



"Guess whose ashes are buried in a pig trough?"



Victoria College Foundation Newsletter "Building for the Future"

Victoria College Foundation Newsletter Volume 10 March Edition 2011
Victoria College, Jersey JE1 4HT Tel / Fax: 01534 730464 Email: foundation@vcj.sch.je

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Page

- 1 The Headmaster
- 2 The Chairman of the Governors
- 2 The President of the OVA
- 3 Foundation News
- 3 New Building
- 4 The London Dinner
- 4 The Great Hall Dinner
- 5 1932 College with "Oily" Worrall
- 5 1936 Easter Musketry Camps
- 6 1940 Bedford
- 6 "Taxi" Blomfield remembers Bedford
- 7 1949 F J Dupays and family visit
- 7 1955 Prep with Miss Aubrey
- 7 Alan Cresswell rides again!
- 8 Frank Keiller Decoration
- 8 Sutton family dynasty at Golf
- 9 Tim Scarborough in South Africa
- 10 Derek Carpenter RIP
- 11 "Eric" Candlin RIP
- 12 Endpiece



"Who is this OV family?"
See inside

From the Headmaster

As OVs are no doubt aware, today's parents have very high expectations. Many are especially keen to support their children in matches, plays, in concerts and the myriad of activities that take place outside school hours. At the same time, increasing numbers of parents carefully



The Temple

scrutinise examination results, they compare fee levels and they demand value for money. On this basis they choose schools accordingly. Given the current economic climate in Jersey, schools such as Victoria College can't take anything or anyone for granted. It is quite possible that we shall have to promote ourselves far more assertively, taking traditional constituencies much less for granted. What does this mean in practice? While key messages have to be identified and promoted, some of these will be well tried and successful and those of my generation whose children have passed through education and are now in their 20s and 30s, are tempted to think that these messages sound tired or predictable. We should remind ourselves that for every generation of new parents, some things are crucially important, just as they once were for all of us. These important things include academic challenge, extra curricular variety, excellent teaching and learning underpinned by a strong pastoral care system. It is not surprising, therefore, that I have sought to bolster these key areas of school life by appointing Senior Teachers to such positions. Indeed, the feature of this term has included the implementation of specific Working Parties to focus on the key areas of Teaching and Learning, Pastoral Organisation, Communications, the Co-curricular Programme and finally, greater collaboration with other secondary schools. It is gratifying to note that a recent value for money review identified that the quality of care, relationships between staff and students, student behaviour and attitude to learning at Victoria College are all outstanding. The key summary findings stated that the College is providing outstanding value for money.

Here at Victoria College, we do not intend to rest on our laurels. The poet, W B Yeats, believed that education is not about filling buckets, it's about lighting fires. G K Chesterton defined it as simply

the soul of society as it passes from one generation to another. I am sure you will be able to think of similar memorable phrases, strap lines and slogans for yourselves but one thing is for sure, in the future, marketing is likely to be vital. In the current climate, I have taken it upon myself to show prospective parents and boys around the College. I always begin with a ten minute introductory talk in my office, you know, The Temple. In these 10 minutes, I focus almost exclusively on the boy. Initially, I try to put them at their ease. The black gown on the back of the door is today, just as likely

to be seen as intimidating one-upmanship than a sign of academic pedigree. I believe that it is important to make the child feel welcome. When I was a prospective parent myself, I was amazed that the Head completely ignored my children so once I became a Head, I learnt to tell my own adult visitors that I would more or less ignore them whilst I asked their young son about Maths or the Science experiment he had just done.

Most parents listen in and some claim to have learnt things they have never been taught before. I would like to think that nearly all of them see my approach in a distinctly positive light. I have been warned, however, that while you are talking to the child, the parents' eyes and attention, may wander so they notice things in your study that you yourself have long stopped noticing. At my first annual HMC Conference back in September, I was reminded by one Headmaster about just this matter. After a very successful school inspection, he gave every teacher a small thank you in the shape of a particular gold labelled champagne. He kept the gold boxes which he found particularly attractive and very useful for storing this and that. The boxes were all parked in a row along a book shelf above the door into his PA's office. He stopped noticing them until one parent asked how they came to be there and shortly afterwards, a visiting journalist from a well known National Newspaper wrote in her article that the school was a champagne school. I do not believe it is in the best interest of the College to become complacent regarding the marketing of the school. After all, I do believe we have a wonderful product and the College continues to produce young, well-rounded men who are a credit to their families and the Island of Jersey.



The Headmaster enjoying the visionary views from the balcony of The Temple

Alun Watkins

From the Chairman of the Governors

THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGING...



Chairman of the Governors, Clive Barton, with an admiring Robert Boylen - a future Chairman of the Governors? (2003)

As we approach the end of the Easter term, it is pleasing, but unsurprising, to report to you that our new Headmaster is now completely immersed in his new position and loving every minute of the challenge.

On the subject of challenges, we face an extremely difficult

one in seeking to find a new Headmaster for Victoria College Prep. Philip Stevenson, who will be retiring at the end of the summer term, will have completed 37 years' of service at both Victoria College and Victoria College Preparatory School, the last 15 years being as Head of Prep. He was appointed Head of Science at VCP in 1974 and subsequently in 1979 became Head of Junior Science at the College.

He took on added responsibilities including Head of Personnel, Social and Health Education and organized numerous prize days and awards ceremonies. In 1989 he became Head of the Junior School at VCJ and in 1996 was appointed

Head of the Prep.

During the traumatic times of 1999/2000 Philip was brave enough and strong enough to take over the position as Acting Headmaster at College. This was an extremely difficult period and we have much to thank him for, not least for keeping the school on course whilst the Board of Governors searched for the new Headmaster, Bob Cook.

Advertisements have been placed both internally at Education Sport & Culture and also in the local media and strong candidates have emerged. As a result Russell Price, the present Deputy Head, has been appointed.

Philip's loyalty and dedication to both schools is legendary. In his letter to me he described his time at College as "immensely rewarding" and that "he is content with his journey, having developed friendships with teachers, parents, governors and the educational community as a whole". My one regret as Chairman of the Board of Governors is that we have not been able to convince the States of Jersey of the desperate need at the Prep for new buildings and a modern campus, which was to replace facilities condemned as not fit for purpose some 15 years ago.

