

# THE RED ROSE.



20 23

The Magazine of the  
Old Georgians' Association

# THE RED ROSE

## 2023

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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)

## ASSOCIATION OFFICERS 2022-23

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

## **PRESIDENT'S LETTER**

Dear Old Georgians

2022 has proven to be another fabulous year at the King George V Sixth Form College. We must remind ourselves that only 12 months ago we were still facing the incredible impact of the pandemic; in fact, as we left for the Christmas break I believe many of us were uncertain if we would be allowed immediately back after the Christmas period with the potential for another set of restrictions.

Thankfully this was not the case with the vaccination programme providing sufficient protection for college life to continue.

Once again, we have seen students and staff show incredible personal resilience and a commitment to their education and training. The summer of 2022 saw the return of traditional exams, and whilst many welcomed the opportunity to demonstrate the knowledge and skills they had developed, our students had not sat formal external exams potentially since year 6 SATs in primary school! That is a very long time with no experience of a large exam hall and that feeling of butterflies as you enter the room and locate your dedicated seat.

As a college we have remained committed to providing students not only with great lessons and learning opportunities, but also excellent pastoral support and practical strategies for maintaining good mental and physical health.

The removal of social distancing requirements has allowed us to move forward with our ambitious plans of a wide co-curricular offer at the college. We believe that education must be holistic in its nature. Whilst striving for academic excellence we must also help our students be happy, healthy, and well-rounded college members, and good citizens as they move out into the world. A happy student makes a successful student!

And so, it is now the case that you will find students not only working and studying hard, but also participating in a wide range of activities. These include the medical society, debating club, law society, craft club, a Lego club and many different sporting activities to mention just a few!

Our students have enjoyed various celebrations through the year including our very own jubilee street party for the late Queen's Platinum Jubilee. If you pass the college site and peek between the trees you may well have spotted the newly installed flagpole on which we have flags such as the Union Flag and LGBTQIA+ flag. It was a great sadness to have to lower the union flag this year with the passing of Queen Elizabeth II.

Having completed the exam period in June, staff and students headed off for a well-deserved summer break and it was an absolute pleasure to be able to celebrate students' successes on return for the A level results day in August. There was some trepidation around results for August 2022 as the government had made it very clear that despite making some adjustments to exam arrangements, we were firmly heading back to pre-pandemic grade profiles.

I am pleased to say that our students did incredibly well, with over 90% securing their first choice of university of destination, with some even opting to change Universities or courses as they had done even better than anticipated! If you would like to see the video of student celebrations in August 2022 please follow the link below.

<https://www.facebook.com/watch/?v=741262086959930>

There are many students that talk about their results and experience with real warmth and gratitude to both their friends and staff, however there is one quote that really stands out for me. One student describes feeling 'seen' at the college. This is for me such an important point and one of the many things that make this such a special place to study- our college is large enough to provide all the options and opportunities that a sixth form student should have, yet we are still small enough for every student to be known and cared for as the wonderful individual they are.

I am pleased to say that September 2022 saw another increased enrolment at the college demonstrating the ongoing return to a strong reputation in the local community for academic excellence. Our college community is now approximately 850 students and we hope to grow a little more next year (but not to get too big!).

The Autumn term has seen all the usual activities continue including fabulous open events and students heading out on various work placements and trips. We have also had a series of new residents join the college with the introduction of a level 3 qualification in Animal Management which is a fantastic option for students wanting to work in veterinary



sciences, conservation and animal welfare. We now have a variety of small animals including rabbits, pigs, snakes, and geckos amongst others.

As we rapidly approach the Christmas period once again, I can say with complete honesty that I am incredibly proud of all that our amazing staff do to support our students. Despite all the potential distractions that the external environment provides, we all remain focused on priority, providing our students with the best possible teaching, learning and support.

With this in mind, I know that as we move into 2023 our college will continue to go from strength to strength and I thank all of our staff, students and stakeholders for the part they play in that mission.

I also thank you for your continued support of the college and on behalf of the staff, students and governors at KGV Sixth Form College I wish you all the very best for the Christmas season and 2023.

***Michelle Brabner***  
***December 2022***

## CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Dear Old Georgians

I was delighted to be asked to accept the position of Chair of the Old Georgians Association earlier this year and I was very happy to accept. I am a proud Old Georgian, as was my father Denis, and I hope and intend to make a positive contribution both to the OGA and to the ongoing success of KGV Sixth Form College.

My first act in this capacity is to thank my predecessor, Dave Harrison, for his tremendous service in his long stint as Chair.



I was delighted to learn that Dave will continue as a valued OGA Committee member, and I'm sure I can rely on his guidance and advice as I pick up the reins. I was also reassured to meet the rest of the OGA Committee at my inaugural committee meeting a few months ago, and to find them both welcoming and highly professional.

As many of the OGA members reading this letter do not know me, I thought it appropriate to include a few lines to introduce myself. I was born and grew up in Southport where our family lived on the same road as our inestimable Social Secretary and Red Rose Editor, Jon Elliott. I started as a 'newt' at KGV School in September 1974, aged 11. My first headmaster was the long-serving Geoffrey Dixon and my father attended KGV in the 1930s, where he remembered being taught by many of the eponymous house masters whose names I came to know so well. Hence, I feel that I have some grounding in the history of KGV and its role in the life of Southport. I recall all the formative experiences that so many KGV pupils reminisce about to this day; field trips to Long Rigg, enforced cross-country runs over the Moss and around the Triangle, playing rugby for the school at various age groups (usually getting routed by Cowley G.S.), suffering at the hands of the prefects ('defects') and trips on the school mini bus singing the famous "Charlie Noblett" song as we passed his pharmacy in Penwortham.

In 1979, I was one of the first cohort of students to move from KGV School to the new Sixth Form College. The college was then in its formative years, but I feel that I have some understanding of the transition that happened at that time and the changing role of the OGA to accommodate both the history of KGV School and the present-day priorities of the College. After studying Geophysics at Liverpool University, I started my career in I.T. with IBM in Manchester, where I still live. My wife, Colette, is a teacher and we have three daughters, all now in their 20s and living away from home. I hope to meet and get to know many more OGA members over the coming months, in particular at the 2023 OGA Dinner. I welcome all ideas and suggestions for the future of the OGA from all members so please feel free to contact me at any time.

**Graham Cox (Edward's 1974 – 1979)**

## EDITORIAL

Greeting everyone and welcome to 2023! - Another year, another dollar.

So, what has been happening in the world of the OGA, KGV and the Red Rose? Well, not a great deal outside of the annual routine. But therein lies the positive – ‘the annual routine’.

2022 has been a return to some normality for most of us. Masks and jabs are still on the agenda, but at least we have been out and about for work, rest and play!

We lost three former Chairmen this year; Ken Edwardson, Ronnie Fearn and Duncan Burton. All stalwarts of the school and the association and they will be missed in many ways.

The dinner returned to Easter. A new Chairman was voted in (first in 4 years!). A Quiz Night was arranged, then cancelled due to lack of interest (we seem to have been there before...). We raised money for charity, a favourable donation being made to Queens Court Hospice (note the article later in the RR). Update emails went out with various requests, including articles for the Red Rose.

And here we are, the 2023 edition. You will note that it is somewhat thinned down from the last 2-3 years. No, we haven't been on a cost cutting exercise. I try to prompt our membership for stories through the year. My initial “HM Queen Elizabeth” stories came from the Jubilee celebrations and then, sadly, from the passing of our Monarch. We do have a couple and I was hoping that more of you would have had the pleasure of meeting Her Majesty over the years and be able to write about it. So with this topic, as with any other, the reduction is simply that your input and contributions have reduced. If anyone out there wishes to contribute to the 2024 edition, please do write in.

Regarding activities; over the last 30 years we have had summer garden parties; games nights; quiz nights; Chairman's weekend (or weak end for those recalling the old jokes). All have had their peak and disappeared into the history books.

If you wish to have any other sort of social event, please let me know.

So for now – have a great 2023, hopefully see you at the dinner and start writing those articles of experiences, memoirs or simply a new book of jokes!



OG Paul Bilton kindly converted the OGA web site URL into a QR code for us!! Thanks Paul

<https://www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk/index.html>

Cheers

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



## **OLD GEORGIANS' ASSOCIATION RULES**

Over time, the association reviews the rules and determines whether changes should be or are required. The last amendments were made in 1979 when the school ceased and the college was born. This year, the committee looked at the rules and the following changes are to be proposed at the 2023 AGM.

For reference, the existing rules can be found on the OGA web site.

### **OGA – Rule Amendments For 2023**

To be proposed for adoption at the 2023 AGM or an earlier Special General Meeting (not a Committee Meeting).

#### **New Rules**

##### **27. Gender/Sex**

For practical purposes, all references made to members, membership, Officers, committee etc in any context are not gender or sex specific or prejudicial regardless of their notation. For example, ChairMAN is the name of the Office, not a definition of the gender or sex of the person holding that Office.

##### **28. President**

Shall be the Head of 'the College'. From 2023 this is deemed to be the Head of Southport College. The Head of Southport College may propose that the head of the Scarisbrick New Road site (KGV College) is nominated for the office, for so long as that person holds the position of head of the Scarisbrick New Road site.

##### **29. Officers**

The following Officers to be added:

- Social Secretary (replacing Assistant Secretary)
- Red Rose Editor
- Membership Secretary
- Web Master

##### **30. GDPR**

Adoption of the OGA GDPR Policy.

#### **Amended Rules**

8. Change to "Vice Presidents of the Association may be elected at any Annual General Meeting once proposed and seconded. Retiring Chairmen may be invited to be nominated to become Vice-Presidents."

13. add " where practical. Notice will be posted on the Web Site and the Red Rose with a minimum of fourteen days notice." To the last line.

20. add "Notification of the next meeting will be given to all Committee members with 7 days notice (unless agreed by the committee members for a specific meeting) and will be available upon request for those who are entitled to attend."

21. add " where notification of the meeting is practical and the venue can support such attendance".

26. Change to "From 2023, these rules will be made available on the association web site and on request."



## **OBITUARIES**

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

Duncan passed away in late November 2022, just as we went to print. An entry will be made in the 2024 Red Rose.

### **Ken Edwardson (Leeches, 1946-53)**

Ken was a lifelong friend of mine having been born in Ainsdale on 29th July 1935 (exactly one month to the day after me). He was the only child of Albert Edwardson, a smallholder and Nellie, a shop manageress.

He attended St John's Church of England Primary School in Ainsdale thereby commencing on a well trodden path from that school of:- KGV; Form 1, Leeches House, School Certificate (changed during his time at KGV to Ordinary Levels, and A Levels.)

