

# THE RED ROSE.



20 24

The Magazine of the  
Old Georgians' Association

# THE RED ROSE

## 2024

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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)

### The Old Georgians' Association

T H Dutton (79) G Livesley (80) M M Lockyer (81) R Fletcher (82)  
J C West (83) J J Marriner (84) G T Seed (85) M J Waring (86)  
R A Barnett (87) B M Rimmer (88) J R Pilling (89) P D Bagshaw (90)  
R C Fearn (91) E A Ogden (92) J R Elliott (93) R O Jeffs (94)  
M J Fearn (95) A Bond (96&97) C Threlfall (98) M R E Hyde (99)  
G F Dixon (2000) S L Bond (01) A D Hughes (02) J P Marsh (03)  
K F Edwardson (04) D Burton (05) R Abram (06) D Lonsdale (07)  
Catherine Lapsley (08) Janice Darkes-Sutcliffe (09&10) D Lonsdale (11)  
N Spencer (12) M Duffy (13&14) M Day (15&16) R Ellis (17)  
D Harrison (18, 19, 20, 21) Graham Cox (22, 23)

## ASSOCIATION OFFICERS 2023-24

PRESIDENT	Michelle Brabner
VICE PRESIDENTS	Former Chairmen & Presidents
CHAIRMAN	Graham Cox
VICE CHAIRMAN	Dave Harrison
HONORARY SECRETARY	Martin Fearn
SOCIAL SECRETARY	Jonathan Elliott
HONORARY TREASURER	David Lonsdale
RED ROSE EDITOR	Jonathan Elliott
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY	Neil Spencer
WEB MASTER	Matthew Duffy
COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVE	Pam Shea
FOUNDATION TRUSTEES	Catherine Lapsley & Neil Spencer
GENERAL COMMITTEE	Former Chairmen & Co-optees

## CHAIRMAN'S LETTER



Graham at a family favourite holiday destination, Cromer, in July 2023.

For those who have not heard the sad news, Graham passed away in August following an accident while walking in Scotland. The sudden and tragic loss of our friend and Chairman was a severe blow to many in the association. The committee sent condolences on behalf of the association and several OGs attended Graham funeral.

**R.I.P. Graham Cox, 1963-2023 (Edward's 1974 – 1980)**

## **PRESIDENT'S LETTER**

Dear Old Georgians,

2023 has been another wonderfully busy year at King George V Sixth Form College, as always!

Alongside exams for our students studying for BTEC qualifications, January saw the return of Old Georgian, Jonathan Elliott, to the KGV theatre. Jonathan very kindly volunteered to give our Law and Criminology students a taste of what life is like as a Presiding Magistrate and gave a valuable insight into how seemingly innocuous life choices can bring with them serious criminal consequences. It was a truly informative visit from which students and staff gained a great deal.

In February we had a plethora of visits including the University of Cambridge supporting our most able students with their university applications, and a Volunteer Fair which allowed both staff and students to become more involved in the community supporting a number of worthwhile projects. We also saw our Uniformed Public Service students and our Criminology students visit HMP Shrewsbury, a trip which was partially funded by the Education Foundation charity which remains committed to enabling learning outside the classroom to take place.

March was a whirlwind of charity fundraising for Red Nose Day, more employer visits and a trip to the Oxbridge Student Conference. Jonathan Elliott was welcomed back along with two other Old Georgians, Rob Fletcher and Penny Barker (nee Standring) to facilitate a mock trial, allowing our law students to bring their learning to life, carrying out the various court roles in a full trial and deliberation.

Following a very busy final Open Evening in April, we celebrated the King's Coronation in May with a party for all students and staff and introduced our new resident radio host Andy, who compered the event. We now have our own radio station – Spark Radio – Southport Student Sound which provides a platform for students to share their stories – and also provides an incredible opportunity for our students to work alongside someone with 20 years commercial experience in radio as part of our ever-expanding enrichment programme. Should you like to hear the daily life of the college radio the link to listen can be found on our website homepage: [www.kgv.ac.uk](http://www.kgv.ac.uk)

May and June inevitably were filled with exams but also with significant opportunities to connect with our wider college family through events for parents and prospective parents involving them more in college life. During this time our first year A level students completed a work placement to allow them to experience the world of work. Our end of year celebrations at our annual Awards Evening and Art Exhibitions rounded off a busy academic year giving us an opportunity to reflect on all the hard work and dedication of both our students, and staff.

Whilst the summer period provided an opportunity for staff and students to rest and recuperate from the busy period, it was of course a period of great sadness when we heard the dreadful news about the tragic death of Graham Cox. I did not get the opportunity to know Graham very well, and certainly not in the way that many Old Georgian's will have known him. However in the few interactions I did have with Graham it was quite clear that he was a wonderful human being, kind in nature,

considered in his approach with people and a pleasure to be in the company of. Graham remains within our thoughts, as do his family.

It was, as always, an absolute pleasure to be able to celebrate students' success on return for the A level results day in August. Again, we knew that the government had made it clear that the grade profile would have moved back to pre-pandemic levels, but I am very pleased to say that our students achieved a 100% pass rate in the Extended Diploma Vocational courses that we offer, and a 99% pass rate at A level. If you would like to see the video of student celebrations in August 2023, please follow the link below:

<https://fb.watch/oD1sbNEm8g/>

And just like that it was September and the start of a new academic year! GCSE Results Day was busier than ever leading to another year of increased enrolment and cementing the reputation that the college has for academic excellence in the local community. We are continuing to balance the size of the college community to ensure that we're large enough to be able to offer the breadth of opportunities that a sixth form student should be able to access, whilst still being small enough to ensure every student is treated as an individual and given the care and support they need to reach their potential.

The Autumn term has been, as ever, a busy term as staff and students get to know each other and our first years settle into college life. We have remained committed to ensuring that the courses on offer meet the needs of both the young people in the area and local employers, and this year have introduced the T level in Management and Administration. T Levels are an alternative to A levels and focus on vocational skills. They are equivalent to 3 A levels and include an in-depth industry placement that lasts at least 45 days. This allows them to put the skills learnt in the classroom into action in a working environment.

The term has been full of activity; two Open Evenings which drew record numbers, an onsite HE and Apprenticeship Fair, many trips and visits and the introduction of a new post in college; Ben Dyer, curate at St James Southport, has taken up the role of College Chaplain. Students can talk to Ben about anything and everything and believe me, they do! Ben's role complements the extensive support we have on offer in college through our pastoral system, our counselling and welfare service and our safeguarding team.

In November we welcomed Ofsted into College as part of their pledge to ensure all colleges are inspected by 2025. We expect the report to be published around Christmas time and look forward to being able to share it with you.

Currently we're busy getting ready to celebrate Christmas with a raft of activities on offer for students and staff alike, including the return of a College Christmas Production which is raising funds for Queenscourt Hospice.

As the year draws to a close, it's always refreshing to sit back and reflect on the year of life in this fabulous sixth form college community. It always gives me tremendous pride at what our staff and students achieve and it is a true privilege to work with such dedicated teams, and I look forward to a wonderful 2024 with these great people, the beating heart of our college.

***Michelle Brabner, Southport College Principal - December 2023***

## EDITORIAL

Dear Old Georgians

For those who have not heard the sad news, Graham passed away in August following an accident while walking in Scotland. The sudden and tragic loss of our friend and Chairman was a severe blow to many in the association. The committee sent condolences on behalf of the association and several OGs attended Graham funeral.

Graham was already living in Coudray Road when my family moved there in March 1968. He was the year below me and in my sister's class at Churchtown, so I have known him for a long time. I will write further in the obituary section, but I feel I must acknowledge his enthusiasm and work rate in the short time he had as Chair of the Association and of his personal support to myself in the role I undertake.

He was firing up the Quiz night. The Chairmans Weekend was back on the agenda. He had been a careful, wise and steady voice on changes to do with GDPR and the association rules. To Graham – thank you. To Graham's family – thank you for lending him to us. He will be missed for a very long time to come.

There is little more to report for this year, save the dinner and golf were a success and are planned again for next year. Please note that the dinner will be held on a Saturday, April 27<sup>th</sup>.

As ever, I would request that if you have any news or articles of interest that you would like to see published in the Red Rose, please submit them to me as soon as you have them, otherwise there is a tendency to forget and let it drift. Thank you to those who have contributed to this edition.

I look forward to seeing you at the dinner.

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

## MEMORABILIA

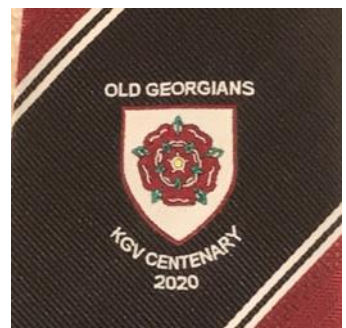
In addition to the regular Old Georgians ties (£7.50), we still have the specially commissioned Centenary tie available to purchase.

Many were purchased prior to and at the dinners and these beautiful and high quality ties are still available should you want one.

They are priced at £12.50 (plus £2.50 p&p).

For the commission, we adopted a full colour logo of the Tudor Rose, taken from the Grammar School blazer badge of the 1970s.

We have retained the traditional school colours, which were also adopted by the College in 1979. The main body of the tie includes a 'ghost' image of the rose on the black stripe.



## OBITUARIES

### Dr Kenneth R Ball, 1934-2023 (Edward's, 1945-53)



Ken's wife, Rosemary (nee Howard) contacted friends of Ken to inform us of Ken's passing on April 15<sup>th</sup> 2023 following admission to Hospital from his care home. Son David also wrote to Eric Ogden to tell him that Ken had passed peacefully having passed into palliative care a few days before.

David has written below for us.

My dad, Ken Ball was born in Southport in 1934 where he grew up with his sisters June and Kathleen. Much of dad's childhood was lived against the background of the Second World War including celebrating his 10<sup>th</sup> birthday on the same day as the D-Day Normandy invasion and this coincidence was to begin his lifelong interest in military history.

Dad always remembered his time at KGV fondly and maintained lifelong friendships with his school friends. In later years he thoroughly enjoyed attending class re-unions whenever he was able to combine them with one of his regular visits back to the UK. After leaving KGV, dad was to be the first in our family to attend university with him studying medicine initially at the University of Aberdeen followed by the University of Liverpool graduating in 1959. In that same year he married Rosemary Howard, also from Southport. After a few years working in Liverpool, they moved to Saddleworth with their first son Andrew, and I was to follow two years later.

After one of the worst winters in centuries in 1962-63 and having to dig his car out of the snow one-time too many to make a house call, dad began looking for sunnier climes and the family immigrated to Melbourne, Australia in 1966. After leaving the UK, dad was to keep a promise to himself to never see snow again, even declining to visit Australia's ski resorts.

After working at several Melbourne hospitals, dad became a founding partner at a general practice at the beachside suburb of Frankston where he was to remain until his retirement in 2013 after 54 years as a doctor. Dad specialised in obstetrics and delivered countless babies over his long career including delivering a second generation of babies to women he had also delivered. One particularly memorable case was the time he was called on to deliver a baby on-board a flight home from the middle east where he had been on a working holiday in the 1980s.

Soon after arriving in Australia dad pursued his interest in the military by enlisting in the Australian Army Medical Corps reserve and going on to command the 6 Field Ambulance. He retired with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel after over 30 years of service. Always one to take on a new challenge, after ceasing his active role with the army reserve dad took on another part-time role as a Police Surgeon with Victoria Police where he was to receive several commendations from the Commissioner of Police.



Outside his many different roles as a doctor, dad had a lifelong love of sailing and was an active member of the Mornington Yacht Club where he was still racing in his 70's as one of the younger members of a 'veteran' crew. Dad and my mum were also avid travellers with their annual holidays taking them around the world and regularly returning to the UK to visit their many friends and family.

In his final years dad suffered from Alzheimer's disease which dimmed his incredible intellect and memory. After a sudden decline in his health, he passed away peacefully on 15 April 2023.

Ken is survived by his wife Rosemary, sons Andrew and David, daughter-in-law Cathryn, grand-children Rebecca and Anthony and great-grandchildren Abigail, Amelia and Benjamin.

### ***David Ball***

Ball, K. R., 1945-53.—Edwards', Upper VI Sc. B, S.C. 1950, G.C.E. (A2, 02)  
1951-53, 2nd XV Colours 1952-53.

