



Barrovian
Foundation

Billboard

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Quocunque Jeceris Stabit



The importance of togetherness is a long-standing tradition in the Isle of Man. I think in particular of the emblem of the Three Legs of Man and the motto beneath it: 'Quocunque Jeceris Stabit' – which translates as "Whichever way you throw it, it will stand". As a small island nation the

Manx have long understood that strength lies in sticking together, trusting their neighbour and standing up strongly for their beliefs. As the old saying goes: 'united we stand, divided we fall'.

But, as well as maintaining the traditions of old, the Manx have also learnt to adapt. For example, when the Vikings arrived, the Celts who lived on the island adapted so far as to join with them in bringing up their families in partnership to ensure society was strengthened. We can see this in the names that were handed down to Manx children with both Norse and Celtic heritage. And it is also evident in the establishment of Tynwald – one of the oldest Parliaments in the world.

This history is paralleled in the ethos of tradition, adaptation, and innovation, which can be seen in the work of King William's College. Here at King William's you can point to proud traditions which have been handed down across the generations; traditions which make those inside and outside the College proud to be associated with it.

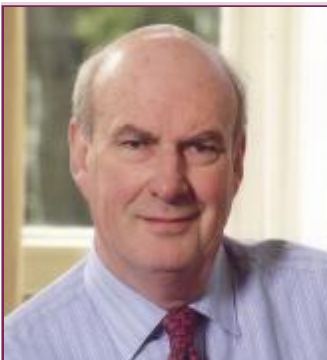
But King William's also encourages new people, welcoming in those who have come from overseas and building them into an integral part of the College, recognizing that together the family becomes stronger. We must look to the future, as well as learn from the past.

Life at the College is like a family. Whilst no institution can ever replace the role a mother or father can play, King William's College is a place of affection and comradeship. I know you have created a great family atmosphere, and because of this you continue to go from strength to strength.

Thank you again for giving me the opportunity to contribute to your newsletter, and as you say over there: *Traa-dy-Liooar*. Take things easier. Except when it comes to studying for your exams!

**The Most Reverend and Right Hon
Dr J Sentamu
Archbishop of York
College Visitor**

THE STRONGEST LINK



We have become accustomed to the hackneyed game show dismissal, 'You are the weakest link – goodbye' – but who or what is the strongest link in this fractured, complex world we all live in? I'm suggesting that the strongest link is a unit of people – for example family, school, regiment or ship - where members of the unit develop unbreakable ties to each other based on shared experience,

shared respect and a shared ethos and the whole unit then becomes stronger than its constituent parts.

Since I have a naval background I will use the military to illustrate my point. If you ask soldiers, sailors or airmen on the front line in combat what they are fighting for the truthful answer is never 'my country' or anything that sounds impressively noble. They are fighting to gain the respect of their peers, to ensure the survival of their friends and to uphold the reputation of their unit. Patriotism or ideology might bring the fighting man to the battle but it his relationships with others in the unit that keeps him there

and makes him effective. Great acts of heroism are generally born of instinctive reactions to threats to friends or threats to the unit. The 'Honour of the Regiment' sounds Blimpish and Victorian but it symbolises the ethos that inspires soldiers to fight. That ethos derives from and depends upon a high degree of commitment, self sacrifice and mutual trust.

As it is with military units, so it is in our families and schools. Strong families and strong schools are those that support and nourish their members. They have good role models, they work together to solve problems, they promote cohesion whilst allowing flexibility and individuality, they communicate instinctively and well with each other. There is respect which has to be earned. Underpinning all is ethos – commitment, self sacrifice and mutual trust. That forges the strongest link.

**Vice Admiral Sir Paul Haddacks KCB
Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Man
Chairman of Trustees**



Tradition and Family



Bring up your children other than the way you were brought up yourselves, for they were born for times other than yours. This wisdom is from Imam Ali, the fourth Khalif of Islam in the seventh century! Now, in the twenty-first century, a quality school like King William's College plays a crucial rôle in that nurturing responsibility alongside parents. Parents and school alike are investing in ways to provide the best nurture of their children, the people who will help shape the future.

