air Arm and began basic training at Dartmouth College. Upon completion on fixed wing he transferred to rotary and flew helicopters for the remainder of his professional life. After serving his commission, David worked in Sabah, S.E. Asia and, after a number of years in that part of the world, left to join the Police Wing in Oman. When he decided to retire from flying, he retired to Cascais, Portugal with his Portuguese wife, Teresa, where they brought up their two daughters. Sadly, David passed away in Nov 2019, unexpectedly of a heart attack. We communicated over the years and he will be missed

### Peter Horton

Leech's 1955-1962. Peter was an active rugby player throughout his KGV career and regularly played in the first XV and for Southport RUFC. After leaving school, Peter took up a position with the civil service, a position he never really enjoyed and, on learning that I had been sponsored to fly commercial airliners took the view that "if that b\*\*\*\*\*d Fairclough can do it, then so shall I."

Peter successfully applied for a scholarship to Hamble, Hampshire, to begin a course with BOAC/BEA the state airlines of the day. I am unsure of his early career with BEA but he certainly flew Boeing 737's and eventually becoming a co-pilot on Concorde. When offered, he became a Captain on 737's and, later on Concorde. He arose to become Chief Training Capt. on Concorde and was much respected throughout the industry. Upon retiring from BA in 1999 he flew executive jets. Peter was an active member of the Guild of Airline Pilots and Navigators and a much respected competitive yachtsman. Peter died near his home in Suffolk in May of this year. He is survived by his wife, son and daughter, who live in America. More details of Peter can be learned on the internet and through his obituary in The Times.

Again, he will be missed

I post the notice of each these Old Georgians because we have two things in common. All three of us attended KGV at much the same time and our common denominator, a career in aviation. As far as I know, we were never in the same group of people and yet we came together at varying stages of our lives. David contacted me in the early 1970's suggesting a weekend in R.A.F. Abingdon, where he was to take part in dropping members of the parachute regiment as part of a drill. The weather was so foul that the drop never took place. Notwithstanding, David offered me tuition in flying the Wessex helicopter, courtesy of Her Majesty. I thoroughly enjoyed the exercise and took advantage of the opportunity to fly "rotary".

My most endearing memory of Peter was that in 1989, I was contacted by himself in his capacity of Chief of the Concorde fleet. Was I the John Fairclough that attended KGV? Answering in the positive I was then asked what was I doing the following Thursday. Nothing, said I. Well then, said Peter. Meet me in my office at 9 a.m. and be in full uniform. You're an extra crew member on the Speedbird 001 to New York. Sure enough, it happened and I spent 36 hours in Peter's company and hand flew

Concorde from 8000 ft. out of Heathrow to 6000 ft. on the approach in to JFK. Boy's Own stuff which I shall never forget.

It must be pointed out that I was a fully qualified Captain on B747's at the time, but for all that, it was a great thrill.

I suppose the point I'm making is that we all start off our lives in the same place and we never know what cards fate will deal us. I was never an academic, never anything other than a keen sportsman but my introduction to life was made all the more worthwhile for the friendships of our early years.

My father was a founder member of KGV and first went to Woodlands on 1920. He was Hon Treasurer for countless years and Chairman of the Old Boys in 1968. When I left school in 1964, he bought me a lifetime membership of the Old Georgians. To my eternal shame, I never attended an Old Boys dinner until 1995.

Our lives are forged by the people we meet in our early years and I count myself particularly lucky to have done many things and met many people. In no small part this, in my opinion, is due to the character of the years I attended KGV from 1956-64. John, you can hack this about, edit or not publish at all. I leave it entirely up to you. The main purpose of the exercise is inform members of David and Peter's passing

Many thanks for your time.

I'll contact you about attending the 100+1 dinner if there are any tickets still available.

Best Wishes

John Fairclough

=====

**8<sup>th</sup> November 2020**

Hi John.

Thank you so much for this. I have to admit to a personal interest on two fronts.

First, I knew your dad thru the Old Boys for several years until his passing. A great bloke and good to chat with. My one criticism would be that he never told me what you did for a living!!!

I left KGV in 1979, as an x-streamer and holder of 4 decent A levels. I flipped between applying for commercial pilot training but eventually opted for AeroEngineering at Manchester. I got my Hons degree but at that time, there were no sponsorships available and I couldn't afford to fund it myself.

In my following I. T. Career and a few years at BAe, I did have the opportunity to fly on test flights on 748, ATP, 146, AEW Nimrod and the Avro Vulcan!

My first 747 flight was LHR to Boston in 1988. I was seated upstairs and asked if I could visit the flight deck. Yes was the answer and i moved forward before push back. I returned to my seat about 200 miles west of Ireland!!!

That elevated view on 28L was fantastic. Almost surpassed but not quite, by my view of Logan from the jump seat from about 50 miles out to power down at the gate.

Fantastic but a bit off putting watching all 4 runways in operation in front of you at the same time.

Had a few more trips on a lump over the years. BA, TWA and Virgin. None beat that first flight!

It was with great sadness that I watched the last two departures into the low cloud at Heathrow this year. A fantastic plane.

I will stop now lest I am boring you. I do have a few more memoirs, but I will let you recover from this email!

I hope to see you next year!

All the best.

Jonathan

=====

**November 8<sup>th</sup> 2020**

Hi Jonathan

Well, we live and learn! I had no idea. It just goes to show you have to be in the right place at the right time. My own sponsors were British United Airways, who sent me to Airwork Services Training, in Perth. On CPL and instrument rating. I was sent to Blackpool as a DC-3 co-pilot, followed by Dart Herald. On to LGW in 1968 and 1-11 training . Became BCAL in 1971 and spent time on B-707, DC-10, before command in 1980. B-747 command in 1985 and merged with BA in 1988. Retired in 2001 on B-747 400. Last trip for me was to LAX ON G-CIVW, the one you saw making the last 747 flight a week or two ago. LAX fire dept. honoured me with a double fire engine curtain on arrival!

Would be delighted to chat with you when we next meet. I'm amazed Dad didn't mention it to you. If anything, I thought he was too proud and tended to embarrass me.

Talk to you later

**John Fairclough**

Dear Jonathan,

Many thanks for dropping *The Red Rose* in. I passed it on to my mother when I got up to Southport earlier this week and she was delighted to read it, and astonished to discover four or five references to my father, albeit within obituaries! She asked me to thank you for continuing to send it to her.

I noticed the photo of David Arnold at last year's dinner and was glad to see him looking so well. I saw David and his wife a couple of times in London a few years ago and then communication from his side -- Christmas cards, replies to emails -- dried up and I rather feared the worst. If he comes to this year's dinner, please give him my regards.

Best wishes,

**John Wakefield, son of George.**

Dear Jonathan,

On the last page of the Centenary Edition of *The Red Rose* Brian Viner, writing in *The Independent* in 2004, says that he never knew why 'our lot' called Geoffrey Dixon the Fez. I hope I may have the answer.

I remember being told (I think it was by George Wakefield) that the origin of it was that at one time Geoffrey's car had a number plate on which appeared the letters FEZ. Some years later he changed his car. But boys continued to refer to him as the Fez and before long the origin of the nickname was forgotten - except by some of the masters.

**David Arnold, Head Master 1976-1983**

Dear Jonathan

I currently possess a copy of the Golden Jubilee book published in 1970 which I can offer to anyone in The Old Georgians' Association that would like to give it a new home. I found your contact details on the Old Georgians' Association website and hope you can help.

The book belonged to my late brother Jim (J M Fryer) who taught physics at the school from 1966 - 1970. Red Rose magazine Vol 50.2 April 1971 page 9 refers. Sadly Jim passed away in 2007 and his family don't wish to keep the book any longer.

Although I am 10 years younger than Jim I can remember how much he enjoyed his teaching work at Southport together with the schools' extra-curricular activities. He continued to teach physics for the rest of his career at Barrow Grammar School and Sixth Form College. His teaching was also an inspiration to my one of my daughters who now teaches at a Grammar School in Essex.

I'd be very grateful if you could let me know in due course whether or not anybody wants the book - maybe there will be some interest as I see you have now reached your Centenary - congratulations!

Regards

**Derek Fryer**

Dear Jon

I've very much enjoyed reading the centenary edition of *The Red Rose* and I much appreciated the obituary of Duncan Weldon. Seeing it reminded me of a curious incident relating to him and my time at KGV. I was involved with the Hoghton Players from a young age, playing the juvenile parts in Gilbert and Sullivan operas and graduating to singing in the chorus from the tender age of fourteen. Two years on, and in my last year at KGV, Duncan Weldon approached me out of the blue. He wanted to put on a production of *The Pirates of Penzance* and, knowing that I had recently sung in it, asked me to direct it! It was a crazy idea for which I had no qualifications whatever. I said "no", but have often thought back on this episode and pondered how my career might have turned out in the theatre rather than in politics.

Regards

**Michael Meadowcroft (Masons, 1953-58)**

Dear Jon

Thanks for the latest Red Rose, always an interesting read; I am always impressed at how many of our alumni become great successes.

Sadly, I was sorry to read about two contemporaries - Messrs Sach and Smith-Crallan - leaving this life. I have also heard very recently that Wes Fairhurst (Rev. Wesley Fairhurst) has passed away, another one from my year. I have no details.

It was also interesting, as always, to read some of Brian Viner's words. I can enlighten him, albeit many years late, about the nickname "Fez" for Mr Dixon. He has Geoffrey Ferris Dixon and Fez was a term of endearment (?) for his middle name. I couldn't imagine he would have liked it very much!

All the best from Cambridge

**DAVID CHARTERS**

**Edwards 1958-65**

Dear Jonathan

What a splendid job you have effected on the Centenary Red Rose---Congratulations indeed! Reading it I'm amazed at the varied and successful careers and lives the school has produced. My own life has been varied to say the least, but not to the extent of avoiding elephants in the road ---only in the room.

Incidentally I gained notoriety at "Slems" which came back to haunt me when Ronnie Preston (Warden) invited me to a High Table dinner.

A happy Christmas and good health in the New Year.

**Brian Knowles**

Dear Jon,

Thank you for sending the 2020 edition of The Red Rose, which I have enjoyed reading. It came as something of a shock to read of the death of Keith Sach, but I would be grateful if you could pass on my thanks to John Laws for his thoughtful and largely very accurate eulogy.

Unfortunately, John is slightly inaccurate in terms of Keith's school dates, which were in fact 1963-67. I know this as a fact because I still have the programmes for the school plays '63-'66, (which I will deliver to you for the KGV archives in due course) and Keith is recorded as Asst. Stage Manager in the 1963 programme for 'A Man For All Seasons' and for the 1964 production of 'She Stoops To Conquer'. Also, Keith was in Roger's House (not Spencer's).

I would be grateful if you would pass on my email address to John Laws. I would very much like to make personal contact with him.

Thank you for all your editorial work. It is much appreciated.

**Jon Stocker,**

Spencer's, 1960-67.

Hi Jonathan

I am not sure if I sent you these KGV demolition photos after the last Dinner. Anyway here they are. I am fairly sure that my mate Phil Greaves and KGV pupil in my year took them. I'll let him know that I have forwarded copies to you when I next see him.