Red Rose, December 1953

### **Graham Booth (FRPSL) 1933-2021 (Rogers, 1947-52)**

The Philatelic World was saddened to learn of the passing of Graham Booth on 15<sup>th</sup> December 2021, who died at home peacefully in his sleep, just eleven days after his 88<sup>th</sup> Birthday. In the month beforehand he had attended the SPH weekend at York and made his customary visit to the USA to spend Thanksgiving with his sailing friend Greg and his family. After the many trials imposed by the pandemic in the last two years, Graham had much to look forward to in 2022 having agreed to do a number of local society displays in December and January prior to giving a major display to the Royal Philatelic Society London on West Indies Maritime Mail, and had four entries in the London 2022 Stamp Show. Sadly none of that happened.



Graham was born on the Wirral in 1933 and retained a life long affection for Liverpool and Lancashire, even calling his boat the 'Red Rose'. His parents moved him between a range of school in Lancashire before finally settling him at King George V Grammar School, where he did extremely well. He went on to be head boy and win a place to read economics at St John's College Cambridge, a subject he claimed was of no use to him in later life, though one suspects it may have assisted him in formulating principled arguments in support of whatever he was trying to achieve.

His business career started with Unilever, then with Bowater Scott in the UK before moving to become President of Scott Taiwan and then running a major pulp and paper subsidiary in Mexico, at one point he was responsible for some 10,000 staff. A very busy and peripatetic life. He married twice, the first marriage produced two sons Paul and Simon to whom he may have been closest in his later years and he had three grandchildren, Matt, Beth and Ella.

Upon retirement from his work in Mexico he moved to the Cayman Islands, enjoying his boat and rediscovering philately, starting with the Cayman Islands. Whilst on Grand Cayman a dealer suggested there was a story to be told from the records in the Cayman Archives. Graham's work took 18 years to come to fruition but all can be relieved that his book 'Crisis in the Cayman Islands Post Office' was published by the Stuart Rossiter Trust in 2020. This is a book of interest to anyone seeking to understand the administration of the smaller island colonies and shows Graham's real love of history, which he often felt he should have read instead of economics.

Graham developed a love of sailing and raced at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club in Essex, and walking or trekking as it became, covering hundreds of miles a year when he could. He bought a boat, the Red Rose, in Florida and sailed it back to the Caymans with his great friend Greg. In his time he went trekking in different parts of the globe, went dog sledding, visited Easter Island and the Galapagos, went ice climbing, mountaineering, as a result of which he fell off Everest – luckily his fall was stopped by a stand of bamboo.

Graham returned to the UK in 2003 having as he put it 'realised the limitations of permanent sun, sand and water'; which must be true as he retired to a wonderful penthouse apartment in Worthing where the beach is stony! On his return he was an enthusiastic participator in many philatelic societies, achieving prominent roles locally in Sussex, becoming a fellow of both the Society of Postal Historians and the Royal Philatelic Society London, and rising to be President of the British West Indies Study Circle, hosting a successful Study Circle conference as recently as October.

He first started exhibiting in 2004 and being competitive by nature soon realised the joy that philately offers as compared to other collecting hobbies in that not only can you show your treasures off, but you can win things! Graham won the best first time entry in that show and went on to produce several gold medal exhibits culminating in a number of large golds in recent years including two at Stockholm 2019 in celebration of the Royal Philatelic Society's sesquicentenary – one for The rise and fall of the American Merchant Marine as a Trans Atlantic Mail Carrier 1800-1868 and one for Anglo-Australian Mail 1840-1860: The Transfer from Sail to Steam. He was well known too for his range of one frame exhibits, generally on a maritime theme. When you reflect that he was about to show 47 frames of West Indies Maritime Mail to the Royal in January, you will begin to appreciate how much maritime mail he had acquired over the years.

His pages were always immaculately researched and had a very distinctive style so that those who collect in this area will be remembering Graham for many years to come. His column in the BWISC Bulletin on the state of the auction market was the first thing many turned to when the magazine, or its electronic version, arrived. He presided over the Study Circle with immense wisdom and took painstaking care to resolve thorny issues. Graham's gregarious nature showed in the way he made so many philatelic friends and his regular phone calls and company will be much missed.



Booth, C. G., 1947-52.—Rogers', Upper VI Modern, G.C.E. (A3,01) 1952, School Captain 1951-52, Senior Librarian, 1st XV Colours 1950-51, 2nd XI Colours 1952, Half Colours Athletics 1951-52, Games Committee, Chairman of Debating Society 1951-52, Chairman Choral and Orchestral Society 1951-52, School Play 1948-50, Orchestra 1949-52.

Red Rose, December 1952

## **Reverend Professor Peter Brunt 1936-2023 (Evans, 1950-54)**

Reverend Professor Peter William Brunt MD. Vice PRCP (Glasgow)MVO OBE.

Born: January 18<sup>th</sup> 1936

Died: July 25<sup>th</sup> 2023

I have always regarded the task of writing an obituary for a distinguished friend and colleague as a great privilege, and so it has been for me to write about Peter Brunt who I have known for in excess of 70 years. During that time, he, and a close circle of likeminded friends, mainly from school and university days at Liverpool medical school, remained in close contact until inevitably separated by death. But, in Peter's case the profusion of laudatory memoirs written in the obituary columns of the national and regional press (he was allocated the honor of the lead obituary in the Times),together with those in the "specialist "journals of organisations with which he was associated such as the British Medical Journal, The British Society Of Gastroenterology, the Scottish Royal Colleges, the Church Times( to name but a few) What was it that led Peter to being so universally admired and liked by all who came into contact with him? Well, first and foremost it was his patent un-sanctimonious friendliness which was obvious from the moment one met him. I recall one such moment was when I was tasked by someone( I cannot remember who ) to deliver Christmas cards in the Ainsdale/Birkdale area. Peter's father, who worked for one of the major banks, had been appointed to a senior position in Lancashire and had taken up residence in a house in the Birkdale Ainsdale area. On an icy day with frozen snow on the driveway I knocked on the front door to deliver a handful of cards. It was answered by Peter and a terrier type dog, which rushed out ,only to skid on the frozen snow and tumble head over paws to our mutual hilarity.

The resulting conversation revealed that Peter was starting at King George V Grammar school to continue his secondary education, having previously been a pupil at the independent Manchester Grammar and Cheadle Hulme Schools.



Peter, and his two sisters were born in Prestatyn, Wales ,to a Welsh speaking family who provided their children with a strong religious upbringing. Primary education was in Wales but his father's progression in the banking world led to a move to the Manchester area and secondary education as mentioned, at the famous independent Manchester Grammar School and ultimately Cheadle Hume School.

As described above a further promotion of his father brought Peter to Southport and KGV where he thrived academically though not on the playing fields. However, as a hint of things to come his talent for oratory and mimicry together with skill in debating meant he was a natural choice for George Wakefield to use in several school plays and school photographs that show him productions such as Wind in the Willows where he played a notable Ratty . Deeply ingrained in Peter's personality was religious faith and he was a member of the Christian Union. He was also active in the youth movement, the Crusaders ,and regularly assisted at their Summer Camps.

Medicine was his chosen career, and he easily obtained the entrance requirements (along with several others from that KGV era) for a place at Liverpool Medical School. It was fortuitous that another Welsh speaking Christian ,Anne Lewis ,was admitted to the same medical school the year beforehand and became his girlfriend, eventually marrying in 1961. They had three daughters, one of whom became a doctor but who sadly predeceased him .Another daughter married the comedian, Bill Bailey and, to the joy of Anne and Peter fathered a grandson. Anne died in 2019 but Peter's sadness was compensated by the knowledge that they both had a managed to share their love of the Lake District through a possession of cottage they owned near Ullswater in the Lake District.

It was during these early formative years at school and university that other aspects of his personality were developing and being nurtured alongside his spiritual and clinical academic skills. The first of these was a realization of the importance of recreation in the mountains which initially had been fostered at school by the new headmaster, Geoffrey Dixon, and accompanied to a lesser extent by the attractions of sailing. The group of boys who were most influenced by Dixon's enthusiasm and encouragement remained a group that, after leaving school , continued to gather together regularly in the mountains especially over each New Year vacation at the Scafell Hotel where stories we told and reminisced. On one notable occasion when a distinguished member of the group collapsed on the fells and paramedics were summoned and dutifully carried out an ECG on the victim. They were somewhat taken aback when their diagnosis was checked by the Queen Mother's personal physician and found not to be wanting.

And it is this point when the writer returns to the other sides of Peter, this illustrious Old Boy., for he Peter was destined to make a name for himself in both Medicine and the Christian Church. Following his house officer appointments, he undertook further training in Liverpool Hospitals where his consultant chiefs were subjected to his mimicry of their northern and Welsh accents. It was soon apparent that his intellect and interest in gastroenterology were of a caliber that meant that he should undergo further higher training in London and the USA . and benefit from working at a London Teaching Hospital He was appointed to the Royal Free Hospital in London and assigned to work with the formidable Dame Sheila Sherlock who immediately recognized his talents. A period in the USA at the John's Hopkins Hospital followed. When he returned to Britain, to Professor Sherlock's dismay, it was not London but to Aberdeen where he remained to develop gastroenterology, which he did to such a high degree that warranted the unit in which he practiced being named after him.

It was here that the accolades began to flow. Aberdeen was the local hospital for the Royal Family when taking their Scottish holidays and when illness struck Peter Brunt was the consultant to whom they turned. An impacted fish bone in the throat of the Queen Mother was alleged to be the reason on one occasion and she was admitted under his care and appropriate gratitude was shown for his effective treatment. Soon afterwards he received an MVO in recognition of his care.

The above is only a fraction of the service he rendered to the people of Scotland in particular and the UK in general. He received many accolades including an OBE, honorary Fellowship of the Edinburgh College of Surgeons, Vice Presidency of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, Chairman of the Medical Council on

Alcoholism. Amazingly his contributions to Christianity were acknowledged by a former Archbishop of Canterbury who personally ordained Peter as a Priest of the Scottish Episcopal church. This, particular honor was put to practical use by some of us old boys when it came to personalized services for hatching, matching and dispatching. This included a memorable occasion in the Lakeland mountains attended by a small number of old boys with the Dixon family who were interring ashes. Peter's pronged terminal illness was spent in care. Those who visited him were impressed with his dignity and the fact (unsurprisingly) that on the bed table in front of him was a well-thumbed open bible which was obviously a comfort to him and his family and visitors.

Peter was buried in the churchyard of St Patrick's church Patterdale. in the Lake District alongside Anne. Donations in his memory may be sent to Cockermouth Mountain Rescue.

***Miles Irving***

Brunt, P. W., 1950-54.—Evans', Upper VI Sc. A, G.C.E. (A3, O4) 1952-54, Southport Major Exhibition 1954, School Prefect 1953-54, House Secretary 1953-54, Chairman Christian Union and C.E.W.C. 1953-54, Secretary Scientific Society 1953-54.

Red Rose, December 1954

**Duncan Burton, 1929-2022 (Spencer's, 1940-47)**

Duncan was an enthusiastic and dedicated Old Georgian. Encouraged by his friend and contemporary, John Pilling, Duncan became a keen supporter of the OGA and the Annual Dinner. He attended from 1995 and became the OGA Chairman for 2005/06. Duncan's Chairman's Weekend in Keswick in October 2005 was both enjoyable and memorable – but those details stay on tour! On Maundy Thursday 2006, Duncan had, as his guest speaker, Air Vice Marshall Peter Dodworth, C.B, O.B.E, A.F.C at Formby Hall Golf and Country Club.

***Stan Rimmer***

Duncan, what can I say? A true gent. Not a sufferer of fools. A keen eye for detail. A wicked sense of fun and humour when you got to know him. He always spoke fondly of KGV, but it wasn't until I read the Red Rose (below) that I knew he had been Head Boy! Duncan's modesty probably prevented him from talking about it.

For many years Duncan over saw the annual accounts, ensuring every I dotted, and t crossed, giving our treasurer a hard time for even the odd penny out of place. His pedantic nature was a source of inspiration and an opportunity for the committee to tease his hell-bent nature on 100% perfection! He is missed.

***Jonathan Elliott***

BURTON, D. C., 1940-47.—Spencer's, Upper VI Modern, Higher School Certificate 1947, Major Scholarship 1947, Prefect, School Captain 1946-7, Librarian, 2nd XV Colours 1946-47, Chairman Debating Society 1946, Secretary 1947.

Red Rose, December 1947

## Graham Donald Dalton Cox, 1963-2013 (Edwards, 1974-1980)

### GRAHAM 'JIM' COX

Edwards 1974-1980

Graham Cox, who has died prematurely aged 60, was a devoted family man, keen sportsman, music fan and outdoor enthusiast with a lively and enquiring mind. He was the current Chairman of the Old Georgians and was also notable for appearing on many TV and radio quiz shows.