Those of you who live in Jersey will know of the sometimes heated exchanges that took place before Christmas over the 50% cut in the grant that College



Philip Stevenson

receives from the States. This is an ongoing discussion between the Governors and the Minister but there is an inevitability that the cuts will take place over the coming months and years. The Governors and the parents have a stark choice to make if there is to be a maintenance of the standards and outstanding results at College.

In a 'whistle blowing' article in a recent edition of the Jersey Evening Post, figures were published as a 'revelation' with regard to the GCSE results. The makeup of these results had been known by the Governors for many years but we were restrained from making them public as it was felt to be divisive. The stark facts are that last academic year 97.7% of pupils at VCJ obtained five A* to C grades in GCSE including English and Maths. The UK average is 53.1%. The results of the two least well performing schools in Jersey were 19.7% and

18.3%. This must surely send out a strong message as to how important it is to maintain our standards at College, even if forced to do so by fee increases.

Clive Barton



The new water feature at VCP designed and made by Steve Rylance, Parent. The extension of the CR and this recreation area is one development which HAS been completed with the help of donations to The Foundation.

From the President of the OVA

Fellow Old Victorians,



Present and Past Presidents!

I am pleased to have this opportunity to write to you in my capacity as the recently elected President of the OVA. I would firstly like to pay tribute to my predecessor, Mike Labey, who has made a

huge contribution to our OV community and has worked hard to develop strong and effective links with the school. Mike always recognised that future success for the OVA will depend upon our ability to build and sustain bonds with the young

men who leave Victoria College each year, wherever their lives may take them. Mike will be a hard act to follow, but for those of you who note these things, you should be encouraged to learn that we are both products of Dixie Landick's Tutor group in the early 1970's: further evidence, if any were needed, that Bruce still rules!

This is my opportunity to bring you a flavour of some of the things that OVs get up to. Perhaps inevitably there is a strong focus on social and gastronomic activities – with our Annual Dinners in Jersey and London being prime examples. But mention must also be made of the myriad of OV sporting teams and individuals who are active and often highly successful.

An OV worthy of individual mention is Phil Sharp (OV 92-99) who was recently selected as one of nine top British sailors in the first Development Squad of the Artemis Offshore Academy. This academy has been established to nurture talent

with the long term aim of putting a British sailor in a position to win the solo Vendee Globe in either 2016 or 2020 – or both! This is a young OV to look out for in the future. Slightly closer to home Joe Ellyatt has recently been named captain of Bath University's first team. Joe was

previously Jersey RFC Youth captain and has played for Aviva Premiership side, Bath, in the Middlesex Sevens competition as well as featuring for their A team. He is studying coaching education and sport development at Bath University.

A number of sporting events are already on the horizon and these include Athletics, Cricket and Golf. The OV golf day, being held once again at the Royal Jersey, has been confirmed for Thursday 16th June. There will be a 'shot gun' start, at 1400, and dinner later that evening. Any one interested in taking part in this event should contact Mike Tait for more details.

We are hugely indebted to London-based OV Mark Boleat (OV 60-67) for the sterling work that he has undertaken, over many years, in organising the Annual London Dinner to coincide with the School Football X1 tour to the UK. On 26 November 2010 we were privileged to meet in the historic Mansion House in the City of London by kind invitation of the new

Lord Mayor, Michael Bear, who welcomed us to his home. Dinner was served in the magnificent setting of the Egyptian room, which is famous for being where the UK Chancellor makes his annual 'Mansion House' speech. The Lord Mayor is a very busy figure and evidently on the move a good deal



Phil Sharp



Phil with Artemis boat



The new Lord Mayor, Michael Bear

- that afternoon he was flying in late from Budapest - and the fact that he was still able to join us indicates that he must still have been "Hungary!"

Our new Headmaster, Alun Watkins, overcame the challenge of his inaugural speech at this event and subsequently went on to do likewise at the local OV Dinner held, as always, in the Great Hall on 16 December 2010. On that occasion we were pleased to entertain OV Past President, and current Lieutenant Bailiff,

Jurat John Tibbo, as our guest of honour. Mr Carl Howarth, former Victoria College Head of Junior School and the current Head of JCG, was our main speaker. It is very clear that the affection that he still holds for Victoria College bodes well for the future – especially at a time when both Colleges are under pressure on a number of fronts.

Plans are already in hand for the 99th Annual Dinner on Thursday 15 December 2011 and we will also need to be

thinking well ahead about our Centenary Dinner in December 2012. More about these events in the next edition but if anyone has any ideas, or would like to be involved in planning for these auspicious events, then please do get in touch.

Finally I would like to wish you all a pleasant summer and I look forward to meeting you at various events in the year ahead.

James Le Feuvre, OVA President (OV, 1967- 1974)



THE FOUNDATION

We have been very grateful to Liz Shrimpton who has worked so hard for the Foundation over the past two years but is needed ever-more urgently in the main Reception.

The Trustees have therefore decided to appoint a Temporary Secretary dedicated to the Foundation, and after advertising amongst Parents have appointed Mrs Karen Stone. She comes with a wide experience both as a secretary and a fund-raiser and will start work at the beginning of April, after half term, and has a son in Year 10, so she knows the school well already.

The College is very grateful to Tobias and Tracey Mathews for their generous donation of the original Rolls Painting of The

College which they had bought at a silent auction at the 150th Anniversary Ball in 2002. It now is hung in pride of place at the foot of the main staircase, with a plaque recording their gift.



Donated by Mr and Mrs T Mathews on behalf of their son Cole Mclean – 2011



Karen Stone settling into her new job at The Foundation



Present Sixth Form Recreation area with Present Drama Room in background.



Aubrey Area site for two storey block; Present Sixth form behind New Drama Studio. Note two levels to be used for access

THE NEW BUILDING DEVELOPMENT

As we have been unable to develop our plans for a Drama Studio, the Trustees, in collaboration with the new Headmaster, have decided to find a solution to the problem by approaching it from a different direction.

