

BFES SCEA Association

Newsletter & Journal - Summer 2019

Issue 43

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A Message from the Chair

As I write these notes I am conscious of the fact that Kings School will later this week host a closing ceremony and a concert in recognition of the virtual end of the Services schools in Germany. As of the start of the next academic year in September only two small primary schools will remain, one in Sennelager and the other in Ramstein which is essentially in what was the former American zone in Germany.

Given my long service as the headteacher of Kings School I decided to write a brief article for this newsletter recalling some of the more unusual events which occurred during my 18 years service for the Army and RAF military communities. I did this partly because I wanted to share some of the fond memories I have of my professional life in Germany in the 1970s and 1980s but more especially to support Tom Nielsen-Marsh who is the editor of our newsletter. Tom continues to struggle to get sufficient material for each newsletter which he publishes and I wanted to do a little to help in this respect. I hope that other members of the Association will try to find time to write up their own account of their careers in Service schools and let Tom have these memories for inclusion in future newsletters.

**THE LAST
TANGO
IN BERLIN**

SPECIAL GUESTS:
22. 10. JOHNNY LOGAN
23. 10. BONNIE TYLER
24. 10. ROGER WHITTAKER

STARGAST ZUR PREMIERE

20.-24. OKTOBER 92 · DEUTSCHLANDHALLE

Kartenservice bei der AMK **SPORT SHOW** Tel. 30 38 44 44 und **DMT** Berlin Ticket Tel. 301 99 99 sowie allen bekannten Vorverkaufsstellen.
Veranstalter: British Infantry Brigade, Örtliche Durchführung: concert concept

B BERLINER BANK
Die Bank, mit der man reden kann

HUNDERT 5
Das private Radio

concert concept

Spaces are still available at the Cambridge Reunion - please see pages 5, 17 & 18 for full details

Later this year I look forward enormously to visiting the next venue for our October AGM and reunion which is the Military Academy at Sandhurst. During my time as the Principal of Welbeck College I had the privilege to visit Sandhurst on many occasions and it never failed to have a huge impact on me as it is a very special place. Sue Adams has achieved a real coup in getting Sandhurst to host us for our next AGM reunion and the chance to both have a tour of the military academy as well as dining in the truly impressive Indian Memorial Room in Old College. As a bonus, one of our members, namely Jackie Rance, who is a friend of the chapel organist in Sandhurst, has persuaded him to give us a short organ recital after lunch. This very special reunion is something which members of the Association should grasp with both hands and moreover invite friends to come along as well.

Finally, I want to conclude by saying that having sought your advice and guidance about the kind of reunion events which might appeal to you I was very disappointed that only two members of the Association responded and they were two former colleagues of mine at Kings School. As a committee we try our best to sustain an interest in the Association as it is one way to preserve our joint memories of our life as teachers in Service schools worldwide. Personally I have been a member of the Association since I left Germany in 1990 and I have never regretted my decision to become a member and I very much hope we can jointly work to ensure the continuity of the Association.

Ken Jones OBE



**The Gurkha Museum
Winchester**

**A Curry Lunch
Saturday
27th April 2019**





Tidbits

A Curry Lunch - Saturday 27th April 2019 at the Gurkha Museum in Winchester

A very successful Curry Lunch took place in The Gurkha Museum in Winchester. (Photos on pages 2, 3 & 4). The museum commemorates the service of Gurkha soldiers to the British Crown, a relationship that has endured since 1815. Located in Peninsula Barracks it is part of Winchester's Military Museums.

Coincidentally the **Queen's Gurkha Engineers** provided the **Queen's Guard and Windsor Guard** up until 12 April. Though the regiment carried out the duty during Gurkha 200 celebrations in 2015, this was their first **Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace** as an actual deployment and for a lengthy period.

The Gurkha guardsmen provided sentries at Buckingham Palace and St James' Palace from 8am to 8pm and stood guard at the Tower of London and Windsor Castle. Whilst undertaking the Queen's Guard, the Gurkhas wore Kilmarnock hats on parade and marched at a faster rate of 140 paces a minute.

They also carried their rifles at 'the trail' - down by their side - rather than on their shoulders like the rest of the Army. Each Gurkha carried a kukri instead of a bayonet on parade, which were drawn for inspection before the Changing of the Guard at Wellington Barracks.

The origins of the Changing of the Guard date back to 1660; it is carried out by troops on active duty.

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British Military draw-down in Germany.

The last Commander of British Forces Germany - **Brigadier Richard Clements** - hosted a final reception in Bielefeld as British forces prepare to leave the city which has been a key centre for the British Army since 1946. Guests at the function included senior German officials and the Band of the Prince of Wales' Division performed at Bielefeld's Sparrenburg Castle. At the event, the city's mayor Pit Clausen offered an impromptu and emotional "thank you" to the British troops.

By March 2020, all Headquarters British Forces Germany personnel will have left though military personnel will continue to travel from Britain to train in nearby Sennelager. The future British presence will include a Royal Engineer Squadron, which will be part of a joint German-British amphibious bridging unit, and **Attenborough School**. With the school all but closing, most children and their families will re-locate across the UK, Cyprus and other locations: the drawdown will see the school roll drop significantly.

Attenborough school hosted a farewell show with popular acts from British TV and parent dance-offs and special guests were flown to Germany by Forces Live Events (CSE) to put on entertainment for the children. The school also organised their own events including a BBQ, a tombola, ice-cream bar and face painting.

CSE chose to support this year's event and enhance the school provision after receiving a very compelling application for beneficiary funding.



"The Gurkhas wore Kilmarnock hats on parade"

THE HEADSHIP OF A LARGE SERVICES COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL ON A SMALL ARTILLERY BARRACKS IN GERMANY - Ken Jones OBE

The closure of Kings School in July this year (2019), some 59 years after it opened in September 1960, has led me to reflect on many memorable events during my 18 years as the Headteacher commencing in September 1972. The military context within which I worked meant that my experiences were vastly different to those I would have encountered as the Head of an equally large comprehensive school of 1400 pupils in the UK.

The vast majority of events I want to reflect on were external to the workings of the school, many humorous, some difficult, and all the direct consequence of the military community which I served. This meant that the role I was obliged to fulfil would be very different.

Prior to my appointment, in my early 30s, I had spent four years in Kent School, Hostert, two years as the Head of Geography and two years as the Deputy Head. The mere fact that I applied for the Headship was entirely due to the encouragement of my then Head, **Glyn Williams**. During these four years in Kent School my exposure to the military was limited to the administrative headquarters at Rheindahlen Garrison. This was an entirely different experience to what I faced when I moved to a teeth arm military barracks, where the C.O. of the Artillery regiment was 'god'!