Graham was born in Southport on 29 January 1963, son of Denis and Barbara Cox of Coudray Road, Churchtown. His brother Ian and sister Alison followed over the next five years. He attended the nearby Churchtown Junior School. From there progressed to his father's alma mater KGV, in its boys' grammar school guise, in September 1974.

Like many of us 'newts' on that day, he found the scale of his new school and some of the older boys intimidating.

However, he soon found his feet and was very much at home amongst the bleak playing fields and draughty classrooms, creating memories and making friends to whom he remained close for the rest of his life.

In 1975, he was selected for the express stream – a blessing for some and a curse for others. He took it in his stride and flourished. I got to know him properly during this time, most notably during a school trip to the Dutch seaside town of Noordwijk-Aan-Zee in 1977. We reminisced about that trip many times in the following years. It was more than a holiday; visits to the Rijksmuseum, the Dutch bulb fields and Delft made a life-long impression.

It was at around the same time that Graham acquired the name by which his classmates knew him for the rest of his life – Jim. The origins of the name are obscure, but it may or may not have had something to do with him sneaking nips of Jim Beam whisky during nocturnal forays onto Hesketh Golf Links with his Churchtown friends. It was his proud boast at the time that he had never visited Ainsdale – a curious claim but one which stayed with me.

The mid-1970s saw Graham visit the school hostel at Long Rigg near Sedbergh many times. Those of us lucky enough to go there on geography or geology field trips with a variety of masters (Messrs. Basford, Comfort, Freem and Clowes spring to mind) will never forget those visits. Crawling up Settlebeck Gill in the pouring rain sparked in Graham a love of the outdoors and Britain's wild countryside which stayed with him.

For fans of popular music, it was joy itself to be a teenager in the mid-1970s. Graham threw himself into this world, becoming acquainted with music at the cutting edge of the punk scene, being a devotee of The Clash, among others. He ran away to London, aged 15, to see the American girl rock band The Runaways, incurring the parental wrath on his sheepish return home. But, like the boy who ran from one end of the school photograph to the other to appear on it twice and incur a Saturday morning



detention, he could (and did) dine out on his Runaways story for ever. In juxtaposition to all of this, he also had an unexplained enthusiasm for the Nolan Sisters.

Post-school, Graham proceeded to University College, London before settling at Liverpool University to read geophysics. As a member of the University Air Squadron, he often flew from RAF Woodvale. It was his proud boast that he had never saluted a senior officer, this being proof of the superiority of the RAF over the other services. He joined both the boxing and ballroom dancing clubs, an unusual combination to be sure - punching people one moment and trampling on their feet the next. It was at Liverpool that he met his future wife, Colette. They married in 1990 and later settled in Cheadle. They had three daughters, Natalie, Erin and Tara. Graham was devoted to and very proud of his family.

Graham's main sporting enthusiasm was rugby, playing second row for the school and at university. He was as enthusiastic but, by his own admission, less gifted on the football field and golf course. He was an avid fan of Sale Sharks, often watching home games with his daughters. His love of the outdoors and adventurous spirit led Graham to sailing and skiing holidays as well as many walking trips. He always said that the annual family holiday to Norfolk was one of his favourite times of the year. In the world of work, Graham worked for IBM for many years, before later moving to a US-based technology company, PTC, as Digital Transformation Director, a role he enjoyed enormously.

His intellectual qualities and retentive memory were best demonstrated in his success as a quizzer. He appeared on many programmes including Fifteen to One, The Weakest Link, Brain of Britain, The Chase, Beat The Chasers and Popmaster.

Graham died in a tragic accident in August of this year, along with two others, on the Aonach Eagach ridge at Glencoe in the Scottish Highlands. He will be mourned and missed forever by his family, friends and all Old Georgians. Close friends and family are due to meet in Glencoe in May 2024 to honour and remember him.

***Chris Cadman  
Spencers 1974-1980***

I first met Graham at Easter 1968. My family had moved to Southport from Manchester. I was 6 and Graham was 5. I think our parents socialised before we did, as there was a very good neighbourly community in Coudray Road. Cards at Christmas, adult New Years Eve party, kids' birthdays celebrated, school lifts.

I recall Graham from the early seventies when we were a little bit older. He was in my sister's class at Churchtown, and I remember him being a good looking kid. Possibly the Brad Pitt of our street! I am not sure how deep his religious feelings were, but we were both members of the Scripture Union and later Crusaders. I think we treated them as more of a social event as we liked the singing and the snacks. Whatever, it also served its purpose as a community gathering. We both had two younger siblings and they followed into the group. In fact, I can remember the parody of them following us as older brothers. I did not become a religious nut, but it did enhance my growing years as I am sure it did Graham's.

We touched base occasionally at school, but again it was probably our parents who had the more regular social contact through the 1970s. A few (!) years flew by, and it has only been in the last 10 years or so that our contact became more regular and

clearly the OGA was the magnet – proving that the association does still serve its purpose!

Graham entered the KGV salvette as Graham Dalton-Cox but left as Graham Cox in the valet. I asked his sister Alison where the ‘Dalton’ appeared from and why it went. Apparently, Graham, Ian and Alison all had this as a middle name and the junior school assumed it was part of a double-barrelled surname. They hyphenated it for all three of them and dad Dennis approved!

Graham clearly presented himself as a ‘stand up’ guy. He wasn’t stuffy or arrogant. It was just the way he was made, and I think everyone respected him for it and to be honest, I think many envied him slightly as he managed to mix it with friendship, humour, trust and a cheeky sense of fun. But more than anything, he was the epitome of the ‘family guy’. No, not the cartoon characters on American tv. He loved his family and they loved him. They were the centre of his world and he, their’ s. His father, Dennis also an Old Georgian, passed away some 25 years ago. Barbara, his mum, still lives in Southport and whenever he came over for OGA events and meetings, duty always called him to his mums for a visit. But duty was not defined by ‘must do’, it was ‘want to’ and he was like that with everyone in his circle of family and friends. But number one were his wife Colette and his three daughters, Erin, Natalie and Tara. He was their “girl dad” and he adored all four of them.

By chance we spent the same day in Pinewood TV studios in 2018 – Graham on the Chase, me on Two Tribes. He did fantastically well and to my mind was cheated at the end. In fact, I was certain he had. I had taken part in several pilot and broadcast shows since 1989 so I have a feel for how the producers run these things and they took the opportunity to avoid falling on their own sword to Graham’s detriment. But you know, he took it on the chin and went on to the grand final of 15-1 and Beat the Chaser. We both loved a quiz, but I quickly learnt I was second to his vast knowledge and ability to rationalise when you weren’t certain on the answer. I was hoping we might have teamed up some time to beat the TV world. The opportunity never arose.

If he said he was going to do something to help me, I always knew and trusted he would do his best. His best never failed, he gave it his all and I knew he would not let me down. Mr. Reliable.

So... Brad Pitt; Family Guy; Brain of Britain; Mr. Reliable. What more could you want of him? Honestly, nothing. What would we have liked? Many more years of this fine gentleman’s company. His death on August 5<sup>th</sup> was a horrendous shock to many. A tragic walking incident, with two others passing in the same fall. He was doing what he loved. I am not sure that is any real consolation to his family, but it might be. We all knew that we were privileged to know him.

As Colette and the girls said their final farewell, linking arms together around Graham’s coffin, the emotion that joined them together was overwhelming. I think everyone collectively realised the single phrase that represents his passing. Heart-breaking.

***Jonathan Elliott***



## **John Harry Entwistle, 1944-1984 (Spencer's, 1955-61)**

I met John at University School on Cambridge Road around 1951/2 when his family had moved to Southport from Pendleton on the outskirts of Manchester.

He entered KGV in Trans X where he met David Karsa (Masons 1955-62), and we all became firm friends. I joined them in 3X in second year and subsequently through the school via the Science X streams.

Away from KGV, we formed a small group meeting at All Saints Youth Club, where John excelled at Badminton and Table-Tennis. We joined the entourage of the Stray Dogs group and at the end of our school careers, we joined the Carstairs Club in town, where the Stray Dogs performed occasional gigs.

John was academically very capable, but his real forte was sport of all descriptions.

On the rugby field, he was a first-rate Scrum Half although never a 'regular' in school teams, but from his strategic position, he controlled games beautifully in House Matches, holding the best-performing houses in check, keeping possession and kicking to advantage. He could score runs with the cricket bat, as required and in addition, he represented the school in the Athletics team at 400 yards and long jump. John enjoyed the after-school badminton club run by Mr Lord and he was a capable hockey player at weekends.

As he had secured a place at UMIST on the Textile Technology undergraduate course the following year, he decided to opt out of third year sixth at the end of Christmas term and went to gain experience in various cotton mills in the Manchester area, as his father was Company Secretary for English Sewing Cotton, with connections across the cotton industry.

Subsequently, several of the 1962 KGV science cohort went up to Manchester to read for a degree. John had gained a place at Hulme Hall and slotted in well to his chosen subject. With an Upper Second under his belt, he was appointed Assistant Lecturer for a year, following graduation.

He met and married Suzanne, post-graduation, living in London thereafter.

John then moved into commerce as a textile buyer for Marks & Spencer, soon making regular business visits to Dublin, where on arrival the hosts would suggest repairing to local hostleries, prior to discussing business.

Eventually, for John, this routine became an addiction from which, despite several attempts to break the habit, he never recovered. Eventually he was unable to work and finally met a sad and untimely demise through a 'stroke'.

He remained a great friend and very good company, although he could be very critical and annoying - even rude - if the mood took him. Sadly, I lost regular contact with him during his battle with the bottle. Despite his faults, he was always forgiving of my poor timekeeping and a generally kind soul. He did not deserve such a tragic end.

### ***Geoff Stocker, Spencers 1955-1962***

*Ed - Our thanks to Geoff for writing this for us. Geoff researched through the Red Roses and realised that John had not been mentioned.*

ENTWISTLE, J. H., 1955-61—Spencer's, U6ScSch. G.C.E. (A3,O4), Senior School Prefect 1961-62, House Captain 1960-62, Half Colours Rugby 1960-61, Athletics Colours 1960.

Red Rose, April 1962

### **Dr. David Karsa , 1943-2022 (Masons's, 1955-62)**

David was born in 1943 and I met David in First Year at KGV through my friendship with John Entwistle 1944-1984? (Spencers 1955-1961), a contemporary from Primary, who made it straight into Trans X where he became a pal of David, whilst I battled away in 2A. I was fortunate to join them in 3X in second year and subsequently through the school via the Science stream.

David had considerable artistic talent which he demonstrated with 'way-out' cartoons and away from KGV, when painting stage sets for All Saints Youth Club productions, where we met each week. This flair also showed in his choices of smart casual clothes.

When the magazine 'New Scientist' was launched around 1957/58, David became part of a small team who rose to the challenge of 'selling' the new weekly to the science streams in school. Initially 'sales', at 1 shilling each, 'peaked' at around 60 copies per week, but dwindled over the following months when the novelty wore off, until when down to just over a dozen, which included the teams' own copies, they decided to pull the plug.

On the rugby field, he became the regular Hooker for the 2nd XV in Sixth Form years. He took his role as a Prefect very seriously and declined to learn of various out-of-hour clandestine 'events' occasionally perpetrated around the buildings.

David and I became 'hangers-on' to the Stray Dogs pop group and at the end of our school careers, we joined the Carstairs Club in town, where the Stray Dogs performed occasional gigs.

Subsequently, several of the 1962 science cohort went up to Manchester to read for degrees. David and I shared a room in 'digs' for two years in Rusholme, just down the road from the former church hall where 'Top of the Pops' was broadcast each Wednesday, moving to Hall in Mobberley Tower next to the Owens Union Building in Oxford Road subsequently.

David read Chemistry at UMIST and thanks to this connection, he introduced me to my subsequent wife, also reading Chemistry, at the bus-stop into town, a few weeks into first term. He subsequently remained a firm friend of my wife and I, albeit at arms-length, up to his sad demise on 17th December 2022.

### ***Geoff Stocker, Spencers 1955-1962***

KARSA, D. R., 1955-62—Mason's, U6MSch. G.C.E. (A5,O5), Senior School Prefect 1961-62, House Vice-captain 1961-62, Chairman Scientific Society 1960-61, Rugby Half-colours 1961-62, Southport Major Exhibition 1962.