The Head master has identified the crying need for each House to have a dedicated House Room in which to operate.

In Break 700 boys mill around with no "home"! To free up such space we need to build a two storey classroom block. Such a structure is being designed, as I write, by Hopkins Architects, under the skilful eye of Jim Greaves, and with the overall direction of David Flowers, Head of Property Services.

Because it will be sited on the slope where the present Sixth Form games room is situated, (though slightly more towards the centre,) there will be no need for expensive lifts for disabled access. Each floor will meet its own level down the slope.

Plans are in hand for two or three sturdy Portacabins owned by ESC to replace the present Drama Studio, which could then be possibly re-housed in the refurbished Sixth Form Centre (Ex Art School) conveniently sited next to the Drama Department housed in the Howard Davis Theatre. The Portacabins would then be home for the Sixth Form.

With cost-cutting and careful re-application of funds and spaces, we are confident that the £800,000 we already have in the Foundation fund, with a topping up of another £200,000 from identifiable funds and new donors, will pay for the whole project. This would then provide the four new classrooms, a Drama Studio and an adequate space for the Sixth form.

Though still at an early stage, the whole concept is exciting, practical and affordable, and most importantly, approvable by the Housing Minister, Freddie Cohen.

PLEASE Email the Foundation your latest email address so we can keep in touch – and include a few choice memories in passing!

Philip Le Brocq (Braithwaite 1949-57)



Bird's eye view of the site for the class room block



Sketch of proposed new classroom block

THE LONDON DINNER

Old Victorians dine in the Mansion House

The Old Victorians Association held its London dinner in the splendour of the Mansion House on 26 November. The OVs and the College football team, 130 in all, were guests of the

newly elected Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Mike Bear. Chairman of the College Governors, Clive Barton, proposed the toast to the City of London Corporation to which the Lord Mayor responded, paying tribute to the College and to the contribution that Old Victorians made to the City.

The Lord Mayor, who had returned from a visit to Hungary to attend the dinner, proposed the

toast of success to Victoria College. The new Head Master, Alun Watkins responded to the toast, giving his first impressions of the College and the Island. OV President Mike Labej gave the vote of thanks and led the singing of the College Carmen. The dinner was organised by OV Mark Boleat, the Deputy Chairman of the City's Policy and Resources Committee.

Mark Boleat



The Lord Mayor with Sir Michael Alcock



The Foundation Chairman flanked by Stanley Stride and Alan Carter at the London Dinner



Mark Boleat and Head Prefect, William Southall

THE GREAT HALL DINNER

Speech by Carl Howarth Head of JCG (Edited)

Good evening Head master and venerable Old Victorians. And thank you for this honour of speaking at your dinner. In time honoured tradition, you have drunk fine wine, eaten fine food and now to entertain you, you call on JCG to bring on the women. Looking at the order of speeches, I wonder if you are hoping to keep the best until last. So assuming this is the case, I stand here as the Head mistress of Jersey College for Girls and would like to thank you for the long awaited but fair recognition of JCG. It couldn't have been easy.

It is also wonderful to be back in this beautiful Great Hall. I have many fond memories of this place during my six years here. Indeed many of my students at Victoria College have gone on to lead successful and notable careers including doctors and lawyers, many of whom are here tonight.

And I have to tell you I was at Victoria College during what can be factually called the Hydes years. An interesting period.

As Head of the Junior School, I often sat outside the Head Master's study for my weekly meeting wondering what world I would be entering as I stepped inside. On one occasion I had a serious matter to discuss – whether a boy in Year 8 would remain at College. I knocked at the door.

'Come in' came the voice, and what a voice.

Mission Impossible story

On another occasion I knocked and waited again.

'Come in'.

'Good morning Head master'.

'Ah Carl I am glad you are here'.

'I'm glad to be here, too, Head master'.

'Well I need your advice. I am choosing material for my dancers to wear (he liked to dance and taught it to Y7 on a Friday afternoon) and you need to tell me what it looks like'.

He proceeded to wrap himself in these long drapes of multi coloured cloth and dance around his study. I was supposed to tell him how the material responded to the movement. How the light bounced off the sheen. Yet, all I could think about was, keep a straight face, this is bizarre,



Carols after dinner.

I cannot believe this is happening.

Yet I am grateful to Jack for my first job, and the promotion. He left before I did for reasons I don't think we will go into right now. And a year later I left for Haute Vallée, then Hautlieu, arriving as Principal of JCG three years ago on a clear mandate to build closer relations with Victoria College. Hence my absolute delight on being

invited to speak tonight, I really can't see Simone Kenneth getting the same treatment. In those days it was more often open warfare, which may explain why Jack Hydes and Bob Cook put such an emphasis on the CCF – you didn't know when they might have come in handy.

However, times have changed and so I look at the relationship between the two colleges as like a man and woman starting out on a possible romance. Tonight is like our first date! Where will it lead?

(There followed a series of witty jokes about marriage, more suitable for the occasion than a printed document! Editor)



Carl Howarth

MEMORIES OF VICTORIA COLLEGE IN THE THIRTIES

When I first joined Victoria College in January 1932, a nervous little boy aged eleven, still in short trousers like most of that age, the head master was "Oily" Worrall. To this day I have no idea how the nickname originated; it certainly had nothing to do with his character and I cannot imagine that he ever indulged in hobbies that would have involved his getting oil on his hands or his clothes. The only mechanical contrivance that he ever seemed to use was his sturdy upright bicycle.

He was very much of the old school, a great believer in the value of fresh air and cold water for growing boys. Heating everywhere was by coal fires in the Great Hall where a few radiators existed, the water in them heated from some distant and totally ineffectual source. Some classes were still held in "Hall" at the east end and I can

recollect one bitterly cold winter when the ink in the little enamel wells on every desk froze.

