

THE RED ROSE

2022

Contents

FORMER CHAIRMEN OF THE ASSOCIATION.....	2
ASSOCIATION OFFICERS 2021-22.....	2
PRESIDENT’S LETTER	3
CHAIRMAN’S LETTER.....	5
EDITORIAL	6
OBITUARIES	7
FORTHCOMING OGA SOCIAL EVENTS 2022	20
73 rd Annual Dinner	20
8 th Annual Golf Challenge	21
SOCIAL EVENTS 2021.....	22
The Centenary Dinner	22
The (7 th) Golf Tournament	31
Centenary Exhibition At The Atkinson.....	34
MEMORABILIA.....	40
NEWS OF OLD GEORGIANS.....	41
THORNLEY SOCIETY.....	43
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	45
RUGBY FIRST XV 1978-79	52
A SPORTING LIFE – Over half a century as a No.8.....	58
RAF LIFE AND THAT WHICH FOLLOWS	60
BRECON BEACONS RESCUE – November 2021	62
ADVENTUROUS KGV.....	63
A FIRST VISIT TO THE ZERMATT DISTRICT.....	65
LISTS	80
CONTACTS	81

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)

ASSOCIATION OFFICERS 2021-22

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

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

Dear Old Georgians

How do I even begin to summarise life at the college in the last 12 months!

There have been numerous successes to celebrate, incredible examples of personal and professional resilience and a constancy of purpose throughout a challenging period; a complete commitment to providing high quality education to help transform the life chances of young people in the town.

Looking back, we all entered the Christmas period of 2020 with a degree of hesitancy given the situation with the pandemic. As our students and staff headed off to enjoy the seasonal festivities we didn't anticipate that we wouldn't be returning to the buildings for nearly three months! I recall on the 4th January 2020 starting the term with a presentation to all staff over Teams, with the key themes being our continued commitment to the student achievement and experience, alongside the on-going response to the pandemic including plans to have on-site testing facilities for all students from the 18th Jan. On reflection now I can see the note on one of my slides that said 'guidance correct at the time of writing' and little did I know that by 5pm that same evening the Prime Minister would be placing us into another full national lockdown.

And so once again our incredible staff completed 2 days of training remotely before switching our college back into the world of delivering via Teams and Zoom. We all felt much more experienced in this way of working given previous lockdowns, and staff found new and exciting ways of engaging students in their learning, all be it remotely.

By Easter we were able to welcome students back into the college building and with spring in the air there was a renewed energy and enthusiasm for learning in the classroom. Unfortunately, there were still restrictions on sporting activities, trips and visits, but this did not dampen the sense of happiness in the buildings.

For the second year in a row there were no end of year exams and instead teachers had to secure a robust evidence base from which they could provide a 'teacher assessed grade' or TAG as they are now known. This was quite a piece of work for our team, but thanks to their dedication every grade allocated was unchanged through the exam board moderation and sampling process.

In July 2021 we were delighted to be able to hold an A Level award winner's ceremony. It was a great opportunity to celebrate the successes of the students who have experienced so much disruption to their time in the sixth form college. We were able to celebrate their dedication, resilience and phenomenal skill development in the face of such a challenging period. I am sure that in the years to come this group of students will look back and realise they developed incredible skills during this time and in fact lived through the making of history.

And so we headed off for the summer break, full of hope for a summer with fewer restrictions and plans for the new academic year in place. Results day 2021 was wonderful, with lots of excited students thrilled to get confirmation of their amazing results. There were lots of proud parents and guardians present to celebrate with the

students, and staff were able to enjoy the part they had played in the successes of the students. If you would like to see the celebrations, please follow the link below to the video that does a wonderful job of sharing the mood of results day:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5HPE63rPZ4A&t=4s>

The results achieved were incredible with 92% of students achieving the grades required to progress on their first choice of university, including Oxford, York and St Andrews to name but a few prestigious places of study.

September 2021 saw an increased enrolment at the college demonstrating the on-going return to a strong reputation in the local community for academic excellence. As I often say to prospective students and their parents, KGV Sixth Form College is a very special place; big enough to provide a wide choice of subjects and college experiences, but small enough to care for every person as the individual they are.

During the autumn term we have been able to return to having visits to places of interest, sporting activities have recommenced and we now have a netball team, a male football team and a female football team all taking part in local competitions. We've had two bumper open events in the college where we have been proud to show future students around the fabulous facilities and let them have a chance to meet our wonderful teachers and the current students.

As we rapidly approach the Christmas period once again, I can say with absolute integrity that I am incredibly proud of all that our incredible staff do to support our students. Despite all the potential distractions that the continued 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 2022 our college will continue to go from strength to strength and I thank all 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 2022.

Michelle Brabner
December 2021

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

Dear Old Georgians

Another year, another Chairman's letter!

This is my fourth and final letter. I promise.

The highlight of the year was, of course, our Centenary Dinner. It was fantastic to see so many of you there to celebrate such an important milestone and such an honour for me to be Chairman throughout the extended planning process and at the event itself.

Understandably, preparing for the dinner took up a lot of the OGA Committee's time over the last couple of years and I'd like to take this opportunity to thank them all for their contributions. However, I have absolutely no doubt that the event would not have been the success it was without the tireless and unstinting efforts of Jon Elliott. Jon operates under the titles of Social Secretary and Red Rose Editor but his contribution to the Dinner was, frankly, phenomenal. There is no doubt that we would not have enjoyed such an amazing evening without Jon. And that was not just in planning the dinner but also on the night itself when he was as ubiquitous as anyone could possibly be. Just a brilliant effort. Well done!

I trust that the many students of English grammar reading this letter will forgive me for my grammatical detours in the previous paragraph but Jon exceeded all his previous, not inconsiderable, efforts on behalf of the Old Georgians' Association.

Jon's "second" job as editor of this magazine is yet another testament to his commitment to the OGA cause. Once again, as you will see, the content demonstrates the breadth, depth and quality of the KGV's output going back over the years. I suppose it would be good if we could have contributions from some of the more recent former students but there is still such a lot of interesting material to peruse at your leisure.

The association was pleased to welcome Michelle Brabner as our new President this year. Her speech at the dinner was really well received and it was particularly good to hear her seek involvement and mentoring support from Old Georgians for her students. I was really pleased that she received her first offer directly after the speeches had finished. Michelle's upbeat and informative letter is an interesting read. The college clearly continues to perform strongly and with considerable innovation in such testing times.

Hopefully, I will get to see many of you at the 2022 Annual Dinner.

Dave Harrison (Spencer's, 1962-1969)

EDITORIAL

Welcome all!

As with last year, we have produced a long and short version of the Red Rose. The full version is on the web site and the shorter version is in print and sent out. This is all down to cost in this day and age, so I do hope that everyone can gain access to the web site for the 'grand read'. The full version can be purchased for £5.

In this edition you will finally read about the Centenary Dinner at the Bliss Hotel. What a great night it was. Most are planning to attend in 2022, so if you are interested, please be on the ball and get your ticket.

We still need group leaders from year groups at the dinner! It has worked well for the classes of '74, '79 and '80. A few others have almost started up, but please do rally round and nominate your 'Table Leader' so that we can get even more and larger groups to the dinner.

Following the dinner, we increased our donation total to Queens Court Hospice to a magnificent £3010 – this following our original target of £1000.



The cheque was presented to QCH with their grateful thanks. You can still donate if you wish at the Visufund web site:

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

The golf tournament was a great day. 29 signed up for the event, the best yet.

The Centenary Exhibition was held at the Atkinson from October 1st to November 15th. Many people attended and appreciated the content, especially playing "Where's Wally" with the school photos.

We still have ties available should anyone want one – both the Standard tie and the Centenary special version.

Amongst our fellows who have passed this year have been two former Chairman of the Association. John Pilling passed in September at the age of 92. A true gentleman to everyone and will be missed. Eddie Cowen passed in August. Eddie was a stalwart of the association but had not been present for a few years due to ill health.

A few thanks to hand out... to The Lord Lieutenant of Merseyside for being our guest of honour at the dinner. To the Bliss Hotel for 18 months of hanging on and delivering a great night. To Nick Martland for stepping in at the last minute. To the Atkinson for hosting the exhibition and to those who donated items. To Chris Stitson for organising the golf. To everyone who has contributed to this edition, after a lot of cajoling from myself – more please, keep it coming for 2023!

All the best!

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

OBITUARIES

Eddy Cowen (Spencer's, 1945-52)

Edward Gerald Cowen was born in Southport on 24 June 1933. Eddy attended KGV and went on to Manchester University to read law. On obtaining his degree he started to practice in Manchester as a solicitor. His daily commute by train was not wasted, as he learnt to play bridge on the journey between Chapel Street and Victoria stations with other colleagues – a useful skill for later life.

He moved from private practice to Lancashire County Council in the 1980s, working in their legal department in Preston. In 1990, Eddy met his partner, Pam, at a New Years Eve party, where they arranged a new Years Day dog walk and that, as they say, was that!



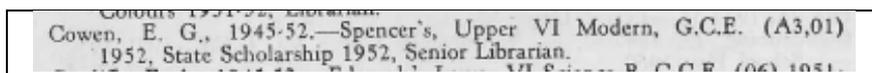
Eddy retired in 1993, allowing plenty of time to travel and visit places in the UK and abroad. Pam also learnt to play Bridge and they played several evenings each week at several venues.

Eddy loved his sport. He was a lifelong supporter of Manchester City. He enjoyed both playing and watching cricket and he was a long-time member of the S&B. While at the S&B, he also picked up a new role as an umpire in the ladies' hockey club.

Eddy was a stalwart of the OGA for many years, being Chairman of the Old Boys in its final year of 1978-79. He also held other positions on the committee through the years.

Eddy always lived in Southport, and he passed away on August 29th 2021, following a short illness. He is survived by his partner, Pam, and daughter, Naomi.

Pam Medley



From the Red Rose Valete of December 1952

Vernon Cubbon (Gear's, 1942-49)

Vernon Cubbon was born in West Derby, Liverpool in 1931. The Cubbons moved to Ainsdale at the outbreak of war and Vernon went to school in Southport - firstly to St John's Primary School and then to King George Vth Grammar School where he was in Gear's House. He enjoyed his sport, particularly running where he represented his House in the sprinting events. He left school at 16 to go to Catering College in Manchester in preparation for joining the family business – a successful chain of cake shops in Liverpool.

He then did his National Service with the RAF based in Wiltshire and went to Suez in 1956 and upon his return home he joined the family business – becoming a Director after a while.

Two of his big interests were football and golf. He was an avid supporter of Liverpool Football Club until his dying day. Vernon joined Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club in the early 50s, becoming Captain in 1979 and serving on the Board for a number of years.

He leaves four children, Charlie and Jane, and twins Jonathan and Justin. He much enjoyed his five grandchildren in his later years. Vernon was always good and entertaining company with a great interest in what was going on in the world.

We miss him at the golf club as he kept in touch and turned up regularly even after he stopped playing.

David Marsh

We do not have a copy of the Red Rose from December 1949 in which Vernon was listed in the school Valete. If anyone has one that could be donated, it would be much appreciated.

John Alan Fleetwood (Roger's, 1952-59)

Alan was born in Southport to Harold and Elsie Fleetwood in January 1941. He grew up with his younger sister, Barbara, attending Churchtown School and passing his 11+ to go to KGV, joining Spencer's house in 1952.

After leaving KGV Alan studied at Leicester University, gaining an honours degree in Economics. He then went on to do Accountancy with the Dunlop Rubber Company in Manchester. After a short time there he found that wasn't for him and as he'd always yearned to fly he applied to join the R.A.F Officer Cadet training course where he was accepted but after passing all the health checks he was found to be partially colour blind which meant he was unable to fly. He started the training course down in South Cerney, Gloucestershire but partway through the course he decided again this wasn't for him.

After doing some supply teaching in Southport, Alan applied to the Midland Bank(now HSBC), was accepted and attended the training school, then in Westcliffe Road, here in Southport.

He began his banking career at Formby Branch in January 1965 where he and his wife Pat (who he married that same year) decided to buy their first house. His banking career took him to several branches and area offices around the country including a promotion to Area Inspector in the Midlands and an Area Manager in Carlisle, after which he returned south to Manchester Area Office and then retired at the age of 54 from Preston Area Office. He joined Hesketh Golf Club in 1989 and became Captain of the club in 2001.

Unfortunately Alan became unwell in March 2020 and was diagnosed with Myeloid Displastic Syndrome which unfortunately developed into Myeloid Leukaemia from which he died on September 16th 2021, aged 80. He leaves behind his wife Pat and his two children Jonathan(53) and Emma (47).



Pat Fleetwood

From the Red Rose Valette of November 1959

Fleetwood, J. A., 1952-59.—Rogers', U6MSch., G.C.E. (A3,05) 1956-9,
Junior School Prefect 1958-9, Southport Major Exhibition 1959,
Cricket half colours 1958-9, Secretary Local History Society 1958-9.

Peter Marsh MD (Rogers, 1948-53)



Peter Marsh passed away at his home on Saturday, August 21, 2021 with his family at his side at the age of 84. He was the second son born (16th December 1936) to Joseph and Dorothy Marsh in Southport, England. Some of his earliest memories were of the beach, his father teaching him and his brother to play golf, and the wartime in Britain. He spoke of two childhood evacuees living at his house, the sound of German planes flying overhead, and a hole in the ground in his neighbourhood where a house had stood the day before. Peter attended KGV school in Southport, finishing at the age of sixteen. He went on to an engineering apprenticeship in a car factory in Coventry before returning to continue his studies.

He was accepted to Liverpool University to study Medicine and play for the golf team. To pay for his education, he sold sacks and bags, worked as a beach lifeguard, window cleaner, chimney sweep, and on a pea-viner. Peter graduated with a degree in Medicine in 1964.

While at University Peter met and married the love of his life of fifty-seven years, Susan Gradwell. Together they raised four children as Peter practiced family medicine in Liverpool, England, British Columbia, and Cando and Langdon, North Dakota. In 2000, they retired to Lake Belle Taine in Nevis, Minnesota. He enjoyed spending time with his wife, family and friends, always walking the golf course carrying his own bag. At home, he spent time improving the beauty of the landscape, while preserving much of the natural habitat.

Peter always looked at life with a peaceful contentment and guided his family with kindness. He was selfless in his efforts throughout his life, loved being a physician, and took pride in knowing and caring for people. Peter was always available for a phone call or a visit when someone needed care or reassurance, medical advice, or a golf tip. He will be greatly missed.

He is survived by his wife Susan, his brother David (Katy) Marsh of Southport, his sons David (Julie), Fargo, Andrew (Erlen), Denver, Daniel (Elizabeth), Parker, CO, his daughter Catherine, Minneapolis, and his grandchildren Kathleen, Jennifer, Lauryn, Spencer, Tanner, and Harper.

David Marsh & Peters sons

We do not have a copy of the Red Rose from July 1953. If anyone has one that could be donated, it would be much appreciated.

Frank McManus (Woodhams 1939-45)

Frank was born on the 8th of November, 1927 to Francis and Louisa McManus of Hart Street, Southport and passed away on the 23rd of December 2020, aged 93. He attended St. Philips' C. of E. primary school before joining KGV. There, his exemplary academic performance culminating in an open major scholarship to Cambridge University was lauded by many and cited as an encouragement to one and all by his House. At KGV, he was a Prefect, Chairman of the Scientific Society, Chess Club member, House Captain, "Wings for Victory" Savings Secretary and Games Secretary.

He studied Natural Science at Gonville and Caius College and graduated with First Class Honours. He also refereed college football matches and later District League games for 20 years. He was a supporter of Preston North End and Burnley.

After university, Frank took a post with British Rayon Research Association and then began an enduring career as a science lecturer, starting at Wigan Further Education College, then Sunderland Polytechnic (now University) and onto Lancaster and Morecambe College of Further Education (1954 – 1968). After moving to Cambridgeshire, he was Head of Science at two London Comprehensive Schools for girls for 12 years. His teaching career spanned 33 ½ years.

Concurrent with his work in education, he was active in politics. He was a Town Councillor for Grange-over-Sands and in 1958, 1959 and 1964 was the Labour Party Parliamentary candidate for Morecambe and Lonsdale. In 1967, he was awarded the OBE for his service to Local Government. After retirement, he was a Town Councillor in Calderdale and Mayor of Todmorden in 1994 – 1995.

Throughout his life, Frank was a devout Christian. He vigorously fought against injustice, exploitation, war and poverty, often by letters to newspapers. He was a lay reader in the C. of E. for 50 years. He authored a book, "The March and The Muster", published in 2007.

His interests were many and varied. He was a railway enthusiast, particularly fond of steam locomotives. He was an avid fell-walker in the Lake District where he also attended Wordsworth Schools in Grasmere. In late retirement, he travelled quite a lot visiting Gwent, Iona, Pitlochry and Keswick to name but a few places.

Frank is dearly missed by family and friends.

Derek McManus

From the Red Rose Valette of December 1945

McMANUS, F. R., 1939-45.—Woodham's, Upper VI Science, Higher School Certificate 1945, Prefect, State Scholarship, Open Major Scholarship Cambridge, Borough Scholarship, Games Secretary 1944-45, Chairman Scientific Society, Savings Secretary.

John Pilling (Spencer's, 1940-47)

John was born in Southport on 18 October 1928 to Annie and Harry. He and his sister Margaret were raised in King Street. His father Harry worked as a butcher in the Market Hall and as a boy John would deliver shop orders around the town on his bicycle.

When he turned 11 he joined St Andrews Scout group where he met and became lifelong friend to Duncan Burton. He and Duncan attended KGV Grammar School for boys and John won a Scholarship to Loughborough University.

He returned home from University with his scholarship and went straight into National Service, he was stationed in Villach in Austria where he learned to ski and dislike garlic! Even though in his later years he enjoyed a good chicken tikka marsala!

On his return from Austria his father encouraged John to join the Sphynx Tennis Club and it was there that he met Mary. The Club remained an integral part of their married lives following their marriage in 1954. They started their married life living in a railway carriage in Oldham where he started his first teaching position at Counthill School. They returned to Southport to start their family and in 1956 Janet was born and Susan and Judith followed on. The family home was in Walnut Street this became known as the 42 Club where many friends were welcomed to lots of fun and laughter. At this time John took on a teaching position at Bootle Grammar School during this time he and Mary played badminton and tennis and made many great friends.

John joined the Southport Rugby Club and became an active member of the Club, he later became a Natterjack (group of ex players) who often went away to watch International matches.

In the 1960s John left his teaching career and joined Mary's family business Renders Coal he worked within the business until the late 1980's when burning fossil fuels became less favourable in the home. His good friend Ken Kirby encouraged John to apply for the position of Secretary with the Coal Trade Benevolent Association of which he was successful and remained working for them until into his early 80's he and Mary made many good friends and attended many functions for the Association. John and Mary enjoyed watching their three daughters progress to marriage and create their own families and he was always very proud to be the only male in the family! Even the family cat was female!!

