

THE ARNOLD YEARS

1976-1983

SEVEN YEARS IN SOUTHPORT

'We run this town', said the Chairman of the Old Georgians' Association as he rolled his cigar after dinner in the manner of a Mafia godfather. He was later my dentist and is now, I believe, a member of the Corporation - which I still think of as the Governing Body - of King George V College. He was right, of course. When you needed a doctor, a solicitor, an accountant or an estate agent in Southport, it was likely that he would turn out to be an Old Georgian. I already had a hint of that on my second visit to Southport when I drove across the Moss, that flat expanse of land which cuts Southport off from the rest of England, and called in on Geoffrey Dixon in the study which was to be mine for the first half of my time in the town. 'If you're looking for a house, call on John Duffy of Hatch & Fielding in the middle of Lord Street and he'll look after you.' So we did and he did.

That was my second visit to the town, by car and looking for a house. My first visit had been by train, looking for a job. I arrived at Chapel Street Station, walked through to Lord Street and fell in love with it. It was and is the most beautiful main street of any town in England. Next I went to the school and had the great good fortune to be shown round by George Wakefield. I admired the building, collapsing though it was into the peat, with gaps between the window frames and the walls. I liked the feel of an efficient, work-centred northern grammar school and I knew that, if I were to get the job, I would be particularly fortunate to have George as my deputy. I was. He was scholarly, perceptive, very effective and one of the most loveable people I have ever met. By the time I rang Oriel that evening to say that I had found the ideal place to work, live and bring up our children as teenagers, I had walked on the Southport beach and over the sand dunes into Birkdale, and knew that I wanted to be the Headmaster of King George V School, live in Birkdale and tackle the exciting project of transforming a great grammar school into a similarly great sixth form college.

Discipline is always something of a problem in schools and even sixth form colleges. Fellow heads running comprehensive schools would sometimes assume that there were never any disciplinary problems at KGV. But clever little boys in the express stream could dismember a new teacher showing any sign of weakness and not on top of his subject. 'Excuse me, sir. I don't think you've quite understood the problem. Did you really get a degree in this subject?' Yet, for all that, discipline was strong, and one of the most impressive things about it was the extent to which housemasters and prefects knew what was going on and co-operated to check villainy. I remember the Head Boy once bringing me an air rifle which had been brought in by someone unnamed in 4S, a difficult form known to the staff as 4SS. Apparently he had boasted that he had brought it in 'to shoot the headmaster'. So another boy told a prefect who found the gun and gave it to the Head Boy. I decided to do nothing other than wait until the owner complained of the loss. But he never did. The air rifle lived in my loft for some years and eventually went to a dealer with a load of other accumulated junk.

I was particularly fortunate to take over from Geoffrey. He had presided over KGV through twenty-seven years of stability and success. He fought doggedly against comprehensive reorganisation (long enough to ensure that the change, when it came, was in a form which made sense) and he decided that when the change came it was time for him to go and for someone else to manage it. He left behind a grammar school of the very best sort, efficiently run with high academic standards. That was an immense advantage for a new headmaster facing the problem of cherishing the grammar school through its last years while ensuring that a new college was built on was best among the achievements of the past. I was also fortunate in the staff I inherited from him, including five Old Georgians: George Wakefield, Hubert Long, Bob Abram, Stan Rimmer and David Miley. The first three had, between them, spent more

than a hundred years in the place and, to my delight, took pleasure in doing something different in their last few years as they helped to create the new college. Bob Abram, who eventually succeeded George as Deputy Head, took responsibility for running the school in its last few years, and his rock-like reliability took it safely through any number of potential crises. The process began of re-shuffling jobs in all the Southport secondary schools, and that provided the opportunity to ensure that the new college had highly qualified sixth form staff from the Southport High School for Girls as well as from KGV, and it enabled me to bring in new blood from outside, notably the redoubtable Janet Lawley, Vice-Mistress.

If I was fortunate with the staff at KGV, I was also fortunate with the pupils. Feed bright-eyed, bushy-tailed little boys in at one end of a good grammar school and you are likely to get purposeful and thoughtful young men coming out at the other end. Feed well-motivated and well-qualified students in at one end of a sixth form college, teach them well and look after them well, and you are likely to get even more highly motivated and even better qualified young men and women coming out at the other end. I started at KGV in 1976 with an eleven-plus intake which went through seven years with me. We had a drink together at the Arts Centre on our last day in 1983. In 1977 the last generation to take the eleven-plus joined 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 arrived in the Lower Sixth. In the summer of 1982, the last grammar school boys left the school, almost all of them to return in September as students of the college. The old school building, which would have made a first-rate sixth form college if only it had stood upright, was demolished and the transition was complete. We had reached 'the broad sunlit uplands' towards which we had been working for so long, and I was looking forward to leading and developing a new college throughout the rest of the century. It was a place where one was inclined to stay and dig in roots. I was only the third headmaster since the school began in 1920. My secretary through most of the time I was in Southport, Jean Buck, was only the second School Secretary in sixty years.

But in 1981 Oriol, like both of her sisters before her, had developed breast cancer. She was treated for it and we had a good year hoping that she was going to survive. She didn't. In September 1982 she died, so a year later I left Southport and KGV to begin a new life elsewhere. But that is another story. We had arrived together in the extraordinarily hot summer of 1976, when the Open was played at Royal Birkdale. I left in the next extraordinarily hot summer of 1983, when the Open was again played at Royal Birkdale. In a sense, I still see Southport as the centre of the universe. In the Southeast of England all the towns are satellites of London. In the Northwest Southport, which I once described on a postcard as 'the most refined and genteel of all watering-places on the Lancashire coast', sits confidently at the centre of its world, surrounded by the satellites where its citizens go off to work: Liverpool, Preston,

Manchester, Wigan, Salford and St Helens. And at the heart of Southport, providing its doctors and dentists, solicitors, accountants and estate agents, remains KGV.