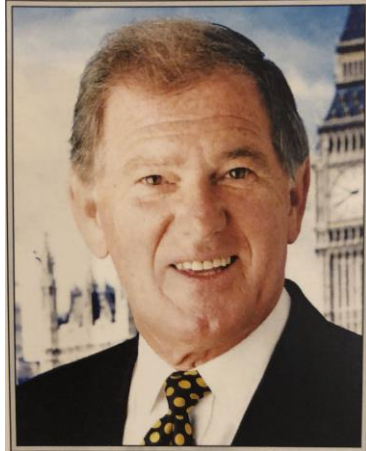
Success in the latter gained him admission to study Medicine at Liverpool University. Ken proved to be exceptionally bright academically but he did not engage significantly in the sporting life of the school other than with one exception. Following the retirement of George Millward, who was replaced by Geoffrey Dixon, an emphasis on Outward Bound type of activities was developed and fostered in the school through a group named the Thornley Society. Ken was a keen member and commenced a lifetime interest in rock climbing, mountaineering, Himalayan expeditions and sailing. Annual Lake District Meetings of senior members of the Society continued each January until the 21st century.

Ken's undergraduate and postgraduate training was characterised by multiple prizes and honours in both an intercalated BSc and the final MB ChB examinations. He trained as a surgeon in Liverpool and became a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He then became a consultant general surgeon at Clatterbridge Hospital on Wirral where he spent the remainder of his career. He was Chairman of the Old Georgians Association in 2004

His funeral was held on June 8th 2022 at a crematorium on Wirral. Ken married Sylvia, a radiographer and they had two children, Russell a businessman and Maxine a general practitioner.

### **Miles Irving**

## **Lord Ronnie Fearn (Spencer's, 1942-47)**



### **A Son's View by Martin Fearn (Spencers 1973 – 1980)**

Most obituaries are written about people's professional and life achievements. This one isn't. It's just my memories of a wonderful dad, grandad and the all-round good egg that Ronnie Fearn was. It is designed to give you a view of what his life was actually like and it was very, very busy.

To paraphrase my dad from a sketch he once did at All Souls Parochial Hall, 'Ronnie was born at a very early age'. That was actually in 1931, to Nellie and Jim Fearn who ran the painters and decorators firm, 'J & J Fearn'. He grew up on Meols Cop Rd next to the level crossing with his big brother Jim and attended Norwood Rd County Primary School.

He went on to pass his 11+ and moved on to KGV. Being a keen sportsman but not overly academically minded, most of his reports referred to 'Fearn talking too much' or 'having his mind on other things'. He went on to a career in banking which started, as he told it to me, at KGV. One of the teachers came in and said "Does anyone want a job?". Dad put his hand up and the teacher said "Right, come on Fearn" ...and that was that. What followed was forty years of banking with Williams Deacons Bank which became Williams & Glyns and finally RBS. This was interspersed with a few years in Parliament and a couple of years spent on National Service as an electrician in the Navy (though we always joked at home that he couldn't actually change a plug!).

Through his involvement with All Souls Church, the Southport youth movement and politics (having become a local councillor in the early 60's and after several attempts being elected to Parliament for the Liberal Democrat Party for one term in 1987 and a second a few years later), my dad and my mum (Joyce, later Lady Fearn) had to become the superheroes of garden parties and coffee mornings, a constant round of which seemed to happen at our Norwood Avenue home. Dad was in charge of staging and aesthetics with mum ruling the roost in the catering dept. Dad would totally transform the house into a fund raising machine par excellence with such ruthless efficiency that, in comparison, the most efficient thing a German engineer with a PhD in uber-efficiency had ever designed would appear like a snail moving through treacle.

From about Wednesday strange 'Ronnie signs' would appear on walls saying 'tombola' or 'bran tub', furniture would mysteriously move whilst we were in bed, trestle tables would be placed around and about, the 'do chairs' (so called as they only came out at do's) moved from the coal house into every spare spot in the front and back room. Then on Saturday what seemed like hundreds of people would descend on 56, Norwood Ave, the place always bustling and smelling of milky coffee, everyone had a good time and hundreds of pounds being raised for various causes. Dad, seeming as happy as Larry in his usual place behind the Bric-a-brac stall, never complained about the setting up or taking down of the whole shebang (though he was very good at getting people to help and they seemed pleased to be involved). This was the upbringing that we became completely accustomed to, this was the norm, not an exception. If it wasn't do's at our house we'd be carted off to other garden parties and coffee mornings, shows, square dances, whist drives, beetle drives or barbecues. It was a strange but fantastic way to grow up, following my Dad about like that. He was involved with so many organisations and knew so many people nearly all of whom seemed to be lovely, which I like to believe, was a reflection on the way he was. He liked everyone to have a good time.

And then there were the pantomimes. Each year on summer holiday my dad would sit in his deckchair on the beach and start writing the pantomime for the annual All Souls Dramatic Club production. He wrote, produced, directed and starred in every one, almost all as the dame, wearing ridiculous frocks with as much stuffing 'up top' as he could fit in. He did take a slight back seat from performing when he joined parliament, thinking it a bit of a step too far to appear as the dame, instead appearing as the 'King' or 'Baron Hardup', but still continued to write and direct. He loved to perform and was involved in a steering role with All Souls until a couple of years before he passed away. I will always remember him hitching up his false bust in a Les Dawson manner and shrieking phrases such as "Oooh, the state of you and the price of fish" to the other ugly sister. He had quite a loyal following in every audience.

Dad was the eternal optimist and nowhere did this come across more than in his political career. Firstly, deciding to stand for the Liberal Party (later the Liberal Democrat Party) in a town that was staunchly Conservative at the time, was not the easiest route to success. However, he was already a recognised figure through his youth work in the early 60's and won a seat on the council in what was Craven Ward. He enlivened the Liberal support in the town and within the local party, who went from strength to strength by scoring more and more successes in the town. It was said that his optimism followed him when out canvassing the populace for council or parliamentary election. Reputedly, unless the resident set the dogs on him, he would mark them as 'one of ours' and if it was only one dog he would mark them as a 'probable'. His success in the 1987 Parliamentary elections was down to such belief, resilience and perseverance. It was his fifth attempt to be elected and even after losing in the 1992 election he again won the seat in 1997 at the age of 66! He decided not to stand in the 2001 General Election but was very soon elevated to the House of Lords and continued to serve there until he retired at the age of 85 when he was finding it hard to manage the to and fro of weekly journeys to London.

One of my Dads favourite things to do was to go for a walk down the pier or Lord St at the weekend. It took an inordinately long time to get down Lord St. It seemed like every few strides someone would shout 'Hello Ronnie' and then conversations would ensue for varying lengths of time before moving on to the next cry of "Hello Ronnie",

then it would all start again. He would never get impatient and always stop to talk. It seemed like everyone was his friend by the way he spoke to them. It was only afterwards when we asked “Who was that?”, we would get the reply “No idea!” (luckily my mum was often able to provide a name). He was just very good at making everybody feel at ease. The “Hello Ronnie” scenario didn’t just happen on Lord St, it happened wherever we went, in Southport or on holiday, anywhere in the world, a LOT of people recognised him.

One final memory concerning KGV and politics, was that in my own time at KGV, whilst I was generally a decent performer in most subjects, when I was in 3X my English teacher just simply wrote ‘Quartile 4 – Very poor’ on my report. I was actually quite worried as Dad used to bribe me with the odd fiver on good reports and exam results. I was anxious that I would be missing out on extra pop and crisps bought from Whites on Bispham Rd. However, his one comment regarding the teacher in question was “Oh, don’t worry, he’s a Tory!” and nothing more was said.

He was a lovely, kind, daft dad and grandad who, throughout his busy life, always found time for family. He was somebody who always left people feeling better for knowing him. He believed he could make a positive difference and for a lot of people he did. Wouldn’t the world be a better place if we all tried to emulate that?

He is missed. **MF**

-0-

Many words have been said about Ronnie – all positive, all with various degrees of love and affection. I’d like to add my own, which is the advantage of being Ed of this publication gives me!

I first learned of Ronnie Fearn when I enquired of Martin what these “Vote Liberal, Vote Fearn” stickers were all about, that we were liberally (hoho) applying to the windows and seats of the school buses back in October 1974. They were bright and orange and we felt rebellious, possibly an expression of liberalism in our minds. Anyway, Ronnie didn’t win, but any of us that were introduced to him, either directly or indirectly, became winners just for knowing him.

Martin and I were friends, but not pals, at school, so I never visited his home as we were growing up. It was the Old Boys Association where I met Ronnie and one of the aims of the association was successfully met, to meet and form friendships.

Ronnie and I shared a love of amateur dramatics, so that was always a good basis for a conversation. We were never rivals on stage, I couldn’t hope to compete, but we were friendly rivals in our establishments, Ronnie a stalwart of the All Souls, me working with the SDC and Garrick Players. We would talk about politics and I gained a far better knowledge of how things worked, with Ronnie the politician, unlike most politicians, often arguing the toss for both sides but then finalising his point of view and perspective on the topic of conversation – usually leaving you agreeing with him regardless of your start point – again, not a trait or skill of many modern days politicians at any level!

He was good for a chat; good for support in whatever you were doing; good to impress friendship and family values on you. I wonder what might have happened had I taken him up on his nurturing and nudging whenever I showed an interest in public life. I knew I would enjoy many of the elements of a politician’s life, but not sure I could stick with the party game plan if I disagreed. I have always thought I would like to have a go at being a panto dame. No, nothing to do with wearing a dress, I could do

that any time. (watch out Southport, there is still time). It was about having fun and bringing fun to others - something he was an expert at when the occasion suited it. If I had tried either, I do know that he would have supported me in my ambition and attempt at something new, just as he did with many people. But whatever the decision, in true panto tradition, I knew Ronnie would have been behind me. "Oh yes he would!".

**Jon Elliott**

**Neil Freeman (1952-59)**

**Dear Jon**

Neil Freeman was a great friend when we were both at KGV and he was a member of my first jazz band, formed at the time! As is so often the case, we lost contact after leaving KGV. Some years ago I set out to track him down and discovered that was based at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver and had become the foremost expert in the world on the original texts of Shakespeare and had published annotated texts of all the plays for the use of performers and students. We corresponded for a time by e-mail but that faded out. Recently, ahead of a prospective trip to Canada, I again followed up the contact only to discover, alas, that he had died in 2015.

There was a university website where one could add extra bits of biography and I added a piece on his time at KGV, together with photographs of that time plus a scan of the programme for the school's production of *Romeo and Juliet* in which he played Juliet!