"Oily" had his own antidote to cold classrooms. In those days not ridden by academic league tables, Head teachers could take a more flexible attitude to what they saw as true education. Frequently in the winter the word would go out mid-morning that there would be



Portrait of AH Worrall in De Quetteville Library by Jonathan Van Dooren

no more lessons after break. Instead, either the entire lower school, aged 11 plus to 13 plus, or upper school, older than 14, would assemble in the quadrangle to be taken for a brisk walk by "Oily". Overcoats, scarves and gloves were forbidden; as a sharp pace for up to an hour, through the lanes, on the edges of fields, down to Bagot, through Swiss Valley, would restore the circulation. There were very few overweight boys in those days. Most of us cycled or walked to school; I know of nobody, not one, brought to school in a car. The minority who came into St Helier by bus or from the West by train walked up the hill. The minority of slightly overweight boys who complained on "Oily's" walk or that they were "puffed" received no sympathy, were derided by their peers. As I recollect, even on the frostiest of days, we really did return in a glow of warmth and physical wellbeing. What "Oily" taught me about the joy of fresh air and exercise has remained with me ever since. One afternoon a week from a

certain age, I believe thirteen, was dedicated to purposeful activity, either the scout troop or the Officer's Training Corps (O.T.C.), the precursor of the CCF. Those were the Days!

Bob Le Sueur



A Warm Welcome - Bob Le Sueur, portrait commission 2007, by Stephen Shankland, Jersey Heritage

EASTER MUSKETRY CAMPS

When there was a permanent military garrison in Jersey, going back before World War One, Musketry was done at Les Landes, not only for the garrison but also for the conscripted Jersey Militia. Wooden hutments were built and these were still there in the thirties and I believe some had come from the camp for German prisoners-of-war at Blanches Banques.

Every Easter school holiday the College Officers' Training Corps (O.T.C.), precursor of the CCF, spent a week there. In the writer's memory, those weeks always seemed to coincide with heavy rain and a late cold snap. The huts were, of course, unheated and there was no hot water. We slept on straw-filled palliasses and had one or two musty army-issue blankets each of questionable cleanliness. The thinking seemed to be that a little hardship and particularly lots of cold water for ablutions would be just what was needed to build

character in molly-coddled adolescent boys.

Of course shooting involves a great deal of lying flat on one's chest with little movement to warm up, only varied when those doing the shooting would have to change places with those manning the butts. This would be done at the double with a great deal of shouting by the lance-corporals some of whose voices were only just breaking and which had an unfortunate tendency to alternate between a pseudo-authoritative bellow and a sudden, high-pitched squeak.

I was both very short-sighted and with slight stigma which meant that I only used one eye and have never known normal dimensional vision. It had never been easy for me, even with the strange artificial light of the indoor range to score well. I did not anticipate anything better on the outdoor range with the target a long way off. On my first camp in 1936, the new recruits were to fire first and, to my embarrassment, I was in the first batch. I knew what we were supposed to do, how to get the two rifle sights in line if only I had been able to see them clearly.

We lay there, Capt. Eden (as he was then) standing there as well as the slightly-terrifying Sgt. Major Annigani, the archetypal true British regular M.C.O. with a surprising Italian name. The A.D.C. to the Lt.Governor was also there, in uniform. I hoped I could pass

unnoticed. It was not to be. I pulled the trigger and the signal from the butts went up. By an extraordinary fluke I had scored a bull.

The great and good gathered around including the older boys who had already earned their



Basil Le Brun 4th from left; Peter Crill 2nd from right

"stripes". I was urged by no less than Capt. Eden to relax, to take my time. Did they already see me as a possible Bisley star? I pulled the trigger a second time. Up went the signal from the butts or a complete miss. The great and good did not abandon hope, at least not immediately. But there were no more bulls-eyes claimed. They always knew when I was firing because of the showers of earth as my bullets struck the ground above their heads or the whines as they zoomed overhead. Clearly I was not destined for a glorious career as a sharp-shooter.

Bob Le Sueur
January 2011



BEDFORD MEMORIES by LES COLE

Bedford September 1940 – 1945

One morning before school, we saw an aeroplane fly south from the school to the station, when we heard an explosion and saw some rail bits dropping downwards. The senior prefects immediately sent us all indoors to lower classes where we stayed until the "All Clear" siren went. Unfortunately it was not long enough – as school lessons commenced as usual – much to our disappointment!

Another Bedford morning

On arrival at school, we were excited to find the fire brigade at one of the upper room ceilings. We, the pupils, were told to carry on as normal. Until the afternoon – Then we were called upon to pass all the desks and chairs out of the windows from the side of the fire. Never was so much effort and fun used by a form so quickly. But still the lessons had to continue regardless!

Les Cole (Bedford 1945; 1946-47)



FURTHER MEMORIES AND AFTER...

TAXI BLOMFIELD

"Taxi" Blomfield remembers

I was particularly interested to read of your association with Bedford School as my father was teaching at Bedford when he was "poached" to come over to VCJ. I well remember him travelling over to the island for his interview.

He had formerly been a House Master at King's School Worcester where I was a chorister in Worcester



Capt N C Blomfield

Cathedral under Sir Ivor Atkins. He used to dribble a bit when he got over excited, or we couldn't get a piece right and he became known as "Saliver" Atkins! When my voice broke I had to leave the Cathedral Choir School and also went to Bedford, to a Prep School called Rushmoor.

It was at Rushmoor that I first boxed - and subsequently I claim to be the first boy at VCJ to get colours for boxing in 1951. In the House Boxing competition I had my first defeat by Charlie Maine and as Reg Nicolle had pressed Ronnie Postill hard for boxing to be recognised as a "proper" sport and have Colours awarded, despite the fact that we had no outside competition (St Helier Boxing Club for instance), it was finally agreed and both Charlie and I were awarded our colours. As "B" for Blomfield comes alphabetically before "M" for Maine I make my aforementioned claim!

Losing became a habit as I emigrated to Australia in '52 and after only four weeks off the boat, I was fighting in the Western Australia state Championships. It was just my luck to have a first

round draw against a chap who had been Australia's Olympic representative at welterweight. Three rounds, of course, and I felt I had won the first quite easily. The second was even and he knocked all hell out of me in the third!!

I didn't box again until I did my National Service in the Australian Navy, and again when I did my National Service in the British Army on my return from Down Under. I am, almost certainly, the only person you know who has done TWO lots of NS.! That's another story and a long one at that.