**David Arnold, Head master of King George V School
and Principal of KGV College, 1976-83**

NEW BUILDING

The buildings for the new King George V College are already being built. The first phase, a classroom and administrative block, should be ready for us to take over in September 1977. The second phase comprises a Sports Hall and also an Arts, Science and Dining block that we should be able to take over in September 1979.

The Red Rose, December 1976

The first of the new buildings which will house the new King George V Sixth Form College was handed over earlier this month, and we are ready to start moving in as soon as it is furnished. It includes a Library and a Lecture Theatre, seven classrooms designed to accommodate 30 students, eleven designed to accommodate 16, and one designed for 20. There is an administration area, a Senior common room and several useful small rooms. The second phase, including Music, Art, Drama, Kitchen, Sports Hall and Junior Common Room, is scheduled to be ready for the first girls entrants in September 1979.

The damage to the main school building from settlement has now made it urgent that we should evacuate the front of it. The present plan is that we should aim to do that during the first week or two of next term whilst the O Level Trial Examinations are taking place. We will try to move as many Sixth Form groups as possible into the new building.

The Red Rose, December 1977

NEW STUDENTS 1979

The student intake into the Lower Sixth Form of the College was from:

Ainsdale High School	23
Birkdale High School	1
Brighthelmston	1
Christ's College, Brecon	1
De Aston School, Market Rasen	1
Golborne Comprehensive School	1
Greenbank High School	105
Honley High School, Huddersfield	1

Hugh Baird College, Bootle	1
King George V School	94
King James School, Knaresborough	1
Kingswood	1
Knowsley Higher Side Comprehensive School	1
Larkhall Academy, Lanarkshire	1
Meols Cop High School	1
Merchant Taylors Boys	2
Merchant Taylors Girls	1
Radclyffe High School, Oldham	1
Rossall School	1
Royal Hospital School, Ipswich	1
Rugby School	1
St Wyburn School	1
Scarisbrick Hall School	5
Southport Technical College	1
Stanley High School	3
Stonyhurst College	1
Stowe School	1
Tarleton High School	1
Welshpool High School	1
Wilmslow Harefield County High School	1
Worcester Royal Grammar School	1
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Total	257

A STUDENT'S LOG

Trepidation bordering on anxiety, not experienced since my first day at Junior School, would be how I should describe my first emotions at KGV Sixth Form College. You see, it was the 'boy' thing. I was coming fresh from Southport High School for Girls -sorry, Greenbank High School. No cosy-looking sixth form common room for me (I'd been looking forward to that since the first tour of the school). Even the name of my school had been changed and I was being transferred to a new building on a different bus route, and there were going to be boys there! Well, there was no way I was doing French, English and History A Levels. Crikey, I'd have to start speaking French in front of a load of boys. No, it would have to be Physics, Chemistry and Maths. It would kill two birds with one stone, seeing as that was what Dad wanted anyway.

Here's some advice to nervous pupils on their first day: do not wear a woollen waistcoat over a cheap silk skirt with a strong colour. You think you look OK, but you get home and you've got two dark maroon patches around your armpits. Doesn't make a good impression. If any of you remember this, I must say that it really doesn't bother me anymore. I got over it after about fifteen years, but at the time I did not want to go back to KGV tomorrow, the next day or ever. Guess what -I did. Of course, in time, life became easier socially if not academically. I mean, everybody was in the same boat, but then that's never a real consolation because we think we are the only ones who are uncomfortable finding our feet.

I found the Gym. As dilapidated as it was, it was still a place to go in private study lessons for a game of badminton or basketball or whatever. Oh, what freedom. you could go to the gym whenever you liked. This KGV lark's not so bad after all.....until.....Deborah Mayer to Mr Arnold's office please....calling Debbie Mayer. If you look closely enough you may just see the faded track of size 5 trainers tracing a path from the old gym to the office of David Arnold, Head Master. Yes, dad's been on the phone again telling the Head Master he doesn't think I'm doing enough work. Well, of course, he's right. I had very little interest in any of my subjects, so I just tried to get away with as little work as possible. That, of course, would not happen now. What with the league tables and the will to achieve Oxbridge entry, as well as top grade success if I were there now, I would not have had the ear of the Head - I would have been out on my own.

We were the first intake of the College and, as such, I suppose we were all guinea pigs - teachers as well as students. There is one thing I did learn, and that is the great divide between Os/GCSEs and A levels. All of a sudden it's down to you; not just the set homework, but the extra research into the subject. One minute you've been hounded to have your work in on time and been threatened with mock Os and real Os and goodness Os what; the next nobody's hassling you for anything except to come to their 18th birthday party at Tiffany's. It's on Wednesday night, tickets only £2, and don't forget to change your date of birth when you get to the door. Which, incidentally, was as good as my Maths got.

I got to play cricket, golf, squash, hockey, badminton and basketball. I was the first Secretary of the College Council and I briefly held the record for the Inter-House 400 metres because I was the first one to win it! Bob Abram, my Maths tutor, and Eric Gale awarded me Triple Colours when I left. I think they felt sorry for me when I lost the final of the single-wicket cricket tournament. And, three years after having arrived, I was the owner of A level Physics, Chemistry and General Studies. As for the Maths, I would have been happy with a P please Bob, but I rather think it was a U.

Deborah C Porter (née Mayer), KGV 1979-81

KING GEORGE V COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

The College Association came into being at the start of the 1979-80 academic year as a continuance of the previous School Parents' Association. A revised constitution was agreed at the last Annual General Meeting, and the principal objectives are to involve parents and guardians in all matters concerning the welfare of the students. This will be achieved by arranging regular social, informative and money-raising events to maintain the upkeep of Long Rigg and its services and to promote other projects. The officers of the Association are:

Chairman:	Mrs J A West
Vice-Chairman:	Mr M Cartlidge
Secretary:	Mrs B Bromilow
Treasurer:	Mr F Cowley
College Council:	Christopher Stitson Elyssa Pollick

Activities which have been organised during the year include a Cheese and Wine evening, Christmas Concert, Annual Dinner Dance, two Careers Evenings - one with a talk on Long Rigg - Jumble Sale, Grand Draw and light musical entertainment by students, Fashion Show and Spring Concert. Events to come include a Car Rally, Founder's Day, Sports Day and Old Boys' Cricket Match. This year's functions have raised £1,320 for the College.