As far as I can make out, Neil's death has been missed in *The Red Rose* and, in case you wish to rectify this, I am attaching the piece, plus scans, that I sent to the Canadian university. The recent photos of myself were not evidence of incipient narcissism but just to give the Canadian university a point of reference with the writer of the article!

Apologies for all the scans. Make of them what you will.

Regards

**Michael Meadowcroft**

I was at King George V School in Southport with Neil Freeman from 1953 to 1958 and during our later years there we were close friends. We lost touch when Neil and his family moved from the North of England to London in the early 1960s. Some years ago I tracked him down to UBC and we exchanged e-mails even though his capacity to concentrate on correspondence was diminished by his incipient labyrinthitis. I and my wife are planning to travel across Canada this Autumn and I therefore checked again on Neil's whereabouts only to discover that, sadly, he had died back in October 2015.

His eminence in the sphere of drama and particularly in Shakespearian studies was no surprise given the early indications of his acting and producing activity whilst at school. Evidence of this, plus another aspect of Neil's history, may well be of interest to you at UBC.

King George V School, Southport, known always as just KGV, was the local boys state grammar school which Neil attended from 1952 to 1959 before going on to Nottingham University to study social sciences. However, after graduation he managed to follow his true vocation by doing weekly rep and then going on to the famous Bristol Old Vic Theatre School. He then acted, taught and directed for several years in the UK before emigrating to Canada.

Neil was involved with play reading from his first year at KGV and in his second year he played the bargewoman in the school's production of *Toad of Toad Hall*. The review in the school magazine gave the twelve year old Neil one cryptic line, "N H Freeman, as the Bargewoman, lived up to his earlier promise." Then, the following year, 1954, the school put on *Romeo and Juliet* in which he played Juliet. I remember well his performance which was so convincing that, despite the hall being full of sporty adolescent boys, the curious fact of a fellow student playing a sexy girl did not provoke any ribaldry. This time the school magazine reviewer waxed lyrical, "As Juliet, N H M Freeman, had a most difficult task, but was able to convince us of his obvious capabilities as a tragic actor. Unfortunately he was too tragic, and even in Juliet's few moments of cheerfulness, seemed too apprehensive. His performance bodes well for the future, nevertheless, as he has a clear voice and is perfectly at ease on the stage." He continued to play leading roles in the annual school plays, including in *The Prodigious Snob* (the English adaptation of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) and Sheridan's *The Duenna* and, by the time he was in the senior forms - and again presaging his future career - he was also producing the lower forms' play readings.

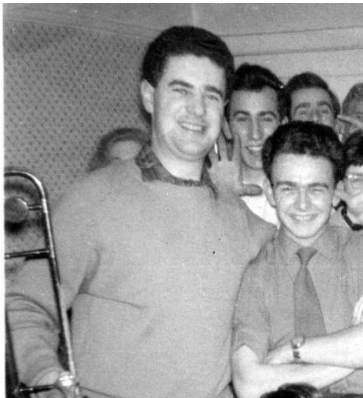
However, our close friendship in our later years at KGV came from an entirely different art form: that of traditional jazz! It was the age of the New Orleans revival and the music was ubiquitous with bands springing up everywhere, often more enthusiastic than skilled. Neil and I were members of a group that went to jazz clubs in Southport itself and across Liverpool and its surrounding Merseyside area. With the naïve arrogance of teenagers we then decided that it wasn't enough just to listen but we would have to play the music. We then each chose different instruments. Neil chimed in first opting for the trombone and I then went for the clarinet; then, having acquired enough other contemporaries to complete the band, we launched ourselves on an unsuspecting public. We called ourselves the Bienville Jazz Band - a name picked off a street map of New Orleans. We rehearsed weekly in the basement of what turned out to be the most notorious pub in the centre of Southport! The floridly over-made ladies in attendance were curiously friendly to us innocent and youthful musicians. Neil is on two posed images but only just manages to appear in one of the "snaps" of the band in action.

Such was the demand for traditional jazz in the late 1950s and early 1960s that we got bookings all around the area and enjoyed the minor adulation of our peers, particularly of the girls who jived to the music. Some of us have been playing it ever since, though Neil's own taste became rather more modern. Curiously, Neil was also indirectly the cause of my starting a lifetime of commitment to Liberal politics. He was, of course, Jewish and when he and I were looking at possible local venues for bookings he said of a couple of places, "We can't play there - they don't admit Jews".

I was astonished and horrified and, on reaching home, said as much to my highly political mother. Typically, her immediate response was to ask, “What are you going to do about it?” “Well, I’m going to fight it,” I responded. I immediately joined the local Liberal Party and, at the age of 16 began battling anti-Semitism, and all other forms of discrimination, including Israel’s oppression of the Palestinians.

When Neil left KGV and his family left Southport we lost contact and, alas, never met again, but it is good to remind those who only know him as an eminent Shakespearian scholar, actor and producer, that he was once a teenage traditional jazz trombonist!

**Michael Meadowcroft  
8 March 2022**



Photos:  
(Above) Neil Freeman trombonist with the Bienville Jazz Band, Southport, 1959.

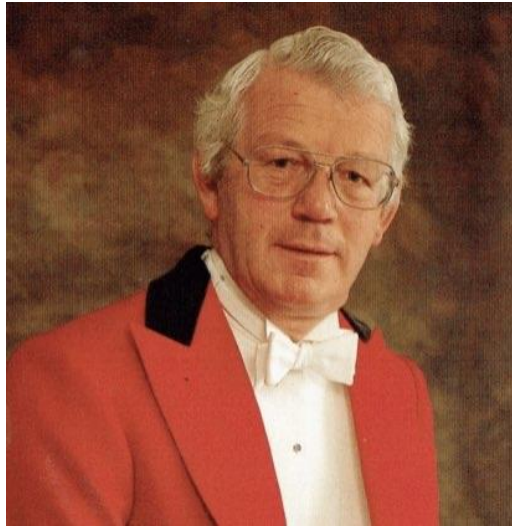
(Left) Michael Meadowcroft, jazz clarinettist, 2022



## **Dr David Marsh (Roger's, 1945-52)**

Dr. David Max Marsh MBE, the former Great Britain and Ireland (GB&I) Walker Cup captain and player, has sadly passed away at the age of 88.

David was born in Southport on April 29<sup>th</sup> 1934, the son of Max and Dorothy. After attending Farnborough Road School he joined KGV in 1944. He thrived on so much that KGV had to offer, always acknowledging later the important part it played in his life. He would remember the names of the staff for the rest of his life and particularly liked sharing much talk of sport with Ike Higham. David enjoyed his Rugby and captained the Rugby XV in 1952-3. He continued playing Rugby at Southport RUFC for some years after he left KGV



He had also started playing golf when his father enrolled him and his younger brother, Peter, as members of Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club when David was 11.

When he left school he moved to Gonville and Caius College at Cambridge for three years for his pre-clinical training to be a doctor. He played golf for the University for each of his three years at Cambridge captaining the side in his final year. David then moved to Liverpool University to complete his medical training. In 1957 he entered the Boyd Quaich Student International Golf Tournament held each year at St Andrews. He recorded a score of 66 in his first round – this broke the existing record for the best score over the Old Course by an Amateur. He was surprised and delighted on the final day to notice Ike Higham amongst the spectators following his match. His final score for the four round match was 9 strokes ahead of the runner-up.

In 1964 he entered the English Amateur Golf Championship at Hollinwell, holing three consecutive birdies on the last three holes to win the final on the 36<sup>th</sup> hole.

He won the Amateur Golf Championship again in 1970 when it was played at Royal Birkdale. He had first played for England as a Boy International in 1951. He went on to play 75 times as a full international being appointed Captain in 1967.

He was selected to play in the Walker Cup in 1971 with Michael Bonallack as Captain. This was played at St Andrews and Great Britain and Northern Ireland were the underdogs having not won a Walker Cup for 33 years. David's match against Bill Hyndman on the final afternoon turned out to be the deciding one.

He found himself 1Up on the 17<sup>th</sup> tee. He then played what Donald Steel described as "one of the finest single strokes in the history of the Walker Cup", a 3-iron onto the Road Hole green. A par there and another on the 18<sup>th</sup> saw him maintain his lead and secure a full point for the team.

The New Yorker magazine wrote: “Dr David Marsh, a general practitioner of great personal charm, earned himself a small chunk of immortality when he hit the shot that won the Walker Cup for Britain – a picture-postcard 3-iron to the 17<sup>th</sup> green that covered the flag every yard of the way.” For decades afterwards people would approach him to say they had been there when he played “that shot at the 17<sup>th</sup>.”

David captained the GB&I Walker Cup team in 1973 and 1975. In 1973 a determined USA team won back the trophy 14-10 at The Country Club in Brookline. Marsh’s luck didn’t improve next time out either with the American’s fielding one of their strongest teams ever at St. Andrew’s in 1975 and running out easy 15.5-8.5 victors.



He represented England on 75 occasions, including being a member of the victorious European Amateur Team Championship side in 1971. He was also a member of nine winning English Men’s Home International Teams (1957-58-59-60-64-65-66-68-69).

In 1990 David was appointed Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews.

In 2011 he was awarded an MBE for services to amateur golf.

Having qualified as a Doctor, David married Jennifer Heaton and there followed the arrival of three children – Simon, Nigel and Fiona.

He was a devoted and life-long fan of Everton Football Club supporting them in the glory days of the 80s through to the struggles against relegation in 2022. He served on the Board as a Director in the late 80s and was Chairman from 1991 to 1993.

David spent the whole of his working life as a GP in Kirkby, Liverpool. On his death a memory box was placed in the waiting room at the surgery and over 300 patients put in cards of appreciation, although he had retired 25 years earlier. The recurring themes were what a wonderful gentleman he was – his kindness and consideration

Dr Ian King, a partner from the practice, says “I never understood how he fitted so much in but he managed, it seemed effortless. His phenomenal memory meant that he remembered things that patients themselves had forgotten. He was a very old school GP who would visit unannounced, chronically sick, bedbound, terminally ill patients and sit and talk to the families”.

He leaves a second wife, Katy, and three children, Simon, Nigel and Fiona. His first wife Jennifer died in 2001.

## **Clive Pownceby (Gear's, 1959-66)**

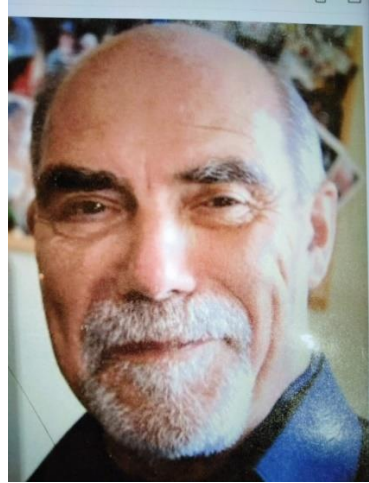
We heard from Clive's widow that he passed away in January 2022. At this time we do not have any further information.