In the western world we live in an age when the physical side of our heritage is positively idolised, with heritage trusts, heritage trails, and listed buildings to be preserved but we've become impoverished in wisdom. Have you noticed how the "Top One Hundred" lists of great people, music, books, and everything else, fail to reflect anything much more than 10 years back? If you were asked what was the most important thing that happened to you in the last week you wouldn't restrict your answer to what had happened in the last hour! If we never seriously look backwards, we can't see very far forwards!

Tradition is a blessing when it is the handing on of the best from one generation to another; it can provide an unspoken bond, a

shared identity. But if a member of a family wants to ignore or needs to change a tradition it can also lead to pain and division. One of the tests of a valuable tradition is that it builds up and sustains family life; and a valuable tradition will change and adapt subtly to enhance life in the present moment. In the Gospel of Matthew Jesus teaches that we should not be prisoners to old perceptions, and he says "every teacher of the law who is a learner in the kingdom of heaven is like the owner of a house who brings out of his store new treasures as well as old".

A good school like KWC enjoys the anchor of historical family associations and tradition. At the same time KWC has the responsibility and privilege of monitoring educational, social, political and cultural developments and of identifying changes that will enhance the students' potential without compromising the traditional values of family life.

It can be very inspiring to look back. You discover the forward-thinking of your predecessors, how full of courage and commitment they were, and that they had total dedication to and trust in God. A school like KWC maintains continuity with those earlier pioneers, holding to valuable traditions while introducing tomorrow's technology. It must hold fast to old values while discovering new vistas.

**The Right Reverend Robert Paterson,
Bishop of Sodor and Man**

KWC's German Family



"The people we meet along the way are far more important than the journey itself."

Since the introduction of the International Baccalaureate at King William's College, the school has become internationally more acclaimed. Especially the increase of European students, other than from the UK, is growing rapidly. The largest fraction of these

students is made up by German native speakers.

King William's College already has an existing alumni society with regular meetings and reunions. For most German students, although, it is not possible to travel to the UK on a regular basis. This led to the decision by a couple of German students who graduated in 2006 to establish an OKW Society in Germany. This society should act as a base of the OKW Society outside of the UK for those living and working in the surrounding areas rather than a society only for German graduates.

In order to start up this project an "Eingetragener Verein", an official registered society, has to be created for all legal and financial issues. One of our aims is to issue a directory containing updated information about the members of the OKW Society Germany. It would be nice to have information on what

everyone is doing next to their contact information. Furthermore, we are aiming at keeping the members informed about current events and news from King William's College itself. Monthly get-togethers in various cities or towns that are easily reached by a large number of OKWs should act as a base to keep the OKW family together. To organize those we do of course hope to get support from those living close by. The major aim, although, would be to get everyone together once a year for a big reunion in a central location.

The first steps for the project have already been put in motion. Through the web portal Facebook we are trying to get in contact with as many possible OKWs residing in Germany or close by and collect their information. The next step would be to create a founding team in order to finalize the official registration of the society. We are even aiming at getting everybody together for the first big reunion this year!

Executing all our ideas and plans could set the milestone for years to come of keeping in contact with old classmates and new OKWs, exchanging old stories about the great times we had at college. We are very excited about this project and really hope for a positive response and support by as many OKWs as possible!

**Moritz Hunsdiek
KWC 2004 - 2006**

A Dynastic Marriage!

When I was Claire Cannell, a Buchan Old Girl, I married Robin Humphreys-Jones, a King William's College schoolmaster, in St Thomas's chapel in 1981. There was nothing new in that: marriages in the College Chapel are regular occurrences. In our case, though, there was an element of friends reunited long before the electronic version had been invented.

My father, Darrel (Darrie) Cannell, entered KWC in 1934; Robin's father, Roy Humphreys-Jones, entered in 1936. Both had lost their fathers, Darrie when he was twelve and Roy when he was four. They were in the same year and prior to the wedding had not seen one another since leaving school, even though their lives had potentially overlapped a number of times. In 1939 Darrie joined the Merchant Navy and Roy the Royal Navy, both sailing out of Liverpool, and perhaps sailing on the same Atlantic convoys during the war. Subsequently, Darrie worked in Air Traffic Control at Ronaldsway, a stone's throw away from his old school. Roy became a shipping agent in Liverpool but continued to serve in the Royal Naval Reserve and once conducted the KWC CCF Annual Inspection, a stone's throw away from the airport.