Regards

**Paul Whitehead**





**From Scarisbrick New Road, the front, centre section of the school and main entrance**



**The centre section of the school, from the East wing**



**The centre section of the school, from the North West area. The space behind the low wall used to be occupied by the changing rooms**



**The original Gym and Woodwork room**



**The disappearing west wing of the school.**



**The Chemistry Lab at the rear of the school, with the new College building in the back ground. The steps leading down to the field were behind the demolished (left of picture) changing rooms.**



**The rear of the centre of the building viewed from the east. The glass pyramid was over the school hall.**



**This is the end door of the back corridor, leading out to the old Gym. To the right would have been the staff room and to the left, a preparation room for the Chemistry labs.**

## KGV & OGA MISCELLANY

### The Brick from the Schools Foundation

In the foundations of the new King George V School that was being built on Scarisbrick New Road, a "Brick" was placed.

Hardly a Brick, it was a wooden hollow brick the size of a normal brick and had been roughly lead lined. It certainly wasn't water proof, bug proof or any other proof.

The school building started to slowly sink into the ground as it was on unstable bed of peat from the old Mere. Piling didn't exist in 1925 so the only additional support in the foundations were the tracks from the lifted Tramway that ran to Kew Gardens, now behind the Hospital.

On demolition The "Brick" had been thrown onto the skip when the building was demolished in 1982/83, fortunately David Miley, Head of the Chemistry Faculty and an Old Boy of the School rescued it.

He gave this to Keith Matthews the Head of Music whom secreted it into a filing cabinet in the music Department.

I was making a tour of the College with Hilary Anslow and when in the music department Keith was clearing out some filing cabinets before he retired. There was a lot of old paperwork which was not needed and the underneath this, the "brick."

As no one wanted to take care of it I brought it home to examine it.

On opening there were 4 Newspapers, not in the best of conditions all are fragile:

Copies of the "Southport Visiter" dated Saturday January 10th 1925; "Southport Journal" dated Friday January 9th 1925; "Southport Guardian" dated Saturday January 10th 1925; "The Times" Tuesday January 13th 1925.

The brick was placed there on Tuesday January 13th 1925 as it would have been placed to give the news of that day.

The Times copy is fragile and I have managed to locate and buy a copy from the same day from the historical newspaper records. I believe that is essential for the historical record of the School.

Underneath the newspapers was a Prospectus for The Woodlands School at Albert Road, the front cover was readable, but all the paper pages had disintegrated to dust. There was a Southport County Borough Year Book which also its pages were not readable and were going to dust.

I wonder if the Atkinson Historical Records have a copy that could be copied to place with the records.

I have taken some photographs of the pages one of which has an advert for Rimmer's Bakery in Hampton Road, which is our own Stan Rimmer's father and grandfathers business.

Also a report on the Southport Rugby Club playing at Victoria Park, it is one of the oldest Rugby Clubs being founded in 1872, the School Rugby Team ran parallel with the Rugby Club until the Schools side were established.

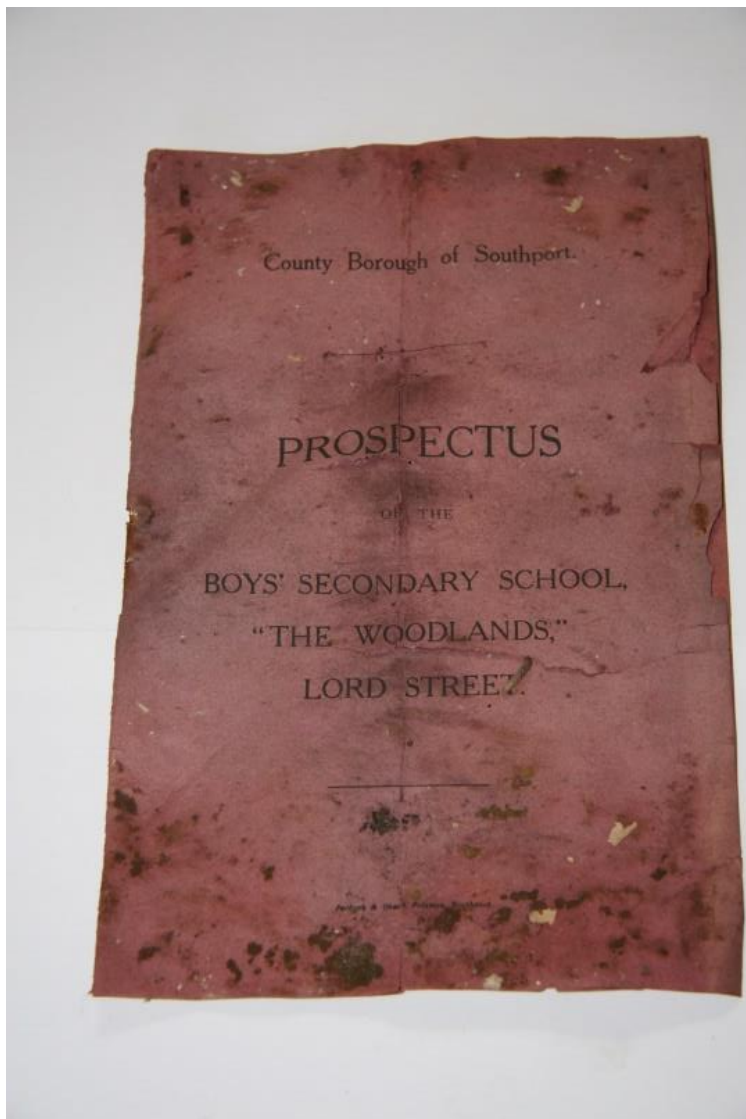
The readings of the papers will give a more in depth understand of the times in 1925, I look forward to doing so with extreme care.

***John N Rostron MBE***  
***(Evans 1956-1964)***

*Ed – thanks for this article John. We do have an original of the Prospectus in good condition, but not of the Year Book. Photographs of the articles are in the centre page of this edition.*



**The Brick, With Its Contents Discovered**



**The Prospectus for the New School**





Notice in the Visiter of the Laying of the Foundation Stone

AVENUE.  
 TORLEY  
 orley at Haig-  
 nation fixture  
 at the time of

t League.

JANUARY 10.  
 ROUND.

erren-road; G.

at Bescar-lane;

ell-road; W. J.

dale Catholics,  
 ince.

Rangers, at

Victoria Park;

esketh Bank;

at Crossens;

T.

prompt.

**FOOTBALL**

and League  
 (Saturday).  
 should win;  
 ven the game

quad.

ol v Barrow

C. v Stoke

Wolves

v Port Vale

Plymouth

y v Man. U.

Bradford C.

Middlesbro'

Fulham

v Arsenal

Man. City

v Luton

v Chelsea

Clapton O.

v Norwich

v Cornt'ns

ERN.

v Southport

ERN.

v Southend U.

v Dundee

Rangers

Airdrie.

Ayr.

v M'hir'w'II

selections.



1.2.3.4.5: IF  
 SOUTHPORT SCORE AT  
 THIS RATE THEY WILL SOON  
 HAVE MORE GOALS THAN  
 SPECTATORS AND THE  
 GENTLEMEN IN THE PRESS  
 SO WILL HAVE TO BUY  
 CHEAPER PENCILS  
 TO SAVE THEM FROM BANKRUPTCY



**SOUTHPORT RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB.**

**VISIT OF BIRKENHEAD PARK.**

Given fair weather, spectators at Victoria Park to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon should witness one of the best games of the season, for the visitors, Birkenhead Park, always play attractive football.

In view of their recent improvement, the Southport team are not without a chance of improving on last year, when the corresponding match ended in a draw, especially so as the Park fifteen will include several reserves.

However, the Birkenhead Club have an apparently inexhaustible supply of really excellent reserves, so that the local team are likely to have some difficulty in sending them back defeated.

Unlucky is a rather inadequate way of describing Southport's defeat at Wigan last Saturday. They thoroughly overplayed the Old Boys, despite the fact that they were a man short throughout the game, and were deservedly leading until within a few minutes of the finish, when they were robbed of the spoils by a penalty kick immediately in front of their posts.

The "A" XV. had rather the better of Wigan "A," but were unable to clinch matters by scoring, the game resulting in a pointless draw.

J. T. Walker has taken a new lease of "Rugby life," his display at Wigan on Saturday being very fine.

A Kendall, though damaged, turned out in emergency at Wigan. Fit and well, he is a most promising forward and should go far.

The Southport Club need never be short of a full-back, with Cockill, Sadler, Price, and now Celder, or "A" team forward, who gave an excellent display at back last Saturday. W. Dutton also deserves praise, whilst the whole team played well.

**RUGBY CLUB DANCE.**

This annual event is to be held at the Victoria Hotel on Tuesday, January 20th, and as tickets are rapidly being taken up members who have not already made their applications are recommended to do so immediately. All applications should be made to Mr. J. Warrington, 79, Clifton-road, Southport.

**BOXING**

**Fine Displays at Winter Gardens.**

THREE FIGHTS WITH A THRILL.  
 Although Cyclone Oway, of Oldham, was un-

able to appear to meet Young Duffy at the Winter Gardens on Wednesday night, three of the other fights were of such thrilling interest that the audience readily voted it one of the nights of the series. Oway sent a telegram regretting his inability to appear, and Young Duffy later on had a three-round contest with Young Snowball, in which the great cleverness of Duffy was shown. The fight between Ted Lewis (Wigan) and Sam Hallmark (of Preston) was a great display, the Lower Hall resounding with the cheers of the spectators. It was a really great fight and went the ten rounds. Lewis, who is one of Lancashire's cleverest middle-weights, scored heavily with some telling left hands and counters. Hallmark, 12 stone, who has accepted Steve Mooney's challenge to all Lancashire, put up a splendid battle, but Lewis was declared the winner on points. The referee was Mr. Dick Rosebury, of the National Sporting Club, London.

The ten-round contest between Danny Finn, of Dublin, and Tommy Ritchie, of Preston, was quite a classy fight. Finn was the aggressor all through, but Ritchie scored so well with clever counters and left jabs that Finn had to go all the way to gain a narrow verdict on points. Finn, however, was the stronger boxer, and had the harder punch, though both sustained heavy punishment. Paddy Slattery was one of Finn's seconds.

After a four-rounds no decision try out between Young Conway, of Preston, and Young Hankin, of Waterloo, in which the latter retired after the second round, the way was clear for a splendid exhibition of boxing seen in the fight between Young Coney and Young Clare. Coney, who is only 17 years of age, is considered the best at his weight, 8st. 6lbs., in this part of Lancashire. He is one of the Vulcan school of boxers, and bids fair to be one of the best at his weight in the North.

He is a graceful boxer with a beautiful straight left, stands well up to his man, and has a telling punch, which was shown by the way he floored his man in the fourth and fifth rounds, when the gong saved Clare from being counted out. The contest was six two-minute rounds, but the referee, Mr. Tolley, stopped the fight at the end of the fifth round.

Coney had given Clare some heavy punishment, landing frequently flush on the face. The two blows which floored him were right to the jaw.

Meadows took the place of Gray in the special six rounds at 10 stone against Geo. Harris, Meadows being declared the winner.

The boxing all through was of a high quality, and the large audience manifested their appreciation in frequent applause.

Mr. Joe Mertz was again an efficient M.C. Kid Moose, the famous welter-weight, who told the "Journal" representative that he was recovering nicely after his operation, was an interested spectator. He will soon be after the champion.

**HYATT BROS.**, Contractors, Marble and Stone Masons, Tilers, Grate Fixers, Brick-laying, etc. Repairs to Property.

68, HALL-STREET, SOUTHPORT.  
Tel. No. 897.