## **David Preston (Gear's, 1944 – 51)**

It is with much sadness that I report the passing of my friend David Preston who passed away peacefully on November 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2021, in his home city of Melbourne, Australia.

David thoroughly enjoyed his time at KGV and he was House Captain of Gear's.

He studied Mathematics at Sheffield University, followed by post graduate research work at Cambridge in Geophysics. He taught Maths at the Loretto School in Edinburgh, later at Eton College and finally at Melbourne Grammar.



David was an imposing figure yet he was, a modest man, hiding a string of accomplishments including playing Rugby Union for English Universities and appearing in operas with his fine baritone voice. While teaching at Eton, he had the privilege of preaching in the Eton College Chapel to the Queen Mother and Alexander Solzenhenitzen among others.

David had an inquisitively enquiring mind and was a deep thinker enjoying literature, poetry and music. He was always seeking self improvement; even with his acknowledged voice he took singing lessons at 80. He was a master of cryptic crossword puzzles, his mind was always searching for answers.

David and Sheila lived in the St Kilda suburban area of Melbourne. The debonair immaculately dressed David was a well-known sight striding purposefully along St Kilda Road towards the tram, always with a smile and friendly word. With just a short conversation with the well-spoken David you knew there was more to this unassuming man who lived such a remarkable life.

He was a committed Christian. At his burial service, his preacher, Richard O'Brien spoke of his faith and his "knack of asking a preacher like me, the difficult but right questions on a Bible passage".

David was a man who participated actively in his many interests ranging from mountaineering to classic cars. He was a member of the Savage Club in Melbourne from 1986 including Secretary of the Club for 6 years - they referred to him as the Sean Connery of the Club !!

As summed up by Byron Jones, a long time colleague of David's from Scotland, "We who knew him are all richer for having done so".

David is survived by his wife of more than 30 years, Sheila, and two sons from an earlier marriage. David was 88.

## **Malcolm Dennett (Spencers 1944-51)**

### **Eric Usher (1949-56)**

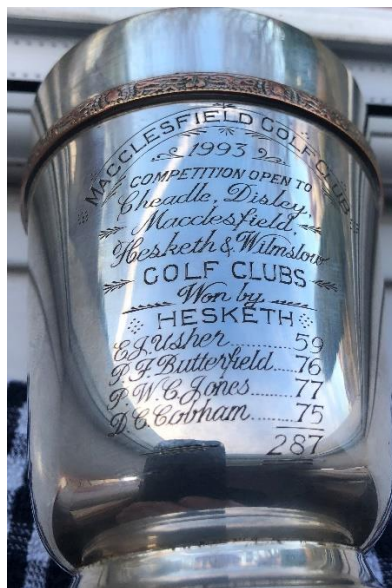
Eric died in August 2022 after several years struggling against illness. He is survived by his wife, Brigitte, and his two sons and a daughter. He met Brigitte as a teenager when she came over to the UK from Germany as a 17 year old Au Pair.

He was brought up in Birkdale, attended Farnborough Road junior school and, after KGV, studied Chemistry at Manchester University. Eric was a successful businessman whose career culminated in him owning his own packaging company in Skelmersdale.

Eric was an extremely good badminton player. He played for many years for Southport Hawks and represented Lancashire on over 50 occasions.

I first met him as a fellow member of Hesketh Golf Club where he served the club in several positions including Club Chairman and, in 19 as Captain. He was a more than useful golfer who played off a single figure handicap for many years. His highlight in golf was to score a nett 59 at Macclesfield Golf Club in 1993 and in doing so ensuring Hesketh won a prestigious tournament.

As the picture of the trophy shows, his score - an aspiration for all amateur golfers - was outstanding in any context but certainly in comparison to his three team mates.



## **Dave Harrison**

### **Other Notifications**

Chris Winnard wrote to us with sad news he had been informed with about three former Old Georgians who had passed in previous years.

**Wilf Vickers** died May 2007. Wilf was an Engineering graduate and lived in Southport up to his death. He was a senior Engineer at Fidlers Ferry power station for many years.

**Peter Young** died June 2008. Peter left KGV at aged 16 when his father took over the license of the Lord Nelson Inn at Luddenden Foot in West Yorkshire. He took his 'A' levels in that area and studied as an Architect. He was a member of the RIBA. Peter was diagnosed later in life with Parkinson's which was the main factor in his death.

**Phil Coupe** died November 2013. Phil was a talented Artist and was also an Architect and member of the RIBA. He was a talented rock climber and died suddenly in his sleep.



From the left: Geoff Sanders, Phil Coupe, Chris Winnard and the lofty Wilf Vickers. The photo was taken by Paul Westwood, last heard of as a GP in deepest Devon

**FORTHCOMING OGA SOCIAL EVENTS 2023**

**The 74th Annual Dinner**  
**- Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> April 2023 -**

We have provisionally booked the Hesketh Golf Club for the 2023 dinner, but as with the Centenary dinner, should demand exceed expectations, we may change the venue to suit. However, we will need to ensure notice is given so please will you book as early as possible for this dinner. We are taking bookings and payment from January 1<sup>st</sup>, so please do get in touch as soon as possible.

The ticket price for the Hesketh three course meal is £35. Menu options are as follows and need to be sent to Jonathan by March 30<sup>th</sup> – [jonelliott61@hotmail.com](mailto:jonelliott61@hotmail.com).

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

Starter

Chefs homemade chicken liver pate served with toasted croutes and caramelised onion chutney.

Black pudding stack with a topped with a poached egg and a creamy wholegrain mustard sauce.

Creamy garlic mushrooms served on ciabatta (V)

\*\*\*\*\*

Main course

Lamb shank in a port and red wine sauce served on a spring onion mash

Chicken stuffed with black pudding and served with a pink peppercorn sauce and sautéed potatoes.

Goats cheese and roasted tomato tart (V)

All meals served with seasonal vegetables

\*\*\*\*\*

Desserts

Homemade Sticky toffee pudding served with vanilla bean ice cream .

Lemon cheesecake served with a raspberry coulis

Cheese and biscuits ( £2 supplement)

\*\*\*\*\*

Coffee and mints

\*\*\*\*\*

We also offer cheese as a fourth course, which has a £5 supplement

**PLEASE BOOK EARLY!**



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

Please note that we are requesting payment in advance of the dinner. Payment by Bank transfer if preferred. Please ensure that your name is included in the reference and starts with “D23” (our code for Dinner 2023, e.g. **D23YOURNAME**). 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 March 31st and we will confirm your place on receipt should we still have places available. Cancellations made after March 31st may not be refundable. **Please ensure that your booking/payment is confirmed by March 31st** to Jon Elliott. Any not confirmed will be released, so as not to incur a charge. Jon Elliott is on jonelliott61@hotmail.com or 07969889843.

## **The 10<sup>th</sup> Annual Golf Challenge** **- Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> April 2023 -**

The Challenge will be held at the Hesketh Golf Club. We have tees booked from 1100 to 1140.

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.

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. **G23YOURNAME**). 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.

## **SOCIAL EVENTS 2022**

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

The decision for 2022 was to return to Maundy Thursday, rather than hold back for 18 months or rework the dinner to the autumn from 2021 onwards.

Given the short gap of six months between events, it was inevitable that the number attending would reduce, but the 60 people who attended on the night had a thoroughly enjoyable evening in a very relaxed atmosphere.

The company was excellent; the food most enjoyable; the wine was drunk in droves!

The dinner was preceded by the 2022 AGM, the first AGM since 2019. The notable item on the agenda was the nomination and voting in of a new chairman, given that Dave Harrison had kindly sat for four years through the various global difficulties foisted on our members. Graham Cox gallantly took over the reigns for the next two years (mind you, two was what we told Dave in 2018!).

Our President could not attend and we decided to dispense with a guest speaker for this dinner. We therefore relied on Dave for his final Chairman’s speech to keep us informed and entertained, which he did in excellent fashion once again.

We completed the prize giving for the golf tournament held earlier in the day and then drew the raffle. Our new Chairman drew the first ticket, called out the number several times and when about to re-draw, someone from his table called out “it’s yours!”. Hopefully a lucky start to Graham’s tenure (very generously he drew the ticket again).

The evening closed with thanks to the Hesketh Golf Club; to all those who attended for attending and then with hopes for a safe journey home.

Those who attended follow – we have guarantees from many members that they will return in 2023, so we expect the numbers to more than double!

**In Attendance:**

Jim Adams, Judith Adams, Maurice Amer, Hilary Anslow, Chris Baker, Peter Bamford, David Brookfield, Ian Bryce, Ellen Campbell, Andrea Cattrall, Mike Cattrall, Graham Cox, Alun Davies, Paul Davies, Pauline Davies, Alan Dickinson, Jonathan Elliott, Ron Ellis, David Eyes, Martin Fearn, Terry Fleetwood, Alistair Ford, Phil Frampton, Dave Harrison, Neil Hunt, Barry Hurst, Martin Jelley, Barry Jones, John Kermode, Ian Kettle, Catherine Lapsley, Geoff Lawson, David Lonsdale, Steve Mallinder, Jim Marsh, Barry Mawer, David Morton, Eric Ogden, Lillian Ogden, Timothy Patrick, Colin Potts, Ken Priestley, Richard Rimmer, Ron Ringer, Mark Robertson, John Rostron, Peter Rostron, Derrick Salmon, John , Seddon, Paul Sternberg, Chris Stitson, Steve Tasker, Mark Teale, Chris Threlfall, John Wainwright, Steve Williams, Stuart Wincer

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

A youngster crashed/crashed the event and won!

We could leave it there, but that would not be very informative!



The 2022 contest for the Bob Abram Trophy once again took place at the Hesketh Golf Club in Southport on Thursday 14<sup>th</sup> April having reverted back to its familiar slot on the afternoon of the annual dinner.

Disappointingly, our numbers were down on the bumper 2021 turnout - the year of the Centenary Dinner - leaving just 14 in our motley crew of golfing regulars to thrash about on the green green grass of home...or in Mark Woolston's case mainly in the sand dunes. [I looked up 'motley' in the Oxford Concise dictionary and it said "of varied character" which I thought was quite fitting so decided to run with it].