There is no doubt; John led an interesting and fulfilled well spent life.

Judith & Sue, John's daughters.



John and Mary in 1954



John 2021

From the Red Rose Valette of December 1946

When John died on the 2nd August 2021 his death ended the longest friendship in my life. We had known one another since the age of 10yrs (or 11yrs) on which we could never agree, John being 3mths older than me!

Somehow as we both developed we found that we were both interested in the same things and we were both tracking one another; Spencers House; in the scouts; KGV; waste paper collecting during the war; weekend camping at Holme Farm in Scarisbrick; laying night fishing lines on the shore and doing so many things which were regarded as normal part of growing up during the war and which nowadays we would never be allowed to do.

Meeting together again at Sphynx Tennis Club, we spent many, many happy hours in our youth. As we grew older we didn't see each other very often, but when we did we took off exactly where we had left off.

We both had the privilege of becoming Freeman of City of London, in John's case in Worshipful Company of Fuellers and myself in Worshipful Company of Painters/Stainers.

Where we shall next meet I do not know but I'm sure we shall once again pick up and tell each other the same stories over and over again.

Goodbye for now my friend.

Duncan Burton

I can only write about John Pilling regarding the latter third of his life, having only known him through the Old Georgians. John was one of nature's true gentlemen. Whether it be family or friends, his friendly, polite, sometimes cheeky humoured manner, could not be faulted by anyone. I know how much love and affection he held within his family. This was very much reciprocated within the association. Always ready to support the association and individuals alike, sometimes with a glass of quality red wine, often with a wise word and humorous final word, John was as good a person and character as you could get.

He wasn't a push over mind. He would stand his ground on his opinion if he believed it to be correct. He was sometimes the lone dissenter in the room at meetings in order to protect tradition, but fully respected any decision that was not in his favour. He almost got us banned from the S&B in the late 90s on one of our games nights. Although taking part in full confidence in the snooker, darts and carpet bowls, his focus was more often on enjoying himself than in winning and this would see him ousted from each discipline early on. His social 'style' kicked in and he would always remain until the end in full support – but on this occasion a very early exit and his full appreciation for the liquid delights on offer, saw him celebrating on the snooker table and seemingly trying to do an impression of either Fred Astaire or Bruce Forsyth – fortunately, minus his (tap) shoes. The steward on the night was far from happy and we almost lost our tenure! Bear in mind that John was in his mid 70s at the time – an aging rebel!

I visited John the week before he passed in his flat. His character and humour possibly hid the fact that he was not very well and his quick decline surprised everyone and left his family quite broken hearted. I have to say, several Old Georgians felt the same way.

Jonathan Elliott

Robin Porter (Leech's 1958-65)

Robin Porter was born in Railway Street, the youngest of four brothers and attended Linaker Street Junior School before joining KGV in 1958. Rob enjoyed school and took part in a wide range of extra-curricular activities. He chaired debates as part of the Debating Society and following his drag debut as Annie Parker in JB Priestley's "*When We Are Married*" he was often heard to recite the famous lines "Yes you might well look at me Albert Parker. You and your cheap holiday at Blackpool. I only hope you spent more on her than you ever done on me."



Rob was also an excellent all-round sportsman. He was a good sprinter, jumper and hurdler who would have won the school 110m hurdles title had he not been a contemporary of Geoff Day who competed at the National Schools' Championships. He excelled at rugby, playing stand-off in the 1st XV for two years, gaining his colours and featuring in the school team which scored a rare victory over a strong Old Boys XV.

After gaining A Levels in Maths and Sciences Rob attended North London Polytechnic, now the University of North London. During his university years we spent the summer of 1967 hitch-hiking to Crete. To make fast progress we would separate and arrange to meet up further down the route. Having made contact in Nuremberg we agreed a subsequent meeting in Zagreb station. I went along to the clock in the station at 10.30am each morning for the next four days. With no mobile phones or other means of communication, I became a little concerned as to what had happened to him. On the fifth day he arrived and told me that he had received a lift from two Iranians in a Mercedes who asked if he would like to deliver a car to Tehran. They had taken his passport, supposedly to arrange the necessary paperwork, then drove around the city collecting brown paper parcels from various businesses. He managed to retrieve his passport, report their activities to the German Police and was later asked if he would be prepared to give evidence at trial. On the return journey from Crete, aboard the ferry from Pireaus to Brindisi, he demonstrated his readiness for his future role as a seaman. The ferry was largely populated by Guestworkers who had their own cooking facilities, and on a very rough crossing, everyone including myself spent long hours with stomach gripes and sea-sickness. All apart from Rob, who tucked into three helpings of their goat pilaf!

After graduation Rob took a further degree in Nautical Studies on a combined course with Liverpool Polytechnic and Ocean Fleets Ltd. He became a Merchant Navy Officer, rising to 1st Mate and sailing to Australasia, Africa and the Americas.

After his spell in the Navy, Rob taught "A" Level maths at Formby High School and Birkdale High School. With the help of his brothers, he built his own house on Scarisbrick New Road and went into business with them and his nephew Alan, to form Porter's Fuschias, propagating and growing plants for sale to growers, supermarkets and garden centres nationwide.

Rob combined his spirit of adventure with a great pride in his home town and family roots. He met every challenge with a wry smile and a twinkle in the eye. He was player, referee, chair of selectors, club captain and president of Southport Rugby Club and after retirement to Hillside he served on the Board of Governors at his old primary school, Linaker Street. A member of Formby GC for several years he had only recently become a member of Hillside GC and from time to time we helped to make up the numbers in Seniors Opens across the northwest.

Robin passed away at home in the early hours of Sunday 25th July 2021 after suffering a heart attack. He is survived by his three children, Claire, Tim and Mike from his first marriage and his beloved wife Deborah, nee Mayer, a former student of KGV college.

Peter Forshaw (Rogers 1958-65)

From the Red Rose Valette of December 1965.

PORTER, R. 1958-65—Leechs U6ScB (A2, O5). Senior School Prefect 1964-5. House Captain 1964-5. Chairman of C.E.W.C. Society 1964-5. Rugby Full Colours 1964-5. DAMPBOTTOM A. M. 1968-69. Leechs U6ScB (A1, O5)
--

Bert Richardson (Gear's, 1943-48)

Bert Richardson was born on 12th March 1932, in Ashton-under-Lyne, Greater Manchester, Lancashire. He was the only child of Joseph Richardson and Annie Mary Dickinson.

Bert was educated initially at Westhoughton School near Bolton until his father's work took the family to Southport, Lancashire, in 1941. There he attended the King George 5th (KGV) school from September 1943 until leaving in 1948 at 16 years of age. Bert had many friends at the KGV school but claimed to NOT have any "best" friends as such, however it was at the KGV school that his lifelong friendship with Stan Ball began, and they remained great mates throughout both their lives. Other good friends Bert had from school included Bill Howard and George Brumelow.

After he left school, the family moved to the Nottinghamshire area where Bert's Dad had taken a position as a manager with the Co-op insurance group. Bert's first job was in the Kirkby-in-Ashfield area with the NCB laboratory, doing basic lab work and analysis of coal.

Whilst at school Bert had shown considerable talent at various sports and took a big interest in both Cricket and Rugby, winning full colours at both. In 1950, when he was just eighteen, Bert was taken on by Derbyshire Cricket Club, playing mainly as a slow left arm bowler. He went on to play in twenty-seven first class games over 3 seasons, including a drawn game against the West Indies from the 15th – 17th July 1950. During his cricketing career he took 33 wickets and scored 279 runs with his best bowling figures being 8 for 118 against Hampshire in 1950. Other highlights included several games against local rivals Nottinghamshire and in 1949 he was the captain of the under 18s team. During the closed seasons in winter, he had worked as a fitter at Pleasley Colliery.

Unfortunately, a slipped disc in 1952 spelled the beginning of the end as he was out of action for more than a year, spending several weeks in Harlow Wood Hospital after an operation for a slipped disc. Despite trying to make a “comeback” from the injury he was never fully fit again and only participated in a handful of games for Derbyshire.

Before his back injury Bert had also been playing Rugby for Nottinghamshire, this had included representing the 3-counties team (Notts, Derby’s, and S. York’s). He had also played local Saturday league football for Metalbox.

Around this time Bert took on a new job in a local sports shop, Barrett’s, for a short time before moving onto Sheepbridge Alloy Casting in Sutton-in-Ashfield from 1954-1959, where again he did lab work before moving into production control. Bert’s next job from 1959-1965 was at Horston Foundry in Horsley Woodhouse, Derbyshire, as a sales rep.

It was in 1965, however, that with a little financial help from a few other interested parties that Bert started Ferrocast Foundry, in Ilkeston, Derbyshire. Due to changes in the laws regarding atmospheric pollution created by the production processes of foundry manufacturing, the company did not continue to trade as a foundry for long, and from 1970 traded instead as a stockist and distributor of cast iron bars. As others involved in the setting up of the company retired or moved on Bert went on to become the chairman & managing director from 1975 to 1995 when, due to ill health, he decided to sell the business on.



1950



2010



Derbyshire CCC

He had built Ferrocast into a unique and financially successful company sought after and then purchased by Starkey’s Technicast of Hull, which then, along with Eurocast, went on to become part of the United Cast Bar Group of companies in 1998, UCB Ferrocast currently survives as a stockist and machinist of cast bar now based in Chesterfield.

During his rehabilitation from the back injury in 1954 Bert played Badminton with his physiotherapist, this took him to several different venues around the local area, one of which was Forest Town Welfare where he met Dorothy Margaret Annable, the

lady who would later go on to be his wife. Margaret Elizabeth Samantha, and Robert Brian.

Bert and Dorothy had a courtship that involved a lot of seeing family and friends. They had a good social life and travelled around a fair bit. He was the life and soul of any party, a big personality, while she was rather more reserved. They were Married on March 26th 1958 at St Albans Church, Forest Town, with the reception party held at the Dukeries, Edwinstowe.

Bert had moved out of his family home in 1958 at the age of twenty-six, having bought his first house in Kirkby Folly Road, Kirkby in Ashfield. Bert and Dorothy moved to 9 Bramble Lane where they had Margaret Elizabeth Samantha. Sometime later they moved again, this time to Big Barn Lane where Robert Brian was born. Bert was a great father to his children; loving, funny, someone who believed in hard work and discipline and wanted his children to grow up knowing the virtue of honesty and fair play. Not that he wasn't above bending the rules a bit on the cricket pitch from time to time - but essentially, he was a very upright old-fashioned gentleman.

The family spent all holidays while Margaret and Rob were growing up caravanning with Stan and Sylvia Ball and their 2 children Fran and Helen, travelling all over the UK and making incredible memories!

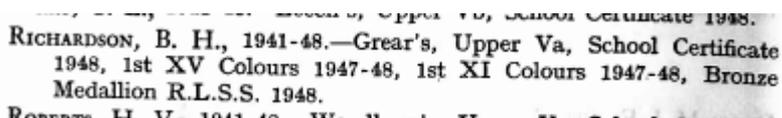
They moved again to Lime grove in 1979. It was during this period (in the mid 90's) that Bert suffered a major heart attack while visiting a client at Hull, resulting in a triple heart bypass which was a total success. After Bert decided to retire, they moved to Woodview Gardens where unfortunately Dorothy became ill with cancer, and after a long and traumatic time passed away in 2002.

Bert had worked with June at Ferrocast and over the next few years their relationship blossomed and June has been there supporting him and the family throughout the last 18 years while Bert also coped with developing Parkinson's disease. With June he enjoyed going to the theatre and musicals, eating out, socialising and meeting up with his many friends around the country. He also maintained his strong links with Derbyshire Cricket Club and also with the Masons. Bert's health took a turn for the worse in January 2017, having lifesaving surgery after a bleed in the brain, possibly caused by a deterioration in the Parkinson's disease he had been living with, however he never really fully recovered and developed Parkinson's related Dementia, eventually passing away after a terrific battle on Monday 21st September 2020.

Rob Richardson

<https://cricket.derbyshireccc.com/2020/09/bert-richardson-passes-away-aged-88/>

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bertram_Richardson



RICHARDSON, B. H., 1941-48.—Gear's, Upper Va, School Certificate 1948, 1st XV Colours 1947-48, 1st XI Colours 1947-48, Bronze Medallion R.L.S.S. 1948.

CRICKET

FIRST XI

Captain : E. P. Dewhurst (1st XI Colours 1946-7-8).

Vice-Captain : J. D. Houldsworth (1st XI Colours 1947-8).

1st XI Colours were re-awarded to : E. P. Dewhurst, J. D. Houldsworth, B. H. Richardson, D. L. Rowell ; and awarded to : K. A. Youds, T. M. Buckels.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Runs for	Runs against
14	6	4	4	1239	1124

Averages for Season 1948

BATTING	Inns.	Not out	Runs	Highest inns.	Aver.
B. H. Richardson	10	2	293	78*	36.62
J. D. Houldsworth	13	4	162	44*	18.00
E. P. Dewhurst	12	2	166	40	16.60
K. Youds	9	0	112	39	12.44
D. L. Rowell	7	2	53	14*	10.66

Both from the Red Rose, December 1948.

Adrian Rodney Rigby (Spencer's, 1960-65)

Adrian Rodney Rigby was born on 1st September 1946 in Southport, Merseyside. He was the youngest son of Hilda and William Rigby and younger brother to Nadine and Melvyn. He was a much-loved husband to Gina, a son and a brother, a nephew to Helen and a very dear Uncle to Max, Dale, Jayne and I, plus a Great Uncle to our children.

Adrian (or Ade to his football pals) spent his childhood in Southport. He attended St Phillips and George V schools, was a member of the Boys Brigade and sang in the choir at his local church. Adrian was always athletic and was a lifeguard on Southport beach. It was as a boy, however, that Adrian's love of football began. He did not have a TV at home, so he used to go to the house of his neighbour, Mr Brace, to watch matches. He played the game from a young age too, and such was his skill, he gained a place in the England schoolboys' team. He went on to play for 4 northern clubs as an adult, finishing up at Southport, his hometown club.

Adrian's love of the great game continued throughout his life and he went on to scout for a number of local and premiership teams, including Everton, Southampton, QPR, Wolves and Coventry City. I remember him giving me a signed Steve Bull photograph and match tickets for my dad and I to go and watch a Wolves game. I thought he was the best Uncle in the world. He was a much-loved member of the clubs he scouted for and he made many lifelong friends on the touchline. He was always happy and cheerful at matches, even on the coldest and rainiest of days and, in his youth, he spent many happy evenings with his footie friends in clubs and casinos in Liverpool.

After leaving school, Adrian gained a place at university, but decided it wasn't for him. Instead, he formed a transport company called Freeway with a friend, working with NISA to help increase buying power within the logistics industry. Adrian's warm and friendly outlook made him a brilliant salesman and he regularly travelled all around the UK, working on the Isle of Man for a time for Kraft Foods and then more locally in the Midlands. He had his own fish business supplying local restaurants and pubs after gaining experience having worked for Bluecrest Foods.

He finished his career as a Business Development Manager, working for Pete and Sally Andrews at Euro SDB. He was extremely happy there and was still working for Pete in a consultancy capacity, always at the end of the phone.

Adrian was interested in other people and always loved a chat. He was an extrovert and always had a smile on his face; a gentleman and a professional, who made friends wherever he went. David and Jo Bridgen remember Adrian coming into the office of Bridgen's Transport where he worked each morning, throwing out his arms and saying "Greetings!" That's the type of person he was; always upbeat, always positive and loved by those around him.

Adrian made friends wherever he went and was great at keeping in contact with people, including old pals from school. He also loved Music. He and his lifelong friend, Alan Southworth (a friend of Adrian's since primary school) used to visit the Cavern in Liverpool together. In those days, there was no alcohol allowed, so they'd drink Coca Cola while watching the live bands. He was even in a band of his own called 'Digger and the Spades' and they'd play at church halls and support other groups like The Big 3 at gigs.

One of Adrian's favourite songs was 'I think of you' by The Merseybeats. He used to sing it for Gina when they went for a drink in the Peacock or The Rose and Crown. Gina would feign embarrassment, but she actually loved it. He quite often offered to sing for Chris and Sarah in the Rose and Crown, which made them laugh. I remember the night that Gina and Adrian got engaged at The Crown at Hopton Wafers. It was New Year's Eve and we'd come to stay with Gina and Adrian for the holidays. Everyone was celebrating and Adrian kept happily saying "All aboard the skylark!" Everyone was laughing. It was such a happy evening. To this day, we still don't know where the reference comes from though!

Adrian met Gina in 1991. Gina's Irish Setter at the time, Ben, adored Adrian the moment he met him and Gina knew Adrian was the one. They moved to The Dale in 1994 and were married in Boraston Church in 1995. They loved their life together at The Dale and were incredibly happy. Adrian loved gardening and worked really hard to maintain the grass on his ride-on and push mowers. In the Summer, he ordered beautiful plants for Gina to make up baskets and pots. Gina and Adrian also shared some lovely holidays together. One of their favourite places was Menorca and they travelled there for over 25 years. Hotel Sis Pins in Puerto Pollensa, Majorca was their favourite spot and all their friends there knew as soon as Adrian had arrived as he greeted everyone enthusiastically. Gina and Adrian were incredibly happy together, their marriage was full of love and care and they looked after each other and their beloved Irish Setters for over 25 years. Adrian will be missed by everyone who knew and loved him, but especially by Gina, who was undoubtedly the love of his life.

Gina has been really touched by the lovely tributes she has received from Adrian's many friends. Here's just one from George Rooney at Sheffield Wednesday, which I think says everything and sums him up brilliantly:

"Ade was a warm drink on a cold day. His calm words and company were often all I could remember from some of the games at which we met. A man of knowledge and trust, who will be greatly missed. God bless you at this heart-breaking time."

Gina Rigby

The Red Rose Valete of December 1965 had this entry.

RIGBY, A. R. 1960-65—Spencers U6MB (A1, O4). Senior School Prefect 1964-5. House Secretary 1964-5. House Cricket Captain 1965. Cricket Half Colours 1965.

Peter Walker (Spencer's, 1953-60)

Peter came to KGV from Farnborough Road Primary School, winning his Full Colours at Cricket in 1960, and would probably have been elected Captain of Cricket, had he not spent the summer term as a German Exchange student as part of his A level German Course. After working in industry for a few years, and then a brief spell in Australia, he completed a Teacher Training Course at Chorley and embarked on a career as a History teach

er at Formby High School, where he eventually became part of the Senior Management team, and taught history to Advanced Level.