Following my appointment I received an invitation to go and see the Brigadier who was the Commander Education BAOR. The meeting rather set the scene for ways in which my life would be very different as the message from the Brigadier was very clear :-

- 1 Establish friendly working relationships with the Station Commander, who is also the CO of the Gunner regiment, as they have broken down totally with the present Headteacher.
- 2 Sort out the problems that single teachers living in the Officers' Mess are experiencing at present.
- 3 Do all you can to improve the living accommodation for married teachers.
- 4 Never forget that your equivalent military rank is Lieutenant-Colonel, as this will have a bearing on all your dealings with the military, and you are also the Senior Civilian member of the Officers' Mess.

I left this meeting realising my professional life was going to be very different and so it turned out to be. My very first meeting with the CO of the Gunner regiment, during my very early days in post, suddenly brought home to me the fact that I not only had a key role to play internally within the school, with nearly 100 teachers to work with, but also with the military community I had joined.

The CO's message in that first meeting was very clear in that he regretted the presence of such a large school and huge civilian community on his barracks. His key messages in the tense first meeting were:-

- 1 You need to realise that the presence of such a large school on this barracks and all those teachers has had a **huge negative impact** on my enjoyment of my regimental command.
- 2 All those female teachers living in the Officers' Mess are a needless distraction for my young officers!
- 3 All your teachers are treating the Officers' Mess as if it is a social club; they need to realise it is an Artillery Officers' Mess.
- 4 Can you instruct your teachers who are good squash players to contact my Adjutant to arrange some matches with me.

I left that first meeting with a clear view that this chap is going to be hard work, which was further complicated by the fact that our allocated married quarters were next door to each other! I also realised that his wife would be a difficult lady who glorified in being **Mrs Colonel!**

Dates for your diary



Association Reunion at
Corpus Christi College in
Cambridge on Saturday
7th September 2019.

Once again we have the opportunity to lunch in this ancient college: members are invited to arrive after 11:30 and enjoy the magnificent grounds before moving to the Old Combination Room for a glass of sparkling wine or soft drink at 12:30. A three course lunch will follow at 1pm in the art deco New Combination Room, which is famed for its wooden panelled walls, at the end of the meal tea and coffee will be served in the Old Combination Room and the opportunity to wander and admire the college's historic buildings.

The cost of the meal, which includes the pre-lunch drink and two glasses of wine or soft drink equivalent, is £47 for members and £48 for non-members. There are only 50 places available and it is anticipated that

there will be a high demand for this popular event. To secure your place(s) please return the attached booking form ASAP and by 14 AUGUST at the latest.

Confirmation of your booking and travel directions will be sent to you upon receipt of your booking form.

Accommodation at one of the colleges is available, details can be found at www.speedybooker.com or www.university-rooms.com: but please note that all bookings are personal between yourself and the University.

Association Reunion and AGM at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst on Saturday 5th October 2019.

This year the AGM and



reunion lunch will take place at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst by kind permission of the Sandhurst Charitable Trust.

The AGM and lunch will

Shortly after my arrival she had her **comeuppance** when she came face-to-face with the wife of one of my teachers on the steps of the Officers' Mess, as Mrs Colonel was giving the wives of young officers a guided tour of the Officers' Mess. As the wife of my teacher was going up the steps, carrying a crate of empties, she failed to give way to Mrs Colonel who was moved to say "Do you not realise I am the Colonel's lady" to which the memorable reply was "good for you luv I hope his b---y wife does not find out"

By that evening it became apparent the news about the incident had gone around the regiment as I got a telephone call from the 2ic of the regiment simply saying "**please tell me it really did happen as it has given lots of pleasure to members of the regiment**". By contrast, next morning, there was the anticipated telephone call from the Adjutant asking me to go and see the CO as a matter of urgency. As expected he expressed his considerable annoyance that a teacher's wife had been so rude to his wife, in the presence of other young wives, and told me to interview said wife and instruct her to write a letter of apology to his wife. I resisted the temptation to tell him what the 2ic of his regiment thought about the incident.

I did persuade a few good squash players to have a game with the CO and one of them came to see me the very next morning after the game simply to tell me "He's such a bad loser and he even expected me to address him as Colonel during the game, so I will not be going back for any more of his arrogance"

During my 18 years as the Head of King's School I worked with a total of eight different CO's, all with different characters and attitudes, and without doubt the first CO was by far the most difficult. The better ones had a positive view about the presence of so many civilian teachers on the barracks as they felt it made their command of the regiment that more varied and interesting.

Early in my time in Gütersloh by far the best of the CO's announced his arrival by coming to my married quarter on the very first evening and stood at the door with a bottle of whisky in one hand and a bottle of Campari in the other. He simply said "I've been told you drink Campari, I'm a whisky man, let's get to know each other". This first meeting lasted until the early hours of the next morning and it was the start of a long-lasting friendship which continued for many years and included the time he returned to BAOR as a Major General. In fact he was the only one of the 8 CO's I knew who made it to this rank.

During his time as the CO life for civilian teachers was far easier, as was the case with the other CO's who had similarly positive attitudes. It was a vital ingredient in helping to resolve the issue regarding married teachers accommodation. When I arrived many were forced to live in the dreadful **Blankenhagen** flats, under the flight path to RAF Gütersloh. With the changing attitude at CO level the attitude of the SSO also changed which led to better married accommodation being made available.

A rather amusing incident I also had to address arose from the civilian PMC wanting to see me urgently one Monday morning. He felt he needed to come and see me as one of the single female teachers, living in the Officers' Mess, opened her door that morning and found the RSM on his hands and knees peeping into the keyhole of the door to her room. My first reaction was to say "**are you being serious?**". Once this was confirmed my next question was "**was he in uniform?**" to which the answer was no! Needless to say this led to me ringing the Adjutant saying I needed to meet the CO to discuss a delicate matter, as I was aware that the CO had recommended the RSM for a commission!

The outcome was that the RSM was posted in very quick order and subsequent to his posting it was found that he had been pilfering from the PRI fund to cover gambling debts. Needless to say he never got his commission!

Another incident which I had to handle was to respond to an instruction I received from the SSO, whilst the regiment was away on an Op Banner in Northern Ireland. He informed me I had to discipline an Irish labourer who was working at the school as he had been found in bed with two of the regimental wives! My first reaction to this request was "how on earth do I handle this one?" in the end I summoned him

to my study and told him what had been reported to me. I told him that if this was true he needed to know that both husbands, who were big second row forwards, were on their way back to Gütersloh to sort him out. Although there was not the slightest word of truth in what I told him he decided to leave town so the problem was solved!

A more serious problem I had to attend to, which illustrated the extent to which my role as a Head was wide ranging, came about when the CO asked me to go and see him. He wanted to talk to me about the exceedingly large quantity of cigarettes and spirits one of my teachers was purchasing from the Mess cellar. Sad to say, when I interviewed the teacher he was somewhat evasive as to why he was purchasing so much from the Mess cellar. In the end it transpired he had become rather entrepreneurial in the village where he lived with the illegal beneficiaries being the German community and a German police raid on his home was the inevitable outcome.