Even though Darrie had been a musical day boy in Hunt and Roy a sporty boarder in Colbourne they remembered one another with affection. I'm not sure what would have happened at the wedding had they been implacable enemies, since school dynamics tend to linger on in life! Roy treasured his time at College but Darrie was a little more ambivalent about his early days, comparing his start at College with his stint at Douglas High School (precociously starting in 1929 aged 8!): "For someone who was not designed for athletics who had been brought up in the

Methodist faith having to attend an establishment where sport and the C of E seemed to take up most of the time and where the school week was seven days long life at D.H.S. seemed like heaven!" He used to play the organ in Malew Street Methodist Chapel and therefore appreciated the reappearance of this other old friend in the College Chapel.

My brother, John Cannell, was an usher at the wedding. It was the first time he had set foot in the Chapel since he'd been at College himself, firstly in Junior House and then in Dickson; his forte was up in the lighting box for Col McHarrie. Robin, meanwhile, had refused to come to College, preferring to be a day boy at Birkenhead; perhaps if he had been a pupil here he would not have worked here...and I would not have married him!

Our offspring survived being pupils here at the same time as we were teaching. Simon went from joint Head of Olaf at the Buchan to Head of Raglan, a Prae and a member of the 1st XV, while Penny a Barrow girl, was appointed Head of School and 1st XI captain. During the two years of teaching her GCSE English she was the only one in the class who never absent-mindedly called me "Mum" when asking a question!

Meanwhile, John's sons, David and James, are at the Buchan, which has changed out of all recognition since I clattered up and down the rickety stairs of Bowling Green Road. We await the arrival of Lydia and Grace Humphreys-Jones, the next generation, who have stormed College on a visit but are much too young to cross the Irish Sea each day to go to school!

Claire Humphreys-Jones
Buchan 1966-73, KWC 1989-2010 and counting!

THE FAMILY THAT IS COLLEGE!

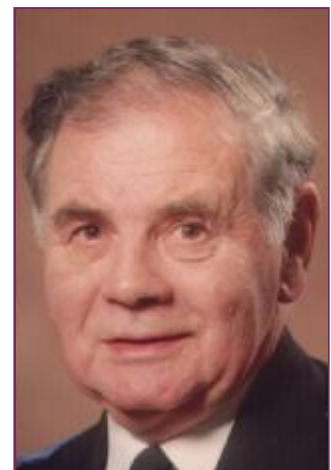
It was only recently, when looking up an ancestor in the Register, that I realised what an important part College has played in family - in more than one sense of the word. To my mind, it has always seemed - in some subconscious sort of way - to be one large, and ultimately widespread family. No doubt the seed for this perception was sown initially by the fact of its very location - somewhat isolated, and self-contained, and then, particularly as a boarder - by becoming a small part of the very special community to be found in College. But then, consider: some 70% of each year - or say, about 5 years out of the average seven of total pupilage are spent confined within the boundaries of KWC! No wonder then, such concentrated contact with fellow pupils and master, could not fail to create the feeling of being a member of an extended family. Subsequently, that family branched out into the greater world - to all corners of the Island, to that "other island", and to the farthest reaches of all the continents. In my travels, both during, and after my seagoing days, I have been pleased to meet Old Boys in such diverse places as Australia and New

Zealand, Singapore and Hong Kong, and countless others through the Dinners and reunions of the several Old Boy's Societies.

Equally important, naturally, are the connections of one's own family. In my case, the first family entrant in the direct line, was in 1840 - just seven years after the foundation of College, when Frederick John, son of Frederick Lamothe Gelling of Castletown, set the dynasty in motion. He was followed in the next few years by five other brothers, and no less than nine Lamothe cousins, and so it went on - down through the generations right to my own son. Many of the sisters of those brothers, either married OKWs, or their offspring became such - albeit under other names, and thus our beloved Register reveals a whole new world of near, and not-so-near relatives. Many of them had other close associations with College, as with Rev. John Lamothe Stowell, who was the first Bursar, Rev H.C. Davidson, a Master for 38 years, or Capt. F.B. Phillips, a Governor for some years. Family connections continue to abound, for I can add the names of my father-in-law and

two brother-in-law - OKWs all, and now that Buchan has been brought into the fold, my wife and two daughters are similarly qualified. It is no wonder that I have an enduring and almost unavoidable interest in the family that is College!