Red Rose, December 1962

**Anthony (Tony) Lancaster, 1938-2022 (Gear's, 1950-56)**

*Herbert H. Goldberger Professor of Economics and Professor of Community Health, Emeritus, Brown University.*

Tony died on December 10, 2022 in Philip Hulitar Hospice in Providence, Rhode Island. He was 84 years old.

Tony was born in Eccles, near Manchester, England, on June 25, 1938. He failed his eleven-plus, but passed at twelve, after coaching paid for by his grandfather. Having missed the first year at King George V Grammar School he spent the next four years at the bottom of the B-stream. His time and energy went into snooker (he was Southport Junior Champion at fourteen) and the Air Training Corps. To everyone's surprise he did remarkably well in his mock GCEs (General Certificate of Education), so a young English master encouraged him to stay into the Sixth form. Not able to think of a better alternative, he did so.

He also did well in his Advanced Level exams, went to Liverpool University where he gained first class honours in Economics. He then went to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge and completed his PhD in 1964. After a year in Dublin, he took a job at Birmingham University, where he met Jane.

In 1973 he was hired by Hull University as a full professor, and he soon became department chair. After thirteen happy years in a tall Georgian house in Beverley, Yorkshire, he became part of the 1980s "brain drain" and moved to Brown University. He became department chair there, too.

In 1991 he was honoured to be named a Fellow of the Econometric Society.

In addition to Brown, he held visiting positions at the Australian National University, the Indian Statistical Institute, the University of Wisconsin, Madison, the University of Washington, Cornell, Harvard, Stanford, UCLA, and UCSD.

He loved poetry (he used to recite sonnets in the bath), bird watching, Manchester United, cricket and Beverley. A great lover of travel, in later years he combined this with Test Matches, including Australia, the West Indies, South Africa and Sri Lanka.

He is survived by Jane, his wife of 55 years, his daughter Clare, her sons Jack and Matt, and her granddaughters Stella and Bonnie—who he got to meet a few weeks after their births, and a few months before his death—his son Tom, his wife Chang and children Alison, Daniel and Oscar, and his son Rob, his wife Devon and children Emery and Jake.

He is also survived by his academic "children", the scholars whose dissertations he supervised, who include Nobel laureate Guido Imbens, Wilbert Van der Klaauw (he brought these two young Dutchmen with him from Hull to Brown), Orna Intrator, Tieman Woutersen and Peter Hansen.

He enjoyed advising which, according to one of his students, often took the form of long silences followed by penetrating questions, rather than quickly suggesting directions for further research. These questions pushed students to delve deeper into the material without stifling their creativity. Praise would come in understated ways, but he made always clear that advising students was a high priority for him. In his

teaching the use of long silences, punctuated in his early years at Brown by the use of snuff tobacco, was a topic in many departmental skit parties.

He will be missed by all his families. A memorial service was held on the Brown campus in February, and another in Beverley on June 2<sup>nd</sup>. His remains were interred in a family plot in Birkdale.

*From Jane Lancaster*

Lancaster, A., 1950-56.—Gear's, Up. VI Mod., G.C.E. (A3,05) 1954-56,  
House Prefect 1955-56, Librarian 1955-56.

Blunstone, J. C. 1950-56. Spencer's, Jr. VI Special G.C.E. (05) 1955-56.

Red Rose, December 1956

### **Gordon Lees, 1934-2022 (Gear's, 1948-52)**

Gordon Carrington Lees blessed this earth for 88 years, finally resting in November 2022 after 7 years with deteriorating dementia.

He was proud of his educational institution George V and, having been deprived of further education due to family demands of the day went on to study at night school for his professional stock brokers qualification. He always regarded education as the cornerstone of a quality and prosperous life.

He had remained friends with other George V pupils throughout his life. Whenever they congregated, they would wear the school colours and regale great tales of school life.

As a successful business leader in several stock brokerage firms servicing the 'Big Bang' of the 70's and 80's, he was well regarded for his honesty and credibility in the City of London and recognised alongside other other influencers like Winston Churchill, Lord Nelson and Queen Elizabeth II to have the Freedom of the City bestowed on him.

He loved travelling and had many great adventures. Flying Concord, riding the Orient Express, cruising the great rivers of the world and getting stuck on the wrong of Check point Charlie back in the day! Collecting and wearing trinkets to promote his achievements didn't interest him, only the love and companionship of a rich circle of friends and family to his last day.

He is sadly missed and leaves a legacy of honesty and integrity that will last will all those who enjoyed his presence and sense of normality.

## **Keith Shorrocks, 1933-2023 (Roger's, 1943-50)**

Born in Southport in March 1933 and sadly passed away in 2023. Keith joined his brother Brian at KGV in 1943. On leaving KGV his early adventures took flight in the RAF, where he rose to the rank of Squadron Leader Navigating iconic planes such as the Britannia, the Argosy and the Bedford without today's technology, he explored places like the Maldives, Nigeria, the Sahara, Yemen, and played a role in historic events like the Suez Crisis and the UK's nuclear test program down in Australia and Christmas Island

Amidst these adventures, Keith married Jean Roughley and became a father to Tim, Cindy, Lizanne and David and continued the adventures with posting to Singapore and Malta. His commitment to family faced a stern test when Jean succumbed to cancer in 1974. Undeterred, he embraced the challenge of being both mom and dad to four young children.



Keith's post-RAF life took him to Iran, but political changes led to his premature return to the UK and marked the beginning of a golden era.

In 1988, Keith married Ann Pye, sharing 40 years of love, joy, and countless adventures. A dedicated member of Southport Rugby Club and a founding figure at Hursten Hall golf club, Keith actively participated in community life. Sailing remained a passion, and the couple embarked on a 16-month global journey on *Andante of Mersey*.

Family was paramount to Keith and Ann. They witnessed their seven children marry, welcomed 14 grandchildren, and recently celebrated the arrival of two great-grandchildren. Sundays were marked by great family meals with as many as 30 people sat around the table where Keith ensuring enough roast potatoes and his after-dinner speeches became a much-cherished tradition.

Keith lived a life worth celebrating, embracing every moment with a positivity that touched everyone around him. A true gentleman, he had a unique ability to find the good in people and situations, always avoiding anything negative. His unflappable demeanour and mischievous sense of humour made him a calming influence in any situation.

Keith was a man of integrity, honesty, and humour. His after-dinner speeches, welcoming newcomers and remembering absent loved ones, echo in our hearts. His legacy extends beyond bloodlines, touching the lives of all who had the privilege of knowing him.

As we bid farewell, we express our deepest gratitude to Dad – a source of inspiration to us all. May he rest in peace, surrounded by the love and memories he cultivated throughout his extraordinary journey.

## ***Tim Shorrocks (College, 1980-81)***

## **Ian Smith, 1948-2023 (Grears, 1960-66)**

Ian Christopher Smith (aka Syd, aka Stanley) Grears - 1960-66. d. Sept 2023.

We regret to report the passing of Ian Smith who many will remember. Ian got his full colours for Rugby and half colours for Athletics at KGV, before going on to study Mechanical Engineering, firstly at Loughborough University and then, after an illness, at Liverpool on a sandwich course while working for English Electric.

Perhaps Ian will also be well known at KGV as the son of Harry (Neck) Smith who taught maths and physical education, as well as being House Master of Masons for some time.

Ian went on to work for Alfa Laval in South Wales before moving and settling in Cheshire near Northwich. He worked for a number of companies before joining Karl Suss where he worked in technical sales and support for nearly 30 years, supplying clean room equipment and other technology. He finally retired aged 67 but only because his German employers had a policy of retirement at that age.

Ian's passion for Rugby continued into adult life playing for Southport during his study years, for Newport High School Old Boys in South Wales (no me neither!), and then for Winnington Park in Northwich where he played as a centre for almost two decades at various levels.

Ian married Brenda (nee Gerrard) in 1972 before moving to South Wales, before returning north and settling in Cheshire. They had triplet daughters in 1988, Ian was a much loved father, and later Grandfather. In 2022 he and Brenda celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary.

After retiring from playing rugby Ian took up cycling to keep in shape and he'd cycle for an hour or more most days around the roads of North West Cheshire. He continued to enjoy watching rugby, and he would watch any match that he could. He also supported Manchester United a passion which he shared with his daughters, son-in-laws, and grandsons.

Never one to be idle, Ian took up various voluntary roles in retirement, amongst these was examination invigilation and being a Responsible Adult at a police detention centre supporting those who needed additional support. He also played Guitar in a local guitar group and during Covid lockdown he taught himself to play piano.

Over the years Ian and Brenda enjoyed many holidays around the world, Ian always enjoying catching the sun, and just two weeks before he passed away they had a wonderful cruise to the Norwegian Fjords. Sadly it was while riding his bike that Ian died as a result of a massive and very unexpected stroke.

Ian is survived by his wife, three daughters and five grand children.

***Ron Gerrard, Brother in Law, (Edwards, 1970-77).***

## **Edwin Peter Graham Warburton, 1931-2022 (Edwards, 1942-48)**

### **Edwin Peter Graham Warburton (1931 – 2022)**

Peter Warburton, born in Liverpool on July 1<sup>st</sup> 1931 was brought up in Ainsdale (Lancashire) and attended King George V grammar school, Southport 1942-48 and was educated to School Certificate standard (present A-Level) with distinctions in French and History. He initially entered the Civil Service (at Aberystwyth) but after serving most of his National Service in Malta (GC) he spent 3 years in the shipping office of Furness Withy (Liverpool) before entering Birmingham University in 1954. He graduated in 1957 as B.Soc.Sc. (2:2 honours) and pursuing a growing interest in social work, immediately entered the Durham Combined Area Probation and After Care Service as a probation officer in Gateshead, and was selected to open the new office at Blaydon in 1961. Writing in *"The Golden Age of Probation"* Peter described his early probation work, having a caseload around 80-85 cases, doing 10 court reports per week, and often working until 9pm. He encapsulated experiences that were typical of probation work in that era.

In 1964 Peter became Senior Probation Officer (+ Assize Liaison Officer) in Birmingham. After two years he elected to return to the north-east and served as Senior Probation Officer at Consett and Sunderland (also Liaison Officer to the Quarter Sessions) over the next 4 years.

In 1970 he was promoted Assistant Chief Probation Officer, and became the first Chief Probation Officer of the new Durham County Probation Service, following local government reorganisation in 1974.

Professionally he had a long-standing interest in the development of through-care and shared working in prisons. Having led on the development committees of N.A.P.O. and C.P.O. Conference at different times in the past, Peter was instrumental in a number of Service initiatives, being a member of the Home Secretary's Working Party on the introduction of Community Service; the pilot appointments and assessment of the first Ancillary Workers in the north-east; and the compilation of the first generally agreed Aims and Tasks of the Probation Service in 1980. He was also secretary of A.C.O.P. National Social Issues Committee.

His interest in good conditions of service for probation staff was demonstrated by leadership of a working party on Ancillary Conditions of Service (1978), two periods as A.C.O.P. representative on the J.N.C. for the probation service, and a 5-year tenure on the executive of S.C.O.O.P. (Chief Officer's trade union). This forward looking stance was repeated in the work of Durham Probation Service, which adopted county and team targets as early as 1982 and was selected as one of ten pilot areas for the introduction of an Intensive Probation Project. Throughout his career Peter was an active member of the Probation Officer's Association (N.A.P.O.).

A life-long rugby enthusiast (having obtained a "blue" at university), Peter played for the Royal Artillery Army 15 during National Service. He was also a Lancashire trialist. Peter had many other interests including classical and jazz music, theatre, walking, canal restoration, and membership of Rotary (serving his district as Youth Exchange Officer for many years).

Peter married Margaret in 1957 with whom he had two children, Catherine and Mark. This marriage was dissolved in 1981 when Peter married Pat with whom he had a happy 41 years and two children, Gavin and Ruth. Peter retired in 1994 after a distinguished career in the Probation Service and had a long and fulfilling retirement, spending time with his wife and family, travelling, gardening and pursuing various other interests including some voluntary work with Independent Age, and local Meals on Wheels and Books on Wheels. Peter died peacefully at home on September 23<sup>rd</sup> 2022 at the age of 91. His wife survives him.

### ***John Warburton (Edwards, 1954-60)***

## FORTHCOMING OGA SOCIAL EVENTS 2024

# The 10<sup>th</sup> Annual Golf Challenge - Friday 26<sup>th</sup> April 2024 -

The Challenge will be held at the Hesketh Golf Club.