Having explained to you all last year what golfers do and how we do it I think it's only fair that you get off lightly this year – plus, I don't want any more abusive emails regarding your vivid imaginings of technical terms such as 'pushing' and 'pulling' and your blatant misrepresentation of what a 'birdie' or 'bogey' actually is. At least everyone understood the Stableford scoring system first time around...and on that note I would like to share with you that the number of golfers achieving the 36 point nirvana (this was explained last year, go look it up) saw a dramatic 25%

increase from 4 (15% of players) to 5 (36%). Contrary to last year's disparaging remarks on his golfing ability, I feel honour bound to give a shout out to my annual playing partner, Ken Priestley, who managed to double his Stableford total of last year (18) and scored a creditable 38 points to achieve overall 3<sup>rd</sup> place. This despite the only blot on his card which occurred on the 6<sup>th</sup> hole when Wooly and I heard a desperate cry of "Noooooooo" as we turned from surveying our putts and watched Ken's golf trolley rolling inexorably towards the greenside bunker and his desperate but unsuccessful attempt to save it from toppling in with him not far behind. Very funny...you probably had to be there!

Anyhow, I should tell you about the prize winners: in first place, and the KGV/OGA champion golfer of the year, was Elliot McInerney (44); 2<sup>nd</sup> was Mike Cattrall (38) and you know who came 3<sup>rd</sup>. Our two nearest-the-pin-on-a-par-3 prize winners were Dave Harrison and Martin Fearn.

We will be returning to the Hesketh to compete again on Maundy Thursday 6<sup>th</sup> April 2023. If you would like to play then please email me at: [stitson.chris@gmail.com](mailto:stitson.chris@gmail.com). All golfers welcome so please add this prestigious event to your golfing schedule – places will be limited so early reservation is recommended.

PS. You will all be pleased to know that there were no more jokes from Mark Woolston this year...so here's one from me:

### **The Golfing Nun**

"Forgive me mother superior for I have sinned" said Mother Claire. "I used the most terrible language on the golf course yesterday".

"What caused you to do that" said Mother superior

"Well" said Mother Claire "I was teeing off on the 5<sup>th</sup> hole, Par 3, when I sliced it sending it into the trees"

"Is that when you swore" said Mother superior

"No" said Mother Claire. "I hit on the edge of the woods and landed in the rough at the base of the tree"

"Is that when you swore" said Mother superior

"No" said Mother Claire. "As I went towards the ball, a squirrel came along, grabbed the ball and started to carry it further into the woods"

"Is that when you swore" said Mother superior

"No" said Mother Claire. "An eagle flew in and grabbed the squirrel as he was carrying away my ball. As the eagle flew over the green, the squirrel dropped the ball where it hit a rock, bounced over a sand trap then landed 4 inches from the hole".

Both nuns were quiet for a few moments then Mother superior sighed and said "you missed the F@\$king putt didn't you"!

***Chris Stitson (1974-81)***

## The Annual Quiz – the Return

For several years, we ran an annual quiz in the autumn months of the year. As attendance waned around 2016, we dropped this event from our calendar. This year, the committee voted to resurrect the event.

Despite advance notice and a wide variety of advertising mechanisms, the event was cancelled 7 days prior due to their only being 4 teams entered. Safe to say, the current Social Secretary will no longer attempt to resurrected the Quiz. If anyone else feels they would like to arrange this, please go ahead with our backing.

### MEMORABILIA

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

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

They are priced at £15 (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.



## IN THE PRESS

Our membership raised a very generous amount in our appeal for our Centenary Beneficiary, Queenscourt Hospice. Funds were donated through various means. Initially through a web site process, but then through direct and indirect contributions through the post and at the dinner. The committee wishes to thank everyone who contributed, both on behalf of ourselves and the Hospice.

*The Champion • Wednesday 13 April 2022*

### Old Georgians Association triples its fundraising target for Queenscourt hospice!

Report by Tom Martin

OLD Georgians Association has donated £3,110 to Queenscourt Hospice – more than three times the amount they had aimed to raise!

In their centenary year, former pupils, students and staff of KGV Grammar School and Sixth Form College committed to raising funds for Queenscourt Hospice.

The delayed celebrations from 2020 finally took place in the Autumn of 2021, closing with their Centenary Celebration Dinner at the Bliss Hotel.

Originally setting a target of £1,000, by the end of the celebrations the Old Georgians Association members had donated a grand total of £3,110.

This was recently recognised with a cheque presentation at the hospice, with social secretary, Jonathan Elliott, making the presentation to Andrea Parkes of the fund raising department at Queenscourt.

Jonathan said: "The association pledges donations to KGV College each year, from any profit we make on the annual dinner, to go to assisting students who need additional funding. With 2020 being our centenary and the hardships of Covid, we wanted to do something to help a local charity through this period and we selected Queenscourt.



Jonathan presents a cheque to Andrea Parkes at the hospice

"The hospice has meant a lot to many families of former pupils of the school over the years. We originally set a target of £1,000. Our membership rallied to the call and well and truly passed the original target. Thanks go to the membership from both the OGA and Queenscourt."

Fund raising will continue on the evening of April 14 when the OGA hold their next dinner at the Hesketh Golf Club.

The Annual Golf Tournament will be held earlier in the day. Details can be found on the OGA website: [www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk](http://www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk)

## NEWS OF OLD GEORGIANS

### Sara Chesters (1979-1981)

Sara wrote an article for us in the 2019 Red Rose about her time volunteering in Africa. She has since completed another assignment with the US Peace Corps in Uzbekistan and is currently on a third assignment, this time with Medicine Without Frontiers, in Nigeria.

### Martin Birch (Woodhams 1964-71)

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

### Phil Frampton

Phil has been writing/publishing again and his newly published book "Youth and the Mystery Wall" is available. The book has its origins in discussions when he was preparing the piece he last wrote for the Red Rose.

The book explores the wider issue of the importance of collective empowerment for young people as contrasted with societal attempts to frustrate that empowerment.

It is published by the International Federation of Social Workers and is currently a free online ebook, downloadable at <https://www.ifsw.org/product/books/youth-and-the-mystery-wall/>.

## A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NAVAL OFFICER (?)

I was flattered when Jon Elliott asked me recently if I could contribute to the occasional series of articles from Old Georgians who have spent some time in the Armed Forces. If you're reading this article it must have met the exacting editorial standards of the Red Rose – the last time I achieved that was with a Woodhams cricket report in 1973!

It's easy to forget how the tensions of the Cold War formed a backdrop to our lives in 60s and 70s. We were haunted by images of Soviet tanks rolling into Czechoslovakia in 1968. The world can be an unstable place. It seemed obvious that we needed a strong Navy, Army and Air Force to play a leading role in NATO - to maintain peace. So the Armed Forces offered an obvious career option.

I can remember going to a careers convention at the Floral Hall. I really did make an effort to visit the stands of Liverpool and Lancaster universities, but I know I spent most of the evening talking at the Royal Navy stand – much to the consternation of my Mum! I remember asking them, time and again, to describe a typical day in the life of a naval officer. No-one seemed prepared to answer.

In the sixth form I'd fallen into Maths, Physics and Chemistry, so engineering seemed a natural next step – and what better choice for an engineering career than the RN? A warship had every kind of technology I could imagine, and offered opportunities for real responsibility at an early age. Any doubts about taking the train to Dartmouth at 17 were eased by knowing that a number of KGV boys had done it just before me: Nigel Parkinson, Andrew Tate, Jon Seddon and Karl Mardon to name but a few.

At Dartmouth I soon realised that my well-rounded KGV education, not least the personal development from sport and expeditions at Long Rigg, had prepared me very well indeed. It continued to serve me well for 36 years in the Service, no matter what company I shared.

The engineering profession offered a wealth of opportunities including design, support and training appointments. I'm lucky to have been in some key appointments during the Navy's transition from steam, to gas turbine propulsion, and on to fully integrated electric ships: it was a huge professional challenge and thrill.

Seagoing appointments are the defining jobs of any naval career and I had plenty. There was lots of travel and we circumnavigated the world. It wasn't all glamorous: marine engineers spent long hours on the deck plates in hot and humid engine rooms! I had ships as varied as a post-war-vintage cruiser, a commando carrier, mine hunters, steam and gas turbine frigates, as well more senior roles responsible for bringing aircraft carriers into service. They all delivered great excitement and left me with wonderful memories of people, places and operations. But, amongst them all, the "unobtrusive excellence" of HM Yacht Britannia, and the chance to serve The Queen directly for over two years, was an unbelievable opportunity for a lad from Birkdale.

Like many naval engineers I had plenty of opportunities to work well away from technical jobs. During the first Gulf War I found myself putting together the daily operations brief for the UK Joint Commander, from the safety of a bunker in the Home Counties! And after Naval Staff College I jumped at the chance to spend two years, with my family, as a Defence Attaché in Germany.

Soon after, my career took a new path and I had the huge privilege of managing the careers of all engineering officers, a job that eventually led to me becoming the Director of Naval Personnel. From that point I switched backwards and forwards between engineering and



people jobs for the rest of my career. And whilst many of these were based in an office, all my jobs had a direct link to getting ships and people into the front line. I didn't need any more incentive to get out of bed every day!

It's ten years since I left the Royal Navy. I look back with huge professional pride. No two days were ever the same. The armed forces I joined were in the thick of "fighting" the Cold War. In 1982 the Falklands War exposed the best, and the worst, of our capabilities. But when I left, 30 years later, I was proud to say that the Navy had remembered all it had learned in the South Atlantic, and remained a far more operationally focused service.

I was proud, too, that the Navy had changed. In 1976 it seemed perfectly natural to leave a boys grammar school and join a male-only organisation. The Navy I left had integrated women into every ship and branch. Such important social development is never complete, and issues do arise. But, in no time at all, "mixed-crew" ships were, of course, often the most effective in their squadrons.

The biggest changes are undoubtedly as a result of successive defence cuts. It was right for governments to seek a "peace dividend" after the Cold War. But one short-sighted savings measure after the last, in subsequent decades, took big risks with operational capabilities. I witnessed a fair amount of Yes Minister "smoke and mirrors" during my last job, as a Rear Admiral in the Ministry of Defence, but I was pleased to be known for delivering "pragmatism over illusion"!

My 36 years taught me that Navies don't often see offensive action – but they have a much more strategic part to play, in preventing aggression by the very existence of a genuinely capable and credible fleet. The world can still be an unstable place – surely Ukraine reminds us of that? My hope is that governments recognise this and invest appropriately in the Navy and other armed forces, so that they can still play that leading role in NATO - to maintain peace.

Would I take the train to Dartmouth to start all over again? Like a shot! And could I describe a typical day in the life of a Naval Officer? Absolutely not!

### **Alan Rymer (Woodham's, 1969-75)**



Photos of Midshipman Rymer (plus dad!)





Alan's official Rear-Admiral photo.