My role as the headteacher of a large Services school led to many invitations to black-tie dinners and I just want to share my experiences about 3 of them. One was an invitation to the home of Brigadier Walker, Commander Detmold garrison, who later became Chief of the Defence Staff. On this occasion much to my embarrassment I was introduced to the other guests as the **High Master of Kings' College**.

On another occasion I was a guest at a formal dinner at the 1 BR Corps Mess in Bielefeld and sat next to the 1 BR Corps Commander, the infamous Lt General Ginge Bagnall who was renowned for his bluntness and colourful language! Early on in the meal he came out with a real show stopper of a question when he said "what do you think about the RAEC". From me came the inevitable fudged reply. To this his response was "stop sitting on the b—y fence, I think as fighting soldiers they are a b—y waste of time"!

The other invitation to a very smart party I've never forgotten was at the home of Lieutenant-General Sir Jack Harman, Commander 1 BR Corps. When I saw the lineup of the other guests, mainly Brigadiers and Major Generals, with the main guest being **Roy Mason the Secretary of State for Defence**, I could not understand why I had been included as I felt this was not my league. For my own part I felt quite relaxed in the presence of Roy Mason, whereas the other guests were clearly somewhat anxious. It was a classic black tie dinner party for about 24 people, done with great style, which included the ladies withdrawing at the end of the meal, with the gentlemen remaining at the table sipping port. During the subsequent discussions, with the senior officers showing great deference to Secretary of State, I began to think to myself that Roy Mason really was rather an arrogant oik totally lacking in any social skills. This view that I had formed was well and truly confirmed when the gentlemen joined the ladies and Lady Harman invited Roy Mason to sit next to a particular lady. To this his reply was simply awful "not b—y likely I fancy her over there far more so I will sit next to her"

Another national figure it was an honour to meet was no less a person than **Margaret Thatcher** as Kings School had been chosen for her to spend two hours on her visit to be BAOR.



I always remember her very focused ability to pick out the key points in my brief introduction to the school and the manner in which she got the PPS to note these points. The visit to the school was the last part of the Army tour after which she went on to the RAF and this led the escorting Corps Commander to keep whispering in my ear "do try to make sure she keeps to her schedule otherwise the Crabs will never forgive us if she is late getting to them". As there was such a huge press coverage she flexed the timing at each stop to capitalise on the PR benefits and it was very clear she was so skilled in such matters. Security was also very tight and 15 minutes before she

take place in the Indian Memorial Room and a tour of the Academy will take place after the AGM followed by lunch.

After lunch, the Chapel organist **Peter Beaven** has very kindly offered to give a talk about the history of the Chapel and a short organ recital. This has been kindly arranged by Association member Jackie Rance.

You will need to bring photo ID and inform the guard that you are attending the reunion lunch and AGM. Arrival time is 10:30. (A collated list of attendees will be prepared prior to your arrival.) You will be issued with car and personal passes.

The cost of lunch is £60 for members and £65 for guests.

An Educational Experiment -
(continued from the Spring Newsletter 2019)

So far I have written of what is a fairly clearly defined area of educational experiment, but I believe that we have here also opportunities of experiment in education generally that cannot be so clearly defined. We have just passed through a period of world-war, a period which has caused all thinking to question the direction in

which the advance of civilisation has been leading. Many feel that mankind has taken the wrong road, a road that with all its apparent benefits to humanity is leading to disaster, to the ultimate destruction of civilisation itself. People are asking whether we can find the way of recovery or whether it is already too late. Two failures seem to stand out: failure to find a basic philosophy of life adjusted to the modern scientific and mechanised world in which we live, and in human relations, the relations of man to man, and of nation to nation. Surely in these fields education has a great contribution to make, a lead to give to future generations.

When one does a job year after year that seems to have a clearly defined scope and purpose one is apt to cease to think of it in terms of scope and purpose. Many who work in education never define their aims and never consider that in a rapidly changing world the purpose of education may have to change. Some who do think of these things are apt to feel that they are too big to be related to their situation— as it may be the teaching of a class of children in a school—and that progress is made by those who plan educational policy.

was due to arrive the security boys did a thorough sweep of my study turning over every single comfortable chair. I was astounded that just a few days after the visit, a personally signed letter of thanks from **Margaret Thatcher** arrived addressed to me. It is a piece of memorabilia from my time in Kings which I still treasure.

Other ways in which the interface with the military had an impact on what was expected of me as a Head involved persuading my staff to join in on pre-Op Banner training in the mocked up city streets of Belfast on the Sennelager Ranges. Their role was to represent the antagonistic Belfast citizens and some did it with real gusto.

A less appealing event was to persuade the thespians on the staff to join in the annual regimental review. On one occasion it ended in the deep embarrassment of one bombardier, dressed in female tights, standing on the front row of the stage singing the National Anthem and losing control of his bladder whilst facing the CO who was on the opposite front row.!

A very special military event to which I was invited, to help host the Germans, was the **Queens Silver Jubilee** parade in Sennelager. It was a huge parade and the level of alcohol consumption made me very glad I had travelled with the CO in his official staff car.

Perhaps one of the most unusual aspects which went along with my Headship was the obligation to attend regular briefings on the current evacuation procedures to be adopted in eventuality of a Russian advance. Looking back on that time it is difficult to believe that the 1970s and 80s were times when the **Cold War** would lead to heightened alerts and as a Head I had a distinct role to play.

Another particular privilege of being associated with the military was to travel from Braunschweig to Berlin in the officer class carriage on the military train. I still recall the old retainers, wearing their traditional uniform and white gloves, would come to invite us to have afternoon tea as the train approached the border crossing at Helmstedt, where the ceremonial handing over of documents to Russians took place. Somewhat later in the journey we would then be invited to have dinner during which they always served Berliner Claret. One particular visit to Berlin happened to coincide with a memorable Military massed bands performance in the Deutsche Halle on the theme of Wales. My last journey on the Military train to Berlin took place in June 1990 so that I could attend a dining out in the RAF Officers' Mess, arranged for me by Derek Ebbage, on behalf of the Secondary Heads. Another memorable occasion.

The Officers' Mess in **Mansergh Barracks** was a superb venue for many an evening of social entertainment put on by the talented staff I had in Kings' School, much enjoyed by the Officers as well, so different to the attitude shown at that first meeting with the CO at the outset. Needless to say the Mess was also a great venue for the annual balls.

Inevitably there was an Anglo German dimension to my work as the head of Kings' School. I was lucky enough to inherit from my predecessor as Head, namely David Rooney, a school partnership with the Halle Gymnasium and a wonderful Anglo German Carol service in the **Martin L  ther Kirche** in town. The carol service was regularly attended by dignitaries from both Stadt G  tersloh and from Kreis Wiedenbruck, with the Stadt Direktor always doing a reading. In my own case I ultimately got my German to a standard where I could also do the final reading in German. It was an occasion that G  tersloh citizens viewed as the start to their Christmas and I was pleased that this fact was commented upon by the Deputy Mayoress of the town when she hosted a drinks reception for 70 former teachers on a reunion visit I led in June 2018.