**J. H. DRAYCOTT,**  
JOINER, BUILDER,  
UNDERTAKER.

109, RAILWAY ST. Tel. 347.  
82, HAMPTON RD. (Day or Night)

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, & DEATHS.

DEATH.

BALL, Jan. 5th, at 17, Poplar-street, Mary, widow of the late Robert Ball, in her 87th year.

*W. J. Perce*  
Drapery can be relied upon  
Tel. 482. 12, CHAPEL STREET.

**HIGSON'S**

"GUEST HOUSE,"  
16, Union Street, Southport.

SHERRIES.

GOLDEN SHERRY ..... 4/-  
(6/- Disp.).  
FINE DINNER SHERRY ..... 5/-  
VINO DE PASTO ..... 6/-  
(Guest House Special).  
OLD SOLERA ..... 7/-  
(Campbell's 1834).

PORTS.

DOURO PORT ..... 2/9  
INVALID PORT ..... 3/9  
(Special Value).  
FINE OLD PORT ..... 5/-  
OLD TAWNY PORT ..... 6/6  
(Guest House Special).  
OLD VINTAGE PORT ..... 7/-  
SOUND, FINE OLD LISBON,  
3/- PER QUART.  
SOUND, FINE OLD LISBON,  
2/- PER BOTTLE.  
Best Value in Town.

DANIEL HIGSON L<sup>D</sup>., LIVERPOOL.

**HEATH'S**

Opticians to the Southport Eye Infirmary



Qualified

Exclusively a Sight Testing and Spectacle Business.



**J. RIMMER'S**  
Bread.

... The ...  
Standard Bread  
for Purity and Wholesomeness.

FIRST IN QUALITY FOR  
50 YEARS.  
And STILL AT THE FRONT

**Hampton Road**  
Bakery.

**107 Sussex Road**

(corner of Tithebarn Road),

FOR

Hot Water Bottles,  
Hair Brushes,  
Tooth Brushes, etc.

Enquire at the above address.

ALSO:

**WINES & SPIRITS**

of well-known brands only  
kept in stock.

**A. H. MESSENGER,**

TEL. 189.

7½ Cwt. VAN,  
**HOLLAN**  
SCARIS  
All Spares in Sto

**G. H.**

REMOV  
MOTOR VANS and HC  
FURNITUR  
Only

**9, HAWESS**  
Telephone 761.

**AND**

5, LEY

The Arti

**SAI**

Great Redu

**TEL**

**Celebr**

Renowned  
IN CASK

Agent: **LUKI**

82, Shakes  
The Brewery, Leeds

**A. H. BEBBING**

(Late Foreman for 25 years with B. Pur  
House Furnisher, Practical Uphol  
Lease Cover Furnit

John also contacted us regarding the original key for the door of the new school on Scarisbrick New Road. It was spotted many years ago in an antique shop in Liverpool by a friend of John. After a hurried exchange of phone calls, John purchased the key. He loaned it to the school a few years ago for an anniversary and it was misplaced in storage for some time. Earlier this year it was re-discovered and is now back in the possession of John.



## **Singing With The School Madrigal Group, 1961-67.**

I was twelve years old in 1961 and, although I enjoyed singing, I had never been a member of a choir before. So it was with some trepidation that I approached Music teacher, Roy Rimmer, to ask if I could join the KGV Madrigal Group. He auditioned me before the start of a routine Friday practice and thus began what would become a lifetime of choral singing.

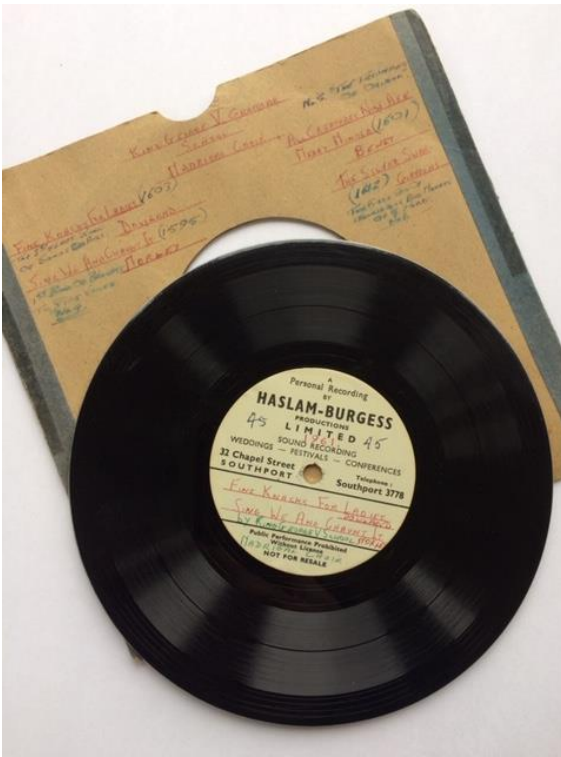
It wasn't easy. The harmonies in madrigals require good part-learning and precision, and Mr. Rimmer had extremely high standards. He was meticulous in his approach to practices, demanding complete concentration and error-free, well-enunciated singing. We had to learn our individual parts and the dynamics of each piece. I still use the breathing techniques he espoused and remember well how he taught us to achieve accuracy and pitch. Rehearsals were intense affairs, but rewarding.

The Madrigal Choir, as the name implies, specialised in singing madrigals. However, members were also relied upon to provide the core of a school choir for the annual School Concert. (To digress a little, I remember being quite stunned by the spectacle when, as the day of my first concert approached, the rehearsal piano was replaced by full orchestra. Amongst the music stands and amazing range of instruments were staff and guests playing alongside some very proficient students; and always the Head, Geoffrey Dixon, leading the cellists.)

Chorally, rehearsing with a much larger group for an oratorio was quite a daunting experience at first. Not just a few pages of manuscript, but a whole book of music to learn! I still remember the beginning of 'The Ballad of The Revenge', C.V.Stanford's setting of Tennyson's poem, which was the mainstay of the concert in 1961. It felt epic at the time, but I have never sung it since. However, singing Handel's Messiah in 1962 was the first of what would be many performances as a member of church choirs.

My schoolboy diary suggests that my first experience of singing in competition was at the Southport Music Festival in September, 1961. The Madrigal Choir were entered in one category and a 'Festival Choir' in another. I don't remember either the reasons for this or the outcomes, but the categories or 'classes' may have dictated what was to be sung. I assume the Festival Choir was comprised of a larger group of boys.

The Madrigal Choir rehearsed every Monday and Friday lunchtime. If you had school dinners and weren't on 'first sitting', this meant that you had to organise a swap onto a first sitting table in order to attend the practice, which always started at the beginning of second sitting. Somehow, this generally worked out well, and occasionally I noted the name of my 'swap' in my diary.



On Friday, 26th January, 1962, (according to my diary for the year) the Madrigal Choir practice was attended by a 'BBC producer'. We must have impressed as, on 10th July that year, I noted a choir visit (transport courtesy of Gore's Coaches) to Manchester, 'to record for the BBC.' I still have in my possession the weighty, by comparison with commercial vinyl, record which resulted from that excursion. It is rather scratched now, despite not being played for many years. However, both words and notes remain clear, bright and precise.

I wonder how many of these discs are still in existence. If memory serves correctly, we recorded five songs, four of which ended up on disc: Fine Knacks For Ladies by John Dowland (1603), Sing We And Chaunt It by Thomas Morley (1595),

All Creatures Now Are Merry Minded by John Bennet (1601) and The Silver Swan by Orlando Gibbons (1612). I think that at least one of these was broadcast on national radio, but have no means of substantiating this claim.

The Madrigal Group won both its classes at the 1962 Music Festival and Roy Rimmer was in charge of us for the last time at the School Carol Service, which took place on 13th December at Holy Trinity church. He left to take up a post at the grammar school in Blackburn.

Thus, 1963 began a new musical era at KGV with the arrival of Pat Wilson as our Music teacher. Pat continued the Madrigal Group and extended our repertoire. Still with the focus on unaccompanied part-singing, he introduced us to modern pieces and folk songs from a variety of exotic places, ranging from the Caribbean to Tyneside..... I remember in particular an enthusiastic rendition of a Spiritual and his unfailing exhortations to sing The Keel Row as robustly as possible.

Pat Wilson also relocated our practices to the Music Room adjacent to the Art area, on the third floor. This proved much more conducive than the side seating area of The Hall.

The outcomes of the first Music Festival under Pat were not great. Sixth place out of seven in October 1963 was disappointing, especially when a certain school from

Blackburn was placed above us! The school Carol Service took place at Holy Trinity again in December that year.

I don't have a record of the Music Festival results in 1964 although we definitely took part as a group. However, significantly, the year saw the inauguration of the House Choir Competition which took place on 13th November that year. This was to become an annual event and was notable in the first instance for P.G.Longhurst's insistence that the whole of Mason's House should be on the stage to sing when it was their turn. Other houses simply recruited a small group of singers from their midst. That year, the school Carol Service was held at St. Philip's Church, as it also would be in 1965 and 1966.

Of course, the Madrigal Group continued to provide the nucleus of the larger school choir for the annual concerts which always took place at the end of the Easter term. Sadly, I can no longer remember the extended choral works which we sang from 1963 onwards. I would be delighted to be reminded of them, if anybody has knowledge of these.

Pat Wilson put in a lot of time with the Madrigal Group and took our singing into local venues. There were extra practices to prepare for the occasional lunchtime recital at The Atkinson Art Gallery (24th March, '65 & 16th March, '66 at least) and evening concerts at Christchurch (14th May, '63; 11th May '65 & 10th May, '66 noted). Having settled in at KGV, he also organised trips and outings for us. I remember visiting York for a day in 1965 or 1966, ostensibly to see performances of the Mystery Plays. There was also a singing tour of Germany in the same period of time, but I did not participate in that.

Pat Wilson adopted a more informal approach as he got to know us as individuals and rewarded us with social events. He would host end of term parties at which we would sing informally around the piano and play records. He was even quite enthusiastic about non-classical music. In particular, I remember him being very positive about the Sgt. Pepper album when it was released.

I left KGV in the summer of '67, but I have enjoyed choral singing ever since. I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to both Roy Rimmer and Pat Wilson for their enthusiasm, guidance and encouragement. Each invested considerable time and energy in promoting Music at KGV and I am sure that there must be many others who remain truly appreciative of both these members of staff.

I hope the Madrigal Choir continued as a singing group and that other Old Georgians built on such beginnings to enjoy choral singing later in life too. I would be interested to read other musical memories regarding the '60s or later eras.

***Jon Stocker,  
Spencer's, 1960-67.***

## **It's Only Rock n'Roll**

Having passed my GCE's in the summer of 1961 I went up into the 6th Form to do Physics, Chemistry and Biology. It was the remit to the Upper Sixth Forms to organise the Prefects Dance. In the December of 1962, it was the only function where Geoffrey Dixon let girls into the School for a dance. The local music scene was getting going we had local groups playing "The Teenbeats" with 2 KGV lads playing in Doug Edmonson and Kevin Fogarty and the "Rebel Rousers" with Dave Thompson and Tony Travis.

With me in my year were 2 boys who also had ideas on running a dance. Alan Canter, a cousin of Brian Epstein, and Malcolm Jones, a fanatical Buddy Holly and Crickets fan like myself. Malcolm produced the World Books Box set of all available Buddy and Crickets Tracks when working for EMI in 1973. Malcolm also ran the "Jazz Club" at school but he had lunchtime sessions of all the rockers, Buddy Holly, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry Eddie Cochran and Little Richard. It was better supported than the "Modern Jazz Quartet"

I am not sure if Geoffrey Dixon knew or approved.