J A West, 1980

LIVING IN A BUILDING SITE

Throughout the first two years of the existence of the College we lived in the middle of a building site. Ideally, the new buildings would all have been completed before the first students entered in September 1979. In the event, they were still not finished when most of those students left in July 1981. Even as late as that, the new kitchen was not yet equipped, the Sports Hall and its service road were still not completed, and the grounds needed considerable attention before they would be attractive.

The new laboratories had been in use since the beginning of the year, and the rest of the main building had been completed three weeks before the end of the Lent Term - just in time for a concert and for the performance of Noel Coward's 'Hay Fever', produced by the retired Vice-Master of the College, George Wakefield. What is more, it certainly looked as if the end was in sight and as if everything was likely to be ready by the time the third College year began in September 1981.

Problems and delays with the buildings had meant that the first students to go through the College were seriously cramped for space. The Lecture Theatre had to be used as a temporary common room and the language laboratory as a temporary careers centre. Various modifications had to be made to bits of the old building, where girls' changing rooms were provided, and where a facility for private study was made available in gutted former laboratories. Things went remarkably well, largely because of the understanding and co-operative attitude of the first generation of students who, in a variety of ways, did much to get the College off to a good start and set high standards for the future.

The Georgian, July 1981

'HAY FEVER'

Those who braved the cold damp Spring evening of 7th April were treated to a warming production of Noel Coward's comedy classic 'Hay Fever', given by the amateurs of King George V College, plus David Lonsdale, at the College's new drama theatre. It was the first time that the company had worked together, and the production had all the ingredients of an 'indestructible comedy' David Lonsdale, who replaced the unlucky Daniel Pollick, and Sara Chesters kept the performance alive with their outstanding humour and liveliness. They were superbly supported by Laura McMurray and Simon Jones. Undoubtedly, of all on the stage, the most appreciated actor was David Lonsdale with his brilliant comical 'stupidity'.

They say sarcasm is the lowest form of wit, but David Noble, whose voice was by far the strongest on stage, used sarcasm directed at Sorel Bliss to a great extent, and received much laughter from the audience. Good performances also came from Deborah Smith, Nicholas Gilbert and Tina Miller. Susan Mell, playing a rather over-burdened, quick-tempered maid, also deserves praise. The simple scenery was very effective, and great credit must be given to the stage crew. Mr Large, working the lighting system, is to be congratulated on the way he used limited resources. Also, the costume advisers, Mrs Fairburn and Alison Richards, deserve credit for their hard work. If appreciation was anything to go by, then the presentation was a great success with the large theatre audience, as everyone entered into the spirit of the production. Final thanks must go to the producer of the play, Mr G P Wakefield, whose long hours of frustration and decision finally came right on the night. Well done all!

Ian C Proffitt, April 1981

LONG RIGG 1981

The year 1980-81 has proved to be very successful both in terms of improvements to, and popularity of, the hostel. The beginning of the year saw the opening of the Long House, which had been postponed from last July due

to building delays. Mr G F Dixon, former Headmaster of the School, performed the opening ceremony before a number of parents and students who had taken advantage of the good weather and attended the Open Day.

The extension provides a further ten beds and two well-equipped bathrooms and showers. Other improvements include a new central heating boiler in the main house, which now provides much welcome warmth during the cold winter months to all parts of the house. The ground floor bathroom has also been altered, and there are plans to tile the floor and half of the walls. There has been much interest shown from all departments of the College and School, and visits from parties from other schools, which have provided a fair proportion of the revenue. The hostel has been generally very well supported.

Gill Henderson, Chairman of Long Rigg Committee

THE GEORGIAN 1982

The 1982 Georgian won the Sefton Newspapers School Magazine Award in the senior category. Here is an extract from the issue that describes the changes taking place:

There is a sense in which the academic year 1981-82 marks the end of an era at KGV. It is the last year in which there are boys in the school below the Sixth Form, and it is very probably the last year in which the main School building will remain standing. The school became King George V School in 1926, when it moved into its splendid new buildings in Scarisbrick New Road. It was just fifty years later, in 1976, that a decision was taken to change KGV from a boys' grammar school into a mixed Sixth Form College. At the same time, another decision was taken to knock down the main school building, which was being rendered increasingly unsafe by subsidence, and build a new college next to it.

The process of reorganisation was necessarily a long one. The last boys to enter the school under the old eleven-plus procedure have continued to use the Western end of the old school building, while the rest has, bit by bit, been taken out of use. For those who like to make the worst of things, it is possible to see them as the victims of reorganisation, caught unhappily between two different systems. For those who prefer to make the best of things, it is possible to see them as having the best of both worlds; a grammar school education up to the age of sixteen and a Sixth Form College education afterwards. Either way, they will all have left school by the end of this term and, soon afterwards, the demolition contractors will probably move in. Architects are already looking the main building over and planning its destruction.

THOUGHTS ON THE LAST YEAR

Just before 1920, it was discovered by the Southport Education Committee that no provision was being made for boys in the sphere of secondary education, although girls in the town had enjoyed the benefits of the

Girls High School for many years. The local burghers thus decided it was time to remedy this situation but, as no suitable building was available, sought out the most uncomfortable premises possible, as this with its consequent hardships was deemed to improve the moral fibre of all who attended there. In due time 'The Woodlands' was chosen, a site now occupied by the law courts, police and fire stations - possibly a memorial to the school first established there.

As the years passed and the numbers grew, it was decided to build a more permanent home for the school and, in 1926, the new building was opened by the Earl of Derby on a site in Scarisbrick New Road - previously used as a playing field - but now, alas, to be demolished to make way for the sixth form college. This suggested the dignity of a new name and so, what was formerly known as 'Southport Boys Secondary School', now formally and proudly bore the title 'King George the Fifth School'.