He was an outstanding sportsman, though cricket was always his first love , and he played for Southport and Birkdale CC for over thirty years , captaining the First XI from 1976 to 1978. He was an accomplished batsman, and took many wickets with his leg break bowling, and indeed was good enough to spend a couple of seasons as a semi professional in the Northern League . He also played hockey for Southport and Birkdale First XI for a number of years , before joining Hillside Golf Club, where he won the Mike Buckles Matchplay Trophy in 1997.

After retirement from teaching he continued to play golf , and worked as a Senior Examiner in History with a number of exam boards, including AQA in Manchester , and the International Baccalaureate in Cardiff. His wife Betty survives him.

Jim Marsh

From the Red Rose Valete of November 1960.

Walker, P. N., 1953-60.—Spencer's, U6M, G.C.E. (06), House Prefect 1960, 1st XI Colours 1960.

Other Notifications

Peter Garwood taught History at KGV from 1969 to 1974. Passed in June 2020 aged 88.

<https://www.theguardian.com/education/2020/jun/21/peter-garwood-obituary>

Michael English attended KGV from 1942 to 1949. He was a Member of Parliament from 1964 to 1983 and passed in the summer of 2019.

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael_English_\(politician\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Michael_English_(politician))

<https://www.historyofparliamentonline.org/volume/oral-history/member/english-michael-1930>

Dr Colin Hadley was Head of Modern Languages at KGV for a period in 1959-1960. He then founded Goffs Grammar School. He passed in March 2021, aged 91.

<https://www.dignityfunerals.co.uk/funeral-notice/21-03-2021-colin-hadley/>

FORTHCOMING OGA SOCIAL EVENTS 2022

73rd Annual Dinner
- Thursday 14th April 2022 -

We have provisionally booked the Hesketh Golf Club for the 2022 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 1st, so please do get in touch as soon as possible.

The ticket price for the Hesketh three course meal is £35. There will be options presented for the menu courses and we will release those closer to the time. A fourth course of cheese will be available for which there is a supplement of £5.

PLEASE BOOK EARLY!

We will send out regular emails with as much notice and information as we can.

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

Please note that we are requesting payment in advance. Payment by Bank transfer if preferred. Please ensure that your name is included in the reference and starts with "D22" (our code for Dinner 2022, eg **D22YOURNAME**). 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 accommodate requests for tickets after March 28th and we will confirm your place on receipt should we still have places available. Cancellations made after April 6th may not be refundable. All bookings must be confirmed by April 4th 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.

8th Annual Golf Challenge - Thursday 14th April 2022 -

The Challenge will be held at the Hesketh Golf Club.

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

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 if preferred. Please ensure that your name is included in the reference and starts with "G22" (our code for the golf, eg **G22YOURNAME**). 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. 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.

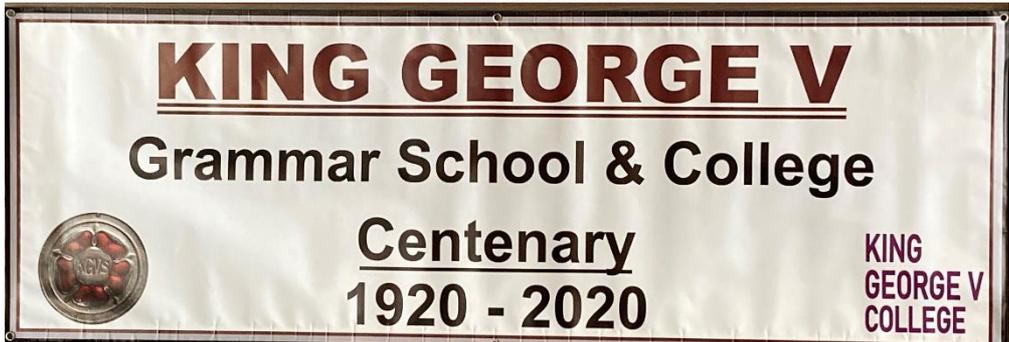
Annual Quiz

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. However, the committee is quite happy to resurrect this should there be sufficient interest.

If you would like us to consider bringing this back in , please email Jon Elliott with an idea of how many participants you might have.

SOCIAL EVENTS 2021

The Centenary Dinner



And so, we finally got there! Saturday 16th October saw the Centenary Dinner taking place at the Bliss Hotel. Over the two years of planning for this event, we had nearly 300 people sign up to attending, but through the various date changes and COVID wariness, we had 196 sitting down to eat on the night.

Preparations at the hotel started on the Friday, but clearly overall preparations had been ongoing for several months. Changes were still made up to the last minute. Some guests dropped out which allowed others to join us at the last minute. The table plan had been prepared and the room was laid out by early Saturday morning.

I arrived at 1030 to carry out the detail work, expecting to be finished by 2. The most time-consuming task was preparing 36 individual roses for the female guests. Unfortunately, Lisa Wincer had tested positive for COVID, which meant not only was she unable to assist in this task which she had kindly volunteered to do for me, but husband Stuart had to sit out the dinner at home while self-isolating. Coloured paper napkins were folded into the white linen. Table positions were adjusted slightly. Menu cards and food selection lists were prepared and positioned.

In addition to the table preparation, memorabilia had to be unpacked and arranged and that included two visits to the Atkinson where the on-going exhibition was loaning some items for the evening at the dinner. While that was going on, the balloon arch needed assembling, including inflating the 200 or so balloons!

The Chairman arrived to lend moral support and completed the trips to the Atkinson. Martin brought his sound gear down to support our guest singer for the evening and in the end, it was 5pm by the time I managed to retire to my room for a brew and a final run through of the program for the evening.

Guests had already been rolling in during the day and by 6.30, there were some 50 or so already in the bar and moving through to the exclusive bar we had operating in the function room. As this was a special event for the association and KGV, we had a one off change whereby we had a guest singer on hand to entertain our guests as they arrived and settled in. Nick Martland is a former college student and now a professional entertainer with several strings to his bow. Indeed, very early Sunday

morning he jetted off to the Caribbean to start a new job as a Cruise Director. He did a fantastic job and we thank him for entertaining us on the evening.

Our Chairman, Dave Harrison, and President, Michelle Brabner, were on hand to welcome people as they arrived and stepped into their roles welcoming and accompanying our guest of honour for the night, the Lord Lieutenant of Merseyside, Mr Mark Blundell. The LL attended to represent HM The Queen, in recognition of our status of being named after her grandfather.

Everyone sat at 7.30, with a welcome from myself and then grace said by the LL. Dinner service commenced and went remarkably smoothly given that, as a one off for the occasion, several choices had been made available for each course. Given the number of people in attendance, the desire to chat was clearly of priority and following the main course, many in attendance wandered and mingled over a drink and a few words, thus assuring a very relaxed evening, if one that diverted from my original timeline!

Nick returned to sing us through dessert and coffee, while our volunteers circulated to sell the raffle tickets for the many excellent prizes on offer and donated. Then, following a glass re-charge, everyone settled to the addresses. The Loyal toast was offered by the LL, followed by the Chairman and then the President. Both spoke well offered toasts to both KGV and then to our guests.

Without any further ado our guest speaker, Brian Viner, took to the Geoffrey Dixon lectern and amused us all with various anecdotes. Several were in respect to the school and many were regarding events and meetings that Brian has had over the years in his role as a journalist. He is clearly adept at disguise, having gate crashed several high-level events posing as a famous international sportsman, including golf and rugby. He further entertained us with his selection of answer machine messages that had been recorded for him by some of the many celebrities he has interviewed. Including a superb narrative from cricket's Brian Johnson ("Jonners") ending with "...Viner is definitely out, please leave your message after the tone". Excellent!

The golf tournament had taken place the previous day and prizes handed out at the event and mention was made of the worthy winners. The raffle then followed and we announced around £1500 had been taken on the evening to be donated to Queens Court Hospice (NB. our final figure was £2000). The evening was closed with thanks from the committee to everyone for being there and wishing them all a safe journey home.

This took us to around 11pm and the bar remained open until 1am with many remaining to talk, reminisce and drink. A few snatched forty winks in between conversations – no names mentioned. Terry Fleetwood and Neil Hunt kept me talking until 5am and we were not the last to leave!

All-in-all a very successful evening. Many thanks and congratulations were received recognising the enjoyment and success of the event. On the night and subsequently, many of you asked after Stan Rimmer. He is well and very busy. The change of dates did not fit with existing family plans so he sent his best wishes and stated his regret in not being able to be with us.

For 2022 we will return to Maundy Thursday for the dinner, it being April 14th. Many people expressed a certainty to come along again, so please do book your place as early as possible to ensure we have the capacity to accommodate everyone.



Early preparations – the Balloon Arch for the entrance



Day Light view of the room under preparation



The Lord Lieutenant of Merseyside is welcomed by our President and Chairman



Former Chair of Governors, John Rostron, and former President, Hilary Anslow



1980 – South France

Merone, Marshall, Grindley, Dransfield, Hodgson, Bowler, Turner, Day (front)



2021 – OGA Dinner

Merone, Marshall, Grindley, Dransfield, Hodgson, Turner, Day (front)



A 'scrum' of Greenhalghs



The Class of '74

Julian McInerny, Mark Greenhalgh, Andy MacIntosh, Tim Patrick, Howard West, Paul Windham, Derek Barnett, Will Thornborough, Steve Bracher, Terry Fleetwood, Geoff Lawson, Jim Deeley, Alistair Ford, Keith Hutchinson, Mick Howarth, Richard Bradley



Cousins – John Pendleton and Graham Cox



Our two guest entertainers for the evening,
singer Nick Martland and guest speaker, Brian Viner



Carl Fletcher, Mike Corr, Chris Wood, Mark Fletcher, Belinda Miller, Mike Dalton



Derek Smith, Alan Dickinson, Rob Fletcher, Ken Jones, John Wainwright, Mike Carson, Richard Rimmer and John Seddon.

By popular request, here is a list of those who attended, plus those who signed up but were not able to attend on the day.

Attended:

Mandy Ackland, Derek Adams, Mike Alexander, Tony Allen, Heather Amer, Maurice Amer, Rob Anderson, Hilary Anslow, David Arnold, Christopher Baker, Peter Bamford, Derek Barnett, Jonny Becker, Steve Bell, Tim Bennett, Simon Biddolph, Beverley Bond, Simon Bond, Sarah Boyd, Michelle Brabner, Richard Brabner, Steve Bracher, Richard Bradley, David Brookfield, Ian Bryce, Russell Caller, Mike Carson, Mike Cattrall, John Clarke, Iain Clenahan, Matt Cochrane, Chris Collier, Pauline Collier, John Collinge, Mick Cooper, Mike Corr, Graham Cox, Jeff Cummins, Mike Dalton, Alun Davies, Pauline Davies, Mark Day, Jim Deeley, Alan Dickinson, Peter Dickinson, Mark Dransfield, Jonathan Elliott, David Eyes, David Fairclough, John Fairclough, Darrell Farrant, Martin Fearn, Terry Fleetwood, Carl Fletcher, Mark Fletcher, Rob Fletcher, Stuart Fletcher, Vic Fletcher, Alistair Ford, AnneMarie Francis, John Gatiss, Ron Gerrard, Cameron Gilmour, Eddie Green, Ian Greenhalgh, Mark Greenhalgh, Matthew Greenhalgh, Simon Greenhalgh, Peter Griffith, Steve Grindley, Mark Gritten, Tony Haddock, Dave Harrison, Mark Haworth, Dave Hodgson, Derek Holden, Gary Holmes, Stuart Houghton, Mick Howarth, Dorothy Hughes, Peter Hulme, Neil Hunt, Barry Hurst, Martin Jelley, Keith Johns, Allan Jones, Barry Jones, Cassie Jones, Ian Jones, Ken Jones, David Karsa, Caroline Kaye, Liz Kelly, John Kermod, Barry Klaassen, Nicolas Klaassen, Ian Knowlson, Catherine Lapsley, Geoff Lawson, Andy MacIntosh, Liz MacQuarrie, Steve Mallinder, David Marsh, Jim Marsh, David Marshall, Barry Mawer, Julian McInerney, Charles Mellalieu, Paul Merone, Peter Miles, Belinda Miller, George Morrell, Dave Morton, Georgina Morton, Ian Ochiltree, Eric Ogden, Lillian Ogden, Paul Openshaw, Chris Parkinson, Dave Patrick, Tim Patrick, John Pendleton, Esmee Pond, Peter Pond, Colin Potts, Nik Powell, Ken Priestley, Andrew Radcliffe, Dave Radcliffe, Jonathan Radcliffe, Suzanne Randall, Tony Richards, John Ridehalgh, Clare Rigby, Peter Rigby, Steve Rigby, Allan Rimmer, George Rimmer, John Roberts, Liz Roberts, Mark Robertson, Andrew Rose, John Rostron, Derrick Salmon, Michelle Sanderson, John Seddon, Dr Ann Skinner, Dr Gary Skinner, Derek Smith, Catherine Snook, Kate Spencer, Mike Spencer, Paul Sternberg, Chris Stitson, Geoff Stocker, Russell Stott, Mark Sutcliffe, Simon Sutcliffe, Jez Sykes, John Symonds, Steve Tasker, Chris Taylor, Liz Taylor, Will Thornborough, Chris Threlfall, Richard Turner, Eric Usher, Laurence Vaughan-Williams, Mike Vernon, Brian Viner, John Wainwright, Louise Walker, Nigel Warrack, Kev Watkins, Russell Watkinson, Howard West, Paul Whitehead, Barrie Whittaker, Jonathan Williams, Steve Williams, Paul Windham, Chris Winnard, Guy Withey, John Wolstenholme, Chris Wood, Kim Yeates

Apologies from the following who planned, but were not able, to attend:

Jim Adams, Judith Adams, Lawrence Aughton, Andrew Bennett, Keith Boardman, Tom Booth, Penny Burden-Bailey, Duncan Chandler, David Charters, Mick Clarke, David Collinge, Gordon Croome, Janice Darkes-Sutcliffe, Mike Davies, Roger Davies, Wendy Davies, Oliver Dixon, Matt Duffy, Mark Edwards, Ronnie Fearn, Ronnie Fell,

John Fell, Colin Fitchett, Phil Frampton, Nigel Fraser, Heather Glover, Giovanna Grossi, Tim Hall, Carol Halsall, David Heselgrave, Dave Hill, Dave Hogg, Hilary Hogg, Alex Hooper, Gillian Houghton, Nigel Hywel-Jones, Lady Patricia Irving, Sir Miles Irving, Sheila Jeffery, Tony Jennings, Sue Jones, Craig Kersey, Kate Kersey, Ian Kettle, Carl Klaassen, Yolande Klaassen, Sarah Lapsley, Jonathan Lea, Antony Lloyd, Martin Lockyer, David Lonsdale, Diane Lonsdale, Jonathan Maddock, Andrew Malley, Andrew Marsh, Andy Maxwell, Dave Mellalieu, John Mercer, David Miley, James Morgan, Simon Nissenbaum, Di Nissenbaum, Ray Owen, Ronald Pactor, Anne Perrott, Denis Pulman, Nick Pulman, Tim Pulman, Steve Ridley, Pat Rimmer, Stan Rimmer, Steve Rooke, Peter Rostron, Alison Saunderson-Darkes, Ian Saunderson-Darkes, John Seal, Pam Shea, Ian Singleton, Gary Skinner, Neil Spencer, Joanne Spencer, Jonathan Stocker, Peter Stott, Mark Teale, Chris Tinsley, Ken Ward, Andy Webster, Mike Williamson, Stuart Wincer, John Wolstenholme, John Wood, Jo Wood, Alan Wright, Jenny Wright



Former staff members

Barry Mawer, Dorothy Hughes, Michelle Sanderson, Pauline Collier,
Caroline Kaye, Hilary Anslow



Class of '79 X-Streamers

Richard Turner, Jonathan Elliott, Steve Grindley, Martin Fearn, Paul Merone, Mark
Day, Iain Clenehan, Chris Parkinson, Chris Threlfall, Dave Marshall, Mark
Dransfield, Dave Hodgson

The (7th) Golf Tournament

(Warning: if read whilst sober, this piece could conjure up scenes of a sexual nature or violent images whilst being overtly and unapologetically golfist in nature).

The Champion Golfer for the year – not withstanding a minor R&A Open tournament – in the minds of all Old Georgians', is the annual winner of our own coveted Bob Abram Trophy. This year's event saw the largest field of hackers, hookers, slicers, faders, drawers, yippers, blockers, thinners, fatters, pushers, pullers and air-shotters (*for detailed explanations see the Faults & Fixes section below*) ever assembled at the wonderful Hesketh Golf Club in Southport on Friday 15th October, the day before our delayed Centenary Dinner.

From its inauguration back in 2014 our golf day, now a firmly established fixture in the OGA annual events list, has grown from its initial 11 participants to the magnificent 26 that 'graced' the hallowed turf of the recently redesigned oldest golf course in Southport (established 1885) on a beautiful dry and sunny day. Old friends, and some new, were sent out in groups of 4 to play the 18 holes in as few strokes as possible and thereby collecting as many Stableford points as possible (2 points for a par in case you were wondering with 3 points for a 1-under-par Birdie and 1 point for a 1-over-par Bogey). Now that you know how to score, those of you who were listening in Maths class all those years ago will have already worked out that 36 points is a good score. However, with our select field, the brutal truth is that whilst 36 points might be the aspiration the reality is that without sufficient inspiration, motivation or perspiration...ability in other words, it is a score only to be dreamed of, although 4 of our players dreamed big and did achieve it: Mike Lonsdale; Mark Robertson; Chris Stitson; Dave Harrison. Appropriately, these four golfers walked away with the main prizes for 1st to 4th place with Andy McIntosh and Mike Dalton sharing joint 5th place. Our two nearest-the-pin-on-a-par-3 prize winners were David Marshall and Tony Haddock.

This year's event saw a number of 'firsts' most of which were very welcome (I leave you to guess at those never-to-be-repeated items):

- our first **lady golfer** – a very welcome appearance by Belinda Miller, a past Ladies Captain of Royal Birkdale Golf Club, with hopefully another trend setting achievement;
- our first **past school Master** – also a warm welcome to Matthew Cochrane whose ability to manipulate plastic balls in a ripple tank to prove some immutable law of Physics (exactly which one I forget, sorry Mr Cochrane) was, sadly for him this year, not transferrable to a golf ball and golf course;
- our first appearance for the **Lord's son** – not JC himself but MF, Martin Fearn was at last able to join us having now retired from his teaching role;
- our highest number of '**first-timers**' – we welcomed 7 virgin golfers and hope to see them all again in April 2022;
- our first '**walk-off**' – my perennial playing partner Ken Priestley after hitting his tee shot over the road that runs alongside the 16th hole (but technically still on the golf course despite being dangerously close to the car park) decided to end his agony at that point and promptly refused to carry on! He would want me to point out that he did have a tele-conference to attend;

- our first and hopefully last ever appearance for the **‘worst-joke-teller’** on the course – Mark Woolston, never a prolific reader, had been performing some grandfatherly duties the night before and saw fit to spend the entire round off-loading some childish rib-tickers the *very* best of which was as follows: Q) why did the scarecrow win the award A) for being outstanding in his field. Maybe this is the real reason Ken walked-off?
- our first **‘you’ve played off the wrong tee you t*t’** moment – sadly, your reviewer has to own up to being that person with an uncharacteristic lapse of concentration entirely due to the desire to escape from Mark’s jokes and Ken’s constant timekeeping;

A special mention to Terry Fleetwood who once again organised his motley crew of ‘74ers’ (they all left KGV in that year) with 11 of them playing golf although sadly Terry couldn’t make it on the day due to a last-minute issue but he will be back next April.

