

THE RED ROSE.



The Magazine of the
Old Georgians' Association

THE RED ROSE

2020

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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)

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)

ASSOCIATION OFFICERS 2019-20

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 TRUSTEE	Catherine Lapsley, Terry Fleetwood, Neil Spencer
GENERAL COMMITTEE	Former Chairmen & Co-optees

**Celebrating the special anniversary of
the School and College (1920-2020)**

OGA
CENTENARY DINNER

THURSDAY APRIL 9TH 2020

7.30 pm – late

Venue – BLISS HOTEL

(This is a change from the original venue)

**Current and former students and pupils;
partners & friends; members of staff...
Please join us for this special celebration
of 100 years of Southport's and
your very own**

King George V

Dress code

**Lounge Suits /
Cocktail Dresses**

Tickets

**Individual - £35
Table of 10 - £315**

WELCOME TO THE SCHOOL CENTENARY & OGA DINNER.

The advert is big – we want to make the dinner event BIGGER!!

The dinner is all about **YOU!**

The committee has the task of preparing for the event, but the thing that really makes it a success is the presence of all of our OGA members and their guests. As always, we plan for you to enjoy the evening from the moment of walking through the door, to catching your carriage at the end of the night.

Whether individuals, or part of a group, we still need you to be in touch, *especially this year* as we are expecting a large attendance and this affects the venue that we have selected.

We are now returning to the Bliss Hotel. Initially we stated the venue would be the Hesketh Golf Club, but we have had sufficient interest to change venues. But, this does mean that we have to pay in advance. Please can you ensure that you pay by February 16th. We can continue to take bookings after that date if we still have availability. We can view refunding up to March 31st if you have any issue going forward.

As we do now have groups attending, as a thanks for the 'leader' and the effort that they put in, we have an offer! For every table of ten booked and paid for by February 9th, the cost will be £315 i.e. buy 10 get one free!

So please, get in contact as soon as possible and book your tickets. As already written, we need to have a good idea of numbers by the beginning of February, so that we can scale the evening accordingly. Of course, anyone can come along at the last minute if spaces still remain, but more preparation makes for more options on the evening and a greater time for all.

Don't forget, you can join us earlier in the day for a round of golf and you can take part in the Annual Golf Tournament for the Bob Abram Trophy.

Finally, the OGA is very kindly being hosted at the Atkinson (previously known as the Arts Centre) on Lord Street, with an exhibition in the foyer, celebrating the centenary.

Please come along and have a look, between March 30th to May 1st.



PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Old Georgians

As another year at KGV draws to a close it is my pleasure to report on another successful year for our students and staff.

And what a year it has been!

It's been busy and challenging in equal measure with the continuing A Level and BTEC reforms and all the consequent changes to specifications. We have kept our commitment to offering a broad range of subject choices and currently offer over 40 combinations of courses. We have broadened our extra-curricular offer to ensure our students get the most out of their time at college. Students have travelled to Valencia, London and Berlin! They have camped out for Duke of Edinburgh and participated in schools events with local secondary and primary schools.

They welcomed the Archbishop of York the day after Ash Wednesday and grilled him on a range of subjects. He responded warmly and even posed for selfies with the students; he is quite an impressive character.

Our reputation in the world of sport was greatly enhanced this year with successes at National Level including winning the Association of Colleges Silver medal for golf in a very exciting final.

We continue to be creative and staged both a winter concert and drama production which this year was an eclectic collage of drama pieces called Bugs, Birds and Blood! . Art and design students have visited a wide range of exhibitions and hosted their annual Creative Arts Showcase evening which is also home to the KGV Oscars and is always a wonderful event. There really is never a dull moment!

Our students invited Damien Moore MP to come into KGV to discuss fair funding for Colleges. This was part of a campaign called *'Love Our Colleges'*, which colleges across the country got involved in to raise the profile of further education and its vital importance to young people and their futures.

I was really proud of them on that day; and the campaign seems to have had an impact in that since then we have received a one year funding boost for post sixteen education, the first for 10 years. Long overdue but most welcome. As ever we continue to invest in the College and have recently replaced the roof over West Building and the Sports Hall and upgraded IT systems across the Library Learning Centre and classrooms.

We once again celebrated excellent A Level success with 30 subjects getting a 100% pass rate and a good proportion of students receiving the highest possible grades. I encourage you to check our Facebook page on A Level results day, it's full of joy! So many happy faces, and student success stories, the pictures really do speak a thousand words. Over 120 students secured a place at their first choice of university including the University of Oxford and we are confident that the experience gained here at KGV stands them in excellent stead for the future.

It is hardly surprising then that student feedback consistently tells us that students enjoy being at College and feel safe, secure and confident about their next steps. It is a short period of time spent doing A Levels, but is a life changing two years for many.

Those who come back to see us tell us how much they valued the time spent with us and cherish the memories and the friends they made at KGV. It is clear that you, the Old Georgians, relate to and share that sentiment.

Thank you for your continued support for the College and my very warmest wishes to you all.

Anne Marie Francis – Vice-Principal

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Dear Old Georgians

As readers will already have realised, we are rapidly approaching our school's Centenary. In 1920, the Southport Municipal Secondary School for Boys opened its doors in the Woodlands building. It's not much of a surprise that the school was subsequently known as Woodlands rather than its full name before King George V thankfully allowed the school to operate under a much more manageable name in 1926.

Our school [and college for more recent students/pupils] has been through quite a number of changes since formation. However, one thing has remained pretty constant from 1924 - when the first "Old Boys Association" was established – and that is an enthusiasm to celebrate the school's achievements and those of the students and teachers.

There are probably two key objectives for the Old Georgians' Association, as we are now known, namely [a] to enable students to keep in touch with news about their peers – both students and teachers – and the activities and achievements of the school [now college], and [b] to offer practical or financial support or service to the college wherever possible.

This magazine provides a really practical solution to the first objective and I hope that you all enjoy reading this edition put together thanks to a massive effort mainly from Jon Elliott. I am pleased to report that the association and some of our members continue to contribute to the second objective and your committee was pleased to reaffirm our ongoing commitment recently following KGV's merger with Southport College.

It is a great honour for me to be the association's chairman in this Centenary year and I would like to take this opportunity to thank a few prominent Old Boys who have made such important contributions to maintaining the momentum of the OGA over the last 4 years or so. Without the dedication and commitment of Paul Bagshaw, Mike Hyde (both now sadly passed away), John Pilling, Stan Rimmer and most recently Jon Elliott, I am sure we would not be in a position to be looking forward to a successful centenary dinner.

I really do look forward to meeting up with many of you at The Bliss Hotel on Maundy Thursday for what promises to be an enjoyable and memorable evening.

Dave Harrison - Spencer's, 1962-1969

EDITORIAL

Welcome all!

This year's Red Rose is a bumper edition – more pages, more information, and more articles. But then, 2020 is a bumper year for the School and College.

My thanks to all of those individuals who have contributed. In general, articles reflect the name of the writer, but others have provided assistance indirectly. Miles Irving has been researching the Honours section. Brian Hoyles contributed his collection of Red Roses to our archive, which I have used for reference in several articles.

We are always seeking stories for the next edition, so please keep them coming in.

I try to ensure they stay true to their original, but on that note I wish to offer an apology to Martin Birch. Martin wrote us a detailed article last year, with several photos, about his St Kilda Voyage. Unfortunately we couldn't accommodate all of the pictures and it disrupted the flow of the article. We changed the on line version to accommodate this error, so please do take the time to visit the revised article from Martin.

Interestingly, one particular article last year provoked several responses. What was of interest was that several were praising the entry, where a couple were highly critical. I am glad to see that the Debating Society, albeit covertly, is still operating!

Did I mention the 2020 dinner? Oh, well I have now. And the Atkinson? Please go and pay a visit to the exhibition if you are around the town centre. There will be quite a few items on display, plus a rolling visual presentation – see if you can spot yourself on any of the photographs!

Please keep in touch. Next year we will write about the years from 1979 onwards and if you have any stories, memories etc of your College years, please email them in to the editor. Of course, anyone from the School is more than welcome to contribute.

Finally, I can't let this editorial pass without a mention of our former Chairman and holder of several committee positions over many years, Mike Hyde. Mike passed away early in 2019 after a long illness. Mike gave many years of help and friendship to many people, including myself. More words are written in the obituary section.

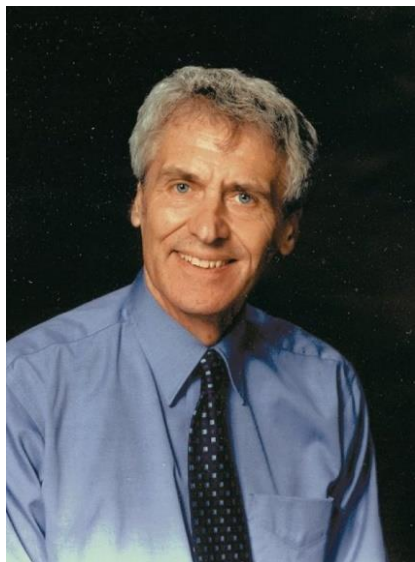
All the best for 2020!

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

OBITUARIES

Peter Aughton (Evans, 1951-58)

John Aughton wrote to the Red Rose in July, sadly informing us of the passing of his brother, Peter. John wrote an obituary that appeared in the Southport Visiter and we have re-produced it below.



Peter died peacefully at home on 11th April 2019. He was the second of five children born to John and Emily Aughton of Oak Street, Southport. There were three boys and two girls, the three boys all attended KGV. His elder brother John (who has written this) was a contemporary at the school and younger brother Richard attended from 1964-70

He went to St Philip's Primary School in Southport before going to KGV, where he gained a State Scholarship and read Physics at Manchester University, living in St Anselm Hall. His true inspiration though was perhaps as a mathematician, and he gained an external maths degree from the University of London in 1973. His mathematical ability has been passed on to his two daughters, both of whom gained maths degrees and are following careers using mathematics.

After leaving Manchester University he tried several jobs before joining British Aircraft Corporation (BAC) in Bristol in 1967. There he worked on the supersonic airliner Concorde and was involved in pioneering work on numerical control of machine tools. Later he joined the staff of the University of the West of England (UWE) where he taught Computer Science and Mathematics and while there gained an MSc and PhD.

However, he will be best remembered in Southport for his lavishly illustrated book "North Meols and Southport – A History", which was first published in 1988. I can do no better than to quote from the book's cover:

Southport is a fascinating place. It has a distinctive atmosphere all of its own which draws people back again and again. Among its residents, there is a powerful sense of its history and a great attachment to its heritage, from the fine 19th century buildings of Lord Street to the thatched cottages of Churchtown and the old parish of North Meols, from which Southport grew in the early 1800s.

On November 11th 1988, the day of the book's first publication, the Southport Visiter wrote: "*This is probably the most important book ever to be published on Southport. It combines the pick of all that is out of print on the history and architecture of the town and much more and is a guaranteed best-seller in local bookshops for many years to come.*"

Peter was proud of his Southport heritage and had managed to trace his ancestry

back to the time of the Norman Conquest and also discovered that the Aughtons were Lords of the Manor of North Meols back in the 16th century. He also established that he was a direct descendant of Richard Aughton or Cockle Dick as he is popularly known, the 18th century “King of the Cocklers”, after whom Cockle Dick’s Lane in Marshside is named.

He subsequently published a number of other books, including “Liverpool, A People’s History” and books about the voyages of Captain Cook and other seafarers, all are profusely and beautifully illustrated. A list of his publications with first edition dates is:

North Meols and Southport – A History by Peter Aughton, 1988

Liverpool, A People’s History, 1990

He describes Liverpool as ... indisputably one of the greatest cities on earth. From its warm, tough, always-beating heart come people renowned for their friendliness, wit, resilience and strength of character.

The Liverpool Echo described this book as “... *a fascinating insight into a great and unique city and its people.*”

Endeavour, the Story of Captain Cook’s First Great Epic Voyage, 1999

The remarkable story of the first voyage of Captain Cook in the ship “Endeavour” which led to New Zealand and the East coast of Australia being mapped for the first time. It has been published in several languages.

Bristol, A People’s History, 2000

Peter lived in Bristol for nearly forty years and this was the first history of that city to be published in nearly fifty years.

Newton’s Apple, 2003

The story of Isaac Newton and the English Scientific Renaissance. A fascinating glimpse of the forward thinkers of the 17th century.

The Transit of Venus, the Brief, Brilliant Life of Jeremiah Horrocks, Father of British Astronomy, 2004

The first published biography of Jeremiah Horrocks, who was born in Liverpool in 1618, had a curacy at Much Hoole near Bretherton, and died at age 22. In his short life he proved himself to be a brilliant astronomer, being the first person to predict and observe a transit of the planet Venus across the sun.

Resolution, Captain Cook’s Second Voyage of Discovery, 2004

The longest voyage of discovery ever undertaken at the time, it took three years and covered more than a quarter of the earth’s surface.

The Fatal Voyage, Captain Cook’s Last Great Journey, 2005

The final voyage of Captain Cook in which he charted much of the Pacific Ocean but unknowingly broke strict taboos in the Islands of Hawaii, which led to his brutal and tragic death there.

Voyages that Changed the World, 2007

This beautifully illustrated book has 27 chapters, each one about a different epic voyage and includes the Phoenicians, Columbus, Sir Francis Drake, Captain Cook, Charles Darwin, Captain Scott, Amundsen and Shackleton.

The Story of Astronomy, 2008

The 23 chapters in this book cover the story of Astronomy from the Babylonian stargazers to the search for the Big Bang.

In 1999, following publication of his book “Endeavour”, Peter was invited to make a lecture tour in Australia and New Zealand, where he gave several radio and TV interviews and he and his wife were wined and dined by various book publishers. They were able to visit Captain Cook’s landing place at Botany Bay and Cook’s cottage in Melbourne (which had been transported from Yorkshire). After giving a talk at the Royal New Zealand Yacht Club they were permitted to see the heavily guarded America’s Cup. In the following years he was in high demand as a speaker.

Upon retirement he moved to Leeds to be near his daughters and grandchildren. With his wife, they looked forward to a long and happy retirement of travelling and lecture tours, but sadly it was not to be. He was diagnosed with Alzheimer’s in 2011. He is survived by his wife, Dilys, to whom he was married for over 52 years, two daughters (Jackie and Julie) and two granddaughters (Isobel and Charlotte).

-O-

Allen James Chandler (Evans 1947-52)

My father passed away in March 2018 after a number of years of declining health but always fondly remembered his days at KGV and his long association with the Old Georgians, of which he was Chairman in 1973. He regularly mentioned Little Taff and Big Taff and was good friends with George Wakefield.

He was born in Stretford (and hence a life time Manchester United fan) in sight of the original Old Trafford ground and was evacuated to Rufford Old Hall during WW2 with his family, where his father became head greenkeeper/chauffeur.

They then moved to New Cut Lane in Birkdale and he, first, went to Farnborough Rd School and then when the family moved to Linaker St., he attended Linaker St. School. He was the first of his family to go to Grammar School and for many years was a regular churchgoer at St Phillips, where he was in the Boys Brigade and met his future wife, Beryl. They were married for 57 years, with my mother passing away in January 2016.

After finishing his schooling at KGV and awaiting to join the RAF for National Service, he worked in the school office where became life time friend with Miss Craig who was Geoff Dixon's secretary.

Back in civilian life after his 3 years in the RAF, he trained as a Quantity Surveyor with Preston Borough Council and he spent the whole of his working life in the construction industry working on major projects such as the Skelmersdale New Town, second Mersey Tunnel, Kielder Dam and motorway bridges on the M57 & M62 on the outskirts of Liverpool.