The link with the Halle Gymnasium benefitted from the fact that the Headmaster Dr Hans Windman was a superb linguist. He frequently invited us to concerts in his school and we reciprocated with similar invitations, but the most memorable event he invited us to was a wonderful Wine Tasting evening offered by the Wein Ministerium from Mainz. It was an evening that stimulated my own interest in German wine and it also made me realise that Germany had 11 distinct wine regions.

I should not forget the wonderful role which **A O Jones** my Head of Languages played especially the great **KegeIn Abends** he arranged, hosted by the locals in the village where he lived. Such evenings enabled us to really mix with Germans and learn a little about their traditional culture.

All told I look back with great fondness on the 18 years I spent in Gütersloh, despite the many unusual challenges presented by the post I held. More than anything else there



was a great community spirit amongst all of us living as expatriates in Germany. It is



an association and a friendship which has survived ever since I left Kings' School in July 1990, after a most wonderful dining out in the Officers' Mess. As well as the sheer pleasure of working with such a talented group of teachers I also came to value enormously the links with the military community and the respect which I developed for their sense of duty. I feel so very lucky to have had this opportunity in my life to live in such a lovely country and have such a rewarding career.

Les Garner taught in Cyprus at Episkopi Primary School from September 1969 - August 1972 and at St John's School from September 1972 - August 1974 (and subsequently in Germany at King's School in Gutersloh, January 1975 - December 1978, then John Buchan in Sennelager, January 1979 - August 1982). On July 12th 1974, he set off with his wife and two daughters, on their second summer holiday to Turkey...

By the **summer of 1974**, Cyprus had been an independent country for many years, with **Archbishop Makarios** as the president and it was a relatively peaceful island. The Army Colonels were in charge in Greece at this time. A section of the Greek Cypriot population wanted union with Greece - or *enosis* - and, with the colonels' backing, were **plotting a coup** - something that the teaching community were completely unaware of. We left Cyprus on the Friday night of July 12th, along with a few other teachers and their families, on the car ferry from Famagusta to Mersin, in the south-east of Turkey.

When we disembarked, we left the other families to drive west to our first camp site on the south coast for two nights, before heading to the municipal camp site in Konya, home to Mevlana, the founder of the Whirling Dervishes. A South African couple, on a six-month tour of Europe, recognised the CY sticker on our car and asked if we'd heard that Archbishop Makarios had been assassinated, when the attempted coup took place in the early hours of Monday 15th July. In fact, he had escaped to a monastery in the mountains and was rescued by the British, flown from Akrotiri via Malta to London, then on to New York, where he later addressed the United Nations, appealing for help for Cyprus. Back in Cyprus, an interim government was set up, but many Greek Cypriots did not want union with Greece and fighting started between Greek Cypriots. Turkish Cypriots became increasingly

But they are wrong in thinking so since progress is made not so much by those who plan but by those who are doing the ordinary jobs in the field, those who have the direct influence on human beings.

We who are working in B.F.E.S. seem to me to have a special opportunity of translating ideas into educational practice. We have left the routine of educational administration and teaching at home and we have come out into new territory to work under most unusual conditions. It should be natural for us to think carefully about what we are doing, and about our aims. Furthermore, we have in Germany much visible evidence of the havoc wrought by modern war not only on buildings but also on human beings, which in a sense constitutes a visible challenge to us who as educationists seek the betterment of mankind.

If it is true that our greatest failures have been in the field of basic philosophy of living, and in human relations, which are of course closely interrelat-

ed, can we not consider whether in our actual work with children we cannot find ways of advance? The translation of ideas into practical form is never easy, but ideas in the abstract are of limited value and alone will lead us nowhere.

At this stage I feel unable to do more than suggest three lines of thought. Later the work of the B.F.E.S. teachers may show me the way more clearly.

I would like to suggest first that teachers might start with the concept of the school as a community a group of persons, children and adults, living, working and playing together. Can these school communities not formulate a way of living within the school, a concept that the child can clearly understand, which influences every part of school life? In such a concept the periods of freedom have as much importance as the periods of classroom activity. From the growth of such a concept at least a child's philosophy of life might grow naturally, and the child might well acquire, as it were instinctively, a standard of living. As an integral part of this would come the relations between child and child, child and teacher, and, no less important, between teacher and

worried and were drawn into the fighting, so on July 20th Turkey took the opportunity to send troops across by boat, invading the island to defend Turkish Cypriots.

*[We learned later that some of our teacher friends were camping on the beaches outside **Kyrenia** and saw landing craft heading towards the shore; they quickly left and headed back to Limassol before fighting on a much larger scale began. Those teachers still on the island, along with British military personnel, spent the next days and weeks clearing as much as possible from everyone's accommodation in Limassol, taking it to **Episkopi** to be stored and then sent on to UK to families who were not intending to return. Teachers from **Dhekelia** were also similarly involved.*

Fighting increased across the island and thousands of Greek Cypriot refugees from the north of the island were housed in tents in Happy Valley and the surrounding coastal areas and many teachers and military personnel spent their summer providing tents, food and clothing for the refugees. Dhekelia also provided refuge for people from the Famagusta and Larnaca area. Service families from Limassol and other areas were moved onto the bases where they shared houses with other families, up to 20 in each house I was told. Eventually there was a population exchange, with nearly all Greek Cypriots moving south and Turkish Cypriots going north and the island was – and remains – divided.]

We moved on to camp in Bursa, then on to Istanbul, where a few families had agreed beforehand on the ferry to meet up at the same camp site, not knowing at the time what was about to transpire. The British Consulate in Istanbul did not have any helpful information and we learned more from listening to the BBC World Service.

After a few days, we decided that we might as well carry on with our planned travel to Bulgaria, Romania and Yugoslavia, checking at the embassies as we went. The others stayed, as they were spending their holiday just in Turkey – we had travelled around Turkey the year before. I heard many years later that they were eventually told to take their cars to a compound at Ankara airport and were then flown back to Cyprus – their cars were returned later, I believe.

The day we left Istanbul for the Bulgarian border, a huge convoy of Turkish military vehicles was heading for the Greek border, as Greece had threatened to invade Turkey – an idle threat, as the Turks had always been very heavily armed by the USA – I heard later that the Greek government had to commandeer private cars to transport troops to the border. We crawled along for several hours, stuck in the convoy, and I eventually lost patience and overtook an armoured car. When we reached the next village the driver drew up alongside us as if to hit us side on. I wrenched the wheel right and hit a tree and the kerb. The driver grinned, but moved on. The street was full of cheering, flag-waving locals. I got out and checked the car, which fortunately wasn't damaged, and was able to reverse, then carry on. A few hundred metres further on we saw a sign for the Bulgarian border and turned right off the main road, heading north. We could see Turkish military vehicles deploying in the fields to our left. Fortunately, we reached and crossed the Bulgarian border as daylight was fading and soon reached a very basic camp site, where we were able to stop for the night. Everyone seemed to be wearing track suits – male, female and children – as if it was a uniform!