Congratulations to all our prize winners, especially Mike Lonsdale our Champion Golfer for the year and winner of the Bob Abram Trophy. Unfortunately for Mike his ‘year’ will only last for 6 months as we will be returning to the Hesketh to compete again on Maundy Thursday 14th April 2022. If you would like to play then please email me at: 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.

Chris Stitson

Faults & Fixes (as promised above)

[editor’s note: due to lack of space to accommodate the large number of faults displayed by the attendees (and relevance to anyone else) this section has been removed].



The early starters: Left to Right - Ken Priestley; Alistair Ford; Tony Haddock; Steve Bracher; Geoff Lawson; Howard West; Chris Threlfall (reigning champ); Dave Marshall; Chris Stitson; Dave Harrison; Andy McIntosh; Matt Cochrane; Mike Lonsdale; Rob Fletcher; Martin Fearn; Alun Davies; Mark Robertson; Mark Woolston; Belinda Miller.

Later starters – Ian Knowlson; Julian McInerny; Mike Dalton; Tony Richards, Allan Rimmer; Derek Barnett; Will Thornborough



Our Chair always likes to start his round with clean balls



First off, our 'First Lady'



Our Chair (Dave) and Tournament Organiser (Chris) present the 2021 winner, Mike Lonsdale, with his trophies

Centenary Exhibition At The Atkinson

Well, it finally happened – the exhibition was in place at the Atkinson from October 3rd until November 15th and it was very, very well received. Many viewers were either Old Georgians, or knew of someone who was a former pupil. Our own version of “Where’s Walley” took place with people seeking faces on the school photographs that were on display. Many more images were available on a slide show on the display screen in the area. Our thanks to the Atkinson and to Jo Chambers for hosting this for us, at to M&S for the loan of the mannequin.

We had many items to display, but could only fit in the following:

A – Cricket 1st XI Cap. The only individual awards made in school were for sporting achievement and these took the form of recognition for partaking in team events. This ‘colours’ cap was awarded to pupils who played for the for 11 at cricket.

B – School Tie. Although the style changed slightly, the school colours remained consistent from 1920 to 1979.

C – Junior Blazer. First and second year ‘juniors’ wore this blazer until the early 1970s.

D – Parquet Tile. When the school was demolished in 1982, the floor tiles were sold off to raise funds.

E – Bust of King George V. This was presented to the school during the year of the Silver Jubilee in 1935.

F – The Red Rose. In 1921, the boys requested to produce a termly magazine for all the pupils. This was granted and the magazine was produced termly until the summer of 1979. From that summer, the school became the sixth form college and the magazine became annual and renamed “The Georgian”. Throughout it was produced and edited by the pupils, with final approval from a member of staff. The name was adopted in the 1990s for the Old Georgians Annual Newsletter.

G – House Cups – Swimming & Badminton. Cups were awarded throughout the year to houses for sporting achievement. Others included rugby, hockey, cricket and chess.

H – Jubilee Cup. Another gift presented to the school was the Jubilee Cup. This was contended over the course of the full academic year between the houses, awarded to the house that attained the most points for both academic and sporting achievement.

I – Old Boys Rules & Membership. The Old Boys Association was started in 1924. Rule were established and departing boys were given a life time membership. Joining was a condition agreed to by the parents when their son started at the school.

J – New School Prospectus. As would be expected a prospectus of the new grammar school was produced in 1925 ready for the first intake in 1926. The new building was formally opened by Lord Derby on October 16th 1926.

K – School Calendar. Every term, each pupil was given a calendar for that term. Academic, sporting and social events were all listed for that term, including the

initials of masters who were on ground duty each day.

L – Old Boys Annual Dinner. In 1949, Headmaster Geoffrey Dixon introduced the first Old Boys Dinner. All former pupils were welcome. The 1970 dinner celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the school. By the time of the Centenary celebrations in 2020, female attendees were made up of both former college students and guests of members. For 40 years, former pupil and staff member Stan Rimmer, organised this highly popular event. From the early 1990s, other events were added to the OGA calendar, these included a Summer Barbecue; Snooker/Darts night; Quiz Night; Annual Golf Tournament.

M – Christmas Card. In the 1950s, the school sent Christmas cards out into the community.

N – Georgian. In 1980, the first copy of 'The Georgian' was produced. This was the annual magazine of the college, produced in the summer term. It replaced the termly Red Rose magazine.

O – Door Key. This is the original key for the front door of the Scarisbrick New Road site. It was lost during the 1950s and then found in the 1970s. It is on loan from John Rostron, former pupil and Chair of School Governors and Chair of the Old Boys.

P – In Memoria. In 1949, two oak panels were commissioned with the names of former pupils who had perished in the second world war. These are still on display in the college today. A service was held to remember the pupils and accept the panels.

Q – Foundation Stone Time Box. In January 1925, a lead lined wooden time capsule was placed behind the foundation stone of the Scarisbrick New Road site. When the school was demolished the box was rescued from a skip, but several items had already disintegrated including the prospectus and a Southport County Borough Year Book, sadly only the leather covers survives!

R – Long Rigg. In 1967 Long Rigg was purchased as an accommodation centre for 20+ boys, along with supervising members of staff. This provided the pupils and staff with opportunities for education (geography, geology) and social activities (climbing, pot holing) throughout the year.

S – Ties. The mounted frame displays several ties which were a key part of both uniform and achievement. The Old Boys and Old Georgians also have their own ties. In the cabinet is the latest one produced for the Centenary.

T – School Plays and Concerts. A big part of school activity revolved around the arts. There were regular concerts and stage productions held throughout the years of both the school and the college.

U – Red Rose – Old Georgians. The Old Boys Annual Magazine was renamed 'The Red Rose' in 1992. The latest version was issued electronically, in a short version and in a 'bumper' 92 page edition.

V – 2012 Olympics. The local leg of the Olympic Torch Relay started off from the College on Friday June 1st. The security that came with it was similar to that of a Royal visit!

W – The School Song. Although after 1970 very few boys ever sung the school song, it had been written in the 1920s and was sung on most days at the school

assembly up to that time.

X – Caps. School caps were also part of the uniform and also in recognition of achievement. Y1 is the Junior Cap, worn until the early 1970s. Y2 is the Senior Cap, worn until the 1960s. Y3 was either for Athletics Captain or School Prefect. Y4 was awarded to G.Whitehead of Gear’s house in 1930 for rugby 2nd XV colours.

Y – 1982 Demolition. In 1982 the 1926 building was demolished. Although its structure was long lasting, the foundations were not and by the 1960s, the east end of the main corridor was five feet lower than the west end! The front of the school was closed from use around 1978 due to the facade crumbling.

SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPHS

From 1923 to 1977, photographs were taken of the entire school using a panoramic camera. Only two were taken of the college students in 1984 and 1988 before the practice ceased.

A favourite ploy of the boys was to see if they could appear twice! First standing on the left as you look, then running around the back to join the right hand end. Two were successful in 1977, including one wearing a monkey mask!

AA – Ties. The school tie was a standard article of the uniform. The school colours remained the same through the years, although the tie styles varied slightly. From left to right: School (1973); Full Colours (1979); Prefects (1978); Rugby Tour (1979); College (1979); Old Boys (1950).

BB – KGV Water Colour. This painting was created by Nancy Dixon, the wife of the Headmaster Geoffrey Dixon.

CC – School Staff. A stark contrast in the number of staff in 1920 and fifty years later in 1970, when the number of boys were around 20x the original and the number of subjects taught also increased.

DD – Royal Recognition. This letter was received in recognition of the new school and the approval to name it after the then reigning monarch.

EE – Aerial Photograph c.1956. This black and white photo shows the original school plus the first extensions made after the war. To the left (west), the wood/metal work labs and gym were added. To the right (east), the dining room and kitchens.

FF – Long Rigg. This is the main building of the site purchased in 1967 to house up to 21 boys and four masters for various academic and sporting activities.

GG – Aerial Photograph 1981. This was taken in 1981 when the original building was still standing (to the right) but not used. The newest college buildings are to the left. In addition to the 1958 photo are: the “Geog Block” behind the dining room; the sports changing rooms (centre back); the cricket pavilion and the Chemistry Lab, responsibly built separately behind the Gym, in case of accidents!



OGA President Michelle Brabner views the exhibition



Nancy Dixon's oil painting was a prominent exhibit



Michelle inspects the original letter from the Royal Household, permitting the use of the name King George Fifth



Two cabinets contained items, including the bust of KGV and a junior blazer





Cabinet 2 included the time capsule placed behind the foundation stone of the Scarisbrick New Road original building (our thanks to John Rostron)



Cabinet 1 included this Christmas Card, the first edition of the College's 'The Georgian' and the original key for the Grammar School front door.

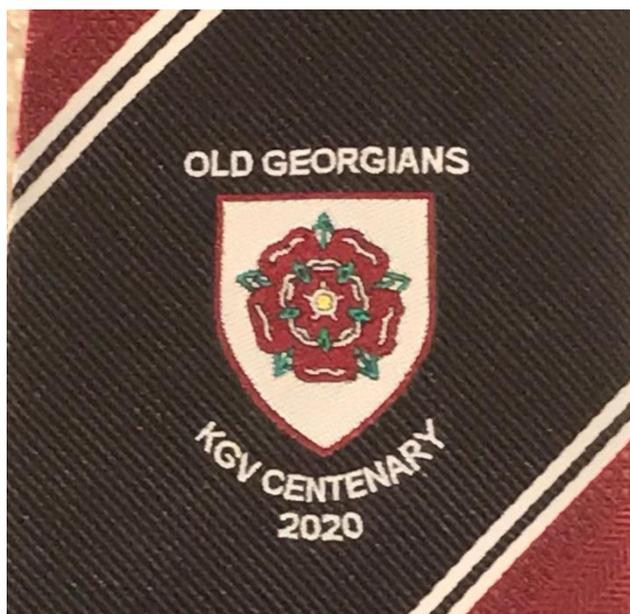
MEMORABILIA

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.



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

NEWS OF OLD GEORGIANS

Phil Frampton

Phil was invited to speak at a meeting in Southport in October for Southport Against Racism. Here is his account of the event.

Proud to Be Black in Southport

Greenbank High scored a first in teaming up with Southport Against Racism to put on the town's Proud to Be Black in Southport event in October. The month has been adopted by the country's Black community as a time to celebrate Black History, a history often buried or distorted particularly because of Britain's leading role in the Transatlantic slave trade and its colonial past.

I was pleased to be invited to speak at and join the 150 people who attended the celebration in the High School's main hall. Had the event been held when I was at KGV in the 1960s then I would have expected that the dozen or so of us in the town's orphanages would make up the bulk of the ethnic minority people in the audience. However, Southport now has over 3,000 non-White residents, and those attending came from a multitude of ethnic backgrounds. Aside from Greenbank pupils and staff many families came from the town, as did one or two Old Georgians.

Southport Against Racism had its origin in the protests that expressed the worldwide outrage at the police killing of George Floyd in the USA. The town saw 300 of its young people gather on Lord Street to demonstrate their opposition to racism. On the back of this event, a group of residents set up the organisation to continue the campaign. Sadly, they were driven on by experience of racial discrimination and racist hostility in the town, which has seen racist groups active in the area, threatening refugees living locally and delivering racially offensive leaflets around Southport. Mothers of Black and Asian children have also set up Mums Against Racism and are seeking assistance to find ways of combatting racist stereotypes and racial taunts in the town's schools.

The highlight of the Proud to Be event was when two teenage Greenbank pupils from the school's newly established Diversity Group, took to the stage. Greenbank's Diversity Group was initiated in the autumn of 2019 when a handful of ethnic minority pupils confided in their RE teacher about their experiences of racism in the school. In school breaks, the teacher who is active in supporting local refugees and asylum seekers began to meet with the pupils ensuring a safe space for their discussions regarding their experiences and how to improve the climate in the school.

Word leaked out resulting in a few pupils from younger years asking to join the group. The RE teacher lead discussions amongst the staff and the pupils began to challenge and call out racist behaviours amongst their classmates. One of the results was that on the nationally designated Stephen Lawrence day, every class in the school put aside a whole day for a variety of sessions discussing aspects of racism.

The following years' Black Lives Matters protests gave the young people renewed confidence. Now the group is 20-strong and even the Head Teacher attends the regular Tuesday sessions from time to time.

As a result, when Sierra and Havin, two Year 10 members of the group strode onto to the stage and performed a Maya Angelou poem with passion and confidence, the

audience was spellbound. They followed up by talking proudly about how the members work relentlessly to educate others, dispel myths and address racial prejudice and the positive impact they have made across the school.

A year 6 member also appeared on stage to bring to our attention several Black people who had historically made important contributions to the development of science and technology. Other pupils from the group ran a stall offering African snacks they had baked and a young member's henna painting service sent attendees away happy with their gaily decorated hands

KGV also had a look in when, unbeknown to me, as I was speaking, a team photo of the 1970-71 our 1st XV rugby team of which I was an occasional member, was broadcast as backdrop. It was also pleasing to see that, courtesy of Rob Fletcher (KGV Head Boy 1971-72), Fletchers' Solicitors was the sponsor of the Proud to Be event. Rob has moved on but Rob has legacy in that the lawyers' firm has since also agreed to sponsor all the children's Xmas presents at Southport Against Racism's Xmas party.

All in all, it was heart-warming to see Greenbank and KGV contributing to the event. In my days at KGV, the teaching of History still reflected many of the colonial distortions regarding the former parts of empire and their peoples but I can say I never experienced any racism from the teaching staff. I did occasionally experience racial taunts from fellow pupils.... That's when the fight started 😊.

Here's hoping KGV and Greenbank can develop this link with Southport Against Racism and assist in making Southport a town in which all children can grow up feeling proud of who they are and ready to contribute to the community in whichever way they are able.

Phil Frampton (KGV 1964-71)



Southport Against Racism – 23/10/21

THORNLEY SOCIETY
Langdale – October 2021

Thornley meet 17.10.2021 Langdale

Sunday 17.10.21

Arrive in the afternoon with grey skies, but all in great spirits. From as far as the south coast as well as Scotland. The first meet for almost 2 years! Kept in touch with regular Zoom meetings, but it isn't the same. Still not sure about hugs as the virus still looms. Mike Dodworth arrives late; queues waiting for a battery charge. One of the problems of being ahead of the curve, not many charging points in Scotland. Evening meal taken in the nearby pub. Plenty of catching up. Puddings are avoided as apple pie and flapjacks (courtesy of Johnny and John's partners) are on the menu back at the hut. Drinking habits have changed as bladders age; smaller (for some) quantities of wine and whisky best taken around the hut fire, with setting the world to rights.

Monday

Off and on rain interspersed with low cloud. Time for the happy firelighter (Jim Honeybone) to clear last night's debris and coax a cheerful blaze. Plenty of commentary on the sacrilege of microwave porridge vs the pot. We eventually take off up the valley and manage to split into 2 groups completely randomly. The rain comes in with more determination. Ask not which group decided to return first. Geoff Wright arrives to add to the group and miss the rain going up the way. Another successful meal in the evening, dodging the rain there and back.

Tuesday

More rain and low cloud. We decamp to the flesh pots of Ambleside. Unfortunately, half of Northern England has had the same idea. We decide to walk and then rehydrate, so set off up the Scandale beck (just to the north of the 'Struggle' - the common approach to the Fairfield Horseshoe walk)) via Low and then High Sweden bridges. Lots of swirling atmospheric clouds and rain going up the way. You can appreciate that on a clear day the view would be terrific. Quite a slope (clue is in the name of the road). The return echoes the law of conservation of energy, much more tolerable. Unfortunately, Ambleside hasn't calmed down at all. We head for home and a fire. Our local pub benefited from the distance away from Ambleside. No problem in finding a seat, a pint and a meal.

Wednesday

Slightly less low cloud and rain precipitated a rush of enthusiasm with a trip to Tarn Howes from the quarries at Hodge Close. This turned out to be a bit drier than the previous couple of days. Coming down the path from the tarn through the woods next to a stream was probably a VS (combination of wet leaves and slimy rock). More rehydration and sustenance in the evening aided by a lovely, almost full moon sailing in an intermittently clear sky. All of which heralded:

Thursday

Bright blue skies, sun without any hat, pretty chilly early on. What a transformation! This is why the Lakes are what they are. Everything washed down and sparkling, the Autumn colours iridescent. We set off and find a new car park in Ambleside. It is

almost empty. Built to try and cope with the popularity the Lakes has when this sort of weather occurs. Mixed feelings about this. Our walk goes by Loughrigg to Rydal Water. Half of us are going back today, so this is a perfect easy walk with enough room to converse and ramble. There are enough autumn colours to almost make up for the last few days. A different pub tonight. Predictable? Us?

Friday

Home, whilst trying to clear up round an influx of genuine club members arriving for the weekend meet. Leaving the place as we found it is so important, we are really lucky to have society members who are also Club members. The facilities are incomparable. The high point being the main room fire, providing a focal point of warmth and dryness. A saving grace for our meet.

Joe McManners



LtoR: Doug Mellor, Jim Honeybone, Joe McManners, Geoff Wright, Keith Osborn, John Seddon, Mike Dodworth; taken by John Laws, who isn't in the photo!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Jon

I attended KGV from 1945 to 1952 (Mason's) and as I am now 86 years of age (b. 1934) sadly there is little news of my contemporaries except obituaries. I do know Miles Irving as he lives in Hexham not far from Newcastle upon Tyne where I have live for the last 60 years. Miles used to dine his wife-to-be in the Moulin Rouge, a Restaurant I owned. I always thought he was older than me!

I attach some photos you may find of interest and print in a future Red Rose.

Forgive me for pointing out that my name is missing from the Almanac even though there was an article about me in the 2016 Red Rose.

I do have some memories and recollections about my time at KGV if you are interested. I must be the only boy to knock over the Head's wife (Mrs Millward) one afternoon in the rain. I was cycling home with Jonny Gaunt (The Probation Officers son) and as we turned into Haig Ave.....BANG!

By the way I have not received or seen any notice that the Red Rose 2021 was available on line, I only found it by accident.