Competing for the Bob Abram Trophy, the competition is open to all OGA members. The trophy will be presented to the winner, with prizes awarded to lower places and special achievement. We have tees booked from 1100 to 1140.

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

Please note that we are requesting payment in advance. Payment by Bank transfer is preferred. Please ensure that your name is included in the reference and starts with "G23" (our code for the golf, e.g. **G24YOURNAME**). Please also email Chris when the payment is made.

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

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

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

# The 74<sup>th</sup> Annual Dinner - Saturday 27<sup>th</sup> April 2024 -

The 2024 dinner will again be hosted by the Hesketh Golf Club. The venue suits us well and we had a great turn out in 2023. The ticket price has increased in line with a meal increase. For 2024, it will be £37.50 for 3 courses and coffee/tea. Menu options follow and need to be sent to Jonathan by April 14<sup>th</sup> – [jonelliott61@hotmail.com](mailto:jonelliott61@hotmail.com).

### **PLEASE BOOK EARLY!**

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

Please note that we are requesting payment in advance of the dinner, from January 31st. Payment by Bank transfer if preferred. Please ensure that your name is included



in the reference and starts with “D24” (our code for Dinner 2024, e.g. **D24JonElliott**). Please also email Jon Elliott when the payment is made.

Account details are:

- Bank: The Metro Bank
- Account Name: The Old Georgians Association
- Sort Code: 23-05-80
- Account number: 37372595

Cash or cheque (payable to ‘Old Georgians Association’) are acceptable.

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

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

We can try accommodate requests for tickets after April 12th and we will confirm your place once received should we still have places available. Cancellations made after April 12<sup>th</sup> may not be refundable. **Please ensure that your booking/payment is confirmed by April 12th** to Jon Elliott. Any not confirmed will be released, so as not to incur a charge. Jon Elliott is on [jonelliott61@hotmail.com](mailto:jonelliott61@hotmail.com) or 07969889843.

**Menu Options (Please choose one from each)**

Starter

Homemade chicken liver pate served with a real ale chutney;  
Smoked haddock chowder;  
Butternut squash and wild mushroom Arincini balls (V)

\*\*\*\*\*

Main course

Cannon of Braised Beef, horseradish mash potato, w/ a rich red wine jus;  
Mediterranean chicken, breast filled with mozzarella and sun blushed tomato;  
Pan fried salmon with Hollandaise sauce and fresh asparagus;  
Nut Roast (V)

(All served with seasonal vegetables)

\*\*\*\*\*

Desserts

Homemade Sticky Pudding;  
Raspberry & White Chocolate Roulade;  
Cheese plate w/biscuits ( £3 supplement)

\*\*\*\*\*

Coffee and mints

\*\*\*\*\*

We also offer cheese as a fourth course, which has a £6.50 supplement

## SOCIAL EVENTS 2023

### **The 73<sup>rd</sup> Annual Dinner** **Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> April At The Hesketh Golf Club**

We initially set the dinner date for Saturday May 6<sup>th</sup> in order to re-visit a weekend date for the dinner. Other royal events took over, so we re-set back to the regular date of Maundy Thursday for 2023.

Graham Cox was in the Chair for the AGM and the Dinner. Our guest speaker for the evening was Paul Davies, former journalist and ITN war correspondent. This was Paul's second time in the speakers chair and he did not disappoint, especially with his Q&A session.

As ever, the Hesketh Golf Club served up a fine meal and the whole evening was most enjoyable.

In attendance this year:

Mike	Alexander	Stephen	Grindley	Ian	Ochiltree
Rob	Anderson	Dave	Harrison	Chris	Parkinson
Geraldine	Aughton	Russ	Hawkins	Colin	Potts
John	Aughton	Dave	Heslegrave	Ken	Priestley
John	Ball	Dave	Hill	John	Ridehalgh
Michelle	Brabner	David	Hodgson	Richard	Rimmer
Ian	Bryce	Neil	Hunt	John	Roberts
Paul	Bullock	Barry	Hurst	Peter	Rostron
Mark	Burrows	Martin	Jelley	Derrick	Salmon
Michael	Carson	Keith	Johns	John	Seddon
Mike	Catrrall	Barry	Jones	Neil	Spencer
Iain	Clenahan	Liz	Kelly	Chris	Stitson
Alison	Cox	John	Kermode	Russell	Stott
Graham	Cox	Ian	Kettle	Stan	Swettenham
Ian	Cox	Chas	King	Jez	Sykes
Jeff	Cummins	Catherine	Lapsley	Steve	Tasker
Paul	Davies	Sarah	Lapsley	Mark	Teale
Mark	Day	Chris	Latham	Chris	Threlfall
Alan	Dickinson	Martin	Lockyer	Chris	Tinsley
Peter	Dickinson	David	Lonsdale	Richard	Turner
Jonathan	Elliott	Steve	Mallinder	Andrea	Vicary
Ellen	Ellis	David	Marshall	Kev	Watkins
Ron	Ellis	Joanne	Matthews	Steve	Williams
David	Eyes	Andy	Maxwell	Stuart	Wincer
Martin	Fearn	Julian	McInerney	Chris	Winnard
Rob	Fletcher	Paul	Merone	Guy	Withey
Phil	Frampton	Belinda	Miller	John	Wolstenholme
Ron	Gerrard	Alan	Moore	Mark	Woolston
Cameron	Gilmour	David	Morton		

## **The 9<sup>th</sup> Annual Golf Challenge**

On a bright morning last Maundy Thursday, a group of 15 (well, technically, 3 of 4 and 1 of 3) set out on the first tee at the Hesketh Golf Club. Many tales were told on the course, but few could be repeated in the Red Rose (see Letters).

To summarise with the Board of Merit:

1st - Martin Fearn 39 points  
2<sup>nd</sup> - Mark Woolston 37 points  
3<sup>rd</sup> - Chris Threlfall 33 points

nearest the pin on the par 3s  
on the 2nd was Geoff Lawson  
on the 16th was Ken Priestley

Well done Martin. First time with his name on the trophy! Roll on 2024!!

### **KGV, ORWELL AND A MEMORIAL PROJECT**

At KGV I was influenced by George Orwell. Wigan was just down the road, two of my masters, Mr IP Moss and Mr Parsons, came from Wigan; maybe Wigan Pier existed. They knew, of course. One certainly put me right after helping me and my lab stool up from the floor - result of faking a strong blow rather than the light cuff dispensed in response to my cheeky enquiry.

In 2018, the editor of the multi-volume 'Complete Works of George Orwell', Peter Davison (who died in August 2022) bequeathed more than 50 research books to the Museum of Life in Wigan, where Orwell did all his research work while writing 'The Road to Wigan Pier', though in 1936 it was the town library. In March last year a permanent Orwell display at the Museum of Wigan Life was opened by the Orwell Society's Patron and Orwell's son, Richard Blair, local MP Lisa Nandy and Wigan's mayor, Yvonne Klieve. The display was partly funded by the Society (which owns the Orwell statue at the BBC's headquarters in London) and which wrote the story boards covering Orwell's time in Wigan. Later this month (15 July 23) Quentin Kopp, Chair of the Orwell Society and Les Hurst, a prominent member are giving a talk on 'Gerard Winstanley from the perspective of George Orwell'. Organised by the Wigan Diggers, taking place at the Museum.

For me, 'Orwell's Homage to Catalonia', sparked what became a lifelong interest in the Spanish Civil War and the volunteers who went to fight in support of the Second Spanish Republic – the so called "premature anti-fascists". Sixty five years on, I have initiated a project aimed at achieving a memorial at the National Memorial Arboretum (NMA) in Alrewas, Staffordshire, to honour all the British volunteers who fought for the Spanish Republic in the civil war. Spanish Civil War historian and writer, Richard Baxell, Professor Richard Bradford at Ulster University and Professor Charles Esdaile at Liverpool University has each endorsed and confirmed their support for the project.

Early days; although I have an established committee, I am yet to find a Patron and need to recruit some Trustees.

But let me introduce myself and explain the rationale and progress of the project so far. I am a retired British Army Colonel, (KGV Rogers' House 1955 to 1960 when I went to Welbeck after O levels. After Sandhurst in 1964, I was commissioned in Royal Signals). I was lucky and never required to fight; served in Germany several times, where I eventually commanded my Regiment; in Singapore, Hong Kong, Cyprus and Belgium with spells in UK including three separate tours in different parts of the MoD in London and finally at the Royal Signals and Radar Research Establishment in Malvern after which I took redundancy. My old friend Keith Johns - Rogers House from 1955 to 1962 reckons I spent just under half my service doing training courses – that's 15 years! After the army and another 10 years at the research establishment (then privatising itself first as DRA, then DERA and finally QinetiQ) doing sales and marketing in the NATO, telecoms, transport and EC markets I left to set up my own consultancy. This took me to Brussels, Portugal, Bulgaria and Germany. Most of all that time I didn't read much Orwell. Though I did always take a history of the Spanish Civil War on family holidays in Spain. More recently, Covid lockdown reading, notably a semi-autobiography of Jan Kurzke, an artist and international brigadier prompted me to look into the International Brigade Association's website and learn, from enquiry with the Arboretum <https://www.thenma.org.uk> that there is no memorial or other dedication there to honour the International Brigadiers or the other volunteers who fought for the Spanish Republic. While I thought I could understand why, it is a significant omission. Aware of the International Brigade's national memorial at Jubilee Gardens in London but at the time unable to make direct contact with the International Brigade Memorial Trust (IBMT), on the advice of a friend I contacted The Orwell Society to elicit their view on my proposition: "to establish a new, permanent memorial at the NMA to honour all the UK citizens who volunteered with the International Brigades, the POUM, ILP, Medical Aid and other organisations in the fight against fascism in the Spanish Civil War".

The project idea was enthusiastically embraced by the Orwell Society's <https://orwellsociety.com> Chairman, Quentin Kopp, son of Georges Kopp, Orwell's friend and POUM's regimental commander in the Civil War, who was later falsely imprisoned and tortured by the NKVD in Barcelona. (Georges later fought with the French Foreign Legion and while based in Marseilles provided (naval) intelligence, organised and supported Resistance operations. His intelligence handler, one Anthony Blunt. But that's another story). Next, I arranged a meeting and tour of the Arboretum in late summer last year with Quentin and the NMA's Head of Estates – the key member of the NMA's committee which considers all new memorial proposals for approval. Our meeting was a great success, even to the extent of identifying a potential site for our memorial. Head of Estates very kindly offered to guide and work with us to ensure our application for the new memorial is successful. The Arboretum is superbly curated and managed by the Royal British Legion and is our national focus for remembrance. Dolores Long, daughter of Sam Wild, the last International Brigades' British Battalion commander is a founding Trustee of the IBMT <https://international-brigades.org.uk> She has become an enthusiastic supporter too, providing the IBMT's vital link on the project with me, the Orwell Society and Independent Labour Publications (ILP) <https://www.independentlabour.org.uk>. ILP Chairman David Connolly is highly encouraging too. He and Quentin have fully

endorsed the project and affirmed their Charities' full support, within the limits of their constitutions.

Richard Baxell wrote recently: "I'm very happy to support the idea of a memorial to the volunteers and wish your project every success. As you say, a memorial commemorating all of the volunteers for Republican Spain is long overdue." Previously, Professor Richard Bradford at Ulster University wrote: "I will enthusiastically support your campaign for a memorial at the NMA."

It is our view that a memorial to honour all the volunteers is indeed overdue; being at the NMA will prove educational and inspirational for a huge audience. Some 300,000 including 20,000 young people are reckoned to visit annually. The new memorial is valuable too in unifying the different political strands involved on the Spanish Republican side in the civil war and observable even today, around the common causes of honour, remembrance and education.

Meanwhile, I continue to trace and look into individual volunteers' records to identify which volunteers went on to fight and support UK special and armed forces, medical services, SOE and secret services, the Auxiliaries - Britain's 'secret army' - Home Guard, Merchant Navy and ARP in WW2, to justify approaches to be made to relevant regimental, service and other grant making associations to fund the memorial.

Most recently, Liverpool University's Professor Charles Esdaile endorsed the project as follows: "Between 1936 and 1939 a wide range of Britons of many political persuasions travelled to Spain to support the cause of the beleaguered Second Republic in the name of what was perceived as the fight against fascism. Sadly, the reality is significantly murkier than the legend, but neither the heavy losses suffered by these 'volunteers for liberty' nor the courage and good faith of most of the individuals concerned are open to question, and there is therefore a strong case for their memorialisation in the grounds of the National Arboretum."