We travelled in Bulgaria and Romania for about 10 days as originally planned. First of all we crossed Bulgaria, camping at Veliko Turnovo, where it was very wet, then crossed the Danube bridge into Romania, camping in Bucharest, which was also very wet, where I went to the British Embassy, who didn't really have any news. Next, we camped near **Bran Castle** (home of Vlad Dracul, the Impaler, on whom the story of Dracula was based!) and then up to the north east near **Suceava** and the Russian border to see the amazing painted churches in the monasteries. We then returned to Bucharest and the embassy where there was still no news and, as we were planning to cross back into Bulgaria and on to Sofia, they advised us to check at the embassy there!

When we reached Sofia, the embassy official advised us not to try to get back to the south coast of Turkey as any ferries would be for military use only, so they said we should drive back to UK – they weren't prepared to give or lend us any money to help with this though! Fortunately, I had brought 50 pounds sterling with us for emergency use! Any remaining Bulgarian money was used for food and fuel (we had quite a lot of camping food still, I think) and we crossed into Yugoslavia, to Nis, then turned north for Belgrade, Zagreb, Maribor and the Austrian border, crossing over on the very steep Loibl Pass.

At the Austrian border (I had no previous experience of travelling in Europe) I foolishly changed all of the sterling into schillings and **paid for car insurance for Austria**. We found a campsite and I remember us buying fresh bread (without having to queue to buy it!) and real butter the next morning and eating it at the roadside in glorious sunshine with wonderful views. We crossed two more challenging mountain passes before reaching the Austria/Germany border. Assuming we would leave the Austrian check-point and then come to a German one, we carried on driving for about 10km on the autobahn before realising that we were already in Germany, driving without car insurance! We decided to carry on, hoping to reach the French border before we ran out of fuel, but with 50 miles to go the fuel warning light came on. We managed to cross into France at a small check-point. I changed all our schillings into francs, then asked where the nearest fuel station was. Someone pointed behind us, so I reversed a few yards and filled up, only to be asked for deutschmarks – I had reversed back into Germany! I had to go back to change some francs into marks to pay for the fuel. We then drove to Metz, where we camped for two nights right by the river, having a much-needed rest day after what had been pretty much continuous driving. We reached Calais, paid for the ferry, then changed our remaining francs to sterling in Dover to pay for temporary road tax and car insurance before driving to a camp site in Chigwell, Essex, which we had found in our Eurocamp guide.

We had 50p left, which was exactly the fare for a tube ticket for myself to travel into London! I asked for directions to the Ministry of Defence (thinking there was only one!) and started walking. Fortunately, I spotted a Turkish bank, where I was able to change our remaining Turkish lira (which none of the countries we had driven through would accept) into sterling. Reaching the MoD building, I was told that I needed to go to a different building, but I was now able to pay for a taxi to get there. When I got there I was seen by an official who was aware of us and said that we had last been heard of at the embassy in Sofia, but they did not know where we were, so they were quite relieved that we had turned up. I was immediately given an advance of salary, which meant we had no further worries about buying fuel, food and paying for our camp-site!

We were all very relieved to be safely back in UK, of course, but what an adventure we had experienced!

Late breaking news

Visit to the Defence Sixth Form College Welbeck

Our Chair - Ken Jones - has secured an agreement that we can both have a visit and hold our 2020 AGM at Welbeck College in October 2020.

The plan is that we have an initial visit around the college hosted by students, have our AGM and then finish with lunch, again hosted by the students, with members paying for the lunch. Further details will be published in the *Spring 2020 Issue* of the Newsletter .

teacher. The child would experience human relations within the basic concept of the school community.

Secondly, we might find new ways of relations between the school community and the home: somehow, we must find means of ensuring that the patterns of living in school and home reflect the same values and standards, so that conflict in the child's experience is avoided. This demands a new relationship between parents and teachers

Thirdly I would like to suggest that we might make the child more conscious of the process of growth. Biology and Botany have always embraced this concept, but can we not show the same process in History, and Geography : in the latter the slow change in the world as we know it and the universe, in the former the growth of mankind from primitive times to so-called civilised man? Can we not through this show the child that its own growth if many-sided—physical growth, growth of knowledge and experience, and spiritual growth — and that each part of growth is important?

From this the child would learn that an exploration of religion in the classroom or school service and the physical training lesson are not separate 'subjects' or 'activities', but are



interrelated.

I hope that B.F.E.S. teachers will consider these few ideas and discuss them with one another. From such thought and discussions some practical contributions might well emerge. It would be good if our work in Germany could make a real contribution to educational thought and practice in our time. War brings destruction on a vast scale. Reconstruction means not only rebuilding of material things, but rebuilding of human lives.

This is a tremendous challenge to education in our time and I would like to feel that B.F.E.S. is making the most of its special opportunities and attempting in its own way to meet this challenge.

Director, B.F.E.S
Herford, B.A.O.R
Wednesday 6th August 1947



Herford - Offiziersheim des Wandervogel-Klubs



Then and more recently ...

Fussballspiel in Deutschland 1960's - 1990's

Approaching his ninth decade former HT Mike Bennett reflects on his other love ...

I arrived in Germany in September 1963 and left in April 1994. I had been "**appointed to Germany**" and was interviewed again at Hamm on arrival, by which time headteachers knew their requirements for the Autumn Term. I don't think this system suited all new arrivals and I suspect the Authority lost some good teachers by sending them to isolated detachments or other unsuitable placements.

I was sent to Victoria School in Dortmund where the headteacher



"needed a man to take the football" ... September 1963

The other teachers were females. I don't know how many of them "needed a man", but 2 years later I married one of them. I often wonder what would have happened to me if he'd wanted "a Catholic piano playing man" instead.

I was happy. A large civilian mess with meals provided and my room cleaned for me, plus a well-stocked bar at tax free prices and a large city on the doorstep. There were only three other males in the mess and I now realise one was gay, one a confirmed bachelor and the third reminded me of a satyr straight out of Greek mythology. We were outnumbered five to one by our female colleagues, but I can't remember anyone complaining, except about the quality of the food. I was Mess Member and perhaps that explains it. However, once I discovered that Rolf the cook who had chased the previous Mess Member out of his kitchen with a baseball bat was selling our rations to a local Gastatte, things did improve.

I had played football in Grimsby for Education FC and wanted to continue, but before I found a team, I volunteered for the Station Rugby team and in my first game a friendly Fijian put my shoulder out. Fortunately, the M.O. who was also playing screwed it back in. I found out later that he had a reputation for saving on baby sitters' fees by giving his young children sedatives.

After my experience of the gentlemen's game I turned out for **Cornwall School** staff team who played "friendlies" against local regiments. In Grimsby I had experienced lumpers (dockers) and others who enjoyed kicking lumps off the teachers. Playing against soldiers, I thought "Here we go again, let's clobber the schoolies". To my surprise the military were often more sporting than the academics. Not all that surprising really when a red card meant an interview with the OC on Monday morning. I was still wearing the traditional leather football boots, hard toe caps and ankle protectors. I noticed the opposition had "slippers" on, the so-called continental boot. Initially, I thought they were more suitable for ballet dancers, until I purchased a

pair. What a difference, so light and comfortable. There was no improvement in my soccer skills, but I thought I there was.