## **ROYAL EXPERIENCES**

### **Rule Britannia**

There have been many reflections on Her Majesty's life since her death in September, including on her love for "Britannia". It was a huge privilege to witness that first hand.

Early in 1988 The Queen was visiting Australia in The Royal Yacht for the Bicentennial. Whilst we were in Sydney I was really excited to discover that, later in the year, we would be bringing The Queen to "my home port", Liverpool, for a royal visit to Port Sunlight. In a chance conversation with a palace official I asked if there would be a good place for my parents and 93 year-old Grandma to witness the arrival. I didn't really hear much more, other than an invitation for them to get to The Pierhead in time for The Yacht's arrival.

I was on watch in the Engine Room as we sailed up the Mersey, but I managed to get to a porthole to watch The Queen disembark. To my shock, and delight, after the greeting from the Lord Mayor and dignitaries, The Queen most generously made a detour to chat to Mum and Grandma.... Grandma even had a feature on "Look North" that night!

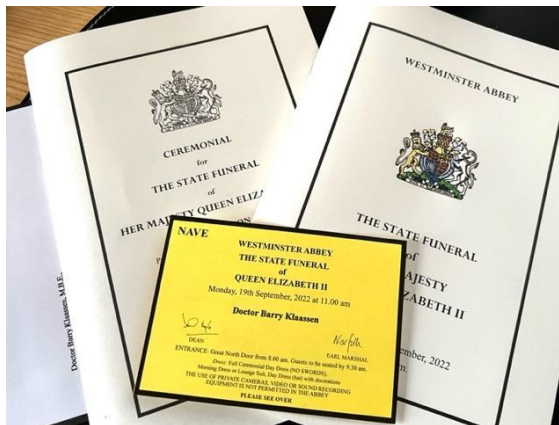
When we sailed from Liverpool, later the same day, we began the annual Western Isles cruise, and I was fortunate to be invited to dinner with The Queen and other members of the Royal Family. It gave me chance to thank Her Majesty personally, as well as to join them all in admiring a 5 foot, scale model of The Yacht that she had been given.... made entirely out of soap! The 8th of August 1988 was NOT a typical day in the life of the Naval Officer!

**Alan Rymer**

## The State Funeral of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

-A personal reflection-

It's not usual for me to answer an unknown caller on my mobile phone, particularly on a weekend or on a day off from work. Most often such are from an overseas call centre from a company you do not know or asking how you are after the recent accident you have yet to have! But on that Saturday afternoon in early September, just after a dog walk on the west sands beach in St Andrews, (yes, the beach in the opening shot of Chariots of Fire), something caused me to pick up. Oddly for such a call a well-spoken voice politely asked for me by name, identified themselves from The Cabinet office and invited me to attend in person the State Funeral of Her Late Majesty Queen Elizabeth the second at Westminster Abbey in 9 days time!



Honoured and humbled to be one of the two thousand congregation seated in the Abbey on that historic day. It transpired Buckingham Palace requested the attendance of recent recipients from the last birthday honours list of the late Queen, especially if the award was for work within the Commonwealth. To be in the presence of our entire Royal family, Kings and Queens of Europe and beyond, an Emperor, Presidents, Leaders and representatives from all parts of the United Kingdom, Commonwealth and indeed the world was truly something I shall never forget. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have witnessed first-hand the great display of national devotion, affection and gratitude expressed to our beloved late Queen, let me describe the morning.

On the day itself the streets and sights of London could not have looked better. Flags adorned every pole in the Mall, Admiralty Arch, Parliament square and the colourful flags of the Nations of the Commonwealth at Horseguards. Instructions for the Abbey congregation requested to pass through security and be in seats no later than 09.30am. Importantly it was noted toilet facilities inside were severely restricted so venturing off that morning early, absolutely no coffee was taken!

Fortunately for me I had only a twenty-minute stroll through Belgravia to Westminster and that great church. The roads were almost silent, the morning was bright, and a still solemnity hung in the air. My route passed several embassies and

consulates all had security guards in position and a few had a phalanx of press waiting, no doubt for the officials within to depart for the Abbey too. As I strolled past almost everyone greeted me with a “good morning “ London and the world seemed a nicer place that morning. Lambeth bridge gardens was my destination, the congregation were using the same airport type security that only hours before the last of the public passed through en route to pay their respects at the lying-in state in Westminster Hall. Now the Red Cross, St John Ambulance and chaplaincy volunteers had been replaced by smartly dressed British forces personnel from all three services, who warmly greeted us. The queue moved efficiently, as I had left for London before my official invitation had arrived from the Palace, I was in a small group who had to have a ticket issued on the day. So, I joined the Director General of the BBC and Scottish Conservative leader to receive our tickets, before we joined the other guests through the final security to enter the Abbey by the Great North Door. The congregation was quietly gathering in all areas and the Abbey was filling up, there were numerous familiar faces; a former Archbishop of Canterbury, chief Scout Bear Grylls and old politicians like Norman Lamont as I entered. By 08.30 I had taken my seat. I chatted with those around me, a chief executive of an English NHS trust who had formerly been a sister in an A&E department in Devon, a lady who worked at St Andrews University and on my left a New Zealand Māori Elder with partial sight and his daughter who gave a commentary to him of all the goings on she could see. I was pleased to help identify some of those processing in the aisle for them, the Yeomen of the Guard (Beefeaters), Gentlemen at Arms and the dignitaries that had begun to enter via the main aisle of the Nave. The congregation in general appeared less celebrity, no Elton John, no Beckhams. I had secretly hoped to be seated next to Joanna Lumley with Giles Brandreth nearby but no sight of either! However, my immediate neighbours were all delightful. Time actually passed rather quickly, watching the arrivals and the ceremonial details all taking shape. We also had some lovely incidental music playing and in moments of stillness the muffled tenor bell tolled ninety-six times, a peel for each year of the late sovereign’s life, followed by a gun fired some distance away.

We knew the service would soon begin. Inside the procession of clergy and choir had taken their places and outside we could hear the mass band of the bagpipes accompanying the funeral cortege steadily getting louder and louder. As they passed the Great West Door and then quietened somewhat, we sensed the coffin bearers had arrived. The aisle of the Nave was by now filled with members of the Royal Household facing the Alter. When Her Majesty’s Coffin borne by those eight young soldiers, was about to enter the Abbey the procession in the Nave all turned to face the Bearer party and the emotion on the faces of those who served her was evident for all to see. Then the voices of the choir of Westminster Abbey sang out, clear and pure, the sentences, beginning with .....”I am the resurrection and the life “.as the Bearer party moved through the Abbey. It was emotional and moving to stand in that place and bow, paying personal respect as Her Majesty’s Coffin surmounted by the great symbols of state, the Imperial State Crown, the Orb and Sceptre, passed slowly and iridescently by. The last time The Queen and the Imperial State Crown passed together in the Abbey was on the day of her Coronation, seventy years earlier and seven years before I was even born. Now I was here, witness to the last journey both would take together, ending for us all the second Elizabethan age.

For me one of the most special aspects of the service and being present in that moment of history was the music. Beginning with the incidental music before the service, which included pieces from Gibbons, Vaughn Williams, Maxwell Davies and Elgar. During the service the choir sang so clearly that it was as near to heavenly as possible. I cannot ever recall being present in a congregation that sang hymns so well that the music and sound reverberated within your chest and following the haunting notes from the Royal Trumpeters, Last Post and Reveille, both verses of the National Anthem, God Save The King were sung so loudly and with such verve that it felt as if the roof would lift. Then when emotion seemed to get no higher, the lone Pipe Major, The Queen's Piper, played a traditional Scottish lament, Sleep, Dearie, Sleep which faded into the distance as the procession of the Coffin departed the Abbey for the final internment in St Georges Chapel Windsor.

The Congregation were released and allowed to exit the Abbey through which ever door they wished. I was heading back to Belgravia where I was staying with friends, so it made sense to exit through the Great West Door once the funeral procession had departed. The crowd moved slowly and respectfully, more Elgar was played and just past the tomb of the unknown soldier near to the West door I found myself standing next to The Archbishop of Canterbury, The Most Reverend and Right Honourable Justin Welby. What do you say to the Primate of All England immediately after the State Funeral of The Queen? Well, we had a very up-beat chat, agreeing how excellent the service had been, solemn yet uplifting, what a genuinely nice man!



Stepping out into the sunshine, I quickly passed through the roadblocks and cordons. The police, service men and women and security personnel present at every point all remained helpful, polite and charming, I was even thanked on two occasions for my service! As I walked up initially through the empty cordoned off streets near the Abbey until I emerged at Victoria, then on to Eaton and Belgrave squares and the normal bustle again. Clutching my two-state funeral order of service and ceremonial programmes I couldn't help but reflect on how privileged I was to have been able as a humble subject to witness first hand that piece of history and also to reflect that we as a nation do such ceremony like no other. The whole period of National mourning

culminating in the State Funeral had been flawless. The dignified, heart-breaking journey from Her beloved Balmoral to lying at rest at the Palace of Holyrood and St Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh, before the journey south to return to Buckingham Palace for one last night. Then finally to the lying in State in Westminster Hall. Each step and individual procession carried out with great dignity, sense of history and care. All our Armed forces played their part so magnificently as did so many others. It was an unforgettable moment I was so honoured to have been a part of.

We as a nation give thanks for the long life and selfless duty of her late Majesty Queen Elizabeth II as we give our allegiance, loyalty and support to King Charles III  
God Save the King!!

### **Dr Barry Klaassen MBE ( Leech's 1972-79)**

*Ed – I had some follow up questions for Barry....*

Q. What was the dress code?

A. Guidance was given, stating “civilian dress; gentlemen morning coat or lounge suit with decorations; National dress may be worn”

Q. Was your seat allocated?

A. I was allocated to Nave general seating first come basis unless you had a specific rank or role (e.g. Lord Lt) - they got front row !

Q. I notice you were wearing medals. What are they for?

A. Diamond and Platinum Jubilee medals. Awarded to all royal household, all armed forces and all emergency services (inc British Red Cross).

### **Sunshine On A Rainy Day**

A combination of my lengthy Civil Service and charitable work (volunteering as a hospital radio sports broadcaster) must have made an impression on my colleagues. So much so, they successfully nominated me to attend one of HM Queen's summer garden parties in 2009.

I invested in a new M&S suit, from their Italian collection no less, and Mrs Kettle splashed out on a new fascinator. I booked the finest room that civil service expenses permitted at the County Hall Premier Inn, in the shadow of the London Eye.

Lorraine & I joined a lengthy queue, up Constitution Hill behind a pre-Strictly Ann Widdecombe MP, who clearly had no jump the line privileges in those days.