Austin Fairclough, KGV School Leaver 1926

Many people do not appreciate that King George V School still exists as a grammar school. The last intake of pupils to KGV was in September 1977 and, since then, the school has become gradually smaller. The structural defects of the building have become aggravated with time, and now only a fraction of the building is in use, most of it being unsafe.

It is not just the physical differences which account for all of the changes at KGV; the atmosphere is very different. There are few pupils who could admit that they feel part of a school. Like the ageing window-frames, the spirit of KGV is becoming warped, despite efforts of school staff to involve school pupils in college activities. There is a melancholy air in the school, and the vandalism which has emerged over the last two years has underlined this feeling. Although KGV School will be closed at the end of the academic year, its reputation will live on. Past pupils have made their marks on desks and corridor walls alike, but now their memories fade and crumble along with the plaster.

Andrew Jackson, KGV School Leaver, 1982

'They say falling in love is like eating mushrooms - you are never quite sure whether it's the real thing until it's too late'. This was my first advice from one of the ever-obliging prefects of 1977 when we, the last year ever to pass through KGV School, were introduced to the dying system. Affectionately dubbed 'newts' by our senior pupils, we were always to be the youngest year.

I remember thinking on the first day that the seemingly endless corridors resembled a crypt out of a Hammer horror movie, especially with the clouds of smoke emitting from the 'Gentlemen's'. In the future we shall all look back fondly on the days when chunks of plaster cascaded about us (and on us) from the crumbling ceilings. It will bring tears to our eyes when we recall how the chairs and desk collapsed as we sat on them - and why not? It certainly brought tears to our eyes then - and certain words to our mouths.

Marcus Briody, KGV School Leaver, 1982



KGV College and School 1982



THE FRONT OF KGV



THE SCHOOL DEMOLISHED

KGV BULLDOZED

I lived right across the road from KGV's front door, which meant it took me under two minutes in the morning to get from my bedroom to the Lecture Theatre. In English lessons, when we were asked to write about our journey to school, the task took me about a minute. It was particularly poignant for me when, one Sunday morning in 1982 as I was taking the dog for a walk, I saw the bulldozers and the crane with the big metal ball knocking the old school down. I was very sad to see the demolition of a school I had been so proud to attend, and I took some photographs that show the depressing event.

John Mercer, Grear's 1973-80
Extract from 'KGV Remembered' video interview

SPRING REQUIEM

It was interesting to walk over the grave of that once-great school with my own children, describing to them where I did the things that they are presently engaged in at their own schools. KGV has gone now, but the outlines of the rooms and corridors were still there and, as I wandered about in the cold Spring wind, the memories, activities and names came flooding back.

The workshop, where my first efforts at woodwork and metalwork - still preserved for posterity - were constructed under the eagle-eye of 'Rollo' or 'Tom' Long. The Gym outline looks incredibly small now, but that one room and the adjacent showers left a lasting impression, as did the custodian, Harry Smith, with his boxing glove on a pole and 'one House point for a successfully-completed handstand'. The Staff Room looks too small to have accommodated them all - those who were the School backbone - names like 'Teddy', 'Elsie', 'Lettuce', 'Fanny', and 'Rubberneck'.

I stood now where, over thirty years ago, I had daily entered the great hall itself, clutching my 'passport' - my own little blue hymn book. No trace now to show the hall's balcony or the Library behind, which looked out onto the well-kept lawns. Now I could stand and try to recall the foyer with names of the School's war heroes carved onto wooden panels. I hope that they are preserved somewhere. I can linger here, but remember when one was not encouraged to hang around, unless one had been summoned to see the mighty 'Geoffrey'.

Time when the big hall would be full of bursting for the great concerts and productions. The names and titles drift back to me: 'Toad of Toad Hall', 'The School for Scandal', Mark Dalby, P W Brunt, Trevor Williams, 'Twitch' Williams and, of course, the incomparable George Wakefield, the master of production. The back corridor, now open to the breeze of Fine Janes' Brook, no longer smells of bad eggs, but stirs memories of being confused with others in laboratories run by names as curious as 'Claude', 'Cough & Spit', 'Hank' and a chap in crepe soles who was known as 'Tufty'.

I can see the outline of the dining room and kitchens where meals were eaten in true refectory style, and manners were watched by staff and prefects alike. Yes, those prefects! I enjoyed being a prefect and I remember them all crowding into that little room above Geoff Dixon's study. Bray, Waiters, Rimmer, Belmont and the infamous 'Bumph' Forshaw, the scourge of smokers behind the power station near Fine Jane's Brook. At least one memory remains intact: the running track where each summer we battled over 100 or 220 yards - G Topping, J B Whittaker, D J Farrant, D L Booth and me. That quiet little man with the pipe observing and trying hard to encourage us all without favour - where are you now, Bill Woodcock? Another quiet man who encouraged me was T H Evans.

If you have the time, and before they build on it, take a walk over the grave of the old school and see if, for you, memories come back as easily as they did for me. Some are ghosts now, because they will have passed on, but what they offered us in that great school still lives on in all of us. My children did not understand what it was that made me stand and stare on that cold day in Spring.

Des Hughes, Rogers' 1949-56

**Written after the demolition
KGV School 1982**

KGV TEACHING STAFF 1983

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Elizabeth Redman LTCL

THE GEORGIAN 1983 A CHANGE AT THE TOP

These extracts from the Georgian magazine come from a period of transition for KGV. The Head who was appointed to a School is now leaving a College, and a new Principal is about to take over.

The academic year 1982-83 was the first in which KGV was solely a Sixth Form College. Ever since King George V School became King George V College in 1979, we had always had the last boys of the former grammar school working their way through to O Level. Now they are gone and, in the Autumn Term, the old school buildings were demolished.

When the new College began in September 1982, the total number of students was 552, so that it was roughly the same size as the School had been half a century earlier. 305 of the students were boys and 247 girls, a disparity in numbers between the sexes which can largely, but not entirely, be accounted for by the larger number of boys staying on as third year students.