I was already importing the odd single from SUN records in Memphis from Sam Phillips who had discovered Elvis Presley, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis and Roy Orbison amongst others. We were at the start of the Mersey Sound; these groups were also playing some of the US hits by Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry and others.

In the March of 1962 Alan Canter said that his cousin had a great group called the Beatles, we could book them for December for 10 Guineas (£10.10.0). We agreed and the contract drawn up, the small print stated that if they got a hit record they could withdraw from the Dance. The contract went into Geoffrey Dixon's safe.

As is now history the Beatles "Love Me Do" went into the charts when released in October 1962. They were not coming.

Geoffrey Dixon even mentioned this to me at his 90th Birthday party that he had the contract for the Beatles in the safe and it didn't happen.

We searched around for another group and got "Rhythm and Blues Incorporated" a Southport Group who recorded "Louie Louie" and had a small hit with it, for 5 Guineas.

The Beatles changed their name before they became famous to be like the Crickets whom they admired. This is well recorded in the Beatles anthology

Fast forward through the 1970's. 80's and 1990's and the members of the Crickets remaining after Buddy Holly's death became close friends of mine. From 1999 I helped organised their tours of the UK and they normally stayed with me as their base in Southport and we went out from here. In 2001 the Crickets came for a 6 concert tour and stayed with me. Along with JI Allison, Joe B Mauldin and Sonny Curtis they brought Glen D Hardin.

Ji Allison was the co-writer with Buddy on many hits from "That'll Be The Day" etc., and he was married in the 1960's to Peggy Sue! But only for 9 years, then divorced.



Joe B Mauldin the bass player was also Phil Spector's engineer on the wall of sound tracks with the Ronettes etc. And he mastered the tracks for the "Dukes of Hazard". Sonny Curtis a most prolific song writer with such things as "Walk Right Back" for the Everly's and "I Fought the Law" recorded by the Clash and many others, he has had a lot of records in the charts.

Glen D Hardin was part of Elvis Presley's TCB band for 7 years, playing all his concert dates, the seasons in Las Vegas and also recording and doing the arranging on things like "The Wonder of You" etc. He had also played a long time with the Crickets and Emmylou Harris's Hot Band.

They were playing a Concert to raise funds for the Osteoporosis Society as my wife was the Chairman in the Southport & District Branch. The date Monday 1st October 2001. On the Sunday night they asked what was going to happen in the morning, I said you can do a music symposium with the music students at KGV College in the morning, as Chairman of Governors I will ring Hilary Anslow to arrange and get a time by agreement with Keith Matthews. They readily agreed.

Arriving just before 11.00am, having met the Principal, Mrs Hilary Anslow OBE, they immediately went into the small recording studio, Sonny on guitar and Glen D on piano, going through various riffs on the instruments showing the students how they arranged songs, to open the session.

They then started the formal discussion with about 20 music students. The discussion was varied and wide, they discussed their early musical influences, their formal lessons and the people who influenced their song writing.

They encouraged them to listen to all types of music, JI being influenced in the early years by Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich and the Big Bands, Sonny by Bill Monroe through to Cole Porter, Don Gibson and Chet Atkins. Sonny gave a lesson in the way Chet Atkins played the guitar and one of his on a guitar of one of the students.

Andre Segovia was quoted by Sonny with comments from JI, when they encouraged the students to practice every day. Sonny encouraged them to listen to Bach, Beethoven, Mozart and Chopin, the latter wrote some beautiful melodies.

Their song writing was discussed, influences and plagiarism along with the influences of language, read Shakespeare to Ian Faulkner advised Sonny.

Glen D explained his approach to music the arranging, saying he would never use a computer, the lessons he had and the way he got into arranging and his experiences with the "Shindogs" on Shindig with Jack Good, playing with James Burton and Delaney Bramlett, along with some comments about Elvis Presley.

Their favourite instruments makers, along with a plug by Joe B for Phil Everly's site for buying strings, were talked about to students.

The changes in the production and the recording of songs was discussed at length by Sonny and JI. They preferred the natural sound as years ago.

The whole session ended with Sonny on acoustic guitar, Joe B on a stand-up bass and Glen D on piano, JI enjoying the rest until Joe B made him play his knees, as he did on the recording of "Everyday."

The group started by playing Floyd Cramer's "Last Date" then on to "More Than I can Say", "Everyday" with a finish of "I Fought the Law".

"More than I say" written by JI Allison and Sonny Curtis was at number 2 in the charts on its way to No1, when John Lennon was shot and then he overtook them and went to No1 with "Imagine".

The session finished with the group talking to the students, Sonny giving a lesson on fine tuning the guitar by adjusting the bridge, he then gave lesson of singing and accompanying himself, bringing the guitar in and out when needed and quieter when singing, for this he sang "Walk Right Back".

They spent another 15 minutes signing autographs for the students, who really enjoyed having the living legends to their music lesson.

As we left, Sonny asked one student if he was coming to the "gig" in the evening and he replied "no sorry I have one of my own!"

They said they were nervous at first but settled well when they started talking to the students, they still do enquire about Hilary. I have been fortunate enough to stay with JI in Nashville on 8 occasions since then, a really eye opening experience.

**John Rostron MBE  
Evans 1956 to 1964**

## LISTS

We commenced this almanac type entry last year and have a few more to add. Please keep us updated of any additions or omissions.

### Honours

Many Old Georgians have received honours of various types. A selection follows. Collating this has not been as straight forward as one might think, so to anyone omitted, please accept our apology and let us know.

#### **Order of the Companion of Honour**

Kenneth Baker

#### **Queens Privy Council**

Kenneth Baker

#### **Life Peerage**

Ronald Fearn

#### **Knight Bachelor**

James Keith Stuart

Miles Irving

#### **Commander of the Royal Victorian Order(CVO)**

Reverend Professor Peter Brunt

#### **Commander of St Michael and St George (CMG)**

Philip McLean

#### **Commander of the Bath (CB)**

Kenneth Dowling

Christopher Kerse

John Paisley

Leslie Reid

Peter Dodworth

#### **Commander of the Order of the British Empire (CBE)**

Prof Roy Duckworth

Prof John Thompson

Prof John Pickard (January 2020)

#### **Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE)**

Alan Barber

John Culshaw

Benjamin Hartwell

Rev Professor Peter Brunt

Stuart Fletcher

Peter Dodworth

Peter Mark Sinclair Almond

John Uttley

Ronald Fearn

Hilary Anslow (College Principal)

Paul Davies

#### **Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE)**

John Rostron

David Marsh

John Paisley

Robert Hepworth

Charles Bracken

#### **Queens Counsel (QC)**

Michael Fitton

Arthur Davidson

David Turner

#### **Fellow of the Royal Society(FRS)**

Keith Runcorn

Samuel Perry

#### **Member of Parliament (MP)**

Michael English

Michael Meadowcroft

Ronal Fearn

Arthur Davidson

Den Dover

Kenneth Baker

## **TALES OF THE UNEXPECTED**

Going into 2020, it is clear that very few of us expected the year to develop as it has. Families have been bereaved and disrupted. Work places may never be the same again. Social space is considerably different.

Some of our members have written to us with their own experiences of the year and earlier days in their lives.

### **Live Performances**

In 1979 a group of sixth formers set off to see Rush play at Stafford New Bingley Hall. The light show they used was incredible and triggered a passion for lighting Rock N Roll shows that has become my life's work. I will gloss over the re-wiring of the school hall lighting facilities to allow me to attempt to deliver a more dynamic lightshow for discos and bands in there. (Not least because the rewiring happened with the system live, which may not quite meet current H&S standards!?) That was, though my introduction to Rock N Roll stage lighting. The next step was to toddle off to Leeds University and join the Ents team delivering shows in the legendary Refectory where gigs like "The Who Live at Leeds" were recorded. Ents was run at the time by a chap called Andy Kershaw whose autobiography "No Off Switch" contains accounts of some of our exploits there. In 1985 I founded my business which provides lighting for live music events. I toured for many years with a range of bands from ones you have never heard of to some of the most legendary artists in the world. One of my "old Roadie" stories even found its way on to Steve Coogan's Saxondale, the one involving Def Leopard, my little brother Stewart, a drum sound check and a single drum stick. The story is true and all I can say is it is lucky for Stewart that Rick Allen has a sense of humour! I have met and even worked with many of my childhood musical idols and that extends to Howard "Herns" Ungerlider, the designer responsible for Rush's lightshow all those years ago. These days my role is more about planning than touring, which is a young person's game. I still get to do plenty of shows though, both behind the lighting console and attending in a "managerial" capacity.

At least I did before Covid-19 hit. 2020 was looking like a bumper year. It started with a busier schedule than I had ever known. A packed calendar of shows in the first two months was due to be followed up with tours and festivals throughout the year. We had just completed the Steel Panther Tour, a band whose song "Just Like Tiger Woods" was rewritten as "Just Like Colin Hunt" and performed by COP UK at Col's memorial gig. Everything from Faith No More to David Essex tours and festivals around the country including Slam-dunk Festival (16 stages across 2 sites) Download (Smaller stages and campsite!) and many more. Things were looking good. The Jamie Cullum tour was in full swing when lockdown put a stop to all live performances, just before his load in at Oxford. Optimism prevailed but now with no work before the start of September likely, it was necessary to batten down the hatches. I got in early and successfully applied for a six figure CIBLS loan – one of the first issued by Lloyds. Staff were all furloughed and the warehouse is now deserted apart from a large collection of high tech kit waiting to find out when it can be put back to the use for which it was intended. Shows were being rescheduled to

September and the autumn with the biggest worry then being whether we would be able to cope with renewed demand. Meanwhile people really needed help so I got stuck in to some voluntary activities. 500plus hours logged on as an NHS volunteer responder resulted in no callouts whatsoever. Fortunately though, I was able to get involved with the local community aid projects. I've done more shopping in the last few months than I usually do in a decade (I am the shopper in our household too!).