I hope Red Rose readers agree that the concept of this new memorial at the NMA for all the British volunteers is worthwhile and important. Should you have any comments, queries or advice concerning the project please don't hesitate to make contact. It remains that I need Trustees for the new Charity/CIO, endorsements and funds. I hope I can count on some Old Georgians to respond accordingly. My email address is [cgcs@btinternet.com](mailto:cgcs@btinternet.com)

Meanwhile if you were, as I was, intrigued by 'The Road to Wigan Pier', why not visit the Museum and see the Orwell display? Even better, join the Orwell Society. It is a literary society and definitely not political.

***John Roberts - Rogers 1955-60***

## TALES FROM THE 'ICEBOX'

At the dining hall end of the KGV main corridor, there were a few steps that led down to a classroom. I forget the number, not that it matters as this room was known universally as 'The Icebox'.

Its distinguishing feature, despite the school heating system, was a damp coldness. For some unknown reason, the room had been sunk two or three feet below the rest of the school. Its windows were only just above ground level outside. It was probably the worst room in the school to have as a form room.

Lower 5X were allocated to The Icebox for the academic year, 1962-63. The only time the room warmed up was during the Dinner Break because it was the designated location for those boys eating packed lunches whilst most of the school ate in the dining hall. Invariably in cold weather, by the time we re-entered the room for the afternoon, the windows would be misted from a surfeit of body heat.

Coming in off the fields at that time, one would also be met by waves of stale odours: an amalgam of sweat and the contents of lunch boxes, the uneaten portions of which were leaching into the drab atmosphere from the waste paper basket. The first thing to do would be to open windows, naturally. Vitally refreshing, but once more lowering the ambient temperature.

It wasn't the warmest of winters, as I recall. Quite the opposite, in fact. Snow lay long on the ground, turning to ice and slush under the wheels of Mr. Blundell's open truck that appeared regularly at the rear of the school kitchen to remove left-over foodstuffs in galvanised bins for pigswill. We could see it come and go.

Apart from the relief of practical subjects, most of our lessons took place in that room. One teacher, who shall remain nameless out of respect, was in the habit of carrying his books around the school in a small leather suitcase. His ritual, after entering the room, would be to place this suitcase on the teacher's desk, open it, remove his text book and, leaving the suitcase open, move forward to position himself in front of the teacher's desk for the duration of our lesson.

This, incidentally, was the self-same teacher who, when annoyed by noisy interruptions to lessons, was in the habit of attempting to quieten such disruption by complaining, "Every time I open my mouth, some silly fool starts talking.....". In his annoyance at our temerity and occasional open laughter at this statement, he singularly failed to realise the irony of it all.

But I digress. After a romp in the snow one wintry break or lunchtime, inevitably some icy substance was brought back off the field, into the icebox. 'Would it melt in such a cold room?' might have been the academic question. Any such thoughts, if indeed they ever occurred, rapidly transmuted into devilment.

Remember the lights that hung at the front of each classroom, hanging from the ceiling on a long metal pole and encased in a metal halo to illuminate the blackboard? The lump of snow was lodged on top of the metal lampshade and the teacher's desk carefully positioned beneath it. When the above-mentioned teacher entered the classroom, the blackboard light was switched on.

True to form, the small suitcase was opened, textbook selected and lesson begun. An unhealthy quiet descended on our normally lively group. I'd like to think that the teacher was somewhat mystified by our unnatural compliance for the duration of that particular lesson.

Certainly, the cat remained firmly in its bag, none of us, on this occasion, wanting to disturb and most of us keen to witness the end of lesson reaction. So we behaved well,

complied throughout and, as the lamp melted the ice, watched water drip steadily, and accurately, into the open suitcase, behind the teacher's back.

The end of the lesson duly arrived. We put away our books, all eyes on what might happen at the front of the classroom. Would there be an inquest? Who might be blamed? What outburst of wrath would be forthcoming?

Well, actually, nothing of the sort. Some of us liked to think we perceived a swift double-take as realisation dawned; a question mark of a frown, even. But, no outward reaction. No inquest. The textbook was inserted, the suitcase closed and our teacher left the room with a degree of composure.

Nothing was ever spoken about this episode and no reprisals followed. But we were fairly convinced that there must have been some significant water damage, whatever the contents of the suitcase had been.

Puerile, but eminently unforgettable.

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

## **PTA 2**

No, nothing to do with parent teacher association..... The 2021 RR issue carried an article about Planes, Trains and Automobiles. Here are a couple of follow ups to those items.

### **Bucket List**

In my article about that fabulous fete of engineering known as Concorde, I mentioned that I was aiming to visit each of the 10 British built airframes, having completed 9 at the time of the article. Well, in 2023 I was fortunate enough to complete the set during a visit to Seattle and the Museum of Flight at Boeing Field.

There are several ironies in G-BOAG being located where it is. First and foremost is the fact that despite New York and Washington DC being the regular destinations of the commercial flights over the years, the USA in general was one of the main objectors to allowing Concorde to travel at supersonic speed over their land. "We don't know what it might do" was the general consensus from day one and sadly continued for over twenty years, even when we did know what it might do!

Another is the fact it is at Boeing Field. Yes, Boeing, the main rival manufacturer to Concorde even though nothing ever got further than their drawing board.

<b>Build</b>	<b>Reg</b>	<b>Location</b>	<b>Year</b>
002	G-BSST	Fleet Air Arm Museum, Yeovilton, England, UK	2020
101	G-AXDN	Imperial War Museum, Duxford, England, UK	1999
202	G-BBDG	Brooklands Museum, Weybridge, Surrey, England, UK	2014
204	G-BOAC	Manchester Airport, England, UK	2015
206	G-BOAA	Museum of Flight, East Lothian, Scotland, UK	2017
208	G-BOAB	Heathrow Airport, London, England, UK	2000
210	G-BOAD	Intrepid Sea-Air-Space Museum, New York, USA	2016
212	G-BOAE	Grantley Adams International Airport, Barbados	2014
214	G-BOAG	Museum of Flight, Seattle, USA	2023
216	G-BOAF	Aerospace Bristol, Bristol, England, UK	2020

*The Bucket List!*

G-BOAG was the aircraft that completed the final commercial flight of Concorde, on October 24<sup>th</sup> 2003, travelling from New York to London Heathrow. It was great to see her as she is preserved very well in Seattle and is placed a few metres away from the other main rival for aviation affection, the original, prototype Boeing 747, both of which took to the skies in 1969.

G-BOAF completed the final ever flight of a Concorde, relocating from Heathrow to her birthplace at Filton on 26<sup>th</sup> November 2003, just over 20 years ago.

I may be one of only a few non-BA employees who have succeeded in boarding every Concorde. G-BOAB is based at Heathrow and out of reach of the public, but I was fortunate enough to have flown on her back in 2000.



I am hoping to round off 2023 in a 'special way', as Lego has just produced a four-foot-long Concorde and this will certainly be on my Christmas list!

May I wish Concorde and all that flew on her, a happy 20<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Retirement!

*Jonathan Elliott - Grear's, 1973-79*

### **Formula Ford Forever**

**Walter Leopold Arthur Hayes** CBE (12 April 1924 – 26 December 2000) was an English journalist, and later public relations executive for Ford.

Hayes was key in developing Ford's Formula One program, by signing Jackie Stewart and funding the building of the Cosworth DFV V8 Formula One racing engine; and the creation of the Premier Automotive Group with the purchases of classic English brands Jaguar and Aston Martin.

*Courtesy of Wikipedia*

Roll forward to the weekend of November 4<sup>th</sup>/5<sup>th</sup> 2023, to Silverstone and the final event of the 2023 Formula Ford season. At the last and biggest event of the year, some 90 entrants would be competing for the Walter Hayes Trophy, named after the aforementioned journalist and executive.

One of those was our very own Neil Hunt (who was 62 a couple of weeks before the event – sorry Neil, just putting your achievement into context, when many of us are searching for an armchair, not a bucket seat an inch above the tarmac!).

Neil invited me to the event, along with fellow OG John Wray. I landed on Saturday morning in very damp conditions, to see Neil take part in qualifying rounds, of which there were four. Two of these were related to the WHT and two were based on the class of Neil's car, this being a 1992 Mondiale M92S which qualified Neil to take part in the Janet Cesar Memorial Trophy event.



I won't go too techie, but Neil's car did resemble a bucket on Ford Fiesta wheels, not the sleek, front and rear winged machine that you see in F1. Credit where it is due, this puts Neil into the real enthusiasts category, especially when we saw how difficult it was to drive in the wet conditions of the day – not least Neil having to sit in the rain for 20-30 minutes prior to each race, with no heated seats and just his driving suit to keep him warm (he needs to add a thermal vest to his Christmas list!).



Neil, about to launch into the Semi

Back to the car class – Neils car was mid-class by age, as there was a classification for older vehicles and one for newer. Aside from newer hardware on the later class of vehicle, they did also have an aerodynamic advantage with their revised nose cone and flooring, but nothing too substantial.

After my visit to the pit garage, I took my seat in the warmth of the British Racing Drivers Club private lounge, courtesy of Neil. The place is full of memorabilia and is the home of just about all of this country's elite drivers. Coffee, biscuits, lunch, more coffee & biscuits, kept us happy and away from the weather, but not away from the enjoyment of watching Neil and his colleagues zipping around this track at daft (well, for a regular M6 driver) speeds for the conditions.

There were plenty of spins and run offs. We even had one direct run into the tyre wall in front of us at about 70mph. Having gasped at the unfortunate driver involved, we quickly realised it was one of the "Oldfield Motor Racing Team" – yes, the former Oldfield garage on Queens Road. Indeed, Peter Oldfield (same age as Neil and I but a former student at Stanley) was in the garage next to Neil, managing his team of three cars – well, now it was two!

Qualifying over, we retired to the Green Man, just a couple of miles along the A45 to recover our senses with a steak and a 'warming' drink (or two). Neil was due to take part in at least 2 semis the following day, so he peaked on his third coffee and then retired for an early night.

John Wray and his wife Sue joined us on Sunday morning. John is a medic of various descriptions, flies light aircraft and has always been an auto enthusiast – oh, and he was one of Neil's best mates at school. Neil and I both went to Churchtown, but then our paths diverged over time while at KGV, but we have kept in touch ever since.

The day was still damp, but did dry out a little which made it more welcoming to climb to the roof of the building to watch the racing from a higher position, which also allowed us to see more of the circuit. Neil advanced into the final of the JC Trophy, but ended up just out of the places for the main event itself. Many of the drivers were clearly younger than Neil, but not altogether better. In my opinion, their newer cars were probably the difference between a place in the final and watching from the side lines. Neil started the JC Trophy 13<sup>th</sup> out of 24 on the grid and soon climbed to 11<sup>th</sup>. These races were a single shot out of the traps – no pit stops, just 12 laps of hard racing. Unfortunately, hard racing also had to be matched with the damp conditions, not easy when you are racing on wheels that would slot onto a Ford Fiesta with ease, not the huge pieces of F1 rubber that stick to the ground. As it was, Neil achieved two spins

during the latter stages of the race, dropping him down to 20<sup>th</sup>, but he clawed his way back to 17<sup>th</sup> by the end of the 12<sup>th</sup> lap.



Driver and pit crew – LtoR Jon Elliott, Neil Hunt, Sue Wray, John Wray

We all stood on the roof under the fancy canopy to watch the final, a close run affair with the favourite missing out following a spin from which he did not manage to recover his position.



The Southport connection did not end there. A former podium holder is Stuart Gough, nephew of Stuart Wincer. John McQuilliam is the same age as Neil and I and went to Churchtown and KGV as we did. He went on to be a Chief Designer in F1, working with Williams, Arrows and Jordan and he still works in the industry. He was the innovator for carbon fibre being introduced to the body construction and invented the current rear wing and its supporting structure. During his stint with Marussia, he was responsible for the whole car as Technical Director and a picture of that car hangs in the BRDC club house (below). In this case, it has a select audience of male observers!



The BRDC club 'house' and a view of the FF racing

**MAY 6<sup>th</sup> 2023**

**London**

I don't know how many of you travelled to London for the coronation, but the Elliott, Kettle & Wincer party departed for a three night break on Thursday 4<sup>th</sup> May.

Back in September I had the idea of booking up 8 weeks of hotel rooms at the Premier Inn by the London Eye and my punt worked out. We got 3 nights at the base rate, far lower than the elevated prices once the dates of King Charles' Coronation were announced.