The time passed quickly after I invited my larger than life senior civil servant colleague Nigel to bunk the queue, along with his husband Mark. Both were slightly squiffy having consumed multiple bottles of Moët at the OXO Tower that lunchtime. Nigel regaled us (and those around us) about a high profile data loss incident that had led

to him being pilloried in the News of the World. He didn't seem particularly concerned that they'd raked up much of his personal life from Facebook but he was most indignant that the nation's favourite Sunday publication described his mock Tudor home as 'modest'.

The weather that July day began to deteriorate as we reached the Palace gates. The darkening skies didn't spoil the surreal experience of crossing the famous forecourt and passing through one of the central arches past the watchful sentries and assembled tourists peering through the railings.

We were guided through an ornate drawing room and out onto the terrace overlooking the Queen's back garden. We descended the steps in time to the sound of the military bands beneath, to take our place on the lawns along with the other 6,000 guests.

The massed bands then struck up the national anthem and Her Majesty appeared at the top of the steps, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh. Umbrellas in hands.

We managed to engineer a good vantage point that gave us a close up of the royal party, as they greeted the chosen few, en route to the royal marquee at the far end of the lawns.

The Queen wore a striking turquoise outfit and trademark hat. She looked radiant with her powdered complexion. I was desperate to take a surreptitious photo with my compact camera but all photography was strictly forbidden in those pre-cameraphone days. The rooftop spotters, and snipers, provided an added deterrent so my camera firmly remained in my jacket pocket.

The Queen disappeared from view and, as the skies darkened and rumbled along with our stomachs, we retreated to enjoy our perfectly presented afternoon tea, yes they do provide cucumber sandwiches.

With no sign of the Queen, we left the tent reserved for non-VIPs and went to explore the far end of the Palace garden. It was very poor timing on our part. We couldn't have been further from shelter as the heavens opened. Marble sized hailstones thundered down as a biblical storm raged over London. The bands played on as a flash-flood inducing three months' worth of rain fell in just 10 minutes. Ladies in heels and carefully chosen, elegant frocks fled for cover with their transparent couture unfortunately revealing all that lay beneath.

We didn't see the Queen again that afternoon. Her Maj was somehow spirited away from her marquee which was then opened up to provide shelter for her many drenched guests, including us. We marvelled at the priceless gold rose bowls, crockery and cutlery recently used by the departed dignitaries. Our fellow refugees included a Z-list of potential I'm a Celebrity contestants. They included husband & wife Tory MPs Nicholas and Ann Winterton, former guardsman and Southampton football manager Lawrie McMenemy and Eddie Yeats from Coronation Street, or Onslow from Keeping Up Appearances depending on your TV viewing tastes.

The storm subsided and we were politely encouraged to leave our ornate surroundings and pass through upturned picnic furniture and marquees that still sagged under the weight of the recent deluge.

It was a privilege to be nominated and subsequently invited and whilst the washout spoiled things at the time, it made the day even more memorable. It later inspired the celebrated Maitre D at Caprice to compliment our saturated attire, particularly my light and shade drip dry M&S suit. Praise indeed at the end of a memorable day as guests of the late Queen.

### **Ian Kettle (Evans 1974-79)**





## Royal Honours

*Ed - Derek McManus wrote to us about his brother's big day in 1967, when Frank Rostron McManus received his OBE*

Some uncertainty exists concerning the primary reason Frank was awarded the OBE. The persons responsible for his nomination and supporting letters remain unknown. Opinions are varied as to what merited the award. The oft cited official reason was his substantial contributions to Grange-over-Sands Urban District Council and the Labour Party in general. The widely accepted unofficial reason was the adoption of six children by Frank and his wife Benita. There is also the possibility that the award was based on a combination of socio-political works and acts of charitable welfare.

Frank, Benita and two children drove from the Lake District to Buckingham Palace in a Ford Popular, where, on arrival a footman took it to park. They entered the Palace and were directed along a long corridor lined with French-style side tables and portraits into the Throne Room. Frank was taken to wait in a side room while his family remained seated in the Throne Room to watch the ceremony. When called, Frank entered and walked a dozen or so yards to the Queen where he bowed and received his medal. On re-entering the corridor, the medal was taken then returned in a presentation case. Afterwards, they all went to 10 Downing Street which was open in those days, before driving back to Grange-over-Sands.



Frank, Benita, Paula and Richard (holding OBE) at Buckingham Palace.

**Derek McManus (Woodham's, 1951-58)**



## THORNLEY SOCIETY

After a two-year break, the Thornley Society\* got together again for our Autumn 2021 and our two 2022 meets.

Participating members are: Mike Dodworth, Jim Honeybone, Doug Mellor, Johnny Laws, Joe McManners, Keith Osborn, John Seddon and Geoff Wright.



*Thornley Society October 2022 meet. Left to Right: John Seddon, Doug Mellor, Joe McManners, Keith Osborn, Johnny Laws, Jim Honeybone.*

In October 2021 we stayed our usual 5 nights at the Robertson Lamb Hut (aka RLH) in the Langdale valley. Alas, heavy rain, wind and low cloud persisted for most of the week and, activity-wise, the best we could manage was a walk up Scandale Beck to High Sweden Bridge to the north of Ambleside. Evenings were at the New Dungeon Ghyll (aka NDG) restaurant followed by long catch-up chats over whisky and wine back at the hut.

Rather than our usual camping trip to Skye, we decided on Snowdonia for our spring 2022 meet pitching up on the shores of Llyn Gwynant at the foot of Snowdon. Initial rendezvous was a Sunday evening meal at the Padarn Hotel in Llanberis.

Rain and wind gusting over 50mph gave our tents a good testing on the first night. But conditions improved slightly next day enabling us to walk from Beddgelert back up the valley following the Cambrian Way to Llyn Dinas. Then over Bwlch y Sygyn and down Cwm Bychan to the bridge at Nantmor, returning to Beddgelert along the spectacular Fisherman's path by the side of the river Glaslyn. Evening meals were all at the Tannyronnen Hotel at Beddgelert thanks to Mike who had wisely opted for staying there rather than sleeping under canvass.

After another stormy and wet night, the hills remained in low cloud, so we opted for visiting Trefor on the north coast of the Llyn peninsula. We walked west along the coastal path then back along Bwlch yr Eifl, the pass between the northern two of the three “Rivals” towards Llithfaen

Wednesday was nostalgia day. Johnny went off to revisit a cottage his family once owned above the Watkin path. The rest of us joined Mike on a return to Porth Dinllaen, again on the Llyn, where he had spent his childhood summer holidays at a house fronting the beach. We had a leisurely coastal walk around the small peninsula seeing seals, flocks of sand martins, the new lifeboat house and, coincidentally a seat dedicated to Kathleen Thornley (no relation – at least not that we know of).

Thursday was the best day for weather in the valley. Mike dropped Keith and John off at Pen y Pass to climb Snowdon via Lliwedd returning to the campsite via the Watkin Path. Doug, Geoff, Jim, Joe, Johnny and Mike walked around Cwm Idwal beneath the Glyderau and then spent the afternoon on Doug’s kayaks on the river alongside our tents. Home on Friday after fortunately our first dry night.

It was back to the RLH in October 2022 where, in contrast to last year we were blessed with glorious weather for nearly the whole week. Sadly, we were without Mike who had just tested positive for Covid. The NDG restaurant was again our first port of call. It had changed ownership since our 2021 meet and we were saddened to find a huge television dominating the bar with a raucous clientele watching the Sunday football on Sky TV. We then got soaked walking back to the hut during a rare downpour.

The next morning broke with a fantastic view up the valley to the Crinkle Crags. Despite the draw of the mountains, sense prevailed and it was off to Beatrix Potter country for our first circular walk. Starting near the ferry port on the west side of Windermere we followed footpaths through Far and Near Sawrey looping northwards past tarns and then south down rough forest tracks. Joe took on the role of route planner and navigator-in-chief and no, we did not visit Hill Top (Beatrix Potter’s home)!

We gave the NDG another try that evening avoiding the TV by sitting in the back lounge. But, whilst adequate, the food menu was disappointing and we took the big decision to try somewhere different from then on. Once back at the hut, Mike was surprised and delighted to receive a video call from us grouped around the fire – in previous years there had been no mobile signal whatsoever from most of the valley.

We drove round to Borrowdale the next day and had another marvellous circular walk from Seatoller, following the Allerdale Ramble past Castle Crag as far as Grange, returning alongside the River Derwent. Again, we were blessed by fantastic weather which did wonders for the autumn Lakeland colours.

The valley’s Old Dungeon Ghyll (aka ODG) held many memories for us from school days, perhaps though as more of a place for beer and drying out wet clothes than a restaurant. It now serves food and though very popular, still has something of the old atmosphere. Once we found a table, we had a first-class evening meal.

A wet Wednesday which restricted us to the hut was rounded off by going up-market in the evening to the Britannia Inn at Elterwater. Great food – but very popular and hence difficult to book.

Awaking on Thursday to another glorious morning, we returned to the west shore of Windermere. Starting at Red Nab, we took in Latterbarrow, which treated us to one of the best Lakeland panoramas we could remember, refreshments at the Outgate Inn, the grounds of the gothic folly of Wray Castle and a delightful shoreside walk back to

the cars. Evening meal was back at the ODG – the “Lamb Henry” being especially appreciated by Jim and Keith.

With the venue for our spring 2023 meet still to be decided we packed up Friday morning and went our separate ways: Johnny to Devon, Joe to Scotland and the rest of us to various places in between. Having in the past seen the grade of rock-climb and the height of hill to be the goal, as the above demonstrates, it is now more a case of going the distance where the flatter the path the better! However, our appetite for good food and our appreciation of our long, KGV-launched friendships remains undiminished.

JS

*\* The Thornley Society was the climbing club at KGV up until 1971. Named after James W. Thornley (Edwards 1934-40) who was killed on a winter reconnaissance of Nanga Parbat it was established by G.F. Dixon and then led from 1964 to 1971 by Jim Honeybone. A book by John Allen (1950-57) “Geoffrey Dixon Climber and Alpinist” is available on Kindle (£1.80).*

### **INTERNATIONAL SUPER STAR**

With that opener, I would normally expect to read on with news of a well known individual embarking on some sort of super human or extraordinary venture.

The only part of that statement that is perhaps not quite true is the “well known” descriptor. As for “super human” and “extraordinary”, please make up your own minds.

For those “never say die” sports men out there, or even those that cannot quite release the grip on their youth and middle age activity, there is a national association for cricket players aged over 60 – **The National 60+/70+ Cricket County Championship**.