Early on I responded to a Facebook appeal and sent our 45' Artic truck down to Bosch injection moulding to collect tons of plastic pellets to transfer to a firm in Buxton who were making face masks for hospitals with it. It felt like putting our industry's strengths to work – rapid action to tight deadlines. The truck was rolling within 20 minutes of the Facebook appeal. When Haiti was hit by the earthquake in 2010, the first relief flight that landed was operated by Rock It Cargo who usually fly bands' equipment around the world. It had been organised by a Rock N Roll production manager more used to planning festival stages. Our little contribution with the truck felt like we were doing something positive like that, albeit on a much smaller scale. Equipment maintenance has occupied some of my time and as some people know I also own, with Dawn, my partner, a pub and microbrewery. Dawn has led on the pub and has used the shutdown to give it the most thorough refurbishment it could wish for! Then came the re-opening and I got stuck in to making it as Covid safe as possible. Installing single occupancy toilet systems, Perspex screens, enhanced CCTV, stainless steel in the kitchen to boost hygiene, etc. What, for some reading this, may cause the most distress though involved videoing ourselves pouring 3000plus pints of beer onto the grass banking at the warehouse (to keep it out of the water system). It had to be filmed to claim the duty back. I can testify that session bitter makes extremely good foliar feed! Things have not got any better with no real sign of when we can get back to work. The live music industry in the UK is worth countless £Billions to the economy and employs hundreds of thousands of people and it has come to a complete stop. We are not operating at reduced capacity, we are simply not operating at all and nobody knows when we will get to operate again. The knock on effect in the wider hospitality economy is huge. Hotels make more from events than from bedrooms and it is reckoned for every show at Leeds Arena £1million is injected into the local economy by concert goers. If you saw a building lit up in red at night on August 11th or September 30th, that was probably part of the #WeMakeEvents campaign to ask the government to recognise our plight. We didn't expect to see much of the £1.57billion arts rescue package which was administered by Arts Council England. That was intended to stop venues closing and there was a real fear in our industry that, with a £3million minimum loan allowed, it will end up creating "The Royal Albert Hall Soup Kitchen for Homeless Roadies". It turned out our fears were justified. Of the half a £billion awarded in grants only around £15million went to supply chain businesses, and my lighting company's application was unsuccessful. The Pub, which is half a live music venue, was successful in getting a grant though. #WeMakeEvents gathered data on who was and was not supported by grants showing that 95% of the supply chain got nothing. One thing certain from my perspective is that saving the venues will be pointless without saving the production supply chain. Those very expensive venues will then have to re-open in silence and in the dark without us. We are not an industry used to asking for help. Quite the reverse, we are used to giving it. In 1985 the industry put on a little soiree. A couple of stages and a fairly decent line up of bands was put together to try to raise a targeted £1million for famine relief in Africa.

The show got a TV audience of 1.9 billion people – 40% of the world’s population at the time. It raised in the end around £150 million and produced probably the greatest live performance of all time when Queen took to the stage, following which pledges flooded in at a rate of £300 per second. I am, of course talking about Live Aid I was asked to work Live Aid on the lighting crew, but was committed to working on the Bruce Springsteen show in Leeds the week before, with my role not complete until too late to contribute to Live Aid. I had to turn it down. If you have seen Bohemian Rhapsody you might remember the line delivered by Rami Malek as Freddie Mercury- “All I Know is if we don’t do our part in that concert we will wake up the next morning and regret it for the rest of our lives”. Despite the fact the Springsteen gig paid my share of the deposit on our first house, I really do know exactly what he meant.

Our plight is nowhere near as bad as Ethiopia’s was of course and that is in no way implied, but it does seem very odd that the industry that delivered Live Aid now has to ask for Aid to live itself.

For those who still don’t know what the Live Music supply chain does let’s look back first to 2008 The Beijing Olympics had just delivered spectacular opening and closing ceremonies and the world in general with the British press in particular saying “There is no way London can match that in 2012” The UK Live events production industry just smiled wryly and said “Hold Our Beer” Remember the 2012 opening ceremony? Of course you do! The vision was Danny Boyle’s, but the delivery was the UK Live production industry

***Neil Hunt, Leech’s 1973-1980, October 2020***

### **Writing at KGV**

The last remark I recall a teacher making to me before I left school was by George Wakefield who told me I should carry on writing. I’m glad he did, because it’s a remark that I remembered. Over the years since, that encouragement has helped me to keep on writing and recently to achieve a long-held ambition to write a book.

At KGV, I was part of a small group of ex-grammar school boys and former High School girls who met in autumn 1979 in the newly formed Sixth Form College to take the Oxbridge Entrance exams. The preparations for our tests – written as well as oral interviews in our chosen colleges – seemed somewhat haphazard, a mixture of tackling previous exams - physics questions in my case - and meeting together once a week with Mr Wakefield for a debate on history, philosophy or politics. In his class we were set essays as homework, none of mine of which had any discernible merit, except for the week we were tasked with writing a short story. My tale about a young lad who loses his way on a mountain and finishes up meeting his time-travelling granddad was praised by my teacher and featured in the 1980 edition of *The Georgian*. It marked a second essay success for me at KGV, which followed a previous piece of homework I’d been set as a 12-year old by my previous English teacher in 3X, Mr T.B. Johnson.

“Why I would like to visit America” was the title, and my first line, which I only re-read quite recently, now seems like it would be hard to beat. “I would like to go to America”, I wrote, “to see whether it is really as bad as it is made out to be”. It was clearly an original take for kids at that time, most of whom would have wanted to visit Disneyland, and Mr Johnson liked it enough to stump up the one pound entry fee and post it off to the organisers of the 1975 National Essay Competition. My essay was selected as the winner of the Junior Section. Not only did I receive a silver cup from Prince Charles at St James Palace – for which I was happy to miss my end of year exams - my parents and me as well as my teacher and his wife (thanks to that one pound entry fee) got to enjoy a lovely sunny holiday in Bermuda, all expenses paid. (We were supposed to cross to New York on the QE2 and then fly to Bermuda but the ship caught fire shortly before we sailed so we flew directly to Bermuda instead.)

So writing at KGV seemed to pay off, at least when it wasn't debating historical, philosophical or political topics (I remember a caustic comment by my history teacher, Mr Collier, that my line “Meanwhile back at the Royal Palace” belonged in a mass-market novel and not in a serious essay about the Russian revolution). But after I left school, I concentrated on science. The absorbing business of studying physics and maths at Durham, then maths at Cambridge and a PhD in environmental science at Imperial College took up much of my time, effort which has been rewarded with a fulfilling career in climate research at the Met Office. I became a scientist, not a writer.

Nevertheless, I didn't give up creative writing completely. In 2009, I attended my first writing course at one of the houses belonging to the Arvon Foundation, a wonderful organisation dedicated to fostering the development of writers of all abilities. After that I tried my hand – with limited success - at writing a climate change thriller and a climate change play, but eventually, after attending another Arvon course in 2016 on Popular Science Writing, I started writing a book about my own experiences in scientific research. I wrote about the search for the causes of climate change, the antics of the climate deniers who sought to delay action on climate, and the victims of climate-related disasters including the people I met whose house had burnt down in deadly fires. Many words and several years later, I was taken on by a literary agent who sold my book, *Hotting Up*, to Atlantic Books for publication in 2022.

It will have taken me a long time to become a published writer, 42 years from when I left KGV in December 1979 with those words from George Wakefield, if not ringing in my ears, then at least resonating somewhere in my psyche. Thinking back to those days it reminds me how important my teachers have been to me, not just in the sciences, but also in the arts. Messrs Collier, Johnson and Wakefield taught me to have confidence with words as well as with mathematical symbols. Thanks to them, I have had a writing as well as a scientific life, and for that I am very grateful.

Some relevant links follow:

My story that George Wakefield liked is in <http://theoldgeorgians.co.uk/resources/Red-Rose-1/Red-Rose-1980.pdf>

The winning essay I wrote is in

<https://www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk/resources/Red-Rose-1/Volume-55.1---Dec-1975.pdf>

This is my page on my agent's website

<https://www.davidhigham.co.uk/authors-dh/peter-stott/>



***Peter Stott, Leech's 1973-1980***

### **A Leap of Faith**

By coincidence as my old school celebrates this big anniversary I am marking one of my own. I won't say celebrating it as I am still trying to work out where those years went. Anyway it is a fact that 50 years ago I walked away from KGV and entered the world of journalism.

Back then the 17-year-old from Birkdale could never have foreseen where that journey would take him. I have travelled the world seeing the best of it and, more often, the worst of it. I have met kings, queens, presidents and prime ministers as well as despots and mass murderers but in many ways that colourful career path had its beginning back at KGV.

I was far from a star pupil. My memories are mostly good but they are of friends like Richard Rimmer, Clive Gill and Tony Foreman and playing football every available



moment even though it wasn't the school sport. I had a talent for long distance running and held the school record for the mile for a number of years but study was not a strong point.

O-levels were a disaster. First time round I passed just two, English and History. I ended up, along with my parents, in the office of headmaster Geoffrey Dixon expecting to be given my marching orders which was the normal chain of events following such an appalling performance. Instead he surprised us all saying, in as many words, that nobody who achieved the mark I apparently had done in English could possibly be as dense as most of my other results suggested.

I was invited to join a small group of fellow underperforming pupils who had also been deemed worthy of saving. We went under the delightful name Lower Six Special and a few months later Geoffrey Dixon's leap of faith paid off as I gathered a respectable number of O-levels in the November retakes.

It was at this stage that a member of staff brought a copy of the Southport Visiter into our form room. There was an advert in it placed by the newspaper itself and seeking apprentice journalists. "Might suit you," said the teacher whose name I am ashamed to say I have forgotten. There was a copy of the Visiter and that advert at home, my mum and dad had also spotted it. With their encouragement I filled in the application form and very soon the dilemma of should I continue into A-levels or enter the world of work was settled.

There was just one hurdle to overcome-the interview. During it I learned two lessons that would serve me well over the years, not to exaggerate and how to perform under pressure. It had all seemed to be going well .Joe Holmes, Managing Editor of the Visiter Group, had already selected graduates for the other vacant posts and he seemed keen to have a local lad to complete the intake.

He asked what I had written up to that point and I replied honestly about some articles for the school magazine. But he seemed to want more and I was warming to the theme. "Oh, and there was that short novel I had a go at" I heard myself saying. The interview concluded with him saying I ticked all the boxes, would I please come back the following week to take it to the next stage AND would I bring my novel to show him! It was a Thursday afternoon and I was to be back in his office on the Monday, I spent the weekend desperately writing. I suspect he only read the first few pages of the rushed and disjointed story I produced about survivors in a post nuclear meltdown world but I got the job and picked up early that particular journalistic trait of functioning at 100 per cent only when there is a pressing deadline.

Back in 1970 the newspaper apprenticeship, or indentures as they preferred to call them, lasted five years for non-graduates. My first weekly wage packets contained less than £15 and I took evening bar jobs to make ends meet. But the on- the-job education I received was priceless. Some aspects of it like watching hot metal being moulded into words and then paragraphs as the pages took shape and the presses began to roll in the unique atmosphere of the old print room in Tulketh Street have now disappeared altogether.

I learned my trade as a reporter and teller of people's stories at the Visiter and that skill set has seen me move from the world of print to radio and finally television news.

Becoming a war correspondent was not one of the things I aspired to back in those Southport days. It just kind of happened reflecting the biggest events the world was concerned with in the late 1980s after I had achieved the long held ambition of being offered a job at ITN.

As a general reporter with no particular area of specialism you are expected to turn your hand to multiple subjects. I had accompanied the Queen on her historic visit to China, followed the England football team around Mexico for the 1986 World Cup and spent months covering the miners' strike before almost drifting into a role that would see me wearing a flak jacket and reporting from one front line after another for the best part of two decades.

From revolution and the overthrow of communism in Eastern Europe to the violent disintegration of Yugoslavia with a couple of Gulf Wars and seemingly endless conflict in Afghanistan thrown in, it was a turbulent time in global history and I was lucky or unfortunate, depending on your viewpoint, to have a front row seat.

Which war was the worst is a question I am often asked and I have an instant answer, Chechnya. The ruthless manner in which Russia put down the separatist uprising of 1994 ignored all the accepted rules governing conduct in a war zone. Civilians and journalists frequently became targets and I was fortunate to survive an incident in which an exploding tank shell blew me off my feet. My team had been travelling away from the capital Grozny when we came across an appalling scene, the burning wreckage of a bus and around it the bodies of the refugees who had been trying to escape the latest fighting. They were beyond help and as I was talking to the camera, explaining that there were women and children here who were just attempting to get to somewhere safe, the Russian tank which had quite possibly been responsible for their deaths opened fire again in our direction. I heard the incoming whoosh before being picked up by the blast and dumped along with my sound recordist in a field, happily both of us unscathed if temporarily deaf from the explosion.