D.G. Gelling, J, C 1943 - 49



100 TERMS



When I first walked into the King's Court in September 1976 it was with the intention of staying for a couple of years and then moving on. I had my letter of appointment (no contracts in those days) which informed me that I was a tutor in Walters House and would attend chapel on Sundays. As I crossed the Quad, smoking a cigarette, a stentorian voice called out, "You, what House are you in?" "Walters," I replied. This was my first meeting with the legendary R.W.H. "Dickie" Boynes, who thought, at first sight, that I was a new pupil.

I then met Mike Hoy, Housemaster of Walters at the time, who showed me around and was concerned that Middle Dorm (now the staff Common Room) was full with 24 pupils in it. In fact a bed might need to be made up in the corridor if all the pupils who were due to come turned up.

The school was then single sex with 500 boys ranging from 7 to 18. There were four boarding houses (Junior House, Walters, Colbourne & School) and three day boy houses (Junior Day, Raglan and Hunt). Geo frey Rees-Jones told me that I could expect about 10 boys in my Lower 6th. Physics

class "and there may be a couple of girls from the Buchan". Imagine my surprise on taking my first lesson to find 13 boys and 8 girls!

The Common Room was made up of about 35 men and one lady. Beryl Stead was the only female in those days and taught largely in the junior section of the school. I joined with three other young bucks: Chris Kettle, Ian Holiday and Paul Wilkinson. There was only one other member of the Common Room under 30 (Nick Radcliffe) so we represented quite a sea change and reduced the average age of the resident staff dramatically.

Obviously there were many differences in the daily routine then and now. There was still the early morning dip in the summer term when the boys were meant to immerse themselves in the swimming pool, naked, before going to breakfast. This died out shortly after we went co-ed! The meals were served in houses with the juniors taking turns to be "fags" and clear away the dishes. There were no vegetarian options in those days and you could tell the day of the week from the menu. I seem to remember Tuesday was mixed grill (spam, sausage, beans and chips) and Sunday was salad. The Masters had their evening meals in the Common Room and got a bottle of Castletown Pale Ale with each evening meal. Les Earnshaw used to stockpile his in his locker. The lockers, still there, always remind me of a morgue.

Ian Turnbull was another great character of the time. He discovered that I could play chess and we would often have a game on a Saturday night if we were on duty. I could usually beat him in the early evening but he was very generous with the whisky and usually turned things around later on!

All the residents lived on the hostel stairwell (except for School House and Junior House). We often met for a drink at the end of duty when lights were out at 10-30pm. The residents had quite a good good social life. There was a masters' wine cellar underneath Hostel and Dick Boynes had the key. I

remember going to get the key from him one Saturday. He said that he was celebrating 100 terms and invited me in for a drink. I accepted but in those days I was tee total so made a disappointing drinking companion!

We had games three times a week and CCF on another afternoon. Nearly all the staff were expected to help out. Ewan Christian used to referee his rugby games by cycling up and down the touchline. Ewan was also in charge of the CCF. He was a wonderful scrounger and got the CCF all sorts of stuff. He was also a logistics expert and could tell you the times of all the trains, buses and boats linking to the Isle of Man and where the best pub grub was to be had. The first summer camp I went on he left me in charge of the pupils on the way back (Ewan rarely travelled with the troops). He gave me a handful of tickets saying "That should be enough – they never count". I was worried all the way to Liverpool but he was right. No head count was taken as we boarded - which was just as well, as there weren't as many tickets as pupils!

The College eventually went Co-ed and then combined with the Buchan, having a dramatic effect on the school with the influx of girls and also female staff, many of whom came from the Buchan. This did lead to some teething problems in the early days and the school went through a difficult time in the nineties, with colleagues having to move on.

Without doubt the introduction of the I.B. was one of the best decisions made by the School. Philip John made the brave decision to go over to the I.B. in the Sixth Form and to ditch A-levels. This has led to a regeneration of boarding and to a much more multinational approach and awareness. King William's College has certainly changed considerably over the last 30 years – what institution hasn't? – and mostly for the better. At least I am never mistaken for a pupil now!