The association maintains a calendar throughout the year of events and matches for those lucky enough to pass selection for the team and squad. Next year, the squad is embarking on a tour of Australia for a month, with 11 games planned. A key member of the squad is OG **Ken Jones (Masons 1964-71)**.

Ken is going to write for us ‘post tour’ with the events and experiences gained whilst down under and the RR very much looks forward to his article.

For more information.....

<http://www.6070cc.co.uk/internationals-70s.html>

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Jonathon

Thanks for your time last week, it was lovely to meet you in the sunshine.

Before we post the following, I just wanted to ensure you were happy with the content and to see if there were any other names you would like us to add and thank?

*The Old Georgians Association Raise £3,110 For Queenscourt*

*A big thank you shout out goes to The Old Georgians Association, a group of former members of King George Fifth (KGV) college for raising a massive £3,110 for Queenscourt. To mark their Centenary Year, they held a celebratory dinner at which members kindly placed donations to Queenscourt.*

*Thank you to all the members for your support and to Jonathon Elliott for getting in touch with our Fundraising Team. It was lovely to meet Jonathon recently and chat about the history of KGV and the changes over the years. At Queenscourt we always love finding out more about our local community and our neighbours that are just around the corner.*

*Pictured in Andrea Parkes Community & Challenge Events Fundraiser and Jonathon Elliott from the Old Georgians Association.*

Please let me know if you would like any additions/changes and we can get this live on our social media sites.

Many thanks  
Andrea

**Andrea Parkes**

Community & Challenge Events Fundraiser  
Queenscourt Hospice | Town Lane | Southport | PR8 6RE

1<sup>st</sup> June 2022

Dear Jon

I attended KGV from 1956-58, leaving after A-levels. The following year my family left Southport, and regrettably I have never returned, even for the briefest of visits. Last week I stumbled upon the excellent OGA website more or less by accident: what an impressive accumulation of history, reminiscences, essays, reports, current events etc. Sadly also obituaries: I noted the premature passing of a couple of classmates who had also been among my golfing buddies.

When I saw Brian Viner's article about "The Fez" (Geoffrey Dixon was never called by this name in my time, so it must have come later), I thought I'd write to tell you that it was probably a corruption of "Ferris", but my note was anticipated by David Charters. Ferris was the name many of the prefects then used when referring to the Headmaster. In the prefects' room hung a moth-eaten hunting trophy, during its life some poor wretched furry animal, which bore the caption "Wild Ferris – shot by M K Davies". Merlyn Davies had been the least conventional and most wayward of that crop of School Prefects. At that time, Mr Dixon was a respected figure, but he was not generally liked either by the boys or, it seemed, by the staff. He was certainly aloof – no bad thing surely in a Head of that era – but he had a disconcerting way of tilting his head back slightly when speaking, as if looking down his nose at the person being addressed. In my view he was a rather shy and very modest man; I got on well with him, and certainly had good reasons to like him. Firstly, he had made me a School Prefect after only three terms at KGV – the Lower School in particular must have wondered who on earth I was - and secondly, I feel sure he was instrumental in getting me selected for the 1<sup>st</sup> XV, for which in truth I was barely good enough. However most importantly his influence secured me the offer of a place at Oxford, which I was to have taken up after only two years in the Sixth, something very unusual if not unique for the school at this time. Geoffrey Dixon certainly went "above and beyond" on my behalf and it is one of the great regrets of a long life that I never really thanked him for his efforts; as I said we moved away from Southport soon after my schooldays, but I could have written to express my gratitude, though never did. I'm afraid this was an unseemly blot on an otherwise exemplary KGV copybook.

Returning to the matter of nicknames, George Wakefield was not called "Pegleg" in my hearing, and, even given the natural irreverence of boys, I would have thought this very insulting, the more so now that I know (from Red Rose) the origins of his disability. No, my recollection is that George was known universally as "Duggie" (not to be confused with "Ducky" Drake, the classics master) for reasons I know not. Perhaps there was some convoluted parallel with Douglas Bader? I had a couple of minor disagreements with George, but he proved masterly at getting his own way while avoiding antagonism and remaining pleasant: he eventually proved to be right in both cases anyway. As a schoolmaster, GPW certainly was a "class act", but he also seemed to me to be a rather nice man.

My time at KGV was largely positive, and decisions made in that brief period had influence, direct and indirect, on the pattern of my entire life: maybe that's a tale for another time.

Yours sincerely

**Robin French** (Edwards' 1956-58)

Hi Jonathan

It was good to see you at the old boys' dinner . Thanks for organising another fine do. I quite enjoyed it this time. I certainly thought the food had gone up a notch since my last visit some 4/5+ years ago.

As I wrote previously I have a new book out, partly as a result of the Red Rose piece you asked me to write in 2019. If you are interested, here's an interview about the book that I did for a local radio station... Some of the music might take you back



Hope to see you next year, if not before

**Phil**

<https://www.mixcloud.com/suzi-hoffmann/the-hype-with-dr-phil-frampton-mystery-wall-author/>

Hi Jonathan

Hoping you are well and recovered from your monumental efforts in October. I am looking forward to seeing you at the do on April 14<sup>th</sup>. However, I have not had Covid yet so true to form it may strike at that time ....

I just wanted to inform you about my newly published book, Youth and the Mystery Wall, simply because the book has its origins in discussions when I was preparing the piece you asked me to write for the Red Rose. They accelerated a train of thought so 15 months later a book was born. Hence thanks again due to you .

The book explores the wider issue of the importance of collective empowerment for young people as contrasted with societal attempts to frustrate that empowerment. The book argues that contrary to the claims that young people have been given a greater say and more rights in Western society over the last 40 years, in practice we have witnessed a steady intensification of the surveillance, atomisation and oppression of teenagers.

It is published by the International Federation of Social Workers and is currently a free online ebook, downloadable at <https://www.ifsw.org/product/books/youth-and-the-mystery-wall/>.

I attach a brief preview by educational psychologist, Dr Simon Claridge, which, while mainly focussing on aspects of the book that are particular relevant to his profession, offers a useful overview of the contents.

Finally, a young creative has created this wonderful original tune and video as part of the online launch <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LApGLiUwP1A>

Best wishes and much appreciated

**Phil**

Phil Frampton

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ED – I wrote earlier this year asking for any donations to the memorabilia cupboard. My Thanks to those who replied!

Hi Jon,

I do have a slightly moth-eaten scarf you could have. And I know exactly where it is (sitting next to me as I type). It might even be my dad's from when he was at KGV in the 50s – I'm not sure. Should I just put it in the post? Or, if Richard Turner is going to the dinner this year, maybe I could get it to him?

All the best.

**Steve (Taylor)**

*Ed/Jhon – cheers Steve*

Hi Jon

You may have been inundated with offers but I recently came across this scarf in perfect condition and still with my Cash's name tag attached. As you may guess from the photo I wore it (probably for the first time in 40 years) to the centenary bash. By all means have it for the archive if you still don't have one - or in this design.



Regards

**Colin Potts**

Good Morning Jon

On retirement from Sefton MBC in 1998 and moving to Yorkshire I have enjoyed reading Red Rose on line.

I was reading of the sad passing of Robin Porter which prompted this email. I knew Robin as along with John and Horace I played football for YMCA between 1957 and 1966. At that time the Southport and District League had First, Second and Reserve divisions. We were first division champions on more than one occasion and won many cups and medals. I knew Mum and Dad Porter and other family members.

I was raised in Compton Road during the War and rationing years, from Bury Road School, as a borderline pass, after interview with Geoffrey Dixon, moved to KGV. My only memory of that interview is being asked which house my cousin George



Bromilow was a member (Spencers seven years earlier) Not knowing I was placed in Woodhams playing rugby and cricket in the house teams and occasionally for the Bantams.

Our children Rachel, Simon and Rosalind also finished their schooling at KGV/6th Form College from Stanley School. I retired from Sefton MBC in 1998 as a Principal Legal Assistant and moved to Yorkshire where we live with all the married children and Grandchildren in the same village. I have been able to use my local government experience as a former Chairman of the Parish Council and currently Chair of the Neighbourhood Plan Group.

KGV played an important part in my own and families individual achievements. Rachel an Educational Advisor to parents of children with Autism, Simon a Researcher and Lecturer at University and Rosalind an Occupational Therapist.

The Red Rose is a memory bank and it was pleasing to see John Rostron, my Dentist, whilst at Southport.

Knowing that you welcome news of former pupils I hope the above, part of my story, is of interest. Thank you for the caring efforts you and others expend in producing Red Rose

Best regards

**Derek Bowen (Woodhams 1950 to 1955)**

Jon

It will soon be on its way. This one was given to me so that the sugar craft lady could copy it. It is formerly the property of my old KGV pal, Terry Watkinson's late younger brother Lyn. Lyn died in Australia some years ago but elder bro, Terry, is in daily contact from N California. They lived in Hartwood Road originally, opposite old "Windy" Gale who used to teach us PE.

Cheers

**DAVID CHARTERS**

-----Original Message-----

From: Jonathan Elliott <jonelliott61@hotmail.com>

To: David Charters

Sent: Thu, 31 Mar 2022 13:57

Subject: Re: Fortnight & Scarf

Wow fantastic. Thank you.

I know I had one - bit surprised I dont still have it to be honest. I have loads of \*\*\*\* as my wife puts it from the 70s!

Cheers

Jon

---

**From:** David Charters

I have one ! I will post it to you, with the greatest of pleasure.

When I held a '64/'65 reunion some years ago I had a cake maker bake and decorate a wonderful cake of a cap and scarf. I will send a copy of that, too !

Best wishes and enjoy your dinner.

DAVID CHARTERS

---

Sorry Jon .

It's now 74 years on for me and it was wartime when I was in my first year ( 1943). We had plain blazers , wartime issue, but I remember if you had a pre-war striped one it was a cut above most of us.

Can't remember if I had a scarf, but perhaps mothers could have knitted some in the school colours.

Sorry I can't be at the dinner as at nearly 90 I'm not as mobile now. My KGV days Rogers 1943-48 seem a long time ago.  
Don't suppose many of my years will be at the dinner.

Having lived in Sheffield & North Derbyshire since I left Southport in 1956, I have only ever met two old boys in all those years, so it 's great to keep in touch with the Red Rose annually.

Regards

John Beard

---

Hi John,

The only thing I have is the standard British Thornton slide rule that we were all coerced into buying. Their principal use was in medieval weaponry.

These are available on Ebay.

Best

Steve Brooks

## 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 (January 2021)

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

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

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

John Rostron

David Marsh

John Paisley

Robert Hepworth

Charles Bracken

Jeffrey Fox

Barry Klaassen

### **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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