He was an active member of the PTA at KGV and was involved in the raising of funds to assist the purchase of the first school mini bus, a green Ford Transit. For many, many years he was a member of the Thornley Society, the Old Georgians

mountaineering club and always looked forward to their weekends away in Wales and latterly, the Lake District (see photo below).

He regarded his involvement in the purchase of Long Rigg as one of his most notable achievements and we spent many happy times there as a family during the school holidays, but he could never accept the rationale when it was sold in 1981 .

At the Old Georgians he was good friends with Austin Fairclough and when Austin passed way, he 'inherited' a lot of KGV memorabilia which has now been passed on to the current committee.

He was always immensely proud that all of his children went to Grammar Schools - his two sons Duncan (1970-77) and Graham (1972-77) to KGV and his daughter, Fiona to Southport High School for Girls (Greenbank). Graham now works for the MOD in a civilian capacity, having served in the Intelligence Corps for 26 years. Duncan, who turned 60 earlier this year, set up his own business 10yrs ago having been made redundant after 31 years working in Banking and still referees (Rugby Union) at a senior level.

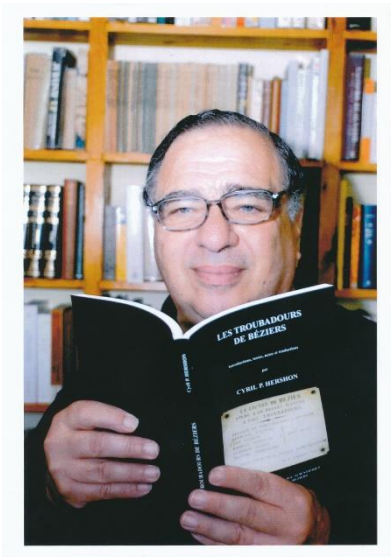
Duncan Chandler

-O-

Doctor Cyril Patrick Hershon (Spencers, 1948-55)

Cyril passed away on January 12th 2019. He was 81 years old. Cyril had been suffering from cancer, diabetes and kidney failure for some considerable time and had a heart attack on January 5ht.

Cyril's wife, Helen, wrote to us and provided many interesting facts about Cyril and events in his life.



2004

Cyril was born in Liverpool on March 17th 1937. He passed the 11+ and started at KGV in September 1948.

Cyril had knock knees and was nick named 'Bandy' by his form.

Cyril was in Spencer's house and had a great love for drama. He took part in numerous productions and in later life produced and directed plays. He played Badger in Toad of Toad Hall; Osric and 'First Player' in Hamlet in 1952 and took part in Romeo and Juliet in 1954, at the same time being Chair of the Debating Society.

All of those productions involved George Wakefield and Cyril loved the trips that George arranged to Stratford each year. He remembered going to Southport Rep where he often saw Jean Alexander, Peter Schofield, Eileen Derbyshire and June Barrie amongst others.

Cyril always spoke fondly of Geoffrey Dixon and he was also taught Chemistry by Mrs Dixon. Three Evans's had a big impact on his life, especially Little Taff, who taught French.

Cyril went on to Birmingham University where he obtained a Degree in French in 1958, followed by a Teaching Certificate. He then obtained a Masters in French Language and Literature in 1962. He taught in several schools between 1959 and 1978, obtaining a Doctorate in Education at Sheffield University in 1973.

He left Widnes Sixth Form College in 1978 to take up a position at Clifton College in Bristol as Head of Polack's House, then Head of Languages until 1992. HE then lectured at the University of the West of England until 2001 and then became a Senior Research Fellow until 2010.

In 1991, Cyril had a sabbatical term at the Universite Paul Valery in Montpellier. He was a member and researcher for the Societe Archeologique Scientifiqu et Litteraire de Beziers. In 2004, he was awarded the title "Chevalier (Knight) dans l'Ordre des Palms Academiques", at a special ceremony in London.

The Ordre des Palmes academiques is a national order bestowed by the French Republic to distinguished academics and figures in the world of culture and education. Cyril had over 40 works published and was very proud of his "Les Troubadours de Beziers". He was invited to become a Soci du Felibrige in 2014, a venerable distinction in France.

During his last years, battling with illness, Cyril continued to do his research and writing. He listened to Classic FM and his extensive collection of classical music CDs. When he was well enough, he played the piano, accordion and harmonica.

Cyril was first married to Ruth Addlestone in 1961 and they had three children, Laurence, Daniel and Judith. Sadly Ruth died in 1989.

In 1992, Cyril moved to North Somerset where he joined the local Gilbert and Sullivan Society, taking part in many productions on stage and as producer and director.

Cyril married his second wife, Helen Walker, in 2006.

-O-

Mike Hyde (Rogers, 1945-50)

Thirty years after leaving KGV I was in a waiting room in Surrey and I was approached by a man who said "Aren't you Mike Hyde's brother?" At school I was known as "Mike Hyde's brother". He was always someone I could look up to and when it was announced in assembly that in the 1st XI match Hyde took 8 wickets for 2 runs I was very proud. "There's no reflected glory on you" said a friend, but there was!

Michael had a lifetime career in Customs and Excise and when VAT was introduced he caused uproar by refusing to accept the VAT returns of the massive Littlewoods organisation. There were complaints at board level and Michael was summoned to London head office. When the dust settled it was Littlewoods who were forced to change their accounting methods. That was typical of Michael; he was not easily intimidated and would always stick to his guns. For many years he was on the committee of the KGV Old Boys Association and in due course chairman. For many

years he gave the grace at the Old Georgians dinner, always something different but always appropriate, even on one occasion in Latin. In any club or society he joined he inevitably was on the committee. In particular he was heavily involved in the admin of Badminton, first Southport, then Lancashire and finally the All England Badminton Association.

Everyone saw Michael as a safe pair of hands who could be trusted to do the job. He was also a very good listener and someone you could always turn to if you had problems. He was a strong family man, loved by his children and loved and supported by his wife Pat. He and I were very close friends all our lives.

John Hyde

Mike passed over the Old Georgians membership list to me over 20 years ago. "Look after that young man (I was 37). There is a lot of history in there. Respect it and keep it safe". Truth be known, Mike didn't really need to give me any instruction, but it illustrated his dedication to the Old Georgians and respect he showed to our history. Through OGA meetings, I eventually learned that this rather upright, rather formal, extremely dignified man, had a heart of gold, a sharp wit and a fantastic sense of humour. For those of us not of his generation, it some took a while for that to sink in (I am 23 years behind Mike), but when it did it became apparent how trustworthy and caring he could be. Not that he let you get away with much. He would rein us in if a joke was not appropriate, or correct me on a fact that I got wrong.

In more recent years, Mike took a back seat at the dinner. Although he always liked to grump about being asked to say grace before the meal, I know that he enjoyed the opportunity of addressing the throng and adding a line of wit or humour to an often solemn statement. Oh, and the bottle of red I used to give him.

Mike, thank you. You are greatly missed.

Jon Elliott

-O-

Philip McLean (Spencers, 1949-56)

Philip McLean started at KGV in September 1949. Born in October 1938 he was certainly the youngest boy in the express stream and probably in the school. He had previously been at Winterdyne, a small Southport private school long since closed that at that time at any rate produced a number of academically successful pupils.

Philip was in Spencers House and his first housemaster was Mr W.T. Marsden, long serving head of History. He was an excellent teacher who gave notes that were easy to remember and insisted on answers to homework tests being written on a quarter of a sheet of paper. Philip was a very capable student and an outstanding actor who appeared in several school plays produced by Mr G.P. Wakefield in what was surely a golden age of drama at KGV. His roles included Queen Gertrude in Hamlet, Mr Toad in Toad of Toad Hall (his favourite part) and Romeo in Romeo and Juliet. He was also a keen sportsman, playing in school cricket teams as a fast bowler, and he took up badminton so successfully that he later played for the Oxford University second team, the Woodpeckers.

In 1956 Philip was called up to do National Service in the R.A.F. and this was mostly spent in Germany. In 1958 he went up to Keble College, Oxford, to study Law. This college had been founded in 1870 and was strongly associated with the Oxford Movement which advanced Anglo-Catholic doctrines and traditions and these were important to Philip throughout his life. Dissatisfied with Law he switched to Modern

Languages with which he was much more at home. Before the start of his third year he married Dorothy, daughter of his KGV Latin master, Mr R.N. Kirkby. There was no precedent for an undergraduate to marry, but through the intervention of his tutor Denis Potts (who became a lifelong friend) he obtained the permission of the dons.

On leaving Oxford with a second class honours degree Philip worked for several commercial organisations but then succeeded in gaining entry to the Diplomatic Service. His first posting was to La Paz, Bolivia, and in 1971 this was almost terra incognita. There was never a dull moment with plots, kidnappings and revolutions – but also opportunities for exploration before the arrival of mass tourism. Further postings included New York, Algiers (and the search for the “missing” Mark Thatcher) and Boston. Finally Philip was Deputy Head of Mission in China and then Ambassador in Cuba.

On retirement from the Foreign Office in 1998 Philip became Director General of Canning House (a Latin American centre) and then took on the chairmanship of a charitable trust. When he moved to the familiar territory of Oxford in 2013 he took a course in Theology and Religious Studies emerging with a Distinction – the Keble influence still strong.

In 2018 he was diagnosed with PSP (a rare and untreatable neurological condition) which led to his death in 2019. He leaves a wife, three children and three grandchildren.

John Hoyle

-O-

Peter Ross (Rogers, 1943-48)

Ken Ross wrote to Ronnie Fearn in the New Year with the sad news of the passing of his younger brother, Peter.

-O-

Keith Howard Sach (Spencers, 1963-67)

Having very much enjoyed Jon Stocker's memories of the backstage team at the KGV School Plays (The Red Rose, 2019) I am prompted to inform you that Keith Sach sadly passed away in July 2016.

Few may remember Keith at KGV partly because his time there was a relatively brief 18-month period during the Lower and Upper Sixth years (1966/67), and partly because much of this time was spent at the Victoria Baths in Southport following his love of swimming, taking lifesaving exams and competing for England at Under 17 level, little knowing that his love for the sport would ultimately define his life, his work and some of his greatest achievements.

On leaving KGV, Keith attended Saltley College and graduated from Birmingham University with a degree in teacher training. His first appointment was as a Master at Solihull School in Warwickshire where he was able to further his passion for swimming, lifesaving and lifeguarding. It was here that he caught the eye of the Royal Life Saving Society and, after nine years at Solihull School in 1979, at the age of 32, he was appointed as RLSS UK Director and Commonwealth Secretary and led improvements to swimming pool health and safety and lifeguarding across the UK and beyond, a position that dominated the next decade of his life.

In 1989, Keith took on another challenging position as a safety consultant for S & P Architectural Practice, before setting up his own independent safety consultancy in the mid-1990s providing health and safety support to leisure operators throughout the sector, working with the HSE and other national governing bodies, institutes and agencies, and delivering direct training to an estimated 10,000 young people at Places for People Leisure. He was co-author of the current version of Managing Health and Safety Swimming Pools and was regularly called upon as an expert witness in court cases, advocating for both prosecution and defence. More recently in 2001-2006, he oversaw the key change of RLSS Lifeguard Trading Ltd to IQL UK, the leading provider of lifeguard training, and was Chairman of the company.

Public service and 'giving back' were very important to Keith and, to that end, he served as a JP for some 23 years and sat on the Bench at several Magistrates Courts in South Warwickshire. He was appointed as High Sheriff of Warwickshire 2013/14, a position he excelled in and gave to whole-heartedly attending more than three hundred events and six carol services in the year!

As a person, Keith was a larger than life character, a man of great charisma who had an overwhelming sense of kindness and generosity and a penchant for wearing red socks! It is said of him 'he would speak to both kings and cleaners with the same gentle kindness and respect'. A great raconteur and mimic (clearly honed at KGV where no pupil or master was spared) with a sharp wit, a twinkle in the eye and an endless supply of anecdotes. Although ill for some years, he refused to let his illness define his life which he treated as 'business as usual' stoically fulfilling his work commitments right up to the week before he died.

Keith leaves behind his wife Elizabeth and family, Kathryn, Alexis and Jonathan.

John Laws (Evans, 1960-67)

-O-

Ian Smith-Crallan (Rogers, 1957-64)

Ian passed on July 28th 2018, aged 72. His younger brother Peter also attended KGV. Ian is survived by wife Annette & two daughters.

-O-

Peter Turton (Edwards, 1942-49)

Ken Ross wrote to Ronnie Fearn in the New Year with the sad news of the passing of his good friend Peter Turton.

-O-

Duncan Weldon (Woodhams, 1952-59)

Derrick Salmon wrote to us to inform us of the passing Duncan Weldon in January 2019. The following is an extract from his obituary in the Guardian newspaper.

The image of the West End theatre producer has changed radically in the past half century but Duncan Weldon, who has died aged 77, was “old school” in his devotion to star names and familiar play titles in a career that saw him create a powerful commercial nexus between the Chichester Festival theatre and the Theatre Royal Haymarket.

Although he operated as a solo producer, his greatest contribution was achieved in partnership with Paul Elliott. Together with the actor Richard Todd, they launched Triumph Theatre Productions in 1970 with a superb revival of JB Priestley’s *When We Are Married*, starring Peggy Mount and Fred Emney. The show started at the Yvonne Arnaud theatre, Guildford, Surrey, and transferred to the Strand (now the Novello), London.

That show, said Weldon, cost £15,000 to put on. The problem, he complained 40 years later, was that a similar sort of production would now cost £500,000, and a new musical at least £2m. Without subsidy of any kind, the days of a modest West End success were over.

“In the old days,” he said in 2003, “there were flops, break-evens and successes. The problem now is that the ‘doing all right’ plays have joined the flops. You win or lose, there’s nothing in between.”

Duncan was born in Southport, into a Russian-Jewish immigrant family. His father, Clarence Weldon, ran a chain of photographic shops. His mother, Margaret (nee Andrew), had converted from Catholicism to Judaism. Duncan was educated at King George V grammar school, Southport, and the Northern School of Speech and Drama; he also ran amateur theatre groups in both Southport synagogues, orthodox and reform.

He was star-struck from the outset, working as a call boy in the Southport Garrick for 10 shillings (50p) a week (plus tips) and collecting the autographs of Laurel and Hardy, Kay Kendall, Ted Ray and countless other stars who passed through. He left school in 1959 to run one of his father’s shops in Wigan and take a photography course at the Manchester college of technology.

He was soon working as a photographer at his local theatre and for Peter Hall at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford-upon-Avon (Hall returned the compliment by working for him; and, as Weldon pointed out, losing him far more money than he ever cost Hall), and acting in weekly rep at the Garrick for £9 a week.

He befriended the director David Scase, who ran the Manchester Library theatre, and acted with him – and the unlikely duo of David Kossoff and Steven Berkoff – in 1965 at the Liverpool Playhouse in *Siedman and Son*, a play about a garment manufacturer in New York. Within a year, and encouraged by Kossoff, Weldon was producing six touring shows, with no office or secretary, but with a car and a telephone. Kossoff told him to visit an old London friend in a Southport nightclub. Thus he met the singer Helen Shapiro, whom he married in 1967.