I attach a photo of self versus Lawrence of Braithwaite, Nov 27th.1947 "under six stone", House Boxing Competition.

The interesting thing is not me trying to look intimidating but the panel of judges-----Mr Horn, N C Blomfield, Bob Eden and Dick Salt. The Bruce second was Martin who preceded me as 1st Eleven goalkeeper, I remember. More news next Edition!

(If any one would like further news of "Taxi" please contact him at rblomfield@btinternet.com Editor)



1951 Football Team, all "capped", with Capt Blomfield fag in hand!
(Courtesy Alan Lane)

Vincent (Chick) Giannoni (deceased) "Taxi" Blomfield, John Collins, Colin Sutton (deceased), Donald (Dixie) Dingle (deceased), Alan Lane, Arthur Le Maistre (deceased), Clive De la Cour, Frank Thomas, Donald Georgelin, John Askew (deceased), Bryan Harrison, Capt. NC Blomfield, "Jumbo" Stevenson, Michael Burke.

Jurat Don Georgelin recalls:

As I recall, the College team had just RETURNED from a very successful soccer tour in England in November 1951 when we were photographed by the JEP on the Pier.

We had defeated Lancing College 6-1, Highgate School 5-2 the final match against Charterhouse ended in a draw 1-1. I still have fond memories of the late Mr.A G Harrison (Bryan's father) running (perhaps walking!) up and down the touch line filming our efforts with his cine-camera.

If my memory serves me correctly he also accompanied us on the 1952 tour, when we again beat Highgate School this time 2-1, Westminster School 2-1 but lost to Forest School 2-0.

(Any other memories welcome for the next Newsletter. Editor)

THE DUPAYS FAMILY VISIT

Frederick John Dupays (1942-1950) re-visited the College after many years to show his family his old school and let them see and realise what a sportsman, Head Boy and Mossop cup winner he was! They had no idea of his wide and extended prowess – Pembroke College as well. Having done the grand tour and seen his name up on the many sports shields we ended up in the Great Hall for a glass of celebratory post 90th Birthday drink. They were even more impressed when he joined your Chairman of the Foundation in a faultless rendition of The Carmen. Old men do NOT forget! All OV's are always welcome to a tour of both nostalgia, and a realization of how far their school has moved into the 21st Century!



The Carmen, word perfect in 2010



Capt in 1949 – How many of these are still alive?

Back: ? Mickey Burke, Charlie Mayne

Middle: ? Cecil Poree, FJ Dupays, George Knight ? ?

Seated: ? ?

FJ Dupays remembers:

I began school at St John's which had practically no facilities but was served by a wonderful team of teachers. I thought it was the best school in the world! The Howard Davis Trust saw me through VCJ and Pembroke College Cambridge. My first lesson in Latin (*Now no longer available at College. Editor*) was, I think in Belk. I did wonder what sort of people wanted to talk to a table, but I pressed on. Some time later, a master, whom we unkindly called "Pegleg Pete" coming into the class with what looked like a suitcase. He opened it up and out came the glorious sounds of Elizabeth Schwarzkopf singing "Die

Forelle". I can't remember any of the English lessons but I have never lost my love of music.

My drawings of boxes and vases must have given Alfie Wright nightmares. A young man who succeeded him took no such risks: between recounting stories of heroism during the war, he simply showed us a huge collection of art cards. When I eventually went to England it was a joy to see the originals in galleries and houses.

Sidney Guy, apart from teaching History, ran I think what we believe was a clandestine scout troop during the war. After the war we went to a farm somewhere in Jersey to camp. We celebrated victory in Japan by half the troop falling like nine-pins as a result of my cooking!

Reg Nicolle was a great influence on many of us both during and after the war. I think it was still during the war that he would take six of us in a rowing boat out to Elizabeth Castle and back. As we went through the pier heads he would call out from the stern where he sat "Make her talk, boys!", and you had to put your back into it after that! Some of us in the football XI played for Parish teams during the holidays, and following on, played in the Under 17s and Under 18s for Jersey against Guernsey. I can't recall any of these teams or Bruce House ever losing any games or competitions. What a wonderful thing memory is! I send greetings to my long-neglected team mates.

(You can send these greetings back to FJ Dupays via the Foundation if you wish to contact him. Editor)

ALAN CRESSWELL

He comes from a generation where if you want something doing, you take responsibility and do it yourself.

So when 91-year-old former flight lieutenant Alan Cresswell needs to dispose of his rubbish, he doesn't trouble the council – he hops on his mobility buggy.

The retired Second World War RAF pilot ties his wheelie bin to the back and trundles off on an hour-long round trip to the tip.

Up the traffic lights, down the main road, through the pedestrianised shopping centre and all the way to the dump. Here, the bin-men unhitch the bin, heave the contents into the relevant skip, and wave him off as he navigates back home. Job done, mission accomplished.

It's not that his neighbourhood has much problem with rubbish collection – even in the snow, the bins were emptied on time. It's just that sometimes he forgets to put it out on the right day.

During the past year since coming up with the idea, he has made more than a dozen journeys from his home in Bourne, Lincolnshire, to the recycling centre a



Alan Cresswell on his Scooter!
©The Daily Mail, January 20 2011

mile and a half away. Sometimes he reaches the heady speed of 8mph. There's not much call to sound the horn. Thanks to the din from the bin's plastic wheels, clattering above the whisper of the buggy's pneumatic tyres, people can hear him yards away.

Yesterday the widowed grandfather said: 'People do turn round to look but mostly they just laugh. I reckon people could do a lot more for themselves. Instead of moaning about their rubbish not being collected, they should ruddy well get on with it.' Piloting a mobility buggy, even with a trailer attached is a doddle compared with some of the other vehicles that Flt Lt. Cresswell has operated.

Miss Aubrey's Class 1950s Can you fill in the names? By courtesy of Roger Colley

Back Row L-R

? Hamon, Nick Pedley ? (Miss Aubrey) Baker ?, Roger Colley, Patrick Ryan, Martyn Le Brocq, ?? ??

Middle

David Brewster, Tony Scott-Warren, Kenneth Cronshaw, Richard Jeune, ?? Roger Norman.