The Head Master, who arrived in 1976, is leaving to take another post as Principal of Collyer's Sixth Form College at Horsham in West Sussex, and Mrs Geraldine Evans, at present Principal of St Bede's Sixth Form College at Billingham in Cleveland, has been appointed to succeed him.

DAVID ARNOLD

KGV Head Master and Principal (1976-83)

When David Arnold exploded into the lives of the staff of Southport High School for Girls in 1978, he was a completely new experience for the majority of us. I don't think anyone in education in Sefton had ever met anyone like him. The staff gathered round him like stunned rabbits while he laid before us an intellectual panoply of metaphysical, historical and classical allusions to illustrate his vision for the new Sixth Form College.

David not only had the inspiration to look afresh at what was so familiar to many of the staff; he had the enthusiasm and persistence needed to win his battles with Sefton Education Authority and to persuade parents and members of Southport's business community to part with money to finance his new ideas. Yet this terrific capacity for hard work, his attention to detail and love of statistics, did not prevent him from being a warm person, always approachable and available to parents, staff and students. In fact, the problem was never one of getting in to see him; it was one of getting out!

Mrs V J Morrell

BOB ABRAM

KGV pupil (Leech's 1934-42) and Master (1946-83)

He has been a major formative influence on the life of the School and the College. A vigorous personality, he has often sought to conceal generous humanity under a bluff, critical exterior, but among those who know him well, he has never succeeded. He was appointed to a deputy headship in 1978 and, when I retired in 1980, I left him my office, my gratitude and my best wishes. The first he kept for three years; the second and third he has for life. We all hope that he and Jean will enjoy a happy retirement.

George Wakefield

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS

Through the Mason Memorial Scholarships, Nicholas Anderson and Michael Entwistle each received £100 to walk from Land's End to John O'Groats. Philip Southwood and Steven Rowan each received £50 from the Dixon Scholarship to climb Helvellyn and Scafell. Three further enterprises were part-funded by Mason-Dixon Scholarship Awards: Perry Price, who bravely worked as a cleaner on the Talylllyn Railway, Andy Grant and Mike Jones, who undertook a Canadian Canoe Trip, and Paul Hooton, Paul Sherman and Andrew Newcombe, who together walked a 110-mile section of the Pennine Way. Yolande Klaassen's term of office as Chairman of the College Council came to an end, and she was succeeded by Andrew Jackson, current Editor of the Georgian.

The Rt. Hon. Shirley Williams MP gave a lecture on employment at KGV in September 1982. KGV College Drama Department presented 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle' by Berthold Brecht in March 1983. The Summer Fair raised £600 for the minibus fund, which now stands at £2,000. £3,000 has been raised by College efforts towards a fund for leukaemia research at the Royal Liverpool Teaching Hospital, of which £2,300 came from a sponsored IQ Test for staff and students. Chris Taylor and Jonathon Cook ran in the London Marathon, Chris running in aid of leukaemia research and Jonathon for a donkeys' home! A summer play school for 100 children is to be held two afternoons per week in August at Kew Woods Junior School. It is to be organised by Felicity Ashcroft, Donna Mitchell and Miss J M Lawley, and will involve more than 80 students.

LAND'S END TO JOHN O'GROATS

Extracts from the Log - August 1983

- Day 1 Only 45 days to go! We travelled down to Penzance after a tremendous send-off from Southport Station.
- Day 2 Bus to Land's End - walking with temperatures in the 90s!
- Day 4 Nick met a gypsy and Mike was offered a lift. We stayed at the famous 'Jamaica Inn' for a rest day.

- Day 9 Mike was interviewed by the Tiverton Gazette, and Nick was accused of being Mike's dad!
- Day 14 A beautiful day, passing Tintern Abbey, being mis-directed at Llandogo. Headed across the river to the 'Youthie'.
- Day 18 Expecting a good turnout from the College students, we set off early for Warrington. Thanks for your support, Julian! Mis Lawley gave us a lift to Mike's auntie's. Met Mr Ogden from the Skipton. Unfortunately, Mr Comfort missed us.
- Day 24 Half way - 410 miles to go.
- Day 25 28 miles today. Couldn't find Mr Clowes or BBC TV crew. Mr Freem picked us up at Penrith for a night at Long Rigg.
- Day 35 Longest day 31 miles over the Drummochter Summit into Dalwhinnie. Friendly lorry drivers and plenty of coffee and tea-making facilities.
- Day 37 Through Aviemore to our best stay - a hole in Corbridge. We spoke to Brian Hanrahan in the pub.
- Day 45 The penultimate day to Wick. We passed a girl on her way to Land's End (walking) - 4 miles in 4 hours!!
- Day 46 18th August 1983. There was rain to greet us at John O'Groats. We had a large drinking session before telephoning for the A Level results. We caught the train home to Southport and arrived to a tremendous reception.

Grateful thanks to Gansgear, Baker's Chemist, ATS, Edward Booth's Footwear, Southport Sports Centre and all other contributors. Also, many thanks to Miss Lawley, Mr Freem and the Mastermind himself - Mr Comfort, and to our parents for their financial support.

Mike Entwistle and Nick Anderson, KGV 1980-82

KGV LEAVERS 1982-83

OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE: 9

Cambridge: Clare 1, Jesus 1.

Oxford: Christ's 1, Corpus Christi 1, Mansfield 1, St Anne's 1, St John's 1, Wadham 2.

OTHER UNIVERSITIES: 90

Aberdeen 1, Bangor 2, Birmingham 3, Bradford 1, Bristol 3, Dundee 1, Essex 1, Hull 1, Keele 1, Kent 5, Lancaster 3, Leeds 5, Leicester 1, Liverpool 6, London 13, Loughborough 3, Manchester 6, Newcastle 3, Reading 5, St Andrews 1, Salford 2, Sheffield 7, Southampton 2, Stirling 1, UMIST 3, Warwick 4, York 6.