His first show with Elliott, in 1968, was *No, No Nanette*, directed by Lionel Blair and starring Bob Monkhouse, in Bournemouth. Their first London show together was *Tons of Money* at the Mayfair. It lost a fortune. One night's box office takings were £1, 11 shillings and sixpence. Eventually, this strangely compatible, but odd, couple – Weldon bearded and taciturn; Elliott, far brasher, a salesman turned actor with a good line in patter – had their hits on three continents (in the West End in London and on tour, in North America, Canada mostly, and in Australia) with shows ranging from Eric Sykes and Jimmy Edwards in *Big Bad Mouse* in the 1970s through to David Suchet leading a Vatican mystery thriller written by a New York lawyer, *The Last Confession*, with a large cast in 2007, and Ian McKellen and Patrick Stewart packing out in 2009 in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, a play Weldon found both outlandish and incomprehensible.

The other big change in his professional lifetime was that the box-office stars who once signed up for a six-month contract would now sign for only 12 weeks, so making money was even harder. Even the notoriously curmudgeonly Rex Harrison signed up to Weldon in 1973 for six months at Her Majesty's as Pirandello's Henry IV; it had taken Weldon years of "wooing" to land his big fish, but Harrison then did eight more shows for him, including Frederick Lonsdale's *Aren't We All?* With Claudette Colbert in 1984 and JM Barrie's *The Admirable Crichton* with Edward Fox (Lonsdale's grandson) in 1988.

These last were two of the 63 consecutive plays Duncan produced at the Haymarket after he signed a 1978 contract with Louis Michaels, who had acquired the lease of the theatre from the Crown Commission, making him responsible for the next 25 years.

During this period, Weldon and Elliott went their separate ways. When Michaels died in 1981, Weldon continued his Haymarket association (with the theatre now under the control of Enid Chanelle, Michaels's business partner) while founding Triumph Apollo Productions with two friends, Lionel Becker and Paul Gregg, both of them with money and connections in Weldon's native Southport, Merseyside, and produced shows starring Liza Minnelli, Dean Martin, Omar Sharif, Charlton Heston and Jack Lemmon.

His plays in this period included Alan Bates in John Osborne's *A Patriot for Me*, Glenda Jackson in Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*, Lauren Bacall in Tennessee Williams's *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Paul Scofield in Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, Penelope Keith in Rattigan's *The Deep Blue Sea* and Peter O'Toole in Shaw's *The Apple Cart*.

Duncan had a big hit – four years at the Shaftesbury – with a *Dad's Army* musical, and he then turned to running the Chichester Festival theatre in 1995, appointing Derek Jacobi, whom he adored as an actor and colleague, as his artistic director.

Weldon and Elliott were prophetically pre-Thatcherite in developing a mixed economy, sharing production costs – first with the Billingham Forum arts centre, Stockton-on-Tees, then the Yvonne Arnaud, then Chichester – and harnessing talent from the subsidised sector. In 2002, their production of Noël Coward's *Private Lives* starring Alan Rickman and Lindsay Duncan won a Tony award for the best revival on Broadway. Weldon's last co-producing credit was on Church's acclaimed 2018 revival of *The Price* by Arthur Miller, starring Suchet and Brendan Coyle, which is due to transfer from the Theatre Royal Bath to Wyndham's theatre next week. Last

year Weldon and Elliott received Olivier Special Recognition awards for their contribution to British theatre.

For such a quiet, unassuming man, his career, and indeed his private life, was something of a rollercoaster. He and Shapiro divorced in 1971. His second wife, in 1974, was the actor Janet Mahoney, with whom he had a daughter, Lucy.

After their divorce, he lived alone until 2003 when, travelling to Australia to see Maggie Smith and Margaret Tyzack in his presentation of Alan Bennett's Talking Heads, he met by chance Ann Sidney, Miss World 1964, whom he had known as a youthful friend of Elliott and whom he had presented in pantomime at Chichester in the mid-90s. They married in 2008. Duncan is survived by Ann, Lucy and his brother, Gordon.

What I Did This Year – 2019

There have not been any submissions to this section for the 2020 edition, so I thought I would add one of my own (and I have a space to fill!)

I was invited to take part in the 2019 Lord Mayors Parade/Show which took place in early November. A family member is a Worshipful Member of the Basketmakers Company (yes, I have heard all the 'funnies'), one the City of London's 110 Livery Companies. Now, I am not going to delve here into the history of the Liveries and Guilds, but safe to say it is fascinating to research and very informative if you do.

The Lord Mayor of the City of London is NOT the same as the Mayor of London. Politicians take up the role of the second, such as Boris Johnson. The former comes from one of the companies and is voted in by the members of the 110 companies.

So, we met at 0930 to collect our 'costumes', in my case just a livery tabard and moved to our start point alongside the Bank of England on Blackfriars. We were float #12, so very near the front of the 135 float parade and the logistics of feeding all of these displays into the correct sequence in the planned time was an intricate process. Our float was "Gog and Magog", two historic figures that guard the gates of the city, with the 15 foot high figures having been made in 2015 by the Basketmakers.



The walk is around 2 miles to the half way point and the most difficult part of that was keeping a steady pace. The statues were on small trucks that we pulled along and 'stable' is not the first word that comes to mind – so following tractors and lorries was a challenge. Cornering on a hill will never be the same again!

The halfway point was on the embankment and the new Mayor decided to have an extended lunch. That left us standing there for nearly 2 hours instead of the planned 20 minutes. Hunger and thirst were quickly sorted, but standing around in the low temperatures was the difficult part. Never the less, this was a fascinating experience and a good opportunity to learn about part of London's history. And, yes, I was on TV several times! **Jon Elliott**

SOCIAL EVENTS 2019

AGM & ANNUAL DINNER

The 71st OG Annual Dinner took place at the Hesketh Golf Club, Southport, on the evening of Maundy Thursday, April 18th 2019.

The annual event returned to Maundy Thursday after two years on a Saturday away from Easter and a clear decline in the attending numbers that was put down to the change in date by many of our members. So, unfortunately, the experiment, requested by several, failed and we are now back to our more traditional date.

The Hesketh Golf Club did us proud. This year we offered a menu choice, if pre-selected and this went down very well with those attending. We will continue to offer this in 2020 and beyond.

Our President, Anne-Marie Francis, delivered the State of the Nation regarding the College, which is considerably improved over recent years. Chairman Dave Harrison, told us this was his warm up year ready for the main event in 2020. He didn't disappoint, so roll on for the encore in 2020!

We welcomed Simon Biddolph and his Class of '79 for the first time.

The evening closed with the Golf prize giving, the raffle and then the committees thanks to everyone for attending, finally wishing them a safe journey home.

The 2020 AGM & Dinner will take place on Maundy Thursday, 9th April.
The venue is confirmed as the Bliss Hotel (formerly the Ramada).

Thanks to the following members who were able to attend this year:

Martin Abram , Peter Alderson , Tony Allen , Hilary Anslow , David Arnold ,
Simon Biddolph , Richard Bradley , Ellen Campbell , Mick Cooper , Graham Cox ,
Alan Cunliffe , Alun Davies , Pauline Davies , Alan Dickinson , Matt Duffy ,
Jonathan Elliott , Ron Ellis , Joyce Fearn , Martin Fearn , Ronnie Fearn ,
Mark Fletcher , AnneMarie Francis , Dave Harrison , Neil Hunt , Barry Hurst ,
Cassandra Jones , Caroline Kaye , John Keeley , John Kermode , Ian Kettle ,
Cath Lapsley , Chris Latham , Martin Lockyer , David Lonsdale , Jim Marsh ,
Barry Mawer , Charles Mellalieu , Belinda Miller , Eric Ogden , Dave Patrick ,
Tim Pearson , John Pilling , Ken Priestley , Jo Rodwell , John Rostron ,
Peter Rostron , Derek Salmon , Michelle Sanderson , John Seddon , Colin Smart ,
Neil Spencer , Chris Stitson , Andy Sweeney , Steve Tasker , John Wainwright ,
Nigel Warrick , Paul Whitehead , Brian Whittle , Stuart Wincer , Chris Winnard ,
Denis Witham , John Wolstenholme

ANNUAL GOLF CHALLENGE

Earlier in the day, the dedicated band of golfers took to the green fairways of the Hesketh and took part in another epic battle of golf, wit and charm. Some would say that the wit and charm came to the fore, but to the amateur observer, the effort and pain put into the play was quite obvious.

Dave Harrison and Mark Woolston took the occasional prizes of nearest the pin on the 2nd and 16th.

In the battle for the Bob Abram Trophy for 2019, Dave Harrison came out in third place. Ken Priestly attained a well-earned second. In first place, by a three point margin, came our former Chair, Chris Threlfall. Well done Chris – a second victory following on from your 2016 title.

ANNUAL QUIZ NIGHT

Sadly, due a mix up in various diaries, the Quiz Night had to be postponed in 2019. We hope to hold a replacement event either early Spring or early Summer.

KGV Archive & Memorabilia – 2020 Update

All of the school photos that we currently have are now uploaded to the new web site: www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk The only possible exception would be 1940, but it is not known if a photograph was taken that year. In addition, each is now printed and framed.

We are slowly but surely scanning in all of the school Red Rose magazines. Please go onto the web site and have a look through your school years. For those seeking former classmates, this is a good way to collate your list of names and then start your Facebook search!

We are also receiving further donations of caps, ties and blazers. If you have any that you no longer wish to retain, please let us know.

The Association offers its thanks to Denis Pullman, who is possibly our most senior member, for adding two more blazers to the collection.

SOCIAL EVENTS 2020

Please go to page 33 for the Centenary Dinner

THE OLD GEORGIANS' ANNUAL GOLF CHALLENGE

Thursday 9th April 2020

Hesketh Golf Club

(this is confirmed, even with the change in dinner venue)

The *Annual Golf Challenge*, competing for the *Bob Abram Trophy*, will be held at the Hesketh once again. 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 will be requested in advance of the day once the date is confirmed to ensure that we secure the course for the competition. The closing date to secure a place will be **Friday April 3rd**. We cannot guarantee there will be any tee slots remaining at this late date, but we will take later entries if places are still available.

Cheques should be made payable to the Old Georgians Association.

Please send you entry fee to Jonathan Elliott by April 3rd, or by arrangement with 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. Please send any correspondence by email to both Jonathan and Chris.

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.

The McManus Double

Frank McManus attended KGV from 1939-1945. His younger brother Derek attended from 1951-58. Both wrote in, separately, to the Red Rose with some of their early memories of school life. Frank lives in Todmoden and Derek lives in Washington state in the U.S.A. Both were Woodham's boys.

My guardian angel did me proud, for having gained an 11+ Scholarship, I began my secondary education a day after war broke out and completed it effectively on VE Day, Monday 8-5-1945. The remaining school days of term being occupied by club activities. During the war we had to share our school with the evacuated Bootle Boys Grammar School. This did not last for long and our guests left and normal school was restored.

Fee-paying parents saw their sons begin in Form 1 at age 10 or 11, while beginners of 11 started in Form 2A or 2B. Fast movers moved in to Transitus X, as it was for myself – Trans X, Trans Y, Lower 5 Trans, Upper 5 Trans. This was fine, save that it limited our spare time for music lessons and risked negative answers to Tennyson's questions. But I others whose parents concurred, could continue into Lower and Upper Sixth, each with Arts and Science sections whence some went on to university.

We had no biology classes beyond rudimentary nature study, so the boys aiming for medical work had to travel to the Girls' High School, whence young ladies came to KGV for physics and chemistry. These arrangements were warmly welcomed by those concerned!

Subject were taught on a 40 period week and. In addition to the examined subjects, Along with the many standard subjects, were the non-examined wood and metal work, music, PE and games. Discipline was not so hard as to destroy our life as a happy community. The head did cane on occasions though Saturday morning detention was a preferred option. My own sporting prowess was negligible with my best cricket innings being 8 not out, 4 of those coming from a near-wide speeding ball that went to the boundary. In rugby I was tagged as being a loose forward, who could run around looking effective, but actually avoiding any major action. Note, at aged 91 I am fitter and more mobile than a lot of my contemporaries.

Wartime austerities were minimal in residential Southport, though we had first aid training, fire drill and an air raid gong which sent us practicing sheltering under the grand stand at Haig Avenue football ground. This was not very compatible with Mr Millwards fierce hatred of the sport.

Writing paper was at a premium, our ration being counted out weekly and split among folders for particular subjects. Staff were generally pleasant and competent, though there were two or three bad appointees who then could not have been replaced. The head's brilliant expositions of advanced algebra and geometry are unforgettable and so are the methods of Joseph ("Teddy") Edwards, his deputy. Teddy held that educators should focus on pupil's strengths not weaknesses and his classroom tests took the form of "Write 50 facts about (say) Brazil, e.g. exports, city locations". Many boys got full marks and form masters were affronted by returns showing 13 or 14 pupils as "equal first". But when it came to School Certificates, 9 of us gained the top level Distinctions!

Frank McManus

As a newt from Norwood Road Junior School, I arrived at KGV in 1951, having passed the 11+ exam* a year early. I will say from the onset that the education provided by the staff at KGV was exemplary and tremendously supportive throughout my entire career – if only I'd paid more attention and played the fool less often! It was not long before I and a friend both got 6 of the best from Geoffrey Dixon while being held down by the Caretaker for losing a rugby ball in Fine Janes' Brook.

My early interest in science, particularly chemistry, drove the choice one had to make between geography and history or chemistry (L.C. Hargreaves) and physics ("Tufty" Jones and "Cough and Spit" Fleming). Sadly geography ("Teddy" Edwards) was dropped. I had a lab at home and bought chemicals from J. Critchley, the local chemists shop on the corner of Hart and Larch Streets. You can't do that anymore! We were trusted in those days. Sheath knives could be bought from Jimmy Fays' on Hoghton St. if you could afford the price. More to the point, the shelves in KGVs laboratories were replete with bottles of concentrated acids and poisonous reagents.

After a career in chemistry, I can say that actual working with chemical substances gives one an insight considerably greater than that of a more theoretical curriculum. One incident of note was my ignominious ejection from Martin Bedfords' Bengarth Rd. home by his mother after we heated iron filings with sulphur to make bad egg gas (H₂S), this led to significant industrial gas purification work later, perhaps as an act of atonement.

I remember "Big Taff" Evans very well, a kindly soul. Who could forget having his sideboards tweaked as you stood on your toes in front of the class or receiving the bacon slice. Watching Arsenal some years back reminded me of Big Taff when Andrey Arshavin was on the pitch.

In 4a, the register call went Adams, Adams, Ainsworth, Aldred, Ashcroft, Belcher, Carsley, Carver, Delany, Hall, Isaacson, Keeley, Lawson, Lloyd, Mentha, McManus, - I must have lost interest once I had affirmed my presence as I can't recollect all but a few of the rest. I may have omitted some of the preceding too.

Peter Longhurst gave me a hundred lines for talkativeness. Nothing simple like "I must not talk in class", but "garrulousness leads to procrastination which is a thief of time". It's strange how I remember this after 60 odd years. Peter certainly drove the point home!

"Timberdick" Mr. Woodcock taught English language. He took a group of us on a hike in the Trough of Bowland on a hot summers' day. We took a dip in a pool of cold water from a stream off the hills – freezing!

Then there was gym or PT ("Rubberneck" Mr. Smith and later Mr. Gale). The former was feared. He had us hang on the wall bars until our arms ached. I still remember the exercises and do some occasionally. Crab football was fun as was pirates where all the apparatus was in use, beams, ropes etc.

The annual sports day included boxing, 3 rounds. I lost on points to Derek Salmon, Rubberneck said "good fight" There were mismatches. A powerful boy against a

much weaker one; the stronger one was disqualified for being too gentle! In an inter-school match, I ran too fast at first in the 440 yards race and had to walk to the tape, a presumed last, until a boy from the other school collapsed on the track. So Graham Husbands' 1st for KGV and my 3rd place gave us the win. I should have picked up the collapsed opponent and carried him to the tape as equal 3rd. That would have still given us the win.