**Robin Humphreys-Jones
1976 - 2010 and counting!**

Married to the mob!



Little did I realise when I walked down the aisle in the Chapel of St Thomas, on my wedding day in April 1980, just how much King William's College would come to feature in my

life. I was marrying an OKW and we had chosen to get married in College Chapel as my husband, Tim, had a huge affinity and regard for the school which he had attended for nine years of his life and which had influenced him in so many ways. If my memory serves me correctly, we were one of the first couples to get married in the Chapel for quite some time and started a trend as I know quite a few other OKWs we knew at the time chose the same option not long after us.

Tim's late sister, Shirley, attended the Buchan for all her secondary education, Tim's brother, Peter, attended College from age eleven and the Craine connection with both schools was strong. Tim's parents both worked hard all their lives and his late father in

particular was adamant that his children would have the very best education they could possibly afford. Many sacrifices were made to pay for the children's schooling but not for one minute did they ever regret their decision.

I had no idea at the time of course just how long my connection with College would last; Stuart Westley, the then Principal, appointed me to the position of part-time Common Room Secretary straight after my interview with him in September 1990 and I have been here in various capacities ever since!

**Stella Craine - Principal's PA 1995-2009
now KWC Marketing Manager**

Looking back over 145 years

Arriving at the Buchan in 1964 was a true culture shock after the disciplined, grammar school ethos of Queen Mary's in Lytham St Anne's. I found it at once alarming and beguiling. Within a few weeks I began to thrive under the unconventional rule of the redoubtable Jessie Watkin, unaware that I was to become the first in a long line of my family to spend our schooldays by the sea at Castletown: my relatives would have clocked up some 52,000 of them by the time my youngest son left the Upper VI at KWC last summer. Before my sister had completed the Sixth Form, she had been joined by our nieces in the kindergarten, then they by their cousins, until eventually our own children arrived – amongst us, 145 school years spread contiguously over a 45 year period from 1964 to 2009!

In that time, the Buchan School that I remember with such affection has been transformed from a charming, slightly chaotic, almost dame school for 3 to 18 year old girls, to a power house of a mixed prep school, challenging all comers on the sports field and attaining top academic and artistic results. KWC has changed from an all male, very traditional, predominantly boarding, establishment to a mixed day and boarding school with an international and progressive outlook. All of us have had different experiences and some look back with greater happiness than others. We have been a mixed bunch, with very varying outlooks, abilities, hopes and dreams. Some have had a more positive attitude to school than others. But is there any common thread? Has the spirit of the place been lost to the desire for professionalism? I thought it would be worth consulting some of my younger relatives to compare memories and asked each of them to give me one or two thoughts that to them seemed to epitomise the school as it was in their time. One theme was common – how much they had loved the plays and shows, Mrs McHarrie being dear to all who remembered her and Mr Hoy being declared by everyone to be in a class of his own. Another theme is revelling in the unusualness – perhaps even eccentricity - of it all. Here are a few of their more interesting reflections:

"Watching fascinated as Mrs Watkin's goat that lived in the back field at Buchan ate my rough book. Contact with the boys from KWC being limited to plays, choral society, MINIM and meeting on the Promenade at lunchtime (only permitted providing one kept walking). Mrs Lyons presiding over the lunch table, fingers like plump, uncooked pork sausages, demonstrating the polite way to peel an orange", said sister Elaine Higgins, née Harper, (Buchan 1964-1973, now a Director of the International Division of IFG Group plc and currently a Governor of KWC).

"Endless walking between Westhill, Bowling Green Road and College, wearing straw boaters and white gloves in summer and tricorns and tweed capes in winter, milk going sour in the milk churns, the old buildings being so decrepit that someone put their foot right through the floor, Miss Nicholson being the institution in charge of the coaches, the extraordinary combined smell of the science labs next door to the cookery room." reminisced Charlotte Benjamin, née Harper, (Buchan 1971-1983, Partner, Teacher Stern LLP, solicitors)

"Making dens in the bamboo in the woods at Buchan, taking our desks outside to work in summer, making daisy chains on the lawn before the tennis courts were built, the building of the new

block at Westhill" Camilla Hadcock, née Harper, (Buchan 1973-1985, partner Roach Bridge Tissues and hydro electric power producer)