Front

David Lucken, Norman Lucas, Dennis Bertram, ??



During the Second World War he flew Hurricanes and Wellingtons, but mostly Halifax bombers. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for 'a few hairy moments'.

What if the buggy ever conks out? No worries. There's always a possibility of an air-drop.

Last year Flt Lt Cresswell celebrated his 91st birthday by flying a Cessna 152 aircraft over his home town. Now, if only it had bomb doors....



FRANK KEILLER

The Citation

The events referred to in the citation, occurred during the period of the 'Aden troubles'.

Frank was in charge of the Arab Levy Hospital - exactly where, I do not know - nor do I have information as to the period of his posting before he was re-assigned to take charge of the main hospital in Aden. This story has a twist, I think you may find amusing. Brother David, also an OV, was in the RAF piloting Shackletons of Coastal Command before being transferred to Transport Command.

The conversion course was undertaken at RAF Odiham, a station sufficiently close to my home in Berkshire to enable him to commute daily.

He, his wife and baby daughter lived with Jane and myself until the course was completed - he was then posted to Aden.

At this time I was in private practice in Reading; a number of my patients being Wrens from the Royal Naval establishment near Aldermaston.

One Wren Chief Petty officer, a regular attendant at my surgery, was suddenly posted to Malta.

Somewhat later, I received a package from her enclosing a copy of a Service newspaper - the front page headline being "FLYING DOCTOR BROTHERS".



Much to my surprise and delight, it detailed the life of Frank and David in the protectorate during those troubled times.

Apparently David would fly into 'up country' airstrips to collect the sick and wounded; delivering his human cargo back into Frank's tender care.

Frank spoke little of the work he and his wife Enid did for the desperately poor native population - in all things, even the award of his MBE, he was most modest and only related the more humorous side of life.

Typical.

I will however, relate one particular story, though my account maybe a little short on detail and accuracy.

Whilst on one of his 'country visits' to offer help and advice to the scattered populace, he assessed a tribal elder as being in need of a minor operation; noting as he did so that this individual had suffered a stroke.

On the day of his admission to the hospital, he arrived with a somewhat top heavy entourage. Negotiations eventually reduced this to one personal servant.

Following surgery, Frank arranged for physiotherapy to help strengthen his left arm. To encourage improvement, a sand bag attached to a pulley and rope was erected in his room; with strict instructions to exercise regularly.

During an evening round of his patients, he entered the 'Elder's' room, only to find him sitting cross legged on the floor, smoking a 'hubble bubble' pipe whilst his servant exercised his arm



Basil and Françoise Le Brun, Roger Le Ruelle (French Resistance) Frank Keiller, Bertram Payne, Enid Keiller with pig trough in background

Frank's ashes now reside in an old Jersey granite pig trough - handy for Mousiey to chat with him in his more maudlin moments!

I was prevented from attending the ceremony, but arranged with Mousiey for a rose called 'Spirit of Freedom' to be planted - no doubt well fertilized by my late brother! Thought it a suitable name in remembrance of a feisty youth who, like me, fell in love with the island of Jersey.

Stan Keiller



Pig Trough ashes

THE SUTTON FAMILY GOLFING DYNASTY

Mathew Sutton (1965-76 Braithwaite) writes:

My son Harry Sutton (2000-2007) is currently completing his fourth and final year as a student at Cardiff University, where he is completing his studies in Business Management with Spanish. He



Brian Sutton with fellow OVs Bryan Harrison and Jurat John Tibbo at La Bretesche in France

is planning to return to Jersey later this year to start a training contract with Deloitte.

At the end of last summer, Harry won the Club Cup, which was the first event of the Autumn Meeting at the Royal Jersey Golf Club. What was particularly unusual was the margin of his victory, as he shot a gross 76 off an 18 handicap, giving him a net score of 58, the lowest competitive score at the Club all year. Following his success in the

event, the Handicap Committee of the Royal Jersey decided to drop Harry's handicap from 18 to 12.

When we took the attached photograph of Harry with the Club Cup, we noticed that his grandfather, Brian Sutton (1941-1948) had also won the same competition in 1977, scoring a gross 80 off an 18 handicap.

My father Brian sadly died on March 9 in Overdale Hospital in his eighties. R.I.P.



TIM SCARBOROUGH IN SOUTH AFRICA

See all on

www.kleinbosheuwel.co.za

Tim Scarborough was born in Jersey and attended Victoria College Prep. (See photo 1947, Back Row David Le Maistre, Francois Le Maistre, Philip Le Brocq, Tim Scarborough, Ivor Ross-Roberts, Raymond Le Cornu).

He left Jersey to continue his schooling at Harrow, and after working at his father's accountancy practice in St Helier, was articled in London, and qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1963. Later that year he emigrated to South Africa, and worked for Deloittes, Cape Town, before joining a firm of Management Consultants. He then moved into industry, and for the past 13 years has worked for an Italian company, looking after their business in Southern Africa. He also does some business consulting, and assists his wife.



Nicki and Tim, today

Tim acquired Klein Bosheuwel in 1986, and a year later he and Nicki were married. The property consists of a main house, and a separate cottage where Tim and Nicki live. In November 1994 Nicki persuaded Tim that they should stop renting out the main house and start a B&B. The necessary alterations were made to the house, and KBGH commenced business. During the early nineties Tim decided to sell his family home in Trinity, as finding tenants with



residency qualifications became virtually impossible, and maintaining the property increasingly difficult. Luckily Tim was advised by a friend to invest the proceeds in Eurobonds, and not on the stock market. In 2002 the house next door, Southdown, came on the market and he and Nicki decided to purchase it with their funds in Jersey. They thus increased their B&B fiefdom from 5 to 14 rooms. Southdown has the added attractions of a separate cottage, and a flat, both with 2 bedrooms and 2 bathrooms, and their own kitchen facilities, which cater for guests wishing to have a self-catering option.