Abba Voyage on Thursday. A day around London on Friday. And so we were set for the Saturday. We had debated on where to position ourselves and at what time. Initially I thought we were being a little casual.

We awoke earlier than planned due to H.M. Forces! Around 6000 of them alighted around the corner at Waterloo station in the early hours of the morning. Many of them were bearing instruments and commenced their tune ups behind our hotel, prior to marching to their various assembly points convenient for The Mall.



Wincers, Kettles, Elliotts

Our party joined them on the march across Westminster Bridge at around 0845. We then proceeded along the Embankment, looking for a way in to our destination, Whitehall. Mr Kettle chose a route we thought would be passable, but only just in time, as the powers that be started to close gates in the through roads that gave access. We slid through the closing barriers by the skin of our teeth to face a wall of human beings. We slowly made our way up to Whitehall and seemed to have to settle for a tenth row view combined with peering around a corner. But Mr K persevered, edging our way

up to the main drag and then turning left towards the Cenotaph. We reached it just past 0920, crept through the crowd and Mr K found a nice slot for us all, only two rows back and standing behind seated spectators! Excellent work! Now it just needed a 2 hour wait – but in the grand scheme of things, that was pretty good!

We managed to avoid the TV cameras, courtesy of a protestor group located close by, which was just as well as the heavens did open prior to the procession, which resulted in ruffled personas that may have looked a little grumpy on screen.

But before we had time to think too much about it, the first of the bands appeared coming towards us from Admiralty Arch and Trafalgar Square. There is little point in commentary on the main event, so I will summarise our experience. “One found it most agreeable”, might be paraphrasing a possible statement from our new King.

In other words, it was great! The carriages passed in full view no more than five meters away. We were all certain the royal waves and smiles were directed directly to each of us as individuals. Cameras clicked. “Hoorahs” were shouted and we all felt that we were fully part of the pomp and ceremony. Speakers relayed the audio elements of the service to Whitehall. Given this was 2023 and not 1953, those of us with the required device were also able to watch live whilst we stood in the centre of the proceedings, a clear advantage over those attending 70 years ago.



“Before”



“After”

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The reverse of the procession came by, this time with the King and Queen in the Gold State Coach. The Princess Royal was possibly the only recognisable royal who was not in a covered carriage, as she was escorting the King on horse back. Throughout there was music from the various military establishments that were included on the day, several of which we recognised from earlier that morning.

Once completed, the ladies wandered off to afternoon tea. The lads hung around to watch the fly past. I think the girls drew the long straw given they chose a quality product and the play past was somewhat curtailed due to the weather.

We wandered the central streets of the city in the evening, joining in the celebrations of the masses and we were all in agreement that the effort to come to London had been well worthwhile. We felt we had missed out by not coming to London to see the Queen lying in state, but fully made up by attending the Coronation.

## Edinburgh

Meanwhile, at the other end of the country, a small band of brothers was completing a sponsored bike ride from Newcastle to Edinburgh. Old Georgians Mark Day, Andy Webster and Dave Fairclough, were joined by another friend Paul Roberts. They were making the 173 mile journey on two wheels to raise money for the Doddy Weir Foundation, the charity connected to the former rugby player and that dreaded and awful condition, Motor Neurone Disease.



Mark and Andy, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> from the left.



Destination achieved!

Mark and Andy both played rugby with OGA Nick Allott. Nick was diagnosed in 2003 and withdrew from playing with Waterloo. He passed away the following year, aged just 40.

The lads completed their ride on the day of the coronation and without too much difficulty (despite their age!), not least because they do ride regularly and for charity fund raising. They also had a support van to assist. Mark hasn't yet confirmed whether he spent the whole of his journey on two wheels, or whether he got any sort of assist from the van!

They raised a fabulous total of £3352 for the DWF. Since then, the OGA has contributed £250 to their magnificent effort.

In 2024 they will be fund raising again for the DWF, riding from Glasgow to Carlisle.

*ED – there must be more OGAs out there doing great work like this. Please write in and let us know!!*

## THORNLEY SOCIETY

“We few, we happy few, we band of brothers”

The Thornley Society was set up by Geoffrey Dixon (GFD) as a school climbing club. It was named after former KGV pupil and mountaineer James W Thornley who was killed on a winter reconnaissance of Nanga Parbat in 1950 shortly after GFD joined the school as head.

The current Thornley Society consists of school members from when history teacher, Jim Honeybone took over from GFD in 1964. So we are now all in our seventies. Last year “Jimmy”, now in his eighties, decided to retire from our active meets. We all owe him a great deal, so thank you Jimmy for the last 60 years.

For the spring meet this year, we finally abandoned, both the camping and adherence to mountain areas and booked a charming farmhouse at Malham in the Yorkshire Dales (although personally I had given up on the camping a few years previously, preferring the comfort of nearby hotels).



*Doug, Keith, Mike, Geoff, John, Joe*

So, in April the participating members were (L-R in the photo): Doug Mellor, Keith Osborn, Mike Dodworth, Geoff Wright, John Seddon, Joe McManners. Sadly, our one other regular, Johnny Laws was not able to make it north this time.

Whereas in times gone by the chat around the kitchen table was about the routes we had climbed, correct placement of runners, grades of climbs etc, we now exchange experiences on knee and hip replacements, back pain, and prostate cancer.



The choice of the Yorkshire Dales is symptomatic of the fact that we have transitioned from climbers to walkers. I should add at that one or two have maintained a wonderful degree of fitness and are marathon runners and Himalayan hikers but sadly the majority are now just strollers.

Assembling on the Friday, we had the reunion dinner at the Lister Arms in Malham (excellent food) and the next day set off to look at the famous Malham Cove.

As old time “traditional” climbers we looked on in astonishment at the antics of our modern-day successors. Their extensive anchor points are well bolted to the face so they were swinging happily around on belays resting or chatting in mid-air. In our day leaving the rock face meant serious injury or even death.

We walked up to the top of Malham Cove and over the limestone pavement recalling what we could of field trips and geography lessons on the area from the Lower V.

That evening finding a meal proved challenging with lots of competition for places from other visitors enjoying a weekend away. Finally, six hungry walkers sat down at 8:30pm at the Buck Inn.

Next day, Sunday, we took the “Pennine Bridleway” starting at Stainforth via the spectacular Catrigg Force to Langcliffe and its magnificent but derelict mill. Then a very pleasant return back to Stainforth following the banks of the river Ribble.

Monday took us further afield to the weird and wonderful Brimham Rocks sculpted by wind and weather. Excellent pasties for lunch from the National Trust café in the carpark. Then back to Malham, stopping off for a short walk around Pateley Bridge, this time along the banks of the river Nidd.

On the Tuesday we set off to Janet’s Foss and Gordale Scar. As this threatened a bit of a scramble to exit the Scar by the side of a waterfall, I obeyed my knees and decided to bypass it for an easier alternative. John graciously agreed to accompany me and we climbed up leaving the Scar to the right whilst exchanged in earnest conversation.

We reconvened at the top, the others having enjoyed their invigorating scramble and had lunch sitting on the edge of the limestone pavement. Thereafter to Malham Tarn and a return to base along a section of the Pennine Way through Ing Scar.

We decided to leave a day early on the Thursday. The weather which had been great for the trip was breaking and there was a general feeling that, although it was another really enjoyable meet, we had perhaps walked, talked, drank and ate quite enough.

Our 2023 autumn meet was held as usual at the Robertson Lamb Hut (RLH) in the beautiful Langdale valley, a Lake District gem.

As teenagers we performed prodigious feats of mountaineering, such as from Langdale over to Sty Head, down to climb Napes Needle then Arrowhead Ridge to the summit of Great Gable.



*Keith, Joe, Geoff and John at Brimham rocks*

The hut belongs to the Wayfarers Club of which Keith is a member. We are transported back about 60 years when we step outside in the morning and gaze over the Langdale Pikes and Crinkle Craggs. We still share the same dormitory of some 18 beds.

We started off with a full complement (Doug, Geoff, John, Joe, Keith, Mike and Johnny) but this diminished day-by-day as we went through the week.

We all arrived on Sunday and we had a great reunion dinner at what was once the National Trust's Stickle Barn and now goes under the unusual name of Lanty Slee's.



*Johnny at the RLH with Crinke Crag behind*

Unfortunately, Doug could only stay the Sunday night and went back to Crosby in the morning.

On Monday we departed for Grasmere to walk around Easdale Tarn via Sour Milk Gill. However, as we walked through Grasmere, we realised that it is getting harder to get Joe past a coffee shop, so we went in for scones and tea cakes. This is yet another symptom of a maturing Thornley Society.

The track up to Easdale Tarn was easily accomplished in good weather, Mike and Geoff decided to start off down whilst the remainder walked around the tarn. We regathered in the car park where we said goodbye to Geoff. Geoff had hospital appointments to deal with, as we all have these days.

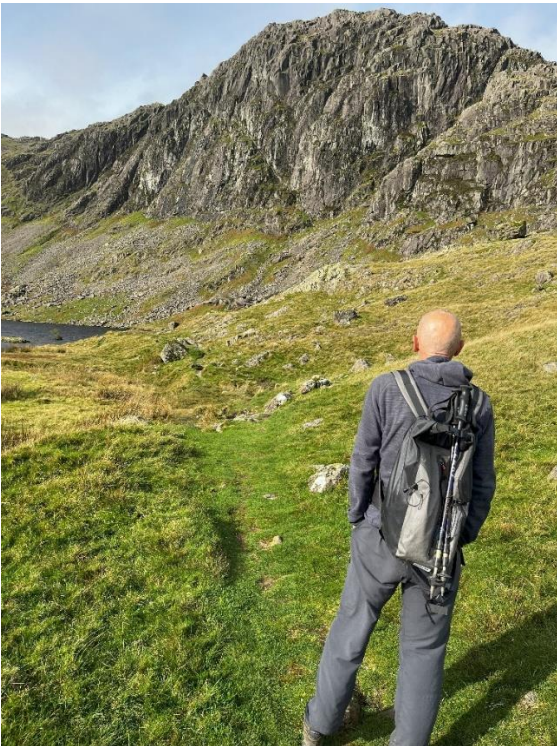
Dinner was at the RLH. The previous weekend had been a Wayfarers meet. An enormous steak and kidney pie had been surplus to their requirements and had been kindly left for us with an accompanying apple pie. A bottle of red also made an appearance.

Tuesday dawned wet and windy but with promise for the afternoon. An urgent phone call for Keith meant he had to make an unexpected departure for home leaving Joe, Mike, Johnny and John.

Tuesday emphasised the difference between the A and B teams or the fit and not so fit. Joe and John tackled Jake's Rake, a rising traverse across the great face of Pavey Ark, followed by Harrison's Stickle, Pike o' Stickle and Loft Crag - a relatively strenuous day...



*Geoff, John and Joe on the way to Easdale Tarn*



*Joe contemplating Jake's Rake on Pavay Ark*

Johnny and I walked a couple of miles along the track that runs along the bottom of the valley into Chapel Style, had lunch and came back the same way.

That night we had a very good dinner at the Britannia Inn in nearby Elterwater.

First thing on Wednesday I awoke from a troubled sleep and realised that I had forgotten to have my bi-monthly injection and therefore had to terminate my stay and drive back home to Helensburgh.

So now the Thornleas were reduced to only three. The day was wet in the morning, but brightening weather in the afternoon took them over to climb Slough Crag. Dinner was at a reportedly excellent Thai restaurant in Ambleside.

Thursday was a glorious day and the remaining stalwarts had a circular walk along the old railway line from Tover to Coniston village and then along the shore of Lake Coniston to Sunny Jetty. The final evening meal was at the Eltermere Inn in Elterwater.

It was altogether another excellent and enjoyable meet.

The 2024 spring meet was discussed which might well be Scotland since there is a groundswell of desire to walk and climb back in Glencoe.



*Johnny and Joe near Coniston*

***Mike Dodworth***

### **THE HIGHLAND FLINGERS GOLF SOCIETY**

In 1997, after playing rugby at KGV and subsequently Southport Rugby Club, age 36, my left knee gave away and my playing days were over.

I needed to replace the fun, particularly on tour and considered what to do. I phoned around a few golfing friends and a tour to Scotland was arranged for September. There were 8 of us, of which 5 were Old Georgians, myself, Dave Heslegrave, Rob Anderson, Dave Hill and Paul Openshaw. We stayed in Glenluce and played Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire County and Stranraer.