POLYTECHNIC: 38

Bristol 2, Dundee 1, Hatfield 1, Huddersfield 3, Lanchester 2,
Leeds 3, Leicester 3, Liverpool 11, London 1, Manchester 1,
Newcastle 1, Preston 3, Sheffield 2, Staffordshire 2, Trent 1,
Wolverhampton 1.

COLLEGES: 14

Canterbury 1, Derby 1, Lancaster 2, Leeds 1, Liverpool 3,
Manchester 1, Ormskirk 4, Worcester 1.

FURTHER EDUCATION: 21

Blackpool 1, Croydon 1, Gloucester 1, Hugh Baird 1,
Southport 16, Salford 1.

EMPLOYMENT: 43

Banking 7, Building Society 1, Laboratory Work 1, Building 1,
Accountancy 1, Civil Service 3, Oil Industry 1, Nursing 6,
Computing 2, RAF 1, Surveying 1, Sales Representative 2,
Retail Work 12, Clerical work 2, Au Pair 2.

TOTAL: 215

Christmas Carol Service survived. Despite a 50% annual turnover of students, the sense of community remained strong. They returned annually to the Christmas reunion and many joined the Old Georgians. The College Association remained active and, thankfully, supplemented our meagre resources. Thanks to them we had our first IT centre. Unbelievably, until then our first computers were housed in a windowless cupboard!

The vitality and self-confidence of KGV was doubly pleasing when contrasted with the traumatic state of education nationally. These were the years of industrial action. It is never pleasant to realise that society places little value on your contribution. The decline in morale was in marked contrast to the optimism with which most of the staff had started their careers. The insecurity was exacerbated by the activities of a strong local pressure group that wished to close the college and create a tertiary institution. Tertiary Colleges were the inspiration of activists who believed that the structure of educational institutions was more important than what went on in them. They remained the flavour of the times until the 1988 legislation impeded reorganisation possibilities.

At the end of a stormy passage, two new revolutions awaited us in the late 1980s. Trade union rights over pay and conditions were withdrawn and, in place of the old professional commitment, staff were required to observe a detailed list of duties. Then, in 1988, we were liberated by local management of schools and control of our own budget. Faced with the demands of the required new computer skills, I felt rather like a medieval monk coming to terms with the revolution wrought by Guggenheim's printing press. Fortunately, there were some very immediate rewards. With spare cash we could actually start some much-needed decoration, and the boys' loos were our first priority! We could actually design our own brochure and pay for the first video to express the individuality of our college. With some budgetary manipulation, we appointed our first professional librarian and extended the student recreational area.

Largely for personal reasons I had to retire in 1991, but the images of those productive years are quite vivid: the end-of-year assemblies which equalled anything professional sport could offer, Long Rigg in its Howgills setting glowing with autumn colours, the clash of Titans at annual professional conferences, the newspaper reports of our students' tea with Mrs Thatcher at Number 10, two students singing the aria from 'La Traviata', the heroine in 'Sweet Charity' coiling a nubile and shapely leg around the Deputy Education Director, and the inevitable emotional dramas associated with the activities of 600 teenagers. Like the Abbé Sieyes I can say 'J'ai vécu', but I can say more. Governors, staff and students together masterminded a highly successful revolution, but it was a very British revolution in which the values of the old regime survived and enriched the new.

Geraldine Evans, KGV Principal 1983-91

REFLECTIONS OF A VICE-PRINCIPAL

Back in 1983, as I pondered my application for the job of vice-principal at KGV, the staffroom guru at my previous school gave me his advice. It was cogent if simplistic. 'Don't take it. It can't be viable. The only reason that people go to Southport is to retire. There aren't enough young people for a decent football team, let alone a Sixth Form College.' Well he was wrong, or at least he was wrong about the Sixth Form College. I disregarded his advice and, in accepting a job at KGV, made one of the best decisions of my life. During the fourteen years that I was here, his prophecy was disproved as the college doubled in size to over 1,000, and more than 5,000 passed through.

I was involved both with admissions and the Old Georgians' Association and was, therefore, well placed to watch those students progress from High School to Higher Education, from carefully completed college application forms in neat block capitals to a final illegible application to join the Old Georgians by an unsigned post-dated cheque. If they learned nothing else, those students certainly learned survival skills.

They (or rather you, since I hope many former members of the college will be reading this anniversary newsletter) have provided many memories, for there were many memorable individuals - the Great and the Good (Chairs of College Council and Mason-Dixon Award Winners), those whom I taught and got to know best, and those who were legends both in the staffroom and the cafeteria. Where are they now? Well, like it or not, some will now be approaching middle age. Many may have achieved modest respectability as brain surgeons, barristers or university professors, but a favoured few have gone on to real success as stand-up comedians and e-commerce entrepreneurs, using skills developed in those formative years between the ages of 16 and 18.

Those sixth form college pioneers of the early '80s are now a whole generation away. They look out of college photographs with an air of apparent respectability - jackets and ties for boys, skirts and blouses for girls, even, if I remember rightly, a college brooch! But behind that superficial conformity, their individuality flourished and their independence grew. Memory suggests that the pressures on both the students and the staff were not quite what they are today. There seemed to be a bit more time and, with it, a bit more tolerance. The pressures of peer group and media were rather easier to resist. Today young people are, in every sense, tested to the full. Those who come through are impressive, but there are more casualties and much more support is needed.

This is where continuity and stability matter, and they are hard to find in a sixth form college where students have to arrive, settle in, make crucial career decisions and try to learn something, all within a period of 20 months. It is all very different from the five or seven years in a stable year group of perhaps 90 that was the norm at KGV in the first fifty years of its existence. Continuity now depends on the staff, and this has been one of KGV's greatest strengths. I have too many friends to risk offending people, either by naming them or by

not naming them, but a general salute, both to the fifteen or so members of the '20 years and more' club for sticking it out, and to all the more recent arrivals for not letting them have it entirely their own way. It is a good mix and it makes for a good college.