Sometimes I watched the local Brackel team play. I never thought of approaching them directly to see if I could join their club. I did, however, buy a second-hand black and white TV set from a shop in Brackel. Occasionally I would attend evening European Cup Games at Borussia Dortmund's Rote Erde Stadium. The atmosphere was excellent especially when Rangers or Man United were playing. They would have great support from the military. Once I took a teacher, who had no interest in football, along for the experience. His evening was made when a Ranger's fan mistook him for a German and with many disparaging expletives told him to "Get out of the way Wolfgang". This particular teacher taught at Alexandra School, Dortmund and was a character, with an air of diffidence but a dry sense of humour. Once, another teacher who resembled Kenneth More (and knew it) rushed to the staff room window to identify a passing aeroplane. "It's a glider" said my football companion! Another time he cut a piece off his tie while using the guillotine. In those pre-Health and Safety days, they had no safety guard fitted. The following day he returned to school wearing the same tie. In the interest of Anglo-German relations I took a flask of whisky to the matches. Offering it to a fan or two enabled me to move higher up the terracing to a better viewing position. One evening, and nothing to do with the spirit of the game, I had a problem locating my V/W Beetle in the huge carpark afterwards. I could not remember the letter relating to the area. A policeman offered assistance. "It's a red Beetle" I offered helpfully. "Right hand drive". There must have been 5,000 People's Cars parked there and I had to wait until it was nearly empty before I found AX527B.



In the 60's many Bundesliga teams had rebuilt their grounds after the ravages of the war. Many of them were close to the Autobahn for accessibility. Compare that to UK where most grounds were still surrounded by terraced houses and close to the railway lines which had transported the working classes to games after the 5 1/2 day week, for a 3 o'clock Kick Off. Grimsby Town's ground is still like this, and it's not as if the opportunity to rebuild after the bombing of the nearby docks was not there; and until the late 40's Grimsby were in the top division.

The Rote Erde (red earth) was interesting. Many pitches I played on into the 1970's were initially formed from **crushed bricks and other rubble caused by the bombing**. It was quite practical; you could play several matches in succession without wearing out the surface, which is more than you could say for your knees. Once when I turned up for a game, I was asked to play in a different position to my usual one. A teammate was trying to avoid facing "the black one" who had a reputation for rough play. One of the opposition clattered me in the first few minutes but didn't bother me any more after I accidentally tripped him off the ball and he skinned himself on the red earth. At half time I was asked how I was getting on with Der Schwarze. I could not see a black player, but in this case they meant the swarthy one with black hair. **Meaning can often be lost in translation.** In Hamm, I asked "Wo sind die Manner?" thinking I was asking for directions to the gents. Fortunately, I was talking to a German who spoke perfect English and explained the error to me. I could have done with his help when I wanted to try on a pair of trousers. Not knowing the German for "try on" I said, "Can I take these off and put them on again in the (looking round for a sign for changing room, I tried the only word I could see), unfortunately I chose Erfrischungsraum - the refreshment room! **And, it's not only me.** Fran and I were once in a very quiet restaurant and a fly invaded her space. She took a lady-like swipe at it and called out in frustration "Missed". Now "Mist" in German means "dung" (although it can mean twaddle or rubbish). My wife had found a new way to

The British Berlin Tattoo

By 1979, when I served in Berlin, the **British Berlin Tattoo** had become the largest military display mounted by the British Army both in and outside the UK. For those lucky enough to watch one (or more) it was a spectacular performance of military music and pageantry organised for the peoples of Berlin.

The word tattoo derives from the traditional signal (by drum beat) which warned soldiers to return to their quarters for the night. Innkeepers turned off their liquor taps - "top-to" whilst the drums continued to beat to allow the soldiers to "find their way home". This ritual developed into a ceremonial performance of military music by massed bands a few hours after sunset. A simple military routine, originating in the 17th and 18th centuries, thus developed into a grand military display - in the case of Berlin - held every two years up to the British departure in 1994.

The last tattoo in Berlin opened on Tuesday 20 October 1992 in the **Deutschlandhalle**, in the presence of **Her Majesty the Queen** and **His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh**. True to tradition the last tattoo comprised a mixture of military displays and historical pageantry including an unorthodox rendition of "Zorba the Greek" performed by the marching bands. The theme of the tattoo was "**Britain Salutes Europe in Berlin**" - a musical salute with the majority of tunes and melodies chosen to represent each country and be familiar to most members of the audience. On the very last night the finale was followed by Roger Whittaker singing his hit song "**The Last Farewell**" and a bugler playing **The Last Post**.

The Last Tattoo was such a popular event that all tickets sold out: the result was that the **Commander-in-Chief - General Sir Charles Guthrie** - was able to present a cheque for **DM150,000** to the charity **Aktion Sorgenkind**.



A Warm Welcome to new members ...

Christine Hainsworth was posted to Cyprus from 1983-1986; Bielefeld from 1991-2004 and Sennelager 2004-2013, while her husband **Neil** worked in Cyprus from 1982-1986; Rheindahlen from 1986-1989 and Bielefeld from 1991-2006. Christine and Neil now live in Tetbury in Gloucestershire.

Anne Gibson taught at Clive First School in Osnabruck and now lives in Dollar in Clackmannanshire with husband Robbie.

Sue Kenney taught in Soest, Fallingbostal, Soltau and Hannover between 1971 and 1999. Sue now lives in Swansea.

Peter Jones taught in Singapore and Cyprus between 1969 and 1981. Peter now lives in Cheltenham.

Paul Cunningham taught in Naples, Hong Kong, Brunei and as HT in Gibraltar between 1985 and 2004. He is currently English Principal of Concord Academy, and Executive Head of Changning Campus in Shanghai, China.

Joy Lander, who is a former pupil from the 1950s and 1960s, taught at Heide Middle School in Fallingbostal from 1976 to 1982, and then was part of the Inclusion Support and Development Team, P+FS, at SCE Bielefeld from 2005 to 2011. Joy and Les now live in Lincolnshire.

turn heads. In those days I was having more luck with my football than the German language.

The Rote Erde, now the home of Borussia's second team had been dedicated to those dark days after WW2. In 1974 a new stadium was built. It was owned by its 80,000 supporters and in 2006 renamed the Signal Iduna Park, after a local insurance company.

In **September 1965** Fran moved to Lemgo and on a weekend visit I was asked to play for the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers Officers' Mess against **The Blues and Royals**. I had a field day in my continental boots. The rugby playing officers had no idea how to tackle when dislocating opponents' shoulders with a hand-off was not allowed. When I was in the showers, a mess steward in a dripping white jacket proffered champagne in a pewter tankard donated by an officer who had served at Lucknow. A world away from cycling home after turning out for Education F.C. in Grimsby. Fran, obviously impressed by my world-class performance soon obtained my sought after autograph on a marriage certificate in Liverpool. The latter did not request my signature so we returned to Dortmund, with nowhere to live. And that's another story.