Best wishes

Jeffrey

Jeffrey Fox MBE



The Debating Society of King George V School presents

“THE MAGISTRATE”
An Original Farce in Three Acts
by A. W. PINERO

The Characters:

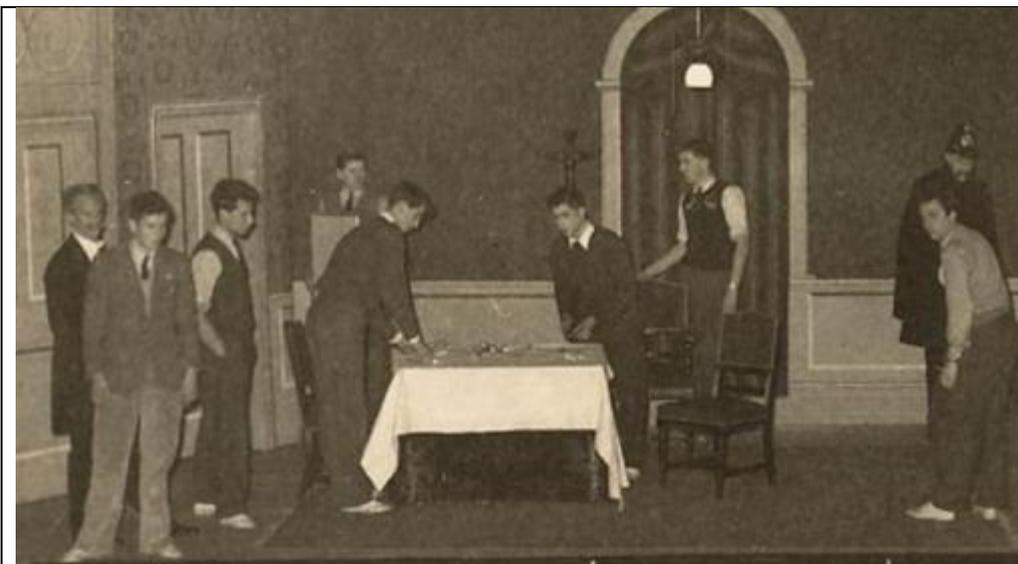
MR. POSKET	Magistrates of the Mulberry	C. DYER
MR. BULLAMY	Street Police Court	D. H. HAMILTON
COLONEL LUKYN (from Bengal—retired)	...	R. M. BURSTALL
CAPTAIN HORACE VALE (Shropshire Fusiliers)	...	J. SMITH
CIS FARRINGTON (Mrs. Posket's son, by her first marriage)	G. A. NOAK	
ACHILLE BLOND (Proprietor of the Hôtel des Princes)	J. R. WEBER	
ISIDORE (a Waiter)	...	T. R. EDMONDSON
MR. WORMINGTON (Chief Clerk at Mulberry Street)	J. C. MEUNIER	
INSPECTOR MESSITER	Metropolitan Police	C. E. BRACKEN
SERGEANT LUGG	...	D. S. PERSTON
CONSTABLE HARRIS	...	M. H. IRVING
WYKE (Servant at Mr. Posket's)	...	P. WADDINGTON
AGATHA POSKET (late Farrington, née Verrinder)	D. R. ISENBERG	
CHARLOTTE (her Sister)	...	P. A. McLEAN
BEATIE TOMLINSON (a Young Lady reduced to teaching Music)	R. J. ELLIOTT	
POPHAM (a Parlourmaid)	...	K. H. ELLIOTT

The Play produced by MR. G. P. WAKEFIELD

Music at two pianos played by MR. K. EGLIN and T. R. SAGGERS

STAGE MANAGER MR. J. R. WADDINGTON

Chairman of the Debating Society (Session 1951/52) C. G. BOOTH
Secretary K. DOWLING



Dear Jonathan,

It might be of interest for the magazine that my student at Hull University and then at Brown University, Guido Imbens has just won the Nobel Prize in Economics (along with two others). He is currently a professor at Stanford University. (All due, rather indirectly, to sixth form Economics taught by Peter Longhurst, 1954-56.)

Cheers,
Tony Lancaster
Gears(1951-56)

Dear Jonathan

Thank you for copying me in. As it happens I knew already, because John Wakefield and I have always kept in touch ever since he wrote his little book, *Dad's War*, which, by the way, is well worth reading if you haven't already done so. I liked and much admired George, who was very good to me and immensely helpful when I was a new headmaster. One could not have wanted a better deputy. He combined an intelligent sensitivity, which served him well when directing plays, with a thorough knowledge of the school and exemplary efficiency. June, sadly, was a widow for two days short of twenty-seven years.

Best wishes,

David (Arnold)

Ed: I had informed David of June Wakefield's passing this summer and this was David's reply. While we do not have an obituary for June, we wanted to inform Old Georgians who remembered both George and June.

Morning Jonathan

It was a great night Saturday at the Centenary Dinner and must have taken some effort so many thanks!

Catching up yesterday realised that the attached photo isn't on the website so thought might be of interest? It's the U12 team from 1976 (I'm 2nd from left back row)

Also reading the "Lists" section in Red Rose noticed that David Brownlow who attended KGVC to do his A-Levels in the same years as me isn't mentioned. He's now Baron Brownlow having been given a Life Peerage by Theresa May when she resigned.

[Home - Lord Brownlow CVO DL \(davidbrownlow.com\)](http://davidbrownlow.com)

Chris Baker

Estate Manager (Capital) - North West Ambulance Service NHS Trust



Ed: If anyone can help fill in the blanks for us, please let me know.

Back row: Bob Abram / Wanklyn / Baker / ? / Pickard / Stewart / Webster / Olive / Cropper / Kershaw / White / Stan Rimmer

Front Row: Cullen / Allot / Owen / Sturgeon / Cartlidge / Pickard / Farr / ? / Greenhalgh

Jonathan - Thanks again for all your work. Thought you might be interested in having the attached photos for possible Red Rose use. The group is the back bone of the First XV 1970/71.

Regards
John Wainwright



Derek Smith, Alan Dickinson, Rob Fletcher, Ken Jones, John Wainwright, Mike Carson, Richard Rimmer and John Seddon.

Hi Jon

Further to your request to try to name the prefects in the photo – here you go....

Back row ?, ?, Tim Patrick, Barry Culshaw, Jim Deeley, Will Thornborough, John Gunn, ?, Derek Barnett, Mike Fitton, ?

Middle row John Humphries, Stephen Fry, Henry Nutter RIP, Nick Cornish, Malcolm Ingram RIP, Graham La Court, Mike Davies, Chris Harman, Steve Wainwright, John Oldham, Aubrey Haigh, Mark Townsend at back and Rob McDonald front

Front Row Alan Towler RIP, Rob Ayland, Simon Scott, Pete Broude RIP, Mike Halsall, Chris Watson, Peter Dickinson, Peter Whitworth, Stringfellow

Four lads already passed on, what a shame.

Cheers
Terry

KING GEORGE V SCHOOL



PREFECTS 1973 - 1974

Dear Jonathan,

it being a freezing afternoon I thought I would look at the current Red Rose. What a joy it was. You have certainly produced a bumper edition and enhanced by so much from my two old class-mates, John Fairclough and John Rostron.

During lockdown I decided to put many thoughts together and wrote 'The Life and Decline of the Family Doctor' which for 38 years I was, in a small claustrophobic community in East Dorset. Whilst waiting for publication it occurred to me that my time as a medical student at Leeds during the 60s and a junior doctor in the 70s was also a tale to be told. So 'I was not a good medical student' and 'Blunt but Good' emerged and the trilogy has now been put together and called 'Mission Accomplished.'

Thank you for sending me the Red Rose.

Best wishes
Charles Rees, Masons 1956-1963.

Dear Jon

I tried to submit the following through the contact form on the website, but it failed.

It was really interesting to read the contribution by Jon Stocker about singing with the school Madrigal Group. Coincidentally I had just uploaded a photo of the group taken around 1962 onto the Old Georgians' Facebook page and started some discussions. I am attaching it to this message. A few who were on that photo have posted to the Facebook page and it would be really good if others could share their reminiscences.

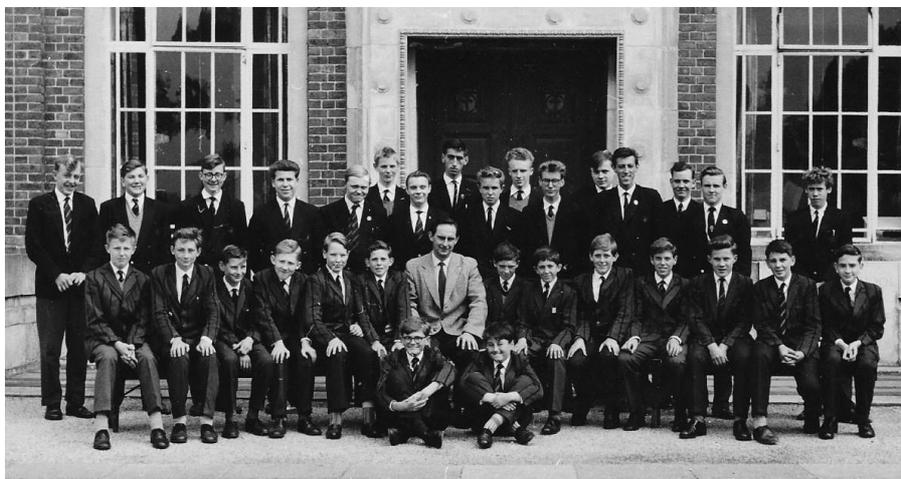
Lots of the things mentioned by Jon coincide with my recollections of the group and it is one of my most positive memories of KGV. I joined the group in roughly 1960 so was not a member for long, since I left KGV in 1963 to go up to Cambridge. However, Roy Rimmer's direction of the group inspired me greatly and started me on a life time of amateur music making.

I can fill in a small gap in Jon's recollections; Patrick Wilson's first school concert featured the Faure Requiem with W M Simpson singing the bass solo in Libera Me. I may have some old concert programmes and, if I do, I'll scan them and upload them.

Kind regards

Michael Williamson

Mason's 1956-1963



Dear Jonathan

Thank you for including the list of Jubilee Cup winners in The Red Rose, 2020, (p.60).

I was very pleased to read that the perpetual holders are shown to be Spencer's. I was privileged to be Spencer's House Captain from Autumn 1965 to Summer 1967 and remain immensely proud of the fact that the house managed to retain the Cup in 1966 to create a hat-trick of successes, having also won it in the two previous years.

A probably long-forgotten postscript to this is worthy of mention.

As noted in the Red Rose article, award of the Jubilee Cup was calculated through a comprehensive points system which took into account all the various inter-house activities. It was an arcane system, the precise details of which were known possibly only to The Head, Geoffrey Dixon. Nothing was revealed until during the final assembly of the academic year.

However, as each summer term neared its end, the destination of the Cup would be discussed and predictions attempted. It would often be the case that it was won by a house that had been the winners of some of the major events of any academic year. Several maximum points' scores for such wins would effectively gain a substantial advantage over all the other houses.

Not in July 1966, though! In the year 1965-66, Spencer's failed to win any of the house competitions outright. Fortunately, though, the points system was geared to participation as well as placings. If a house failed to enter a team or an individual, no points at all were awarded for that event.

This had not gone unnoticed by some senior boys and especially those in Spencer's that year. Those of us responsible for getting our house teams together for any representative event made sure that boys were entered and least turned up, thus accumulating some valuable points each time.

Therefore Spencer's succeeded in winning the Jubilee Cup that year, not by relying on significant final victories - although we did very well across the board without clinching any wins - but because we maximised our participation. It was through ensuring that we had entrants for every possible house competition that we picked up points both for taking part and achieving good placings overall.

For my part, I was especially grateful to my house leadership colleagues, Ray Broughton, Ray Clarke and Dave Ogden, along with other talented individuals, for conscientiously organising teams and encouraging involvement. Orchestrating this policy effectively enabled Spencer's to win the Jubilee Cup that year.

The boys of Spencer's fully deserved the award for their commitment and effort; in effect, it was an example of teamwork on a whole-house scale. If you were in Spencer's House then and are reading this now, well done and thank you again for your service to the house.

1966 - a memorable year for its hat-trick performances!

Jon Stocker,
Spencer's, 1960-67.

PS Thank you for all your time spent on Old Georgians' matters and keeping in touch with regular emails. These are much appreciated.

RUGBY FIRST XV 1978-79

The 78-79 Rugby First XV was a very successful and talented team, winning 16 of 17 matches in the season, including a tour to the Versailles area of France in April 1979. Although being the last team of the grammar school, a photograph was not taken of the group, which is a big blank space in the school records. We hoped to have the full squad at the dinner and we managed to contact everyone apart from Bill Birtles. 12 members of the team attended the Centenary dinner and here are a few thoughts from those who attended.



Standing – Hodgson, Marshall, Merone (standing on a box), Vernon, Wood, Dransfield (also on a box), Fletcher, Elliott, Day. Front – Corr, Dalton, Parkinson

Mike Corr - Hooker

After KGV, it was Wolverhampton Poly 1st XV 1980 to 1983; skipper 82-83. We punched above our weight but always got found out by the big boys - Loughborough Swansea Newcastle. Following College had stints at Liverpool and Richmond RFC claim to fame played on the same team as Mike Slemen (England and British Lions) and Kevin Simms (England). We were on Rugby Special v Coventry (Nigel Stamer Smith mentioned my name at least twice). In 1987 I moved to the USA because of a girl and played for Manhattan Rugby Club avoiding spear tackles, high fives and general non compliance to any of the rules (retired completely in about 2005 due to general wear and tear)

2005 to 2021 moved to the more relaxed but extremely competitive world of Iron Man and Ultra Marathons competing in weird places like Madagascar Ecuador Wales (actually did an Ironman in Mallorca with Chris Wood)

Have promised the lass I chased to the States in 1987 that the NY marathon Nov 2021 will be my last one so have decided to take up Quilting in 2022.

Have a great NYE and a prosperous 2022!

Mike Vernon – 2nd Row

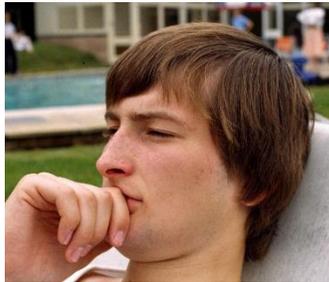
Left KGV 1979 and studied at Birmingham University for three years. First job was for a company in Manchester making conveyor rollers. That company moved to

Corby where met my wife-to-be. After eight years, changed companies to one based in Nottingham making conveyor systems, then after further eight years another company (Swedish) making more highly automated warehouse systems followed five years later by another (Danish) for a further five years.

Decided to go out on my own in 2007 as a design consultant which I am still doing, albeit part time through the summer. I specialise in designing and implementing fully automated warehouse systems for storage and distribution working in many different industries.

Married 1990 with two daughters 1994 and 2000. Lived in Chorley 1987 – 1993 and then moved to South Leicestershire where still live.

Plan is to retire fully early 2023. In 2020 we bought a narrow boat which we have lived on through the last two summers and hope to continue so doing as long as health permits, travelling the country on the canals of England and Wales.



Sporting achievements: played rugby until around 27 years old. Still swim regularly every week. Completed cycling Transpennine Trail from Southport to Hessle in 2013. Completed Yorkshire Three Peaks walk in September 2021.

Jonathan Elliott – 2nd Row



I think everyone knows enough about me! My fabulous wife of 34 years, Vanessa, is ex-KGV. Our son is 30 and daughter is 28. Regarding my sporting prowess, I am not certain that would be a fair descriptor. I played rugby in a couple of Lancashire Colts games and then for the 2nd XV at Manchester University. I then took up squash and badminton for exercise and snooker for relaxation – getting my highest break of 68 the night before an exam in my finals year (yes, I passed it).

Having been a keen rider with the Southport Road Cycling Club in my teens, I returned briefly to the road when I finished at university, but the long days on the tarmac became unworkable and I am sure Yorkshire and Cumbria did not notice my absence. I took up football refereeing aged 35 and advanced to level 2 in the original format and then level 4 in the new. Although focussing on local football, I have officiated at Haigh Avenue for Southport in the Conference, Southport Youth in the FA Youth Cup and for Everton Reserves when they were based there.

As the Red Rose goes to press, I will be celebrating my 60th and very glad to be here following a heart attack in January 2021. I hope to get back to the refereeing in 2022, but I do have three grandchildren who occupy a large amount of my spare

time! We had planned a first trip to Australia in December 2021 with a barbi on Bondi Beach for my 60th, but Covid scuppered that plan. I hope to return to football refereeing in 2022 (following my heart attack) and eventually to start building the Airfix kits I have stored in the garage (and apparently have to remain there once completed!). Happy 2022 everyone!

David Marshall – Flanker

After KGV I studied French & German at Durham University then moved to Manchester to qualify as a Chartered Accountant with the now defunct Arthur Andersen & Co. My subsequent career combined finance roles with languages, travelling extensively around the world (I've clocked up over 100 countries now) with the last 15 years living and working in Lucerne (Switzerland), Toronto, Madrid and finally Amsterdam, from where I retired in March 2020 - straight into lockdown. Married for over 30 years to Carol, no kids, thinking about getting another dog, still watching Bolton Wanderers (in all 4 divisions now) and even managed to fit in an MBA along the way at Manchester Business School. Now living in Skipton Yorkshire, although I like to think of it as Eastern East Lancashire, mainly trying to get my golf game up to standard, hiking in the Dales and Lakes and hanging round any of Skipton's 30 pubs within walking distance.



Ed - Dave bravely sent in this selection of photos over time, from 1978 to 2020. He has no recollection of his style choices at the time of the second photo!

Carl Fletcher – Flanker

ED – Carl has written a piece for us that follows this article.

Mark Dransfield – Flanker

After leaving KGV in 1979 with a handful of A levels and graduating from Queen Mary College at University of London in 1983 with a BSC in Aeronautical Engineering I knew my future lay in the aerospace industry and trying to continue to play rugby at a reasonably competitive level. Well I managed to achieve both with some success.

Eventually moving away from Southport to the Sussex coast I began a 30 year journey that saw me primarily working in the field of flight simulation and training for commercial aviation, building, evaluating and qualifying big expensive flight simulation training devices for most modern airliner aircraft types (yes I could fly and land an A380 if I had to in an emergency...although not legally). That career has

taken me all over the world including a 3 year stint where we were living in Sydney Australia playing around with military helicopter simulators for the RAAF amongst other things. We returned to the UK in 2008 and in 2010 I became a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society, a long held ambition.

The rugby continued apace playing from 2nd team to captain of veterans rugby for Hove RFC, as a slightly fatter and slower lock forward compared to my KGV 1st XV days, until I eventually called it a day in my 50th year...not too bad though playing from ages 11 to 50!! These days I am more focussed on watching from the stands at Twickenham with a few pints (ok several pints) of Guinness whenever I get chance.