After a short spell working at Pleasureland, I began working as a Laboratory Assistant at Bob Martins (site now Stokers) pet supply company on the corner of Hoghton St. and Union St. together with Bill Keeley, also from KGV. That didn't last long as we both were sacked for skiving to watch the bathing beauty contest at the Sea Bathing Lake. Bill and I continued studying chemistry at Liverpool via night school and day release from work for a few years.

Next, I worked in the Virginia St, Laboratory of J.A. & P. Holland, Hollands' Toffees of Penny Arrow fame. The level of quality control was amazingly high. Everything was checked by analytical chemistry. It was the experience and skills that I acquired at Hollands that gained me expedited entry into the USA in 1968. Those with special skills were favoured. Congressman, later Senator Brock of Tennessee also aided entry, his family owned Brock Candy Company. Wheels are greased.

After Hollands' of "Best on Earth" fame, it was off to Liverpool to work as a Flavour Chemist at British and American Tobacco until emigrating aged 28.

I took up employment at Knechtel Laboratories, Chicago, a candy and chocolate consultancy where a new laboratory was built and equipped to replicate the capability of Hollands'. After a while, I started work at Sears & Roebucks Merchandise and Development Laboratory at the to become infamous, Homan Square area. Concurrently, I started Illinois Analytical Laboratories (IAL), an independent entity mainly serving the food industry which also led to a spin off joint venture, Cosmorotics, of Candy Pants notoriety, with clients of IAL.

I continued working in the food industry with Libby McNeil & Libby a subsidiary of Nestle then on to Westreco, a Nestle research organization until they relocated out of Chicago. I took up employment with Air Resources Inc. to solve a chemical instability problem in a gas cleaning process that removed hydrogen sulphide. As Director of Research, I remained in that capacity with a range of successor companies until retirement.

Quite a few presentations and publications were made and some patents granted. Research was leveraged by association with Texas A&M University, College Station, Texas (Dr. A.E. Martell) and St. Andrews University, Fife (Dr. J.D. Woollins). I was a Chartered Chemist, FRSC before retiring.

Subsequent to working in Chicago we relocated to Goodyear, Arizona and enjoyed hikes in the hills of the Sonoran Desert. Four years ago, we moved to Olympia, Washington to look after 2Ha of rural woodland. Life is good!

Derek McManus

Two Years in Zambia by Sara Chesters

Since graduating from the first sixth form mixed ladies and gentlemen's group (I use the terms in the broadest possible sense) in 1981 I've been fortunate to live for most of my adult life on one of the U.S. coasts. A couple of years ago I somehow unexpectedly hit 55 which was reason enough to determine a change was in order so I threw caution to the wind and signed up to serve for a year in the U.S. Peace Corps in Zambia (having furtively checked the country's exact location -thanks Google). This was not quite as wild as joining the French foreign legion but credibly counts as my equivalent.

I arrived with a surprising cohort most of whom were not much older than my kids and after the shock of spending the first two weeks in a dormitory with 10 other people, no WiFi, dodgy electricity and fast track in our local language, Chitonga. I was on my way to Livingstone to serve at the psych hospital and across 25 local clinics and health care centers, to help reduce infant mortality and improve maternal health outcomes. Sub Saharan Africa has seen tremendous improvements in health care delivery but women and children still often get served last in line. It's hard to put into words all that I've learned in the last two years and the adventures I've had on and off duty. I've met elephants cycling along the road (me, not the elephant!), survived six months of power cuts for 15 hours a day, worked with village chiefs and local healers, witnessed more kindness and generosity than ever before and I am grateful for every moment. To the midwives who invited me to sing in their choir of 2000 amazing Zambian voices which still sends shivers up my spine, to helping rest a hotel worker who was chased by a rhino and collapsed for three days in a coma from shock and fear . I've saved money with village banking groups where 10 pounds can truly help a woman launch a small business that can change her family's life forever. I have been continually inspired by the huge hearts and love I've been shown by the most generous people in the world. It's been hard to write this short article, mindful as I am of not wishing to reinforce stereotypes or present my story as anything other than just my own personal experience. I've cared for patients without even a mattress to sleep in in the hospital and the next day sat in government strategy sessions to try and steer resources in directions where they will really make a difference.

Our place of birth is the accident that most defines the trajectory of our lives. It's the ultimate roll of the dice with the highest stakes possible. Across the world some of us hit the jackpot while the majority struggle with limited resources and opportunities simply by virtue of history and power. For me, it's been a life changing opportunity to try and address this on-going injustice if only in a very tiny way. Words fail me except to suggest that if you're considering what to do next and want to take a moment to give thanks and pay back a little for some of the bounty you've enjoyed, then take the leap and do something different, somewhere where the magic and colours of a different work will change your vantage point and your life forever.

The United States Peace Corps was founded in 1961 by president John F Kennedy as a vehicle to facilitate American citizens serving parts of the world in need of support and assistance. Since then more than 235,000 Americans have lived across the world to help enhance mutual understanding, cultural respect and improve infrastructure and quality of life.

Sara Chesters MA

Ed – Sara left KGV having been in the first group of High School young ladies to have to endured 2 years of hormone driven males. She obtained a First Class Degree in Drama and English at Manchester University and went into the world of marketing and commerce for many years. She attained positions as Global VP in more than one international company and took a decision in the 'noughties' to take a career change. She went back to University, in the States, and obtained an MA in Clinical Psychology. She is an Adjunct Professor at Pepperdine University and holds joint citizenship in both the UK and USA.



Packed for five volunteers moving to southern province for a year. My bag is in there somewhere along with my solar panel!

On the Road...



Rebel Rousers of 74 – An Update

What a year it promised to be for the class of 74. Huge plans for us all to jet over to the west coast of Mexico to luxuriate at Andy Holmes's new gaff, long before we'd ever heard Greta Thunberg.

By poor chance of fate but luckily for the planet Terry's daughter decided to drop his 26th grandchild so he couldn't come. Strangely everyone else decided they couldn't be arsed either except for yours truly. Oh, and Lonsy but he'd chosen, rather haughtily, to stay in 5 * luxury nearby. It was, I suppose, a more suitable establishment in which to slouch.

As the year wore on there was more frivolity. More 'lads' got together such as an Antipodean rendezvous for Spud and Proey. Fewer and fewer of us continued to earn a living and more and more took up sponging off the state. Those in employment were now in incredibly senior roles given their 50 years or so in the game. Taking responsibility for the writing of numbers on the newspapers in preparation for delivery or the actual driving of the refuse collection vehicles comes naturally for some; thank heavens for that KGV start in life.

Wainey returned to the UK to take up residence in the Gloucester countryside but kept his crib in Spain in case the hurly burly of UK living got too much. Will attended sporting events across the globe. Terry played bridge in Southport. The Springtime golf tournament held at S&A saw Westy lift the Class of 74 trophy as well as several beers with the 11 other lads who'd pitched up and driven off. Then, with the glorious summer in full swing, it happened that both Spud (Australia) and Daggy (Nigeria) found themselves in London. The London chapter of the class of 74 geared up and welcomed the tourists with open arms, gushingly full pints of Pilsner Urquell and lashings of face cream.

Sad to say we heard the awful news that one of our number, Big Kev Collins, had passed away. A sobering moment for us.

Golf at a charity tournament in Cardiff for Terry, Will, Derek and Wainey was September's highlight. Mike Fitton, who'd done his best to hide away in South Wales for 45 years, was at last uncovered and forced out for an evening of meat.

The annual KGV quiz obviously had to be cancelled in the wake of Colleen Rooney / Rebecca Vardy crisis which was sad but it really would have been crazy to carry on with all that going on. To replace the quiz the Class of 74 organised a 'games weekend' in London, few games, few beers, few meals and plenty of non-stop laughter. The Old Georgians centenary annual dinner takes place in April 2020, an event not to be missed.

My, just how much the Class of 74 are looking forward to 2020 is beyond words. Perhaps this is the year Monksy can be persuaded to come out of hiding.

Compiled by Chris Watson.

Flying Boats by Denis Pulman (Spencer's 1934-39)

I was one of four siblings to attend KGV before WWII. I left school when the war started, with my late twin brother Tony, to start an engineering apprenticeship. We both volunteered for aircrew in the RAF and were selected to enrol on pilot training courses. After 12 hours flying experience I was shipped to Canada to continue my training – I sailed across the North Atlantic on the “Queen Mary”, zig-zagging all the way in order to avoid U boats. It took eight days

When I arrived in Monkton, Canada, I was told that my training would be with the American navy under the “Tower’s Scheme” which had been established for the training of British aircrew. I was sent to St. Louis, where flying training was in Boeing Stearman aircraft. It was a hard and exacting course from which many men were rejected and sent back to Canada to train as navigators.

I completed the course and was then sent to Pensacola naval airbase in Florida. We were stripped of our RAF uniforms and given the khaki clothing of the US Navy Air Force to wear. Our RAF blues were locked away. The courses, again, were harsh and strict; ‘demerits’ were given for the slightest indiscretion and on reaching a total of 40, it was “back to Canada” to start again.

I proceeded to formation flying on Vultee Valiants and an instrument course on Harvards. The final part of my training was on Catalina flying boats. These were beautiful creatures to fly and were used by Coastal Command, patrolling out over ‘The Gulf’ to search for U boats. They could be airborne for 24 hours without refuelling. (It was a Catalina that found the Bismark in 1941 as she attempted to evade the British Navy).



Consolidated PBY Catalina

I ‘passed out’ at Pensacola gaining American Navy wings - we collected our RAF wings ‘out of a box’ after the official ceremony.

By this time, the war in Europe was coming to an end and I went back to Canada for further navigation courses. With the concentration of the war effort against Japan, the seaplanes were flown to the Far East by single pilots ready for use from the captured nearby islands.

Fortunately for me, the atomic bombs ended the conflict and, like many hundreds of other pilots, I was surplus to requirements. Eventually I returned to the UK and was demobbed in 1947.

Hundreds of British Airmen were trained at Pensacola and a strong Veterans society was formed. We were invited back to the airbase on many occasions and were treated with the greatest respect and kindness by the serving officers. We were granted the Freedom of the City of Pensacola and were also invited aboard the aircraft carrier “USS George Washington” in the Solent during the 50th Anniversary of the D Day landings.

Pensacola remains a large naval airbase – it has 240 miles of roads and 3 golf courses – and continues to train aviators from around the world.

My Surreal Shanghai Life by Liz Kelly

In November 2018, I got a call from my boss, one of those conversations that starts with “I’ve got a great opportunity for you....” I work for a large multinational Pharmaceutical Company, Eli Lilly (famous for Prozac and Insulin) as the global oncology advisor for Medical Education supporting the continuing professional development of physicians. The great opportunity was a 6 month assignment to support the development and capabilities of the newly formed Medical Education team in Lilly’s affiliate in China. Like many pharmaceutical companies, Lilly is developing many new medicines in China, and doctors there are keen to get up to date with the changing treatment paradigms and how diseases are managed elsewhere in the world.

So April saw me arrive in Shanghai with 4 suitcases into a flashy 17th floor apartment in Shanghai’s equivalent of 5th Avenue! I was surrounded by noise, lights, billboards and lots of glass skyscrapers – a world away from my suburban life back in Preston! There are around 250,000 expats living in Shanghai so it is an incredibly cosmopolitan and vibrant city and I was determined to embrace all that the city and China had to offer. In a city of 25 million, you can feel very alone and it can be very daunting so it was important that you make friends as quickly as possible, that you download all the Chinese Apps to simplify your life (yes, China does apps better than anyone) and of course have a VPN installed on everything – if you want to use any social media and keep in touch with home! Most people arriving here are in the same boat, so people are usually super friendly and helpful and there were other expat colleagues also on assignments of varying lengths who were keen to hang out. A colleague, Jessie, was also here on her own and we quickly realised we both had the same sense of adventure and were keen to explore this amazing country.

In the past few months, those of you who are friends with me on Facebook will have seen “The Intrepid Twosome” do China! We have laughed, cried, walked, climbed, cycled, swum, rafted and eaten our way around this incredible country that has got into our hearts. Highlights have been staying in the Tea Cozy Retreat in the mountains of Yangzhou where we sailed on bamboo rafts in the Dragon River amongst spectacular mountainous scenery as well as picking tea on one of the plantations, visiting the Terracotta Warriors and cycling the city walls in Xi’an, exploring Water Villages and exquisite gardens as well as tobogganing down from the Great Wall of China – as you do!! The humidity has been a challenge at times – certainly for my hair and boy, can it rain at times in apocalyptic proportions! Getting into a taxi can be a gamble, but DiDi (the Chinese version of Uber) and my translator app has saved the day on more than one occasion – top tip, most taxi drivers don’t speak any English, therefore always show them the address of where you want to go in Mandarin!

The assignment has been an incredible experience, China gets into your heart and it changes you, it has been a privilege to live and work here and my Chinese colleagues have embraced me wholeheartedly and made me so welcome – although they think my eating salad is weird – raw food? Don’t you want to cook it? I have grown both personally and professionally and I will be forever grateful for the opportunity it has afforded me... it has truly been “great” and I would recommend a visit to this country to anyone.

Elizabeth (Liz) Kelly (nee Read)
KGV 6th Form College, ’81-’83

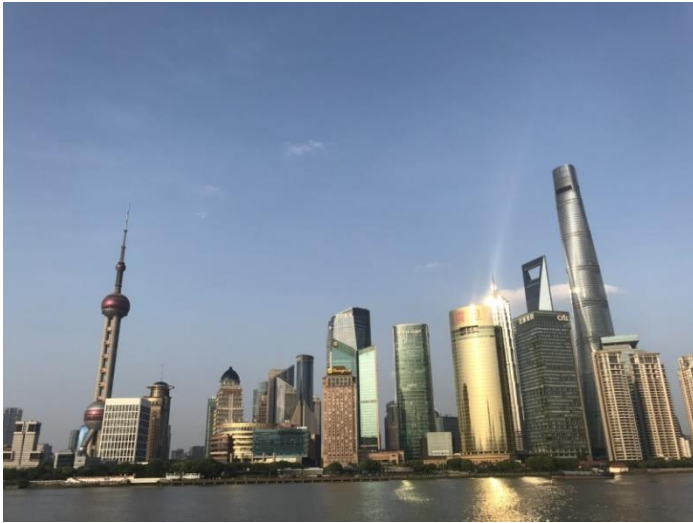
Ed – Liz was one of our early female students at KGV College, attending from 1981-83. She studied at Oxford School of Nursing. She has two children, both now married.



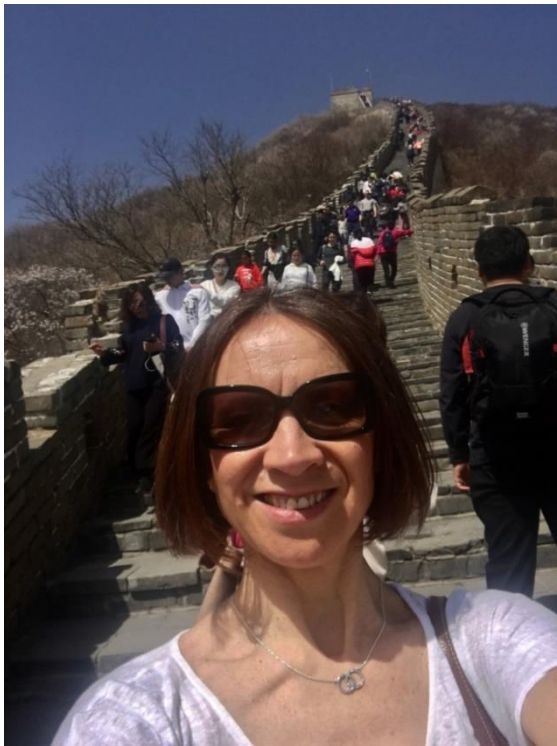
Traditional bamboo rafts on the Dragon River in Yangzhou



In the beautiful ancient Water Town of Tongli – China’s Venice!