The two adjacent properties, each with their salt water swimming pool, have 2 acres of gardens which

are tended by Nicki with loving care, and are spectacularly colourful in the spring-time. The front garden still has remnants of the hedge of Wild Almond planted by Van Riebeeck during his Governorship of the Cape of Good



Hope in order to define the western boundary of the Cape Colony. Later during the Anglo Boer War the British had their horses stabled where Klein Bosheuwel stands today. Kirstenbosch Botanical Gardens, a World Heritage Site, famous for its variety of indigenous, floral and medicinal plants, is a 200 yard walk from the front gate. Cape Town and beaches are an easy 15 minute drive, and the airport is 20 minutes away. The properties look

out over the Constantia Valley where there is an excellent variety of Vineyards and Restaurants.

Tim and Nicki greatly enjoy having old, and new, friends, from Jersey stay at KBGH. These have included Tony and Wendy Hurford, Denys and Margaret Le Vesconte, David and Jackie Vautier, Sir Philip Bailhache and his wife Lady Linda, John Rumball, Dot Barnes, and the first to stay, Max and Pam Hewitt. Max kindly published an article in the J.E.P. which put KBGH on the 'Jersey Map', and after a recent visit for breakfast has kindly offered to write an 'update'. Tim's godfather, the late Lee Bailhache, also came to stay on two occasions, the 2nd

coinciding with Tim's his 60th birthday celebrations. We have entertained Philip and Jurat Sally Le Brocq OBE, the late John and Beryl Le Sueur, the late Ken Barnes, and numerous other 'Jersiaise'. The Jersey flag is flown on all these occasions, and was even flown when we had an unexpected visit from De Vic Carey, who was at that time Bailiff of Guernsey, and knows Tim from their days studying in London.



D G CARPENTER RIP (DUNLOP)

Derek was born in Jersey in May 1939 and died in Southampton Hospital on 22nd November 2010.

Owing to possible invasion by Germans he and his family managed to catch one of the last boats out to England, where they lived first in Southampton where they were bombed out, and secondly in Bristol.

He entered Victoria College Prep and the records note:

1948 No 843 Derek Glenville Carpenter

Parents Name: J.A. Carpentre

Address: 67 New St. Johns Rd

Date of Admission: 9.1.48

Date of Leaving: 31.7.50

Victoria College Scholar



15 years old with great athletics successes ahead

In main school he was the only person to win the Mossop cup three times, 1956 – 1958, a record which still stands, though he had to share it with Philip Le Brocq in 1957. He was Head Boy in 1958.

He was a great athlete and held many records especially in Hurdles, where his record for seniors over 110 yds was 15.5 secs in 1957 (although he held the record the previous year at 15.6 secs.) He held this for a long time until Simon Bossy did a 15.1secs in 1971.

He was also Captain and excelled at sprints with four 1sts in 1957 winning him the Senior Challenge

Cup. He also was a no mean long jumper – 19ft 9 ins. He was Captain of Hockey and Cricket in his final year.

He was offered a place at Jesus College, Oxford but his father wanted him to get a proper job. So he left and went to work for Dunlop (coincidentally that was his house at Victoria College). He became The Racing Manager for The Dunlop Motor Bike section travelling to all the main events, at one time managing performance tyres for famous names in the field of motorcycle racing and being chums with the likes of Mike (The Bike) Hailwood, Jacamo Agostini and Phil Read (known as the Prince of Speed). He frequented the Motorcycle sports arena which entailed him travelling overseas with visits to such places as Russia, Czeck Republic where he just made it out before the Russian invasion, (and that's another story) also to all the TT races in the Isle of Man.



1957 Senior Athletics' Trophy presented by Mrs Le Marquand

His sporting memorabilia is to be auctioned some time in the future and a documentary had been planned on his memories of that time. He had already received one visit from the TV company and another one was planned.

He joined the 23rd SAS Regiment TA in the early 60's making 126 parachute jumps, which were often remembered as he drove down the A34 near Oxford.

In 1975 he left Dunlop and moved to a specialist tyre company dealing with agriculture and this took him to many overseas countries where he made many friends especially in Malaysia, a country that he visited several times a year. Such were his connections with the Far East that one business connection invited the whole family to his daughter's wedding, and he was also Guest of Honour at the wedding of one of the sons wedding a few years later.



1967 with Mike Hailward

In 1971, he married Jeannie McMillan and they have two sons of whom Derek was extremely proud. The eldest, Simon, is now a Major in the Coldstream Guards, and his youngest son Andrew works in the field of Criminal Forensic Science.

In retirement Derek kept up many of his sporting activities, including tennis (he had a particularly good chip shot over the net!) golf, fishing and he also ran the local shoot, where he was remembered as being an extremely good shot without being "greedy" or words to that effect. Towards the end of his life, Cricket again became his real passion. He played for as long as he was able and then umpired and helped at the local league matches. He would have loved to have seen England regain the ashes in Australia should his health have allowed.

When the College XI was on tour near his home near Abbotshome, he and Jeannie hosted several very generous buffet suppers for the boys and staff – and they loved having them around!

Being Jersey born and bred, his command of the French language was excellent and in 2005 he and Jeannie purchased a house on the River Dronne near Brantome. He enjoyed all the local "Crack" with the French over a glass or two and it was very sad that due to ill health he had to return to the UK.



Mossop Cup Winners Reunion 2006 – front right

Although leaving Jersey to reside in the UK he kept his Jersey passport which he was very proud to use and the family returned to Jersey many times over the years. His sister and family still live in Jersey.

(To them and to Jeannie, his widow, we offer our sincere condolences).



Enjoying life to the full at the Waters Edge Hotel 1995

RICHARD ERIC CANDLIN E.R.D BSc MB ChB FRCS

Known as "ERIC"
(Dunlop)

Born 28th April 1919 Mukden (Shenyang) Manchuria – Died 10th January London.

Eric was born in Mukden, Manchuria. He was the third of 4 siblings and in the third generation of his family to live in China. His grandfather had gone to China as a Methodist missionary. His father had retired as a Banker and moved to Jersey in 1928. The family followed very soon after and set about finding somewhere to live in the island. An early possibility was the house in St Aubin now housing the Royal Channel Island Yacht Club which was vetoed by Eric's Mother Nell as it was "Too far for Eric to travel to Victoria College each day", despite being yards from the western railway station at St Aubin (now the St Brelade Parish hall). Likewise they also contemplated the whole of Noirmont Manor including farm and headland which was too expensive at £5,000! They eventually settled on one of the larger island houses called Elysée in Trinity (where later the Elysée estate was built on the site and grounds).