It was the second time I had been "blown up" in the line of reporting duty. A few years earlier a shell fired from a Yugoslavian Navy warship had knocked me from my perch on the ancient walls of the Croatian city of Dubrovnik as it came under siege. On that occasion I was also fortunate to escape with just a small souvenir, a tiny piece of shrapnel that found a way beneath my flak jacket but did no serious harm. Indeed the only time I have been properly hurt in my job was, to my embarrassment as a lifelong football follower, at the hands and feet of a mob of England fans who took exception to us filming their drunken rampage through the centre of Malmö during the 1992 Euro tournament.

My most memorable assignment was probably Christmas 1989 and the Romanian revolution, waking up on Christmas morning on the floor of the TV station which had become the voice of the revolutionaries and was coming under attack from the secret police and forces still loyal to the ousted President Ceausescu.

The most surreal moment was being encouraged to jump up and down on the luxury king size bed of another ousted president, Najibullah of Afghanistan, by the wild mountain fighters we had followed as they stormed the presidential palace in Kabul. We couldn't understand a word they were saying but they indicated with their rifles that they wanted us to join them in this almost childish activity and it seemed to be a good idea to comply.

There have been so many remarkable experiences since the day someone showed me that newspaper advert in the old Lower Six Special form room. Oddly enough the proudest moment wasn't any of the television industry awards or even the OBE which my mum and dad watched me receive from the Queen at Buckingham Palace. It happened just last year when I returned to Dubrovnik for the first time since spending weeks there under siege in 1991. I was working for ITV's On Assignment programme and our theme was Dubrovnik's current battle to balance its popularity

as a tourist magnet with the need to reduce the number of visitors particularly cruise ships or risk the ancient walled city and its limited facilities being damaged in a way the besieging forces had not managed. I had arranged an interview with the current mayor and at his invitation visited him in the town hall for a pre filming chat about the subject. It was a trick, I walked into his office to be met by a battery of Croatian TV cameras and photographers and the shouted question: "Welcome back, what's it like to return to the city you helped to save ?"

My ITN crew had been the only ones to stay during the darkest days of November 1991 and apparently there are still folk in Dubrovnik who believe the reports we smuggled out of a one-sided conflict with a mighty army, air force and navy threatening to destroy them brought world pressure on the Belgrade regime to call off the assault. Their view is that we probably saved many lives and that is why I was presented with a statue of Saint Blaise, Dubrovnik's patron, and their equivalent of the freedom of the city.

Not a bad memento of a career now nearing its conclusion for a lad given a second chance by his school before going on to take that front seat at many of modern history's biggest events. But then let's not forget history was one of those two O-levels I managed to pass way back when.

I have dug out some photos for you. Harder to find old photos than I thought. I am the one with the moustache on a British Challenger tank in the first Gulf War. In uniform with my cameraman Nigel Thomson ...both honorary majors living with the Desert Rats on the Kuwait frontline. And on the walls defending Dubrovnik during the siege of the city during the civil war in the Balkans.

### **Paul Davies MBE - November 2020**





## PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES

### Hit or Miss

In 1977, I became the first Chairman of the new school society, “The Aviation Society”. Sadly, it would be the most grandiose title I would hold in the world of aviation, but not for the want of trying and some damn fine experiences.

The father’s uncle had been the Chairman of Ringway Airport (before it became known as Manchester International) in the 1960s and 70s and I recall being taken around the inside of the airport as a youngster. Hence the interest in aviation was born.

In 1978 I had the difficult choice trying to find a sponsorship to take up commercial pilot training, or do what was expected of me and head off to university. University won and I did gain an Honours Degree in Aeronautical Engineering. However, on leaving Uni all the sponsorships were frozen as the last of the National Service pilots in the R.A.F. all exited their single seater cockpits to top up their pensions in the commercial world. When the flying schools re-opened, I was too old for sponsorship aged 26 – at least that is what is in the framed letter I have from Sir Colin Marshall, Chief Exec of British Airways, in his “go away and leave us alone” letter after many months of my pestering.

I ended up in the world of computing (I.T. was not a common phrase in 1984) and did work at various airports and airlines and British Aerospace, but never quite got back into that training seat. I have a Falklands War tie from Maggie, thanking me for my efforts (I did the drawing amendments to add the inflight refueling probe to the Vulcan bomber. My signature is still on the blue prints and I was only just 20 at the time). A few months later, I was sat in a BAe 748 in a fuselage stripped off all but 2 seats over the port wing. A fellow graduate who always consider himself top of the class got caught out when deciding to ignore the inflight rules, by walking up and down the empty fuselage at 15,000 feet. We hit an air pocket and dropped 300 feet in about half a second. He only dropped 296 feet as his head hit the ceiling and he departed the aircraft back at Warton on a Stretcher – he was fine after a few days.

I will move to my own view of the world’s most graceful aircraft ever produced, a lady of absolute beauty. I know some of our fellow OGAs worked on her, but given her maiden flight was in 1969, it was a little before my time. I am of course referring to the one and only Concorde.

I will also step over one of my recent frustrations right now. If you have read the obituary section, you will have read about Peter Horton. Until I was told of his passing, I had no knowledge of his background, even though I knew of him as being a Chief Concorde Captain with B.A. I deem it as an opportunity missed to have tailored conversations, so please do what I always try to do now... if you meet someone, ask them what they do for a living!

Back to the one and only. On any notification of Concorde visiting Manchester Airport in the 70s, I used to head off to Chapel Street Station and connect via Victoria Station and the #44 airport bus to see as much of her as I could. The sight, the sound, the smell; was like nothing else and we will probably never see anything quite like her in our life times – so much for progress!

In 1992, I turned down a job at Speedwing Logica who ran the I.T. for British Airways at the time. To cut a long story short, my first job would have been to fix the booking system at J.F.K, requiring me to commute twice a week between London and New York on, yes you've guessed it, Concorde.

In 2000, I was fortunate enough to have received a birthday gift from my wife to fly out of Leeds Bradford, hit Mach 1.5 and land back at Heathrow after 120 minutes in the air. Seat 28C was mine and I will never again experience the feel of the charge down the runway, with that initial surge as the Captain hits full throttle and deemed to be at 110%! How do you get over 100% - well take off at full power in a Concorde that is 20% under its maximum weight – that's how! My flight was to be the last ever charter flight of a Concorde. Two weeks later, Air France 4590 suffered several blights of human error and came down just outside Charles de Galle. With that and 911, the queen of the skies never quite recovered and the end was nigh.

I have made it my mission to visit all of the British built Concorde. There are ten of them...

Build	Registration	Location
002	G-BSST	Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeovilton, England, UK
101	G-AXDN	Imperial War Museum, Duxford, England, UK
202	G-BBDG	Brooklands Museum, Weybridge, Surrey, England, UK
204	G-BOAC	Manchester Airport, England, UK
206	G-BOAA	Museum of Flight, East Lothian, Scotland, UK
208	G-BOAB	Heathrow Airport, London, England, UK
210	G-BOAD	Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, New York, USA
212	G-BOAE	Grantley Adams International Airport, Barbados
214	G-BOAG	Museum of Flight, Seattle, USA
216	G-BOAF	Aerospace Bristol, Bristol, England, UK



All have different display characteristics. One is a full simulator (Brooklands). One has the best collection of memorabilia (Edinburgh). One has the best tour (Manchester). This year I ticked off my 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> visit at Bristol and Yeovilton. I now only have one to go. Build 214, registration G-BOAG. Does anyone have a spare ticket to Seattle?

One thing that anyone can now do is pilot the aircraft! Yes, fly it from the left hand seat! If you go to Brooklands, the museum has spent several million pounds on restoring the only British Airways Concorde flight simulator. The second one is still in bits in an Air France hangar somewhere

Yet again, thanks to my forward thinking better half, I was treated to 30 minutes of time in the left hand seat. There are lots of other activities before and after the flight, but those 30 minutes are the best. You are accompanied by a former BA Concorde pilot and I was fortunate enough to have the gentlemen who spent most time with BA with the title of Chief Pilot, Mike Bannister.

Now, before this, I had flown a few hours in a light aircraft and spent 20 minutes over France in an EasyJet Boeing 737 in the left hand seat executing a series of turns and descents, unbeknown to the 150 passengers behind me! So holding at the end of 28 left at Heathrow with a flight plan of over Bristol, turn into a supersonic spurt along the channel, hang another left over Dover and approach Heathrow over London, was clearly a new experience for me. (Well, it was new to be at the controls. Through the 80s and 90s, I had talked my way onto the flight deck of the Manchester to London shuttle several dozen times for the full gate to gate experience, so I did know what it was like to look out the window, but not to be in control).



I don't want to say too much more in case you want to try it for yourself. But, on my second circuit, this time taking off from Charles de Gaulle to come into Heathrow, Mike (sorry Captain Bannister) asked me did I want to fly low along the Thames. Of course, I said yes. So that's what we did doing about 200 knots at about 200 feet. Scary stuff, if you didn't know you were looking at a high tech screen instead of the real brown murk of the capital's river.

"Let's thread it through Tower Bridge" he said. I had nothing to say in reply, except to reduce height and point the nose just over the mesh of the cross walks strung between the towers. "On my mark, nudge the nose down, count 6 elephants and pull up", were my instructions. I followed my instructions and.... Survived!! Wow, I thought, neat trick, illusion, cheat! But maybe not. The next guy tried the same and clipped the tail, giving his passengers a deeper and darker view of the murky waters of the Thames than anyone would like.

So I departed in the knowledge that I had managed to thread the needle that is Concorde through the eye of Tower Bridge. I was left convinced I had saved the day in some sort of Bruce Willis, Die Hard feat of brilliance – I still cling to that belief, though I am not sure what the actions the flight engineer who was controlling the simulator undertook. Hit or miss? The evidence, your Honour, clearly shows a successful 'miss'! Happy days!

***Jon Elliott, Grear's 1973-1979***

## **Queen of the Skies**

As we all draw to the inevitable conclusion of 2020, I feel that I can reflect on particular events that have affected us all in our own separate ways. Some of you will have suffered personal tragedies and many of you financial hardship, but, for perhaps the first time in my life, I would like put pen to paper and share a little loss in the field of my own professional career - aviation.

I refer to the premature retirement of an aircraft I was associated with, for fully 15 years as a Captain, the iconic Boeing 747. The 747 was the first 'Jumbo' jet that was in service and with my last employer, British Airways, for 50 years. The economic climate of the Covid-19 pandemic has caused this Queen of the Skies to be cut up or laid to rest in distant airfields or become museum pieces well before it's time.

As the author of this piece I think an introduction would be prudent. I attended KGV from 1956 until 1964. I was an unremarkable student both in the academic world and the theatre of sport. How I longed to be in the first XV or wear the blazer of Full Colours. I believe a class was created for people like me, who nobody knew what to do with, called Sixth form Special.