Shanghai's famous Waterfront known as the Bund



Negotiating the Great Wall of China in Mutianyu



A



B

CENTENARY DINNER THURSDAY 9th APRIL 2020

Confirmed: The Bliss Hotel, Promenade, Southport.

Seated for Dinner at 7.30pm – please note the earlier start time!

As of January 18th, we have changed venue to the **Bliss Hotel** to accommodate those who have already confirmed their place.

This has meant an early payment in full for the venue by February 23rd, so **please ensure that you send your cheque or make a bank transfer by February 16th** to assist in this.

The ticket price for 2020 is £35 and tickets are available from Jonathan Elliott, Stan Rimmer or through any committee member. Please note that if 10 tickets are bought on block and paid for by February 9th, the cost is £315 as one ticket is free!

Payment can be by Bank transfers (Sort Code: 16-32-10. Acc: 13396486), 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.

If anyone has to pay on the evening, please ensure that you have confirmed with Jon Elliott in advance.

Contributions to the raffle prizes are welcomed.

We can accommodate requests for tickets after February 23rd and we will confirm your place on receipt should we still have places available. Cancellations made after **Thursday 2nd April** may not be refundable. All bookings must be confirmed by **Monday 6th April** to Jon Elliott. Any not confirmed will be released, so as not to incur a charge. Jon Elliott is on jonelliott61@hotmail.com or 07969889843.

We are again offering a menu choice. 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 March 31st) and stating in writing their preference.

Finally, to add to your pleasure (or confusion!), if anyone wishes to have a fourth course, they can select dessert A or B and ALSO have the Cheese selection. But, there is an addition cost of £7.95 for this, so please ensure that your payment totals £42.95 if you wish to take up this option. Please note, this cannot be added on the night.

2020 Dinner Menu (£35)

Starter

- A. Ham Hock Roulade (coarse pate)
With whole grain mustard and toasted ciabatta croute
- B. Tomato and Basil Soup
served with crusty bread
- C. Mojito Dressed Duo of Melon
with rum and mint syrup

Main

- A. Roast Beef
with Yorkshires, fresh market vegetables and potatoes
- B. Salmon Fillet in a Chiron Sauce
With fresh market vegetables and potatoes
- C. Shitake Mushroom and Pak Choi Risotto

Dessert

- A. Baked Chocolate Brownie
served with caramel sauce
- B. Lemon Tart
served with lime gel
- C. Raspberry & White Chocolate Cheesecake
- D. Selected Award Winning Cheeses (£5 supplement)
served with a selection of crackers, chutney, fresh fruit & celery

Optional 4th Course – supplement of £7.95 in advance

- Selected Award Winning Cheeses
served with a selection of crackers, chutney, fresh fruit & celery

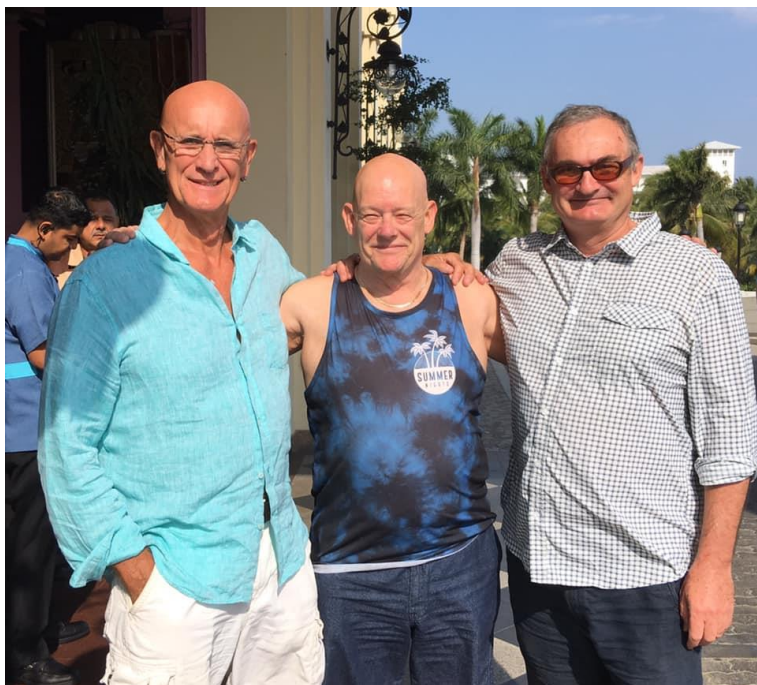
Tea/Coffee and Mints



C



D



E



F



G



H

PHOTO GALLERY

The previous pages show a selection of colour photographs related to various entries in the Red Rose.

OGA Golf Challenge – some of this year’s challenge competitors

A – B: Chris Threlfall, Dave Harrison, Mark Woolston, F: Chris Stitson, Ken Priestley

Annual Dinner

B – President, Anne-Marie Francis and Chairman, Dave Harrison

C – Anne-Marie Francis, David Arnold (last Head of School, First College Principal and OGA Vice-President), Hilary Anslow (former Principal and OGA Vice-President)

D – Class of ’79: Colin Smart, Simon Biddolph, Tim Pearson, Charles Mellalieu, Dave Patrick, Peter Alderson, Jeff Cummins

Rebel Rousers of ‘74

E – ‘Mexico’ Left to right; Andy Holmes, Mick Lonsdale, Chris Watson

F – ‘Cardiff - Charity golf day’ Left to right; Will Thornborough, Terry Fleetwood, Chris Watson, Steve Wainwright, Derek Barnett

Barry Klaasson (see below)

G – With his team in Malawi

H – The local children – happy and healthy

Reflections by Barry Klaassen

Barry was the last School Captain (or Head Boy as the title became in the 70s), taking over in Autumn 1978 to the end of the school year in 1979.

2020 will be the centenary of King George V School, a landmark in any establishment’s existence. I’m sitting writing this in November 2019 in a hotel in Blantyre, Malawi it’s 28c and a bit thundery, the rains have finally arrived to this part of sub-Saharan Africamore of this later.

In its time the school has been a distinguished seat of secondary education in West Lancashire and the North West, and one of only three schools in the world to ever bear the name of King George V, the other two can be found on far-flung Pacific islands. KGV was firstly a Grammar School for boys, with a reputation for excellence such that as a state school it was a first choice for parents and if boys were unable to get in, often went to the local Independent Schools. In its later years KGV metamorphosed into a sixth form college, became co-ed and so allowed my youngest sibling and sister Yolande to attend, joining the alumni with three of her four brother’s ...Nicolas , Carl and myself.

I enjoyed my school days looking back, although following an elder brother (Nick) who excelled in languages often led to my being picked on to translate the French passage. Teacher’s like Stan Rimmer and Stuart Smith soon realised language ability was not genetic ! ...Remember sitting in the language lab chatting with friends about anything else until you heard that click as the teacher listened in and you had to start “parlez francais“I did get my O level though, which was a mandatory pre-

requisite for entry to a Scottish University, more of which later. I'm pretty sure similar language pre-conception's led to me being "sin -binned" during Latin by Jack Clough.

My interests and early abilities were on the science side particularly Biology and Chemistry and recall two exceptional teachers H.C.Davies or Mol as we called him in Biology and JA Fairburn or JAF as he was universally known in Chemistry.

Mol was old school, a serious looking somewhat stern individual with a high intellect. During A level Biology he gave me an old book to read " On form and function " by Prof D'Arcy Thompson the first Prof of Biology of Queens College Dundee, Univ of St Andrews, now University of Dundee the University I later attended and graduated from. The book, mathematical model of Darwin's Origin of Species, of whom Thompson was a contemporary and colleague was I'm afraid unfathomable to this 16-17 year old ! After leaving school I visited him after he retired and recovering from major surgery, he was seriously terminally ill, but faced it with typical stoicism.

JAF was young only 10 years older than his pupils and full of zeal and enthusiasm for his job. He and his wife Rosie, who a skilled teacher herself, became our locum Biology teacher during our A Level and Mol's illness. More importantly they both became friends. Tony and Rosie were one of a group of our teachers including Messrs Greenhalgh, Frame, Clowes and others that took holidays at Long Rigg, the schools outward bound hostel, which in turn allowed groups of pupils to book holidays there. Seemingly independent but with adult low- key supervision, it was a great way for 16-18 year old to gain independence. I must have gone several times with class mates, memorably once cycling from Southport to Sedburgh so we had our bikes there! We enjoyed caving , hill walking , river swimming and visiting the local pubs ..Tony would always announce which hostelry he would be in so we could drink in the others. I'm in Malawi now because while studying Medicine at Dundee University my final year elective was spent here. Originally I had applied to a Hospital in Zambia, in those days before internet it was by airmail letternever had a reply. Tony and Rosie knew, in Crosby where they lived, a couple of doctors who did work in Africa and gave me their contact. They turned out to be Malcolm and Liz Molyneux both professors . He in Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine and Wellcome trust in Malawi and she latterly professor of Paediatric Emergency Medicine in Malawi and Alder Hay Liverpool, and a giant in the UK of Paediatric Emergency medicine.

I left KGV in 1979 to undertake a course in medical science at the University of Dundee a friend and KGV pupil Mark Edwards and I went there, both of us as second choice. Mark wanted to be a vet and I a doctor. We both had an exceptional time at university both joined the rugby club and turned out regularly for university teams. Mark graduated BSc Hones Pharmacology and I BSc Hons .Medical Microbiology in 1983. I then entered medical training as a graduate entrant to medical school in Dundee graduating as a doctor in 1987.

My problem was I liked all specialties in medicine but Emergency medicine (EM) was the speciality that most interested me. But was one of the least developed in medicine at the time. The unpredictability, demand led nature of the work was a draw. After initial A&E jobs in Dundee and Crewe I knew it was for me, so I pursued training posts including surgical trauma rotation that ultimately led to higher training in Emergency Medicine in Aberdeen. I became the 3rd Emergency Consultant appointed to Dundee service (my alma mater) which now supports 17

consultants working across 2 units in Dundee and Perth and is one of the best performing emergency services in the UK.

My career has seen me undertake responsibility in Dundee for Paediatric Emergency Medicine, Training Programme Director for higher training in EM, Teaching Sub-Dean of the Medical School and Honorary Senior Lecturer of the Medical School. While a Senior NHS Consultant in Emergency Medicine I had an opportunity to return to Malawi to support Scotland Malawi Anaesthesia group, training clinical officers and nurses in critical care skills, subsequently have become the only non-anaesthetic trustee of this group.

In Malawi in 2010 Malcolm and Liz Molyneux whom I was still in touch persuaded me to get involved in developing Adult Emergency care in Malawi I led the Scottish EM –Malawi project to develop the first adult emergency and trauma unit in Malawi which halved the death rate on admission of patients attending that hospital.

This success has led to my department being further funded by Scottish Government to develop a national network of Emergency and trauma services in all other Central hospitals in Malawi by 2023 , hence the reason I sit in a hotel in Malawi writing this article.

Apart from my work with the NHS and Global Health, five years ago I was appointed the Chief Medical Adviser to The British Red Cross in the UK. The Red Cross now nearly 150 years old is still as relevant today in reaching people in crisis as it ever was. Apart from ensuring all services provided are as safe as possible my role has been wide reaching ensuring staff and volunteers at events and community emergency response situations have the correct training and corporate governance for their work. This has involved travel throughout the UK seeing the wide range of support given by the organization. Support in independent living for frail and elderly, filling the gaps within NHS in health and social care, supporting refugee service and asylum seekers, checking the event first aid set up at major events ; Royal Ascot, Chelsea Flower Show , British Grand prix and great north run to name a few . Diverse roles that include writing guidance for staff exposure to TB and with the BRC response to Ebola in west Africa guidance on this too. I also co-author the First Aid Manual with representatives from St John and St Andrew ambulance, this is the world's bestselling First Aid publication translated into 87 languages not bad for a KGV boy who was rubbish at French !!

Dr Barry Klaassen. Head of School; Leech's House Captain 1978-79

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hello Jon, hope you well up in my lovely old town.

Its Adrian Rigby here, I now live in Tenbury Wells, Worcs & was in KGV Spencers House from 1959-1965 & was a School Prefect.

Don't think you know but dear friend & fellow prefect Ian Smith-Crallan passed away last year after an illness & being late July I am led to believe. Think he was 72 ish not sure- perhaps you can dig up more info locally?.

Ian who I think was in Woodhams house but not sure, was indeed a highly talented cricketer, played for both KGV & the Town team S & B Cricket Club & was also lead singer in local pop group The Argonauts who originated from St Cuthbert's Church in Churchtown I think, & if my memory serves me right.

I have found an old Prefects picture taken in front of KGV School office entrance in 1961-1962 I think. I am on the far left of the back row in dark blazer with Ian far left on the front row & being in blazer 'colours' that was allowed if you were in 1st team of any sport. In the middle of the front row is head boy Peter Molyneux also from Spencers. (*Ed – please view this on the web site*).

I come up to Southport quite regularly to see old football friends & family near Preston & have often thought of popping in to KGV College to introduce myself to whoever & have a look around. Not sure if they would let me!

Myself, I am now 73, still going strong & still involved with Football, now as a Talent Scout for Coventry City Fc after working with previous clubs of Southampton FC, Huddersfield Town, QPR, Watford, Wolves & Everton stretching some 35 years. I almost came up for the Maundy Thursday do this year but a previous commitment snookered that - will try next year as haven't attended one yet.

All the Best & Kind Regards

Adrian Rigby

Hi

Thanks for the hard copy of the Red Rose which I have read with interest although I admit to not knowing almost all mentioned.

Thanks ,

Ray Cranshaw (Evans 1948 -1952)

Cliff Teale got in touch from his home in the U.S.A and had a very informed chat with the editor.

On request for more information, Cliff sent in his C.V. There's always a job for you here Cliff!

SUMMARY

Offering over 50 years of high level comprehensive training, experience and accountability in accounting, global logistics and general management.

PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCE

2005-Date: Consultant and CFO - AC Tinnitus, Hyperacusis and Balance Center, Inc., York PA., for all aspects of Finance and Company Development.

2002 – to date: Consultant and CFO – Assistive Technology Products, Hershey, PA.

1995-2005: Consultant and CFO : Audiologic Consultants Inc. York PA., for all aspects of Finance and Company Development. Company sold in 2005.

1989-1995: Black & Decker U.S.A as Director of Intercompanies Worldwide. Responsible for the Detailed Development and Implementation of Inventory Control Supply and Demand Systems, including the global logistics for Finished Goods in all Worldwide Black & Decker Companies.

1980-1988: Director and General Manager of the Black & Decker Accessory Divisions, Europe and the Eastern Hemisphere.

1969-1980: Black & Decker-Italy. Director of: Finance: 1977 General Manager.

1965-1969: Black & Decker - U.K. also European Corporate Center: Director of Finance in U.K and Production Controller of the 3 U.K. factories : subsequently CFO of Europe.

1961-1965: Philips Electrical – U.K. Manager Internal Audit, subsequently Manager in the Company Acquisition Division.