Eric started at Victoria College in 1928. His older brother also attended Victoria College, 1929-1933, and was a very popular member of the Rugby Team. Arthur left to work for Barclays bank and later died in Burma



1927 aged 8

during the second world war.

Eric was always known as a keen swimmer.



1935 aged 16

The family's earliest story about Eric was when he was around 5 years old and still living in Shanghai. One day he was spotted in the family swimming pool in the grounds and rescued by a passing servant – he was fully clothed and about to go down for the third time. His father was summoned and demanded to know why Eric had not cried out for help. Eric's sheepish reply was "I couldn't cry out because Mother told me I must never drink the water unless it is boiled and I was afraid!!" He learned to swim shortly after, and regularly competed in swimming competitions.

His family still have many of his medals and prize cups. He also played water polo for the school. Eric often recounted that at Victoria College the swimming season started in the 3rd week in March or when the water reached a temperature of 54 degrees Fahrenheit, (12 ° Centigrade). They were hardy souls in the old days and don't forget, all the swimming pools were outdoors usually in sea water.

Eric told of one schoolmaster, "Rufus" Robinson, who was very keen on fossils and geology who took them repeatedly on field trips to Waterworks Valley before and during the construction of the Handois reservoir around 1931, so they could record what would soon be lost under the water. He could never keep order IN the classroom but could be an

inspiration OUTSIDE!

Another tale of Eric's schooldays which always amused his children was about a school cadet camp at Les Landes, in the early 1930's. The contingent travelled from school by train and truck to Les Landes and pitched their tents for a couple of days. Whilst hammering in a tent peg with classmates all around him, Eric spotted a glint of gold. He carefully palmed the object into his pocket and marked the spot secretly with a stick. When he managed to be alone he discovered that the object was an 1849 half sovereign and was overjoyed at such unbelievable riches. For weeks afterward he would return to the spot and search and dig holes in the hope of finding the rest of the buried treasure, but to no avail. He kept his "lucky coin" throughout his adult life.

During school holidays he often worked for his father George Candlin who had founded several businesses in Jersey, perhaps the

influential trip he often recounted to his family. Eric believed that he was the last surviving Old Victorian who attended the trip.

He went directly from Berlin to Heidelberg University where he studied Physics and Chemistry.

He claimed to have been a pacifist before living in Heidelberg but he saw there, first hand, the effect of Nazi thugs on the opposition and minorities and returned to Jersey a changed man.

He won a Harkness open Scholarship to St Andrews University and whilst reading for his Bsc he was commissioned in the Supplementary Reserve in 1939 and went into the 7th Field regiment, Royal Artillery with the British Expeditionary Force at the outbreak of war. He returned via Dunquerque on one of the last days of the evacuation aboard the mail packet boat "The Maid of Orleans" which was sunk shortly afterwards. His last trip overseas was to the beaches of Dunquerque with his grandson.



With his sister at Ile Agois

best known being Blue Coach Tours.

Unkinder classmates called Eric "Mr Buttinski", a fairly common moniker of those days, which today can mean someone who "Butts In" on a conversation but then was more likely to refer to someone who always had "the last word".

By the age of 16 his parents were told by the school that they had "taught him everything they could possibly teach him". Soon after he went on the School trip to the Berlin Olympics in 1936, an

He later served in the 19th Field regiment R.A. in Italy and after the war returned to St. Andrew's as a medical student, qualifying in 1949. After graduating he trained first in General surgery and later in Orthopedics, passing the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1953.

He was a registrar in various English hospitals and then, after an 18 month period at the Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit, USA continued at several London hospitals becoming a consultant in 1964. He retired from the NHS in 1983 but, remarkably, used his



Eric with his mother Ellen Frances Candlin (Nee Binns, of London) – known in the island as "Nell".

lifetime's medical experience to launch himself on what was almost a second career with Medico legal work involving numerous court appearances as an expert witness. In this capacity he saw his final patient in 2010 less than one year ago.

Eric was a very civic-minded person and despite being a busy surgeon did manage to also serve as an elected Local Councilor for 3 years from 1968 on Islington Council in London where he lived from 1961 until his death. In that time he managed to be Chairman in turn of the committees for Cleansing and Public Baths; Children; Public health; Environmental Health with Social Services; and Housing.

He was also instrumental in planting a large number of street trees in Islington contributing to its current green feel; he continued throughout his life as a "Man who Planted Trees" with, latterly, the planting of an orchard of walnuts on La Pièce du Pendant, the field adjacent to his house at Beaumont, St. Peter – something



Eric with John Norman on left

he knew he would never see come to fruition, but which he planted for the next generation. He was also a keen beekeeper during his adult life in England.

He retained the family home in St Peter where many happy times were spent with his family who continue to regard Jersey as their true home.

Eric is survived by his older sister, Marguerite ("Margy"); his daughter Diana from his wartime marriage to Anne Fry and by Deirdre; Lucy; George; Zoe; James and Athene – his children by his second wife Anthea MacBean, a fellow medical student who predeceased him by 3 years to the day. He has 8 grandchildren.



At Elysée, Trinity

Eric has arranged for his mortal remains to be used for medical research and his ashes returned to Jersey in due course. A memorial event will be held in London on 16th April, 12 days before what would have been his 92nd birthday.



Eric Candlin on his 90th Birthday

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE ACTORS (ACTRESSES??) IN WHAT SHOW, AND WHEN



Now with **7 days rolling archive!**

Your **Jersey Evening Post** online

With all the content of the printed newspaper, page by page, plus useful extra features that include a seven day rolling archive of past editions, searchable text and printable pages, the Jersey Weekly Post online edition is a great way to keep in touch with all that's happening in the island.

Subscribe for only **£12 a month!** at www.jerseyeveningpost.com/jeponline

For enquiries, please contact: helpdesk@jerseyeveningpost.com

Jersey Evening Post