As I hadn't over achieved in my A levels at the first attempt, my father, an Old Georgian himself, having been a founder member, persuaded G F Dixon to allow me a third year in the Sixth form. Being August born ruled in my favour and my results improved. So much so that I was fortunate enough to apply for, and ultimately be, sponsored to fly aircraft commercially. My sponsors, British United Airways, packed me off to obtain my Commercial Pilots Licence and Instrument Rating and, upon conclusion I arrived at Blackpool to fly DC-3's and Dart Herald's. In late 1968 I was posted to London (Gatwick) and throughout the next few years flew BAC 1-11's, Boeing 707's, DC-10's and the iconic B-747.

My employers had changed from BUA to British Caledonian Airways in 1971 and BCAL were taken over in 1988, by which time I had been a Captain for some years and was to be found in charge of one of the 7 or 8 B747's of that company, plying my trade to New York, Tokyo and Hong Kong and beyond. British Airways took over BCAL in 1988 and I joined a much larger fleet of aeroplanes flying principally out of Heathrow and Gatwick.

When BOAC first ordered the 747 in the late 60's, it was a huge investment for both the manufacturers and the airlines involved. The first commercial flight by Pan Am, from New York to London, resulted in an aircraft change due to engine complications. BOAC, one of the launch customers became British Airways when merging with British European Airways in the early 70's.

Flying any aircraft has to be to a standard known as Standard Operating Procedures. This is to enable any one crew to operate to the high standards of the day with people they have never seen before. The procedures are an adherence to a check list known as the Quick Reference Handbook(QRH). Inevitably, when one company is taken over by another, the crew of one company cannot fly with the crew of the other until everybody has responded to the same training criteria.

I found myself travelling all over the world in 1988/9 to fly BCAL 747's in foreign lands as the crew in that country could not operate that aircraft. The solution was to sell all the BCAL 747's so we could all fly the BA 747's as they were all the same. Just to complicate matters, the BA early aircraft were powered by Pratt and Whitney



engines (the 100's) and latterly the 200 series, powered by Rolls-Royce engine. The fleet was added to yet again by the introduction of the 747-400 in 1989 and by the time I retired in the early part of the noughties, BA operated 53 of these aircraft. The 400's were a truly modern aircraft and could be operated by a flight deck crew of two. The days of the Flight Engineer were gone.

As this was a very long haul aircraft, it would sometimes carry a double crew as some of our sectors were in excess of 14 hours. Throughout its life with BA, I have only heard praise for its comfort and reliability and, after 50 years of faithful service, it was with a slight tear in my eye that I witnessed the sad departure of two aircraft I had flown to become static exhibits in Cardiff (G-BYGC below, photographed in 2019) and Gloucestershire.



Most of the world's principal airlines have come to the same conclusion and retired their fleet of 747's. Some are still very young and the President of the United States insists on Air Force One being a 747-400!

There are a great many people who have a great deal more to muse on this iconic aircraft, but I have had the pleasure of being associated with it, in all of its various forms for a number of years. I have met many members of the world of entertainment and sport, and have enjoyed the privilege of flying members of The Royal Family throughout this roller coaster of life.

As 2020 passes into 2021, let us hope for better things. Tier 4 is not such a pleasant option in my part of East Sussex at the moment, so I take this opportunity to wish the readers of the Red Rose a Happy New Year.

### ***John Fairclough, Grear's 1956-1964***

*Ed – John, forget the 1<sup>st</sup> XV or the full colours blazer! I had both but would trade them (and more) for your career! You are another fine illustration of what I try to say to our members – keep in touch; tell people about your life; I am sure Peter Horton and yourself would have made a fine double act as speakers at the dinner!*

## **Southport's Railway – The origins**

When Jon Elliott put out a request for an article on railways in Southport I was convinced that there would be numerous Old Georgians capable of providing interesting content. My only personal experiences were restricted to the occasional delay on my journey to or from school at the Blowick level crossing [see picture]. I had often wondered which of St Lukes and Meols Cop stations were closer to the school - St Luke's - and I was aware that some teachers and pupils used the train to

get to school. It was pleasing, therefore, to come across contributions from the late local historian Harry Foster [Gear's 1942-49] thanks to a local golfing friend Keith Hick. His words below set out the importance of the growth of the railways locally to the development of the town.



"At a public meeting in Southport in 1847, a petition was presented to the House of Lords stating: 'Southport is ... the principal resort of the inhabitants of Manchester, Bolton, Rochdale, Bury, Ashton-Under-Lyme, Stockport and Wigan ... for the purpose of sea air and bathing. That an Act was passed in the last session of Parliament for paving, lighting ... sewerage and otherwise improving the town ... That there are in and out of Southport upwards of forty public conveyances daily, besides private carriages, gigs and horses ... and by the proposed Manchester and Southport Railway the time occupied by the journey would be less than one-third of the time now occupied.' The meeting reiterated the local support for a direct Manchester to Southport line and the Manchester and Southport line received the royal assent on the 22 July 1847 but further delay ensued. The promoters were discouraged from proceeding because of the building of another line, by the Manchester and Bolton Railway, between Manchester and Wigan. They believed that the competition it would bring threatened the financial viability of their proposed line, and the company wished to drop the scheme completely, including the link between Wigan and Southport. This decision caused consternation in Southport. The dissatisfaction of the residents found expression in another public meeting and the local protests contributed to the directors being forced by a mandamus, from the Queen's Bench, commanding the company to construct the line from Wigan to Southport. It was, however, allowed to abandon the rest of its former scheme. The link was completed and opened in April 1855. Two trains brought directors and 400 guests to a celebratory dinner at Southport, but the strained relationships resulting from the reluctant company having been forced to build the line was reflected in the nature of the celebration. No invitations were issued to the authorities of the town to attend the directors' dinner, nor were the representatives of the press admitted.

A rail link to Manchester had therefore joined the previously established link to

Liverpool. However, even after the Manchester line became a direct line in 1861, both lines culminated in terminus stations with neither providing Southport with direct access to the networks beyond these cities. The next challenge would be to establish connections to the wider railway network.

The introduction of the links with inland Lancashire had an immediate impact on the fortunes of Southport as a watering place. In Whit week 1855, the Lancashire and Yorkshire and East Lancashire companies jointly brought a computed 41,355 visitors to the town, which far exceeded the railway companies' gloomy predictions. According to local media, visitors '... flowed through the streets in one vast living stream and swarmed down the great expanse of beach like a newly-disturbed ant hill. The railway lines were to play an even greater role in the residential development of Southport and Birkdale. In 1873, Government officials identified the '... growing tendency of the upper strata of the commercial world, created and fostered by the general facilities of locomotion, to live away from their business localities' as the basis of Southport's rapid growth. As well as those involved in commerce and industry, the Wigan based Earl of Crawford and Balcarres remarked on '... the flight of professional people to Southport. From a population of some 10,000 in 1861, the population of Southport and Birkdale soared to more than 40,000 in 1891. Many of the new residents came to the seaside to avoid the smoke that blighted industrial areas. They were also attracted to the growing number of golf clubs that were opening in the town. Southport's prevailing south-westerly winds brought clean fresh air, or ozone as the Victorians preferred to call it. Although scenery and fine views were restricted to the sea front, landscape gardeners were able to compensate with parks and gardens. Local government was firmly in the hands of a middle-class elite, who had a vision of the town in harmony with the landowners' marketing strategy.

When land was concentrated in the hands of a few major owners, they were able to exercise much greater control over the nature of development than is the case when there were many owners. Seaside resorts, such as Blackpool and New Brighton, which were held in numerous small holdings, provide graphic illustrations of the absence of overall control; the '... central area of Blackpool, became an ill-planned mass of small properties, boarding houses, small shops, working-class terraces and so on.'

The Scarisbrick, Hesketh and Weld-Blundell estates exercised strict control on their marketing strategy to develop a socially select middle-class town. They sold large plots for middle-class villas, hedging these sales with detailed covenants. The architectural style of the houses – 'Castles in the Sand' – reflected the high social tone. The leaseholders, having escaped from the industrial environments, desired their new neighbourhoods to be socially exclusive and tranquil. In 1867, 40 per cent of Southport's 3,000 houses had an annual rental more than £25. It became an elegant and desirable residential area. In 1888, a feature writer in the Liverpool Porcupine speculated that Southport was '... the richest town in the world in proportion to its population. In addition to the wealthiest residents of the Hesketh and Birkdale Parks areas, there were large areas of neat, frequently tree-lined streets, where lower middle-class and aspirant working-class residents, shopkeepers, clerks, minor managers, skilled tradesmen and legions of retired couples lived, including many widows and spinsters. A by-product of Southport and Birkdale becoming socially exclusive residential towns was that they became a major northern

centre for private boarding schools; a development facilitated by the railways. At the census of 1881 there were over 1,000 boarders in residence. 'Southport ... became the happy hunting round of the private schoolmaster. The bulk of the working-class residents lived in districts detached from those of their wealthier townsmen, and made their livings by providing services for them. But their homes, on the outer fringes of the town, were, almost exclusively, semi-detached with gardens front and back.

The tension between the residents who stood to benefit from the tripper traffic - the providers of accommodation, refreshments and amusements - and those who wanted a middle-class residential town persisted, with the balance tipping towards the latter. By many 'The tripper was regarded with high disdain; the town's leaders flew at higher game by trying to draw to Southport the wealthier and more cultured classes. The magistrates tightened up the granting of licences for public houses. The landowning rector, the Rev. Charles Hesketh, led a moral crusade. He prohibited race meetings on the sands and strenuously opposed the running of trains, trading or any forms of entertainment on a Sunday. Boothroyd, another of the Improvement Commissioners, led the Association to Promote the Improvement and Prosperity of Southport, urging that the town should be advertised '... both as a place of permanent residence and also a retreat for invalid visitors. He had strong view '... on the type of visitor who ought to be attracted to the town,' objecting '... to organ grinders, street gymnasts, Punch and Judy - and so on.'

I'll leave it with the reader to follow this through to modern day Southport and the impact that subsequent expansions and contractions of the railways have had on the town. I am pleased to say that Keith Hick is in the process of publishing a book "Southport's Railways: From the 1840s to the 1960s" (see next). This will include other contributions from Harry Foster and other local historians and enthusiasts.

***Dave Harrison***

### **Southport Railways: From the 1840s to the 1960s**

For any rail enthusiast, especially those with a link to Southport, a new publication is close to hitting the press that has Southport centric to its content. The book has been several years in the making, including sections previously written and donated by Harry Foster, who passed away a few years ago.

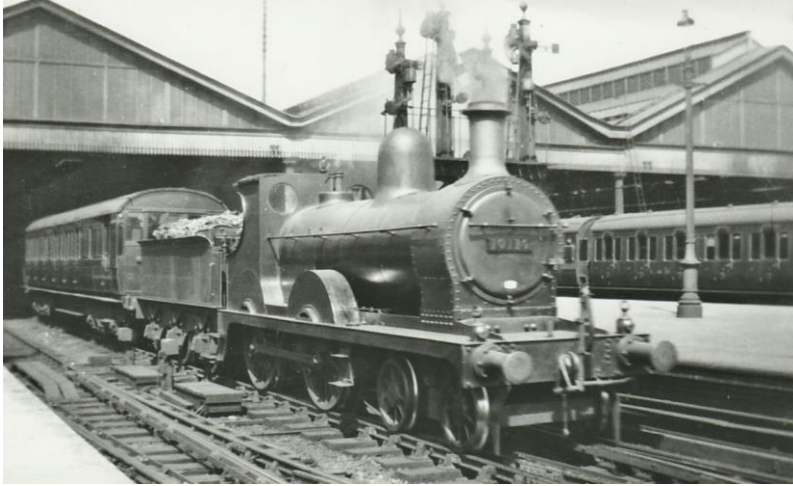
Keep your eye on the presses; the following is an early glimpse of the content!