1960-61: Coopers & Lybrand - UK: Junior Audit Manager

1957-1960: Peat, Marwick, Mitchell - UK: Clerk under Articles until Qualification - Chartered Accountant 1959

PROFESSIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS

- a. As a General Manager in Black & Decker, the companies and divisions under my responsibility, achieved every monthly profit budget for 12 years.
- b. The European Accessory Division increased its European Market Share from 4%

in 1983 to 14% in 1988 against heavy entrenched competition from worldwide manufacturers

- c. .Since 1995 to 2005 developed together with the owner of Audiologic Consultants, the leading Audiology Practice in Central Pennsylvania, and a business with a Turnover of \$300,000 p.a. in 1996 into a one of \$1,800,000 in 2005.

PROFESSIONAL QUALIFICATION

Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales. Associate (1959). Fellow (1969)

MILITARY SERVICE (Draft)

1955-1957: Pilot Officer - Royal Air Force. 2nd Tactical Airforce in Germany.

Hi Jonathan

I left the 6th Form in the summer of 1984 with one reasonable A level and a decent talent for writing computer games.

Working with two other students whilst in Upper 6th I had my first game published and on the basis of that got a job with a well-established publishing company in Richmond, West London. After several years of working hard (and partying extremely hard) I was persuaded to have a change of direction. I put a suit on and moved into contract work, mainly for insurance and finance companies, undertaking technical testing on IT projects. This move was very hard choice to make, especially leaving my jeans & T shirt behind, but the money was much better and I found that I really enjoyed the varied work. In 2002 I had a total change of direction when we set up a family business supplying disposable food packaging. Initially I just gave support in the evenings as I was still working in my day job. When a contract came to a natural end I went in full time for a few months to help it grow - I never went back to contracting. Seventeen years later our business is still thriving and at the sharp end of the food-2-go industry with the challenge of balancing both the environmental impact and utility of the packaging.

I married Stephanie in 1993 and we still live in West London with our youngest son, Tom. He left his 6th form in the summer of 2018 and after working with us for a few months to find his feet has now started work for BSI in Chiswick. Ben, our eldest son, is settled in Brighton working in a residential school. Outside of work and family I still, time permitting, pursue a keen interest in photography.

I thoroughly enjoyed my short two years at KGV and look forward to reading the Red Rose each year. I finally decided it was high time to add my own update.

Steve Cargill
6th Form 1982-84

Dear Jonathan,

Thank you for the latest copy of The Red Rose I received recently. Full of interest and nostalgia, you do a great job and it is very much appreciated!

I feel this is somewhat premature as I'm not sure if you will be thinking of the next edition just yet, but I would be grateful if the attached eulogy for Keith Sach could be included when it does happen. He was a lifelong friend of mine and I'm sure others would be interested to read of his many achievements. I always have trouble including attachments to emails so I hope you are able to use it as it is printed below. Please let me know if you need anything else from me.

Kind regards,
John Laws

Hi Jonathan

Richard Aughton forwarded your email with this year's Red Rose to me. I was in Evans 1957-1964 before going on to New College, Oxford to read Physics. I've lost contact with the school for many a long year; in fact the last contact with staff was a handshake from the redoubtable Neb Lessiter of all people as I left. I believe that they built the Scarisbrick New Road building round him. Richard noticed remarks that I'd made about the estimable Peg-Leg Wakefield on a Times crossword site, and made contact. We've been in touch for a few weeks now. He's suggested that I join the Association and also that I inform you of my OBE, acquired in the 1991 New Year's honours list, for the article you are preparing. I am sure you know that the letters stand for Other Buggers' Efforts as opposed to the more worthy MBE, My Bloody Effort.

Please put me on the right track for joining.

Kind regards,

John Uttley

Jonathan

In reference to hard copies of the Red Rose, I would suggest that you no longer send hard copies to me. I think the cost of the hard copy itself, and the postage to send it to Canada could be used in other areas. Sending it by e-mail is an ideal method for circulating the magazine.

Thank you for keeping old, old Georgians (Edwards house 1939-1945) like myself updated on the news.

Regards,
Norman Allen

Ed – great to hear from one of our oldest members – Norman, we will do you the honour still sending you the hard copy!

Dear Jonathan

Unfortunately my walking range is now <25m due to Peripheral Neuropathy, so the KGV Dinner is an impossibility. However, no pain and the grey cells still seem in order. At least aged 83, I can still read post-Doc maths texts, enjoy a good home-cooked dinner, a joke and a swim twice a week.

Many of my contemporaries are no longer with us physically or mentally : so sad when we meet the latter. Hence my witty daughter reckons my funeral will have to be a quiet family affair, but I've had the life of Reilly and have always been able to do my own thing!! In fact, I've tried to follow the style of the Polish mathematician Stefan Banach who did his best work in the pub She reckons I wouldn't get away with it now.

Kindest regards Brian Knowles (Leech's a long time ago)

Ed – records suggest 1949-54

Hi Jonathan,

Thank you for the Red Rose, which I found very interesting, with some familiar names.

I note that you are receiving donations of caps, ties and blazers. I have the following items which belonged to George Whitehead, who was my next door neighbour and for whom I was executor when George died in 2004:

KGV cap with the name 'G Whitehead 1929-30' on the label.

Framed photograph of KGV 2nd XV rugby team in 1929-30

Framed photograph of KGV 1st XV rugby team in 1930-31

Would you please let me know if you would like any of these items.

Thank you.

Ian Wright
Roger's
1969-76

Ed – my thanks to Ian, who subsequently delivered the items. Any and all artefacts or memorabilia are always welcome.

KGV & OGA MISCELLANY

A summary history of KGV through the pages of the Red Rose, 1920-79



In 1920, the Woodlands School opened on Albert Road in Southport. The teaching staff comprised the Head Master, Mr Millward and six fellow Masters. Five of the masters gave their names to school houses.



STAFF 1920

J. Edwards; G.C.D. Mason; T.P. Spencer
A.T.L. Grear; J.W. Rogers; O.A. Millward; J. Charnley

KING GEORGE V SCHOOL
1920-1970

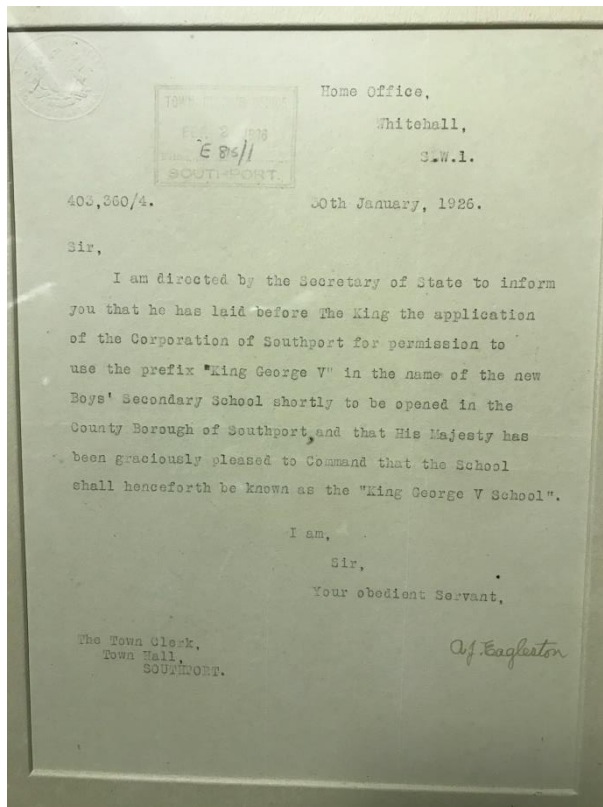
The foreword of the new school magazine, the Red Rose, read as follows...

FOREWORD

This is the first number of our School Magazine
It is the direct result of a desire widely expressed
in the School early this term. It marks the beginning
of what we trust will speedily establish itself as a
regular feature of the corporate life here.

And so the Red Rose magazine was born!

The next chapter in the transformation of the school took place in October 1926. After much consultation a Royal Decree was issued, allowing the school to take the name of the current Monarch, King George V, confirmed by the Town Clerk.



Thus in October 1926, the boys walked from the Woodlands to their new school building on Scarisbrick New Road, still the site of the College as it is today. The new building provided room and facilities never possible at the Woodlands.



This is an early photo of the school. Note that the Woodwork Classroom and the Dining Hall are not yet built at either end of the front corridor.

If anyone has had the pleasure of reading the early editions of the Red Rose, you might wonder whether the author had been partaking of some sort of illegal substance, for example From December 1926 – does anyone know what this means?

So here we are at last, long last! For a whole lustrum the report of our advent had been grossly exaggerated, but now Rumour, the lying jade, let truth pass her lips for once. And no one was more astonished than the flies! There they were in their hundreds and thousands, and daily new battalions flew in from the garbage heaps so thoughtfully deposited by a kindly Corporation in our proximity. A purificatory sacrifice all ready to hand! But how to perform the sacrifice without violating the virgin purity of the distemper and Duresco? The official answer was a lemon, but the more ingenious part of our youth solved the problem with deft flicks of their skilled right hands and avoided the corvée. For breathless excitement big game hunting was nowhere in it, and even those intrepid sportsmen who shoot tame pigeons on the Riviera might have found here some new thrill. Nor was danger absent: a whole company would stand at gaze as one unguardedly brushed from a depilated surface a tickling stranger and with horrified gasp discovered it to be clad in black and gold, the livery of envenomed malice.

Editorials continued to be baffling through the 20s and 30s, but in July 1939 someone had been viewing a crystal ball, bearing in mind what was about to unfold...

There are some things that we can love, not wisely, but too well. Liberty is one of them. The freedom to live our own life in our own way is a precious thing, but it is not everything. There is something in man that urges him to rise from the pit of vanity and change and chance desires that is self, and to devote himself to something steadfast and unchanging. There is in half humanity an instinct to serve,

A devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

But we must beware of devoting ourselves to false gods; too often the people have worshipped a vain thing. In many countries to-day people are finding an outlet for their desire to serve in a devotion to the State. But too often the State is a mere cloak for the ambition of a clique; too often the devotees of the State are serving, not a high ideal, but the interests of a governing class.

December 1939 opened with an extremely calm Editorial. Clearly WW2 was in its infancy with very little understanding of the difficult times ahead.

Owing to evacuation we have this term had to share the school buildings with another Secondary School. There has of necessity been a certain amount of inconvenience and congestion, but patience and consideration have overcome many of the difficulties. We hope that our visitors have been happy and comfortable among us, and that they will continue to be so until they are able to return to their own domains. We remember, when we have to dispense with some of the little amenities of corporate life, that their deprivations are much greater than ours.

For our part, we have been able to continue with the full school working day, and indeed many have found themselves more occupied than ever. This is because of certain necessary changes in the curriculum, formal lessons having been replaced in some instances by classes of a more or less experimental nature. While we must beware of doing things merely for the sake of doing something, we believe that, though a certain amount of book-learning may have had to be sacrificed temporarily, these experiments may easily prove to be not the least important part of our education; not only will they foster adaptability and initiative, but they give us glimpses of realms not envisaged by the orthodox syllabus.

The School lost many former pupils during the war. 80 of those killed in action are listed in the Roll of Honour on our website.

<http://www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk/resources/Red-Rose-1/kgvroh.pdf>

Many more returned injured and we have no knowledge if any others were killed as civilians or in any other line of work or life style.

The School commissioned two oak panels that list the fallen and these are still on show in the College. They are shown below with the bronze bust of King George V that was presented to the school



In 1949, the school underwent a change in leadership. Mr George Millward retired. He had been head since the opening in 1920, with the incumbent being Geoffrey Dixon. Mr Millward wrote the foreword to the July 1949 edition of the Red Rose.

It was very rare that the Headmaster wrote in any of the editions, indeed the only entry found to date is Mr. Millwards good bye in 1949, followed by Geoffrey Dixons in 1976.

A FAREWELL MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD MASTER



In the first number of *The Red Rose*, published in 1921, it was my privilege to write the foreword, wherein the hope was expressed that the magazine would speedily establish itself as a regular and vital feature reflecting many sides of the corporate life of the School.

The beginning was a modest one, and the magazine of to-day is the result of years of steady and consistent striving. In the intervening years many difficulties have been encountered and overcome, especially during the years of paper shortage; it is therefore with feelings of pride, mingled with regret, that I respond to the Editor's request to pen a few words in farewell.

Pride one justifiably feels that so many outstanding achievements have been chronicled in the pages of *The Red Rose*, and that much original work has seen the light of day in its pages, wherein too lies the evidence of the School's having nourished a love of truth and intellectual honesty, eagerness to serve the community, and a desire to lead the upright and many life.

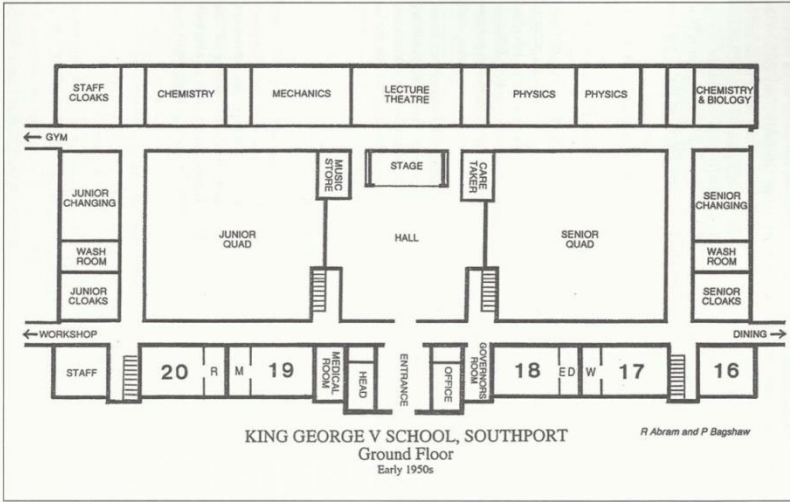
At a time when selfishness, lack of consideration for others, and the lust for power are all too prevalent in the world, there is more than ever the need for the more fortunate who are privileged to pass through the Grammar Schools to hold fast to principles and to give a lead to the man in the street.

Regret one cannot but feel that one's active career has drawn to its close. The prospect of a long holiday grows less entrancing as it draws nearer, but mingled with this feeling is one of profound gratitude to the many masters and boys who have nobly supported any efforts I have been able to make. Fortunate as I have been in this respect, I confidently hope that my successor will be similarly strengthened when he takes the reins. *The Red Rose*, I know, will be a most valuable asset to him.

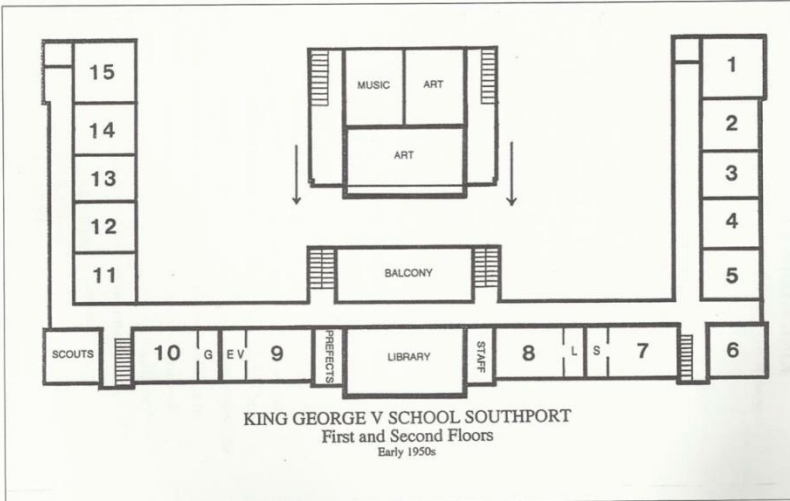
And so the new era commenced. Although the Old Boys had been established many years before, it was the new Headmaster, Geoffrey Dixon, who recognised the need for greater contact and he promoted and supported the Annual Dinner that still continues today. It took various formats before its current arrangement, including the occasional full dinner dance with guests (a photo of the 1960 event follows).