I tried to retire just before lockdown when my industry colleagues gave me a lifetime achievement award (the Ed Link award for services to flight simulation and training), always a hint that it's time to retire, but my wife Jill (whom I finally married this year after 26 years together...well you have to be sure!) soon realised I wasn't a good retiree so I am back working as a part time consultant for the UK Civil Aviation Authority checking out pilot training in simulators as the industry tries to recover from the pandemic.

We now live in the beautiful West Sussex countryside in a tiny hamlet (with a country pub next door!) and when I get the chance and am not working you will find me clay shooting locally, or abroad scuba diving in some remote part of Southeast Asia.

Life continues to be an adventure thanks to the great start I enjoyed with my classmates and friends and teachers and housemasters at KGV...hopefully we will continue to catch up each year at the annual OG dinner for a few more beers while we still can.



Dransfield, Elliott, Day – 1981 Toga Party



Dransfield 2021

Andy Maxwell – Flanker

After KGV I went to Preston Poly to study business studies. In '84 started work in Jeddah, where I enjoyed playing rugby for Jeddah RUFC and living the life as an expat. Returned briefly to Southport in '88 when I played a few seasons at Southport RUFC with Jock as captain.

I moved to Banbury, until returning to Southport in 1992, where I still reside. I have worked 30 years in the Medical Device industry and am currently a part owner of a medical company called Mermaid Medical Ltd. Our office is on Cable St in Formby.

Married in '97 to Gill, who is also my business partner. I have a daughter, Hannah, training to be a nurse in Australia and a son, James, aged 21 who still lives at home! My main sport now is golf with the occasional league tennis match at S and B. Gill, James and I are all keen golfers at Birkdale, where I have played for over 40 years. In recent years I have had the pleasure of playing golf with Nigel Wilkinson, Kev Watkins and Chris Parkinson, where we had great fun talking about the glory days that passed us by. I am still close friends and meet regularly with Neil Whiteside (living in Newmarket) and JD Seal .

Mark Day – Number 8

I joined the school half way through the autumn term in the middle of one of Mr Hodgkinson's French lessons. I was 12 years old and already 6ft tall with a few whiskers, a deep voice and a cockney accent. As such I was rather conspicuous amongst my fellow students which, whilst being a little embarrassing, did allow an advantage on the rugby field (until my peers annoyingly caught up with my early development). I was in Evans house and became house captain during my final years. I played rugby and cricket for the school. I even managed to do half a length of Butterfly in one of the house swimming galas at Victoria baths.

After KGV, I scraped into Leeds University where I spent some wonderful years obtaining a degree in Civil Engineering. Following university, I trained and qualified as a chartered accountant with Ernst & Young in London. During this time, I met my wife to be, Tracey (a Geordie) and we were married in Newcastle in 1990. In the same year, a chance opportunity arose in Ernst & Young's Liverpool office and as a consequence my new wife and I moved back to Southport where we have lived ever since.

Aside from my family, my great passions are rugby (which started at school), golf (I have been a member at Hesketh Golf Club in Southport for many years), and caravanning (which I've only recently been brave enough to tell anybody about).

My lifetime ambition remains to play rugby for England. I have recently bought some new boots; in 2017 I managed to run around Hesketh Park without stopping and hope to be selected for the Six Nations squad one day.

Chris Wood – Scrum Half

I played rugby fleetingly after KGV, a bit at university and at Kendal Rugby Club and then back in Manchester with dental colleagues and friends. Stopped playing when I fractured several bones inside of my face and finally realised other sports were less risky.

Continued afterwards with standard sports of golf, triathlons, cycling, walking etc until a new half knee replacement scuppered some of these. Now retired from Dentistry and trying hard to keep fit in whatever way my body allows.

David Hodgson – Centre/Wing

I qualified as a teacher at Edge Hill in 1984. I worked in the Middle East for 14 years, seven of those in Saudi Arabia. I met my wife, Alison, in Kuwait and we have two children, Kirstien (33) and Shaun (27). We moved back to Inverness (my wife's home town) in 1999 and I've been teaching History in a large secondary since then. My fitness regime was contained within golf, 5-a-side and tennis.

Unfortunately, Alison died from pancreatic cancer in 2018, the same year I became a Grandpa. I'm planning on retiring, fingers crossed, in 2024.

I've run in quite a few half-marathons over the last ten years including The Great North Run. I also took part in a charity boxing competition in 2019, the 'Ultra White Collar' for Cancer Research at Inverness Ice Rink.



c. 1990



Paul Maddock – Wing

Hi Jon – yes I did carry on with my rugby for a few years, playing at Leeds University in the first team. I also was part of the uni karate team.

Since then my career has been focussed on being a GP, but more recently I have taken up my hobby of photography more seriously now that I have retired.

Best wishes for a Merry Christmas 2021 & a Happy New Year for 2022

Jonathan Paul Maddock

-0-

The other team members of the 1st XV are:

Ian Singleton – Prop, Mike Corr – Hooker, Paul Merone – Hooker, Mark Edwards – Prop, Chris Parkinson – Scrum Half / Fly Half, Neil Webster – Centre, Billy Birtles – Fly Half / Centre, Mike Dalton – Centre/Wing, Simon Speight – Centre / Wing, Dave Turnbull – Full Back, Russell Everett – Full Back

Some previously unseen 1979 tour pictures (courtesy of Mr Maxwell).



Singleton and Turnbull, taking in the Paris sights!



Versailles – Speight, Wood, Singleton (note the flairs!)

A SPORTING LIFE – Over half a century as a No.8

I have always been an Evertonian and as an 8 year old my favourite player was No.8 Alan Ball. Around this time I also started playing organised football (soccer). My first team was the Birkdale Primary School (Bury Rd) XI where I played “inside right”, which all you older wise guys will know is No.8.

Selected for the Southport Primary Schools “Town Team” I had the opportunity to play No.8 alongside future Old Georgians: Neil Wood, Neil Shallcross and David Mottershead. Failing my 11+ then gave me one more year playing football at Birkdale Secondary Modern (as No.8) before everything changed.



Passing the 12+ exam meant a different school (KGV) and a different football (Rugby). My enthusiasm for the rugby version of football was recognised by T.B.L. Davies (BLOD) during junior house matches for Amer’s and so in my second year I was selected for the KGV U14 XV and subsequently all other KGV representative rugby teams. I was honored to be a member of the Amer’s rugby teams that dominated house rugby winning both 15’s and 7’s for three consecutive years. If truth be told playing rugby dominated my teenage years, with KGV games twice a

week, plus Saturday and Sunday games for Southport RUFC at every level, with me usually playing at No.8! I seem to recall a few occasions when we somehow managed to play four games in the same weekend! Quoting Bruce Springsteen these were surely the “glory days” of youth, when lifelong friendships were forged with Chris Wood, Mike Corr and many other KGV teammates.

After KGV I studied Agricultural Engineering at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne, where my rugby career peaked...and ended! During my time at Newcastle I had the privilege to represent Newcastle Agrics XV, Southport RUFC 1st XV and Newcastle University 1st XV. At Newcastle the pinnacle of my rugby career was the few games I played alongside Jim Jeffery (the “Great White Shark” of Scotland and British Lions fame). In my final year at University my rugby career ended at the age of 21. In a University game against Gateshead Fell I suffered a serious neck injury and after a hospital stay was advised to “never play rugby again”. So no more rugby but I have no regrets as the 8 years of playing the game were the most fun I ever had playing football and all thanks to KGV and particularly to T.B.L. Davies.

After living a barren hermit life in Scotland from 1983-86 as a John Deere tractor dealer in Lockerbie, I moved to Basildon, Essex to start a 32 year career with Ford developing agricultural tractors. It was here that I started playing football (soccer) again. With the Engineering department team we reached the final of the Ford Tractor Plant Cup in my first season. We lost the final but I was bitten again by the football bug. During 17 years in Essex from 1986 to 2003 I played every season (Saturday and/or Sunday teams) for Rayleigh Sports and Wickbeech Rovers...and always wearing the No.8 shirt.

2003 saw me move for work with my family to Naperville (Chicago suburbs) in the USA . My sporting priorities were very clear, find the local branch of the Everton supporters club and a local men’s football team to play for. As it turned out the president of the Chicago Evertonians (an expat from Crosby) lived in Naperville and also played for St.Charles United, a local over30 Men’s Team made up of British expats and former US college players. There was a place available on the team after a British lad had recently returned to the UK and so after a trial game I was in! It was more than a little freaky when they gave me the No.8 shirt he had vacated.... fate?

Soccer is a little different in the USA. Our outdoor season runs from April to October, with play-offs to determine the league champions. When I first joined the team we played on Saturdays at 4.00pm. This can be rather challenging when mid-summer temperatures are above 100°F at this time! Over the years my team has evolved from a over 30’s team playing on Saturday afternoons, to an over 40’s team playing on Sunday mornings. We’re now known as Naperville Strikers and in 2019 we won our championship, a title we held for two years after the 2020 season was abandoned due to COVID.

We just wrapped up the 2021 season, my 17th over here in the USA. Nowadays I play defensive midfield and after a RH knee replacement in 2015 I am not as quick as I was. I am now 61 and have been wearing the No.8 shirt for over half a century. Should I retire and play golf? Problem is I’ve always played football at weekends and so I am rubbish at golf. Guess I’ll just have to keep on playing football as long as they’ll have me?

CARL FLETCHER, House Captain Amer’s 1978-79

RAF LIFE AND THAT WHICH FOLLOWS

By Wing Commander (Ret.) Mike Harrop (KGV College, 1980-80)

It was the 17th of May 2016, “Dambusters” day. Quite poignant day, as I’d just handed over to my successor, the position of Station Commander of RAF Scampton, the home of the Dambusters squadron. I was about to take up my new appointment in the Defence Concepts and Doctrine Centre with the responsibility of writing the next Defence Doctrine when five words - “thank you for your service” - brought to an end nearly 30 years of service in the Royal Air Force. A back injury sustained on operations in the 1990s had, by 2016, deteriorated to the extent that I was now being medically discharged and the next phase of my life was about to begin.

On the drive home I reflected on my time in the RAF and realised that I had been so lucky to have had such a variety of adventures and experiences and never had an appointment I’d not enjoyed. I never realised that when I was told I was to complete a specialist course on a new communications system in 1989 that this would unlock so many doors and shape the rest of my career. The equipment deployed during Gulf War One, so I went with it. Three years later I took the same equipment to the Balkans in the challenging period between peace-enforcement and peace-keeping operations. The experiences I gained here were to later lead me to a post in crisis management and intelligence operations in Whitehall working across various departments spending much time working in COBRA and even briefing the Prime Minister. During this time 9/11 happened and as a result I ended up deploying to Uzbekistan to help establish a Defence Section in the British embassy in Tashkent. The aim of this was to help establish a potential route into Afghanistan to support military efforts against Al’Quaida and, with the experience gained in the region, I soon deployed as the detachment commander for the Tristar air to air refuelling and Nimrod maritime patrol aircraft detachments operating in support of both the campaign in Afghanistan and, what was to become, Gulf War Two.

The pace of life slackened slightly as my next appointments included things like training officer cadets, airspace management in the deployable air headquarters and arms control. A short tour in procurement – ironically procuring systems that would replace the one I had trained on in 1989 which had shaped so much of my career led up to my final operational deployment as Chief of Staff in a multi-agency counter-narcotics law enforcement in Afghanistan. Seventeen or so agencies provided experts to an organisation jointly led by the American Drug Enforcement Administration and the UK’s Serious Organised Crime Agency and my role was to act as the conduit between the organisation, ongoing military operations and the Counter Narcotic Police of Afghanistan. Much success was had during this time and a lasting impact was made against narco-criminals. I realised that in hindsight my back injury had been seriously aggravated during this time with the rough terrain and the weight of body armour, weapons and equipment taking an unrelenting toll. After a mandatory period of decompression-leave I took up post as Chief of Staff at the RAF College at Cranwell and oversaw a huge organisational change at the College. Finally, I was offered my dream posting – Station Commander at RAF Scampton. Since my early childhood I had been an amateur military historian and spent many years researching the Dambusters and now I was to be given the opportunity to command the station I revered and knew so much history about.

This tour, unbeknownst to me at the time my last, was a complete privilege. Working alongside such talented, dedicated and resourceful people at every level – be they military, Civil Servant or contractor – was awe inspiring. The chance to host veterans and to regularly meet two people inextricable linked to the famous Dams raid (Johnny Johnson – the last British Dambuster and Mary Stopes-Rowe – Barnes Wallis’ daughter) have given me memories I will treasure for ever. Oh yes and managing to fly with the Red Arrows for the Queen’s Birthday Flypast in 2015 comes a close second in terms of highlights! More importantly, I thought my legacy would have been some degree of stability for Scampton as I managed to convince the powers that be that the Station could successfully host an air show and one was held in 2017. The stability I yearned for the Station was not to be and with the Defence estates rationalisation this historic base is now due to close in 2022.

So back to where this article started in May 2016. We as a family were now preparing for life after the RAF so in the summer of 2016 we moved to the Yorkshire Dales, our son went off to university and I was now “retired”. The thing I have found out about retirement is that you never get a day off! With a master’s degree in Defence Leadership, I now turned my hand to leadership consultancy and have spent some time writing manuals for training courses for Institute of Leadership and Management qualifications. Taking a little bit of time to understand the nuances of the rural village we live in I am now involved with the Parish Council’s emergency planning for the Dale and contribute as a resilience volunteer across North Yorkshire. My interest in aviation continues as, after a few years as a volunteer for the Yorkshire Air Ambulance doing talks and fund-raising, I was invited to join the Board as a trustee and have been able to use the experiences I gained at Scampton in aviation safety governance to benefit the Charity. All in all, the RAF has given me plenty of very happy memories, skills for later life and has thoroughly prepared me for “retirement” whatever shape that will take as the years progress.



BRECON BEACONS RESCUE – November 2021

In early November, a caver slipped and fell in the Brecon Beacons, but not in a valley, actually into the caving system. Over 240 rescuers were involved in locating and freeing him, including former KGV geography teacher, Andy Freem, who made the ITV news!

<https://www.itv.com/news/wales/2021-11-09/cave-rescuers-praise-fantastic-effort-from-teams-across-the-uk>

Andy Freem, another cave rescuer who was involved, said: "Everybody in the team, me included, see it as phenomenal success.

"Quite exceptional, in the sense of, not the outcome, there are often very positive outcomes, but just the sheer amount of effort and the number of teams involved and the way they worked seamlessly, making it a unique event."



Cave rescuers returned to the cave today to clear up.

Although the casualty has been transported to Morriston Hospital in Swansea, work at Ogof Ffynnon Ddu cave continues.

"The job now is to go through the cave and put it right, clear it up," said Mr Freem.

"Bags have been left in various places, they've got to be brought out. We'll just make sure that the cave is as it was before the rescue took place."

<https://uk.news.yahoo.com/rescue-team-hails-cave-operation-123337434.html>

<https://www.theguardian.com/uk-news/2021/nov/08/mission-rescue-man-brecon-beacons-cave-wales>

ADVENTUROUS KGV

by Andy Freem, Geography Teacher and Long Rigg Warden
at KGV School and Sixth Form College 1972- 1984

Back in the 1970's and 80's education at KGV had a strong outdoor activity philosophy, empowered by mountaineer headmaster Geoffrey Dixon and linked to the programme of Long Rigg residential trips available to pupils.

I had not appreciated the full details of the school's approach to outdoor education when, as a Geography graduate, caver and rock climber, my first job interview for a teaching post at KGV was with Geoffrey in his study. It began with him rolling out the large survey sheet of the huge Lancaster –Easegill cave system on top of his desk and having a delightful but clearly well-informed chat about the then recent discoveries to what would eventually become the longest cave system in the UK.

Twenty minutes later he suddenly gave his characteristic cough and said we better get back to the interview, but that was to only to briefly advise me that I would also be interviewed by the local education officer, and I shouldn't worry about the outcome!

I later learned that he used to take sixth formers up the Matterhorn, offering the encouragement of 'a biscuit' to any who began to slow down!

I have much to thank Geoffrey and David Arnold, his successor, for the support they gave to the relaxed and wonderfully integrated outdoor adventure activities that took place under the mantles of geography fieldwork, Long Rigg residential programmes, sixth-form sports and weekend trips. When the old school buildings were approaching demolition, two 'homemade' climbing walls were constructed by a team of teachers and students on the old school site, both with head-teacher knowledge but, at least initially, beneath the radar of local authority regulation!

The simplicity of setting up and running all these beggars' belief when compared with today's, risk assessment regulation, certification and litigation cultures. It took place within an informed and supporting community. Parents were on first name terms and often directly involved. There was, throughout the system, an inherent recognition of the underlying enthusiasm and commitment of all concerned, personal transport and kit kept things running and the ethos was familial rather than institutional.

The outcomes have been so powerful. Out there now are thousands of adults who will remember their specific rock-climbing days or caving adventures with more detail and fond appreciation than almost any other days of their school lives. I hope that some of you reading this can reflect back and evaluate your own Long Rigg experiences, going underground in the Dales, scaling Lancashire sandstone climbing on local old railway bridges or quarries, or attending timetabled sessions indoors on the concrete and natural stone wall we constructed inside the Old Geography Block. I am honoured to still be in contact with several of my ex-KGV pupils who recognise their paths through life have been in some way enriched by their outdoor adventures while at school there.

It would take too long to itemise and be unfair to exemplify in detail all the activities that went on. From Long Rigg we used Dentdale and Garsdale, local small caves, for years 7, 8 and 9. Sixth form Geography went down Alum pot - Long Churn on their first day of residential field studies and then had sometimes had the option of joining an evening trip into Dentdale's Ibbith Peril cave during the residential week. Kingsdale Master and Rowten caves high up under the limestone pavement of West Kingsdale were used for longer day trips. There are some who still cave now.

Nor were the KGV staff excluded from these adventures. In addition to the mountaineer, kayaker, geography and geology teacher Alan Clowes, less experienced staff like Tony Fairburn, and Peter Comfort got involved and to various degrees took up the sports. Their first caving trip (and abseil experience) with me was to descend the 30m shaft of Lancaster Hole, commit by pulling the rope down, traverse the taxing 2km. route through to Easegill Caverns and finally to climb up out through County Pot.

After leaving KGV, I was appointed as head of a South Glamorgan residential outdoor education centre in Porthcawl. Subsequently I took up Welsh national education and examiner roles but returned to geography teaching at Cardiff High School where I continued to introduce Sixth formers to climbing until my retirement.