If you require any more information, please contact the lead author, Keith Hick [keithhick9@gmail.com](mailto:keithhick9@gmail.com).

---

# **SOUTHPORT'S RAILWAYS: From the 1840s to the 1960s**

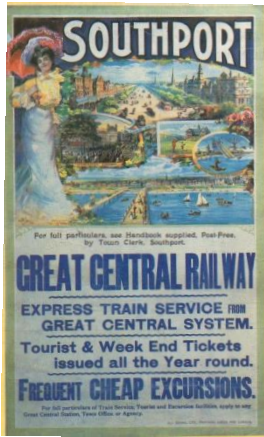
## **BOOK STRUCTURE: OCTOBER 2020 V3**



*LMS (ex LYR) 4-4-0 10110 awaits departure from Southport (Chapel Street) station with a Southport-Manchester service in the 1920s*

### **Content/Chapters:**

1. Front cover
2. Inside front cover fly sheet (repeat of cover text)
3. Sleeve note by lead author:
4. Publishing details/copyright etc.
5. Acknowledgements
6. Contents schedule
7. Foreword
8. Southport area maps selection
9. Introduction: Railway Recollections around Southport
10. Southport's Railways: Before the arrival of the railways
11. Links with Liverpool & access to the major rail networks
12. Links with Manchester and access to the major rail networks
13. Links with Preston and access to the wider rail networks
14. The West Lancashire Railway & LS&PJR
15. The Southport & Cheshire Lines Extension Railway
16. Southport area line information: Key dates & details
17. Station & track diagrams
18. Electrification
19. Class 502 EMUs
20. Signalling in the Southport area
21. Southport stations chronology
22. Daily running records & notes: Southport-Preston 1961-64
23. Southport's railways essays:



*Great Central Railway Victorian era poster extolling Southport as the Montpellier of England, with direct train connections from London (St Pancras) to Southport (Lord Street); CLC poster dating from the 1930s*

24. Timetables:
25. Photographs: drawn from various collections
26. Paintings, sketches & posters (Fortunino Matania etc.)
27. Engine sheds, workshops & motive power
28. People: Station/lineside staff; Footplate crews; Awards etc. Various
29. Films; Videos; Illustrated talks (for reference):
30. Unfulfilled projects:
31. Preservation:
32. Newspaper/magazine articles
33. Closure, track-lifting & demolition
34. Ancillary railways, societies & clubs
35. WWII – map showing location of bombs hitting Southport

## **I Don't Do Sport by Neil Hunt**

As everyone that remembers me from KGV will know, I don't do sport... At least I didn't until I discovered there were forms of sport you can put petrol in!

As everyone who knew me in the Sixth Form will also remember, I have been known to crash cars. The allegation that the crash, which wrote off my Vauxhall Viva during break, was as a result of trying to reclaim my record time for completing the school unofficial rally stage, must remain speculation. As must the rumour that I had lost that record to Mick Boler driving his mum's Chevette which was equipped with such exotic driver aids as disk brakes!

Two things about that crash though are true. It did lead to the formation of the KGV Vauxhall Viva Hatch Front Society; later to be joined by John Wray who hatch fronted his granddad's Viva into the side of a police car. (The police driver was actually to blame.) The second truth is that the front seat passenger in the car for that crash, John "Stump" McQuilliam, went on to become a Formula One Chief Designer. Johnny Mac, as he is known in motorsport circles, started his F1 career at Williams and was the designer who introduced carbon fibre suspension to F1 at Jordan. He went on to design race winning F1 cars for Jordan before moving on via Midland, Spyker and Virgin F1 to Marussia and Manor as chief designer and technical director. His story deserves more space and maybe one day will be told here in more detail.

Motorsports, however unconfirmed and unofficial, would not see me return to participation until 1994. It is an expensive hobby and it was not until then that I could afford it. I enrolled for a one week course at Jim Russell Racing Driving School at Donington Park. At Jim Russell's I was reacquainted with a University friend, Stuart Galbraith, the founder of Kilimanjaro concert promoters. In our class was also a young man called Dan Wheldon, too young to hold a road licence but not too young to start a motor racing career. Dan went on to win the Indy Car series, The Indianapolis 500 twice and the Daytona 24 hour. Sadly he was to lose his life in a motor racing accident on October 16<sup>th</sup> 2011 (my 50<sup>th</sup> Birthday) when he took on the challenge to start a race and win it from the back of the grid, with a \$1million pay-out if he succeeded. Instead it ended in tragedy. Motorsport, as it says on the back of every ticket, is dangerous.

I came third in my first race at Jim Russell's and won the next one there. But that was a very small pond and I took up racing Formula Ford 1600 with Lanan Racing, the team which gave George Russell his first major championship in BRDC F4. I had some spectacular crashes in FF1600 too – easily eclipsing the Viva incident. But I have also had some successes.

Lanan team boss Graham Johnson took a sabbatical from the UK to run Indy Lights in the USA. I moved to Team Richard Peacock and started to get to grips with the little single seaters that have launched so many F1 careers. I sold my 1992 Van Diemen which was a car that was quick, but also quick to snap into a spin if the pilot lacked the reflexes of the teenage drivers they were designed for. I bought a Mondiale M89S and immediately started to see success, my first real trophy being for third in the Formula Ford Festival Super Classic Category. Super Classic was for pre-1990 cars and I'd done the full season, but a new engine for the Festival made the difference between top six and top three.

I'd planned to do the following year's Super Classic Championship but the powers that be decided to admit newer cars. 1990 saw a step change in FF1600 technology and my '89 should not have been competitive against newer cars so, although I had registered, I switched to the Champion of the Northwest series at Oulton Park and Anglesey. The Super Classic had a double header race on the same Anglesey meeting as our series so, to maximise the fun, I entered those races too. I was on pole for and won both races, beating all the modern entries and earning the accolade of Autosport driver of the day. I entered another round at Oulton and scored maximum points there as well, finishing second to a non-registered driver. By the season finale, despite only having entered three rounds, I was still running fourth in the championship. If only I'd entered every round... but in motorsport there's a saying, IF is just F1 backwards!

I've also done a bit of charitable fund raising through motorsport, entering eight races at a two day Anglesey meeting, getting sponsored for Wheatfield's Hospice. I also entered five races on the same day at Oulton Park, covering more mileage than the Monaco Grand Prix that ran on the same day. That raised funds for the Eve McGuire Trust, to pay for surgery for Eve who has Treacher Collins syndrome. I stepped out of my circuit racing comfort zone for another fund raiser for Eve, at Harewood Hillclimb. Thanks to extensive coverage by the BBC my second in class finish was rather eclipsed by the £11,000 raised.

It was also at an Anglesey meeting that I bumped into another Old Georgian, Howard Bryan who was entering his first race in a TVR. It's a small world.

Lanan Racing restarted in the UK and with them I moved up a notch into club level Formula 3. Those beasts can only be described as awesome, turning in to Copse at Silverstone at 145MPH. At least they do at the start of the race. They are hugely physical and exhausting to drive and I may have been going a little slower by Lap 25! I was exhausted at the end of my first race and having finished third I joined the two youngsters who had come first and second on the podium. They were both as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

A couple of years later Lanan treated me to a run in what was to become the current BRDC F3 car, a modern, Carbon fibre, Cosworth powered, flappy paddle gearbox affair. They were the first team to receive the new cars and before I could get my hands on one, they used their outgoing F4 champion to shake them down, so George Russell got to do 8 laps in the car before I got my hands on it. I became the first person in the UK to race that car, in a mixed race at Silverstone. But for a dreadful start from the front row, caused by using the start procedure for the car's less powerful predecessor, I should have won that race. As it was I came back from 7<sup>th</sup> into the first corner, to claim the second step on the podium. You don't get crowds at those races, but John McQuilliam came out for the weekend and was there at the ceremony to witness my trophy haul. Not many club racers get an F1 chief designer applauding their podiums!

Since then I have gone back to FF1600. I usually run in the Heritage Formula Ford Championship for which I have provided title sponsorship for the last two seasons. It attracts some pretty decent drivers, including Channel 4's F1 commentator Ben Edwards. I've still bagged a few trophies though. I went out for a jolly at Anglesey in Nov 2019 as a guest for the Champion of the North West series, winning my class. That turned out to be the last race I have entered to date. Covid has since badly



curtailed my budget and my current car, a now fully rebuilt and restored Mondiale M92s, has not turned a wheel. One more thing I hope will return to normal for 2021

***Neil Hunt, Leech's 1973-1980***



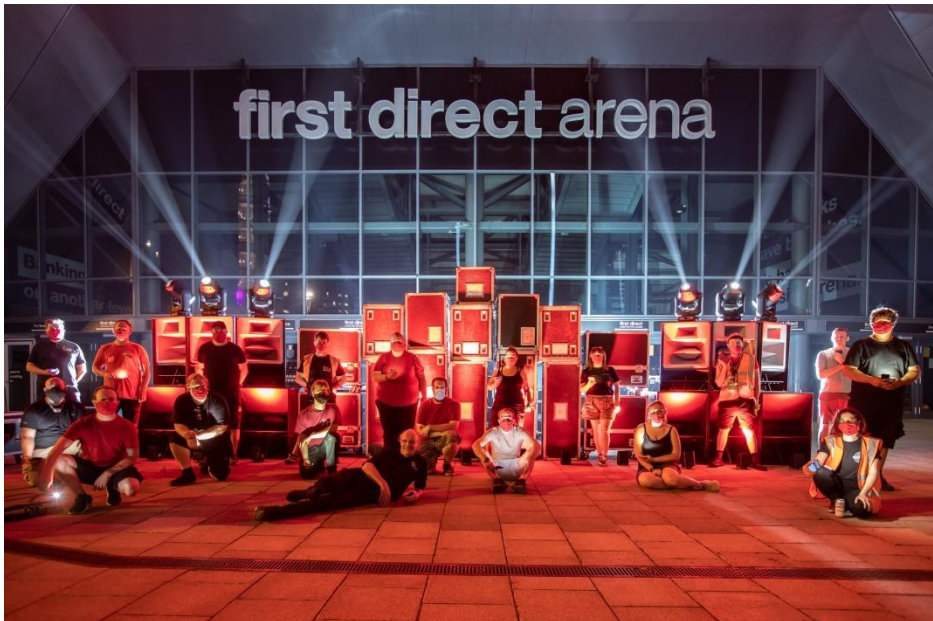
**Neil, Preparing Before A Race**



**Car #14 Leading in the FF1600 at Oulton Park**



**Car #14 Again, This Time At Donnington**



**Neil (unmasked) With His Lighting Crew From His WeMakeEvents Company**

**CONTACTS**

**GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE**

**Martin Fearn**

**4 Palm Grove, Southport PR8 6AD.**

**01704-543169**

**martin.fearn@lineone.net**

**RED ROSE MAGAZINE & OGA EVENTS**

**Jonathan Elliott**

**07969 889843**

**jonelliott61@hotmail.com**

**OGA MEMBERSHIP**

**Neil Spencer**

**peely13@sky.com**

**KGV MEMORABILIA**

**Jonathan Elliott**

**07969 889843**

**jonelliott61@hotmail.com**

**Website**

**[www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk](http://www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk)**

**Facebook Group**

**<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1953492201381113>**