The *Red Rose* continued through the 1950s. There was a change in the cover, moving away from the traditional Rose to a more 'modern' design. Rarely did the format and content change. One notable exception was the inclusion of a plan diagram of the school that was published in the mid-50s and follows on the next page. This seems to be have been provided because the room numbers for the classrooms either changed or were introduced for the first time. No excuse for the boys to go to the wrong room and be late for class!

42



43



The Floor Plan

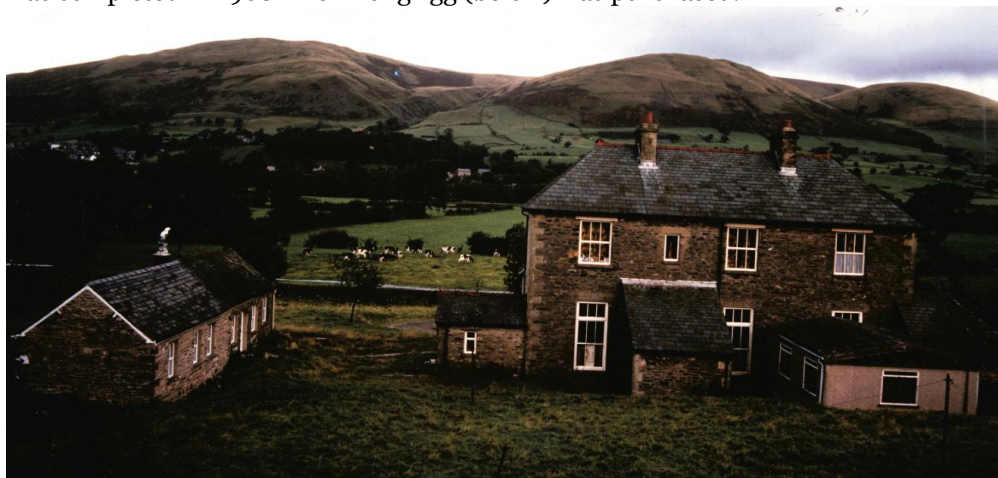


The Old Boys Dinner Dance 1960 – do you recognise anybody?

The school benefitted over the years from several former pupils returning to take up teaching positions. David Miley might be spotted in the 1960 photograph!

The others include Hubert Long, Bob Abram, George Wakefield, Stan Rimmer and Philip Holland.

A significant event that took place at the end of the 1960s, was the search and acquisition of an establishment to extend the education of the pupils. That search was completed in 1968 when Longrigg (below) was purchased.

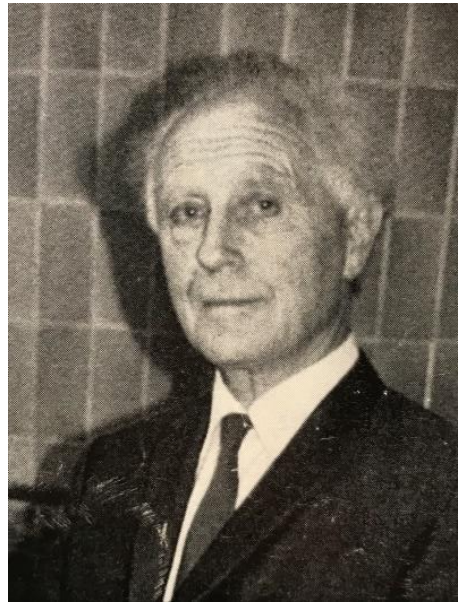


The 1970 Red Rose was a bumper edition of 157 pages. This was, of course, due to the Golden Jubilee of the school. The first portion of the edition was dedicated to the history of the school over that 50 year period. The second part was more aligned to the regular content of the end of year edition – albeit only 50 pages of the total.



King George V School

GOLDEN JUBILEE
1920-1970



Longrigg was celebrated in this edition with several pages. In 1976, Mr Dixon wrote to the Old Georgians and his letter follows.



Longrigg. 1968-76.

As soon as we saw Longrigg, which then had the ugly name of "Wilsonholme" we knew we had come to the end of our search. This was in 1968. This was to be our ideal home from home. Parents, staff and boys worked with a will and with a cameraderie and purpose impossible to attain in the classroom. A new dimension was added to our corporate life. Plumbing was installed, bunks constructed in the workshop, wall paper and paint put on with gusto. All was completed in time for the official opening in 1970 to mark the School's Golden Jubilee.

Every boy had half a week's visit during each of his first four years. There were numerous other visits both for work and pleasure. Friendships were formed here and a new sense of purpose built up. All this was made the more enjoyable by the thought that we had done it for ourselves.

Town boys, unused to the countryside, roamed one of the most beautiful areas of a beautiful country. No one who walked out of the front door on a spring morning to see the green hills of Winder, Crook, Sicker's Fell and Knott bathed in the sunshine, and to hear the wild cry of the curlew on the hill behind, could remain unmoved by the experience.

Old Georgians remember those happy days. That is why they are moving Heaven and earth to preserve Longrigg so that others may enjoy the same happiness there as we did before them.

Well done! Old Georgians. May your enterprise succeed and may you have as much enjoyment in your achievement as we did before you.

G. Dixon.
Head Master 19 - 19

Possibly the biggest change that was to come to the school was on the horizon when Geoffrey Dixon retired in 1976 and David Arnold became the new Headmaster.

There is an excerpt from David's book in a later section about the preparation and undertaking of the Transformation of the school to the new sixth form college.

Geoffrey Dixon's (accompanying previous photo) farewell in the Red Rose follows

For me this is a sad moment. My life's work has seen its whole achievement in the activities and success of King George V School and its pupils and it is a wrench to realise that, after 27 years, my part in promoting this success is drawing to its inevitable end.

Throughout this time the Red Rose has faithfully recorded the activities of the school and the literary efforts of its members. May it long continue to do so. One of the greatest pleasures of my job has been to prepare for publication the news received of Old Boys' careers and promotions. It is heartening to read of the considerable accomplishments of Old Georgians and of the important part so many of them are taking in the life of the country. I have always felt that the success of a school can only truly be judged by the lives and careers of those who have passed through it. We can indeed be justly proud of their record.

Great organisational changes will soon come upon the school. In a few years it will be transformed from an institution devoted to the care of its pupils throughout most of their teenage life to a finishing school endeavouring to draw together in a brief two years pupils, both boys and girls, with varying backgrounds and achievements and with a stiff academic course to follow. In the immense task of this change-over I am sure my successor, Mr. D. J. Arnold, will have the goodwill of all concerned, staff and pupils alike.

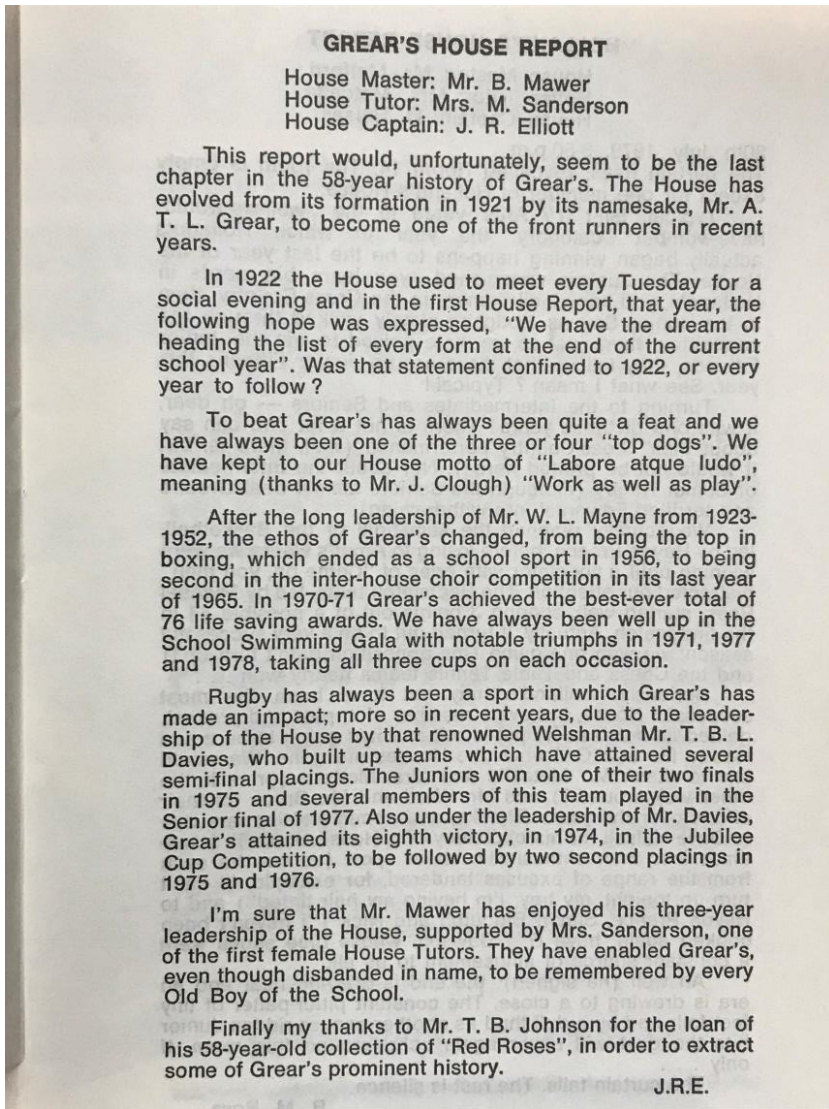
I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those connected with the school, boys, staff, parents and governors, for their unfailing kindness and consideration, their hard work and loyal co-operation and for their patience and tolerance. All this has made these last 27 years most pleasant and rewarding for me. May I wish all at King George V School happiness and success in the future.

The final edition of the Red Rose was Volume 58.2 in July 1979. With such a momentous change about to take place, this was considerably under reported in the final edition.

SCHOOL NOTES

At the end of this term King George V School will officially cease to exist. It was founded in 1920 as the Southport Municipal Boys' Secondary School, and named King George V School when it moved into the buildings in Scarisbrick New Road in 1926. It will, of course, be replaced by King George V College, but the school, (i.e. the grammar school boys who have not yet reached 'O' level) will in practice continue to exist until the summer of 1982.

The only other place of note that reflected on this, was the Grear's House Report. Any coincidence in the name of the author?



And so, from its' first edition in 1921, the publication of the school magazine, the Red Rose ceased. From volume 1 in December 1921 to volume 53, there were three editions per school year. In 1974/75, this reduced to two volumes in December and July for volumes 54 to 58; a grand total of 169 volumes. All of these are available in the KGV Learning Centre if anyone wishes to read the originals. All will be uploaded to the web site in the coming months.

LISTS

As we approach our Centenary, several lists related to the School have been collated. We recognise that the 'Honours' are not complete and request that if anyone has further information, please send it in.

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

Life Peerage

Ronald Fearn

Knight Bachelor

Sir James Stuart

Sir 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 British Empire (CBE)

Prof Roy Duckworth

Prof John Thompson

Officer 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)

Member of the British Empire(MBE)

John Rostron

David Marsh

John Paisley

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

School Captain

Attaining the position of School Captain was an honour bestowed upon a pupil in the Summer term of their lower sixth year, to be taken up in September of their upper sixth. The following are in the Roll of Honour for School Captain from 1950 until 1979, when the school became the sixth form college.

Year	Captain	House
1950 -51	Davidson, J.M.C	Woodham's
1951 -52	Booth, C.G.	Rogers
1952 -53	Bracken, C.E.	Leech's
1953 -54	Hyde, J.B.A	Rogers
1954 -55	Topping, G	Leech's
1955 -56	Williams, A.T.	Evans
1956 -57	Thompson, J.J.	Woodham's
1957 -58	Davies, P.G.	Edwards
1958 -59	King B.	Grear's
1959 -60	Court A.R.A.	Spencer's
1960 -61	Jump R.T.	Grear's
1961 -62	Grime J.D.	Mason's
1962 -63	Stuart D.A.	Edwards
1963 -64	Fletcher, S.B.	Mason's
1964 -65	Molineaux, P.	Spencer's
1965 -66	Moss K.H.	Evans
1966 -67	Lewis D.B.	Woodham's
1967 -68	Abram M.	Leech's
1968 -69	Day I.T.	Rogers
1969 -70	Gritten M.R.	Mason's
1970 -71	Smith D.	Edwards
1971 -72	Fletcher, R.A	Mason's
1972 -73	Pulman, N.D.	Spencer's
1973 -74	Halsall M.	Grear's
1974 -75	Marshall, R.W.	Evans
1975 -76	Ball, J.M.D.	Amer's
1976 -77	Caller, R.A.	Evans
1977 -78	Wilkinson, N.	Grear's
1978 -79	Webster, N. (Autumn Term) Klaassen B (Spring & Summer Terms)	Rogers Leech's

Jubilee Cup

Individual prizes for academic or sporting achievement were not awarded. The school valued team and house efforts and each year, the Jubilee Cup was awarded to the house that accumulated the most points.



The table below lists the winners. In the melee of the arrangements for the transition from school to college, awarding the trophy in 1979, the last year of the school, was forgotten. Rumour has it that Gear's should remain the perpetual holders of the cup, but the records show it to be Spencer's, winning in 1978.

1935	Gear's	1950	Gear's	1965	Spencer's
1936	Gear's	1951	Gear's	1966	Spencer's
1937	Spencer's	1952	Woodham's	1967	Rogers'
1938	Edwards'	1953	Mason's	1968	Edwards'
1939	Leech's	1954	Gear's	1969	Edwards'
1940	Spencer's	1955	Gear's	1970	Edwards'
1941	Edwards'	1956	Mason's	1971	Edwards'
1942	Evans'	1957	Leech's	1972	Edwards'
1943	Evans'	1958	Leech's	1973	Spencer's
1944	Rogers'	1959	Gear's	1974	Gear's
1945	Edwards'	1960	Rogers'	1975	Spencer's
1946	Edwards'	1961	Mason's	1976	Spencer's
1947	Rogers'	1962	Mason's	1977	Leech's
1948	Edwards'	1963	Mason's	1978	Spencer's
1949	Woodham's	1964	Spencer's	1979	Not awarded

KGV Reorganisation

David Arnold moved to Southport in 1976 with his wife and children and took over as School Headmaster. He managed the transition of the school into the new college, which commenced way before the September 1979 date of the formal change. David has written an extremely interesting auto-biography and has given permission for the Red Rose to reproduce extracts from it.

The following is from chapter 48, that is titled “Re-Organisation”.

We arrived in Southport in the hot summer of 1976, when the Open was being played at the Royal Birkdale Golf Club. We had to get sorted out in a new house and meanwhile I was heavily involved in my work. In the first place there was the ordinary day to day business of running of a large boys’ grammar school. On top of that there was all the planning that was needed to create a new sixth form college. Three key things are needed in any educational institution once you know who its pupils (or students) are going to be. First you need a clear idea of an appropriate curriculum for them. Then you need the staffing to teach it. Finally you need suitable buildings in which the teaching and learning can take place.