I still go caving. Along with my wife Antonia, who also briefly worked in KGV, we make caving films (see our Youtube channel -Catchpool1). We are still discovering and exploring caves in South Wales and are members of the recently very active and publicised caver rescue organisation here. Now 71, I still climb reasonably well and sea kayak in South Wales and Scotland when we can. When I visit Sedburgh and the Dales I feel part of me is returning home. My contributions to encouraging the adventures of others has guided, strengthened and enriched my life, as I am sure those adventures have done for many who were educated in KGV.

The photo is of a KGV caving group about to descend Kingsdale Master Cave circa 1980. Standing L to R: Antonia Freem, Ian Hill, ?, Neil Stewart...

All the rest I do not remember – Any help appreciated!

Andy Freem



A FIRST VISIT TO THE ZERMATT DISTRICT

Hello Jon,

The attached is a presentation made by Geoffrey Dixon to the Alpine Club in 1952 and is about his 1951 Zermatt trip.

I thought it might be of interest to publish it in the Red Rose, particularly as it gives some insights into his character.

I am aware that John Allen probably had access to this article when he published the biography in 2012. He mentions some extracts but as far as I am aware the full article has never been published in the Red Rose.

I received it from a friend (not an OG) who is a member of the Alpine Club and he tells me it will be ok to publish in the Red Rose provided it is credited to the Alpine Club – so be sure to do this.

Regards

John Aughton (Evans 1951-58)

Ed – thanks to the Alpine Club for their permission to reproduce this article



Photograph by G. F. Dixon.]

MONTE ROSA AT DAWN, 24TH JULY 1951.

A FIRST VISIT TO THE ZERMATT DISTRICT

By G. F. DIXON

A paper read to the Alpine Club on April 8, 1952

IT was with particular pleasure that I looked forward to my climbing holiday in 1951 because, although this was my eighth climbing season in the Alps, it was my first visit to Zermatt and indeed the first time I had climbed anywhere in Switzerland. My three companions Brian Howl, Alan Imrie and Alasdair Kerr were also making their first acquaintance with Zermatt. The first plans for our trip were made by Howl and me during a week-end at Ynys Ettws in May. During this week-end we divided up the preliminary jobs to be done before the holiday began. Imrie was at that time with the Army in Germany and we asked him to arrange the accommodation for us. Our only instructions were that we should prefer Randa or Taesch to Zermatt and that it must be very good and very cheap. My letter to Imrie stating our requirements was met, perhaps not surprisingly, by a prolonged silence. In fact, owing to delays in the post from Germany it was not until I met him in Randa on July 19 that I learnt how admirably he had solved this difficult problem. He had hired a flat in Randa, complete and self-contained with three bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen with electric cooker and lavishly supplied with crockery and everything we could desire. Our landlady, Fraulein Pauline Summermatter lived above us, while below there was a Belgian family, one member of which was much addicted to playing the trombone. However he restricted his playing more or less to licensing hours so relations remained cordial.

Pauline was a most charming person. Nothing was too much trouble for her. She was ready to supply us with eggs, butter and milk at almost any hour, and some of our hours were rather unusual. She was very proud of her flat and seemed to spend a good deal of her time while we were away in the mountains in cleaning and polishing for us, including re-doing most of the household chores which we had supposed we had done already. The flat always had the appearance of having been spring-cleaned on our return, a fact which tended to make us rather lazy. But, above all, Pauline liked us because we were English climbers. She never tired of telling us about the generations of Britons who had come to the valley and climbed with the men of her village. She was not very fluent in English, but I think it was from Pauline that I gained even more of a sense of the climbing tradition of the valley and of the way in which British climbing history is bound up with it, than from the mountains themselves in spite of their famous names and routes. This sense of history and tradition remains my strongest impression of the Zermatt valley.

Howl and Kerr were not due to arrive for another two days so

Imrie and I decided to do a training climb before they came. Everybody spoke very gloomily of the weather, but when we arrived it was glorious and we did not want to waste any chances. We had no guide book of the eastern side of the valley so we chose our climb from the map, the Alphubel via the Rotgrat. This seemed, as it subsequently proved, to be at a generally easy angle and we wanted to go as high as possible to get acclimatised. So the next day we went by easy stages up to the Taesch Hut. Our climb the following day calls for no special comment. We left the hut at 3 A.M. and for the first few hours were too kind to ourselves and got very much behind time. The last thousand feet or so of the ridge are steeper and the rocks at this height were covered with a thick layer of new snow, a condition with which we were to become only too well acquainted before the end of our holiday. We both felt the effects of altitude but in different ways. I was in bad training and was very much out of breath and unable to make any strenuous effort while Imrie, who was much fitter, had a bad headache. We were thankful to reach the top after a climb of nearly twelve hours. We returned to the hut down the North face of the mountain and round by the Alphubeljoch. This was easy but very exhausting as the snow was very soft and sticky. We were frequently almost waist deep and at one point Imrie incautiously jumped into a little depression and became completely snowbound. It was five minutes or more before he could free himself. We found the hut empty on our return, as the Guardian had gone down for church the next day, which was Sunday. So we decided to go down too although it was late because we wanted to be in Randa early the next morning to meet the others. We arrived back at Randa very tired at about 10 P.M. but hopeful that we were at least some way towards becoming fit.

Two days later all four of us went up to the Monte Rosa Hut with provisions for several days. The weather so far had been perfect but that evening there was a fairly heavy thunderstorm and a considerable fall of snow. In view of this we decided to attempt the Cima di Jazzi next day as being the only peak likely to be in condition. In the event it proved to be most laborious because of a crust of frozen snow which let us down a foot or more when it was tested with our full weight. Looking back on the ascent it seems rather wearisome but at the time we took it most seriously. One of us I believe even suggested that the snow crust was good for training as we were practically having to climb the mountain twice. But tiring as the ascent was, we were amply repaid by the magnificent view from the top. Apart from the superb precipices of Monte Rosa the most striking part of the view was the valley of the Po which was stretched out over an immense area to the south-east with towns and rivers showing faintly through the haze. Far beyond and stretching right across the whole south-east horizon was the outline of the Apennines nearly 120 miles away. While we were enjoying this view a thin cloud came over and blotted everything out. The cloud persisted for a good deal of the descent, a thin steamy vapour, giving an enervating Turkish bath atmosphere. I do not remember ever feeling

such glacier lassitude. Still, as we tried to remark cheerfully, it was good for training.

It snowed again quite hard in the evening so we had an easy day on July 25. We had run short of some of our provisions and drew lots to decide who should go down to Zermatt by train to replenish our stocks. Howl lost and set off, as we thought, in plenty of time to catch the first train down from Gornergrat. He missed this by a few yards at the first halt below the terminus but it appeared to be going so slowly that he decided to give chase and catch it at the Riffelalp halt. In spite of a determined effort, however, he galloped into the back end of the station as the train left the front end of the platform. By now his blood was up and he was not going to be beaten by a mere train so he charged off down the next section of the path and succeeded in getting well ahead. But, alas, before reaching the next halt there was a considerable stretch of uphill work and once again he lost by a short head. He then gave up the unequal struggle and continued somewhat wearily at a more reasonable pace. So much for his rest day.

The rest of us enjoyed some pleasant rock climbing on the Riffelhorn for a few hours and then strolled down to the Riffelalp Hotel for tea on the terrace. Just as we had started tea a disturbing incident occurred. A man came along walking rather fast from the direction of the Gorner Glacier just below the Riffelhorn and disappeared into the hotel. A few minutes later he reappeared with a rope and walked rapidly back in the direction from which he had come. About five minutes after this the manageress of the hotel came out and told us that he had gone off to help an Englishwoman who had been injured falling over a cliff and he had come for the rope to rescue her. We were, I think justifiably, annoyed that he had completely ignored three able-bodied men with two ropes who might have been able to give valuable assistance. We left our tea and followed him as rapidly as possible, though he was by this time nearly out of sight. He did not hear our shouts and we shortly lost sight of him but we hurried along as rapidly as possible. When we reached the spot where we had last seen him there was nobody in sight. This part of the hillside below the Riffelhorn abounds in small cliffs down which unsuspecting Englishwomen might have fallen. We split up and scoured the area for nearly an hour and a half, but entirely without success. By this time our feelings for the man were not very cordial. All we could do now was to go back to the Hotel. There we found that the man's companion had reached the hotel unknown to us and was waiting to guide the rescue party from Zermatt which was only a few minutes away by train. This closed the incident as far as we were concerned, but I still feel that five men could have rendered more effective aid than two until the arrival of the proper rescue apparatus.

The next day, July 26, we ascended the Dufourspitze by the ordinary route. This climb calls for no special comment. From the summit it was apparent that the traverse of the peaks of Monte Rosa which we had hoped to do was clearly not feasible under the prevailing conditions of excessive snow on the rocks. The weather was now

improving rapidly and there was a fine frosty night. We thought that for our last climb from this hut we would climb Castor. A possible route up the Zwillinge Glacier had interested us from the hut and we thought we would try this to the Felixjoch and from there follow the East ridge. As we had anticipated the glacier proved to be a very sporting ascent and the choice of the best route afforded considerable exercise in route finding. This was the only climb of the holiday which we accomplished in time which would have looked respectable in a guide book. We were back in the hut again after eleven hours' climbing. We packed up and pushed on down to Randa that afternoon in the hope that the fine weather had come to stay.

We wasted a whole precious day of this fine weather on July 28 in Randa collecting stores for our next trip, having baths, washing clothes and doing other equally unnecessarily civilised things. But at 9 o'clock the next morning we were on our way to the Weisshorn Hut still in glorious weather. This day was the finest during our three weeks' stay, and had we but known it the few wisps of cirrus in the sky that evening were the beginning of a prolonged spell of uncertain weather which was to culminate in the disastrous rains which flooded large areas of southern Switzerland on August 8. On arriving at the hut we had a careful look at the Schalligrat which we hoped would be the first of a rather ambitious series of climbs during the next ten days. In the event it was the only part of our plans which we were able to carry out in full. There was a thin line of snow to be seen above the rocks on the upper half of the ridge which looked rather ominous. But we were out to do the climb and decided then and there that it would go. The rocks of the South-eastern face of the Weisshorn had been fairly well cleared of snow by the fine weather of the past three days and we thought that there was little danger of avalanches in the early morning when we had to pass along underneath it to reach the foot of the Schalligrat. The glaciers below the South-east face of the Weisshorn are arranged in three layers one above the other, the Fluhgletscher nearest to the hut, then a steep rocky step up the eastern branch of the Schalligletscher and finally a much more formidable rock wall up to the western branch of the same glacier. These three layers had to be traversed in the dark the next day so we spent some three hours in a reconnaissance, going as near as we could to the big rock wall between the two branches of the Schalligletscher. We were unable to get very close because of frequent stonefalls at this time of the day but we were able to see a place where there appeared to be no gap between snow and rock just to the right of a noticeable sloping gully in the middle of the cliff. From our position on the glacier as is so often the case with a front view the rocks themselves looked intimidating and we were doubtful of our ability to climb them in the dark. However it was impossible to make a closer inspection so we hoped for the best. At this time I failed to take any particular note of the way down the small cliff to the Fluhgletscher, an omission which I was bitterly to regret before many hours had elapsed. Nor did I take any real notice of the way down from the East ridge. If

I thought about it at all I suppose I considered that the next afternoon we should be ploughing down a broad track made by countless other climbers with no care in the world and all our troubles behind us. I remember going back to the hut feeling rather pleased with myself about the afternoon's work and saying in a condescending way to the others that the Army's dictum 'time spent in reconnaissance is seldom wasted' was a good plan to follow, or something equally pompous. I was to eat humble pie before long.

We set off at 1.40 the next morning in good weather and reached the foot of the rock wall without incident in about an hour. It was easy to get on to the cliff by means of a tongue of snow which led to the left to a broad rock ledge. From here it was impossible to take any planned line up the cliff as it was so dark, but although steep the rocks were plentifully supplied with good holds and we made surprisingly rapid progress. After about 150 ft. the angle eased off somewhat and there were no further real difficulties to the top of the cliff. We reached this point just as dawn was breaking and had a short rest for food. The glacier above was at first a very steep ice slope and steps had to be cut, but it soon levelled off and progress was more rapid. It was then necessary to contour round a broad snow slope to reach the rocks some distance short of and below the Schallijoch. The first part of this passage was quite easy but was littered with the débris of snow avalanches which had obviously fallen within the last day or two. We hurried over this and then across a broad slope of gradually increasing inclination. Steps had to be scraped here and progress was again slowed up more than I liked.

Once on the rocks we divided into pairs on separate ropes. The topography was rather confusing and it was difficult to see exactly where we were. There was much verglas on the rocks here which are normally running with water during the day and we had to proceed with care although the going was not very steep. Eventually we reached a broad slope of unstable scree just short of the ridge at about 6.30. The difficulty of the going so far had made us already an hour or more behind time. We could only see the lowest part of the ridge from here, several large red towers which looked unstable and loose. However, they proved to be the only unsound rock on the whole ridge. The first few hundred feet up the scree slope were very trying and I wasted half an hour or more in a fruitless attempt to see if there was a better way on the west side of the ridge. All that happened was that I immediately got myself into difficulties on steep snow-covered rock and we had to retreat. However, as soon as we rounded the highest tower on the right hand side we attained the crest of the ridge with ease at a point where the character of the rock suddenly changed to a smooth green colour. The going was now quite easy for some time and the ridge quickly became very narrow and exceedingly steep on both flanks. The green rock ended with a steep pitch rather devoid of holds which proved to be the most difficult rock pitch on the ridge and took us some time. Above this was a small cairn which we assumed must mark

Point 4,055 metres on the Carte Nationale. We stopped for more food here at about 9.30. The situation was impressive. Above us the ridge rose very steeply for 500 ft. or more of rough red rock and as narrow as one could desire. Most of the ridge above this was hidden from view, but far above was a great red tower of impossible aspect and above this the summit pointing to the sky like a golden finger shining in the sun and looking as remote as the summit of Everest.

The next steep section was most enjoyable. It was not very difficult rock but every pitch had to be considered carefully to find the most suitable route up it. The rocks were warm and rough and we all had sore fingers before we reached the top. The top of this section was a rounded tower above which was a very long narrow ridge set at an easier angle. It was here, where under dry conditions we should have had an easy scramble, that we began to encounter large quantities of loose new snow lying on the rocks. We were all beginning to tire now, and the laborious nature of the work we had now to do slowed us up greatly. In some places the snow had melted away from the east side sufficiently to enable us to traverse along dry rock at the top of the ridge, risking nothing worse than a little snow down the neck occasionally. However, I tried this once too often and reached a place where it was impossible to proceed or to regain the ridge and we had to retreat. On top of the ridge the only safe proceeding on the snow was to clear it away to the rock beneath. At last we came to the top of a small tower nearly three-quarters of the way up the mountain where the ridge simply disappears and loses itself in the South-east face. The time was now 3.40 and we had another small meal. Immediately to our left was a very wide couloir running right down the Western face and at the far side of the head of this couloir rose the gigantic red tower which we had seen from far below. From the top of this tower the ridge ran to the summit in a series of spiky gendarmes. It was obvious now that the red tower could be avoided altogether by crossing the head of the couloir and climbing the East face by snow-covered rock to the ridge above. We aimed for a point so as to avoid both the tower and the first gendarme. The snow was not quite so thick on the rocks here but the rocks themselves, now that we had left the crest of the ridge, were rather unreliable. Once we reached the ridge again we found that the rocks were almost clear of snow. Two more gendarmes were turned on the right and the three final towers, each one of which in turn masqueraded as the summit, had to be climbed direct. The position was most exposed, but the rocks were not very difficult. Between each tower a short steep ridge of rotten snow had to be negotiated and these caused us a good deal more difficulty than the rocks. Eventually at 5.40 we reached the summit. During the last part of the ridge we had a wider view to the north across to the Bernese Oberland and I noted with some concern that a large thunderstorm appeared to be advancing towards us from that direction. We put on crampons, roped all together and set off at 6 o'clock as rapidly as possible down the East ridge. We were quickly down the upper snowy part of the ridge and at 6.40 took off our crampons

at the top of the rocky part. This took us about an hour and a half and I remember almost nothing about it except a place where the ridge apparently overhung on all sides for about 6 ft., and wondering how people ever got up this particular place. While we were coming down this ridge there was a French party about half an hour ahead of us. They had climbed the North ridge and were now visible several hundred feet below us on the stony flank of the East ridge. We followed them down as rapidly as we could in the gathering gloom. The thunderstorm had passed away to the east giving us only a slight shower of hail. It was here that I made a very bad mistake which might have had serious consequences. I remember seeing the French party get off the stony slope into a broad snow couloir to the left but when we reached this level we found ourselves considerably further over to the right and it did not even occur to me then that the best course would be to cross over and follow them. The ground below looked easy and we made rapid progress. It became quite dark as we neared the foot of the cliff and we lit our lanterns. We now had to bear left again and the last 50 ft. or so of the cliff was steep. We could not see from the top whether it would go or not so I went down on a rope to see if it was all right. It was easier than it looked and at the bottom I unroped. There was a good deal of evidence of rock falls here so I moved away from the cliff along a broad snow ridge which sloped gently away for about 30 yards to a patch of scree. Howl and Kerr had by now almost reached the bottom of the cliff and Imrie was seeing them down from the top. At this moment I heard stones begin to fall high up the stony slope above us. I shouted to the others to take cover and waited to see if I could see any signs of the fall coming so that I could give them any further instructions if necessary. Rather to my surprise I could see the path of the fall: a train of great bluish sparks struck by the rocks as they hit against the mountain side. Fortunately the main fall came down about 20 yards to the left. The first large pieces hit the snow at the foot of the cliff with a terrific thud and I immediately dived behind a small rock. As I did so a small stone hit me on the hip but no other stones appeared to come very near. Up to now with plenty to do I had been calm and almost detached in my actions. I do not remember even feeling frightened, but lying behind the rock I had nothing to do but listen to the clattering and banging of the rocks as they fell. On and on they went it seemed for an age and I found myself involuntarily trembling. After a few minutes the fall ceased and out of the silence which ensued a rather quavering voice asked me if I was all right. Howl and Kerr under the cliff had received only one small stone on a rucksack and Imrie up above and round the corner had been away from the line of fall.