Stability is also provided by being part of the local community, and KGV is deeply embedded in Southport and its hinterland, even though those slightly mumbled initials no longer carry quite the same range of references as they did in pre-Glasnost days. Students and ex-students turn up everywhere from Tesco to the Governing Body, and from the House of Commons to other, more local clubs. We have friends in high places, a point made when I was discussing admissions with a family new to the area. The door opened and a member of the office staff said 'It's the Prince of Wales on the phone'. 'Say I'll phone back on Monday' I replied. My visitors looked impressed if a little shocked at my impertinence, but I knew that the Banqueting Manager would need even more assurances that all would be well before we got the go-ahead for the first ever student prom.

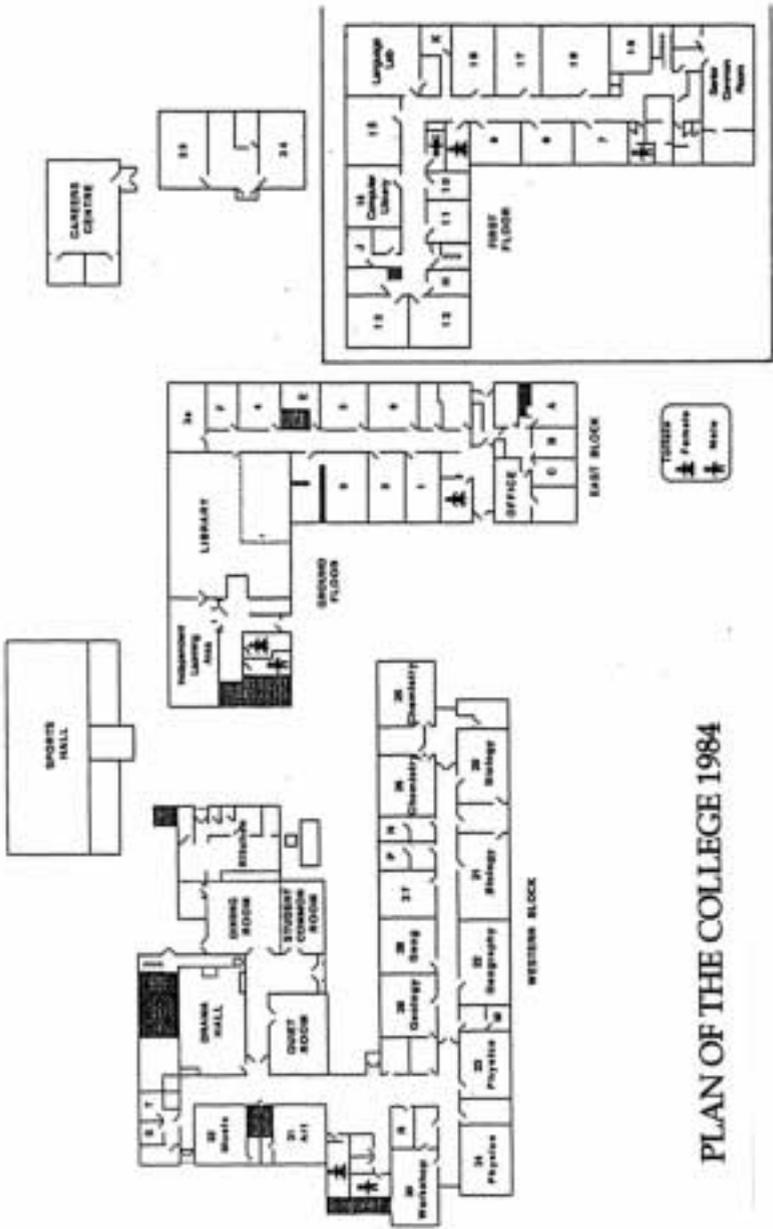
Over the past 20 years the college has watched its students grow up, but it has also grown up itself. Back in 1983 it was a sturdy youngster, but it was still tied to Sefton's apron strings. By 1990, some Sefton officials may have detected a greater striving for independence, but probably neither they nor we expected the dramatic parting of the ways brought about by government legislation, and our incorporation as an independent college with the freedom to sink or swim. There was no going back to mummy! We had to fend for ourselves in a harsh and predatory world - we did not have the luxury of a year out and, at times, it seemed more like the sharp shock of national service than the fun-packed life at 'uni'. But, as everybody told us, it was 'character building' and 'good for the soul'. It leads to maturity and, hopefully, to prosperity, and this 75th anniversary is one that can be celebrated, rather than just marked.

Roger Mitchell, Vice-Principal of KGV 1983-87

COLLEGE COUNCIL'S POWERLESSNESS

The other week I was having one of my many arguments with a 'busybody', who patiently told me the reason why the College Council is a complete waste of time. 'What has it ever done for me?' he asked. My reply was 'What did you want it to do?' 'Nothing, but that's not the point,' he said. Well I'm sorry, but that is just the point because, if you never bother to raise something or, indeed, raise anything at the College, why criticise the Council for doing nothing? Perhaps you have had nothing done through the Council, but there are many people who have.

The Council will never produce a revolution in College, because it is not designed to. It is elected for the purpose of coordinating College committees and hearing the views of the Tutor Groups through their reps.



PLAN OF THE COLLEGE 1984

My greatest disappointment, however, was the Governors' refusal to allow girls the option of wearing trousers, after the majority of them had decided they would like to. College Council ran the ballot and backed its decision. Mrs Evans had to consult the Governors who rejected it without even asking why we had proposed it. The people said to me 'Council is powerless. You can't even get a result over a minor thing like that'. I could only dumbly smile and nod.

Philip Pitt, KGV College Council Chairman 1984-85

'CIDER WITH ROSIE'

About two months ago, on Tuesday to Thursday March 26th to 28th 1985, the usual deathly silence and stillness that one would associate with a college at 7.30 pm was rudely interrupted by over 300 people - parents, students, relatives, friends - who flocked to see the widely publicised 'Cider with Rosie'. Although only the best would be expected from a KGV production, all those attending were in for a pleasant surprise; the best was exceeded by far.