"Hiding in the book cupboard to give Diggy Young her leaving present, living and breathing Fencibles swimming team, the inspiration that were Mrs Mac's drama lessons and of course, the amalgamation." Lucy Harper, (Buchan and KWC 1977-92, content manager and copywriter for Sheffield design agency, The Workshop)

"As Head of School, being tasked to find the villain who had put rugby studs in the Chapel collection, then having to mete out justice to the culprit, who happened to be my younger brother William." Matthew Faulds, (KWC 1982-95, anaesthetist at Rotherham General Hospital and medical web/software designer)

"John Young inventing a game for us, played under the rules for football but with two rugby balls, and encouraging weaker sportsmen with shouts of 'That's it, boy! Run like a gazelle'" William Faulds (Buchan and KWC 1991-2002, interactive designer and

cidermaker)

"The Colbourne dorm raids and late night 'secret missions'", Robin Higgins, (Buchan and KWC, 1990-2004, musician)

"Racing to Douglas in minibuses with the whole of Colbourne and ordering 50 Big Macs on buy one get one free" Toby Higgins, (Buchan and KWC, 1991-2005, also a musician)

"My dorm attempting a record for the slowest time in the Derbyhaven swim and then, as the Colbourne hot water system had broken, having to use Anton Maree's bathroom to defrost our limbs." (John Faulds, Buchan and KWC 1995-2009, now a student of International Relations at University of Edinburgh).

And my own memory? Trying to be last in the queue at breaktime so that I would be the one to have a cupful of the thick, chocolatey dregs from the cocoa jug, dispensed by the unforgettable Nellie Edge.

Just for the record, these are the others not mentioned already:

Alice Forte, née Harper (Buchan and KWC, 1981-94, former Head of School, pharmacist at Eastbourne General Hospital)

Elinor Milby, née Harper, (Buchan and KWC 1987-91 and 94-96, professional fundraiser for National Children's Homes)

Imogen Harper, (Buchan and KWC, 1988-91 and 94-96, primary school teacher in Alice Springs)

At the end of the exercise, I am left with an admiration for the tolerance of the staff and a sneaking regard for the resilience of the pupils - or should that be the other way round? And yes, the spirit lives on.

Clare Faulds (née Harper)

Buchan 1964-1968, currently Vicar General of Sodor and Man, Chairman of Income Tax Commissioners in the Isle of Man, and Vice-Chairman of the Ecclesiastical Law Society; formerly Senior Magistrate, Acting Chief Justice and H. M. Coroner in the Falkland Islands, South Georgia & South Sandwich Islands and the British Antarctic Territory, and an acting Deemster



Memories of KWC 1940 - 1947

I attended King William's College from September 1940 to July 1947 starting in Junior House at nine years old. M Hartley was the Housemaster. Discipline was strict and bad behaviour was curtailed with the use of a slipper. I then moved to Dickson House which gave you a bit more freedom than Junior House, more activities such as sports, Scouts, and then the OTC.

My most memorable memory was being in the OTC and having to be the Guard of Honour at Tynwald. We marched from King William's College to St. John's and back. The Scouts cleaned our boots in St John's Railway Station before the parade. At the time, the rifle and bayonet were as big as my 14 year old self. Our trouser pockets had to be sewn up and we had to wear the full uniform at all times, including a cap.

The early morning dips were a ritual, which were compulsory, except the morning we marched to St John's.

On leave on Sundays, we were allowed to cycle home after Morning Service, but had to be back for the 6pm service. We travelled home by train and, if I remember correctly, the fare was one shilling and four pence return.

Because it was war time we had to have Air Raid Practice and we all had Gas Masks

which you had to carry with you at all times. This was relaxed when the chance of an invasion rescinded.

The food we had was very plain. Sometimes good. Other times, not so good. We were made to eat it all. Sweets and chocolates were rationed. Only one bar of chocolate or packet of sweets was the weekly ration paid for with college money.

I did enjoy the sports we played with both Junior House and Dickson. Because of the war we could not leave the Island to play other schools except for the years 1946 and 1947, when competitive games recommenced.