At the time of the **1966 World Cup Final** between England and West Germany, we were living in a hiring which was owned by a man employed to light and maintain the boilers on camp and therefore had to live in the Kaserne with his family. There was no BFBS TV let alone live transmission. SSVC and messes were the places for entertainment unless you were willing to venture into the locality. Few teachers bothered with a TV that only showed German (and Dutch) programmes. But we had our Brackel purchased set. **Our hiring was crowded for the game**. After the extra time win we ran into the street commiserating with our neighbours.

They did not join in our celebrations.

Many years later when my German secretary was trying to make a point, I tactfully asked her to stop arguing and remember that "We won two World Wars, two Eurovision Song Contests (at that time) and a World Cup". "O.K." she said.

Brexit negotiations would be a doddle if left to me!

Another time, as I was putting my coat on to go to the coffee shop (if anyone rings, I'm at the Q.M.'s) a parent walked past my office window and did not appear in the office. "Go and tell that parent she should report to the office first." "You tell her. You've got the leather coat on!" Who says German humour is an oxymoron? We are still in touch thirty years later and since 1994 she has sent me the monthly equivalent to the TV Times, so I can follow programmes on satellite TV.

In August 1966 I went to watch Dortmund play West Ham in a pre-season friendly. The latter had three World Cup winners in their team including Bobby Moore the captain. The Dortmund players and spectators viewed this as an opportunity to restore Germany's pride whereas West Ham treated it as a workout and lost 1 - 4. I felt let down, as did many soldiers turning out to cheer on the three in particular. I wrote to the Daily Mail voicing my disappointment. I had no more success then than I do today with my missives of more gravitas to the Daily Telegraph. However, over the years Sixth Sense were more responsive.

In 1969 I moved to be deputy head of **Fleming School**, Herford a newly formed school in a converted barrack block in Wentworth Barracks which in early 1974 moved to a new open-plan build in the nearby village of **Enger**. **Princess Anne** opened the school using my





Anne's Signature

Parker pen to sign the visitors' book; the Burgermeister's official one had apparently failed to perform.

Neue Welt, a German magazine published a photograph of me holding the efficient British calligraphic gem. **Widukind**, the Saxon leader who in the 9th Century resisted **Charlemagne**, but later wisely converted to Christianity, has his tomb in the parish church.

Not a lot of people know that!

One cold, rainy day shortly after I had been allocated our first Quarter ever, in **Bad Salzuflen**, close to Herford, I drove to Dortmund and parked at 42 Regiment's pitch on Route 1, the arterial road through the Ruhr, to play again for **Cornwall School**. After the game I put my nylon tracksuit over my wet kit and set off back home in that faithful Beetle. The rain turned to sleet and then drifting snow. As we climbed up to the Teutoburgerwald I found myself behind a slow moving snowplough. Anyone who owned the people's car will recall the amount of heating produced depended on the speed at which the car was moving: 25 km/h gave no warmth whatsoever. I was very cold and worse still the exit signs were obscured by the freezing snow. Just when I was beginning to wonder if I were to suffer the same fate as Arminius's victims in the 9 A.D. Battle of The Teutoburger Forest we descended and the snow eased. I could once more read the signs. I never made that trip again without a change of clothes and flask of tea. Every time I passed the imposing 17m high monument dedicated to Hermann the German, close to Detmold, I was reminded of that journey; I also bought a V/W Variant 411E. More of that later.

Once settled I joined the **Bad Salzuflen Post Sports Club**, football section. Initially I found the members somewhat reticent but when they realised I was there for more than a brief (!) time our relationships improved. My deliveries from the wing were much appreciated. Previously they had considered the British unreliable, sometimes not turning up - probably due to exercise commitments or sudden postings. There were no mobile phones and I remember well into the 1980's queuing up to put 5 Marks in the telephone box outside the guardroom, to ring home. The Post, of course had no such problem informing me of team selections; the Bundespost delivered the information. Whilst in Herford I also represented 7 Signal Regiment at cross country, cricket and football under assumed names, always as a Corporal and never with the success I had at Lemgo.

In April 1974 I left for a headship in **Fallingbostel** and Werner Rex, the team trainer/manager of the Post S.V. eV presented me with a framed certificate "for long active and loyal membership".

I still have it on the wall of my study among other retrophilia.



Follow Mike's story in the Winter 2019 edition of the Association Newsletter.

The Wild Rover Director

Attributed to Former Director Nolan Clamp with apologies to the original song ...

I've played the Director for many a day

And its true that I've angled to get my own way.

With Sharpe, Bridge and Bennett its been quite a strain

But at least I've avoided the Options for Change.

CHORUS

And its no nay never, clap clap clap clap clap

No nay never no more

Will I play the Director no never no more.

Some place down at Loccum I used to frequent

Where good times and bad times and sad times I've spent.

The worst year of all was the year of no mirth

Which was caused by the ramblings of Group Captain Firth.

CHORUS

I've rolled back from (the) Rodes at two in the morn 'Twixt Duncan and Gaskell who'd go on 'till dawn.

We've climbed thro the window to find biscuits and tea Bless all of these Heads they are good company.

CHORUS

I'll go back to Suffolk confess what I've done

And I'll ask them to pardon their prodigal son

And as I sit back in my old rocking chair

I never will play the Director no mair.

CHORUS

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We're on the Web!

<http://www.bfs-scea-association.org/>

Your comments, articles, news items, photographs, and letters would be gratefully received in electronic or hard-copy format.

Find us on Facebook. Log on to Facebook and type in "British families education service association".

If you have a Facebook page, please spread the word about us.

Memorabilia



PRS - named after the former coastal establishment HMS Royal Rupert - opened to pupils in Wilhelmshaven on the 7th September 1947 closing in July 1972 when it relocated to Rintel. As part of the drawdown of British forces from Germany PRS closed on 18th July 2014.



The 1977 review at Sennelager formed part of Her Majesty the Queen's year of silver jubilee celebrations. The BBC described it as a cavalcade of men and their machines with over 500 armoured vehicles, and as possibly the biggest massed bands ever assembled as they celebrated 25 years of Her Majesty's reign.

Association Membership

Membership of the Association currently costs £15 per year.

Membership is open to anyone who has served with BFES, SCEA, SCS(NWE), SCE or latterly is serving with the remaining MOD Schools.

The membership year runs from 1st January to 31st December and payment can be made by Standing Order or cheque.

Further information and a membership application form is available from the
Membership Secretaries,
94 Headcorn Drive,
Canterbury, Kent,
CT2 7TX

The Association Newsletter and Journal is published three times each year: spring, late summer and winter. Articles for the newsletter are most welcome and should be sent to the Editor at

bfs_scea_newsletter@yahoo.co.uk

An electronic version (PDF) is also available to read and/or download from the **Association Website**: you will need the current Association password to enable you to do so. A copy of each previous newsletter is also held on the Association Website.