The story was about Laurie Lee, a young boy being brought up in a large family in post-war years, and told of his experiences. The family was headed by the mother, played impressively by Alison Cox, and the rest of the family featured Alison Barker, Jane Wallace and Fern Ramsbottom as the three sisters, Tim Mercer, Robert Rimmer and Philip Davies as the brothers Harold, Jack and Tony, and Garrett Doyle who took the main part of the young Laurie Lee, affectionately nicknamed 'Loll'. Garrett gave a vivid display of a boy growing up, and obviously had had first-hand experience of being a drunken seven-year-old, as this part was played particularly effectively.

The play progressed smoothly, with many clever and amusing scenes, although I do feel that the storyline was somewhat lacking - there was no definite beginning and no real end - but this did not marr my overall enjoyment. I would like to congratulate Ruth Holloway on her part as Granny Fallon for making one of the most hilarious scenes in this play, and John Baldwin for the excellence of his linking narration. Another success for Wendy Weldon - well done all!

Mark Yaffé, A3 1984-86

ANOTHER YEAR GOES BY

I don't know if it's my imagination or what, but it seems that the nine months from last September have just flown by. Only yesterday, it seems, when the new students from a variety of Sefton schools gathering tentatively in a new environment, which we all know as KGV College, were no doubt wondering what prospects were in store for them. Now, nine months on, the 'First Years' are firmly-established and mature residents of King George V.

Many students have earned distinction in their various projects and enterprises, and I would like to congratulate them for their many achievements. This summer, as usual, I shall be sorry to see my 'favourites' leave, and I have been touched by the small number of kind students who have asked me to sign their books of remembrance, which I think is an excellent idea. I am sure they will look back with affection on the happy time they spent here at College.

Finally, can I say just a few words of gratitude to one or two people who have given many hours of selfless devotion to the life of KGV? Firstly Mr Gale, who will step down as sports master. He has kept the Sports Hall a hive of activity with all the different games it offers. He often tells me of the days when KGV Grammar School had an enviable reputation for Rugby.

Also Mr Clough, who has taught Classics for more years than he cares to remember. Both Mr Gale and Mr Clough are gentlemen in the true sense, and between them they have given their time to youngsters for seventy years. Their loyalty is without peer. Not forgetting Mrs Price who, although retiring this term, will happily be returning part time in September.

KGV will surely miss them, and I hope you will join with me in wishing them a happy retirement. I hope you all have a good summer and I wish good luck to everyone going on to university.

Mike Whittaker, Assistant Caretaker (1990)

METAMORPHOSIS

Geraldine Evans presided over the transformation of a KGV, that was still essentially a large and very successful grammar school sixth form, to a comprehensive Sixth Form College, without sacrificing the ethos and the quality of the education offered. An experienced principal already, with a sharp mind and a good political nose, she understood the realities of the education world and was prepared to fight for her beliefs. Perhaps the greatest service she gave was the ensuring of KGV's survival. Writing in 2000, it is easy to forget the uncertainty surrounding the College's future in the 1980s, with the real threat of a merger to form a tertiary college. With astuteness and tenacity, she saw that KGV had to avoid isolation and keep abreast of new developments in order to survive and succeed.

Change was firmly on the agenda. Students rejoiced when the dress regulations were relaxed, and staff smokers were 'persuaded' to accept the the college should be a smoke-free zone (and it still is for staff!) The pace of change was rapid. The infamous Baker Days were used to enhance staff development, hitherto forced onto the back burner in the scramble for reorganisation. There were visiting principals, trainers, in-house sessions on initiatives such as CPVE, and discussions about the International Baccalaureate. Staff were actively encouraged to go on specialist courses, and some gained new qualifications. With her political contacts in the SDP, Geraldine invited speakers like Charles Kennedy (who arrived with toothache in a snowstorm), Shirley Williams, MP

for Crosby, and Hilary Armstrong to update and enlighten students and parents. The students benefited from new courses in Personal & Social Education, while General Studies was revamped and the pastoral system improved. The House of Commons Select Committee on Education made a visit to KGV College in 1990.

At her interview for the post of KGV Principal, Geraldine had surveyed the other candidates and observed 'There aren't many women here, are there?' This heralded a new emphasis on Equal Opportunities. Inevitably, while the old school was still on site, there was a predominantly male ethos. Almost all the key posts were held by men or, in the case of student societies, by boys. Geraldine created new posts, such as Faculty Tutors, appointed the first College Counsellor and the first Equal Opportunities Co-ordinator in Sefton. More part-time staff were recruited and the number of women increased. Gradually, girls outnumbered boys, and the ambience of the college changed.

Geraldine pioneered many of the features which characterise KGV today. She anticipated the changes in teaching and learning, and planned the first Learning Resource Centre, much of which was funded by TVEI. Disabled access was facilitated by the building of ramps and toilets and, in 1990, Special Needs became part of Equal Opportunities. Records of Achievement replaced the old reports just before her retirement, and she commenced discussions about GNVQ. Since then the college has won quality awards for all of these, as well as recognition as a centre of excellence. When Geraldine Evans retired in 1991, she left a thriving, over-subscribed college, well able to cope with the enormous educational challenges of the last decade of the twentieth century

Pauline Collier, KGV Assistant Principal

INTERREGNUM

There was a gap of one term between the departure of Geraldine Evans in the Summer of 1991 and the arrival of Hilary Anslow in the January of 1992. During that period, Roger Mitchell became Acting Principal of KGV, a position he had held once before. Roger performed his role with customary wisdom, warmth and skill, building on the high esteem in which his colleagues held him. Very few in the history of KGV have equalled the quality of service he displayed throughout a distinguished career. PDB

THE ANSLOW YEARS

from 1992

HEAD OF A HAULAGE COMPANY

'Is it a haulage company?' asked my best friend when I told her I had applied for a job at KGV. 'A haulage company?' I said with some indignation, 'certainly not! It's a Sixth form College in Southport.' I didn't know the half of it then. I didn't know the long tradition and history of the school. I had never heard of the 'Old Georgians'. (I wonder if I dare admit that!)