The biggest change I remember was the building of the Airport, the disappearance of the College Farm, which was situated in the middle of the runway intersection and the arrival of the Royal Navy Mariners plus lots of Wrens.

Our two main walks and runs were lost with building the Airport. One was Little Square which was the road the College Farm was on which ran from where the Terminal buildings are now, was then known as Groggans Farm, that came out on the Derbyhaven Road where the original sanatorium was situated.

Big Square was up to Balthorpe Corner, turn right was the road back to Derbyhaven and College. It was also the bus route.

The new runs and walks are probably the same today, round Malew Church through Ballasalla and back to Castletown. The other was a run to Fisher's Hill, the top, not the bottom, and out to the lighthouse at Langness.

Langness had a rifle range for Navy training just up from the haunted house. We had a rifle range at the bottom of Hango Hill using .22 rifles. I enjoyed my times shooting there.

We were to have a film show in the Gym on a Saturday night chosen by the Principal which were the most boring films I have ever seen. In spite of that, you had to be quiet and still and pretend you enjoyed them.

Discipline and manners were the order of the day. You could be beaten by a prefect, a master or the top man, the Principal.

Times were hard with few treats. My school days have always stood me in good stead. After leaving you realised what an opportunity had been given to you and the many friends and pals you had.

It was the perfect grounding a boy could have, particularly when one's own father was away for most of the war.

Max Crookall

Junior/Dickson House 1940 - 1947

Barrovian Foundation Update



I hope you enjoy the Spring edition of Billboard. There are so many things happening that it is difficult to know where to start! The campaign to raise funds for the Performing Arts Centre is well under way and sincere thanks to those of you who have already purchased your bricks. We have a long way to go but we'll get there! In September 2010 there will be a dinner to celebrate the completion of the first phase of the centre and we have a really interesting and exciting speaker

lined up who just happens to be an OKW. Some people have asked if they can purchase a brick as a memorial of a friend or colleague and I think and this is a lovely idea and a special way ensure the name lives on.

I am particularly pleased to have such a wide range of contributors to this edition of Billboard. The Archbishop of York is KWC's Visitor, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor is Chairman of the Trustees, the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man is a trustee, we have parents, alumni and several KWC and Buchan dynasties - we've swept the board! The theme is family, with particular emphasis on the King William's College family which encompasses past and present pupils of both KWC and Buchan as well as parents and friends. Some families have connections with the school spanning generations and it is a tribute to the loyalty inspired by the school that so many of them want to stay in touch and be involved. The Barrovian Foundation is working closely with the Alumni Office to ensure our records are kept up to date but sometimes people slip through the net or, conversely, do not wish to be contacted. If you or someone you know is in either of these categories, please let us know and we will pass the

information on to the other societies, as they do with any information they might have but please do forgive us if we make a mistake - we are only human and it does happen!

Tickets will be on sale next term for the eagerly-awaited concert, KWC Has Talent 2010, so do make sure you book early for this. It is on 9th October 2010 and will be showcasing talents drawn from all aspects of KWC life - Governors, OKWs, parents, Buchan, Common Room and, of course, pupils. If you would like to be involved do contact me as soon as possible at the Foundation Office, e-mail foundation@kwc.sch.im or on my mobile which is 07624 480368.

The Foundation is preparing a series of character boards showing the varied career paths followed by our alumni. They will be called Billboards and will be hung in strategic positions around both schools so that pupils and visitors can see how King William's College directs students into areas which are not necessarily well-trodden paths. If you have any suggestions regarding subjects for these, as ever, please get in touch.

The Barrovian Foundation is moving forward, in fact our strap line is 'The Foundation for the Future', but we can only do so with your help. Do come and see us, call us or e-mail with your ideas or comments. Autumn 2010 Billboard will concentrate on our far-flung alumni and friends so if you would like to tell us about your travels and your experiences since leaving Manx shores please let me know - we'd love to hear from you. Enjoy the summer and I hope to be able to meet some of you when you visit the Island for the KWC Society's re-union at the end of May. The KWC family is a very special family and we are fortunate to be part of it. Scire ubi aliquid invenire possis, ea demum maxima pars eruditionis est" - surely you remember the General Knowledge paper? You know where to find us - please do so.

Margaret Mansfield - Barrovian Foundation