Photo Credits & Acknowledgements - Army PR, BFBS, Tom Nielsen-Marsh, Mike Bennett, Ken Jones, Les Garner
The next issue will be published early December 2019. Deadline for contributions - 8 November 2019.

BFES SCEA Association Lunch

Corpus Christie College, Cambridge - Saturday 7th September 2019

Personal Information	
Title	
Name/Surname	
Contact Phone Number	
E-mail	
Address & Post Code	
<p>If you do not have an e-mail address and require confirmation and final arrangements to be sent by post you must enclose a stamped addressed envelope (with appropriate postage please). Thank you.</p>	
Meal(s)	
<p>I wish to book the following places for lunch and have indicated those who have special dietary requirements</p>	
Number of Members @ £47	dietary notes
Member(s) Name(s)	
Chosen Menu option(s)	See overleaf
Number of Guests @ £48	dietary notes
Guest(s) Name(s)	
Chosen Menu option(s)	See overleaf
Payment	
<p>I enclose a cheque payable to BFES/SCEA Association for the sum of: £</p>	
Bank Details:	Cheque No:
<p>If you wish to pay by Electronic Bank Transfer the Association Bank details are</p>	<p><u>Lloyds Bank PLC</u> <u>Account Number</u> - 01403653 <u>Sort Code</u> – 30 – 92 – 69 <u>Reference</u> is always the function venue and date</p>
<p>Send this completed booking form to arrive by 14 August to</p>	<p>Paul Macardle, 3 Owen Court, St Andrew's Park, NORWICH, NR7 0GS</p>
No refunds for cancellations are possible after 14 August 2019	

BFES SCEA Association Lunch

Corpus Christie College, Cambridge on Saturday 7th September 2019

Once again we have the opportunity to lunch in this ancient Cambridge College: members are invited to arrive after 11:30 and enjoy the College's magnificent grounds before moving to the Old Combination Room for a glass of sparkling wine or soft drink at 12:30.

A three course lunch will follow at 1pm in the art deco New Combination Room which is famed for its wooden panelled walls, at the end of the meal tea and coffee will be served in the Old Combination Room after which there will be time to wander and admire the College's historic buildings.

THE MENU

<i>Choices</i>	<i>Member</i>	<i>Guest(s)</i>
CHAPEL AND SWAN SMOKED SALMON, CRAB MAYONNAISE, ADOCADO PUREE - or		
WARM SALAD OF ARTICHOKE, PARMESAN PUREE, GREEN OLIVE AND CONFIT LEMON		
ROAST LAMB RUMP, SAUTEED RATTE POTATOES, GARLIC SPINACH, BLACK OLIVE TAPENADE, CONFIT TOMATOES - or		
COURGETTE AND CORIANDER OPEN TART, FETA CHEESE, CHARRED JERSEY ROYAL POTATOES, TOMATO AND OLIVE DRESSING		
RICH WARM CHOCOLATE CAKE, BITTER CHOCOLATE SAUCE, CHER- RY SORBET		
THREE CHEESE BOARD, QUINCE AND BISCUITS		

The cost of the meal, which includes the pre-lunch drink and two glasses of wine or soft drink equivalent, is £47 for members and £48 for non members. There are only 50 places available and it is anticipated that there will be a high demand for this popular event.

To secure your place(s) please return this booking form ASAP and by 14TH AUGUST at the latest to **Paul Macardle** either by post if paying by cheque or by post or email if paying by bank transfer. Confirmation of your booking and travel directions will be sent to you upon receipt of your booking form by email or by post on receipt of a self- addressed envelope with appropriate postage attached.

Accommodation is available on site, details can be found at www.speedybooker.com or www.university-rooms.com. Please note that this will be your own arrangement.

2019 AGM and Reunion Lunch

Royal Military Academy Sandhurst - Saturday 5th October 2019

Personal Information	
Title	
Name/Surname	
Contact Phone Number	
E-mail	
Address & Post Code	
<p>If you do not have an e-mail address and require confirmation and final arrangements to be sent by post you must enclose a stamped addressed envelope (with appropriate postage please). Thank you.</p>	
Reservation details	
<p>I wish to book the following places for lunch and have indicated those who have special dietary requirements</p>	
Number of Members @ £60	dietary notes
Member(s) Name(s)	
Chosen Menu option(s)	
Number of Guests @ £65	dietary notes
Guest(s) Name(s)	
Menu option(s)	
Payment	
<p>I enclose a cheque payable to BFES/SCEA Association for the sum of: £</p>	
Bank Details:	Cheque No:
<p>If you wish to pay your deposit by Electronic Bank Transfer the Association Bank details are</p>	<p><u>Lloyds Bank PLC</u> <u>Account Number</u> - 01403653 <u>Sort Code</u> – 30 – 92 – 69 <u>Reference</u> is always the function venue and date</p>
<p>Send this completed reservation form to arrive by 14th September to</p>	<p>Sue Adams, Tanglewood, 21 Buckwell, Wellington, Somerset, TA21 8TA</p>
<p>Please use a separate sheet of paper for additional guests names & menu choices</p>	

2019 AGM and Reunion Lunch - Saturday 5th October 2019

Royal Military Academy Sandhurst

This year the AGM and reunion lunch will take place at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst by kind permission of the Sandhurst Charitable Trust. The AGM and lunch will take place in the Indian Memorial Room. A tour of the Academy will take place after the AGM - followed by lunch.

After lunch, the Chapel organist **Peter Beaven** has very kindly offered to give a talk about the history of the Chapel and a short organ recital.

This has been kindly arranged by Association member Jackie Rance.

The outline of the day is as follows

10.30hrs Arrive.

You will need to bring photo ID and inform the guard that you are attending the reunion lunch and AGM.

(I shall have prepared a collated list of attendees prior to your arrival.)

You will be issued with car and personal passes.

11.00 AGM

11.45 hrs Tour of the Academy

12.45 hrs Reunion lunch

14.30 hrs Chapel visit.

The cost of lunch is £60 for members and £65 for guests which represents excellent value, having been subsidised by the Trust due to the Service connections of the Association.

Dress Code – Lounge suits.

The 2 course lunch menu is as follows

Reception glass of sparkling wine

2 x glasses of house wine

Coffee and mints

Menu

Supreme of Chicken with watercress and cream sauce

Roasted new potatoes

Medley of fresh vegetables

Raspberry crème brulee with shortbread

Vegetarian alternative – Salmon steak, glazed with sesame and honey.

Please indicate your selection on the booking form overleaf.

The Royal Military Academy is located in Camberley. The postcode is GU15 4PQ
The nearest railway station is Camberley on the Waterloo line or Blackwater station on the Reading-Gatwick line. Both are within easy walking distance.

The main entrance of the Academy Staff College gate is on the A30.

There are numerous hotels within the vicinity.