It was with considerably reduced morale that we continued down the snow slope above the rocky step separating the Fluhgletscher from the Schalligletscher. At first we followed what appeared to be a well trodden path down the snow and the going was easy, but our troubles were not over yet. We soon became in doubt where the way down the

cliff to the glacier below was situated. We tried several places, thought we were too high and went downwards a little, then were convinced we were too low and went up again. Our behaviour became irrational, a failing I have noticed before when caught out late at night and very tired on a mountain. We lacked the energy and will to think out a logical way out of our difficulty. Kerr suggested to me that I should get out the map and guide book and study them, but I said I was sure this would be no good. My real reason was that the effort of taking my rucksack off and getting out the map and guide book seemed so burdensome that I could not face it. Then we thought we would go across the Schalligletscher to a patch of rocks we had passed on our way up and visited the previous afternoon. But when we were half-way across it seemed obvious that we were on the right line so we came back again only to find that we were wrong. We went up and down the top of the cliff again covering almost the same ground as before. At this point we began to look round for a suitable place to bivouac and with the light of the hut shining not so very far away I was reminded of an occasion during the previous season when the party of which I was a member under very similar circumstances had had to spend the night above the Géant icefall unable to find the way down in the dark and with the light of the Requin Hut shining tantalisingly near. However, after one more excursion across the glacier we ultimately found our way round the bottom end of the rock wall and trudged across the remaining glacier and snow-slopes more asleep than awake to arrive at the hut well after midnight.

Two days later, having thoroughly slept off this adventure, we went up to the Schönbühl Hut bent on further conquests. Our plan was to traverse the Dent Blanche up the East ridge and down the South ridge and to follow this by a traverse of the Matterhorn ascending by the Zmutt ridge and coming down by the Hörnli ridge. It is a pity that the Matterhorn has such a reputation with non-climbers. We all felt, I think, that whatever happened we must reach the top of this peak if only to retain any standing at all with our non-climbing friends. As a result all our subsequent movements were coloured by the effort to give ourselves a chance to 'do' the Matterhorn. This was rather unfortunate, but we did ultimately succeed so that perhaps the bogy is now laid and we can go back and climb the mountain properly one of these days. Perhaps this is a suitable place to remark on a peculiarity of Zermatt valley which to a newcomer is most striking; namely that in this cradle of Alpine mountaineering there should be such a paucity of climbers. Apart from the procession up the Hörnli ridge and a fair number of people on one or two other well-known routes, the mountains were almost deserted. Zermatt itself was full to overflowing so there was no shortage of people to climb if they wished. To one accustomed to the surging crowds in the huts round Chamonix it was a strange sensation, and I almost began to wonder if mountaineering was losing its hold on people. Surely this cannot be? The weather was good as we went up to the Schönbühl Hut but the wind was now

well and truly round into the south and great banks of cloud were raising themselves up over Italy and threatening to engulf the summits. In the afternoon we followed the path from the hut up to the moraine to the level basin of the Schönbühl Glacier to have a good look at the Dent Blanche. We decided that if the weather was fine on the morrow we would try the traverse though there was a lot of snow high up on the mountain, but that in doubtful weather we must be content with an attempt on the South ridge. When we set off at 2.30 the next morning the weather was very doubtful, with thin low clouds moving across the sky rather fast from the S.S.W., but we decided to give it a chance. All went well until at dawn we found ourselves on the rocks of the Wandfluh and it began to snow. We dithered for some time in indecision but eventually decided to give it half an hour to improve and sat down for breakfast. In half an hour exactly it did improve and stopped snowing. We were now high enough to see over into Italy, and it was apparent that for an hour or two anyway the weather did not seem likely to get much worse, so we pushed on. It would be tedious to relate the details of this well-known climb. The summit miraculously remained out of the clouds until just after we left it at about 11 o'clock. By this time the wind, which had been increasing steadily in strength, was very trying and the conditions were much more reminiscent of an early spring day in Wales than a summer day in the Alps. On the way down the conditions got much worse, and it took us a long time to get down the icy rocks on the west side of the lowest and largest gendarme on the ridge. Below this, on the easy ground to the top of the Wandfluh, we were almost blinded by horizontally driven snow and the wind rose still further. But we were able to make good progress, and the descent of the Wandfluh was pleasant by contrast as we were sheltered from the gale and the snow had abated somewhat. As we crossed the glacier below, the snow turned to rain and it continued to rain and snow intermittently for the rest of the evening, completely putting an end to our hopes of the Zmutt ridge.

We only had four days' more climbing ahead of us so we decided, in view of the more than doubtful weather, that we would lose no chance of travelling as far and as high as the weather would let us, always keeping in mind the fact that we wanted to climb the Matterhorn if possible. The next morning dawned very cloudy, and it was not until 10 o'clock that it looked promising enough to justify any hopes of a fine day. We were determined to do as much as we could in the short time available and so decided to cross the Col Durand to the Mountet Hut and to try to traverse the Pointe de Zinal on the way if time and weather permitted. I remember we had quite a debate in the middle of the Durand Glacier as to whether we should try the traverse or not. It was midday by this time and the clouds were just clear of the summit of our peak. As usual, underestimating the length and difficulty of the task ahead we decided to do the traverse after all and went up the sticky slope of new snow which led to the Southern arête. The going was very damp with deep wet snow at first but, when we reached the more

difficult rock of the ridge proper, we found to our surprise that the wind had blown almost all the snow off the rocks and we had a delightful climb on quite easy but interesting rocks. The clouds occasionally trailed across the ridge but mostly remained just above it. We could see no distant peaks, but there was plenty to look at around us. After a short rest on the summit we came down the easy North-eastern ridge of the mountain to the Col Durand. It was by now about 5 o'clock and the weather was again deteriorating rapidly. We had been told at the Schönbühl Hut that the Col Durand was a fairly easy passage and I am afraid I had omitted to look at the guide book so we were rather surprised to find a steep and rather formidable ice slope on the northern side of the Col. The ice was wet and there were patches of slushy snow on it here and there. I almost suggested turning back because I feared we might even be benighted, but sterner councils prevailed and we put on our crampons and started slowly down the slope. As soon as we were fairly embarked on it the hail began. There was quite an extensive snow slope above us and the hail ran off this slope and down past us in a continuous stream. The appearance of the slope was as if somebody was pouring countless gallons of milk down it. It filled up our steps in an instant. Howl, who was cutting down first, slipped at one point, but I managed to hold him from secure steps, and a few minutes later I was alarmed to see both the others sliding down past me, but fortunately both stopped themselves before the rope to me became taut. The hail was by now getting less and we soon reached a snow slope at a less formidable angle and found our way round the bergschrund. The going was now easy and we hurried along in the gathering gloom at our best pace. Now, as darkness began to fall, it began to rain hard and a thunderstorm raged round the peaks all around the valley. We kept the Mountet Hut in sight ahead of us for as long as we could, but a low wet-looking cloud crept up the valley and finally hid it from sight. At the time it was uncomfortable enough. We were wet through in the pouring rain, and inky darkness, making our way down a strange glacier towards a hut we could not see, vivid flashes of lightning showing up the glacier every few seconds. Looking back, however, it was almost the most memorable experience of our holiday. Ultimately we reached the steep and unpleasant looking moraine, above which the hut stands. I knew there must be a path up it somewhere but we were too tired to search for it in the dark so we took the moraine direct. It was as steep, wet and loose as it looked, but, once at the top the lights of the hut were comfortingly close and we were soon inside it having a hot meal.

That night I did not sleep too well because I was rather worried. I knew that there must be a large amount of new snow all round. We still had this fixation about climbing the Matterhorn and I knew we must try to get to the Hörnli Hut the next day. Perhaps I had an exaggerated idea of the difficulties of the Col Durand after our experience of the previous day, but I had no stomach for recrossing it in a foot or two of new snow. To those familiar with the district I dare say

my problem would seem easy and a variety of routes back to Zermatt would suggest themselves. I got up about 5 A.M. while the hut was still quiet and pondered over map and guide book. Eventually I thought that to go over a col just to the north of the Trifhorn would provide the safest and quickest passage back to Zermatt in conditions of deep new snow. This col is called in the guide book the Col de Mountet but is not named on the map. We left about 8 o'clock in excellent weather. At first the going was easy but near the col we had several hundred feet of snow thigh deep to wade through. It took us nearly four hours to reach the Col in these conditions. I wish now that from the Col we had made for the top of the Trifhorn, which we could have reached in another quarter of an hour of heavy ploughing, and then attempted the descent to the Triftjoch, but we decided to continue straight down the other side of the Col to the Triftletscher below. We abseiled down the first 50 ft. of almost vertical rock and then made our way down steep snow-covered rocks of no particular difficulty to the glacier. We called in at the magnificent new Rothorn Hut on our way down to Zermatt.

The next day the weather was fairly good in the morning and we walked up to the Hörnli Hut. It soon became obvious as we climbed that our good idea of climbing the Matterhorn the next day was shared by a large number of other people too. My heart began to sink. Was this the way to climb the Matterhorn for the first time? Everything that happened for the rest of that day only served to deepen our gloom. On the way to the hut it was evident that a concealed half race was taking place between several parties, including ours, which gloomily foretold an overcrowded hut. When we reached the hut everything we did seemed to put us in the wrong with a guardian of uncertain temper. We put our rucksacks on to a small bed space only to be told that he would allot space later and we must remove them, and anyway he was not at all certain that there would be any space for us at all. After this he graciously allowed us to get ourselves a meal. In the depths of depression we decided to try to get in at the so-called hotel next door, Howl and Kerr undertook to do this while Imrie and I reconnoitred the route. We spent about two hours on the mountain making sure that we should not lose our way in the dark the next day. As usual the weather was getting steadily worse during the afternoon and evening. When we arrived back to the hut the clouds were not far above it. The others had news of some comfort. They had secured the last room in the hotel containing two very small double beds, for which we had to pay an exorbitant price. The hotel seemed to be run entirely by two young and harassed girls who never had any time to stop and answer our questions. When we asked about being called in the morning, we were put in our places properly. Apparently in this hotel nobody was called separately, but all together. We asked when this would be and were told that the guides would decide, but that it might be 3.30 or possibly 4.30 or 5. Our cup of misery was full. There must have been 80 or more people all ready to climb the Matterhorn the next

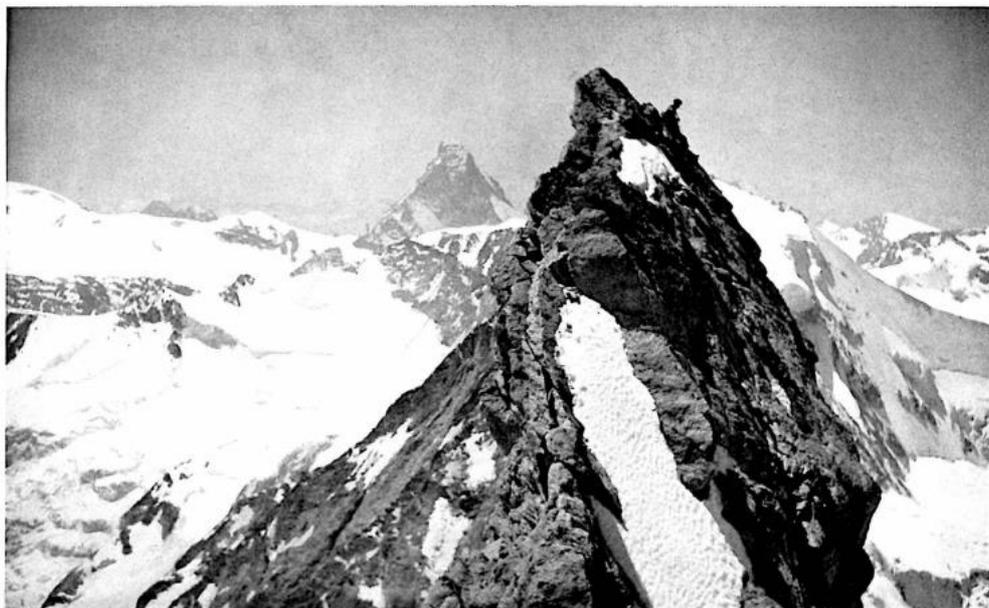
morning and apparently it was going to be a gigantic conducted Cook's tour up the mountain and back again. There was only one thing to do. We must wake up early the next day and set off hours before the mob. Why must one route up one mountain so capture the imagination of the world that it attracts all and sundry like bees round a honey pot? If only the general public's interest in climbing were more diffuse! However, we were hardly the right people to criticise as we were apparently as bad as all the rest.

We spent the night feverishly trying to remember to wake up at the right time and eventually did so at 2.15. We crept out of the hotel boots in hand feeling like guilty absconding guests, but, though we went quietly we were not unobserved. We entered the hut to make ourselves a hot drink and there a few minutes later we were caught red handed by the guardian, trying to light his precious stove. He was highly indignant but was eventually persuaded to light it himself. At 3.15 we set off. The clouds were very low, only a few hundred feet above us, but on the other side of the valley over the Rothorn they seemed to be a good deal higher. There was almost no wind and it was rather warm. The signs were not promising but we decided to see what we could do. We had no special difficulty up to the Solvay Hut. The rocks were covered by new snow so we had to make our own route. There were no signs of the scratched rocks with which the route is allegedly covered. We took nearly three hours to reach the hut and went in for a few minutes to have something to eat. We glanced through the hut book and found one entry which seemed to typify the state into which the ascent of this particular route has fallen. It read 'Oh boy! When I get back to Chicago, what a subject for conversation at cocktail parties!' But above the hut at once we got to the real thing. The rocks were covered with verglas and we had to go very carefully indeed. Imrie had decided to wear his Vibrams and we had all left crampons behind. Imrie's feet slipped about alarmingly in one or two places, but he led the way with great skill over rocks which increased in treacherous difficulty all the way. The mist steadily thickened and we became coated with rime. Above the shoulder the ice on the rocks was considerably thicker and we were able to chip out small steps. I was reminded very strongly, by the conditions, of an ascent of Buchaille Etive in January a few years ago. Icicles formed round our beards and eyebrows. Normally I flatter myself that I can climb six inches to one side of a fixed rope and ignore its existence as well as any climber, but when we reached the fixed ropes above the shoulder we made unashamed use of them. We should never have reached the top in time without their aid. At last we were above the top rope and on to a part which the guide book describes as a veritable path to the summit. It was no path to us but the now customary deep snow, well above the knees. As we neared the top the wind gradually rose and blew the snow into our faces, at the same time rapidly obliterating our tracks. At last after seven hours' climbing we reached the summit. The wind was strong and cold and the mist was as thick as ever. Once or twice

there was that curious lightening of the gloom which makes one think that the sun will probably come out at any moment, but in this case, if it meant anything at all, meant that the summit of the Matterhorn would remain shrouded in clouds for the next 72 hours at least. I dare say you think it odd that we should have persisted in climbing this mountain in a thick fog, but to the uninitiated I suppose it would appear only that some mountaineers are a little madder than others. Actually to me it only added to the mysterious charm of the mountain. It seemed unbelievable that in the thick mist and driving snow we had reached the challenging summit visible from Zermatt. I remembered that, in my youth, I reached the summit of Great Gable six times before I ever saw the view, and that experience had only made me the more eager to climb it again. And now on the Matterhorn it seemed as if the mountain had mocked the tourist climbers and only admitted us into her secret. After half an hour on the top we set off down again. Our tracks were quite gone and after a time in the curious way that sometimes happens I became quite convinced that we had completely strayed from the right way and were about to plunge down the North face towards the Matterhorn Glacier. I communicated my fears to the others and we turned back towards the summit. I suspect that Howl who had been more observant than I, was almost certain that we were not wrong at all but such is the prestige of a few extra years and a little more climbing experience that he allowed himself to be led back almost to the summit without a murmur. Down we went again and found that we had turned back at a point within ten yards of the topmost fixed rope. We used the iron stakes from which the fixed ropes are hung to abseil down as much of the way as possible to the Solvay Hut. No incident worth recording occurred on the way down, except that the fog had remained as thick as ever almost down to the foot of the ridge.

When we reached the hut the guardian played his trump card by which, if I may mix a metaphor, he finally knocked us for six. No other party had left the hut that day, and when we told him that we had been to the top, he showed us quite clearly that he did not believe us. 'Oh! when you say that you have been all the way up, of course you mean as far as the Solvay Hut.' This was the last straw. The others were too tired to care but Kerr and I could not stand the place any longer. We pretended to each other that there was just time to catch the last train down to Randa from Zermatt if we hurried and anyway if we missed it we would walk right to Randa rather than stay another night up here. As we left we passed through groups of what appeared to our by now prejudiced eyes, hostile and unbelieving climbers. As we passed one group I heard one man say to another. 'Why, they haven't even got any crampons.' We both felt that this savoured of gamesmanship, an art which I had believed until then would not invade the realm of mountaineering. We swung down the zigzags in great style but the way was long and before we entered the woods it was dark. As we stumbled down the gloomy path in the woods to

Zermatt the familiar thunder rolled round the hills again and we had the usual evening rain. Even Zermatt seemed to have lost something of its charm that evening. The rain-swept streets, with the reflections of the brilliantly lit shop windows, made it look a little too like Oxford Street. We found a restaurant and went in. It was full of horribly clean people eating food. Dirty, tired and bearded we were shown to a table well out of sight round a corner and we ate thankfully what was put before us. Then we took to the road again. Our first resolute purpose to walk right down to Randa soon weakened and we turned in to a hay barn within half a mile of Zermatt. It was damp and draughty and rather cold, but the hay smelt of flowers and we slept with the sound of the river in our ears, feeling content that we had, at last, reached the real Switzerland again.



Photograph by G. F. Dixon.]

ON THE SCHALLIGRAT, 30TH JULY 1951.

LISTS

Honours

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

Order of the Companion of Honour

Kenneth Baker

Queens Privy Council

Kenneth Baker

Life Peerage

Ronald Fearn

Knight Bachelor

James Keith Stuart

Miles Irving

Commander of the Royal Victorian Order (CVO)

Reverend Professor Peter Brunt

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 2020)

Officer of the Order of the British Empire (OBE)

Alan Barber

John Culshaw

Benjamin Hartwell

Rev Professor Peter Brunt

Stuart Fletcher

Peter Dodworth

Peter Mark Sinclair Almond

John Uttley

Ronald Fearn

Hilary Anslow (College Principal)

Paul Davies

Member of the Order of the British Empire (MBE)

John Rostron

David Marsh

John Paisley

Robert Hepworth

Charles Bracken

Jeffrey Fox

Queens Counsel (QC)

Michael Fitton

Arthur Davidson

David Turner

Fellow of the Royal Society(FRS)

Keith Runcorn

Samuel Perry

Member of Parliament (MP)

Michael English

Michael Meadowcroft

Ronald Fearn

Arthur Davidson

Den Dover

Kenneth Baker

CONTACTS

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE

Martin Fearn
4 Palm Grove, Southport PR8 6AD.
01704-543169
martin.fearn@lineone.net

RED ROSE MAGAZINE & OGA EVENTS

Jonathan Elliott
07969 889843
jonelliott61@hotmail.com

OGA MEMBERSHIP

Neil Spencer
peely13@sky.com

KGV MEMORABILIA

Jonathan Elliott
07969 889843
jonelliott61@hotmail.com

Website

www.theoldgeorgians.co.uk

Facebook Group

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

Printed copies of this Red Rose can be purchased from the OGA for £5 (plus P&P) while stocks last.