Too often it happens the other way round. A school has its buildings which, whether good or bad, are permanent, and the opportunity for changing them, other than by doing a certain amount of internal reconfiguration, is negligible. The staffing is very often largely fixed as well. A new head teacher is likely to have to accept those who are already in place, and may be either fortunate or unfortunate in those who are inherited. The curriculum is in theory easier to change, but in practice it may well be decided very largely by what examinations the pupils are expected to take, by what the staff are accustomed to teaching and by what is possible in the buildings already in place. Changing almost anything may be difficult.

At King George V College there was an unusual opportunity to try to do those things in a rational sequence. The Conservative council of the Metropolitan Borough of Sefton, which had approved the school’s change of status, required the new college to be restricted in size to 550 students, only a few more than the combined sixth forms of KGV and the Southport High School for Girls. This was because it was to be a grammar school at sixteen-plus, proud of its grammar school past, and consciously aiming to be a model for academic sixth form colleges. The councillors were prepared to allow some expansion, but not so much as to alter the nature of the grammar school sixth form curriculum. We were to be an A level college providing traditional A level subjects and nothing else, other than the sort of sports and recreational activities traditionally associated with a grammar school.

I had to persuade the governors and the local education authority that students who were studying Maths and Science subjects at A level but had failed O level English Language in the Fifth Form, should not only be allowed to re-take it at KGV but should be required to do so. I wanted it to be college policy that they must continue with it until they passed. Similarly I insisted that we should require Arts students who had failed O level Maths to continue with it until they passed. It was not particularly difficult to convince the governors of that, but it was difficult to go beyond that. ‘We don’t want students coming here to take courses in origami and

belly-dancing’, said one of them. ‘They can do that at the Tech.’

Nevertheless, before long they agreed to let me provide O level courses in a range of languages (French, German, Spanish, Latin and Ancient Greek) and also in a number of other O level subjects, such as Astronomy, Navigation, Economics and Geology, so long as those subjects were not on the curriculum of the 11-16 schools. I argued that I wanted all our students to take an O level subject during their first year, as well as studying for their A levels. The weaker ones would be re-taking either English or Maths. Meanwhile the stronger ones could well take an extra, and perhaps unusual, O level subject, and I wanted them to have passed it before filling in their university application forms.

It also became college policy that all the students should take A level General Studies. They were well qualified to do so, because the General Studies A level examination of the NUJMB, the Northern Universities Joint Matriculation Board, was particularly well suited to students like ours who had had a broad academic curriculum up to O level. In the first year that statistics about examination performance were made public nationally there were more passes in that one subject at KGV than all the ‘A’ level passes in all the subjects taken in all of the comprehensive schools in the Metropolitan Borough of Manchester added together.

Getting the staffing right was more of a problem. The reorganisation of King George V School as a sixth form college was, of course, part of a wider reorganisation of secondary education throughout the bounds of the former County Borough of Southport, and you could not sensibly leave the staffing which had been appropriate for one system unaltered under another one. Substantial changes were needed.

We were fortunate that the reorganisation was largely in the capable hands of Mike Nichol, the Deputy Director of Education for the recently created Metropolitan Borough of Sefton, the northernmost borough of Merseyside. In Southport he was faced with changing the secondary provision from two

grammar schools and five secondary modern schools into one sixth form college and five comprehensive schools, each with an age range of 11-16, and with amalgamating a boys’ and a girls’ secondary modern school next door to each other as one comprehensive school.

The first stage in the implementation of the plan for reorganisation was the appointment of the head teachers. My appointment as head of the sixth form college had, of course, already happened. Next Celia Evans, the headmistress of the Southport High School for Girls, was persuaded to stay on and see it through its transition into Greenbank High School, a girls’ 11-16 comprehensive school. Then the heads of the secondary modern schools were able to apply for any of the comprehensive school headships, and when two were not appointed, the post was opened up to competition nationally, while they were found positions in other schools in the town as deputy heads.

That system was applied at all levels, and because of the knock-on effect, the number of senior posts in each school was increased. After me, the next appointment to KGV was of my deputy and for that post George Wakefield was an obvious choice. Surprisingly the local authority had no record of his appointment, and it was as a result of that that I heard from George the story of how he came to join the staff back in 1945.

A proviso applying to all appointments to King George V College was that the candidate must have had recent sixth form experience. This meant that for many posts in the college there were likely to be candidates from both KGV and the Southport High School for Girls, and Mike Nichol, Celia Evans and I tried to resolve the problems which inevitably arose from that by seeing all members of staff at both of the schools and discussing with them what they wanted to do.

For KGV we aimed to create a staffing structure which would accommodate the members of staff we hoped to keep. Quite often we wanted to retain in the college both the High School head of department and the KGV one, so, for example, when John Clough from KGV became Director of Studies, Dorothy Hughes from the High School could be appointed Head of Classics. Similarly the appointment of the Head of Chemistry at KGV to a post responsible for Careers Advice left the Chemistry post open to the head of department at the High School.

In the case of English the head of department at KGV wanted that post in the college, while his opposite number at the High School thought it worth aiming to take charge of the library. I thought it would be better to have her as the head of the English Department, and I remembered how Clement Attlee had in 1945 disappointed the aspirations of Ernest Bevin to be Chancellor of the Exchequer and of Hugh Dalton to be Foreign Secretary, saying 'I think we'll do it the other way round.' I decided to do that with the Library and English Department appointments at KGV. The members of staff concerned were surprised, but they accepted it and in the event it worked well. So did the appointments operation as a whole, and most of those appointed to the college were satisfied.

Of course that left those who were not appointed. In many cases they were still needed at King George V School during the period of transition and several were promoted enough to encourage them to stay, especially as their promotion was accompanied by an assurance of a subsequent post at a no lower level in one of the comprehensive schools. Thus someone who had been appointed to KGV when it was a grammar school, stayed during the period of transition and then moved as a head of department to one of the town's comprehensive schools, might have on his curriculum vitae three years teaching in a boys' grammar school, three at a mixed sixth form college and a few years as a head of department at a mixed 11-16 comprehensive school. It could be a good start to a career.

Less satisfactory were the arrangements for the rebuilding of KGV, for the least impressive element in the Education Department of the Metropolitan Borough of Sefton was its Buildings Branch. KGV needed to be rebuilt because it was sinking into the peat, and permission had been granted on condition that it should no longer be a boys' grammar school. Buildings Branch got hold of regulations and specifications from the Department of Education for a replacement boys' school, planned it and started to have it built. There were no girls' toilets, and the sizes of the classrooms were all planned according to the specifications for a boys' secondary school. The school office, offices for senior members of staff and a large common room for other members of staff were all concentrated at one end of the building.

Fortunately the building work was at an early enough stage for me to seek some changes, and I contacted the Head of Buildings Branch. His reaction was that everything was being done properly and that the preferences of a newly appointed head teacher were irrelevant. Head teachers were ephemeral. He was building for

the long term in accordance with specifications laid down nationally and after careful thought at Whitehall. There was no budging him.

I turned to Mike Nichol, who asked a number of pertinent questions. The point about the need for girls' toilets was clear. The issue of classroom sizes needed some thought. I explained why I thought it desirable to have small departmental offices scattered throughout the college rather than to concentrate all the staff in one corner, leaving the students entirely unsupervised in the rest of the college. He understood and set out to solve the problem.

Later we looked at the plans for Phase II of the college buildings. They presented an even worse problem. Although Buildings Branch had by now accepted that we needed to accommodate girls as well as boys, their plan for this building included an isolated upstairs area designated as a student common room, approached from one side only and with boys' toilets at the top of the stairs on one side and girls' toilets on the other.

No member of staff would have any reason to go there other than to check that everything was peaceful and orderly and then turn round and go away again. I wanted the common room in the middle of the building downstairs, next to the kitchen, and so arranged that both students and members of staff would naturally walk through it on their way from one place to another, and where, if they wished, they would go to have lunch in the middle of the day. All this was eventually achieved, but at the cost of untold hours of argument and explanation.

There was a stage at which we were working partly in the first of the new college buildings and partly in the old grammar school building, while alongside was a building site. The contractors began by driving piles thirty feet into the ground to get through the peat and establish a firm base for the building. They had detailed plans of all the services to the school building, so that they could avoid cutting through electricity cables or gas pipes, and they were meticulous in arranging their work in such a way as to cause minimum disturbance.

Then one afternoon all the lights in the new college building which we were already using went out and immediately afterwards water flooded not only over the grounds of the college but also over the Scarisbrick New Road, which became impassable. I tried to use the telephone, but the telephone was dead.

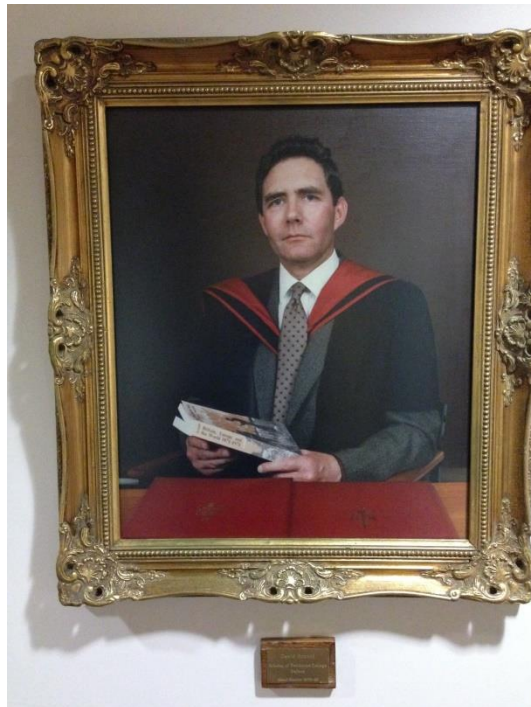
It seemed that the gas supply had been cut as well; before long sewage was seeping into the flooding water. The explanation was that, although the contractors had detailed plans of the services to the school building and carefully avoided them, they had not been given a plan of the services to the first of the new college buildings and a mechanical digger had gone through everything. There was nothing anyone could do except pack up and go home. But by the next day things were already back to normal.

The process of reorganisation took years, as the last eleven-plus intake of 1977 worked its way through the school. There was no entry in 1978. Then in 1979, when the change from grammar school to sixth form college officially took place, the first girls joined the college, together with an extra vice-principal, Janet Lawley, who came from Merchant Taylors' School, Crosby, and was later to be a very successful Headmistress of the independent Bury High School for Girls, a former 'direct grant' grammar school. Sex discrimination legislation had prevented us from advertising

for a female deputy. 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.

The school had begun its life with a staff of seven and ended it with a staff of 50. It grew from 110 boys in 1920 to 851 in 1977, the last year in which there was an 11-plus entry. In the last year of its existence as a school the sixth form numbered 267 and was larger than ever before, with eighty-six of the boys who left that year going on to degree courses. Throughout the life of the school it had retained the distinction of being the last school in the country to be named after a reigning monarch, and when it was transformed into a sixth form college, the name of King George V was retained.

In the summer of 1982 the very last grammar school boys, those who had joined the school in 1977, took O level, and almost all of them returned in September as students of the college, whose new buildings were now completed. The old school building, gradually subsiding into the peat, was being prepared for demolition. The period of transition was over. We had reached 'the broad sun-lit uplands' towards which we had been working for so long and I was looking forward to leading and developing the new college throughout the rest of the century. I was only the third headmaster, and my predecessors had been in post for twenty-nine and twenty-seven years respectively. So far I had only been there for six.



David Arnold

What Draws Me Back To My School Reunions?

Someone once said that "schooldays are the best days of your life". Someone else ventured that "whoever said that schooldays are the best days of your life was probably a bully and a cheat."

Worryingly, I enjoyed my schooldays very much. I don't think I was much of a cheat or a bully, although now that I think about it, I did quite often, at the back of the number 17 bus, persuade Simon Cliffe to let me copy his Latin homework. Not that our Latin master, Mr Clough, was remotely fooled.

In another life, Mr Clough could have been a forensic scientist. "Did you by any chance share a bus with Cliffe this morning?" he would write, at the bottom of my ablative absolutes.

Neither Cliffe nor Mr Clough were present, alas, at my school reunion dinner last Thursday. But plenty of other classmates were there, as well as one or two teachers. It is strangely unsettling seeing old teachers now, especially those who were, in the 1970s vernacular of King George V Grammar School for Boys, Southport, "rock hard".

Stan Rimmer, who taught French and ruled Room Seven like Pol Pot ruled Cambodia, only with not quite as much tolerance for dissenters, is one of the stalwarts of the Old Georgians Association. He is a man of warmth and benevolence, and probably always was, but old manifestations die hard. When he appeared behind my chair last Thursday to ask me for my £20, I would not have been remotely surprised had he then hauled me to my feet by my sideburns.

I am 42, so it is more than a little pathetic to be transported back to my teens merely by the sight of a former teacher. Maybe I'm unusually vulnerable in this regard. Six years ago, when I took my four-year-old daughter to the state school in London we wished her to attend, for a "consultation" with the forbidding head teacher, it was the first time I'd been back in an infants school since I was an infant myself. If anyone had asked me why I wasn't wearing black pumps, I probably would have started to cry. And when the head teacher peered at me over her spectacles and said "parents' names?", I offered her those of my own mother and stepfather.

"Actually," said my wife, looking at me askance, "it's Jane and Brian." Obviously, the inner child in me is raring to get out, which is doubtless why I enjoy attending the Old Georgians' dinner every Maundy Thursday.

Moreover, there is comfort to be gained in shared experience, and a particular bond with those who shared what is perhaps, apart from being born, the most formative experience of all.

No matter that you've never been quite sure of their first names (I'm amazed, frankly, that I managed to recall that Cliffe was a Simon). Luckily, there are always nicknames to fall back on. However puerile it might seem for one middle-aged man to address another as "Stoffer", it comes more easily than "Chris".

Speaking of nicknames, there was one discordant note at last week's dinner. Our old headmaster, Geoffrey Dixon, known to my generation as "the Fez", was not sitting in his rightful place at the top table, having died last month, aged 91, after a mercifully short illness. Apparently, he was full of vigour almost to the end, and spoke at last year's dinner with his customary style and wit.

There were men in their 70s there, and men in their 30s, and he had been headmaster to them all, although I think his nickname changed through the years. I never knew why our lot called him the Fez. He wasn't Moroccan and he certainly bore no resemblance to Tommy Cooper. But the Fez he was and the Fez he will remain, although always with the utmost respect. To show disrespect to the Fez was unthinkable, and that axiom alone was a useful one for generations of boys to carry into adulthood.

He in turn, on the 75th anniversary three years ago of the founding of King George V School, wrote this in the Old Georgians' magazine, the *Red Rose*: "The true worth of a school can only be gauged many years after the pupils leave. A member of Liverpool University once said to me, 'We like having your boys. They are such good citizens.' One of my greatest pleasures is to read the achievements of Old Georgians in the *Red Rose*. So many of them have not only followed successful careers, but have made major contributions to the culture and life of their neighbourhoods. They have been good citizens. No school can hope for more."

I don't suppose I ever uttered more than 50 words to the Fez, and a large number of those were "yes", "no", and "sir". But if I'd had a proper conversation with him in recent years, I'm sure I would have found a dim opinion of league tables for schools. Even allowing for some sentimentality in those words of his, he was right to say that a school's worth is best measured long after the pupils have left. Especially if those former pupils still make the effort to meet up every year, if only to discuss which teacher scored the most direct hits with a board rubber.

Brian Viner, The Independent, 13th April 2004

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**The Following Pages are additions to the 2020 printed version.
Where appropriate, they will be added to the Red Rose 2021 printed
version.**

OBITUARIES

Kevin Philip Collins

Kevin Philip Collins – 17th November 1955 to 3rd June 2019.

Kevin (Key) was born in Southport, 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