We supplied matching polo shirts, with an embroidered badge, had a long drive prize and nearest the pin, in those early days literally marked with an empty fag packet! The evening fun took longer than the golf! Everyone enjoyed the trip so much that we decided to do it again, and again, and this year celebrated our 27<sup>th</sup> year.

I was nominated 'Chief Flinger', organizing the tour for the first 10 years. Very quickly our numbers increased to 12, then 16, then 20, and then back to our optimum number of 16 'golfers'.

For many years we only travelled to Scotland, and favourite courses included Southerness, North Berwick, Kilspindie, St Andrews, Turnberry and Gullaine, to name a few. Despite playing in late September and early October, we have only lost one day's golf, at Dalmahoy near Edinburgh, due to bad weather. Although on one occasion at Musselborough it was that wet that we were offered 16 free Green Fees to return! After 10 years, we decided that my shift was over, and that the Chief Flinger

role was a 10 year term. After no debate whatsoever Chris Parkinson took over the following 10 years, and Russell Stott is the current Chief Flinger, nearing the end of his term. Both have put the hours in and organised some fantastic tours.

The first time we strayed from Scotland was to Wales, staying in Abersoch. We were back in Scotland the following year!

2020 was a testing year for obvious reasons. However, fortunately the Government allowed a brief window or opportunity in which we were able to organise a tour to ... Southport. We played Formby, Hillside and Old Links, and our record of not missing a year was preserved. 2021 was our 25<sup>th</sup> year and we were planning to go abroad for the first time. However the threat of Covid restrictions prevailed and we cautiously organised another England trip, this time to York, playing some fabulous courses, including Moortown and Ganton.

So, 2022 was our big tour away from the UK. We stayed in Cascais in Portugal, played 4 rounds of golf and built into the plan, a day of leisure in Lisbon. The day of leisure went as expected; not much culture but plenty of food, beer and wine. The locals were treated to some magnificent karaoke on the train back to Cascais, whether they wanted it or not!

Following the success of 2022, in 2023 we returned to Portugal, this time in Lagos, on the Algarve. It was a fabulous trip with excellent food and wine, and a smattering of very poor golf. One course, Espiche, accounted for more lost balls than any course over the previous 26 years.



After much discussion about the merits of Scotland in October, in 2024 we are planning to tour Girona in Spain, with a day of culture in Barcelona. We can't wait!

Our current crop of Flingers is now exclusively from KGV or Southport RUFC, in many cases both. Old Georgian current Flingers are Chris Wood, Russ Stott, Chris Parkinson, Chris Tinsley, Rob Anderson, Dave Hill, Dave Heslegrave, Stan Swettenham, Paul Openshaw, Guy Withey, Julian McInerney and Kev Watkins.

Previous Flingers have included Jeff Cummins, Nick Thomson, Jez Sykes and John Ridehalgh. Over the last few years we have brought in a Winter Flingers outing, usually on a Sunday in February at Formby GC or Hillside GC, followed by an extremely long lunch. We recently also enjoyed two trips to Gleneagles in the Spring.

The Champion Flinger now wins an awful striped jacket, has to wear it in the evening, and tee off first in it the following year. No natural fabrics were involved in the making of this jacket, and its not pleasant to wear, especially in Portugal. Amusingly Parky had never won until Portugal, and won it both times, despite trying to lose it on the last hole. The champion also receives a trophy (a tankard I received for my 21<sup>st</sup>), which is engraved each year.

As you may gather from the above, it's not all about the golf. We have seen hired trolleys careering downhill crossing main roads, ambulances called for a suspected heart attack (fortunately it wasn't and all was well), severe asthma attacks, back, neck and leg problems, and some extraordinary hangovers. There was even a Heimlich Maneuver performed on an unnamed Flinger over breakfast in Edinburgh. Fortunately, we had a medic on tour with us that year who removed the offending piece of bacon. More recently it's like a pharmacy with Statins, Perindopril, Naproxen and Codeine being swapped.

In our early days we treated the trip like a rugby tour, staying out till all hours and trying to drink the local pubs and clubs dry. Nowadays it's a nice meal a few beers and a decent bottle of wine, but we still occasionally act like crazed teenagers, usually on the first night.

Hopefully we can continue for many years. Worryingly, our youth policy is nearly 60 years old. We're trying to save him to be our Chief Flinger in 13 years time!

Interestingly The Highland Flingers Golf Society has never visited the Scottish Highlands.



Chris Parkinson receiving his Champion Flinger jacket from Russell Stott



The groups trip to Turnberry, with Stan Swettenham in possession of 'the' jacket.

*Kev Watkins - Woodhams 1972-1978*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Jon

I've sent a couple of our favourite gig photos by WhatsApp.

I didn't know Jin (Graham) Cox at KGV, but met him 6 years ago through Chris Cadman, and our mutual love of gigs. Over the last few years I came to know Jim very well and we attended many gigs together, most recently Tubular Bells live at the Philharmonic in Liverpool.

However, our favourite was the Cropredy Music Festival near Banbury, Oxfordshire. We have attended every year since 2018 I have many fond memories of our time there, with ridiculous tank tops, and copious pints of real ale. Last year we had to delay our journey due to Jim appearing on Popmaster that morning!

We will all miss Jim, and next year Cropredy will be very poignant, taking place on the same week of the anniversary of his passing. We will raise a glass or three.

***Kev Watkins***



LtoR: Graham, Chris Cadman, Kev, unnamed friend



Hi Jon

I have written down a few thoughts about going to school in the 1950s. I was wondering if you might like to use the in the Red Rose...

### **Going to KGV in the 1950s**

The media occasionally reports congestion related incidents where car-school runs impede traffic and prevent easy access to driveways of local residents. While I know nothing about how students presently travel to and from KGV, an article in Lancs Live by Senior Reporter Jamie Lopez on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of June 2023 suggests that some Southport schools are not immune to such traffic problems. The article stated that roads outside two high schools, Greenbank and Birkdale High School, will be closed to cars under a new school streets pilot plan at drop off and pick up times. This being designed to encourage healthier lifestyles and to promote safety. This was unheard of in the 1950s, a time of fewer cars. Most students living within a few miles of KGV walked or cycled to school irrespective of the weather. Those living further away generally used the local bus services. I think tokens were issued to defray the expense.

The Southport to Wigan and Manchester main railway line ran parallel to and between Hart Street and Forest Road and had to be crossed by many students on their way to and from KGV. Oak Street footbridge and Blowick level crossing were the two options.

There was also a railway running at grade level, (no sleepers or ballast, just rails on the ground) along Butts Lane and Crowland Street which serviced Southport Corporations Gas Works and Russell Road Electric Works. A Manning-Wardle 0-4-0 saddle tank steam engine worked this line crossing Meols Cop and Norwood Roads to the sidings which extended to Larch Street beside the main lines. As steam locomotives, typically Stanier 4-6-0 Black Fives, usually passed the gated level crossing at high speed, the LMS and later BR trains only caused minor delays. However, the Gas Works train hauling coal in for town gas and electric power generation and coke and by-products out, moved slowly and would cause pupils going to KGV and Meols Cop school to be late in the mornings. The gas works train did not have a printed time table.

As for me, I would meet with Fred Schober on the corner of Hart and Oak Streets near Hanson's Newsagents shop. We walked along Oak Street and crossed above the main railway line over the footbridge leading to Balfour Road and then on to Forest Road, crossing Haig Avenue near Lang's tuck shop, frequented by boys buying sweets and also fireworks before Bonfire night. We passed down an entry with tall spiked iron gates and made our way around the periphery of Meols Cop schools football field and the Blowick end of Southport's football ground. Then a bee-line across KGVs' fields. This was done daily come rain or shine. A Mac and school cap provided adequate protection. Some say there is no bad weather, just bad clothing. Sometimes KGVs' fields were flooded so it was off with shoes and socks and barefoot to classes. We returned home retracing our steps.

Times have changed. The main railway line has gone and with it, St. Lukes' station, Oak Street footbridge and Blowick level crossing. Dodworth Avenue now occupies some of the railway land.

Removal of the Butts Lane railway marked Southport's' loss of its gas and electric generation independence.

**Derek Adams**

*This letter was received for Chris Stitson, organiser of the golf tournament*

Hi Chris

Thanks for all your hard work on the golf this year and previous. David Marshall will have to agree to this story being "revealed". I'm copying my fourball and Jon into this email.

Our fourball had a really enjoyable round improved by devouring the last 4 sausage rolls at the Halfway House much to the chagrin of Rob Fletcher's group. On the 12th hole, David hit a rather short tee shot. His second shot hit Chris Threlfall's trolley - thankfully missing Chris who had strayed a few yards ahead of David. Clearly David was a little thrown by this mishap as his third shot struggled to travel 50 yards. Nevertheless, he recovered his composure in time to play his fourth shot straight into Martin Fearn's trolley.

I've seen trollies hit before during the course of a round but I've never seen two hit in a round and goodness knows what the odds are of two being hit on the same hole! Needless to say I spent the rest of the round hanging behind David to make sure he didn't complete an unlikely hat trick! Perhaps David should consider a career in target golf?

I may have got the order wrong on trollies hit; Martin's or Chris's memories may be better.

Cheers

Dave Harrison

*Follow up response from Dave Marshall*

Chris

Sadly, this story is true. Dave H is only bringing it up because he felt left out by being the only one not being pelted by an errant golf ball. To be fair, after the 2<sup>nd</sup> strike, I did advise them all to stand in the middle of the fairway since that was clearly the safest place to be.

More than happy for you to use it.

Also, on the 15<sup>th</sup> (I think), the following happened: Chris T inadvertently teed up just in front of the tee markers. Dave H, whom I now know is the Hesketh GC Director of Compliance, pointed this out. The conversation went a bit like this:

Dave H: "Chris, can you pull that back an inch please....?"

Martin F: "... said Mrs Threlfall NEVER!"

You probably can't print that!

It was a great day, thanks for organising – again – and see you all next year.

Cheers

David

Hello Jonathan

This is Karen Dixon, Reg Dixon's daughter. Unfortunately my Dad died on December 27th rather suddenly and unexpectedly. Fortunately we had all spent lovely Christmas together and while I live in California I was there.

I've already received the latest Red Rose publication and have enjoyed reading it (I too grew up in Southport) and found a couple of ties among my Dad's things.

One of his best memories of his "Rugby only" school was having a local garage overinflate old rugby balls to provide something almost round for him and his football loving friends!

Have a great time at The Hesketh.

Best regards,

Karen Dixon

Dear Jon,

Thank you for sending me the Red Rose. I read it from cover to cover! There was so much of interest.

As I was a pupil at Southport High School from 1952 – 59 the article about Neil Freeman was of particular interest. I don't recognise the name but I do remember that we walked up Scarisbrick New Road from the old Senior School building on the corner of Sefton Street to see the Toad of Toad Hall and Romeo & Juliet at KGV. We were all amused that Juliet was being played by a boy.

I sent you an article a few years ago about my walking up for some Greek lessons when my Classics teacher was ill. I think I also mentioned that my father, who taught Latin at Bootle Grammar School, taught on KGV premises when Bootle was evacuated to Southport during the War and was based at St Andrews Church and KGV. Some of his KGV colleagues were still around. I remember Big Taff, Little Taff and Falstaff. Little Taff was Hubert Evans who went to the Welsh Chapel on Portland street where my Parents were married and I was christened (not at the same time!).

Just thought you might find this of interest.

All the best,

Dorothy H Hughes

## 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. Recent additions are underlined.

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

Kenneth Baker

### **Queens Privy Council**

Kenneth Baker

### **Life Peerage**

Ronald Fearn

### **Knight Bachelor**

James Keith Stuart

Miles Irving

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

Reverend Professor Peter Brunt

Baron David Brownlow of Shurlock Row

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

Philip McLean

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

Kenneth Dowling

Christopher Kerse

John Paisley

Leslie Reid

Peter Dodworth

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

Prof Roy Duckworth

Prof John Thompson

Prof John Pickard

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

Alan Barber

John Culshaw

Benjamin Hartwell

Rev Professor Peter Brunt

Stuart Fletcher

Peter Dodworth

Peter Mark Sinclair Almond

John Uttley

Ronald Fearn

Hilary Anslow (College Principal)

Paul Davies

Frank McManus

Col (Rtd) Neil Fairclough

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

John Rostron

David Marsh

John Paisley

Robert Hepworth

Charles Bracken

Jeffrey Fox

Barry Klaassen

Professor Peter Stott

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

Michael Fitton

Arthur Davidson

David Turner

Barry Searle

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

Keith Runcorn

Samuel Perry

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